THE DELINEATOR



FROM A PAINTING BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

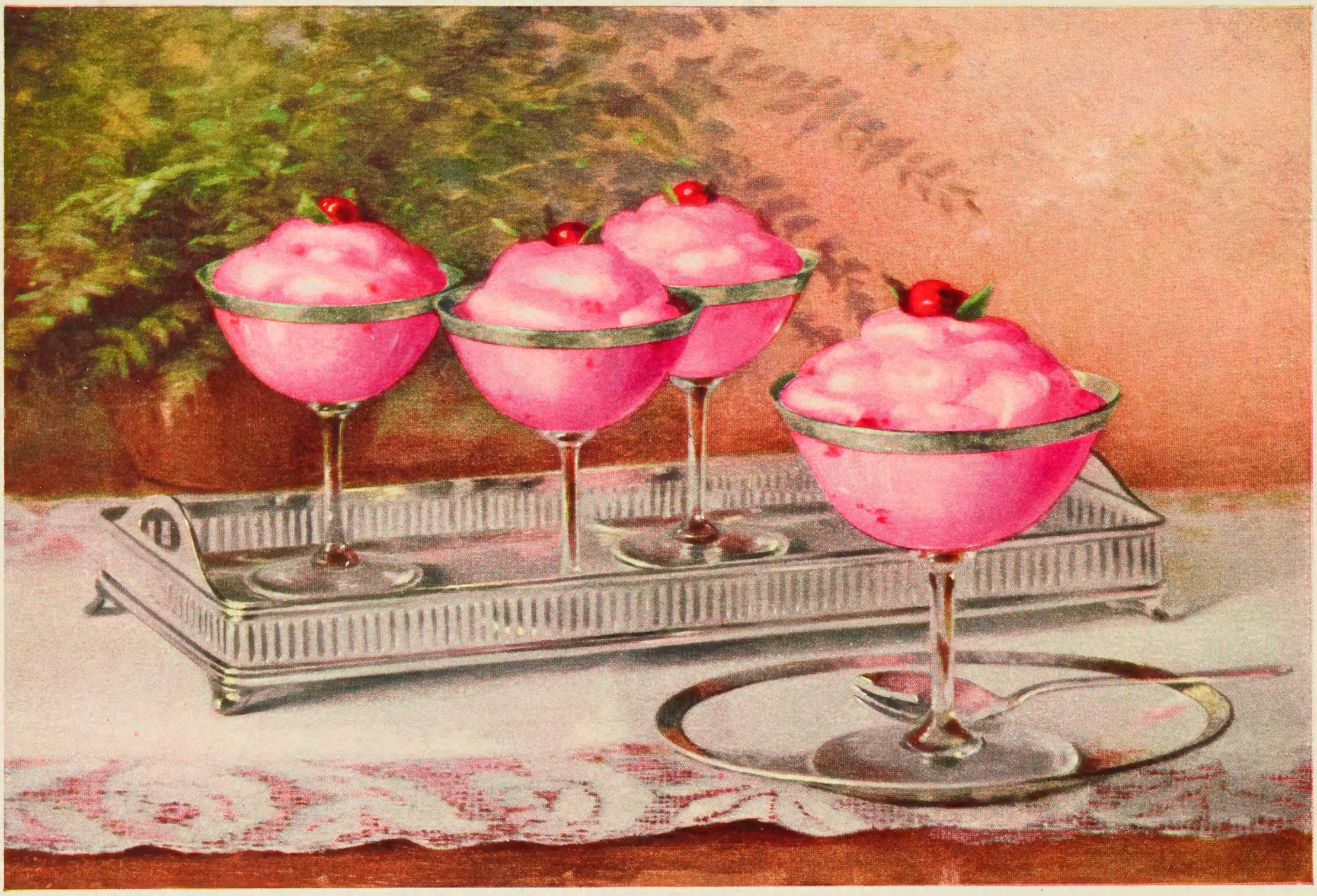
KATHLEEN NORRIS ZONA GALE ELLIS PARKER BUTLER L. M. MONTGOMERY

NEW YEAR FASHIONS

ANUARY 1925

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

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Cherry Whip

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For Special Occasions

TEMPTING and delicious as the mould of clear, sparkling, glowing Jell-O may be, and appropriate as it undoubtedly is for almost every occasion, there are special days and special events when something even more inviting, and more beautiful and delightful, is in demand. Some holiday party, or some family fete day when the best that is to be had in sweets or delicacies, is in order. It is on these occasions that Jell-O comes to the housewife's aid most efficiently and adequately.

Cherry Whip

Dissolve a package of Cherry Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. When cold, but not yet congealing, whip to consistency of whipped cream. Pile into a glass dish or serve in individual glasses with whipped cream or custard sauce.

To whip Jell-O successfully, use a Ladd or Dover egg-beater and a dish rather deep but not large. When Jell-O has become cold and is still liquid set the dish in a pan of ice water or very cold water and whip until Jell-O is of consistency of whipped cream.

JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert





THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

ARE YOU A BEGGAR IN YOUR HOUSE?

ONE of the greatest needs of American life to-day is that the home be put on a definite business basis. We are convinced that many marriages fail because of financial arrangements which are neither fair nor just. And it is our belief that both the men and women are at fault in this.

In THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Making Department Martha Van Rensselaer published several articles on budgeting and on the need of business methods in running the home. In response she received thousands of letters from home-makers all over the country who asked her for help in solving their income problems.

We believe that one of the greatest services THE DELINEATOR can perform this year is to bring together the best minds available and obtain from them such wise counsel as will help every one of its readers to organize her home as simply and as efficiently as her husband has organized his business.

A few of the rocks on which homes break are: ungenerous allowances, extravagant wives, emergency purchases and a lack of planning, incomplete partnership between husband and wife in the business of home-making, and chiefly the absence of a budget for the spending of the family income.

Every successful business organization from our national government down to the smallest notion-store keeps its books and works on a budget.

If you are not willing to do the simple work necessary to keeping a budget, you are apt to be a "beggar in your own home."

It may be that your husband can not easily be convinced that you are able to handle the family income with profit. Prove it to him. Set up your own bookkeeping account; know exactly what you are spending and what you have to spend. Tell him that THE DELINEATOR will help you organize and budget your expenditures. Ask him to sit down with you and THE DELINEATOR Account Book and plan the use of your income.

Look about you at the successful men in your town. They have all been practical organizers. Look at the most successful wives in your town. They are those who know how to live within their incomes so that there is always a margin to spare.

Do not be "the beggar in your house." Be the business woman in it. Let THE DELINEATOR help train you to be the successful manager of your own home. Write to THE DELINEATOR for information on household budgeting.

REAL PHILOSOPHY

THE writer of the following letter is a woman of artistic tastes, raised in moderate ease, who since her marriage and the birth of her six children has drudged in what to one of her class is sordid poverty. She wrote to a friend out of her heart, unconscious that she had discovered anew one of the oldest and greatest of philosophic secrets, one which doubtless she had read a dozen times in the words of others but which had remained a shadowy phrase until she conceived it afresh out of her own pain.

"I have turned over a new leaf," she wrote. "I have resolved that I'm going to have happiness no matter what happens. And I am already happier than I have felt for a long, long time.

"There is so much in life I have wanted and felt was my due, yet haven't had, that I was getting bitter. So I just decided I'd stop then and there and make a violent change. If I couldn't be happy in the way I had expected and wanted, I'd be happy some other way.

"It's a wonderful plan and not nearly so hard to carry out as I had thought. Of course I backslide sometimes—especially days like to-day, when I'm tired and everything in the house goes wrong and the children are hard to manage. But I'm honestly trying to keep it up, and I believe I'll succeed. And it is so much more sensible than the other way! No woman ever gets just what she expected in life, and why should I think I'm the exception?"

Any one who achieves real happiness after the first flush of his youth and vigor and dreams have gone has either consciously or unconsciously created his own personal philosophy.

THAT MOST PRECIOUS SENSE

THROUGHOUT the ages the world has lost the work of some of its greatest geniuses through blindness.

Milton as a boy studied by the flicker of firelight and came to middle life in utter darkness. A wise parent might have saved his sight and the bitterness, grief and abandoned work which followed.

For a generation music-lovers the world over have gone to Nôtre Dame Cathedral in Paris to hear Bierne pour out his heavenly music from the great organ beneath one of the famous rose windows. Those rose windows! People who love the beautiful, no matter what their creed or faith, have sat in the great space of Nôtre Dame and been exalted by the beauty of those marvelously colored windows sifting all the lights of the world through sunbeams. And there, just beneath the window, sat the great musician, releasing heavenly music. Yet the shadows that gathered around him closer and closer never awakened his instinct for self-preservation. And so the day came when the Mass and the Vespers had to be played from memory alone, for blackness had descended upon the musician, while his soul still spoke through his slender hands.

Here in America we have had our own tragedies due to crimes against nature and the sight of men. One of the greatest publishers America ever produced was the elder Joseph Pulitzer. Coming to this country as a penniless immigrant, having to work through daylight hours for mere existence, he spent his nights and early mornings in libraries poring over books. There were no night schools in the boyhood days of Joseph Pulitzer. Education was won then even as Abe Lincoln achieved his knowledge—by a book and a night light. Librarians in St. Louis were familiar with the sight of the poorly dressed, underfed boy who sat on the steps each morning, waiting to be admitted as soon as the doors were opened. Through that labor and the patience of hard years, Pulitzer made himself a scholar. With his native talents and his hard-earned knowledge he became a power politically and financially in this country. But nature was revenged against his early abuse of his eyes. In the middle of his life, with still many years in the race to run, he stood on the deck of a ship where he was cruising in the Bosporus and on an early Spring evening said suddenly to one of his secretaries, "How early the sun has set!" That night Joseph Pulitzer knew that the sun had set for him forever.

Twenty-one per cent. of the men unaccepted in the United States Army draft in the World War were refused because of defective vision. And twenty-four per cent. of the men rejected in England were refused for the same reason.

Yet with all this history of tragedy and with all the opportunities in the world to acquire the knowledge to prevent these losses, we go on letting children read in wrong lights, letting mothers come to dim vision and fathers to loss of work because the simple rules of sight conservation are not obeyed.

The Lighting Educational Committee has been conducting an educational campaign, working chiefly through the public schools of the country, to teach the simple laws of right lighting. If the children of your family report that this work has not been carried on in their schools, write to the Lighting Educational Committee, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Practically all children have the chance to have good, strong eyes, and yet before reaching high-school age forty per cent. of them have some form of defective vision. Do not let this handicap be put upon your children. No matter where you live, no matter what your work or your age, this educative campaign of the Lighting Educational Committee is important to you.

NEW-YEAR RULES FOR SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS!

The Ten-Point Success Creed

WORK AND EARN
MAKE A BUDGET
RECORD EXPENDITURES
HAVE A BANK-ACCOUNT
CARRY LIFE INSURANCE
OWN YOUR HOME
MAKE A WILL
INVEST IN SAFE SECURITIES
PAY BILLS PROMPTLY
SHARE WITH OTHERS

A FRIEND—WRONG OR RIGHT

THERE is an old judge of the Supreme Court in New York who recently in private conversation was heard to vigorously defend one of his friends who had fallen by the wayside. He was challenged for defending a man who had been proved to be wrong.

"That was only one failure," said the old judge. "Consider the fine things about him——"

"But," objected one of the critics, "I don't see how you can stand up for this fellow even if he is a friend. He certainly was wrong."

"Any man will stand up for you when you are right," replied the old judge. "But it takes a friend to stand up for you when you are wrong."

And there was silence.

WINTER SAFETY

A READER of THE DELINEATOR asks us to make the following appeal for Safety First during the Winter months:

(1) Make your sidewalks safe for pedestrians.
(2) Have new-fallen snow shoveled off promptly.
(3) Clear your icy pavements, or at any rate strew them with sawdust or ashes.
(4) Avoid broken bones.

"THE LOST SPEECH"

MOST of us think of Abraham Lincoln as an ungainly, lonely man—inspired and full of courage, gentle with weak and suffering humans, relentless in his struggle for the protection of those things he believed to be best for mankind.

Few of us think of Lincoln as a figure in romance. And yet he was a dominant influence in more than one great American love-story. Readers of THE DELINEATOR are familiar with the writings of Honoré Willsie, who at one time edited this magazine. Many of you will have read her "Benefits Forgot," a Lincoln story built on facts, which was rated as one of the best stories of 1919.

And now this gifted writer has done another great Lincoln story. It is truth interpreted dramatically and humanly. "The Lost Speech," which will appear in the next issue of THE DELINEATOR, is a romance for romance-lovers and a powerful story for you to read to your children. We believe "The Lost Speech" will survive the mass of fiction written to-day and will still be read when this generation will have passed on.

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Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

The Awkward Age

By ANGELO PATRI

THE years between childhood and early maturity are years of stress for children and parents. This is natural, because adolescence is a paradoxical stage of life, when the child is all right because he is all wrong. He is an adult carrying grave responsibilities and a child crying for his toys. Weeping and laughing, as soon one as the other, he can be counted on to-day but not to-morrow. He is forward and retiring, an idealist and a self-seeker, a coward and a hero between the rising and the setting of the sun. He is torn by a score of battling selves, each one struggling to keep its precarious footing.

The anxious parents and teachers trying to adjust this rapidly changing creature are almost distracted. Pulled hither and yon by the straining child, their nerves are frazzled and their tempers testy. They long to help the child because of his great need, but the solution of to-day will not meet to-morrow's problem and each new aspect of growth is as baffling as the last.

We begin, usually, with the wrong idea. We think we must make changes in the child—we must form his mind, we must set his character. We can never do this. The child must do it all for himself. Parents and teachers may advise and guide, but on the child himself rests the burden of self-discipline, self-control and soul growth. How is he to be convinced of this? How can we show the way?

It is wise to accept at the outset the fact that the adolescent boy or girl has emerged from childhood and no longer needs or profits by the training and discipline of childhood, the time when he was unconscious of individuality and readily submitted himself to the dominance of the parental will. This will go a long way toward establishing the right relationship at home. The adolescent deeply resents any infringement upon his newly discovered personality. He is very jealous of his young and easily wounded dignity.

"I've got to get away from home. Mother won't let me alone for a minute. Jumps on me for the least little thing. She's always waiting for me to do something so she can pounce on me.

"The other day she locked up my baseball-mit because she caught me catching with Red Murray. Red's all right, but mother doesn't think so. I had to get dad to beg it away from her. Now I keep it down at Red's house. I hate anything like that. Makes you feel so cheap.

"Same thing with the girls. If I walk down street with one of them, mother makes it mighty unpleasant. I have to sneak down the side streets so she won't know anything about it. I can't stand it. I just got to get out until she makes up her mind to let me alone and give me a chance. I just got to go."

NOW this boy—and the same story holds for his sister—needs his home and his mother more now than he ever will again, if that be possible. But he must lose them both because his mother can not let go of certain fixed notions that belong to the past. She can not realize that her baby is gone and that in his place there is a stranger child with all the rights, all the dignities, all the idiosyncracies that go to make up the strange compound of a human being. She can not sense the swift growth that changes him from day to day with a speed that leaves him achingly tender. So she makes a mistake and nags him.

Real growth of mind or body or soul can not be nagged into fulness. Never. It must be given space and leisure and the gentle stimulation of wise affection. It will not help to disregard the sensitive consciousness of youth. The new personality must be recognized and accepted and nurtured.

EACH child differs from every other in the world, and in adolescence these differences, like everything else about him, are exaggerated and very marked. Unstable to the point of insanity, he is often misjudged and mistreated by his best friends. "Goodness, Helen never behaved this way." "John never thought of such things." "No child ever did anything like this. This is awful." The best we can do is to study the child in question and try to interpret the signs he throws out from time to time. Rightly understood, they will help us to guide him.

When a child gives as his reason for not getting along well in his studies that his perfectly clear-speaking teacher has a speech defect, or that he can not read her writing on the board because it is so scrawly, or that she never explains things to him, it is time for you to go to school. If he becomes short-tempered and irritable; if he says time after time when you rebuke him for disobedience, "I never heard you say that"; if when you send him for something that lies in plain sight he returns lamenting, "I can't find it, it isn't there," and when you go and show it to him, cries petulantly, "It wasn't there when I was looking"; if he complains bitterly, "You never help me," when you are forever at his elbow, make up your mind that the fault lies in his own disturbed self and try gently and firmly to remove the cause.

Look well to his health. Much of the difficulty of this age rises out of a disregard for the laws of hygiene. Great changes are taking place in the structure of the body. Like the swaying sapling on the edge of the forest, the child must be protected and shielded from the storm until his timber is seasoned.

No adolescent child should be ill. He should never feel the weight of his body, and he won't unless he is abusing it. His food must be watched, his play provided for, his exercise supervised and his work judiciously assigned.

Obedience to the laws of health are basic to the development of the adolescent character, truly disciplinary because they are inevitable and impersonal, fundamental because they react on the spiritual growth of the children. A healthy mind grows in a clean body, and from the healthy mind and fine body springs the soul, the fruition of all our living.

Everything that causes a child to stop and consider and choose between what is right and what is not is a developing process and food for his soul. Every time he makes a decision in favor of what seems right to him, his soul expands and his spiritual life is that much the richer. His must be the choice. Growth can never be forced upon him. Souls are shy private things that must not be surprised in their stillness. They must be gentled into expanding to a perfect beauty. But again, how?

For each child the different way, his way, according to his kind! His growth in his own affair; he alone can attain it. We can advise and suggest and make clear the way, but we must then stand aside and watch and hope for the happy ending.

A good way to begin is to learn to listen and so get to know the child who is close to you. Learn to gather up what he infers rather than what he says outright. His spirit speaks in the overtones and your ear must be attuned to catch them. Rarely has youth the gift of articulate speech.

Respect the personality of the child to whom you listen. Extend to him all the courtesy, all the delicate consideration, all the discretion and tactful silences that you would show an honored guest. A hint of formality flavors the contact and draws the wistful disciple toward you, whereas a rude familiarity would send him scuttling to cover.

Brush up your sense of humor and keep it in good working order. Call on the memories of your own youth. Be patient with the jokes and the riddles and the wild schemes he delights in. Bring out a few of your own riddles and conundrums and do a little planning on your own account just to keep the doors of communication open.

KEEP off your pedestal. Don't be afraid to let the children know you are human and that you, too, made mistakes and did silly things and had to pay for them too. When Helen thinks her heart is broken and John plans what to you seems a disastrous undertaking, resist the temptation to cut them off short with a sharp pronouncement and tell them a story of how it was with you. Preaching won't do, and the too evident moral is fatal. Youth must make its own deduction or go without.

Praise and encourage and flatter them. Put it on with a trowel and they will thrive under it. Nothing fills them with aspiration like good words. Plan with them. Build castles in which they as the princes and princesses will live happily ever after. Youth follows a vision.

Feed their idealism. Now is the time when life is a crusade and their cause the right cause to death or victory. Cheer for their enthusiasms and be tender toward their illusions. Help them to hold their faith in the goodness and rightness of people. Help them to see the struggle of those about them to reach toward the best.

When all things fail, when the child you have worked for and prayed for creeps away from your protection and seems bent upon his own destruction, keep your faith in him and hold on. Remember that when he was very little you taught him the way he should go, and now he is not going to depart so far from it that he will not soon find his way back. Your faith will hold him and he will come through safely—not perhaps as you dreamed, but in a better way you had not glimpsed.

"I Won't Be Home for Dinner To-night!"



How often does your husband say that?

Each time it happens you wonder, you worry. Is it really business that keeps him down-town? Is he tired of you and hungering for another woman's company?

Probably the only thing he is hungering for is food! Delicious, unusual dishes properly seasoned, delightfully served—the kind of food he gets at clubs and hotels, but not at home!

To-day there is no excuse for monotony in home cooking. The New Butterick Cook Book contains not only hundreds of recipes to suit every taste, but expert advice on serving, setting the table, buying foods, carving and scientific information on food values. No recipe can possibly fail if you follow the careful instructions given with each one in The New Butterick Cook Book.

The New BUTTERICK COOK BOOK

Just a Few Items from the table of contents

APPETIZERS
SOUPS
SOUP ACCESSORIES
GARNISHES
STUFFING AND SAUCES FOR FISH, MEAT, POULTRY AND GAME
PRESSURE COOKER
FRENCH RECIPES
ENTRÉES
MADE-OVER DISHES
MEAT SUBSTITUTES
CHAFING-DISH RECIPES
CASSEROLE COOKERY
FIRELESS COOKER

What Shall I Have for Dinner To-night?

Don't ask yourself this worrying question. Just turn to the chapter on menus and meal-planning in The New Butterick Cook Book, page 46. Dinners with and without meat, breakfasts, lunches, suppers, special vegetable luncheons, special menus for Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, weddings, card parties, children's parties, etc., are given in The New Butterick Cook Book.

Don't Peel To-night's Potatoes

until you have seen the 40 different potato recipes given on pages 415-425 of The New Butterick Cook Book. Variety is the spice of life, especially in cooking, and you get plenty of it in The New Butterick Cook Book—50 recipes for eggs, 60 kinds of salads, etc.

53 Ways to Quench Your Thirst

Drinks for hot weather, cold weather, any weather—you will find concoctions to suit every taste in the beverage section of The New Butterick Cook Book, starting page 603.

Every Up-to-Date Housekeeper Should Have

at least one pressure cooker. This quick economical method of cooking by steam pressure is thoroughly explained in The New Butterick Cook Book. On page 639 you will find pictures of three different kinds of pressure cookers.

A Chafing-Dish Party

Seventeen delicious recipes for late-at-night suppers—lobster à la newburg, crab rarebit, etc.—you will find them in The New Butterick Cook Book. See page 617.

Unusual Recipes

En Casserole cooking, made-over dishes, meat substitutes, appetizers, garnishes—these are all found in The New Butterick Cook Book.

Every Possible Kind of Pickle, Preserve and Jelly

is included in the "canning" section of The New Butterick Cook Book, starting page 673. The cold-pack method of canning, the open-kettle method, various hot water-bath processes, are all discussed; time charts for all these methods and the various foods are also given.

A Day of French Cooking for a Change

Fish en coquilles, potatoes à l'archiodoise, mocha pudding—for these and many other Parisian delicacies see pages 643-661, The New Butterick Cook Book.

Can You Serve a Formal Dinner In Russian Style?

For information on decorating and setting the table, for placing and passing dishes, for seating the guests, turn to page 67, The New Butterick Cook Book.

Can You Cook a Whole Meal In the Fireless Cooker?

The next time you are going out for the day and won't be back until just before time to prepare dinner, turn to page 632, The New Butterick Cook Book, before you go.

Can You Carve Turkey Properly?

Charles Faissole, maître d'hôtel of the Ambassador Hotel, New York, shows you with pictures on pages 83-87, the correct way to carve a turkey. In The New Butterick Cook Book you are also told how to carve roasts, fish, steaks, legs, saddles and even roast pig.

In Case of Illness

can you prepare an invalid's tray day after day so that it will be both tasty and nourishing? Beef tea, egg-nogs, chicken broth, rice jelly—these are a few suggestions in The New Butterick Cook Book. See page 662.

What Does Your Husband Really Think of Your Pie-Crust?

Not what he *says*, but how he *eats* it, will tell you the truth. A good pie-crust covers a multitude of domestic sins. Give a man good pie and good coffee and he will tell the world you are a good cook. Good pastry isn't hard to make—but you must know—not experiment; you must measure—not guess. See The New Butterick Cook Book.

On sale at all bookstores and Butterick Departments or send direct. Clip this coupon. MAIL TO-DAY!

The Butterick Publishing Company Dept. J-1
Butterick Building, New York

Please send me a copy of The New Butterick Cook Book for which I will pay the postman only $2.50 for the book, plus postage ($2.65 prepaid), when it is delivered to me. My understanding is that I may return this book after 5 days and have my money refunded if I am not fully satisfied.

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STREET and NO._____

CITY_____ STATE _____

In Canada send coupon to The Butterick Publishing Co., 468 Wellington St., W., Toronto

Simple as a primer; complete as an encyclopedia—The New

BUTTERICK COOK BOOK

Simple care triumphs over beauty's enemies

WHAT a relief to women who now lavish attention upon their complexions if they could talk for five minutes with a real authority on the subject! For they would find that practically all their methods and preparations are unnecessary—in some cases, actually harmful.

Simple care. Simple cleansing. These are the essentials—all else is extra, needless.

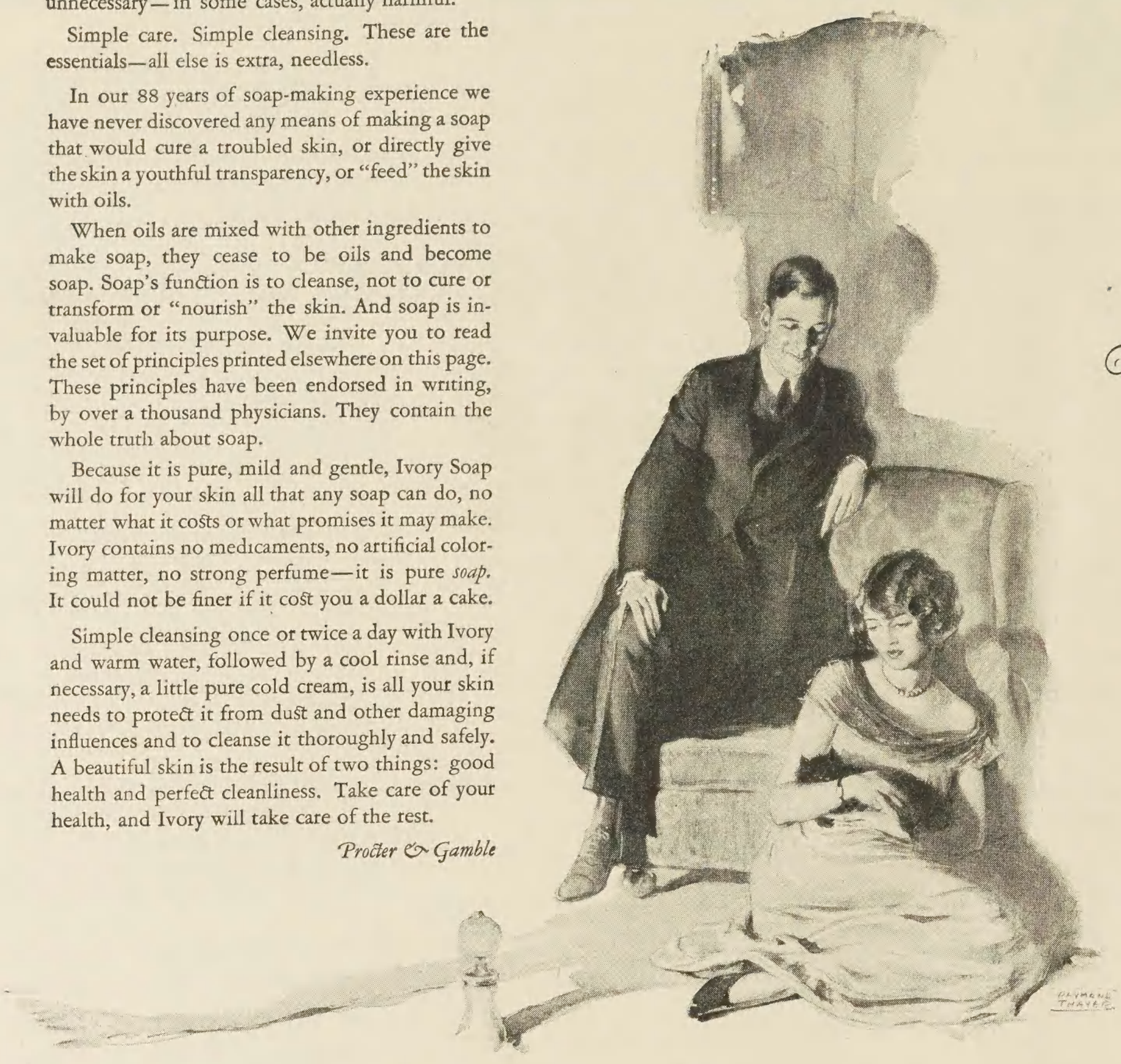
In our 88 years of soap-making experience we have never discovered any means of making a soap that would cure a troubled skin, or directly give the skin a youthful transparency, or "feed" the skin with oils.

When oils are mixed with other ingredients to make soap, they cease to be oils and become soap. Soap's function is to cleanse, not to cure or transform or "nourish" the skin. And soap is invaluable for its purpose. We invite you to read the set of principles printed elsewhere on this page. These principles have been endorsed in writing, by over a thousand physicians. They contain the whole truth about soap.

Because it is pure, mild and gentle, Ivory Soap will do for your skin all that any soap can do, no matter what it costs or what promises it may make. Ivory contains no medicaments, no artificial coloring matter, no strong perfume—it is pure *soap*. It could not be finer if it cost you a dollar a cake.

Simple cleansing once or twice a day with Ivory and warm water, followed by a cool rinse and, if necessary, a little pure cold cream, is all your skin needs to protect it from dust and other damaging influences and to cleanse it thoroughly and safely. A beautiful skin is the result of two things: good health and perfect cleanliness. Take care of your health, and Ivory will take care of the rest.

Procter & Gamble



The scientific basis *for the use of*

SOAP

The following set of principles has been endorsed by over a thousand physicians of highest standing and is offered as an authoritative guide to women in their use of soap for the skin:

1 The function of soap for the skin is to cleanse, not to cure or transform.

2 Soap performs a very useful function for normal skins by keeping the skin clean.

3 If there is any disease of the skin which soap irritates, a physician should be seen.

4 To be suitable for general daily use, a soap should be pure, mild and neutral.

5 If the medicinal content of a soap is sufficient to have an effect upon the skin, the soap should be used only upon the advice of a physician.

6 In all cases of real trouble, a physician's advice should be obtained before treatment is attempted.

Here are a few of the many comments from PHYSICIANS *upon the above principles:*

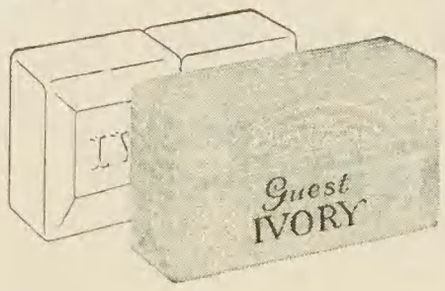
"This program is unassailable from any point of view."

"I am in agreement with your platform. It cannot be improved upon."

"There is nothing more to say. There can be no honest difference of opinion."

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% Pure—It Floats



Guest Ivory, the dainty new cake of Ivory made especially for face and hands, costs but 5 cents.

© 1925 Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati

DOG WANTED: MALE

As funny a story as "Pigs is Pigs"

By America's foremost humorist
ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

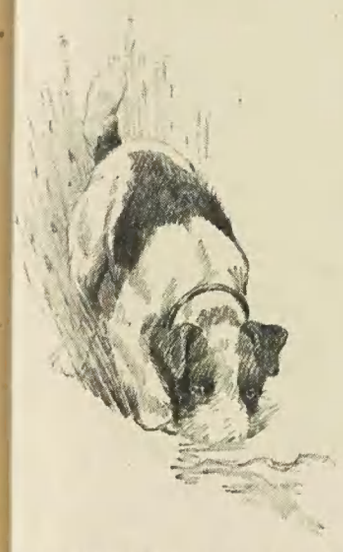


Drawings by Robert Dickey.

WHEN RUMPUS WASN'T DIGGING UP MR. BURRIDGE'S TOMATO-PLANTS OR BITING THE POSTMAN'S LEGS, HE WAS CHASING CATS

IN HIS moments of loss of self-control, Mr. Burridge was apt to forget the gentler graces of civilization and, as his wife said, be off again. Mr. Burridge was bald and stout and looked overfed.

"Laura," Mrs. Burridge used to say to her daughter when she saw Mr. Burridge's face turning scarlet, "for heaven's sake be careful—your father is off again." She also used to say to her daughter: "I do wish your father wouldn't garden—it makes him so angry." This was because Mr. Burridge was one of those pinkish-looking men who take to gardening enthusiastically, but who, before all the ground is spaded, become irritated at the injustice of the world and want to bite some one's head off. Mr. Burridge always planned a much larger garden than he could handle, and the larger the garden the angrier he was apt to become.



FOGARTY'S DOG DUG UP MR. BURRIDGE'S TOMATO-PLANTS AS FAST AS HE COULD PLANT THEM

So Mrs. Burridge, watching the breakfast eggs for the exact moment to snatch the frying-pan from the stove, looked out of the window apprehensively when she heard Mr. Burridge swear, and she was just in time to see the spade clang up against the side of Mr. Fogarty's garage—the spade Mr. Burridge had thrown at Rumpus, the dog of Mr. Fogarty, who lived next door. She heard the dog give a yelp of fear and she saw Mr. Burridge swing the four-tined garden-fork above his head and throw that at the dog also. The fork missed the dog by forty feet and stuck upright in the ground near Mr. Fogarty's kitchen steps, quivering. Mr. Burridge then leaped out of his garden and picked up a box that had contained tomato-plants and threw it with all his might at the dog.

"Laura," said Mrs. Burridge to her daughter, "you had better put the coffee on the table; I think your father is through gardening."

As Mr. Burridge went to recover the garden-fork, little Mrs. Fogarty came to her small back porch.

"Oh, dear!" she said in the apologetically sweet voice that had become a permanence with her since her husband had brought Rumpus home. "Oh, dear! Has our dog been bothering you again?"



MR. BURRIDGE'S GARDEN-FORK MISSED THE DOG BY FORTY FEET AND STUCK UPRIGHT IN THE GROUND NEAR FOGARTY'S KITCHEN STEPS, QUIVERING

FOR answer Mr. Burridge turned his back on Mrs. Fogarty, jerked the fork from the soil and threw it into the middle of his garden. He brushed his hands together angrily, as if to say: "I'm through! Dogs—dogs—dogs! Ten million useless curs digging up everything a man plants!" He yanked his coat from the limb of the small tree on which it hung and strode toward his kitchen door, his mouth grimly set.

"Laura," said Mrs. Burridge nervously, "for heaven's sake be careful; your father is off again! Call Ted."

"Teh-dee! Teh-dee! Teddy! Theodore!" called Laura at the back door, but no one answered. She drew back against the door-frame and Mr. Burridge stalked past her and through the kitchen without a word. He went up to the bathroom.

From under a spiræa bush close to the Fogarty property line young Ted Burridge stuck out his head and looked toward the kitchen door. As he did not see his father, he came all the way out and Rumpus leaped toward him wagging his short tail and panting artificially in a manner he had of showing joy and delight.



BY DAY HE BARKED SIX BARKS PER SECOND, STEADILY AND CONTINUOUSLY; BY NIGHT HE WAILED, LONG SAD WAILS

"Nice old Rumpus! Good old doggie!" Ted comforted him, an arm around Rumpus's neck, patting him on the head gently. "You didn't get hurt, did you, doggie? You're a good old doggie, ain't you, doggie?"

"Ted, you come right in to your breakfast this minute!" Laura called to the boy. "If father sees you hugging that dog——"

"All right, doggie," said Ted, ignoring his sister as bossy elder sisters should be ignored. "I'll see you after breakfast, doggie."

"You and that dog!" Laura exclaimed as Ted slid past her into the kitchen. "You'd better look out, young man; father'll be terrible if he catches you petting that dog."

In the bathroom Mr. Burridge washed his hands and when the cake of soap fell to the floor he kicked it viciously. The soap leaped over the door-sill, skidded the full length of the hall and landed in the small room.

Having washed well, including the top of his head, Mr. Burridge went to his bedroom and jerked six pairs of trousers off the closet hooks, throwing five of them on the floor. He threw one shirt under the bed and tore three collars raucously, and thus dressed for business. He then threw practically all the remaining contents of his dresser into a suitcase, put it on the floor and stepped on it and locked it, and went down to breakfast. He was, it may be explained, a little irritated. This is a nice sort of world where a man can't plant a tomato-plant and then turn his back without having some confounded dog dig it up again the same instant!

"Now, listen to this!" ordered Mr. Burridge when he was seated before his eggs and coffee. "Jane— For heaven's sake, can't you pay a little attention to me once in a while?"

"Why, I— Why, yes, George! I'm listening," said Mrs. Burridge hastily.

"Well, it's a wonder! Nobody ever listens to me in this house and it's about time some one did. I want you to buy a dog!"

"A—a what?" gasped Mrs. Burridge.

"A dog. I said a dog, didn't I? I went out there this morning to plant my tomato-plants, in my garden, on my own property. And what happened?"



NOW AND THEN HE RAISED HIS HEAD AND SNIFFED THE AIR QUESTIONINGLY, THINKING CATS, BUT THERE WERE NO CATS

No one ventured to say what happened. It was not the moment for any one to make any remark. Mrs. Burridge and Laura and Ted knew from experience that father was off again and that now was the time to be silent and show deep and concerned attention.

"I worked like a slave over that garden, that's what happened," said Mr. Burridge, "and I planted those tomato-plants and that dog of Fogarty's came over and began digging. He dug them up faster than I could plant them—that's what happened. And if it's not one dog, it's another. I'm sick and tired of it. I'm through!"

No one denied that Mr. Burridge had a perfect right to be through. All tried to look as if Mr. Burridge was entirely justified in being through.





RUMPUS LEAPED FOUR FEET FROM THE FLOOR FOR THE LUMP OF SUGAR MR. FOGARTY OFFERED

"I'm through!" repeated Mr. Burridge again. "Jane, how long have I owned this house?"

"Why — why — sixteen years," said Mrs. Burridge nervously.

"Sixteen years!" echoed Mr. Burridge. "For sixteen years I've owned and for sixteen years I've been a good neighbor, and for sixteen years I've set my foot down and said 'No dog!' Ten thousand times I've said 'No dog!' How many times have you said to me, 'George, don't you think Ted might have a dog?' How many times? And what did I say?"

"Why—why—" stammered Mrs. Burridge.

"Yes," said Mr. Burridge, "and it is a nice state of affairs. Here I've got a son eight years old——"

"Nine," said Ted, and Mr. Burridge glared at him.

"Who asked you to talk?" he demanded. "You keep still till you're spoken to. Here I've got a son nine years old, a boy who deserves a dog if any boy does, and I've

Continued on page 63



"BUT I WANTED YOU TO KNOW," MINNIE WENT ON, "THAT FATHER *IS* RATHER HARD-PRESSED. THAT THE WEDDING MOTHER HAD SET HER HEART ON WASN'T GOING TO BE EASY TO MANAGE—SO MOTHER THOUGHT OF THIS WAY OUT"

Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

HAPPY NEW YEAR

By

ZONA GALE

Should lovers be intent on nothing but themselves?

THEY looked like figures in a painting by Millet—Michael Chapin, rough, rosy, meditative; and his wife Esther, gray, smiling, figureless. They were seventy-something, and life had taken life from them. There had been fifty years on the Ohio farm—sixty for him, for the farm had been his father's, and he had "worked 'round" there since he could remember.

Life had taken life from them. They sat by their kitchen hearth in lamplight and knew that to-night they must talk about what was left.

"It's time for Luther Burns to be here, if he's coming," said Michael.

"Not hardly." His wife always held out a hope.

"Oh, he'll come," said Michael grimly. "If it's about the money."

"It can't be," said Esther, "because he knows we haven't got it."

He smiled at her. The amusement of finding himself superior to her in wisdom never failed him. He loved her, but he had few recreations, and feeling superior to his wife was one of the best of these.

"If it *is* that," she replied, "it's Minnie that's put him up to it. She'll want a nice wedding for little Minnie, and what we owe them would help out."

"No use hatching up a case," said Michael uneasily. "Let's drop it. If Lute Burns comes, he comes. And if he doesn't, no harm done—what was that?" His expectation was out of key with his stolid words.

It was nothing. Esther went on with her thought:

"I don't blame her wanting to give Minnie a nice wedding."

She fell silent, but he knew. If their own little girl had lived and had married at Esther's age, they might now have been planning their granddaughter's wedding.

Into that silence filtered the roll of wheels, and Luther Burns spoke gently to his horse and came to the door, came so softly and swiftly that he was pushing it open before they knew that he had alighted.

"Good evening, neighbors," said he, and slipped instantly to a chair. He sat silent, looking up, bright-eyed and complaisant. He bore neither the aspect nor the manner of the successful farmer that he was.

They said the little things that neighbors say. Then Michael and Esther sat silent, as if they were waiting for some sentence. All three knew that, if Burns wished, he could order their little farm sold at sheriff's sale. And yet he sat there, so gentle, so quiet, even so deferential. His voice was so soft it seemed impossible that he could order a sheriff's sale. Michael and Esther liked him.

"Little Minnie all ready for her wedding?" Esther asked at length.

"Been all ready for six months," said her father, "and flying 'round like a scared hen, doing everything over twice. Her mother too. In fact, her mother the most."

"That must be nice," said Esther.

"Women like doing nothing twice over," Michael offered. There was something terrible in his eagerness to stress his fellowship with this neighbor, to recall their common ground. And Burns responded, met Michael's eye, grinned.

"Costs like the dickens, though," he offered, in his turn, looking to Michael for sympathy. Michael nodded, a swift fear in his eyes. So it *was* the money. "That's what I come to see you about," Burns concluded neatly.

Again Michael and Esther were silent. Fifty years ago they had entered that kitchen together for the first time. The brief funeral service for the new-born baby had been held here one bitter Winter morning. Michael had brought Esther out here in his arms to sit by the fire in that convalescence. Here they had read over both mortgages together. Innumerable days they had sat together there at the table, innumerable mornings she had worked here alone, and evenings after Michael was in bed. Was this the end—Burns sitting here, so gentle, so soft voiced, asking them for the money which they didn't have?

"I know you haven't got it," Burns's voice went on gently. "I won't pretend I don't know that. There's been some bad years—I know how it's all come out. Same time I need a little money. So I've come with a proposition."

They listened, as helpless as two in an invisible net.

"Make the farm over to me," said Burns, "with the understanding that I can sell the north forty, and nothing else, in your lifetime. And that during your lifetime mother and I are to take care of you."

He was constrained to repeat it for them in other words. There was so much to be understood. He repeated it in his soft voice, taking all pains to make everything quite clear. If he had been the one to profit as he was trying to make it evident to them that they would profit, he could not have been more gentle.

"We make the farm over to you," said Michael at last, "and you take care of mother and me the rest of our lives when we need it. And you agree not to sell any of it but the north forty while we live, and we put all that in the deed. Is that it?"

That was it. The proposition hung in the room like a cloud. Like a bell it echoed in the silence. At the end of a long day, a gray cloud and the tolling of a bell.

"If we don't do it, what then?" was on Michael's lips, but he said nothing. He would rather not know that. Or it might have been that he did know.

"Mother and I'll have to talk this thing over," Michael said at last. She had always been "mother" since that one swift sweet year; never another year like that one, but the old title held.

"No hurry," said Burns, and rose. "Suit your own convenience, you know." There could not have been a more perfect host for a mortgage.

"Is your wife pretty well?" Esther wanted to say something, so she repeated a query with which she

had welcomed him.

The first note of hardness which had come to their visitor's voice touched along his words.

"She's the same old captain," said Luther Burns, checked his tone with a laugh and went away.

Esther turned to Michael. Her eyes held the terrible grief of old eyes.

"Oh, papa!" she said. "*Papa!*"

That was all. Then she straightened, brightened and almost made him think that this fitted in with what came next. "Ain't this a wonderful way out?" she concluded.

Michael turned to Esther.

"Why did this happen to us?" he cried passionately. "I've worked as hard as any man. What makes me the one?"

They stood before that abyss.

"It's the best we can do," he said dully.

She echoed: "It's the best we can do," and was able to add, almost gaily: "And no more worrying!"

A voice came into the room, as if it were arriving on its own account—a voice of life, a girl's voice:

"May we come in?"

In the dun farm kitchen she was like sudden lilacs, sudden spiræa.

"Darlings," she said, "I want you to know Dean. I want him to know you, too! You're all three angels—and he's also an artist."

Back of her stood Dean, looking not at the other two angels, it appeared, but at her, at "little Minnie," whose name from childhood had distinguished her from "big Minnie," her mother—Mrs. Luther Burns.

"He," this Minnie proceeded, "is *my* angel. At least, he's going to be mine after the wedding, though he imagines I'm going to be his." Abruptly, as she looked in the old faces, she fell silent.

"These mutual property qualifications—" began Dean gaily, and he fell silent too.

For something in the two before them, a shadow, a passion, a tear, seemed to still away light words. They shook hands silently, almost formally. It was Esther who carried it off, her eyes still misty.

"We congratulate you," she said primly. "And you must congratulate us. After fifty years of hard work on this farm, your father, Minnie, has just made it possible for us to end our days in quiet."

"What's he done?" asked Minnie, with an eyebrow of unmistakable suspicion.

ESTHER told her, doing her best to wave the information like a banner. Perched on the arm of Esther's chair, Minnie listened and said nothing. Dean, lounging in the doorway, listened and looked at Minnie, who looked at the floor and finally observed that the minute you owned anything you had to begin to figure, and that she preferred to be penniless and avoid mathematics; and—would they both come to her wedding?

"It's my wedding," she observed, "though Dean thinks it's his. Why not? I'm getting everything and Dean's getting nothing."

"You can see for yourself," Dean put in, "how upset she is in her mathematics."

These two went away in a little while, down the Summer dusk. Esther and Michael stood looking after them. Suddenly Esther laid her head on Michael's shoulder and began to sob.

"Don't, mama—don't," he said. He seldom called her that. Usually it was the more self-conscious "mother."

"They'll have something sad, too," she sobbed, and then caught herself bravely back. "Listen at me! What's the *matter* with me? It'll be all right for them if only they keep on loving each other the way we have."



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

HE PUT HIS ARM AROUND HIS WIFE. THEY STOOD BEFORE THEIR OLD HEARTH. THE LIGHT OF THE ROOM FLOWED ABOUT THEM. THE WHOLE ROOM SEEMED SUDDENLY EXCEEDINGLY BRIGHT

Michael made one of the few jokes of his life, just when it was most sorely needed. He said: "It's no credit to you to be a brick. You've got the habit."

Meanwhile, down in the Middle Pasture, with the moon rising, the two lovers who should have been intent on nothing but themselves were thinking of themselves not at all.

"Mummy's done that," said Minnie Burns. "She's so shrewd I'm ashamed of her."

"But isn't there something to be said for that plan?" her lover urged. "To have all responsibility taken away——"

"Who wants all responsibility taken away?" cried Minnie. "You're talking about their farm, their *home* for fifty years. Now they're to live on it almost as tenants—and be taken care of till they die! I'd hate that. So would you. So would father. He has merely let mother talk him into this. Dean," she said solemnly, "if our children ever catch us being 'smart' in a business deal and doing somebody else out of something, I hope they won't stand for it."

"So do I," said Dean. "But," he added, "they'll never catch you there, my darling. You'll give away the advantage, just out of good manners."

As he stood, the shadow of box-elder leaves fell on Minnie's hair, but her little face was all in darkness and glimmered like a star. Her voice came from darkness.

"It's not only good manners," she said. "So often, in the few business things I've had, while I've argued about something, I have suddenly had the sense of *being* the other person. It's a strange feeling—quite suddenly I seem to feel that the other person and I are not two different beings, each with a separate point of view, but just one. Does that sound crazy, Dean?"

He answered with his cheek against hers.

"Not so long as you feel that way about me."

"That's what love is. One feels that way all the time about some one one loves. But you can't always feel that with somebody you're opposing or even only listening to. And when you do, everything changes. It takes all the starch out of you. It takes away all the fun of fighting. And sometimes—oh, I felt it just now with those two dear people—I felt as if it were *my* farm——"

Her voice broke. But in his arms he heard that voice, smothered against his coat, come out in a cry of indignation:

"How *could* mother do that? How could father let her?"

"You ought to be one even with them, you know," he suggested humorously.

She flashed up at him reproachfully: "Not when they do things like this. It won't do any good, but I'm going to tell them what I think of it."

"You do like the fun of fighting," he challenged her. "That's enough about them. I want to hear about you and me."

MOST of the countryside heard about "her and him" in the days which followed. It was to be a quiet wedding. But there is no such thing. The moment that the date was set, the love of romance in the neighbors flared up and spent itself in talk of guests and gifts, and of dishes and decorations, of trousseau and travels. Nothing remained without its speculation. All the world loves a lover, so all the world identifies itself with a wedding.

This excitement almost absorbed the minor interest, known also to all the neighbors, that Michael and Esther had "given it up" and were henceforth "to be taken care of by the Burnses." The further consideration that their farm was to belong to the Burnses when the Chapins were done with farms and farming forever figured in the accounts, but as an additional reason for sympathy with the Chapins rather than as an asset for the Burnses. And this sympathy spent itself in a way to make Michael and Esther still more miserable.

"Beats all," said Michael grimly, "how folks do love to say, 'I feel so sorry for you.'"

He did not want to go to Minnie's and Dean's wedding, but on the morning of the wedding-day this objection was composed. Luther Burns sent over a hired man with a note. The papers would be ready that afternoon, the lawyer who had drawn them would be at

the house; would Michael and Esther mind signing them?

"Tell him all right," said Michael heavily.

THE wedding-day was blue and purple, washed with gold. These two crossed for the last time the land which for half a century they had called their own. The two mortgages had not seemed to matter—these left to them free will. The new arrangement mattered like a wound.

Cars were parked round Luther Burns's house and in the barnyard; guests were on the veranda and under the trees; and from within came the tentative sound of strings.

"We'll sign it away to fiddling," said Michael.

The two neat figures went up the steps, and in the hall Luther Burns met them.

"Minnie wants to see you," he explained. "Little Minnie. She's up-stairs. She wants you both to go up."

A hope leaped faintly in Esther's heart; she could not have told why. Until her name was actually written and the ink dried, her optimism would expect a reprieve. But when she faced that upper room to which they were shown, her hope failed again.

At the foot of the bed stood Mrs. Luther Burns. She was a captain of a woman, as her husband had said. She was not large, but she was incredibly definite: Pointed eyes, pointed chin, pointed nose, pointed elbows—it was astonishing that she could radiate in such sharp points without becoming a star. But she had no light, that was it. She was as blank and thick as clay.

"It was Minnie that sent for you, but it was me that wanted to speak to you," she said, "to tell you to take no stock in what she's going to say to you."

Little Minnie, in her wedding-gown and veil, rose from her dressing-table. She was looking very lovely, and quite calm. She walked straight to Esther and took her hands.

"I've failed," she said. "I thought I might have everything arranged, but—it was too much for me. Father promised me to do nothing about your farm until we got back home. But mother has gone on with it—and now it's too late."

"A bargain's a bargain," said her mother. Her voice was edged, too, like the rest of her. "It wasn't for you to come in here with your sentiment. I don't stand for such notions. A bargain's a bargain——"

"But I wanted you to know," Minnie went on, "that father *is* rather hard-pressed. That the wedding mother had set her heart on wasn't going to be easy to manage—so mother thought of this way out. It's only fair for you to know that father had a buyer for the north forty before he proposed what he did. And it'll be the first payment on that—on your north forty—that'll pay for our wedding." Tears were on her face now.

Esther put out her hands. "Oh, my dear," she said, "don't you mind like that. You couldn't help it. It's all right. We haven't very long——"

Minnie thought: "That's the worst part."

Mrs. Burns's voice rose. "What *are* you making such a fuss over?" she cried. "What do you two care about owning, as long as you're comfortable?"

Minnie faced her. "Mother," she said quietly, "I want to tell you now, on my wedding-day, that you've given me one present that you hadn't counted on, and one that I hope I can pass on to my children: That possession can be a poison, as the Chapin farm ought to be to us. I won't forget."

"Listen at that ingratitude," said her mother. "When I did it for you!"

ESTHER felt a stir of pity for the woman. "If it was me, wanting to give a wedding for my little girl that died," she said, "I might have done the same thing."

And Mrs. Burns cried: "Of course you would! Any mother would! And I was trying to make it easy for you."

"We know all about that," said Michael heavily, and nobody knew quite what he did mean.

"The papers are in my room," Mrs. Burns said briskly. "I'll have up father and a couple of witnesses—there's enough of 'em handy. Might as well sign now."

Esther looked at her curiously. In the last half-hour before her daughter was to leave her!

From suspicious proximity, Mr. Burns appeared. The witnesses, he said, were ready; and if Mr. and Mrs. Chapin and his wife would step this way— The four went into the next room.

Minnie sprang up and opened the door which led to the passage.

"Dean!" she called.

From his room the groom appeared as if he had been waiting the summons; and he came with an alacrity which seemed to say that he had in fact been waiting that summons all his life.

"Darling," he said, "how dear of you—and how lovely you look—what's the trouble?"

"Dean——"

"My heavens, you don't want to back out?"

Her kiss satisfied him, but her face still held its grief. She told him.

"But your father promised to wait until we get back!"

"It's mother—she's the one. Can't we do anything?"

He looked at her sadly. "This," he said, "is the first disappointment to come to you from marrying a poor man."

"This," she said grimly, "is one of the things that happens when your family wants property. It wasn't just the wedding. It's the poison of the greed for adding field to field."

He cried: "Dearest, this is terrible! To spend our last minutes talking so!"

Her smile came through her tears in a way which always charmed him. "Our last minutes!" she mocked. "Is that the way you feel? Then hadn't we better say good-by?"

They did, almost gaily, although her eyes were still shadowed. "With our last unmarried breath, Dean," she said, "let's promise each other——"

She hesitated, her loyalty fighting with her honesty.

"—never to handle anything the way that mother has handled this," she said bravely.

Back from the next room came her mother and father. It was all done now. The papers were signed and delivered. Minnie went to Esther in the doorway.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "my dear! Thank you—for our wedding."

Esther's simple dignity was like a mantle on the moment. "If only," she said, "if only it was that way, a little bit. Don't you see, we haven't got anybody to make a wedding *for*. So if it was the way you say, and if we had helped a little—oh, don't you see——"

"It's about time for you to go down now, Minnie!" cried Mrs. Burns briskly, as one checking off the next item.

Suddenly Minnie saw her mother, tired, harassed, hard-working, anxious for her children. Even the hard lines in her face were there because she had tried to make life easy for them. Minnie ran to her.

"Mother!" she cried. "Don t you think that I don't know——"

Her mother adjusted the soft veil.

"Well, go on down then, why don't you?" she said, not understanding.

THE Autumn lingered long and slipped graciously into a colored Indian Summer and into a mild November of silver and slate; so that the warm Ohio valleys were unprepared for an icy December. Early in the month a storm of sleet devasted the trees; and succeeding heavy falls of snow filled the hollows and lay deep upon the uplands. By mid-month the world was sleeping as sleep the wastes of the North, and every one remembered signs which promised a Winter of long severity.

For the Chapins, in the little gabled house at the top of the hill, the hard season was another in a chain of catastrophes. To pass from the ownership of their home had been enough. But an old ailment of Esther's had returned which, early in November, sent her to her armchair by the stove, where she prepared and cooked what Michael brought to her, and groaned to see his clumsiness struggle with the other tasks. It was on the morning of the first heavy snowfall that Michael, carrying jars and a lamp from the trap-door of the cellar, slipped backward into space and wrenched his ankle so that he crawled on hands and knees to the kitchen settle and could go no farther.

"Now we're done for," he said; and looking at Esther dully, he kept saying this over. "Now we're done for."

For some reason, when she saw that his neck was not broken, his plight made his wife unexpectedly angry.

"No, we're not," she snapped. "I guess I can get to the telephone. You always talk so silly!"

Michael shouted: "This is a pretty time to improve my habits."

And with a voice which still trembled from her agonized fear lest he had killed himself, Esther, creeping to the telephone, rasped out at him on the way:

"I know it. It's too late to do *you* any good."

They sat in a wretched silence until the doctor came. When he had left his direction for Michael not to step on his foot, Esther broke down and cried.

"Seems like we got out of touch with God," she said. "I feel worse about my being cross to you than I do about your ankle."

"Just like your selfishness," Michael growled, and then they laughed a little, but not much.

Archie, a son of Luther Burns, came up to feed the cow and the horse and the poultry. Noon brought Mrs. Luther Burns, with a basket.

"Well," she said, surveying them, "I s'pose I've got you both on my hands now for a while. I'm glad to do it—but I should think you might have had more sense than to get down sick."

All the while that she set out the excellent lunch that she had cooked, big Minnie scolded them for being ill and on her hands.

Seeing Michael shift and redden, Esther hoped to turn her thought and asked: "What do you hear from Minnie and Dean?"

"They'll be home for the holidays," said her mother. "After that Dean's got it in his head to go to Europe for his art—says they can live over there cheaper than they can here. All nonsense. I'm going to spike that, I can tell you."

"Why not leave 'em alone?" asked Michael bluntly.

"Leave 'em alone!" cried Minnie's mother shrilly. "If I had, they wouldn't be married yet. At least, not with the decent wedding I was bound they should have—" She stopped, remembering just how she had managed that "decent wedding." To be sure, her husband's buyer had changed his mind about taking that north forty, but that wasn't her fault, and Luther had paid the bills some way. "There," she finished, "eat your dinners and maybe you can make it last for supper too."

EVERY morning for a week Archie Burns fed the Chapins' stock, and at noon either Luther Burns or his wife came through the snow with a basket. Luther was no more than friendly, but Minnie was determined to be kind.

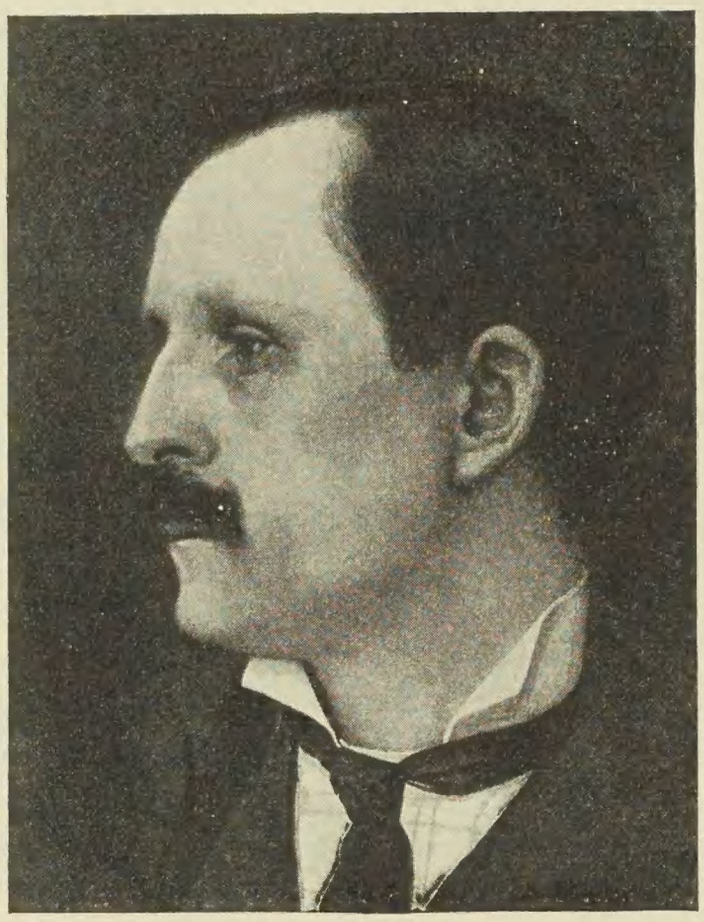
"Don't trouble like this," Esther begged her. And big Minnie responded:

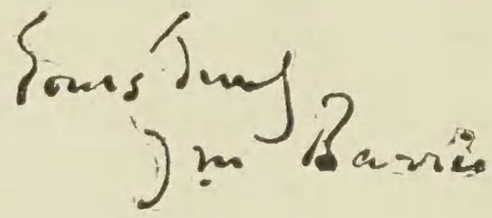
"I enjoy doing my duty."

"But don't come every day!" Esther urged.

"If I don't bear my cross this way, how am I going to bear it?" Mrs. Burns demanded.

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Every once in a while, Sir James M. Barrie sits down in that wonderful little home of his in Adelphi Terrace, London, and enriches the world. It was so that he gave us "Peter Pan," "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister" and a long list of truly great work.

Last year he wrote the one inspiring message to youth—"Courage." This year from the mountain-top of his knowledge of spiritual things he has seen a new day for youth. THE DELINEATOR will, next month, publish "Better Days for Girls," which has a meaning for every woman alive.



Drawing by William C. Rice

WHY I AM NOT A GOOD MOTHER

ANONYMOUS

Mothers! The love you bear your children is the purest, most unselfish love in the world. It knows no limit of self-denial and sacrifice. Yet sometimes its very power of devotion turns it into a tyrant of oppression. Read this startling confession, judge yourself candidly and form a new estimate of yourself as a mother. We would like to tell you the name of the author of this article, but for obvious reasons we can not. Suffice it to say that she is a well-known personage, a success in the professional and social worlds as well as in the realm of home-making

WHEN my daughter was born, one resolution shot its way through the welter of weariness in which I lay; I should not be a good mother. At least I should not be a good mother in the sense that had been taught me by a tortured childhood. My own mother had gone to the extremes of good motherhood. From the day I came into the world she had focused all her devotion upon me intensively and exclusively. For me she had stripped herself of other allegiances as though they were shameful treasons. Before me she had laid sacrifices so great and intricate that they amounted to a religion. Upon me, and under the license of love, she had exercised a despotism so effectual that, had it been turned in the only direction where despotism functions properly, it would have made her the noble, complete and happy monarch of herself. From me, for all this, she demanded in return payment in kind. I could not pay.

The debt she had rolled up against me was too great. Life was insistent, youth was urgent, the need for other contacts was strong. All through the years that my mother had fondly hoped she was fashioning a creature of her own, nature had been quietly about her business in me, and when the time came for me to decide definitely and finally either for nature or for my mother, I chose nature.

I fell in love and married, knowing that to fall in love and marry was the ultimate treachery to my mother. I became a person on my own account and made a life for myself, thereby forsaking my mother when years of devotion to me had rendered her useless for anything but devotion to me, just as the thrust of a cathedral is useless except to hold up another thrust. My growth into individuality and self-reliance was the overthrow of her whole scheme of existence. She lives on now amidst the wreckage which I brought down around her, as tragic as a queen sitting in the ashes of a crumbled empire. She can neither understand nor forgive nor adjust herself.

AND remembering all that, I made a compact with my daughter when she came.

"I will not be a good mother to you," I said in my heart the first time they brought her to me. "You will have no debt to me to scar your soul when you repudiate it, as repudiate it you must if you are worthy of having been brought into the world at all. I will love you, because, God help me, I can not do otherwise. I will guide you, but always with the view that one day you will walk alone.

"You are an individual, and I sacredly pledge myself not to forget it, whatever it may cost me to remember. Just as I can not possibly look at you now and think for a minute that I have created the soul behind your eyes, so I shall never thrust myself in between you and the parent of whom I am merely the symbol and the tool.

"You are an entity. And to protect your entity against my very natural tendency to feel that you are mine, that your life and spirit belong to me, I, too, shall be an entity. I shall have a world of my own in which you fill a very dear and a very rightful place, but of which you are by no means the solitary inhabitant.

"I shall be selfish, in a judicious fashion. Recollecting that I am older than you and that the desolation of years will come to me when you are still in the full fruit of yours, I shall strive to fortify myself with a reliable companion for that time.

"I shall work hard at the interlocking jobs of keeping myself in love with my husband and my husband in love with me—two enterprises requiring more time and attention than you may surmise, young lady. If it ever comes down to an issue of going riding in the family flivver with your father or of staying home to iron more white ruffles than are good for you, I shall go riding in the family flivver. I can, without bringing on serious disaster, work and earn enough to hire a laundress, but I'll be blessed if I'm going to drudge and save for you while your father asks somebody else to take his pleasure with him.

"And it will be good for you, my little one, it will be the greatest thing of all for you to see your father and your mother merging their lives. It will explain the great mystery of life, which words can never explain. It will keep you fine and clean and unashamed of the realities. And though I moved mountains for you and preached with the tongues of angels and did not keep you unashamed of the realities, life would be but the pointless joke of a ribald god before your eyes."

Years have passed since I made that covenant with my child, and as our home is untroubled by either a jazz-mad flapper or a priggish ninny, but instead is blessed by the presence of a tall, loving and self-reliant young woman, I hold that it was a righteous one. Of course, being an able-bodied and strong-willed young person, she did not come to maturity like a flower springing from the soil, unaided by training or discipline. Early in her career I realized that there was more than mere theory involved in the raising of a child. She was naughty. She seemed to be a congenital lawbreaker and a born occupant of the center of the stage. As the laws governing our household were for the mutual benefit of three people, it seemed far from right that one of the three should discard them for all and substitute chaos. She had to be taken in hand.

I discovered the efficacy of solitude. Not the "go-to-bed-and-pray-to-be-a-better-girl" sort of solitude, but the "find-your-own-world" variety. Everything that a child could reasonably require was put in her room, and thither she was sent for two hours a day. At first she rebelled. She had by this time outgrown naps, and it struck her as an outrage—like a demotion—that she should be sent back to the scene of them again. She resorted to the usual tactics of screams and kicks. Then suddenly one day the uproar ceased almost at the moment the door was closed upon her. I was frightened and looked in. She was sitting in the middle of the floor with a pair of blunt scissors and the débris of two paper boxes.

"I'm making an auto," she said, holding up a jagged and lop-sided wheel. "It's going to go."

SHE was creating. Her mind, released from the distractions of surrounding life and affairs, was functioning. The automobile didn't go, naturally, but the thought behind it did. I heard of the exploits of that car through many succeeding—and comparatively peaceful—days. It became the lodestone for a line of accessories such as no vehicle before it had ever attracted. It was the starting-point of a civilization. Pasteboard people, variously malformed, sprang into being to make use of it. Houses which only their architect could possibly call houses strung themselves along the walls as objectives for its journeyings.

When the automobile and its attendant society played out, something else, I don't remember what, took their place. Blunt scissors gave way to sharp ones, cardboard to fabrics. Doll clothes enlarged themselves with the passing of years and became garments—oftentimes thoroughly outlandish ones—which my daughter hung in her own closet. Through the wisdom gained by lost labor, the policy of good taste and good workmanship was grudgingly but inevitably adopted. Romance in books and dreams came in and filled its rightful place in her life. She had learned a lesson which thousands of impoverished souls go to their graves without learning: that solitude, in reasonable doses, is life's greatest blessing.

Continued on page 53

Enter, EMILY

By

L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Anne of Green Gables"

The child whom every one loves—perhaps you have met her, little Emily of New Moon Farm? Here she makes her quaint bow, stepping from the pages of L. M. Montgomery's "Emily of New Moon" into the hearts of all DELINEATOR *readers. If she is a stranger to you, we guarantee that she can not stay so long. If you happen to know her, you will rejoice, just as we do, that a series of sparkling new short stories about Miss Montgomery's favorite Emily will follow this appealing introduction to the most winning girl in fiction since "Little Women."*



Drawing by Joseph M. Clement

"YOU WILL SUCCEED WHERE I FAILED, EMILY. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO MUCH FOR YOU, SWEETHEART, BUT I'VE DONE WHAT I COULD. DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR MOTHER, EMILY?"

EMILY BYRD STARR—she was very particular about the Byrd—slipped out of the little house in the hollow for a twilight walk. The little house was "a mile from anywhere," so Maywood people said. Ellen Greene said it was the lonesomest place in the world and vowed she wouldn't stay there a day if it wasn't that she pitied the child.

Emily didn't know she was being pitied and didn't know what lonesomeness meant. She had plenty of company. There was father and the gray cat, The Wind Woman, Emily-in-the-Glass, the spruces and pines she loved, and all the friendly lady birches. And there was "the flash," too. She never knew when it might come, and the possibility of it kept her athrill and expectant.

"You put on your hood and mind you scoot back if it starts to rain," warned Ellen. "You can't monkey with colds the way some kids can."

"Why can't I?" Emily asked rather indignantly. Why must *she* be debarred from "monkeying with colds" if other children could? It wasn't fair.

"Look at your pa's cough," said Ellen.

Emily didn't see how you could look at a cough. And what had father's cough to do with her going or not going bareheaded? Father had coughed just so for years. But she put on her faded blue hood over her long heavy braid of glossy jet-black hair and smiled chummily at Emily-in-the-Glass. The smile began at the corners of her lips and spread over her face in a slow, subtle, very wonderful way, as Douglas Starr often thought. It was her dead mother's smile—the thing that had caught and held him long ago when he had first seen Juliet Murray. It seemed to be Emily's only inheritance from her mother. In all else she was like the Starrs—in her large, purplish-gray eyes, in her high, white forehead, in the delicate modeling of her pale, oval face and sensitive mouth, in her little ears that were pointed just a wee bit to show that she was kin to tribes of elfland.

"I'm going for a walk with The Wind Woman, dear," said Emily to her reflection in the mirror over her bureau. "I wish I could take you, too. The Wind Woman is tall and misty, with thin, gray, silky clothes blowing all about her—and wings like a bat's—only you can see through them—and shining eyes like stars looking through her long, loose hair. She's a *great* friend of mine. I've known her for five years—ever since I was six. We're old, old friends, but not quite so old as you and I, little Emily-in-the-Glass. We've been friends always, haven't we?"

With a blown kiss to little Emily-in-the-Glass, Emily-out-of-the-Glass was off to her beloved spruce barrens on the hill. That was a place where magic was made. She came more fully into her fairy birthday right there than in any other spot.

And the barrens were such a splendid place in which to play hide-and-seek with The Wind Woman! She was so very *real* there; if you could just spring quickly enough around a little cluster of spruces—only you never could—you would *see* her as well as feel her and hear her. There she was—that *was* the sweep of her gray cloak—no, she was laughing up in the very top of the taller trees—and the chase was on again—till, all at once, it seemed as if The Wind Woman were gone—and the evening was bathed in a wonderful silence—and there was a sudden rift in the curdled clouds westward and a pale, pinky-green lake of sky with a new moon in it.

And then, for one glorious supreme moment, came "the flash."

Emily called it that, though she felt that the name didn't exactly define it. It couldn't be defined—not even

"Enter, Emily," copyright, 1924, by L. M. Montgomery

to father, who always seemed a little puzzled by it. Emily never spoke of it to any one else.

It had always seemed to Emily, ever since she could remember, that she was very, very near to a world of wonderful beauty. Between it and herself hung only a thin curtain. She could never draw the curtain asid ; but sometimes, just for a moment, a wind fluttered it, and then it was as if she caught a glimpse of the enchanting realm beyond and heard a note of unearthly music.

The moment came rarely—went swiftly, leaving her breathless with the delight of it. She could never recall it—never summon it—never pretend it; but the wonder of it stayed with her for days. It never came twice with the same thing. To-night the dark boughs against that far-off sky had given it. It had come with a high wild note of wind in the night, with a shadow wave over a ripe field, with a glimpse of the kitchen fire when she had come home on a dark Autumn night, with the spiritlike blue of ice palms on a twilit pane, with a felicitous new word when she was writing down a "description" of something. And always when "the flash" came to her Emily felt that life was a wonderful, mysterious thing of persistent beauty.

She scuttled back to the house in the hollow, all agog to get home and write down her "description" before the memory picture of what she had seen grew a little blurred. She knew just how she would begin it: "The hill called to me and something in me called back to it."

Ellen Greene was waiting for her on the doorstep.

"Do you know," she said, with a ponderous sigh, "that your pa has only a week or two more to live?"

WHEN Emily was able to bear it, her father talked to her about it.

"I meant to tell you myself—and now that old absurdity of an Ellen has told you—and hurt you brutally. *I* wouldn't have hurt you, dear."

"Father, I can't—I can't bear it."

"Yes, you can and will. You will live because there is something for you to do. You have my gift along with something I never had. You will succeed where I failed, Emily. I haven't been able to do much for you, sweetheart, but I've done what I could. Do you remember your mother, Emily?"

"Just a little—here and there—like lovely bits of dreams."

"You were only four when she died. I'm going to tell you about her to-night. It doesn't hurt me to talk of her now—I'll see her so soon again. Emily, your mother was the sweetest woman God ever made."

His voice trembled. Emily snuggled closer.

"She was one of the Murrays from Blair Water—the 'proud Murrays,' as they were called. They live up on the old north shore on New Moon Farm. Only your aunts, Elizabeth and Laura, live there now, and their cousin, Jimmy Murray. Your Uncle Oliver and your Uncle Wallace live in Summerside and your Aunt Ruth in Shrewsbury. When your mother fell in love with me, a poor young journalist with nothing in the world but his pen and his ambition, there was a family earthquake. The Murray pride couldn't tolerate the thing at all. I won't rake it all up—but things were said I could never forget or forgive. Your mother married me, Emily, and the New Moon people would have nothing more to do with her.

"We had four beautiful years. Your mother died very suddenly. The Murrays all came to her funeral. The Murrays have certain traditions and they live up to them very strictly. One of them is that nothing but candles shall be burned for light at New Moon—and another is that no quarrel must be carried past the grave. Your Aunt Elizabeth even wore her best black satin dress to the funeral. For any funeral but a Murray's the second best one would have done. And they made no serious objection when I said your mother would be buried in the Starr plot in Charlottetown. They would have liked to take her back to the old burying-ground in Blair Water—they had their own private burying-ground, you know—no indiscriminate graveyard for *them*. But your Uncle Wallace handsomely admitted that a woman should belong to her husband's family in death as in life.

"The Murrays will come to my funeral—and they will provide for you. The Murray pride will guarantee that. I hope Elizabeth and Laura will take you. Laura was like your mother. Go forward to meet life fearlessly, dear. I know you don't feel like that just now—but you have yet to learn how kind time is."

"I feel just now," said Emily, who couldn't bear to hide anything from father, "that I don't like God any more."

DOUGLAS STARR laughed—the laugh Emily liked best. It was such a dear laugh—she caught her breath over the dearness of it. She felt his arms tightening around her.

"Yes, you do, honey. You can't help liking God. He is love itself. Of course you mustn't mix Him up with Ellen Greene's God, you know."

Emily didn't know exactly what father meant. But all at once she found that she wasn't afraid any longer. The bitterness had gone out of her sorrow and that unbearable pain out of her heart. She felt as if love were all about her and around her, breathed out from some great, invisible, hovering tenderness. One couldn't be afraid or bitter where love was—and love was everywhere. Father was just going beyond the veil into that world of which "the flash" had given her glimpses. He would be there in its beauty, never very far away from her. She could bear anything if only she could feel that father wasn't very far away from her—just beyond that wavering curtain.

Douglas Starr held her until she fell asleep; and then, in spite of his weakness, he managed to lay her down in her little bed.

"She will love deeply—she will suffer deeply—she will have glorious moments to compensate. As her mother's people deal with her, so may God deal with them," he murmured brokenly.

WHEN Douglas Starr died, Ellen Greene told Emily to pray to God for resignation to His will.

"That's right now," said Ellen. "That's what comes of being prepared. Your pa was so mad at me for warning you that he wasn't rightly civil to me since—and him a dying man. But *I* did my duty. Your ma's people will be here to-night. They're well off and they'll provide for you. Your pa hasn't left a cent; but there ain't any debts—I'll say that for him. Have you been in to see the body?"

"Don't call him that," said Emily, wincing. It was horrible to hear father called *that*.

"Why not? If you ain't the queerest child! He makes a better-looking corpse than I thought he would, what with being so wasted and all. He was always a pretty man, though too thin."

"Ellen Greene," said Emily suddenly, "if you say any more of—those things—about father, I'll put the black curse on you."

Ellen Greene stared.

"I don't know what on earth you mean. But that's no way to talk to me after all I've done for you. The black curse, indeed! Well, here's gratitude!"

Emily's eyes smarted. She was just a lonely, solitary little creature and she felt very friendless. But she was

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Drawing by Joseph M. Clement

"FATHER WASN'T A FAILURE!" CRIED EMILY, CHOKING WITH ANGER. "YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO CALL HIM A FAILURE. NOBODY WHO WAS LOVED AS MUCH AS HE WAS COULD BE A FAILURE. I DON'T BELIEVE ANYBODY EVER LOVED YOU. SO IT'S YOU THAT'S A FAILURE"

Annals of a haunted family

The BLACK FLEMINGS

By

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Most powerful novel yet written by the author of "Mother," "Certain People of Importance," "Rose of the World," etc.



Drawing by Ernest Fuhr

"THAT'S TANA," HE SAID SOFTLY. "MY WIFE. SHE WAS THE SWEETEST WOMAN GOD EVER MADE"

SYNOPSIS

SCENE—Wastewater, ancestral mansion of the "Black Flemings." It is a house of mystery and foreboding. Situated upon a cliff above the thundering Atlantic which endlessly pounds at the bleak New England coast, this Georgian pile which, in the days of "Black Roger," had known teeming life, now the abode of his descendants, is but a place of disturbing memories.

People of the Story—"Black Roger" Fleming, once the proud and imperious master of Wastewater, though now dead, pervades the family. The consequences of his stormy youth and two brief marriages create the present situation at Wastewater.

David, oldest of Wastewater's younger generation around which this novel turns, is an artist, thirty-two, dark like all the family. He is Roger Fleming's stepson by his mother's second marriage to the proud patriarch soon after the death of her first husband, a cousin of Roger's.

Tom, Black Roger's only son, is David's half-brother. He runs away to sea after his mother's death, and though his father leaves his second wife, who is little more than a child and an invalid, to search the world for him, he is still missing when the story opens.

Sylvia, twenty, dark and beautiful, Black Roger's niece by his brother Will and Flora Fleming, a cousin whose constant love for Roger was twice spurned, is heiress to the Fleming fortune which Roger, dying, left to her (since he could not find his son), appointing David as guardian.

Gabrielle, eighteen, breaks the spell of the "Black" Flemings. Her lovely hair is tawny, her eyes star-sapphires. She is Sylvia's cousin, the daughter of Flora Fleming's sister Lily by a secret marriage with a traveling salesman long since forgotten. Her little mother—"Aunt Lily" to the rest—insane since Gay's infancy, has not been mentioned for many years.

Aunt Flora, Sylvia's dark and forbidding mother, is the present hostess of Wastewater, which has been her home since the days when Roger Fleming welcomed her and her sister Lily as poor relations to the comforts of his wealth.

The Story So Far—Following a happy childhood together, Wastewater's young people have scattered: David to his art, Tom to sea, Sylvia to college, Gabrielle to a convent school in Paris. With Gabrielle's homecoming to Wastewater, the cruel mysteries of the place seem to awake and center upon this golden girl. Flashing lights in a deserted wing; a muttering old hag found in the garden during a wild snow-storm; overpowering love awakening in Gay for David, who is pledged to her own cousin Sylvia—all these things trouble her. Then, one night, the old hag of the garden creeps muttering to Gay's bedside, calling aloud for her child. It is Gay's own mother, mad Aunt Lily, whom Aunt Flora has kept secretly hidden in the house. Merry little Gabrielle bears the shock bravely. She remains brave even when the ghastly fact of her illegitimacy is revealed. Blacker than any of the Black Flemings are the storm-clouds gathering over this single sunny head in the ancient mansion. David, pitying her, translates his pity into love, and, getting his freedom from a vague understanding with Sylvia, he asks Gay to marry him. Because she so utterly loves this David, his pat "solution" to all her troubles insults her beyond endurance. She will not listen to him. It is then that easy-going David learns what it means to suffer the torment of desire. Life that Summer at Wastewater stagnates. Aunt Lily's death does not even ripple the surface—when suddenly, like a hurricane off the ocean, the long-lost Tom returns.

PART FOUR

SO THERE was this new fact with which to deal: Tom Fleming had come home. Tom, thirty, lean, burned a leathery brown by a thousand tropic suns.

He made no particular explanation of his old reasons for departure; on the other hand, there was no mystery about it. The sea, and ships, adventure, danger, exploration, storms, had always been more real to Tom than his name and family and Wastewater. He had found them all, drunk deep of them all, between fourteen and thirty; he meant, of course, to go back to them some day.

Meanwhile, he had been ill, was still weak and shaken. In actual features, he was as handsome as his handsome father. But Tom, garrulous, boastful, simply shrewd and childishly ignorant, was in no other way like Black Roger. Roger had been an exquisite, loving fine linen, fine music and books, the turn of a phrase or the turn of a woman's wrist. All these were an unknown world to Tom, and Tom seemed to know it and to be actuated in his youthful, shallow bombast by the fear that these others—these rediscovered relatives—might fancy him ashamed of it.

Tom never was ashamed of anything, he instantly gave them to understand. No, sir! He had knocked men down, he had run risks, he had been smarter than the others, he had "foxed" them! Women had always been his friends, scores of women—mysterious Russian women, beautiful Hawaiian girls, stunning Spanish señoritas in Buenos Aires—he had held them all in the hollow of his lean, brown-hided hand.

He was a hero in his own eyes; he wanted to be a hero in the eyes of his relatives as well. It was perhaps only Gabrielle, who had wistfully longed to be claimed and admired, too, so short a time ago, who appreciated upon that strange first evening that there was something intensely pathetic in Tom's boasting.

"What was this old brick house and these women, with their fuss about vases of flowers and clean sheets, to him?" he seemed to ask scornfully. "Every one looking at him so solemnly, every one implying that this money

"The Black Flemings," copyright, 1924, by Kathleen Norris

of his father's was so important! Let 'em find out it didn't mean so much to Tom Fleming!"

Yet Tom was impressed, deeply and fundamentally stirred, by this home-coming. Old memories wrenched at his heart; his wonderful father had been here at Wastewater, when Tom had last been here, and his father's frail little second wife, the delicate Cecily, who had been the object of a sort of boyish admiration from Tom. Perhaps the lean, long, sun-browned sailor, whose actual adventures had taken the place of that little boy's dreams of the sea, felt deep within himself that he had not gained everything by the change. Slowly all the fibers of soul and body had been hardening, coarsening; Tom had not been conscious of the slow degrees of the change. But he was vaguely conscious of it now.

The old house had seemed to capture and preserve the traditions, the dignified customs, of his race; the very rooms seemed full of reproaches and of questions.

His aunt he found only older, grimmer, more silent than he had remembered her; Sylvia had grown from a tiny girl into a beautiful woman, and Gabrielle's birth had not been until after his departure. But David and he had spent all their little-boy days together, and David immediately assumed the attitude of his guide, wandering about the old place with him, and taking him down to the housekeeping regions, where old Hedda and Trude and Margaret wept and laughed over him excitedly.

TOM enjoyed this, but when the first flush of greetings to the family and the first shock of stunned surprise were over, a curious restraint seemed to fall upon their relationship, and the return of the heir made more troublesome than ever the separate problems of the group.

Sylvia, from the first half-incredulous instant, had borne the blow with all her characteristic dignity and courage. She welcomed Tom with charming simplicity, with a spontaneous phrase or two of eagerness and astonishment, and no word was said of material considerations until much later. Yet it was an exquisitely painful situation for Sylvia.

She had not wanted Uncle Roger's money; she had, indeed, been a child when the will was made; Tom might easily have been supposed to return, the second Mrs. Fleming might have had children, and her own mother might have given Sylvia younger sisters and brothers.

But gradually the path had cleared before Sylvia. Tom had not come home; Sylvia's father had died, leaving her still the only child; Cecily had died childless, and Uncle Roger had died.

For years Sylvia's mother and David, watching her grow from a beautiful childhood to a fine and conscientious girlhood, had prefaced all talk of her fortune with "unless Tom comes home." But gradually that had stopped; gradually they, and her circle, and the girl herself, had come to think of her as the rightful heiress.

Now, between luncheon and dinner upon a burning Summer afternoon, all this had been snatched from her; instantly taken, beyond all doubt or question. Sylvia asked no sympathy and made no complaint. But the very foundations of her life were shaken; all the ambitions of her busy college years were laid waste, and from being admired and envied she must descend to pity and obscurity. She and her mother would have Flora's few thousand a year; plenty, of course—much more than the majority of persons had, Sylvia knew that. But she must readjust everything now to this level—abandon the little red check-book and learn to live without the respectfully congratulatory and envious glances. It was bitterly hard. Wherever her thoughts went, she was met by that new and baffling consideration of ways and means. Sylvia had said a hundred times that she would really have liked to be among the women who must make their own fortune and their own place in the world; now she found it only infinitely humiliating and wearisome to contemplate.

FLORA had borne the news with the look of one touched by death. She had not, in fact, been made ill, nor had her usual course of life been altered in any way, unless her stony reserve grew more stony and her stern gray face more stern. But David thought more than once that her nephew's reappearance seemed to affect Aunt Flora with a sort of horror, as if he had come back from the dead.

She had presented him with her lifeless cheek to kiss, when he arrived, and there had been a deep ring, harsh and almost frightening, in the voice with which she had welcomed him. Flora was not mercenary; Gabrielle and David both appreciated clearly that it was not her daughter's loss of a fortune that had affected her. But from the very hour of Tom's return she seemed like a woman afraid, nervous, apprehensive, anxious at one moment to get away from Wastewater, desolated at another at the thought of leaving the place where she had spent almost all her life.

Oddly, seeing this fear, David and Gay saw too that it was not of Tom, or of any possible secret or revelation connected with Tom. It was as if Flora saw in his reappearance the reappearance too of some old fear or hate, or perhaps of a general fear and hate that had once controlled all her life and that had seemed to be returning with his person.

"There is a curse on this place, I think!" Gabrielle heard her whisper once, many times over and over. But it was not to Gabrielle she spoke. And one night she fainted.

Tom had been telling them a particularly hair-raising tale at table, and because he really felt the horrible thrill of it himself, he did not, as was usual with him, embroider it with all sorts of flat and stupid inventions of his own. It was the story of a man stranded on a small island, conscious of a hidden crime and attempting to act the part of innocence.

"Of all things," Gabrielle had said, impressed, "it seems to me the most terrible would be to have a secret to hide! I mean it," the girl had added seriously, turning her sapphire eyes from one to another, as they smiled at her earnestness. "I would rather be a beggar—or in prison—or sick—or banished—anything but to be afraid!"

Flora, at the words, had risen slowly to her feet, staring blindly ahead of her, and with a hurried and suffocated word had turned from her place at the table. And before David could get to her or Sylvia make anything but a horrified exclamation, she had fainted.

This had been on Tom's third evening at home, a close, Summer night that had afforded Flora ample excuse for feeling oppressed. Yet Gay, looking about the circle as the days went by—David, as always, thoughtful and sympathetic, if he was more than usually silent; Sylvia, beautiful and serene, if also strangely subdued; Tom, seeming to belong so much less to Wastewater, with his strange manners and his leathery skin, than any of the others; Aunt Flora, severe and terrible—felt arising in her again all the fearful apprehensions of her first weeks there, almost a year ago.

"What was going to happen?" her heart hammered

Continued on page 58



Drawing by Ernest Fuhr

THE GIRL SCREAMED HYSTERICALLY AS THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN, AND DAVID, WHITE AND SHAKY, CAME IN



Drawing by J. Scott Williams

Does Your Child Want To Be An Athlete?

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

IN MY thirty years of work with boys I have found that the youngster who does not at some time aspire to be a great athlete is decidedly the exception. And because athletics present this almost universal appeal, they afford an opportunity for influence that is seldom found in other activities. Wise mothers recognize this vital influence in the lives of their children and direct it into the channels of greatest usefulness.

It is most fortunate that the qualities of success in athletics are the same that make for success in every other field of human endeavor. When fathers and mothers recognize this fact and encourage their children in the kind and amount of motor activity that will best develop bodily health, strength and endurance and at the same time afford an avenue of approach through which they will be influenced for good in mind and character as well, then they will have gone a long way toward making useful citizens of their boys and girls.

I am often asked: "What are the principal factors that contribute toward athletic ability?" The fact that I get this question not only from aspiring athletes and from persons interested in athletics in merely an academic way, but frequently from parents, assures me that mothers and fathers are recognizing the importance of athletics in the development of their children. If I can answer this question for parents, I believe I will have given them the key-note to the all-around success of their youngsters.

There is a general impression that an innate "something" makes one boy potentially a great athlete while another is predestined to be a hopeless failure in whatever sports he attempts. Nothing is farther from the truth.

There is no one quality that makes a man an athlete. Athletic ability is a combination of numerous qualities. It may be likened to a quadrangle, whose four sides must be perfect before it can be complete. Briefly, the quadrangle's sides are physical soundness, mental alertness, character that insures clean and moral living, and initiative. No one of these is any more important than the others, though some are rarer and harder to achieve.

To be a truly great athlete one must have a body that responds instantly to all orders sent by the mind, a mind that can quickly analyze any situation and determine a plan of action, a heart that dictates a sane, rational and clean life, and a will that says, "Do things." Remember that athletic success is not a quality of *being* but of *doing*. The score-board at the end of a game shows only what a team has actually done. There is no place on the record for what the team might have done if it had had the *will* to *do*.

AFTER watching any group of boys play a game for ten minutes, I believe that I can point out unerringly those who have more than average physical ability. But when I have selected those with outstanding physical qualifications, I have only started to find the potential athletes. I have merely eliminated those who haven't a chance to become winners in athletic competition—not put my finger on those who have this chance. Physical ability is, of course, the primary consideration, since nothing will offset the lack of it in sports. But because a boy has no physical disqualification there is no guarantee that he hasn't others just as great.

Having selected from the group those who come up to the physical requirements, there remains the greater task of selecting those fitted by intelligence, temperament and character for unusual success in athletics. In this connection I am speaking in terms of stars and champions. All boys should engage in some kind of athletics according to their tastes and abilities, but here I am discussing the fellows who aspire to be all-American football players and Olympic champions, those whose aspirations have no limit.

ONE of the most desirable assets for the ambitious athlete is an early start. His development should keep pace with his growth. But he should be careful not to let his enthusiasm run away with his capabilities. Some boys miss all-American honors because they start too late in life to develop themselves, others because they go too fast while they are young. It has been my experience that only a very few men make good in college athletics without having taken advantage of opportunities to develop themselves physically in earlier life. Now and then we come across a "rough diamond" who has never played football in preparatory school, but he is an exception. Boys should learn to control and coordinate their muscles before they get to college.

"HURRY UP" YOST SAYS—

If my creed in regard to health had to be summed up in a single sentence, I believe it would best be expressed, "Don't worry."

In the program of man-building, athletics and competitive games play a vital part.

No boy or girl can violate any rule of health without paying the penalty.

The good sportsman has respect for his opponent.

If the coach could start with all the boys when they were young enough and develop them all, it wouldn't make much difference which ones he selected for his team—there would be plenty of good ones. But because he does not have this opportunity to supervise their work and play until he meets them as 'varsity candidates, he naturally selects those whose early development has been most thorough and intelligent. In other words, the boy's chances of making the team depend very largely on what has already been done by his parents and himself before he reports to the coach. Parents and boys must remember this: "Making the 'varsity starts long before the 'varsity coach ever sees the candidate."

AFTER the coach has selected the candidates who appear to measure up to all the preliminary qualifications, it is his duty to teach them the particular game that they are to play. While teaching this game, he has the additional task of building up the general qualities that are common to all successful athletes.

First let us discuss the physical qualifications, since they are the *sine qua non*. A boy does not have to be unusually large or strong to succeed in any game, barring heavyweight wrestling and boxing or weight-throwing. Rather he must be able to coordinate so that he will have instantly available every bit of his strength. He must use his arms to help his back and his back to help his legs, etc. "Doing things the right way" is a good explanation of physical coordination. The boy with well-developed, showy muscles may not have half the power that is found in a "skinny" youngster. In fact, being "muscle-bound" is one of the worst afflictions an ambitious athlete can have.

Quick reaction is another essential for athletic success. Laboratory experiments have established that the time required for a mental message to be transmitted from the brain to a muscle and answered by a muscle varies widely in different individuals. Some boys think and act almost simultaneously, others need an appreciable interval to translate thought into action. This does not mean that the latter class will be slow in action. On the contrary, once the message from the brain has been received, the action may be much more rapid than that of an individual who institutes the initial movement quicker.

The advantage of a quick reaction in athletics is apparent. In a football game, for example, all plays start with the snapping of the ball. All eyes should see the movement of the ball at the same instant, but some players take longer than others to get the news to the legs and as a result they are "jumped" by the opponents. That initial charge is all-important, and the boy with the quick reaction is going to have a big advantage over his opponent.

If the athlete meets the tests of good coordination and quick reaction, it will pay the coach to look farther; but if he fails in one or both of these tests, time spent in trying to make a star of him is just time wasted.

NEXT we must look for the qualities that lie on the inside. Physically the boy is all right, but what about his head and his heart? What is going to tell him what to do "in a pinch" and what is going to keep him doing the right thing in spite of all hardships and handicaps? To be a really fine athlete these days a boy must be intelligent. There are so many good athletes in America now that the "edge" goes to those with the better gray matter.

The modern version of football demands a physical type that is more plentiful than was the old "beef-to-the heel" player of twenty-five years ago. We can't depend

Concluded on page 62

"Good Homes—The Right of All Citizens"

The Story of the 1924 Campaign for Better Homes

By BLANCHE BRACE

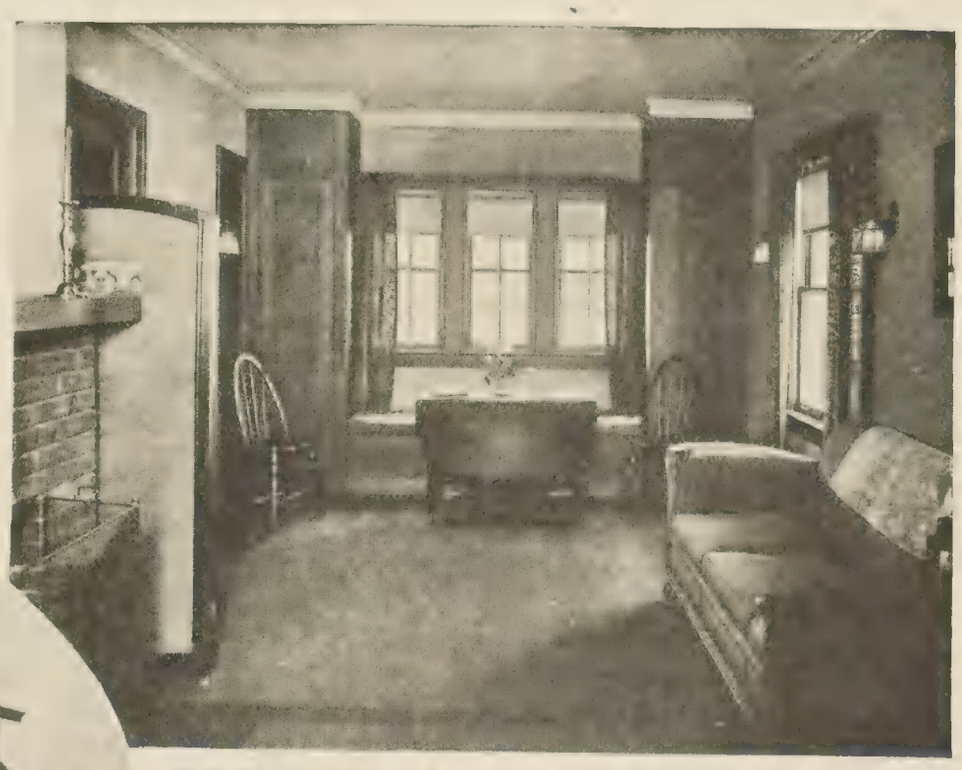
SUPPOSE you awake some morning to find a wood and coal yard being set up next to your home—or a factory built across the street! You will be powerless to prevent such an encroachment unless your neighborhood is "zoned." Zoning is now being adopted in communities all over the United States. If you want to know how to secure zoning laws, write THE DELINEATOR, *enclosing five cents in postage, and a booklet of information and directions will be sent you*

"WEAF speaking. The next number on the program will be President Calvin Coolidge on the subject of Better Homes in America," came the announcement one Saturday evening in early May, 1924.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land countless radio listeners pressed the ear-pieces a little closer. Other members of innumerable families were hastily summoned. First came a preliminary cough as the radio seemed to clear its throat, and then, distinct and crisp and near, the voice of the nation's Chief Executive:

"The American home is the source of our national well-being. In it our high traditions of service and integrity are fostered. From the true home there emerges respect for the rights of others and the habit of cooperating for worthy needs."

President Coolidge went on to speak of the founding of the Better Homes movement "under the leadership of Mrs. William Brown Meloney," to commend the many national and local organizations which were fostering it and the great mass of citizens who were taking part in it, and to emphasize "the significance to the nation of a wide-spread movement to strengthen and improve the home."



THE KALAMAZOO LIVING-ROOM IS COMPLETE, WITH COMFORTABLE FURNISHINGS AND A DINING-ALCOVE



THIS IS THE "BIGGEST LITTLE HOME" IN KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN, WHICH WON FIRST PRIZE IN THE CAMPAIGN



THE KITCHEN OF THE PRIZE HOME IS AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF A WELL-PLANNED, CONVENIENT, STEP-SAVING WORKSHOP



NEW-WORLD COMFORT AND OLD-WORLD BEAUTY ARE HAPPILY BLENDED IN THE HOUSE WHICH WON HONORABLE MENTION FOR FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA



DONN BARBER, THE EMINENT ARCHITECT, JUDGED THIS RELAY, MARYLAND, HOUSE "THE BEST SMALL HOUSE FOR ITS PRICE"



THIS IS THE SPACIOUS, WELL-FURNISHED LIVING-ROOM IN THE GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, HOUSE WHICH WON THIRD PRIZE

So the third great national campaign for better homes in America, one of the most important and successful experiments in human happiness ever made in the United States, was ushered in. At that moment, as President Coolidge's voice went forth through the land, on the eve of Better Homes Week, more than a thousand communities in every part of the nation—great cities, smaller cities, little towns, remote country districts beyond the reach of the radio or the motion-picture or the commercial photographer—all these were making their final preparations for Better Homes demonstrations. Tens of thousands of people were assisting in the home-betterment drive which the President thus officially opened. Hundreds of thousands of other citizens were planning to attend the demonstrations in order to learn how to make their own homes better. To a degree never before equaled in the United States public attention was directed to the subject of the American home. The nation had waked up to the fact voiced by Herbert Hoover, Secretary of the Department of Commerce and president of Better Homes in America, that "Good homes should be recognized not merely as the privilege of the well-to-do, but also as the right of all citizens."

Perhaps it may be well to pause just a moment here to review the history of the movement that led up to this third campaign. Even briefly told, with all the trimmings omitted, there are few more dramatic and inspiring

Continued on page 52

The Unnecessary Handicap



"The world is mine!"

A Plain Talk on Constipation in Children

By DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

CONSTIPATION in children is a disorder, not a disease. But there is no condition outside of acute disease that causes as much anxiety to mothers. It is held responsible for more of the ills and vicissitudes of early childhood than any other ailment, with the possible exception of teething. Constipation is accused of producing all varieties of digestive disturbances and every disease from corns to convulsions. Contrary to this common belief, constipation is the source of but a few of the evils attributed to it. However, a complete daily removal of the waste material or excreta from the intestinal canal is a necessary and most desirable health habit.

The factors involved in removing this excreta are rather complex and include the brain, nerves and muscles. When the lower end of the bowel, the rectum, receives the food residue, a message is sent to the brain by way of the sensory nerves and a response is returned through the motor nerves which relaxes the muscles controlling the trap-door at the end of the canal so that the contents are expelled and the door automatically closed. This procedure is a reflex act and is done unconsciously by very young infants. After a few months a baby can be educated to move its bowels in response to some external stimulus, such as holding him in position on a small chamber. Later, with the development of intelligence, the act comes under the control of the will.

Constipation is said to exist when the stools are hard, dry or forced, when they do not move without assistance or are less frequent than is normal with the individual. *Real* constipation is present only when the movements are hard and dry. Even if the child has one or more spontaneous movements each day and the stool is hard and dry, it is considered real constipation. *Apparent* constipation exists when the bowels do not move by themselves but when aided by a suppository or enema the resulting stool is soft and normal in consistency. This distinction should be kept clearly in mind, as the latter type is the result of some trouble or inactivity in the nervous mechanism of the lower bowel.

THE CHIEF CAUSES

Constipation in infants differs in several respects from the disorder in older children and adults. It occurs more rarely in breast-fed babies than in those who are unfortunate enough to be fed artificially on cows' milk. The normal number of movements in a breast-fed baby is from one to three in twenty-four hours. A large number may be the result of overfeeding or caused by the mother taking cathartics which are eliminated through her milk. Mothers' milk contains a relatively large amount of fat and sugar which stimulate the intestines to move. Cows' milk contains more protein and much less sugar. When it is diluted or modified, it reduces not only the sugar but the fat or cream, and the food becomes constipating, as it does not contain the materials necessary to stimulate intestinal movements.

Irregularity in the feeding-hours is a factor in producing constipation. If the amount of food is all utilized and not enough in quantity, there will be insufficient residue to fill the rectum and produce a stool, for the bowels will not move unless the lower bowel contains fecal matter.

Improper feeding often results in constipation. When the food is rich in protein or contains too much cream, it is apt to produce constipation. There should be sufficient fluid intake. At least four glasses of water a day should be taken. There must be enough solid or bulky food taken to form a sufficient amount of residue.

OTHER CAUSES

Many cases of constipation in infants are a result of a reduction in the secretions from the intestinal glands and in the bile from the liver. Weakness of the muscles in the intestinal wall allows the fluid contents of the stool to be absorbed in the large or lower intestine on account of its slow progress. This is called muscular atony and is the cause of constipation in rickets and malnutrition.

There are a few rare cases of malformation of the intestinal tract, such as constrictions, kinks, narrowness at the anal opening, or a long and tortuous rectum which makes sharp turns on itself and obstructs the passage of the stool. As the infant grows older this latter condition tends to right itself. The advice and assistance of a physician are necessary in these cases.

The passage of hard fecal masses through the narrow and very sensitive rectum causes severe pain. As a result the child resists all impulses to move the bowels and a habit of constipation becomes established.

Lack of exercise is a cause of constipation. Farmers and persons engaged in active outdoor occupations rarely suffer from this condition.

Many cases of constipation are the result of overanxiety on the part of the mother to have the child produce one or more movements a day. To achieve this, she resorts to cathartics, enemas and suppositories. These weaken the normal reflexes and nature comes to rely on such external stimuli. If mothers would refrain from such practises, their babies would soon get into normal habits of defecation. If the baby does not have one movement a day but is happy, contented and gaining in weight, there is no need for worry, for it will surely have one on the second or third day. There are babies who are perfectly well who have a movement every other day, and it is a mistake to induce movements in such babies.

A BASIC HEALTH HABIT

The most frequent cause of constipation is the failure to form a regular habit. Absolute regularity is one of the chief factors in promoting the normal function of the bowels. This habit should be formed in early infancy. A young infant of four months of age can be taught to have a movement when placed on a chamber. This should be done every day at the same hour. When a local stimulus is desired in order to start the habit, a soap stick or glycerin suppository may be inserted, but this procedure should not be continued for any length of time.

Feedings can be modified so as to relieve constipation. A teaspoon of milk-sugar dissolved in a little water given to nursing babies half an hour before the feedings will tend to overcome the tendency. In bottle-fed babies, the amount of protein can be reduced to relieve the condition if the milk is mixed with oatmeal water or if malt sugar is added not to exceed five per cent.—that is, one ounce to every twenty ounces of food. Fruit-juices, especially orange and prune juice, can be given at an early age.

Constipation in runabout and older children is altogether too common and is frequently a cause of complaint by mothers. It is well to know the principal causes that may produce this condition, for such knowledge is a great weapon in their removal. As in infancy, the lack of regularity and the habitual disregard of nature's call are the chief causes. A child with a weak desire to move his bowels and a very strong desire to run out of doors to play neglects the former in favor of play, and this neglect soon turns into real inability to move the bowels. The mother then starts the use of a round of laxatives, substituting one after another.

The mother should arrange the breakfast hour so that the child will not have to rush off to school after a hasty meal with no time for the daily evacuation. The after-breakfast rush for school is bad for the digestion as well as a cause of constipation.

THE ABUSE OF CATHARTICS

Cathartics and laxatives should be reserved for rare occasions. They frequently cause digestive disturbance in young infants. A word of caution should be given in regard to castor-oil. This is not, as is popularly supposed, a panacea for all the ills to which children are heir. It should only be used as a purgative in order to clean out the intestinal tract quickly and thoroughly whenever there is fever, diarrhea, or poisons have been absorbed. It sweeps out the intestinal contents so thoroughly that a sufficient residue for defecation does not accumulate in the lower bowel for several days and in the end really produces constipation.

The abuse of laxatives is a very prevalent cause of constipation. An eminent specialist, Dr. S. G. Gant says: "In my opinion one of the most common sources of constipation in this country is the pernicious habit of resorting to drugs to secure a daily stool. It is a lamentable fact that not a few parents have an insane idea that if they do not administer a cathartic frequently to their children dire results will follow, and in their anxiety they eventually bring about or aggravate the very condition which they wish to avoid, namely, constipation."

SYMPTOMS AND EFFECTS

The results or symptoms of constipation depend largely on the mechanical pressure of the hardened fecal masses in the rectum on the nerves and blood vessels of the pelvis. This affects the entire nervous system and produces a dull headache, fretfulness, irritability and disturbed sleep. These symptoms are sometimes attributed to intestinal autointoxication, which means the absorption of certain poisons from the retained fecal matter. This is found more frequently in diarrhea, where the symptoms of poisoning are more marked and may be fatal. In constipation the fact that these nervous and abdominal symptoms disappear in a few moments after defecation shows that they have been produced by pressure and not by the absorption of poisons.

Chronic constipation frequently may interfere with the general nutrition of the child. A constipated child usually becomes languid, easily tired and has a pale and sallow complexion. On the other hand, it is sometimes surprising how little constitutional disturbance chronic constipation causes in some children. Dr. L. Emmett Holt said that in most children no symptoms are present except the local ones, the general health being excellent and the nutrition being in no way disturbed.

The state of constipation in a vast majority of cases is due to faulty habit and diet. When these two points receive careful, intelligent and systematic attention, the distressing condition will be permanently relieved. If relief can be obtained, the child should be taken to a

Concluded on page 62

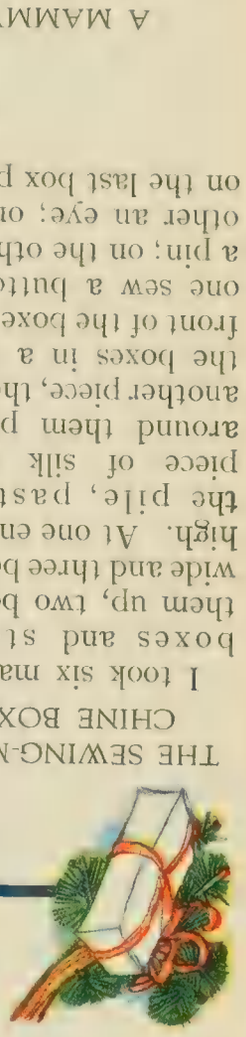
FOUR CLUBS FOR MOTHERS

Are you the mother of—a baby-to-come, a tiny baby, a two-to-six-year-old "runabout," or a school child?

Whichever you are, THE DELINEATOR is offering you a special new medical service in the form of a monthly letter from Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, one of the most eminent child specialists in the country. At the beginning of every month Doctor Shaw sends you a helpful letter, gives you a correct health program according to the age of your child, warns you of seasonal epidemics, and tells you how to bring your little one up in health and strength.

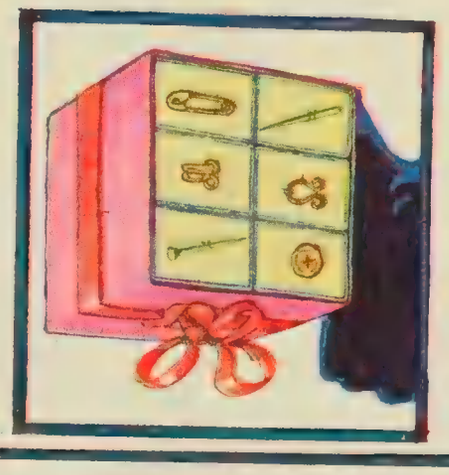
A membership in one of these clubs costs you only fifty cents a year—in all four, the special reduced price of one dollar. Remember there are four clubs, receiving four different letters every month. Let us know which you wish to join, and send your dues to "The Happy Child Clubs," THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

ENROLL NOW!



CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO MAKE

Sent by "Little Delineator" Readers



THE SEWING-MACHINE BOX

I took six matchboxes and stood them up, two boxes wide and three boxes high. At one end of the pile, paste a piece of silk and around them paste another piece, then tie a ribbon around the boxes in a bow-knot. On each front of the boxes, sew something. On one sew a button; on the other put a pin; on the other put an eye; on the other a needle; on the last box put a safety-pin.

DONALD LANE,
Marietta, Ohio.
(Dollar Prize.)

A MAMMY DOOR-POST

To make a door-post, take a catchup bottle, fill it with sand and cork up tight. Get one black stocking and pull it over the bottle and sew across the bottom. Stuff cotton inside the stocking around the top of the bottle and tie with black string. Leave a little of the neck of the bottle sticking out and cut off the stocking about three inches above the neck of the bottle. Fill this up tight with cotton for the head, and sew up. Sew



two small white buttons on the head with black thread for eyes. With a small piece of red yarn, make thick red lips. Make arms of pieces of black stocking, stuff with cotton and sew on the doll. Get bright-colored cloth out of your mama's quilt pieces to make the dress, apron, cap and little shawl.

RUTH SCHOFIELD,
St. Louis, Mo.
(Dollar Prize.)

A YULE LOG FOR THE FAMILY

This is a really lovely gift and is easily prepared by taking a medium-sized hickory log, boring a number of holes half through it, putting copper chlorid in them and stuffing on top of this scraps of paper very tightly wedged in. When the fire reaches the chemical, the coloring of the flame is most brilliant and many-colored.

J. AUSTIN TURNER, Jr.
Shelby, N. C.
(Dollar Prize.)

A CHRISTMAS-CARD HOUSE

No one likes to throw away Christmas cards, yet there seems to be nothing to do with them. This year get

4



MY LITTLE PAGE

DEAR SNOWBALLS:

How's that for a wintry name?

I have a wonderful secret—something so many of you have wanted for so long that at last the Big DELINEATOR has let us have it. IT is about Deli-bear and THE LITTLE DELINEATOR and you and me—but sh-h-h, I can't tell yet! And each of you will have a—something, to show you are a—but, mercy me, I nearly let the cat out of the bag! ITS initials are D. C. Now can you guess IT? Well, you'll read all about IT in the Third Birthday Number next month.

Of course I'm just bursting to tell IT. So, if you write to me, I'll whisper my secret in your ear while the Big DELINEATOR's back is turned. Every child who enters the Christmas-Present Contest on page seven or who writes to your editor this month will get a special New Year's letter telling the SECRET a whole month ahead of time!

Please write me all about your Christmas plans and fun and your New Year's resolutions. And please try for the contest.

Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!

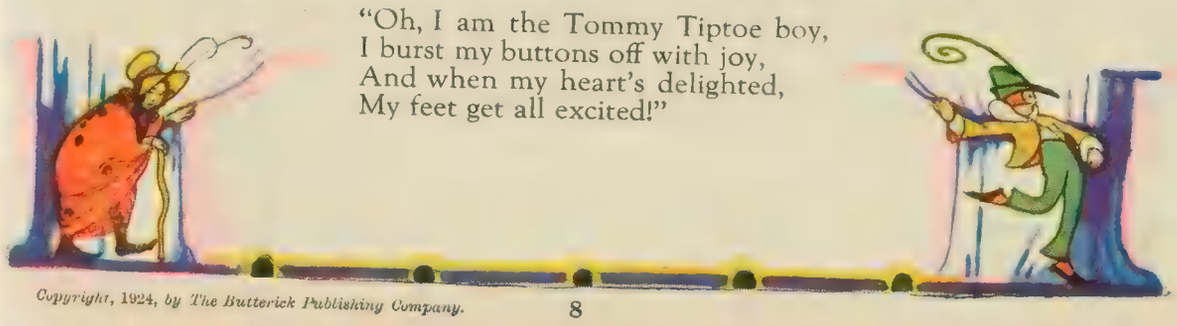
Your loving editor with a BIG SECRET!

HARRIET IDE EAGER.

TOMMY TIPTOE'S LITTLE OPERA

Here's news for you! Your editor has written a play for children, with music by Samuel Richard Gaines, called "Ladybug, Ladybug," a little opera all in verse about Tommy Tiptoe and the ladybug and her babies and other interesting nature people. If you or your teacher want to give "Ladybug, Ladybug," write to your editor for more information. Address, Editor of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y. There are thirteen songs—this is the first verse of Tommy's "Tiptoe Song":

"Oh, I am the Tommy Tiptoe boy,
I burst my buttons off with joy,
And when my heart's delighted,
My feet get all excited!"



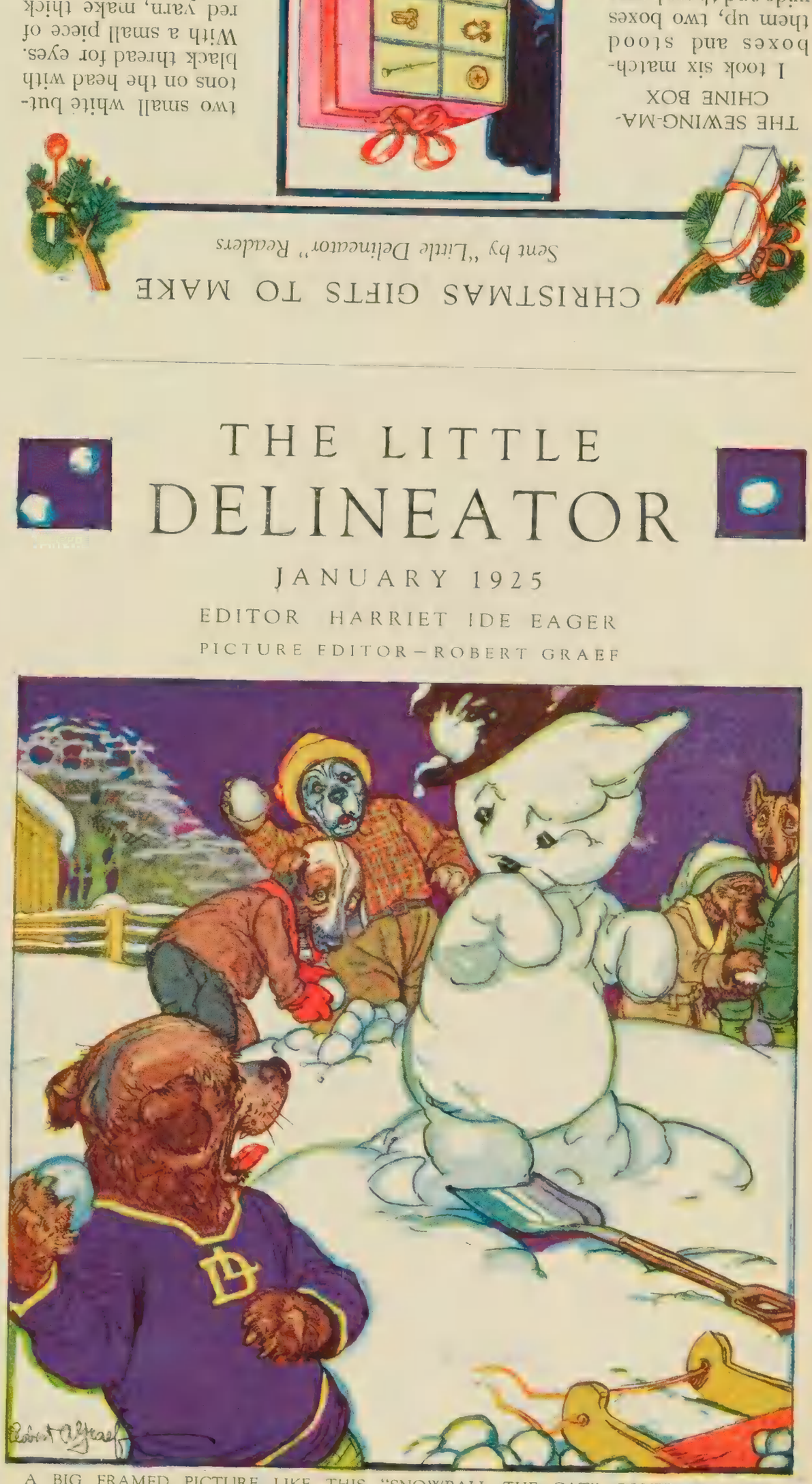
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THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

JANUARY 1925

EDITOR HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



A BIG FRAMED PICTURE LIKE THIS "SNOWBALL THE CAT" COVER IS THIRD PRIZE IN THE CHRISTMAS-PRESENT CONTEST ON PAGE SEVEN

I am sending a Christmas present any boy or girl can make, and it only costs about five cents for the ribbon and a few cents for the pictures, and mother gave me the tacks and daddy got me the blocks. You just bend the first block back flat on the next one and hold them up and they all fall down to the bottom.

KATHERINE WARWICK,
Sandusky, Ohio.
(Dollar Prize.)

THE CARROT FLOWER-POT

Here is a cheap but sweet present. Take a big carrot, cut the point off almost in the middle of the carrot, then cut the biggest part of the other end off—I mean to make it look neat. Then hollow it out from the top side where you cut the most off. When it is hollowed out very nicely, take some plain or colored cord and make a hole close to the edge of the carrot, then make one exactly opposite the first one. Then take the cord and slip it through both holes, then tie it.

This must be hung in the window and must be filled with water every day. Soon ferns will appear and will try to climb up the sides of the carrot.

JOHANNA VANDER WERF,
Grieland, Wis. *(Dollar Prize.)*

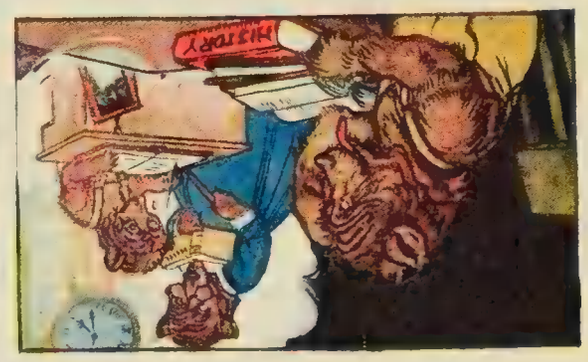
YOUR GIFT FOR MOTHER OR FATHER

Are you wondering what to make this Christmas for mother or father? Your editor knows of two very simple, useful, different gifts—one for father which girls can sew and one for mother which both boys and girls can easily make. We did not print them here, you see, because then all the family would know and your fun would be spoiled. If you want directions, send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself to Christmas Gifts, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.

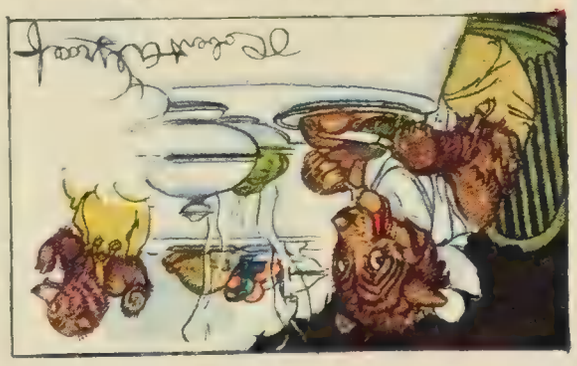
DELI-BEAR'S NEW YEAR THOUGHTS



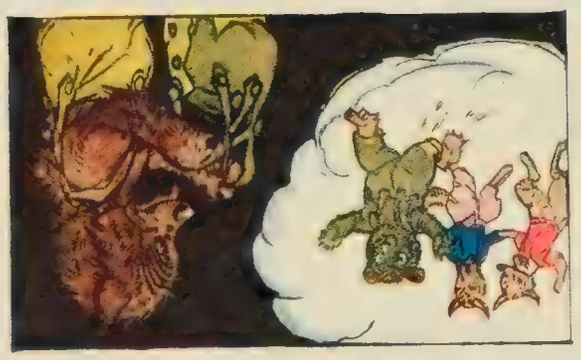
That lazy day he overslept so long,
And dawdled on the way to school—then everything went wrong.



So many things this year has taught: last March our Deli learned
That every wind blows something good if good is what you earned.



To see, to smell that paint-stained suit still
makes him faint and hollow—
He learned, with bad companions something bad is sure to follow.



And when he fooled his Granny-bear with
rain that wasn't rain,
He found sometimes a trickster's tricks are turned on him again!



He learned not to be greedy. Now, quite
glad to be alive,
He counts his blessings and his hopes for nineteen-twenty-five.

The party Deli tried to give without old Granny-bear
Taught him that often things run best when grown-up folks are there.

Your Editor's Post Office



Perry, Ga.

DEAR MISS EAGER:

I have been reading THE LITTLE DELINEATOR ever since the February when it first appeared, and of the different things that have been published I think Tommy Tiptoe plays are the best. If a child sees some one acting the part of a bug he will learn whether that bug is helpful or not. He will know next time he sees a bug whether it is best to kill it or not. I have a rose garden of my own and I know that your story about the rosebush and the ladybug will help me, for I will now wage war on the "terrible aphis." I have lots of books on gardening and have read a great deal about the aphis, but I could not have told how he looked. I believe I can recognize him now after seeing the picture in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR.

Everybody where I live has rose gardens. I am going to get some boys and girls to act the "Ladybug, Ladybug" play, and I am sure that all the children that come will go home ready to fight the aphis and protect the ladybug. I believe they will tell other children, and who knows but in a few years Perry may be noted for its beautiful rose-bushes! If it is, it will be because of Tommy Tiptoe plays that were published in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR.

MARTHA COOPER. *(May Cover Prize.)*

Big Spring, Texas.

I send this letter as sunshine
To you, editor dear,
Because I know
you are lonesome
Without our letters of cheer.

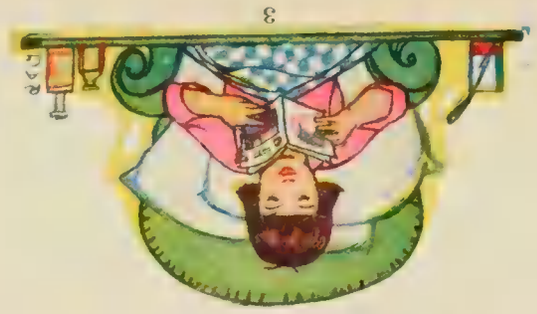
MARGARET BETTLE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR MISS HARRIET:

I have been sick and guess what? THE LITTLE DELINEATOR helped to cure me. Sister says it is as good as medicine, only it hasn't a nasty taste.

KATHRYN KLEIN.



The Quest of the Holy Grail





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SO WHEN Galahad had released the Captive Virtues, that they might bless and beautify the world, he journeyed forth once more upon the holy quest. And again he came to the Castle of the Grail, and into the presence of the Sacred Mysteries. And as he looked upon the suffering of King Amfortas, to his lips sprang the humble question: "What meaneth these things?" and lo! the spell was broken, and all awoke and were made whole in the wondrous light of the Grail.

But before his eyes an Angel had borne the Grail from out the Castle, and Galahad must follow the Sacred Cup to its final resting-place across the sea.

So Galahad the Deliverer rode through the land which he had set free, and the Loathely Damsel and all the thankful folk gathered about and bade him godspeed. And so fared he forth upon his last adventure.

WIN ONE OF THESE PRIZES!

DO YOU know a Christmas present, not too hard, which a boy or girl can make, costing no more than twenty-five cents? Send the idea to your editor, explaining carefully how to make it. Don't send the things everybody knows, such as pincushions, hair-receivers, blotters, book-marks, etc., but something a little different.

For the three most simple, useful and original ideas for gifts, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR will give three prizes:

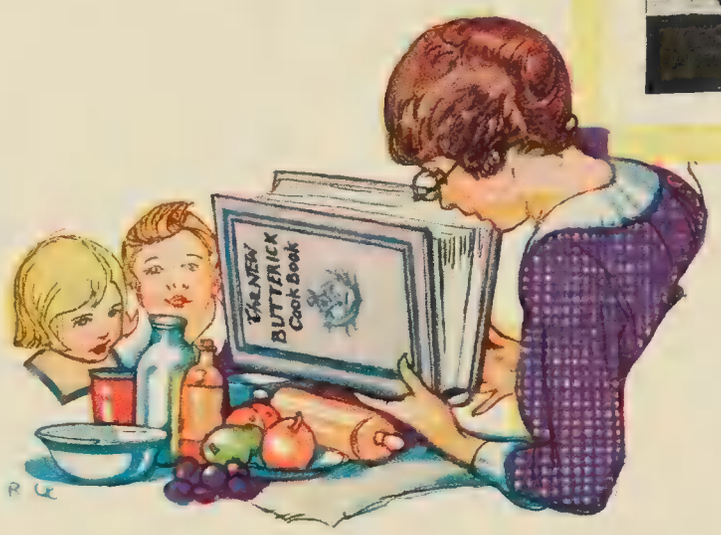
First Prize—A Deli-bear toy, all made and stuffed, with a pair of yellow overalls and a sailor suit and cap.

Second Prize—A Butterick Cook Book, with every good recipe any good cook could want. What a wonderful surprise for mother!

Third Prize—A big picture, painted by Mr. Graef, like our "Snowball the Cat" cover on THE LITTLE DELINEATOR.



First Prize—This Toy Deli-bear



Second Prize—A Butterick Cook Book for Mother

The contest closes January 20, 1925. Your editor will send a TELEGRAM to each prize-winner! Please write distinctly. Give your name, age and address. Address Christmas-Gift Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y. Send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself if you want an answer.

The Way To Save

By
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University, and Head of the Home-Making Department of The Delineator

DOWN-AND-OUT people are generally down and out because their lives have not been shaped by a background of thrift. A large portion of the money now given to charity goes to caring for those who have joined or been thrust into the ranks of dependents.

Many of these persons have become dependents through no fault of their own. It is to remedy this evil that the United States is now trying to develop a constructive program which will aim to teach people the full meaning of thrift and how to acquire the health and efficiency that go with it. To teach people how to live and how to save is to attack poverty at its source.

To most of us, economy has come to mean saving money. Real economy, whether practised by us as individuals or by our nation, should mean that we are trying to build up reserves. This may be represented by money we have saved for the rainy day or by money we have spent to build up in ourselves or in our families reserves of physical and mental health. Therefore, we must always keep in mind the fact that health and education are also savings.

Of course we must give long and serious consideration to saving money. We wish to leave a financial foundation for our children, to protect them until they are ready to help themselves. And then, there is our own old age to care for.

It is well to consider our present rate of living and to ask ourselves what standards we may hope to be able to maintain ten, twenty or thirty years from now. How much must we earn to meet our present legitimate needs and to provide in addition for the time when we shall not be earning?

The American Bankers' Association selected one hundred average young men starting out in life at an assumed age of twenty-five. Their histories were tabulated. Every one was healthy and mentally alert, according to our present-day standards of health. This is what happened to them financially:

At the Age of Thirty-five: Thirty-five of these young men had saved nothing; forty had moderate means; ten were in good circumstances; ten were wealthy; five were dead.

At the Age of Forty-five: Sixteen were no longer self-supporting; sixty-five were self-supporting, but without resources; three were wealthy; sixteen were dead.

At the Age of Fifty-five: Twenty were dependent on children, relatives or charity for support; forty-six were self-supporting, but without means; three were in good circumstances; one was very wealthy; thirty were dead.

At the Age of Sixty-five: Fifty-four were dependent on children, relatives or charity for support; six were self-supporting by labor; three were wealthy; one was very wealthy; thirty-six were dead.

A New York bank gives the remedy for this financial decline in later years. It shows how much an individual must invest each month to produce a given total at the age of sixty-five, with interest at three per cent., compounded monthly. If the depositor starts at twenty years of age, he will have $5,000 at the age of sixty-five if he deposits in the savings-bank $4.37 each month and lets the compound interest do the rest.

The following table is quoted from an Industrial Savings Plan in *The Journal of the American Bankers' Association* dated January, 1920:

PRINCIPAL PLUS INTEREST AT FOUR AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. PRODUCES THE FOLLOWING TOTALS IN THE GIVEN TIME

Weekly deposit	*1 year*	*2 years*	*3 years*	*4 years*
$1.00	$ 52.89	$108.16	$165.95	$226.35
$2.00	105.77	216.33	331.93	452.78
$3.00	158.64	324.48	497.88	679.15
$4.00	211.52	432.65	663.84	905.56
$5.00	264.39	540.81	829.79	1,131.93

Weekly deposit	*5 years*	*10 years*	*15 years*	*20 years*
$1.00	$ 289.52	$ 651.20	$1,103.01	$1,667.51
$2.00	579.14	1,302.60	2,206.35	3,335.35
$3.00	868.68	1,953.86	3,309.40	5,002.77
$4.00	1,158.28	2,604.98	4,412.47	6,670.40
$5.00	1,447.82	3,256.43	5,515.74	8,338.39



MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

THE FAMILY THAT WANTS TO MAKE A REAL SAVING MUST—

Spend less than its income.
Not buy more than it needs.
Not ask for extended credit.
Make regular payments on investments.
Be a steady buyer in a period of business depression.
Allow its money income to increase.
Save to-morrow as well as to-day.
Provide for reverses in business.
Insure against loss by fire and theft.
Provide for death and burial.
Begin early to save for the education of its children.
Stake its claim to a home.
Teach each of its members the value of a dollar.
Not regard saving as an end in itself.

One must, of course, have wisdom in investing savings. A postmaster-general said recently that one billion dollars are lost yearly by people of the United States who purchase fraudulent securities through the mail. To offset the danger of making ignorant and unwise investments, the Federal Government and our banks are now giving instructions to those who would save by investing. They are trying to teach the difference between speculation and investment.

The American Bankers' Association estimates that there are to-day thirty million savings-bank depositors whose deposits amount to more than seventeen billion dollars, while ten years ago the savings accounts in banks and trust companies numbered only twelve million and amounted to but eight billion dollars. In 1912 one out of every eight persons was the possessor of a savings-bank account. To-day one person out of four has money in the bank. This marks real progress.

A GOOD beginning for savings is a checking account, progressing from that to a savings account where small deposits may be invested at a rate of compound interest. There is a close relationship between the household budget and the item of weekly savings. Any money left over after the week's bills are paid can be tucked away in a savings-bank where it will be safe and without danger of being drawn, for savings-banks usually discourage the casual withdrawing of funds.

A home savings-bank started for a child in its first year will, if frequently contributed to, find the youth of eighteen with a neat sum to insure his or her college expenses.

For small investors, the national postal savings system is attractive. Postal savings certificates may be bought from ten cents up, bearing two per cent. interest for each full year the money remains on deposit. When one has added to his card one dollar's worth of stamps, he may exchange it for a postal savings certificate, which also bears two per cent. interest for each full year the money remains on deposit. Postal savings certificates may then be exchanged for postal savings bonds, bearing two and one-half per cent. interest.

A Treasury savings certificate amounting to twenty dollars will grow in five years' time to twenty-five dollars; or eight hundred dollars in the same time will amount to one thousand dollars at four per cent. compound interest. These certificates may be secured at a post-office or from the United States Treasury Department at Washington, D. C. Information about these securities may be obtained by writing to the United States Treasury.

The "Own Your Own Home" campaign, by which the householder stakes his claim in the life of the community, has been greatly helped by cooperative building-and-loan associations. Members of these organizations own the stock and receive all profits that remain after the expenses of running the organization are paid. The charge to a member assessed weekly or monthly is an investment which he can realize when his payments with interest accrued will permit him to pay for his lot and start to build his house.

Although men use most of their incomes for family living expenses and for business turnover, they are constantly aware of the fact that there is the hazard that sickness and death may in a moment cut off their income. Consequently most people secure an insurance against disaster in what has grown into an enormous protective agency with many different forms of insurance.

More and more State laws are protecting the insured, and many insurance companies are educating the public in methods of prolonging life by proper attention to health. Insurance items have an important place in the family budget, both as a means of saving and as a protection to the family.

THERE are other investments which may be regarded as speculation and which should be made only upon sound advice. Miss Ida Tarbell quoted some years ago in a famous series of articles which she wrote for *McClure's Magazine:*

"I am constantly asked by men and women in the professions and small positions who have saved five hundred, one thousand or two thousand dollars to invest their money. They want ten, fifteen or twenty per cent., they say. They wouldn't object to a hundred—but it must be safe. They can't afford to lose now.

"There is no man in the world who can honestly say that he can invest money and be certain of permanent large returns. The big dividends come from speculative ventures, and no one should make them unless he is willing and able to lose all he puts in.

"There is only one safe way for people to invest—and that is to choose sound, conservative bonds or stocks, and that after consultation with trustworthy brokers or bankers. In the long run it will be worth much more to them than the uncertain large dividend."

HOME-MAKING ARTICLES IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE DELINEATOR"

All these articles offer helpful advice on various phases of home-making. We invite our readers to consult us regarding their individual housekeeping problems

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French Pastry ~ Made in America

The Secrets of these Toothsome Dainties

By EMILY REISENBERG

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University
~Martha Van Rensselaer



1—IT IS IMPORTANT THAT THE FLOUR BE STIRRED DIRECTLY INTO HOT WATER AND FAT

Is your French pastry temperamental? Are your éclairs and cream puffs "pernickety," expanding outrageously one time and refusing to at all the next? It may be that you don't understand all the ins and outs of their complex make-up. Our experts can help you if this article does not solve all your difficulties. Send your questions to the Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped envelope for our answer



3—COOL IN A BOWL AND AFTER ADDING EACH EGG BEAT UNTIL THE PASTE IS SMOOTH

BASIC recipes for making choux paste, that is, paste made with a boiled foundation such as is used in cream puffs and éclairs, can be found in every up-to-date cook-book. They may differ somewhat in regard to the relative proportions of material used, although the directions for making and baking are usually the same. But—and it is a very important but—the professional method of handling this delicate mixture employed by high-class chefs and bakers is not generally understood, and consequently the home-made product often fails to reach the desired expansion in baking and is apt to turn soft while cooling.

By carefully observing the rules for chilling, baking, etc., as set forth in this article, any cook, be she ever so inexperienced, can easily master the tricks of the trade and make the popular cream puffs and éclairs, and then pass on confidently to the other delectable dishes made with a choux-paste foundation.

Remember that in these recipes all measurements are level. Flour is sifted before measuring and then slid lightly into a half-pint measuring-cup and leveled off at the desired point. Butter is pressed into a spoon that has been dipped into water and then is leveled off even with a knife. Only strictly fresh eggs must be used, as the expansion of choux-paste products is largely dependent on the quality of the eggs.

CHOUX PASTE—THE BASIC RECIPE

1 cup water	1 cup sifted bread flour
4 level tablespoons butter	4 fresh eggs

Place the water and the butter in a small saucepan over moderate heat, and when the water is hot and butter melted add the flour. Stir until the mass clears from the sides of the pan and looks like putty. Scrape this into a round-bottomed bowl and when partly cooled add the eggs, one at a time, beating after each egg is added until the paste is smooth. At the last beat the mixture five minutes by the clock. When the paste is cold, cover the bowl and set in the ice-box until the paste stiffens. This will require several hours; if convenient, it can stand overnight. This amount will make eight large puffs or éclairs or a large trayful of small pastries.

The following rules for baking will carry you through the entire process of baking choux-paste products and cover any points you may feel uncertain about.

First—Use heavy shallow baking-pans, preferably aluminum. Do not grease them, but after warming the pans in the oven rub them with a piece of paraffin and let them cool before using. This leaves the bottom of the pastry crisp after removing it from the pans.

Second—After shaping the pastry on the pans, let them stand in a cool place until the surface of the paste has hardened so that it can be touched with a finger-tip without sticking. This prevents the paste from spreading in the oven and produces a crinkly surface during expansion. It will require about two hours or more to reach this stage. Do not try to hasten matters by placing the pans in the ice-box, as the moisture from the ice softens the paste.



2—STIR UNTIL THE MIXTURE CLEARS FROM THE SIDE OF THE PAN AND LOOKS LIKE PUTTY

Third—When it is ready to bake, place the pans on the bottom rack in a hot oven (400 to 500 degrees Fahrenheit), as the heat from below will force the mixture up. After five minutes, begin to watch the oven; and if there are signs of the pastry browning on the bottom, slide an asbestos mat under the rack. If at any time it is desirable to lower the heat, just open the oven door and let the hot air escape. This method produces an immediate change of temperature and is quite safe, as cold air can not penetrate a hot oven. When the expansion of the pastry is well under way, place the pans on a higher rack and bake with a lower degree of heat (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) until done. This process takes from twenty to thirty-five minutes, according to the size of the pastry. When finished, the products will have increased in size, be a golden-brown color and light to touch. If a toothpick is inserted, it will come out clean. In fact, each pastry must be just a delicate, hollow shell. As soon as the pans are taken from the oven remove the pastry to a cooling-rack, but do not set it in a draft.

CREAM PUFFS

When the paste is made and chilled as directed, shape the puffs with a tablespoon dipped in cold water. A knife or the finger-tips can be used to form the puffs higher in the center. Cool and bake according to rules.

When ready to fill, cut the top off with a sharp knife and if any soft paste has settled in the bottom of the puffs scoop it out with a spoon. (This paste can be rebaked and crumbled into soup just before serving.)

For filling, use slightly sweetened whipped cream flavored with a little vanilla. Use powdered sugar and do not make the cream too sweet. Fill the puffs so that a little cream will show when the top is set on. Dust with sifted confectioners' sugar.

Concluded on page 65



4—AFTER MIXING, CHILL AND MOLD ON HEAVY SHALLOW PANS RUBBED WITH PARAFFIN



5—LET STAND UNTIL STIFF, THEN BAKE CAREFULLY. WHEN DONE, COOL, THEN OPEN AND FILL



6—WITH THIS SAME PASTE ONE MAY MAKE ANY NUMBER OF THE DAINTY FRENCH PASTRIES

Make It a Green Christmas Indoors

Decorations arranged by
MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS
Director of the Department of House Decoration



"Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possessed the earth,
And calmly fell on Christmas eve."
—TENNYSON.



A deep window-box filled with feathery branches makes an attractive base for a French window and balances the wreath that decorates the larger window-space



Plumes of Southern pine and clusters of brilliant pepper berries make a unique frame for this fireplace; in the fire-pit itself, holly surrounds the Yule log



A laurel garland forms an effective wall decoration and branches of hemlock edge the sofa top

PRIZE CONTEST

What is your idea of artistic Christmas wreathing? THE DELINEATOR invites its readers to photograph decorative arrangements of Christmas greens, either inside or outside the house. A prize of $50.00 goes to the photograph which in the opinion of the Department of House Decoration shows the most unique and effective composition. For each other photograph that is accepted and published by THE DELINEATOR a prize of $5.00 will be given.

Print your name and address on the back of each photograph submitted. Photographs must not be smaller than four by five inches, and must be received not later than February 1, 1925, by the Contest Editor, Department of House Decoration, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. Unaccepted photographs will not be returned unless postage is enclosed.



It seems fitting that this old sideboard-table, which for years has proffered a wealth of Christmas goodies, should be generously flanked by trees of fragrant hemlock and massed, both below and above, with sprigs of gleaming holly



This small Christmas dinner-table is simply but successfully decorated with an edible centerpiece of nuts and fruit, while sprigs of hemlock cross from corner to corner and outline the edges of the snowy cloth with deep green

SLICKER 'N' SLICKER

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

EVERY now and then in this long life of ours we go and sit in the top of a theater and look down on people.

Perhaps our subconscious self takes us up there because for the good of our soul we need to feel like one of those gay wise gods of the pagans, high up, looking down and judging. And we always wish that, like them, we could see down inside those people below us and say, "Ho! there's a woman who needs to be happy. We'll sprinkle her with charm and send her a born lover." "Ha! that man right down there is a little too brash. We'll give him a wife!"

But the best we can do is to look down on topknots and judge souls by them. "Ho! there's a woman who is always racing against time—every hair of her head looks exhausted." "Ah! there's a person! That sleek, daring head, as if her hair were painted on her skull! Locks shining, proud and black sweep from the rather high side part down the left side over the ear, sticking close as a brother. One broad swing of the brush brings the right side down over the ear, emphasizing the cubistic contour of the face and revealing every curve of the back of the head. Not one woman in a million would 'unbefriend' herself like that. Not a bit of a beauty, but distinction and independence in every line of her head and face!" "And there's a woman who is charming and knows it, the shining silk of her hair (brushing did that), the provocative upward curve of the wisp on her cheek, the charming poise, assured by experience. Whatever her face, not a soul, male or female, but would respond to the lure of that sweet, wavy head!"

Brown heads and black, orange and green gold, flaxen and drab, silver as a sea rippling under the moon. Like a shot, we can tell who brushes and who doesn't. You can't counterfeit real gleam with brilliantines. It's silken with life and care, or it's shiny for external reasons. And there's about the same difference between them as there is between loving because you ought to and loving because you can't help but!

The smartest shingle that is and the most picturesque coiffure that could be are of little avail if the hair is not pulsing with health and intelligent care. You can't make anemic hair fall into soft or chic lines. One of the most successful hair specialists in New York says that there are three kinds of ugly hair—too oily hair, too dry hair and too tired hair. (And we ourself add—too closely waved hair and too "hennaed" hair.)

ONE-FOURTH of the women of Paris are bobbed. And there is about that same proportion in London and New York. In spite of the cry that bobbed heads will result in bald heads, the shears go zipping on. But there is this much truth in that warning cry: These tight hats we pull down so smartly over our shingled heads cut off air and hamper circulation even more than men's hats do, and everybody knows that for generations we've been telling men that that is what makes them bald.

Also it is a most beguiling temptation to "swim" your bobbed head every time you take a bath, and this daily washing is a thing no self-respecting topknot will stand. If your hair is too dry, it makes it dryer by washing away all the natural oils. If it's too oily, it makes it worse, because oily hair comes from weakly acting glands. Continual washing weakens them still more, so that the oil does not spread out evenly down to the end of the hair but stays all in one place at the top.

Then we don't bother so with drying a bobbed head. Hair should be dried swiftly and by hand, with sun and wind as the sole helpers; never dry it with artificial heat and never allow it to lie around wet until time dries it.

And, just among us, *mes-amies*-of-the-bobbed-locks, do you brush your hair as much as you did when it was long? That's the most necessary thing of all! If you want us to, we'll send you instructions which tell exactly how to brush so as to cleanse and polish at the same time, and exactly the right way to massage your scalp, what is more.

To be *modee* and exciting and to look like an illustration in a novel, the hair should be either shingled or dressed so close to the head that it looks like paint. No more large, gnomelike heads. They're small and chic and Greek now. A dashing little head on the top of a slender, supple body not at all concealed by its extremely simple frock—that is she! Far more like a boy than a woman. And, by the way, the difference between the boyish haircut and the shingle is only in the graduation in the back; the boyish is a bit shorter at the crown. And a whisper: the old straight bob is very *demodee*.



Drawing by Otto J. Gatter

One's crowning glory is such a problem, what is a body to do? To bob or not to bob—and how? Or if one's hair be long, how to keep it sleek and attractive? Here Celia Caroline Cole gives you enlightening answers to these perplexing questions. And if you have any private queries to make—about hair or hands or beauty culture in general, she'll gladly advise you in a personal letter. Just write her at THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped envelope for her reply

TWO things must be considered as to the bob: the type of the person and the nature of the hair. Shingled hair is an evil to the woman with large, prominent features; she is all face and no head. The short, stout woman can very rarely wear a shingle; she needs a "thatch." Older women look better with the shingle than any other cut, because it looks more like a close, neat "coif."

The bob, like love 'n' danger in these modern days, has no age limit in connection with it. It sets more beautifully on the young to be sure, but there's no ban on it for the old except the one of doing it stupidly. Some of the most charming heads we know are silver bobbed heads. In fact, it is so chic in Paris to have silver hair that many of the smart women wear silver transformations.

Age has nothing to do with bobbed heads, but the nature of hair has. Hair that is thin will never make an attractive bobbed head. Much better to keep it long and drape it. Or hair that grows badly, unalluringly at the nape of the neck; keep it long and dress it low. Or if the neck is too fat, or too thin, or very long, better not bob the hair. Or if the back of the head is very flat, no; keep the hair long and wave it and dress it to hide the flatness.

The "friendliest" shingle is to have it cut long on the sides so as to cover the ears. The line of the hair at the side should follow the line of the chin to the ear. If the hair grows so that a point can be made in the center of the back, have your barber cut it in a point. Paris isn't doing the point much, but it is more becoming to most American women, especially if they are past their youth: a lovely sloping curve from behind the ear down to the sharp little point. Only about one out of fifty women can have it though, because the hair on most people doesn't grow down in the center of the back of the neck. If you can't have a point, have a curve. Don't have a straight line.

If a woman has a well-shaped head and the hair grows attractively in the back and the neck is not too thin, the hair is cut close to the head in the back about a third of the way up from the nape of the neck and from there on it is longer. The whole aim is to have a beautiful line for the back of the head—that loveliness one finds in the head of a young boy.

If the hair is thin or the neck "scrawny" (terrible word), the smart hair-dresser does not cut the hair close at the nape of the neck, but cuts it in one length from the crown to the nape, thinning the ends with a razor so that it will not stand out. The hair is then waved and brushed flat to the head.

Perfectly straight hair had better take two looks before it lets itself be cut. As we've said before, this straight hair takes a special kind of face. If you haven't that kind of a face, there are just two things to do—a permanent wave or constant curling. If straight hair is left long, it can be gracefully draped. In fact, one of the most thrilling heads we know has long, straight black hair, parted in the center and drawn like black velvet curtains down on either side of the head, with the face looking out, mysterious and serene, between these soft and unforgettably lovely curtains.

THE dressing of the hair means to the face and head what shrubbery and trees mean to a brand-new house: they save it from that utterly revealed look. Women who don't want to cut their hair must at least cut it a little if it is long and thick. Go to a good barber—and by "barber" we mean a woman's barber, a hair-dresser—and have him thin it out evenly, so that it can be dressed smartly close. One enticing Parisienne had her hair cut shoulder length and then rolled it up all around in a smooth, shining, firm coil which went all around her head in a low curving line from ear to ear, completely covering them, of course.

Only a very beautiful woman dares attempt that coiffure. A gay, rollicking (in these days a terrifying sleekness) coiffure is for hair shoulder length, sweeping around from the part on the side to a fetching little "bun" over one ear. Very attractive, that one.

The part in the middle is as smart for bobs as for long hair and the "curtain" effect can be achieved just as effectively. Bobbed-headed Madonnas are seen every day. And long or short, the hair must be very neat—no more tousled heads—brushed until it shines, and for most faces waved in large, loose undulations. Hair with a slight natural curl will take a bewitching water wave and stay from one shampoo to another.

When you are having the hair cut for the first time and you haven't absolute confidence in your barber, a good idea is to arrange it yourself the way you like it about your face, pin it and then have the barber cut so that you can keep that line.

For the boy type, no combs; for the chic, *soignee*, Spanish or sophisticated types, yes. They are very beautiful and subtle, those combs.

Gray bobbed hair should keep itself like a shining silver cap. There is a tonic at a certain heaven-sent shop that can take the yellow look away from silver hair, and with it are secret instructions as to how to bring out high lights in it and how to help it never to get a yellow tinge.

Any one who has had short hair knows the joy of it—cool and free, easy to care for and nice to buy hats for. The disadvantage is the bother of having to have it cut—and you must go often, because bobbed hair too long is very ugly. If it is naturally curly, give thanks every day; you're one in a million. Bobbed hair well cut and cared for looks much better groomed and dressed than any coiffure the average long-haired woman can arrange for herself.

Brown heads and black, orange and green gold, flaxen and drab, silver as a sea rippling under the moon. What is going on inside of them? What is this new little year going to do to them? All the time slicker 'n' slicker on the outside and all the time keener and kinder on the in?

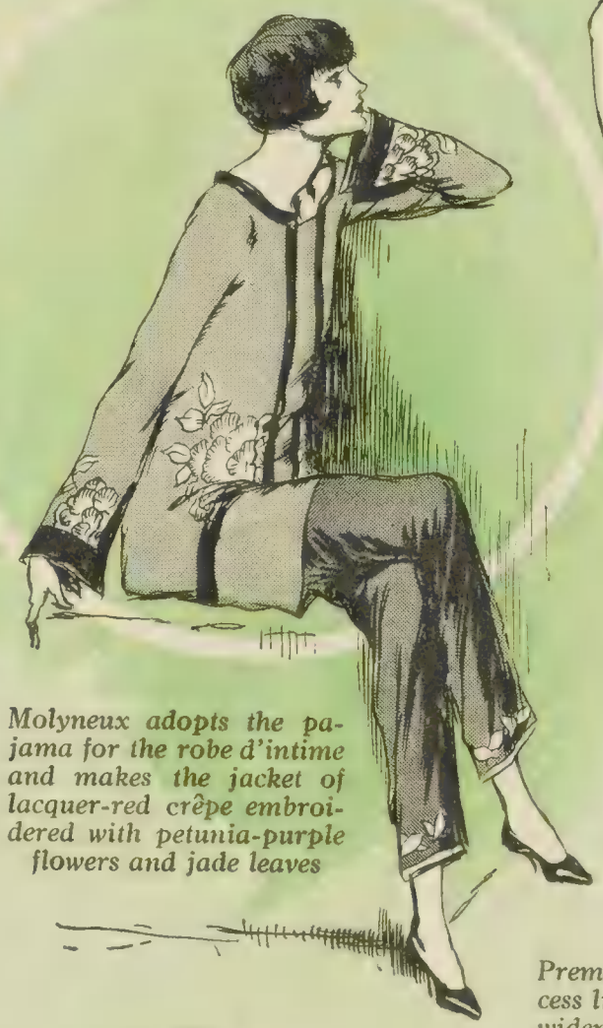
SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT SHOW INTERESTING DIGRESSIONS FROM THE SHEATH SILHOUETTE



The afternoon ensemble costume is designed by Doucet with a coat of black satin trimmed with tagouin fur, a black satin slip and a plaited tunic of red crêpe and black lace



Lanvin's coat of beige rally kasha flares into godets at the lower part and is trimmed with a very small collar and very large cuffs of antelope and leopard skin. With it is a muff



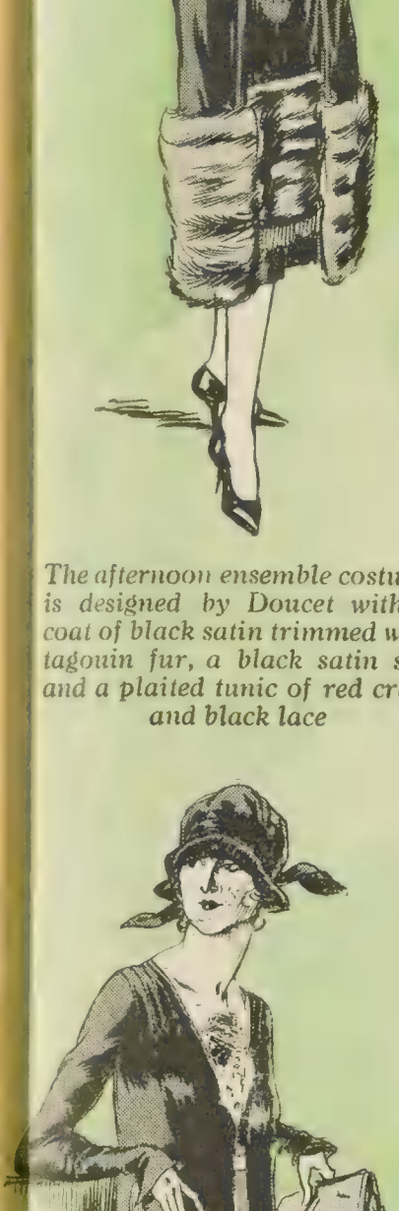
Molyneux adopts the pajama for the robe d'intime and makes the jacket of lacquer-red crêpe embroidered with petunia-purple flowers and jade leaves



Premet follows the somewhat princess line of the narrow upper part widened below the hip in a frock of yellow Georgette stamped with red velvet and with spiral frills of Georgette headed with fur



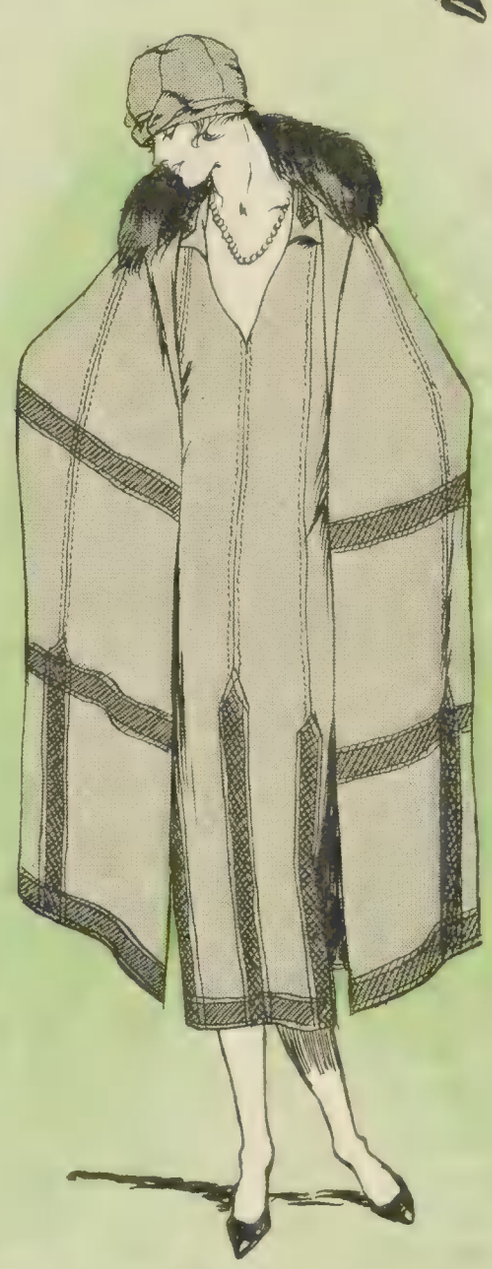
Chanel makes her famous sports frock of mixed beige and tobacco wool with a sweater blouse and an inverted plait at the front and back of the skirt which is not excessively narrow



Patou uses four godets in a frock of black satin and lets an edge of each ride free. The silhouette however remains almost as straight and narrow as the tassel of beige silk, drawn through wooden molds, that hangs from the neck



Molyneux makes a cape costume of black and red Cumberland tweed shawls. The narrow cape is worn over a coat tunic of the tweed



Natural-colored kasha with quilted bands of red wool on the straight frock and narrow cape is used by Patou for the cape costume which promises to be immensely popular in Paris this season



Agnès (Mme Havet) makes a frock characteristic in elegance and coloring of tobacco-brown velvet embroidered spaciously in gold



Lanvin uses the new "glass blue" for a gown of vermeil satin with sleeves and tunic of silk lace dyed the same color. The embroidery is worked in silver mirror sequins. The effect of the whole frock is very brilliant

NEW ENSEMBLE AND TUNIC-BLOUSE COSTUMES, A COAT WRAP AND DRESSES

Coat 5720
Dress 5650

Dress 5773

5773

Tunic blouse and slip 5771
Embroidery design 10246

Dress 5778

5777

5778

Dress 5777

5773—The long upper part of this slip-over dress joins a contrasting one-piece lower part, giving one an opportunity to use the new color combinations—black with old blue or burnt russet, brown with banana yellow or amber, dark blue with bottle green, etc. This dress fits closely at the hipline. Use wool rep, soft twills, cashmere or kasha with satin crêpe, plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine in self or contrasting color for upper part; or use heavy satin with plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, faille silk with satin materials, etc.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 39-inch satin crêpe for upper part, 1⅜ yard 39-inch faille silk for lower part, etc. Lower edge 43½ inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5720—5650—A plaid dress to match the plaid lining of one's coat makes a smart and practical ensemble costume. This coat has a straight lower edge and pockets which may be set in or on the lining. The narrow one-piece slip-over dress fits closely at the hipline. Use cashmere coatings, soft pile fabrics, kasha or broadcloth for coat and line it with flannel, kasha or duvetyn. Use plaids, stripes, checks, flannel, soft twills, cashmere dress materials, etc., for dress.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha, 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool plaid and 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool plaid to line coat. Lower edge of coat 45½ inches; of dress 44 inches.

The coat and dress are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5650

5771

5720

Coat wrap 5621

5621

5777—An attached or detachable vestee and cuffs of white corded silk, a sash-end of crêpe de Chine to match the color of the dress, and bone buttons in a contrasting color are very smart for this draped wrap-around one-piece dress. Use cashmere dress materials, soft twills or broadcloth; or use faille silk or heavy satin crêpe with crêpe de Chine vestee, bone or crystal buttons. Lower edge 42 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch twill, ⅜ yard 35-inch corded silk for vestee and cuffs and ⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for sash-end.

The dress is attractive for ladies 34 to 46 bust.

5778—This slip-over dress with its tucked straight skirt joined at a low waistline is very becoming and easy to wear. For Southern wear use cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or fine lawn with collar, cuffs and vestee of cotton Brussels net trimmed with frills of Val lace edging. One may use cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or silk voile for entire dress.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch cotton voile and ½ yard 36-inch cotton Brussels net for collar and cuffs. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is becoming to ladies 34 to 52 bust.

5771—10246—A slip-over tunic blouse of satin crêpe, crêpe faille or Canton crêpe and a separate one-piece slip make a fashionable costume. Use the dress material for the binding and lower part of the slip. The two-piece circular lower part of the tunic blouse is joined at the hipline. An embroidered banding down the front is effective. Work the design in outline and one-stitch. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The tunic blouse and slip are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5621—One of the smartest evening wraps is the coat wrap of velvet or heavy satin in a color to harmonize with all of one's evening dresses. A black velvet or black satin wrap lined with silver cloth is practical.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 50-inch velvet. Lower edge 49 inches.

The coat wrap is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

TAILORED DRESSES HAVE SIDE CLOSINGS, CAPES, PLAITS AND BUTTONS



Coat dress 5775

Dress 5779
Embroidery
design
10246

Dress 5761

Coat dress 5747
Embroidery
design 10233

Box coat 5656
Dress 5729

Dress 5781
Embroidery
design 10112

5775

5779

5761

5781

5656

5747

5729

5779—10246—The cape of this one-piece slip-over dress is detachable. The embroidery is attractive. Work it in outline and one-stitch. Use crêpe faille, crêpe satin or silk crêpe with self bindings, bone buttons and embroidery on sleeves; or use cashmere dress materials, soft twills, light-weight flannel or wool jersey bound with silk braid and trimmed with bone buttons, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe faille. Lower edge 43½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5775—The surplice closing over a vestee of piqué or corded silk and the plaits on the skirt make this a particularly becoming style. Stout women as well as slender will like this one-piece coat dress. It may have a French lining. Use soft twills, cashmere dress materials, wool crêpe, silk-and-wool crêpe, kasha, broadcloth or serge.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

5761—For this one-piece dress which closes on the left side of the vestee front, use soft twills, wool rep or kasha in brown, navy or black trimmed with tan braid and white bone or nickel buttons. The scarf is lined and the sleeve faced with tan crêpe de Chine. One may use faille silk, bengaline or satin in black, brown or navy trimmed with white or tan braid and crystal or colored bone buttons, the scarf lined and sleeve faced with crêpe de Chine to match braid or buttons.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 56-inch wool rep. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

5656—5729—Twills or cashmere suitings for the box-coat and the straight lower part of the slip-over dress make a smart suit. The long upper part of the dress may be plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine in self or contrasting color or printed designs; or use check wool and plain wool. The dress fits closely at the hipline. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch cashmere suiting for coat and lower part of dress and 1⅝ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for upper part.

The box-coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5747—10233—The coat dress which closes on the side and has long close-fitting or wider sleeves is extremely smart in wool or silk. Wool rep, soft twills and kasha are suitable to use and silk bengaline, silk faille, crêpe satin or heavy silk crêpe are the most fashionable silk materials. The embroidery is attractive. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch kasha.

The coat dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5781—10112—The slashed tunic of this one-piece slip-over dress gives the new flare to the dress. The tunic is joined at a close-fitting hipline. The neck may be cut higher and sleeves set into normal armholes for a daytime frock. When the dress is made of satin crêpe, a beading design should be used for trimming. Heavy silk crêpe or satin crêpe should be embroidered.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 52.

Dress 5767

Dress 5765

Dress 5725
Embroidery design 10229

Coat 5721

Coat 5654
Skirt 5042

Dress 5737

Other views and descriptions are on page 66

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 52.

Dress 5741
Embroidery
design 10246

Dress 5759

Dress 5712

Tunic blouse 5699
Costume slip 5724
Embroidery design 10138

Dress 5749

Tunic blouse and slip 5708
Embroidery design 10207

Other views and descriptions are on page 66

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 52.

Dress 5736
Embroidery design
10254

Dress and bloomers 5730
Embroidery design 10243

Dress 5734

Dress and bloomer
slip 5746

Suit 5756

Coat 5701
Hat 5744

Toy animal
10302

Dress 5695

Dress 5722
Tam-o'-shanter 5416

Dress 5693

Dress 5742

Other views and descriptions are on page 67

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 52.

Dress 5757
Embroidery design
10138

Dress 5735

Dress 5696
Tam-o'-shanter
5458

Dress 5686
Hat 5549

Dress 5702

Other views and descriptions are on page 68

Dress 5755

Dress 5714

Dress 5743

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Dress 5733

Dress 5723
Embroidery design 10246

Dress 5688

Dress 5682

Other views and descriptions are on page 69

Coat dress
5745

Dress 5710
Embroidery
design 10199

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 52.

Tunic blouse 5766
Slip 5685
Hat 5549
Embroidery design
10155

Tunic blouse 5758
Slip 5638
Embroidery
design 10312

Tunic blouse 5681
Slip 5685

Tunic blouse 5764
Slip 5631
Embroidery design 10272

Other views and descriptions are on page 69

Coat 5520
Tunic blouse 5740
Skirt 5581

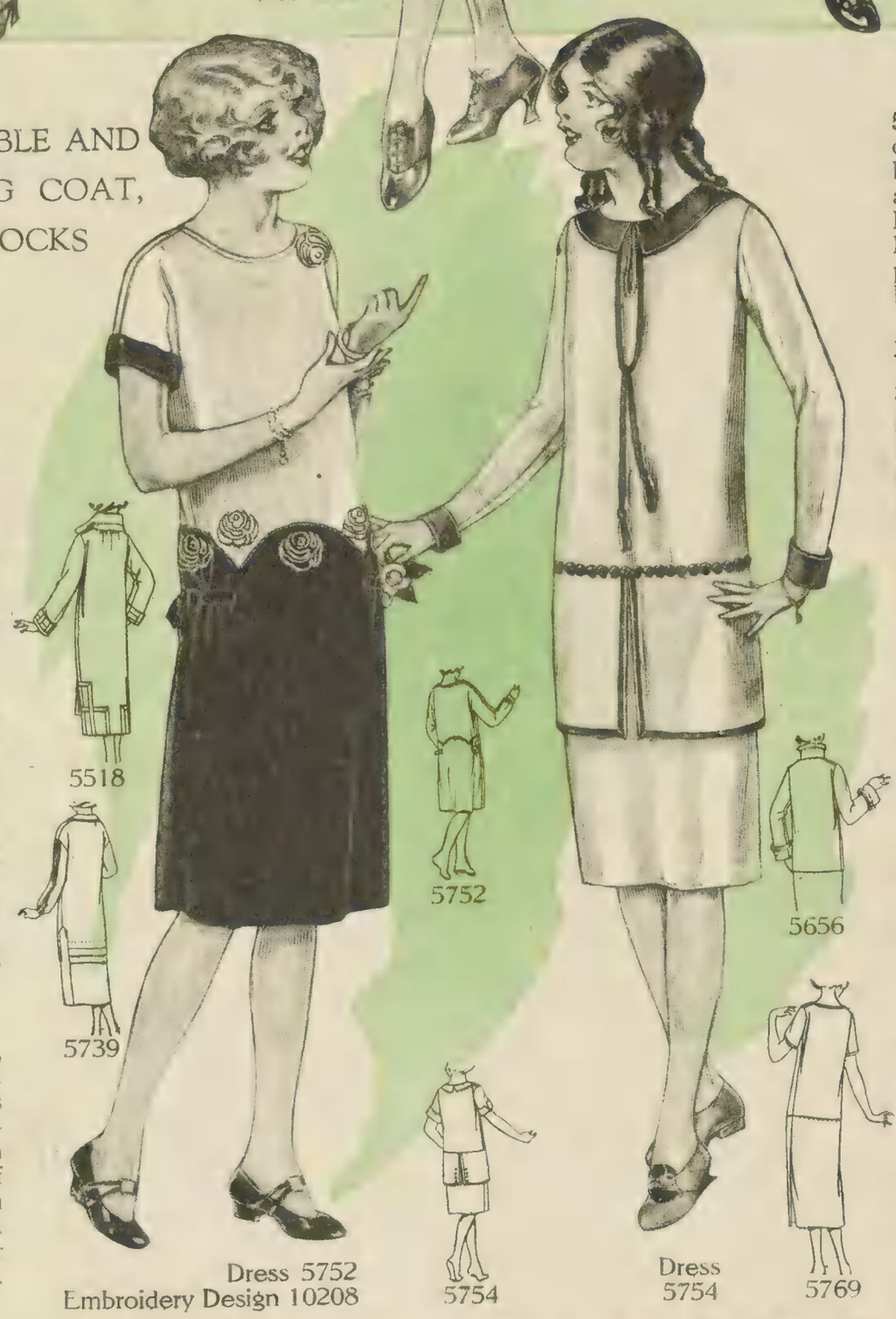
Tunic blouse 5762
Slip 5724
Embroidery design 10138

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 52.



Tunic blouse 5750
Slip 5726

YOUNG GIRLS CHOOSE THE ENSEMBLE AND TUNIC BLOUSE COSTUME, A LONG COAT, A BOX-COAT SUIT AND NEW FROCKS



5518—5739—5549—This smart ensemble costume is composed of a coat to be worn in wrap-around or straight-line style over a slip-over dress with a long upper part joined to a two-piece lower part under a cluster of tucks in tunic effect. Use cashmere suitings, kasha, soft twills, wool rep, etc., with upper part of dress of crêpe satin, etc. Her hat has a four-gored crown.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool rep, 2½ 35-inch silk crêpe for upper part and ⅝ yard 54-inch rep for lower part of dress. Lower edge of coat 46 inches; of dress 44 inches.

The coat is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; dress for misses 15 to 20, also small women; hat for misses and ladies.

5717—At Mid-Year's when both spirits and the temperature are at a low ebb, one wants a coat which is really warm. For extra warmth one may use a flannel, kasha or duvetyn lining in this coat which is worn either in straight-line or wrap-around style. It has a pocket inside the panel at each side. Use cashmere coatings, camel's-hair, homespun, plaids, stripes or wool rep for the coat.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3½ yards 54-inch wool plaid. Lower edge 47 inches.

The coat is attractive for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5752—10208—The junior will love such colors as rose, jade or French blue with black velveteen, or brown with tangerine or tan, etc., for her slip-over dress. It has an upper part joined to a lower part in decorative fashion. The rose motifs are attractive. Work them in harmonious colors. Use velveteen with upper part of wool crêpe or flannel; or use wool crêpe or flannel with contrasting color, crêpe de Chine with contrasting, etc.

13 years requires 1 yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for upper, 1½ yard 35-inch velveteen for lower part, etc.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5750—5726—A velvet tunic blouse over a soft satin costume slip is a smart frock. The slip-over tunic blouse has collar and cuffs which may be detachable and it may be shorter. The costume slip has a straight lower edge and either a 3-inch or a deep shadow-proof hem. One may use faille silk, bengaline, satin crêpe, plain or printed crêpe de Chine or Canton crêpe for blouse and crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, etc.. for slip.

16 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch velvet and 2⅜ yards 35-inch satin. Lower edge of slip 42 inches.

The tunic blouse is smart for figures 15 to 20 years, also 38 bust; slip for misses 16 to 20 years; also small women.

5678—A plaited apron and loose plaited panels on the front of the body of this one-piece slip-over dress give a two-piece effect. Use crêpe faille, Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine with band in contrasting color, buttons to match dress and sewed on with same color as band or use crêpe satin with band of the reverse side of the material and crystal buttons sewed on with contrasting color.

17 years requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 45½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5656—5769—4886—Twills, worsteds, men's wear suitings, velours, checks, etc., make a smart suit. The box coat covers the long upper part of plain silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc., of the slip-over dress. The straight lower part which matches the coat is in wrap-around style. Her velvet hat is in tam-o'-shanter style.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material (including lower part of dress) and 1⅜ yard 39-inch plain for upper part of dress. Lower edge 41 inches.

The box-coat is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; dress for misses 15 to 20, also small women; hat for misses or ladies.

5754—Buttons and collar, cuffs and bindings in a contrasting color trim this one-piece dress for juniors. It slips on over the head and has a slightly draped tunic joined at the hipline. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, serge or flannel; or use heavy silk crêpe with silk crêpe in contrasting color for collar, etc., and buttons to match collar, etc.

13 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch flannel for the dress.

The dress is suitable for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



5655—5641—This is one of the smartest styles in an ensemble costume. The coat may be worn in wrap-around or straight-line style over the narrow slip-over dress with a long upper part and a wrap-around lower part. It fits closely at the hipline. The coat may have pockets on the outside or in the lining. For an ensemble costume use soft-surfaced cashmere coatings for coat and for the lower part of the dress, with the upper part of plain silk crêpe in a contrasting color, etc. Lower edge of coat 48 inches, of dress 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 54-inch material (including lower part, etc., of dress) and 2¼ yards 35-inch material for upper part of dress.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5784—When you use soft materials for the new puff of the sleeves to this one-piece slip-over dress, the puff has a fulness at the top. This fulness is omitted when wool materials are used for the puff. The dress fits closely at the hipline. Make it of soft twills, cashmere dress materials, wool rep, wool crêpe, kasha or ribbed silks with plaid silk and bone buttons to match dress; or use satin or heavy silk crêpe with collar and puff of same material in contrasting and embroidered in self-color, etc.

36 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch soft twill and ⅝ yard 35-inch plaid silk. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5785—Bows of matching grosgrain ribbon and tiny nickel buckles are very smart on a tailored one-piece slip-over dress which fits closely at the hipline. With soft twills, hairline striped twills or cashmere dress materials, use piqué for the detachable collar and cuffs, and a silk tie of contrasting color. One may use striped flannel with collar and cuffs of white flannel bound with satin to match predominating color in stripes, and a satin tie. Wool embroidery on plain flannel, kasha or heavy wool jersey is smart. With light or bright colors use self-colored embroidery, black satin bindings and tie, or with dark colors use harmonizing colors, etc. Lower edge 46½ inches.

19 years or 36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch cashmere.

The dress is for ladies 38 and 40 bust, also misses 15 to 19 years.

5782—10290—Many of the midwinter dresses are made with their adaptability to the ensemble costume in view. This slip-over dress has a straight, wrap-around lower part of cashmere suitings, kasha wool rep, soft twills or heavy satin and an upper part of plain silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine in self or contrasting color or of printed silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine. The lower part has a tuck at the edge of the closing and is joined at a close-fitting hipline. The embroidered motifs are decorative. Work them in beading.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for upper part and 1 yard 54-inch material for lower part, etc. Lower edge measures 44 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5786—A tunic of brocaded velvet on Georgette over a separate one-piece satin slip is another version of the frock for an ensemble costume. The tunic of this slip-over dress may be cut lower in the neck, sleeves omitted and the armholes cut down for evening wear. For evening, use Georgette or chiffon bound with self-material for tunic, and a slip of metallic fabric or satin to match; or use lace with satin slip, satin crêpe for tunic and lower part of slip, etc.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 35 or 39 inch brocaded velvet for tunic and 1⅜ yard 35-inch satin for lower part of slip. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5783—5402—10233—The surplice line is very smart for tunic blouses as well as dresses. This tunic blouse which may be longer, is worn over a separate one-piece slip. Use satin crêpe, plain Canton crêpe or crêpe faille embroidered, printed Canton crêpe with plain to match, crêpe faille with satin or chiffon velvet with satin. The banding is effective. Work it in outline-stitch. The tam-o'-shanter is attractive in velvet, duvetyn, velours, satin, etc. Lower edge of slip 45 inches.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch satin crêpe for blouse and ⅞ yard 35-inch contrasting material for lower part of slip.

The tunic blouse and slip are for ladies 34 to 48 bust; tam-o'-shanter for ladies, misses, girls, children.



DRESSES IN TUNIC OR TWO-PIECE EFFECT ARE SMART FOR YOUNG GIRLS, WHILE JUNIORS FIND SIMPLE STYLES BECOMING

5772—10592—Doll **10296**—Smocking and feather-stitching in a contrasting color is a smart trimming for this slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. Use pongee or crêpe de Chine; or use pin-check gingham with poplin collar and cuffs edged with narrow filet or Irish lace, or chambray with dimity collar and cuffs, etc. One may omit the smocking. The French doll is easily made.

5 years requires 2½ yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is adorable for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5739—As a part of the ensemble costume or as a separate frock this slip-over dress is smart. It's two-piece lower part is joined to a long upper part under a cluster of tucks in tunic effect. Use wool cashmere, wool rep, kasha, soft twills or velvet, with upper part of crêpe satin, etc.

17 years requires 2½ yards 35-inch silk crêpe for upper part and ⅞ yard 35-inch faille silk for lower part. Lower edge 45 inches.

Dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5748—10243—This little slip-over frock for wee girls is slashed up the sides to show the separate bloomers. Use velveteen or corduroy with pongee bloomers; or use pin-check gingham, chambray, cotton crêpe, cotton or silk broadcloth, cotton prints, dimity or flannel. The embroidery is effective. Work it in colors.

5 years requires 1¼ yard 32-inch velveteen for dress, etc., and 1 yard 32-inch pongee for bloomers and binding.

The dress is for little girls 1 to 6 years.

5738—In the years when one is as straight as a ramrod, a one-piece slip-over dress of this type is most becoming. Plaited sections are inserted at each side of the dress. Make it of light-weight flannel, kasha, wool crêpe, soft twills or serge.

13 years requires 3½ yards 27-inch flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5760—3496—10939—This exceedingly well-cut middy blouse of flannel, serge, or fast-colored cottons of good weight, etc., has slightly shaped underarm seams. It is trimmed with the regulation emblem. The knickers have a reenforced seat and wide or narrower bands.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch drill and 1⅛ yard 54-inch serge.

The middy blouse is for misses 15 to 20, also small women; knickers for misses and girls 8 to 18 years, also ladies.

5669—Very often the most becoming dresses are the simplest to make, as is the case with this one-piece slip-over dress opening on the left shoulder. Use velveteen with gold braid loops and brass buttons and gold-colored satin for sleeve-facings and slash bindings. One may use plain silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, etc.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch velveteen.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5713 — 4898 — Mixtures, cashmere coatings, camel's hair, homespun, plaids and stripes make a smart coat on these lines. The tam-o'-shanter is smart in velvet, duvetyn or satin with satin pipings.

13 years and 21¾ inches head measure requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch cashmere coating for coat and ½ yard 35-inch velvet for tam-o'-shanter.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; tam-o'-shanter for girls, misses and ladies.

5728—The collar and cuffs of this one-piece slip-over dress may be detachable. Use wool crêpe, flannel, soft twills or serge with collar, cuffs and bindings of contrasting color flannel, tie-ends of ribbon and bone buttons.

12 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool plaid.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5763—Back to school with something new—perhaps this slip-over dress with a two-piece lower part joined under a tuck to the upper part. Use light-weight flannel, cashmere, dress materials, wool jersey, faille silk, Canton crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine or plain tub silk. Use a ribbon or silk tie and a belt of the fabric or leather. Lower edge 44 inches.

17 years requires 2 yards 54-inch flannel.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.



5659 Dress 5659

5659—Rosettes picoted with silver or contrasting color and a ribbon girdle are smart French trimming for this slip-over dress of taffeta or crêpe de Chine. It closes on the left shoulder and the draped basque and full straight skirt join an underbody. When you use Georgette for the skirt, use taffeta for a drop skirt as well as a basque and rosettes. One may use flowered or plaid taffeta, printed silk crêpe or moire with contrasting ribbon and bindings for trimming.

12 years requires 2½ yards 36-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5731—A practical type of one-piece slip-over dress for school or business has a straight lower edge and collar and cuffs which may be detachable. Use wool jersey tubing, wool jersey or flannel with white linen collar and cuffs bound with self material, a Roman-striped belt and ribbon tie, or use heavy crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or crêpe faille, etc., with white or corn-colored crêpe de Chine collar, etc.

16 years requires 2 yards 54-inch flannel. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5711—10275—A very simple feather-stitching in color trims this adorable frock. This trimming is attractive on chambray. One may, however, use pin-check gingham, pin-dot swiss, dimity, fine cotton crêpe, etc. The dress has a straight skirt joined to a deep yoke and separate bloomers.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch chambray and ⅜ yard 32-inch contrasting.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5676—5561—The young girl claims a detachable collar, cuffs and frills as her prerogative for a one-piece slip-over dress with inserted godets. Crêpe satin or silk crêpe with corn-colored or white crêpe de Chine or lace collar, etc., is smart. Use silver-colored or crystal buttons on crêpe satin. The wrap-around hat is good style.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch silk crêpe for dress. Lower edge 40½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women, and for ladies 38, 40 bust; hat for misses and ladies.

5711

5744—Black narrow velvet ribbon and tiny sprays of artificial fruit or flowers and leaves trim this hat of faille silk, crêpe de Chine or taffeta in rose, French or Copen blue, reseda or amande green, henna, navy blue or dark green. On a chiffon velvet hat use narrow satin ribbon with fruit or flowers. When possible have the hat match the coat in material, or at least in color.

The hat is for girls 2 to 12 years.

5703 5687 5776

5731

Hat 5744

5676

5727 Dress 5776

5776—This is an extremely dainty dress for parties or dancing-class. The tucked straight skirt is joined at a low waistline. Use cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, batiste, organdy, crepê de Chine or Georgette with frills of Val lace and a ribbon girdle. One may use cotton voile with frills and bindings of organdy in color on white or white on color, the ribbon and hemstitching to match the color of frill, etc.

13 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 8 to 16 years.

5727—5218—10301—A wool jersey tubing, wool jersey or flannel dress with detachable linen collar bound with bias fold tape to match the wool embroidery is attractive for young girls. Work the embroidery on dress, hat and scarf. The one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge. The flannel hat and scarf of flannel, kasha or wool plaids are attractive.

17 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey for dress. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women; hat and scarf for misses and ladies.

5687—The typical English middy suit has a slip-over blouse and straight trousers. The collar is detachable. Make this suit of tweeds, serge or garbardine; or for a tub suit use drill, duck, chambray, linen-finished cottons, linen or rep. It is easily made.

5 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch serge for the suit.

The suit is good style for little boys 3 to 7 years.

5703—5601—4038—If you can do so, use the same color for coat, hat and leggings. Pockets may be outside on this coat of soft pile fabrics, cashmere coatings, broadcloth, kasha; or if inside pockets are used velvet or corduroy. The hat is smart in chiffon velvet, crêpe de Chine, faille silk, taffeta, or Georgette, and the leggings in material like the coat or of heavy stockinette.

4 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch kasha for coat.

Coat is for little girls 2 to 6; hat for girls 2 to 12; leggings for children 2 to 14 years.



5753—Housewives may start the New Year afresh with this wrap-around one-piece house dress with a straight lower edge. Use gingham, chambray, percale, madras, cotton poplin, linen-finished cottons, cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe or cotton prints. Lower edge 54 ins.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 32-inch gingham.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5751—Gingham, chambray, madras, percale, cotton prints or cotton crêpe with pearl buttons and white organdy frills picoted in the same color as the dress, makes a becoming slip-over house dress. It has a straight lower part joined to a long body. Lower edge 58 ins.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch gingham.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5768—Trim this French chemise and bloomers of radium silk, crêpe satin or crêpe de Chine with machine-hemstitching and French flowers. The bloomers have a reenforced seat. Use lace and machine-hemstitching with nainsook or longcloth, or use glove silk or sateen untrimmed.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The chemise and bloomers are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5780—These well-cut overalls are the type worn by most workmen and are splendid for gardening. Make them of denim, khaki, drill or duck.

36 waist requires 3¼ yards 27-inch denim.

The overalls are for men or youths 30 to 42 waist.

5732—This outing or negligée shirt has a low one-piece collar or neckband, and either cuffs in regulation or French style or wristbands. Both collar and cuffs are fastened to the blouse. Use cotton or silk broadcloth, madras, batiste, percale, oxford, pongee, silk shirtings, light-weight cheviot, light-weight flannel or galatea for boys.

15 neck requires 3⅛ yards 31-inch madras.

The shirt is for men or boys 11 to 18½ neck.

5774—The shell trimming on this graceful negligée is very easily made. Use crêpe-back satin, printed silks or printed crêpe de Chine with satin ribbon for shell trimming; or without trimming use corduroy.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch crêpe-back satin. Lower edge 51½ inches.

The negligée is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5726—Under tunic blouses or dresses this costume slip will give the slender silhouette. It has a straight lower edge and either a three-inch or deep shadow-proof hem. Use crêpe meteor, soft satin or crêpe de Chine, etc.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards 35 or 39-inch radium silk. Lower edge 42 inches.

The slip is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

5691—To obtain the straight unbroken line of to-day's st... most women wear the boneless corselette. It is very easily m... of flesh pink or white brassière material, broché coutil or ... washable satin.

36 bust requires 1 yard 35-inch brassière material.

The corselette is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5770—How often you have wanted a pretty apron like this! ... slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. ... gingham, chambray, percale, striped madras, cotton crêpe, ca... chintz or printed sateen. Lower edge 58 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch sateen.

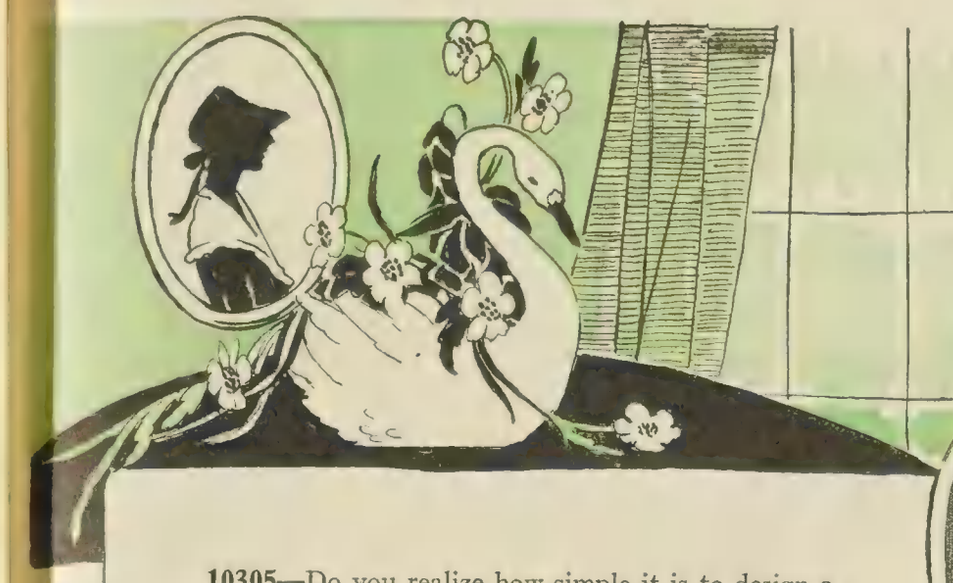
The apron is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5724—This costume slip with a straight lower edge and a th... inch or deep shadow-proof hem, is an especially good design. ... soft satin, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine under tunic blou... or these materials or sateen under transparent dresses, and rad... silk, habutai silk, glove silk, silk jersey or sateen, under ... transparent dresses Lower edge 44 inches.

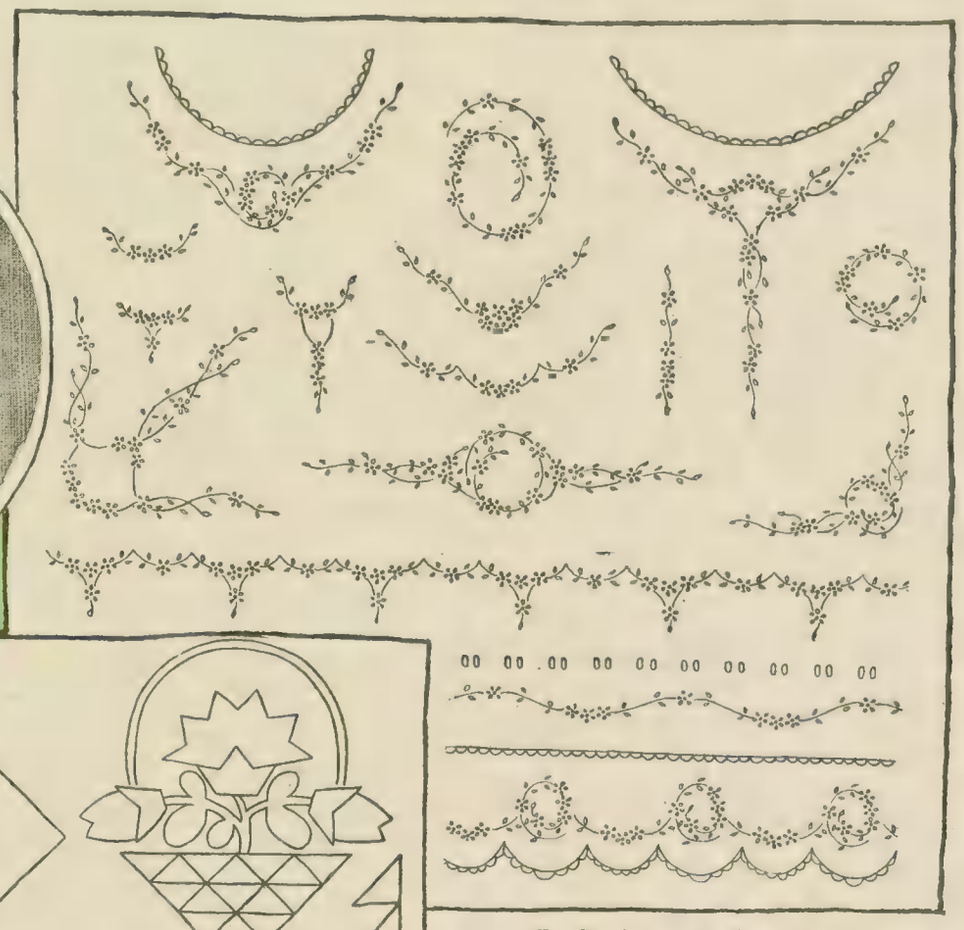
36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch satin.

The slip is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

START THE NEW YEAR WITH A PATCHWORK QUILT, AN EMBROIDERED BEDSPREAD AND FRESH LINENS

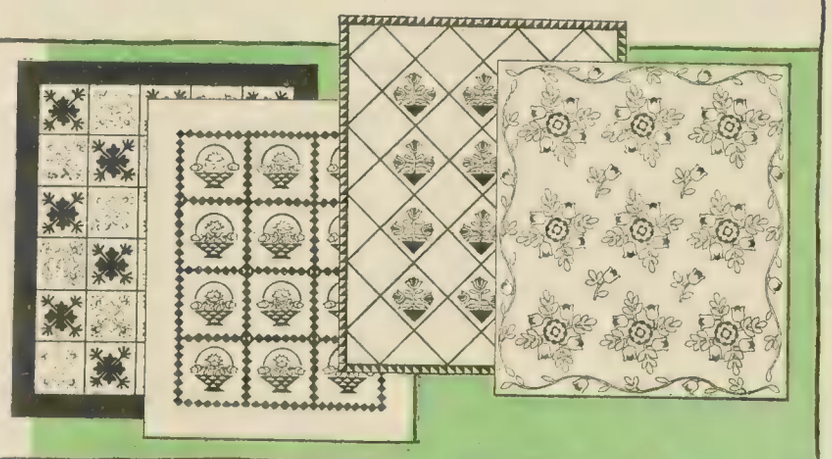


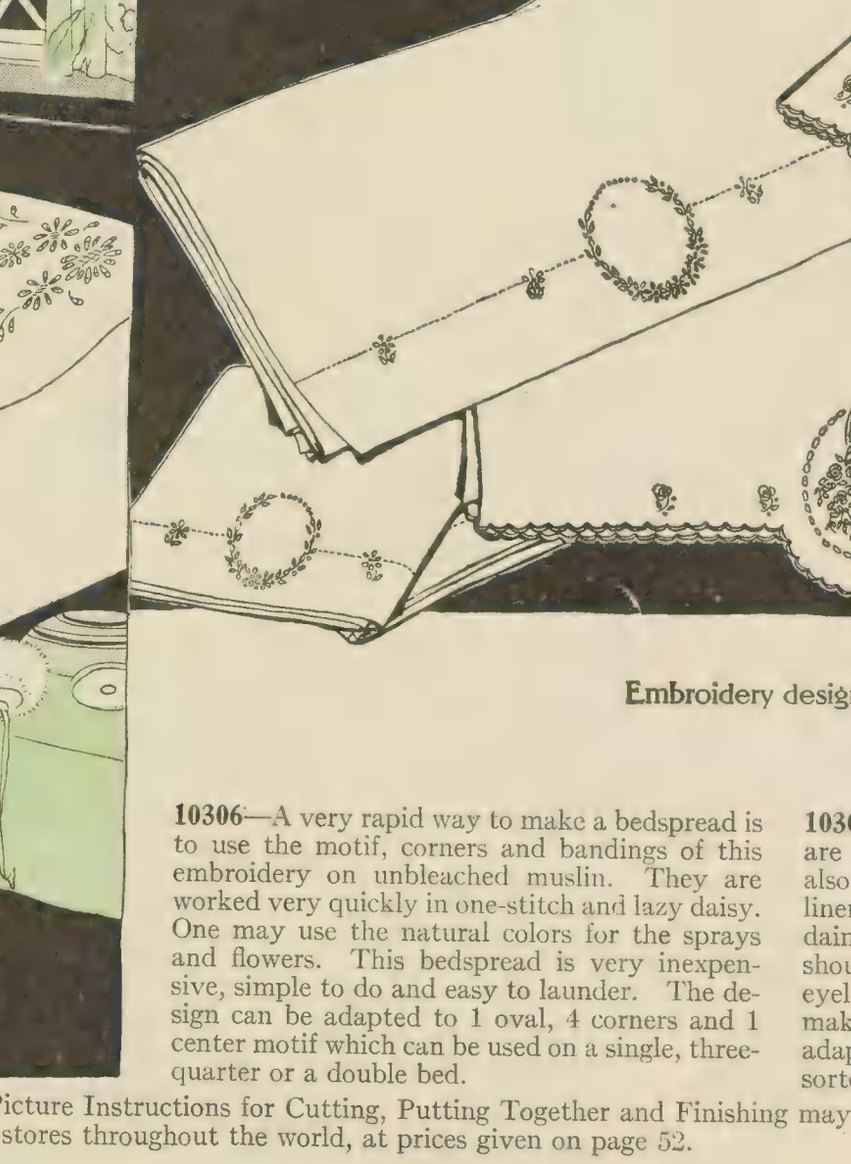




Embroidery design 10308

10305—Do you realize how simple it is to design a patchwork quilt? To make such a quilt, you select *one* of the five styles of motifs in this new embroidery and use it in the way illustrated in the small squares below, applying the particular motif you have chosen as many times as necessary to complete your quilt. You may select any one of the three bandings. This design can be adapted to 9 motifs in 5 assorted styles and a little of each of the 3 styles of bandings. Any of the motifs and bandings can be used as often as desired on the quilt.



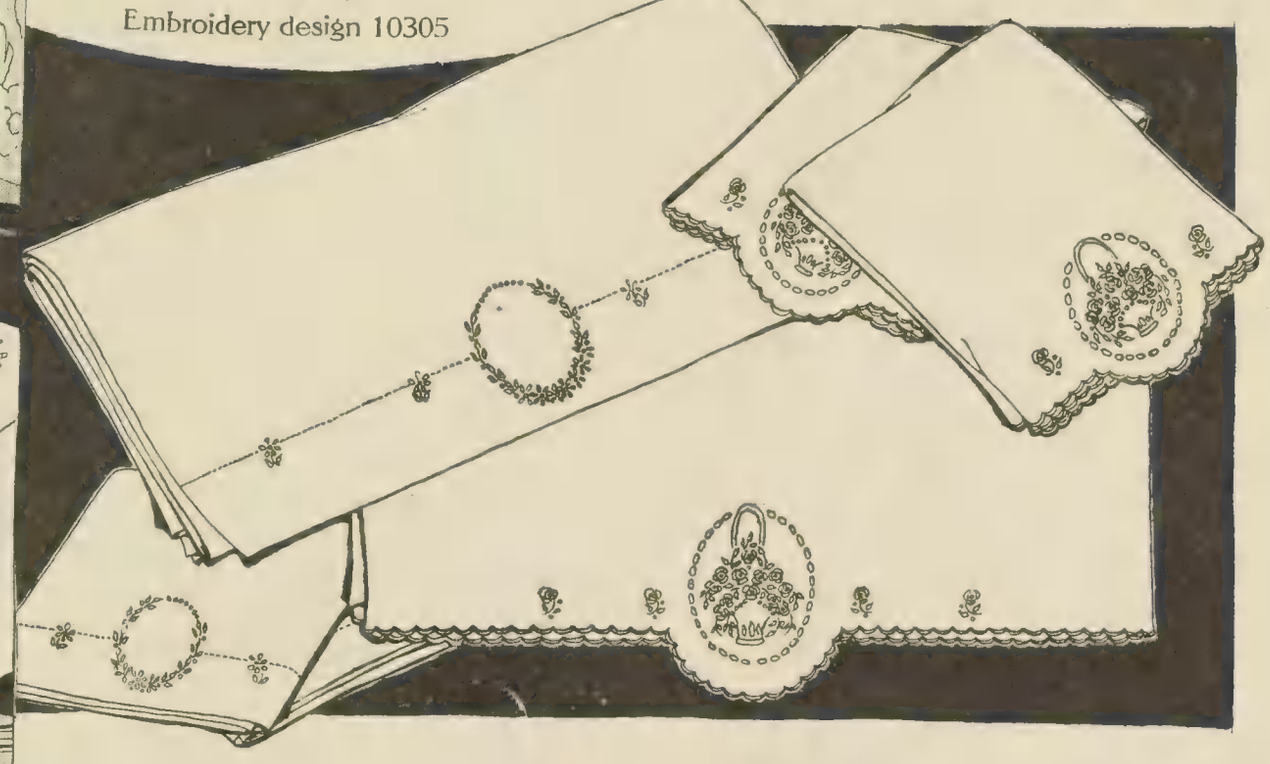


Embroidery design 10305

10308—The flowers and sprays of this embroidery are as tiny as can possibly be embroidered on baby dresses, yokes, bibs and caps. They are so small that one need not use any padding. The bandings, beading and sprays are also suitable for one's own lingerie or neckwear. Work this design in satin-stitch, eyelets, French stemming and buttonholing. It can be adapted to 1¾ yard banding in each of 3 styles, ⅞ yard ribbon beading and 52 sprays in 12 assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10306



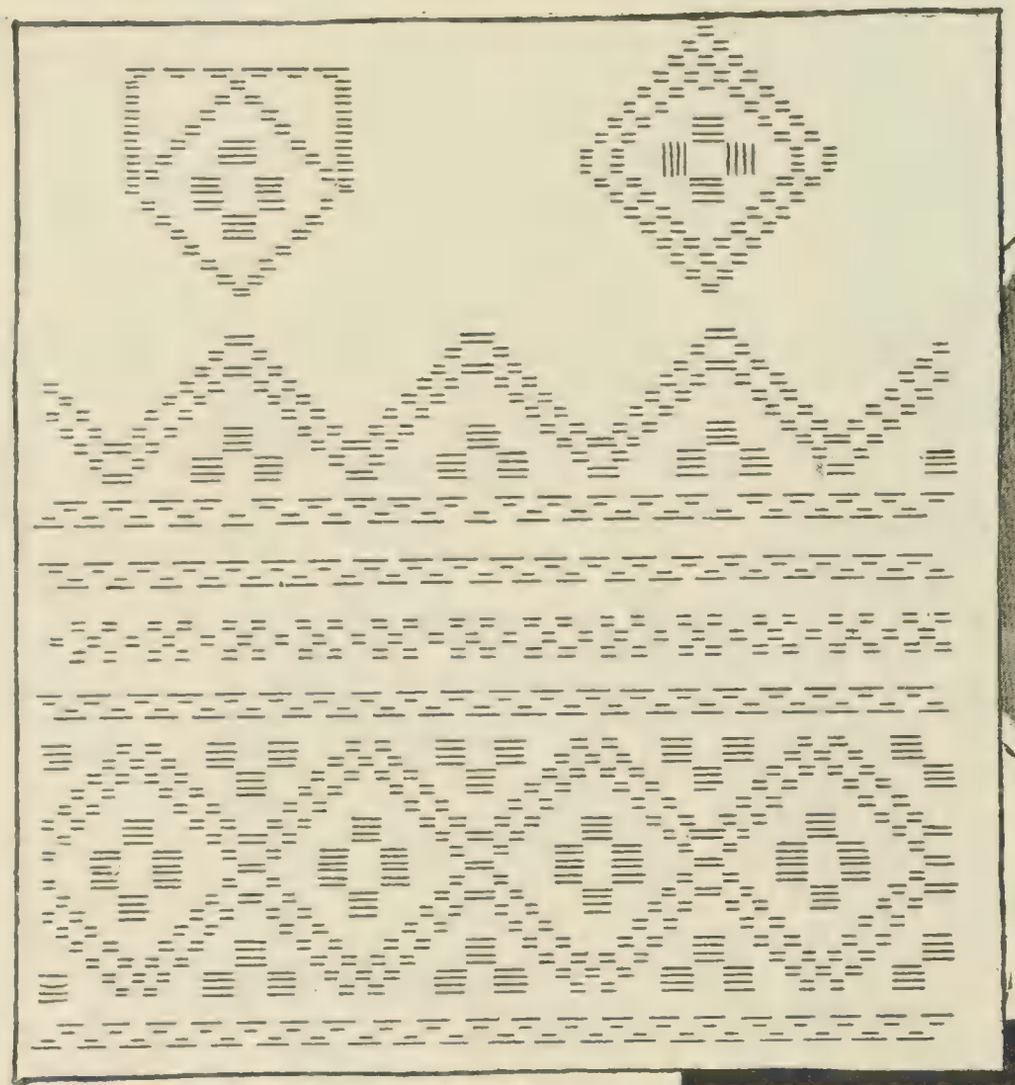
Embroidery design 10307

10306—A very rapid way to make a bedspread is to use the motif, corners and bandings of this embroidery on unbleached muslin. They are worked very quickly in one-stitch and lazy daisy. One may use the natural colors for the sprays and flowers. This bedspread is very inexpensive, simple to do and easy to launder. The design can be adapted to 1 oval, 4 corners and 1 center motif which can be used on a single, three-quarter or a double bed.

10307—Sheets, pillow-cases and towels which are fitting mates to the new bedspread should also be embroidered, and for decorating such linens, oval sprays or French baskets are very dainty. The motifs and banding of this design should be worked in satin-stitch, buttonholing, eyelets and French stemming. These linens make exquisite gifts. The design can be adapted to 2 sheets and 4 pillow-cases in 2 assorted styles.

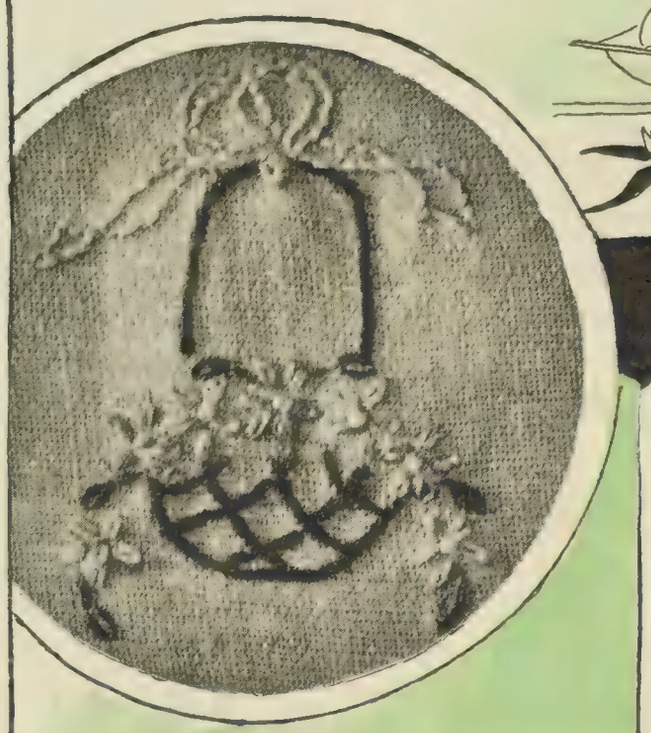
Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 52.

EMBROIDERY MAKES A HAPPY BEGINNING WITH NEW ALPHABETS AND HAS FRESH IDEAS ON ONE-STITCH AND BASKET DESIGNS

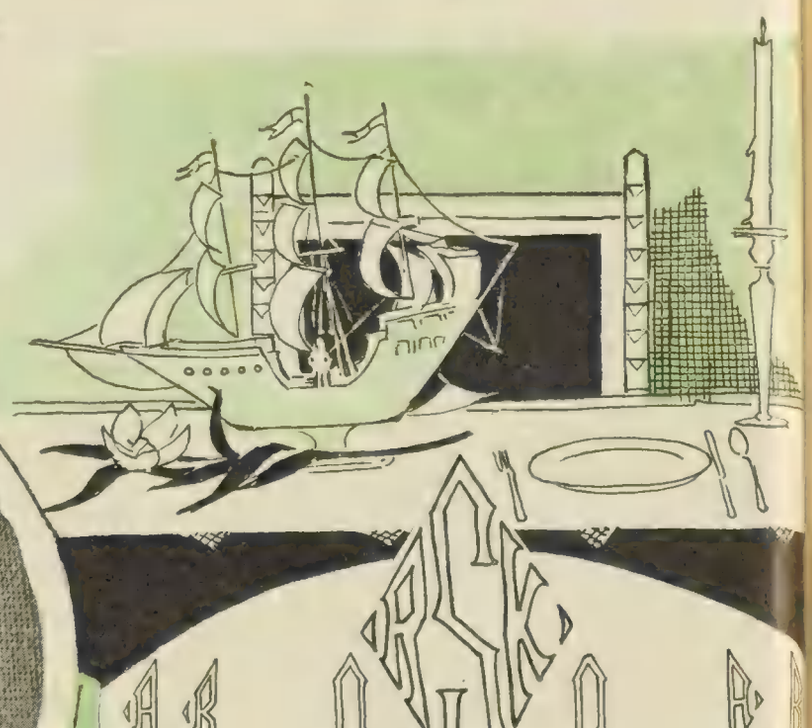


Embroidery design 10312

10312—There are enough different widths of bandings in this design to trim a dress or coat or a blouse. Children's clothes may be trimmed also with the bandings or motifs. One may introduce a great deal of color by one-stitch into this very simple but effective design. It can be adapted very easily to 1⅝ yard of banding 5¾ inches wide, 3 yards of banding 3⅛ inches wide, 3⅜ yards each of banding ⅝ and ⅜ inch wide, 6 motifs 4⅜ by 4¼ inches and 6 motifs 3¾ by 3¾ inches.



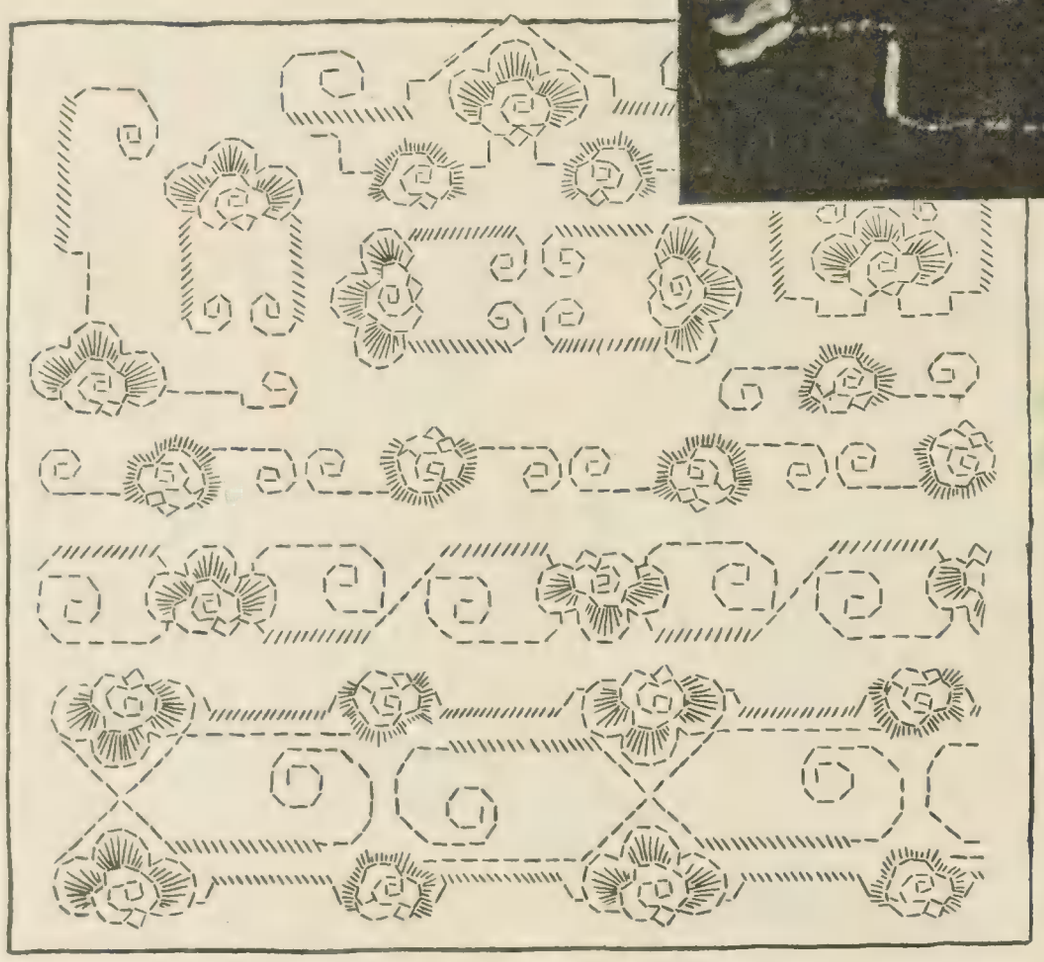
Embroidery design 10309



10309—Most attractive monograms for dre blouses, scarfs and household linens can be m from these alphabets. The letters are shape that you must use one from each alphabet to ma single monogram. You can make 1 mono 3¾ inches high, 2 monograms 2¼ inches high 2 monograms 1¼ inch high. Work the monog in satin-stitch or French stemming filled in French knots. The design can be adapted monograms or 15 complete alphabets so shaped it requires 3 letters to form a single monogram.

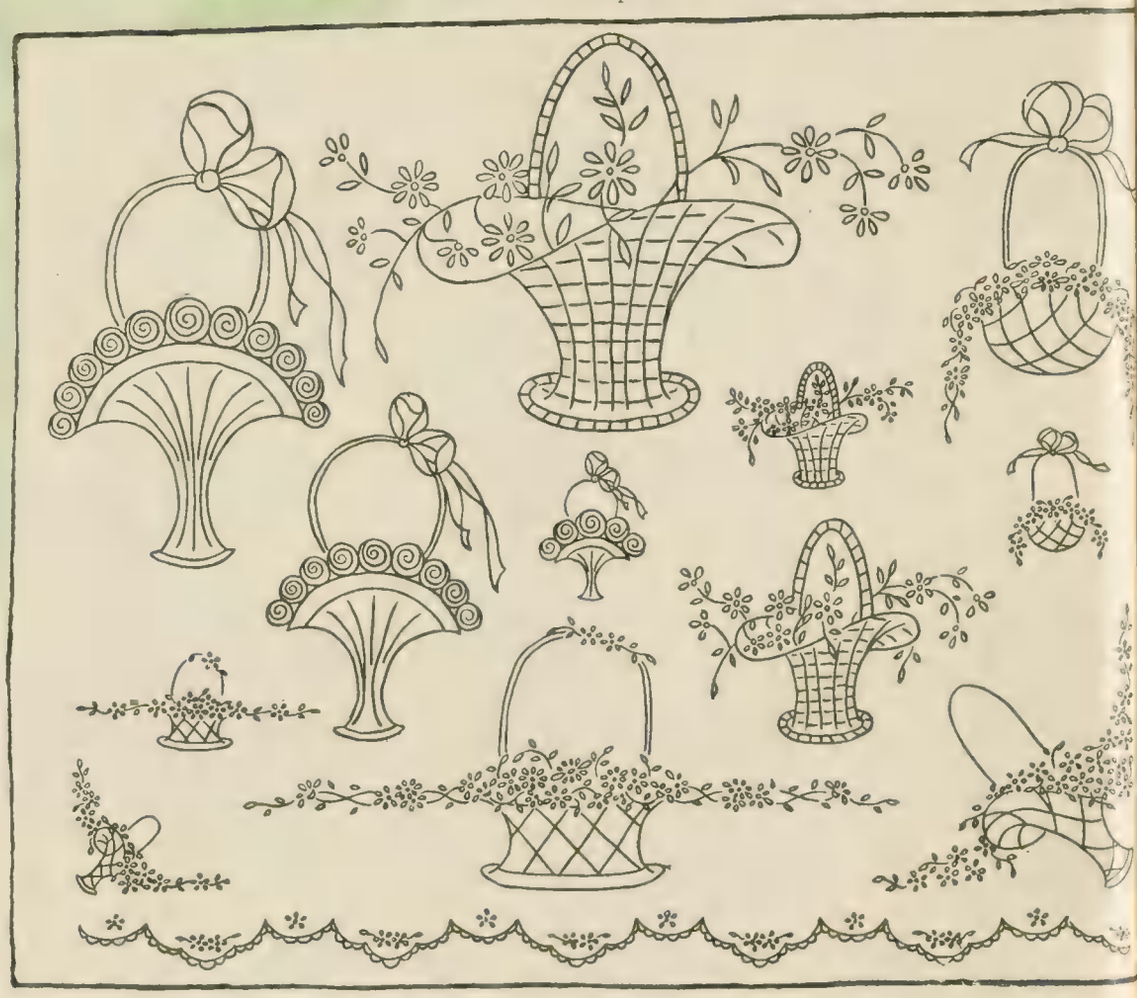


Embroidery design 10310



Embroidery design 10311

10311—Wherever there is a need for a rapid simple embroidery to decorate one's new dress, one-stitch fills the demand very nicely. The one-stitch motifs and bandings of this design are also suitable for blouses, coats and even hats. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding 5 inches wide, 5¼ yards each of bandings 2 and 1½ inches wide and 3 motifs in 6 assorted styles.



10310—French baskets and spray banding have great decorative possibilities. They are very dainty on tea cloths or tea napkins and the larger motifs are effective on curtains and scarfs. Work them in outline, lazy-daisy, satin-stitch, scalloping, eyelets or French stemming. The design can be adapted to 5 yards of edging 1⅛ inch wide and 52 baskets in 11 assorted sizes and 4 assorted styles.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 52.

Often the only kind of meal you want!

Often you don't want a heavy meal, with a number of different dishes. But you are hungry for sustaining food and a generous plateful of hearty soup suits your appetite exactly.

Delight it and satisfy it with tempting spoonfuls of Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

See what a splendid luncheon it is at such times—what a wholesome and sufficient supper!

This is one of the best of foods for the children, too. It's rich in the healthful vegetable nutriment which is so good for them.

Fifteen different vegetables and thirty-two ingredients in this one delicious blend!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Luncheon

Dinner

Supper

Soup for health—
every day!

Grandmother's Old Stone Cookie Jar



ONE of the things you love to remember is your childhood visits to Grandmother's old stone cookie jar.

I don't believe you ever were disappointed, for although Grandmother had to stand and roll and cut cookies she always found time to do it.

Today we have an easier, quicker way to make cookies than Grandmother had. The cookies on this page call for no rolling and cutting. I am sure they will gladden the heart of any child.

Save these recipes. When you see how quick and easy it is to make them you will not let your children grow up without Mother's wholesome Crisco Cookies to remember and tell their children about.



Nut Wafer COOKIES

Sliced instead of rolled and cut. Use Crisco and see how easy it is to cream with sugar. Crisco keeps so long you can double this recipe and keep the rolls in the ice box a long time, slicing and baking as you need them. Grease your pans with Crisco and you won't need to wash them between bakings.

All measurements level

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1½ cups melted Crisco
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 5 cups pastry flour, sifted twice
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 2 teaspoons soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon or other spices
- 1 cup chopped nuts (blanched almonds are best)

Cream Crisco with sugar. Add eggs slowly mixing thoroughly. Add nuts. Then dry ingredients sifted together twice. Shape into roll about 2½ to 3 inches in diameter. Put in Criscoed pan in ice box overnight. When ready to bake, slice and bake in hot oven (425° F.). Makes about 75 cookies.



Caramel or Butterscotch COOKIES

Another sliced cookie — without nuts. Crisco will keep these cookies fresh, too, both before and after baking. The flavor improves if they are kept in an air-tight container. Try empty Crisco tins and send a Crisco can of Crisco Cookies to the boy or girl away at school. Grease your pans with Crisco to keep every cookie whole.

All measurements level

- 4 cups dark brown sugar
- 1 cup melted Crisco
- 4 beaten eggs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 7 cups pastry flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder

Follow the method for Nut Wafer Cookies. Makes about 125 cookies.



Grandmother's Old Fashioned Ginger COOKIES

Made the new easy way—no tiresome rolling or cutting. Crisco is always ready for instant use and is easy to cream with the brown sugar. Grease your pans with Crisco and drop the cookies far enough apart to keep them round. Crisco saves washing the pans between bakings, so you won't mind using a lot of them.

All measurements level

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup molasses
- ½ cup Crisco
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 cup sour milk
- 4½ cups pastry flour

Cream Crisco, sugar and salt together. Add molasses and ginger, then egg. Dissolve soda in sour milk. Add, mix thoroughly. Last add flour. Drop teaspoonfuls of the batter on a Criscoed baking pan and bake in a medium oven (375° F.). Makes about 50 cookies.



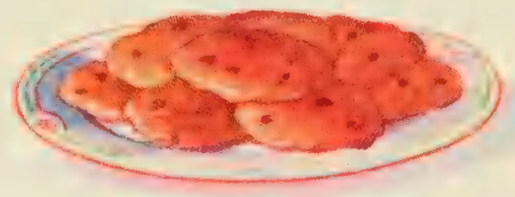
Grandmother's Sugar COOKIES *or Boston Drops*

These cookies are dainty and delicious when made with Crisco. Be sure and grease your pans with Crisco and save washing them between bakings.

All measurements level

- ¾ cup Crisco
- ⅔ cup sugar
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1½ cups pastry flour

Cream Crisco, add sugar gradually, beat to a light cream. Beat in eggs, salt and vanilla. Last add the flour. Stir until smooth. Drop by teaspoonfuls on Criscoed baking pans about 4 inches apart. Bake in a medium oven, 375° F. about ten minutes. This makes about 25 cookies.



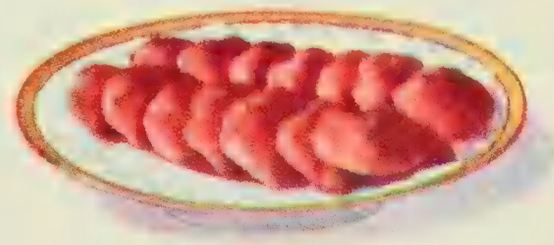
Sour Cream COOKIES

They are delicious when made with Crisco, and Crisco helps to make them wholesome, too.

All measurements level

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup Crisco
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sour cream
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 4½ cups pastry flour
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup nut meats

Cream Crisco, salt and sugar together, add beaten eggs, nuts and raisins. Mix well and add cream. Add all dry ingredients sifted together. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls on Criscoed baking pans. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., 15 minutes. Makes 50 cookies.



Chocolate Drop COOKIES

Grandmother's sugar cookies with chocolate, nuts and raisins added. Try them with afternoon tea, and iced tea in summer. Of course, make these with Crisco. Grease your pans with Crisco, too, and see your cookies come out whole.

All measurements level

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup Crisco
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 3 squares chocolate from ½ lb. cake
- 1½ cups pastry flour
- ½ cup sweet milk
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- ¾ cup nuts
- ¾ cup raisins
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt

Cream Crisco, add sugar. Add eggs and melted chocolate. Then add milk, vanilla, nuts, raisins, mix well, then add baking powder and flour. Drop by teaspoon on hot Criscoed pan and bake in a medium oven (375° F.). Makes about 25 cookies.

Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable, by The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

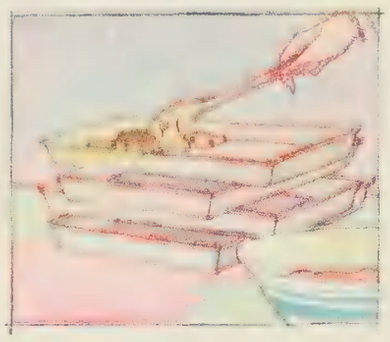
To make COOKIES *in half the time*



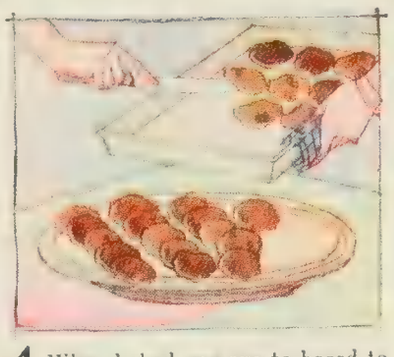
1 Lay out on your work table and measure accurately all the ingredients the recipe calls for. Get out all utensils needed.



2 To measure Crisco accurately. If one half cup is needed fill cup one half full of water, add enough Crisco to bring water to the top, drain water off. Then follow method given in the recipe you are using.



3 Grease pans with Crisco and stack on the table. Drop spoonfuls of the batter far enough apart to prevent running together.



4 When baked, remove to board to cool. Use the same pans over and over without washing. Simply shake out possible crumbs and brush over with Crisco.

Crisco also makes wonderful cakes and pies and is ideal for frying.



FREE! *200 Tested Recipes*

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GOOD OLD COUNTRY DISHES FOR WINTER

By Frieda Winn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

WHEN I was a little girl, I lived in the country and walked a long, long way to school. One of my most delightful experiences, and one I like to remember, was coming in on a cold Winter's night after the long walk to a piping-hot supper. Nowadays nothing tastes as delicious as did some of those country dishes which seem to have disappeared from our tables.

Even discounting the enchantment of the long ago, the effects of hunger and the healthy appetite of youth, these dishes have much to recommend them in flavor, novelty and in the simple and easy way they can be prepared.

One of the most satisfactory as well as one of the most satisfying of these hearty dishes is pea soup, which is almost a meal in itself. With pea soup as the *pièce de résistance* of the repast, a crisp vegetable salad with crackers and cheese and a light fruit dessert are all that is required to complete the menu.



Liver and bacon may be a glorious dish if served with rings of fried apples and a mound of golden buttered carrots

PEA SOUP WITH DUMPLINGS

1 cup split peas
3 quarts cold water
1 ham bone
½ teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 onion cut in small dice

Wash the peas well and let them drain. Add the three quarts of water and soak them in it overnight. Next morning add the ham bone and put the mixture over the fire to cook. Bring it to the boiling-point and let it simmer for two hours.

Add the onion and the sugar and continue to let it simmer two hours longer, or until the peas are soft. Add the dumplings, cover tightly and cook for twenty minutes, or until the dumplings are cooked through.

Remove the dumplings to a plate; cream the butter, add the flour and mix thoroughly. Dilute this to a smooth paste with some of the hot soup. Pour this paste into the soup, stirring constantly until the mixture bubbles. If necessary, add more salt and a little pepper.

If a ham bone is not available, substitute two ounces of lean ham or bacon cut into dice. To this add an onion cut into slices and fry until they are a delicate brown color.

This soup acquires a different flavor as well as added nutritive value if vegetables are cooked in it. For this recipe allow one turnip, two carrots, three or four stalks of celery and a small leek if it is available. These should be cut into dice and may be fried with the ham or bacon or added about two hours before the soup is done.

If a more piquant flavor is desired, add one-fourth of a teaspoon of dried powdered mint and a dash of Cayenne.

DUMPLINGS MADE WITH BREAD DOUGH

Form pieces of bread dough (which has risen once) into balls about an inch in diameter. Place these on a bread-board dusted with flour. Cover with a cloth and let them rise until they are very light. They are then ready to drop into the soup. If the bread dough is not available, the dumplings may be omitted or ordinary baking-powder dumplings used.

Pea soup is also delicious if served with farina balls instead of the dumplings.

FARINA BALLS

2 cups milk
1 slice onion
½ cup farina
¾ teaspoon salt
Dash of Cayenne
2 egg-yolks

Scald the milk in which is placed the slice of onion. Mix the farina into a smooth paste with a little cold milk. Remove the onion from the scalded milk. Dilute the farina with the hot milk, add the salt and Cayenne and cook for thirty minutes. Stir in the beaten yolks and pour the whole into a shallow dish.

When cool, shape into balls about an inch in diameter. Coat them thoroughly by rolling them in crums, then in a slightly beaten egg diluted with water and again in crums. Fry in deep fat at 365 degrees Fahrenheit until a delicate golden brown. The flavor may be varied by the addition of a tablespoon or two of finely minced pimiento or green pepper. Corn-meal may be substituted for the farina.

LIVER AND BACON—COUNTRY STYLE

Another delicious country dish is liver and bacon accompanied by rings of fried apples and a dish of chopped buttered carrots.

Bacon—Put the slices of bacon in a hot pan. As soon as it becomes transparent, turn it and lower the heat. Continue cooking and turning until the bacon is crisp. Remove and drain on brown paper.

Liver—The liver may be prepared in either of two ways:

1. It may be cut in slices one-fourth of an inch thick, dredged with flour, seasoned with salt and pepper and cooked in the hot bacon fat, browning first on one side and then on the other. The heat is then lowered and the cooking continued until the liver is done. When the liver is cut only one-fourth of an inch thick, it requires very little cooking after it has been browned on both sides.

2. Another way is to cut the liver in slices one-half an inch thick. It is then covered with the boiling water, set off the stove and allowed to stand for about five minutes. The liver is then removed, wiped dry, dredged with flour and seasoned with salt and pepper. It is cooked in the bacon fat but requires a longer time to cook than the liver which is cut thinner. The heat must be lowered after the initial browning.

Chopped Carrots—Wash and scrape medium-sized carrots and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and chop into small pieces. Season well with butter, salt and pepper.

Fried Apples—Wash and wipe dry medium-sized apples and cut in slices one-half inch thick. Do not remove the skin or cores. (If, however, it seems advisable to remove the cores, the slices must be cut one inch thick.) Fry in bacon or other fat until tender but not soft enough to lose their shape.

Service—Arrange the chopped carrots in a mound in the center of a large hot platter or chop-plate. Surround them with the slices of liver and bacon placed alternately and border the whole with the slices of fried apple. Arranged in this way the dish presents an attractive study in orange and brown.

Plain boiled potatoes may be served with this meal. They should be cooked in their jackets, the jackets being removed as soon as the potatoes are done. In this case a gravy may be made from the bacon fat remaining in the pan after the liver is cooked. Add two tablespoons of flour to the hot fat and stir until the mixture bubbles. Add sufficient hot water (still stirring constantly) to make a gravy of the desired consistency.

HEAD CHEESE

For head cheese use the head and feet of a hog. The head is thoroughly scraped and the eyes, ears and snout removed. It is then soaked in cold water for eight or ten hours and again scraped to remove any blood or dirt. If there is a large quantity of fat on the head, some of it may be removed and tried out for lard. The feet are also thoroughly cleaned and scraped.

Put the head and feet in a large kettle and cover with hot water. Bring this to a boil, then let the whole simmer until the meat falls from the bones. Pour the mixture into a colander and save the liquid.

Remove the bones and pieces of skin and cut the meat in small pieces. Weigh, and add three-fourths to one cup of the liquid for each pound of meat. Return the whole to the fire, season with salt and pepper, a little bay-leaf or powdered seasoning if desired and let it simmer for fifteen minutes. Pour into shallow pans.

Head cheese cut in thin slices and served with hot baked potatoes and a well-seasoned cabbage salad makes an excellent luncheon dish for a cold Winter's day. Head cheese may be used also as a sandwich filling if hearty sandwiches are desired.

DOMMION LOBBY

Another old-fashioned favorite is called Dommion Lobby. Vegetables are the main constituent of this dish.

6 very thin slices of salt pork
1 small rutabaga or 1 white turnip
3 medium-sized carrots or 2 parsnips
4 onions
5 or 6 potatoes

Put the slices of pork in an iron kettle and fry until they are crisp and brown.

Remove the pork, but keep it hot. Add the turnip which has been peeled and cut in six slices and the rest of the vegetables cut in halves to the fat with enough water to make a good gravy. A bit of bay-leaf and a little pepper or other seasoning may be added. Simmer until the vegetables are tender.

Cream one tablespoon of butter, add a tablespoon of flour and mix well. Dilute to a smooth paste with some of the hot liquid. Add to the stew, mix well and let boil.

To serve, arrange the vegetables attractively on a hot platter, add the gravy and, if desired, garnish the whole with the slices of pork.

This is an easy and attractive method of serving Winter vegetables and makes a hearty supper dish for a cold night. It should be accompanied with either a crisp salad, a light fruit dessert or both.

Then there are country desserts usually rather substantial but to be indulged in with impunity if the rest of the meal consists of lighter foods and the digestive apparatus is in good working condition.

SQUASH PIE

(*The following recipe is sufficient for one pie*)

1 cup squash-pulp
⅞ cup sugar
Grated rind and peel of ½ lemon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons cream
1 beaten egg
1½ cups scalded milk
¾ teaspoon powdered ginger

Mix the ingredients thoroughly. Line a pie-tin with pastry and also lay a narrow piece of pastry around the edge. Fill with the mixture and put in a hot oven (about 450 degrees Fahrenheit) for five minutes, or until the crust is set. Lower the heat to between 375 degrees and 400 degrees and cook until the filling is set. Either canned or home-prepared squash may be used, but in either case it should be very dry.

If the squash is prepared at home, proceed as follows:

Select a medium-sized firm Hubbard squash. Wash it, cut it in quarters, then in smaller pieces. Remove the skin and soft inside part and steam the squash until tender. Rub through a coarse sieve. The squash is now ready to be made into pies.

Pumpkin may be prepared in the same way.

CORN-MEAL GRIDDLE-CAKES

1 cup corn-meal
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups boiling water
2 eggs
1½ cups milk
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
2 tablespoons melted fat

Put the meal, sugar and salt in a mixing-bowl and pour over them the boiling water. Let stand until the meal swells, then add the cold milk.

When the mixture is quite cool, stir in the flour and baking-powder, mixing well, and lastly add the eggs, well beaten, and the melted fat. The cakes should be small, well browned and thoroughly cooked; they need a little longer cooking than wheat griddle-cakes.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS

1 cup scalded milk
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar
2 tablespoons shortening
3½ to 4 cups flour
1 yeast-cake softened in ¼ cup lukewarm water
1 egg
½ teaspoon grated nutmeg

Add scalded milk to fat, sugar and salt. When lukewarm, add the softened yeast. Add one and one-half cups of flour. Allow the sponge to stand in a warm place until it is so light that it will fall at the slightest touch. Add the eggs, nutmeg and remainder of the flour and knead. The dough should be softer than bread dough. Cover and set in a warm place to rise.

Toss on a lightly floured board and roll until three-fourths inch thick. Cut with a doughnut-cutter and let rise. When frying, put the raised side of the doughnut down in the fat. The heat will cause the top side to rise by the time the doughnut is ready to turn.

When drained, toss in a paper bag with powdered sugar to cover, if desired.

WHAT TEMPERATURE?

Do you know how hot your oven should be for baking two such different things as a loaf of bread and a lemon tart—and how long to cook each of them? Oven-thermometers and stove-regulators now make it possible to control heat with skill and certainty. And the new DELINEATOR Temperature Chart gives you the exact temperature and time for baking, frying and cooking everything from breads, puddings and pies to meats, vegetables, jellies and sweets. Write for it to THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Making Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. It costs you nothing but a stamped, self-addressed envelope

HOW MANY MILES IN YOUR KITCHEN?

By Ruth M. Kellogg

Assistant Professor of Household Management at the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

DOES the end of a day in the kitchen find you dead tired? "I've hardly been out of this room all day," you sigh perhaps, "but I feel as though I'd walked miles." And maybe you have! For many a weary woman is paying the penalty for a badly planned kitchen. The number of steps from dining-table to sink and from sink to cupboard when multiplied by a good many trips do make a most appalling distance.

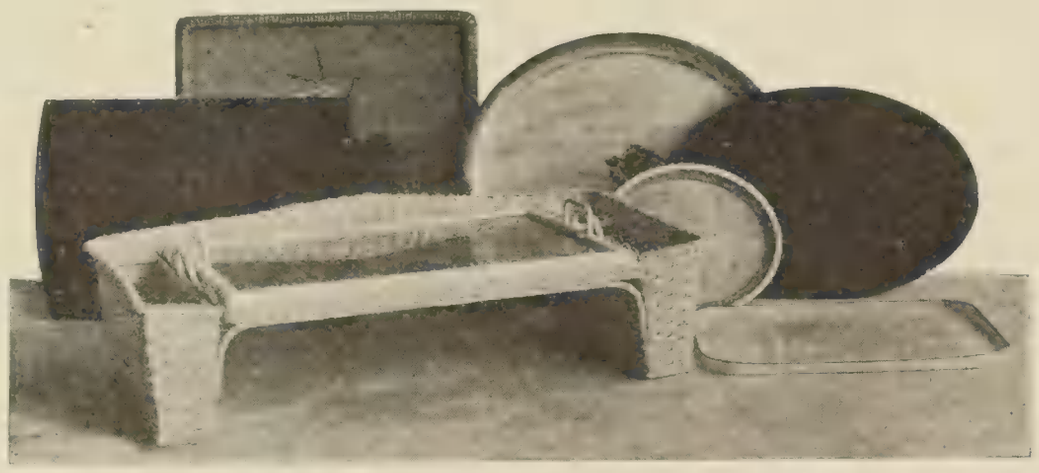
Of course the best thing to do would be to have your kitchen replanned along step-saving lines. But this more often than not is a difficult and expensive problem. The next best scheme is to eliminate all extra steps and reduce your "mileage" to a minimum. You will find in this connection that a tray or a service-wagon is a very real help. Once you have formed the habit of using one or both of these conveniences for setting or clearing the table, for procuring food kept in the cellar, or for carrying things to the pantry or the refrigerator, you will be surprised at the number of steps and the great amount of time you can save.

GENERAL-UTILITY TRAYS

Ordinary trays which are made in a large variety of shapes, round, oval, oblong and square, will assist in these services. When it comes to real use, however, more equipment can be placed on an oblong tray than on any other shape. If you want to stand a tray on its side or end, either an oblong or square one is less likely to roll off and away than is a round or oval shape. Also, if you need a tray upon which to serve an occasional meal, the oblong one can be arranged more conveniently and attractively.

Trays differ as much in material as they do in shape. Most metal trays have a steel foundation, but the finish varies greatly. The very inexpensive metal trays are finished usually with paint or varnish and are described as japanned. These are about the same in price as the light-weight tinned ones. The cheaper trays may give service for a considerable length of time, but they are easily bent out of shape. The nickeled tray is more expensive in its initial cost than the japanned metal or tinned tray but is very durable and attractive. This is almost a "dress-up" tray—which, at the same time, is sturdy enough to be used for ordinary purposes.

Aluminum trays are no longer a novelty. They make no pretense of being decorative, but are very evidently made for work. The first cost of one of good weight may seem high to you, but remember that it will last for years. Also, it makes an excellent cookie baking-sheet, as its sides are low and the metal itself is such an excellent conductor of heat. If you pour cold water on the tray when it is very hot, let the water run over the entire surface instead of over just a part of it. Ordinarily you will have no more trouble keeping the aluminum tray in good condition than you have with any other aluminum utensil.



Trays for every purpose—big ones for much carrying or serving—small ones for lighter work—and a breakfast-in-bed tray for invalids and tired people

Perhaps you may prefer a paper tray finished with paint or varnish, or japanned. These may be found in one of two styles: white with a gold band, or a black background dotted with many gold stars. Paper trays are light, there is no discordant metallic sound when something is placed on them, they are inexpensive and they are easily kept clean. If treated carefully, they give service for a long time.

FANCY TRAYS

Woven grass or reed trays are attractive and satisfactory. Large sizes must be reenforced to prevent sagging in the middle when heavy objects are placed on them. The tray must be woven smoothly enough to insure a flat, even surface. Wooden trays in which the lovely grain of the wood shows are most practical, but they should be given a finish that is not easily affected by moisture or heat. Again, a clear glass tray surrounded by a wooden or reed frame may appeal to you. A bit of gay cretonne, grandmother's sampler, or some appropriate treasure of your own choosing placed underneath the glass makes an effective finish. Glass trays, however, are not entirely practical for every-day use. If handles are necessary on this or any other tray you select, be sure that they are comfortable to hold.

Then there are attractive trays of real enamel—a glass mixture fired on steel—that have surrounding borders of nickeled steel. These are pleasing for the tea-party and are kept clean easily. Silver-plated trays or trays of copper or brass in good lines and designs are attractive and decorative. These are employed for more formal service than the trays previously mentioned.

SERVICE-WAGONS

That enlarged edition of the tray, the service-wagon, on which the dishes from an entire meal may be placed, is decidedly useful. Many of the old, doomed-to-the-attic wash-stands furbished up a bit and equipped with wheels or casters are now reappearing as these conveniences. Often old wash-stands are of good material and workmanship and possess such welcome attributes as a drawer and towel-bars that may be used as handles.

One of the first things to demand of a service-wagon is that it have four swivel wheels or casters instead of one pair of swivel and the other pair of set wheels. If it has four swivel wheels, it can be handled at the sides or either end and easily turned in any direction. The wheels or casters work better if they are not less than three inches in diameter. Rubber tires are most desirable. A ledge around the shelf or tray of the service-wagon is another worth-while characteristic, as it prevents objects from sliding off. The whole thing should be easy to keep clean.

At least one commercial wagon now on the market uses a composition product for the trays that resembles plain linoleum in appearance and is as easily washed as linoleum. This particular design, though capable of holding a considerable number of dishes, is smaller than the average service-wagon, can be rolled through narrow passages and does not take up a large amount of floor-space. Another commercial wagon is made of wood throughout. This model is larger in size and has correspondingly larger swivel wheels. Still another one with swivel wheels is made of wood with a mahogany finish, has a glass tray resting on top of the table and a shallow drawer directly beneath the top. The type last mentioned brings us close to the regular tea-table. While there is no special difference between the two, service-wagons are made primarily for work while the tea-table serves a more social purpose. In contrast to the service-wagon, two set wheels, instead of all four swivel wheels, are a real advantage in the tea wagon or table, which should stand still and firm after it has been drawn into place.

TWO UNUSUAL TRAYS

A mahogany tray which may be transformed into a table by means of two levers which control two sets of legs has many uses.

Another unusual tray table is called the invalid's or bedside table. It can be extended out over the bed, raised or lowered in height, set level to hold a tray or tilted to the desired slant so that a book may be rested on it. Realize also that this table is not for the bedside alone. Sometimes you may like to settle down to work in a big easy chair. This table will extend across your lap at the height you wish. Or again you may play games on it.

Another one of the conveniences is that the top may be turned to a vertical position and the table set back against the wall where it takes up little room.

One of the essentials for the enjoyment and efficient use of a service-wagon is a straight floor between the kitchen and dining-room, the hall and rooms through which the tea-cart will be passed. A door-sill between the kitchen and dining-room necessitates the lifting of the tea-cart or bumping it, which may spill the cream and disturb the tray. A carpenter can remove the door-sill for you.

When the home-economics specialists planned the "Home Sweet Home" house in Washington, they made a contribution to the Better Homes movement by emphasizing the labor saved by attaching four rollers to the kitchen table and the use of a tea-wagon.

Where there are only two members of the family at home for luncheon, the wagon may be arranged immediately after breakfast, ready for service and wheeled into the dining-room. This relieves the necessity of using the table.

Many women who live alone use the tea-cart for all of their solitary meals, thus saving time and labor.

A tea-cart is a great help in serving an early dinner or supper for little children who do not come to the table. It is easy to bring the cart to the high-chair and the tray catches most of the crums which may be dropped by little fingers.

If the young people in the house plan to go to the movies or the theater, the evening is never complete without refreshments. There is nothing cozier than to come home and find the tea-wagon before the fire loaded out with sandwiches, cookies and hot chocolate. A thoughtful mother or sister takes pleasure in preparing this surprise. It eliminates a kitchen sink piled high with soiled dishes and untidy scraps when time for breakfast.

Between meals, the tea-wagon may serve as a decorative bit of furniture if one of the little Japanese gardens, found in so many florists' shops, which are so daintily complete in their gaily colored bowls, is placed upon it. This one article is easily removed at meal time, and the tea-cart then makes a most convenient service-table.

As a Christmas gift, a good serviceable tray or tea-wagon is certain to be appreciated.

HAVE YOU EVER SAT DOWN

—after a busy day's housework and wondered how many miles you'd walked?

And have you ever longed for a practical way to reduce this exhausting mileage?

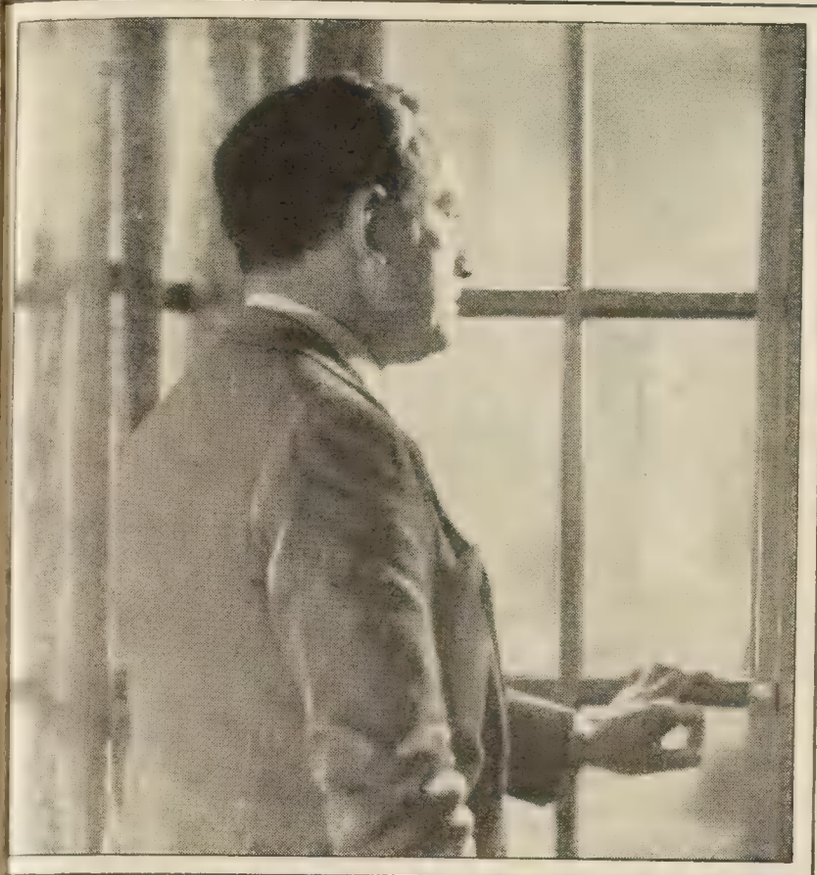
If you want a plan for shortening the lines of travel in your work, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



The tea-table is by far the most elegant and most socially minded member of the tray family



For general usefulness select a sturdy service wagon with swivel wheels and washable





(At left)

"A physical wreck—I was irritable, nervous, debilitated. I tried the rest cure, the milk diet, and nearly every curative treatment known to science, but to no avail. I was simply depleted of nervous energy. When I heard of Fleischmann's Yeast I was skeptical of the wonderful results attributed to it. In a week's time, after using the yeast, my digestion became better, my complexion brighter, and I slowly regained lost vitality. Is it any wonder that I am a convert to the curative qualities of Fleischmann's Yeast?"

(Extract from a letter of Mr. Clair C. Cook of Los Angeles, California)

(At right)

"We restaurant eaters must force greasy, quickly fried food into our stomachs in a hurry. No wonder they get sluggish and refuse to perform their duties. And our next move is 'take one of these pills each night!' Even the best stomach cannot stand such treatment. It must soon stop functioning and instead of taking nourishment and health out of our food, it becomes semi-active and just passes it on.

"On the advice of a friend I ate my first yeast cake. Now I feel like the man who puts coal on a fire. He gets heat units, while today I'm enjoying health and vigor units, and am glad to be out of the 'glass of water and pill' class."

(Mr. Thomas Leyden, of Elizabeth, N. J.)

(At left)

"I knew my headaches and unwholesome complexion were caused by constipation. To take frequent cathartics was my regular program and even by doing this I was tired and dopey. 'I like what yeast does for me' said one of my customers and asked if I had ever tried it. I acted on this suggestion and began to drink yeast in milk regularly. Soon people began to comment on how well I was looking—my husband said I grew younger—the mirror told me my complexion and eyes were clear and bright. Cathartics are now a thing of the past."

(A letter from Mrs. Mabelle Conomikes of Marathon, N. Y.)

(At right)

"'And my Fleischmann's Yeast cakes as usual.' For almost three years I have given this order to my grocer several times each week and will continue indefinitely. Three years ago as a young mother in a run-down condition, with boils rendering me almost helpless, I felt that the end of my endurance had been reached. In desperation I sent for Fleischmann's Yeast cakes. The boils began to dry up. I slept better—had a keener appetite, felt better and by Spring had regained my strength and vivacity. Now I eat Fleischmann's Yeast cakes to keep me feeling 'top notch'."

(A letter from Mrs. Helen M. Raup of Linthicum Heights, Maryland)





FOUR KINDRED ILLS - - -

Lowered Vitality - Stomach Troubles Constipation - - Skin Disorders

One simple food to banish them - -

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write for a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-12, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.





6 Minutes *from package to table*

If everyone knew how quickly a delicious breakfast can be prepared with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, pancakes would soon become the national breakfast.

First put on your griddle. While it heats, add water or milk to Pillsbury's, and you have a rich, smooth, creamy batter. Pour it on the griddle. Let the heat brown the batter into fluffy cakes and, six minutes in all, they're ready to serve.

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains only highest-grade Pillsbury-standard ingredients mixed and sifted to powder-fineness by the Pillsbury process. Light-textured and tender as they are, Pillsbury pancakes are wholesome, substantial.

Have these delicious pancakes for breakfast tomorrow!

Just a postcard request will bring "Better Pancakes and How to Make Them," a little book of helpful recipes.

Make This Test Yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand. Note the creamy-white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. Rub it with your finger—see how smooth it is—its fine, velvety texture. Now you know why Pillsbury's makes such perfect pancakes.

Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour makes equally delicious cakes with a real old-fashioned buckwheat flavor.



PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour Health Bran Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour Graham Flour Farina

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

One of the family

MENUS FOR THE NEW YEAR

By Jessie A. Boys

These menus were planned to provide correct nutritional values within the means of an average household budget. They were edited by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

MANY people like to entertain on New Year's Day, so a menu for an afternoon tea has been included for that time. The chicken-and-almond sandwiches are much more delicious if salted rather than unsalted nuts are used. Novelty is added to the refreshments if crushed rock-candy is provided for the tea instead of the usual loaf sugar.

In the supper menu a fig sundae can be substituted for the suggested dessert by serving preserved figs over either vanilla or chocolate ice-cream.

In the Sunday-supper menu the onion should be finely chopped and added to the mixture of ground cheese and mayonnaise for the sandwich filling. A faint suggestion of onion is savory and tasty, but large slices are far from appetizing.

No bread is suggested in the Saturday dinner, as the crust of the meat-pie is a baking-powder biscuit mixture and there is plenty of starchy food provided in the rest of the meal.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Apricots and Prunes
Bacon Omelet *Coffee Cake*
Marmalade
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Cheese-and-Onion Sandwiches
Shrimp-and-Celery Salad
Cocoa

DINNER

Roast Chicken *Brown Gravy*
Giblet Stuffing *Sweet Potatoes*
Creamed Celery
Jellied Cranberries *Hot Rolls*
Frozen Peaches *White Cake*
Milk *Coffee*

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Bananas
Corn Flakes with Top Milk
Ham and Eggs *Creamed Potatoes*
Hot Rolls *Cocoa*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Corn-and-Tomato Soup *Split Crackers*
Pineapple-and-Cheese Salad
Nut Bread
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Casserole of Pork Chops and Mixed Vegetables
Cabbage-and-Pickle Salad
Apple Jelly *Rice Muffins*
Peach Cobbler *Lemon Sauce*
Milk *Coffee*

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Orange-Juice
Pinhead Oats with Top Milk
Crisp Toast *Marmalade*
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Onion-and-Potato Pie
Beets with Sour Sauce
Canned Fruit *Drop Cookies*
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Swiss Steak *Brown Sauce*
Riced Potato *Brussel Sprouts or Cabbage*
Chunk Pickle *Rolls*
Apple Pie *Cheese*
Milk *Coffee*

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Creamed Codfish *Potato Cakes*
Doughnuts
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Scalloped Oysters *Celery*
Fried Potatoes *Stewed Tomatoes*
Whole-Wheat Bread
Fruit Whip *Oatmeal Wafers*
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Vegetable Soup
Stuffed Pork Tenderloins
Baked Sweet Potatoes *Spinach*
Piccalilli *Graham Bread*
Baked Rice Pudding with Cream
Milk *Coffee*

THURSDAY (New Year's Day)

BREAKFAST

Baked Apples with Jelly and Cream
Grated-Potato Pancakes
Buttered Eggs *Crisp Bacon*
Currant Jelly
Cocoa *Coffee*

AFTERNOON TEA

Chicken-and-Almond Sandwiches
Orange-Marmalade Sandwiches
Decorated Cakes *Scottish Fancies*
Turkish Delight *Salted Pecans*
Russian Tea *Reception Chocolate*

SUPPER (Special Menu if Dinner is Omitted and There are Guests)

Oysters and Mushrooms à la King on Toast
Buttered Asparagus Tips
Jellied Relish *Hot Biscuit*
Chocolate Fig Ice-Cream
Sponge Cake *Fruit Cake*
Milk *Fruit Punch* *Coffee*

NEW YEAR'S DINNER

Clam Cocktail
Celery *Olives*
Consommé
Roast Duck *Hot Orange Sauce or Apple Sauce*
Hominy-and-Horseradish Croquettes
Potatoes in Cream *Buttered Peas*
Dinner Rolls
White-Grape-and-Nut Salad *Water*
English Plum Pudding *Foamy Sauce*
Toasted Crackers *Cream Cheese*
Milk *Coffee*

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Canned Cherries
Granulated-Wheat Cereal with Top Milk
Poached Eggs on Toast
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Gingered Sweet Potatoes
Crab-Flake-and-Celery Salad
Raisin Bread *Fruit*
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Salmon Loaf *Creamed Peas* *Baked Potatoes*
Mint Jelly *Corn Bread*
Chocolate Blanc Mange with Cream
Milk *Coffee*

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Buckwheat Cakes *Sirup*
Link Sausage
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Corn Chowder *Crisp Crackers*
Graham Muffins
Jellied Fruits *Whipped Cream*
Hot Chocolate

DINNER

Meat-Pie *Parsley Potatoes*
Mashed Squash *Stewed Tomatoes*
Celery-and-Cabbage Salad
Lemon Tarts
Milk *Coffee*

Piping hot, nourishing and tasty—that's the kind of food your husband and children need this crisp cold weather. Serve them a casserole of chops and vegetables—or any of the other sturdy dishes suggested here—and see if they don't pass their plates for "seconds." If you want recipes, just write to Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped return envelope.

OUR OFFER: The handiest loose-leaf receipt book ever designed. Includes strong, flexible cover, complete set index cards, and 50 blank sheets for your favorite receipts. Size 6 x 8 inches. Lies flat, stays open. Would cost $2.00 in any retail store, but you send *actual cost to us*—only $1.00—to get one prepaid to your door. Includes many of our choicest Walnut receipts *but no advertising* in or on the book. Just enclose ■ money order, check, or $1.00 bill with your request.



Between Ordinary "Walnuts" and "Diamond" Walnuts

—note the difference this Christmas—*Try them and see*

YOU'RE going to have Walnuts for Christmas,—a good opportunity to compare ordinary "walnuts" with extra delicious "*Diamond* Walnuts."

Walnuts come from many foreign countries as well as California.

But through our great cooperative association in California, we, the growers,—4186 of us—*specialize* in their production. Climate and soil are more ideal here than anywhere else in the world. Years of *specialized* experience have taught us how to make *Walnut* trees do their best.

We grow 50,000,000 pounds a year—the finest Walnut Crop the world knows.

We take out, by our own patented suction machine, all that are even slightly underweight or withered. Then we sort them three times by hand, to get the best. In this way we discard about 5,000,000 pounds to get "Diamond" quality.

The result is far more than merely "Walnuts"—you'll note the difference in their appearance, the way they crack, the way they taste, and in their yield of better and *more* kernels per pound.

Here are clean, thin shells that crack without crushing the crisp, plump, flavory, tender kernels.

Expect differences like these when you buy Diamond Walnuts.

As the price of Diamond Walnuts is usually about the same as for other walnuts, surely it is worth while insisting that the Grocer take yours from the famous Diamond bag illustrated below.

Try it this Christmas.

MOST DIAMOND WALNUTS—about 50,000,000 pounds a year—are sold in *shells*. But you can also buy these same delicious Walnuts *shelled*—just the kernels alone. Halves for topping mixed with pieces for filler and salads *in large and small tins*. Both "Vacuum Packed" so they come to you with the incomparable DIAMOND flavor and freshness intact.



CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
Dept. B-7, Los Angeles, California
A Purely Cooperative, Non-profit Organization of 4186 Growers
Our Yearly Production 50,000,000 Pounds

DIAMOND *California's finest* WALNUTS

Crackin' Good Walnuts



Far wiser than cosmetics

is "*an Ounce of Prevention*"!

WILL YOU NEVER learn, my friends, you who seek loveliness in the rouge pot, that cosmetics are merely subterfuges employed to *hide* the ravages of neglect?

Beauty, flawless skin, flashing eyes are the normal, outward signs of inner health. Remember Nature's simplest law if you would win the "golden apple"!

Faulty elimination is the cause of more bad complexions, more sallowness of skin, more dull and listless eyes than all other causes put together.

Correct this condition! *Prevent* intestinal sluggishness! Thus you will accomplish more beauty miracles than with all the cosmetics in this country and France.

A health formula for everybody, every day

Your own doctor has told you to eat bran because he realizes that you take too little exercise and that your intestines need bulk if they are to function normally.

You tried ordinary bran, perhaps, and found it unpleasant. Now please try bran in this new delicious form:

Post's Bran Flakes are really a delightful food. You may eat them with milk or cream, every day, just as you eat Post Toasties, or Grape-Nuts. Bran in this form makes wonderfully light, fluffy muffins and good wholesome bread. It provides the intestines with needed bulk and at the same time brings to the body such vital food essentials as: phosphorus and iron, proteins and carbohydrates and the highly essential Vitamin B.

Eat Post's Bran Flakes in one form or another every day. You will be surprised how quickly they restore regular habits and how much better you look and feel.

Send for "An Ounce of Prevention," a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our booklet showing different ways of serving Bran. Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. 1-104, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum and Grape-Nuts. If you live in Canada address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, Ont.

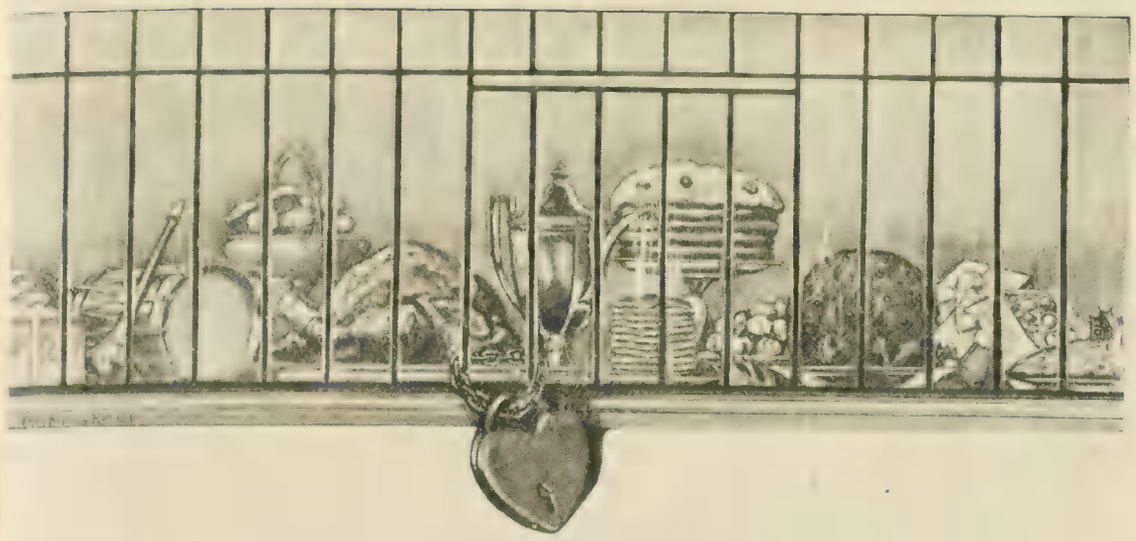
everybody
every day

eat

POST'S
BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention





KEEPING THE CHILDREN WELL AT CHRISTMAS

By Flora M. Thurston

Uncle Sam's Nutrition Specialist in the Extension Service at Cornell University

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

IN VACATION-TIME mothers can't look solemnly at the clock and say to their youngsters, "Johnnie, it's time for you to be in bed—there's school to-morrow, you know," because there isn't any school to worry about. In the morning the clock can tick past seven and then past eight while Johnnie snuggles farther under the blankets.

Even meals are different, because Christmas time brings sweetmeats and turkey dinners with plenty of nuts and plum pudding. And it takes less persuasion to get candy between meals. There are parties and sleigh-rides, teas and banquets that seriously upset the hour for bed for young and old. And with all of these festivities come elaborate meals or refreshments which are less easily digested because of their intrinsic richness.

For the oversensitive or overactive child, Christmas week, with its expectancy and exciting actuality, may prove to be too stimulating. The very thought of Christmas morning may be enough to cause restless sleep for several nights before.

OF COURSE all this may seem a happy break in the yearly routine; and in the face of any objection the average person may remark, "Oh, let the children have their fun." But to the teacher and to some mothers the undesirable results of a vacation with all rules off are but too clear.

After several months of school work children need both a rest and a change. They need a period long enough to make good any loss they may have suffered during the first lap of the school year in order to maintain a huskiness that even the dangers of the Winter season can not weaken. Too often they experience a change which may do much to clear their minds and release their spirits, but strains rather than builds up their health. In discontinuing temporarily the routine of work, they also abandon their habits of health and depart as far as possible from the schedule of the average day.

Vacation should mean recreation in its real sense—not slumping into negligence merely for the sake of novelty, but throwing oneself heartily into a daily program that provides a stimulating and wholesome change of interest. The daily routine can not be disregarded without paying the price.

THE Christmas vacation comes at a time when it is particularly important to guard the health of the family. If one were to chart the health curve of the average family or community, one would find that it begins to go down some time near the first of the year. Acute sickness, especially the dread respiratory diseases, are not as common in the Summer and Fall months as they are during the Winter. Frequently these difficulties begin in the late Fall and become more and more prevalent as the Winter advances. When Spring appears with its sunshine and fresh food, they mysteriously disappear.

Any mother who would preserve both the traditions of Christmas and the health of her family will do her utmost to make the wholesome food the most attractive. If one is resting more than usual during the vacation, the need for food is less, especially along the line of sweets and fats, which are so conspicuous in holiday fare. The necessary foods in festive attire should continue to be the mainstay of the diet. Too often the meats and desserts receive the major part of the artistic ability of the cook, while the more wholesome fruits and vegetables appear in accustomed form. Such attention is justified if the dessert takes the form of a fresh fruit or a light fruit pudding or ice. Why not steal a bit of time (and money) from the meat course for the preparation of the salad and use all one's ingenuity toward the discovery of alluring vegetable dishes?

Let the food luxuries such as nuts, pastries and bonbons assume only the rôle of high spots. Roast turkey, plum pudding and confections are not undesirable foods in themselves, but when they are all parts of the same meal it is too much to ask the average alimentary tract to digest them. By serving them only in moderate amounts and by using them as accessories rather than as main articles of diet one may make them extend over a number of meals.

Sugar candies should be used to replace part of the chocolates, and better still are the fruit confections. Only limited amounts of nuts should be used, and pastries should be reduced to a minimum. Gravies and rich sauces and highly flavored foods should become only the extras of a meal, to flavor but not to overshadow the other foods.

UNNECESSARY eating between meals should be looked upon as a dietary, and therefore a social, indiscretion, while overeating should be considered an indulgence unworthy of any member of the family. One of these temptations might be avoided if fruit, such as oranges, dates or raisins, were used to replace the usual bags of highly colored candies that one finds on Sunday-school Christmas trees.

Although not so serious as overeating, one of the greater objections to vacations is the irregularity of sleep. Since rest is one of the most important of health habits, regular rest hours should be strictly observed. It may be necessary to set a new standard for social functions to make this possible, and it is likely that the school which is most proud of its health record will be first to have for its slogan for social affairs: "Make them short, make them early."

Wise parents will enlist the interest of their children in setting standards of moderation. They will be willing to give more rather than less attention to health habits as a means of maintaining and improving the vigor of the family throughout the year. Although the children may find it difficult at first to withstand the pressure of temptation to eat irrationally and rest inadequately, they will have pride in going back to school feeling fit and with health habits that will stand the test more firmly established than ever.



Little engines that burn up energy

3 *out of* 10 *"run down" because their fuel supply is not equal to their needs*

"LITTLE *bundles of energy*"—that's the way we think of active children. As we watch them play they seem to us inexhaustible.

And yet they're not. In fact, 3 out of 10 are suffering from exhaustion. You can see them in any school—poor tired little tots; listless, underweight, because *undernourished!*

This does not mean that they do not have enough to eat. It means they do not have *the right things* to eat. Dr. W. A. Evans, nutrition authority of Chicago, states that one of the greatest causes of undernourishment is an *improper breakfast!*

A child should have a good nourishing breakfast of food known to be very rich in energy and very easy to digest. And for such food you need look no farther than good old Cream of Wheat!

In Cream of Wheat you get a vital store of energy nourishment because it is so rich in carbohydrates or energy-giving elements. And it is so easily and quickly digested! In fact, digestion of Cream of Wheat *begins in the mouth.*

It is this combination of rich energy and easy digestibility—a combination not often found in foods—that nutrition authorities specially value in Cream of Wheat.

For an energy-breakfast then—Cream of Wheat cooked with dates, prunes, raisins, or figs! It is perfectly delicious—rich, creamy with a delicately blended flavor of fruit and grain. Or you may prefer it with butter and salt. Children love it with brown sugar, syrup or fruit sauce.

Two interesting booklets for you—FREE

We have a splendid new book of helpful information on feeding children. And our recipe booklet gives 50 delightful ways to serve this fine energy food. We will gladly send both free; mail coupon.



Free! these booklets—mail coupon

The Cream of Wheat Company
Dept. 10-C, Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."

☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Delicious Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

☐ Please send me sample box of Cream of Wheat for which I enclose 5c to cover postage.

Name .....

Address .....

Cream of Wheat

The Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

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Pattern 5636—*The vague line of floating draperies is very flattering*

PARIS SAYS



The circular movement is new and smart, introduced so cleverly by godets, flares or flounces at bottom of skirt or overdress that the silhouette still remains straight . . . Straight and shorter than before, the beltless frock is stronger than ever . . . The Directoire influence shows in revers, collars, double-breasted effects . . . Tunics are being shown by all the best houses . . . Clever manipulation of fabrics, braid, buttons and scarfs are approved details.



Pattern 5608—*The Directoire revers and double-breasted effect are new*

The Winter Silhouette grows shorter and more slender in spite of Flounces and Tunics

WHILE the silhouette is of pencil slenderness the new Paris mode is for godets, circular movements, and calls for the most expert handling to avoid adding an inch of apparent width.

This beautifully modeled, new outline offers no difficulties if you follow the Deltor. First the Deltor shows you just how to cut your dress out of the least possible material—very important as circular movements can eat up material unless you have an individual cutting layout for your size and view and your width material—which other patterns fail to give you.

Then the Deltor shows you exactly how to put your dress together, circular movement and all, just as Paris would. Finally, the Deltor shows you in detail how to give the dress its real French finish. With every Butterick Pattern the Deltor is furnished free by Butterick of New York, of Paris, of London.



Pattern 5616—*A frock adopts the Parisian way of attaching its scarf*

Pattern 5644—*The tunic is a typical feature of the Fall mode*

Pattern 5604—*The band trimming and long sleeve are interesting points of this frock*

Pattern 5606—*Tunic, buttons, and scarf express three very smart Winter fashions*

Pattern 5600—*Bands beneath a blouse fall in drapery at the side*

Pattern 5622—*The narrow silhouette is challenged by the circular skirt*

Pattern 5626—*The tailor influence brings the redingote with stand-up Chinese collar*

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives



If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

Save oven heat by toasting croutons in a corn-popper

SAVE HEATING THE OVEN

Croutons can be made very easily in a corn-popper. Cut the bread into pieces the desired size, place them in the popper, and shake it very carefully over the coal-stove fire or the gas-burner. The corn-popper may be used also for broiling meats and fish over the open fire when camping. Sometimes it is a convenient utensil for holding fresh fruits, dried fruits, beans or rice when rinsing them.—M. C. C., Kelso, Wash.

SAVE WALLS FROM DUST STREAKS

The line at the bottom of a picture, formed by the accumulation of dust, may be prevented by gluing a thin piece of cork on the back of the picture in the two lower corners. These keep the picture from the wall and enable the dust in the air to circulate rather than accumulate.—MRS. J. L. B., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

SAVE THE CHILDREN DIFFICULTY IN DRESSING

The children can easily pull their stockings on over the legs of their union suits if a piece of tape is sewed on the end of each leg of a union suit so that the tape fits underneath the foot. This is a great help to the mother who has several children whom she must help to dress.—MRS. C. F. B., Stephenson, Miss.

SAVE THE LIFE OF FLOWERS

A florist recently taught me a clever secret for prolonging the beauty of cut hot-house flowers, especially roses. When the flowers have reached their prime, at the first sign of fading drop an aspirin tablet into the water. The flowers will revive as if by magic and remain fresh and beautiful for several days longer.—C. L. M., Newark, Ohio.

SAVE TROUBLE IN SORTING CRANBERRIES

Cranberries may be sorted easily by pouring them in a thin layer on a tray or platter and then tilting the platter. The sound berries will roll off easily while the soft or partially spoiled berries tend to stay in place on the platter.—MRS. L. J. McE., Clyde Park, Mont.

SAVE BREAKING NUT-MEATS

Brazil nuts may be removed from their shells without breaking the nut-meat if they are first placed in a moderate oven until warm. If the shells are then cracked, the nuts will come out whole and the skins can be loosened easily.—MRS. E. G. U., Ainsworth, Neb.

SAVE ON WATER-BOTTLES

When rubber hot-water bottles begin to leak, their usefulness can be prolonged in many cases by mending them in exactly the same manner that a patch is vulcanized on a tire-tube. Nearly every home garage is equipped with a vulcanizer, and it is the work of only a few minutes to reclaim a hot-water bottle that has been accidentally punctured or that has given out at the seams.—MRS. H. P. VAN H., Canon City, Colo.

SAVE DIFFICULTY IN SEPARATING SLICED BACON

To separate very thinly sliced bacon without mutiliating it in the least, place the package in the oven, but do not leave it long enough for the fat to melt. The slices may be separated very easily even in cold weather if this plan is used.—MRS. E. K., New Brighton, N. Y.

SAVE ON SLIPPERS

When wearing galoshes over light-colored slippers of satin or suède, I slip the feet of an old pair of stockings over the slippers and thus prevent the slippers from becoming soiled by the galoshes.—MRS. H. E. G., Rockford, Ill.

SAVE STOCKINGS AT THE KNEE

When children's stockings become worn at the knees, reinforce the weak spots by darning them. Then cut the stockings off at the ankle, turn the leg back side front and sew on the foot again. This gives a new surface at the knee and lengthens the life of the stocking.—W. E., Ithaca, N. Y.

SAVE BOOKS AND PAPERS FROM MICE

If moth-balls are scattered through boxes of books and papers, mice will not touch them. When books and magazines are stored away in Summer camps or in the attic, it is a comfort to know that they are safeguarded from the havoc that mice can create.—MRS. M. L. S., Farnam, Neb.

SAVE A POSSIBLE FLOOD

The woman of the house should know the location of the shut-off of the water pipes. A friend of mine had a disastrous experience because she had no idea where to shut off the water leading to the bathroom. The pipe burst while the men of the family were away, and before the plumber could reach the house, the ceiling of the room below was soaked with water and the plaster had loosened and fallen. The expense of replastering and a great deal of inconvenience might have been avoided had she known how to shut off the water.—M. R., Traverse City, Mich.

WEAR! WEAR! WEAR!

That's what Kayser hosiery does



Every desirable color



Every new feature

***Marvel-Stripe** stops laddering*

And then, also, those with sandal feet and low spliced heel

***Slipper Heel** slenderizes ankles*



Every wanted style

$1.50 per pair and up

Kayser

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FULL-FASHIONED THREAD SILK HOSIERY

HOSIERY — UNDERWEAR — GLOVES



If Teeth Grow Dingy

Combat the film

That's how millions gain new beauty

YOU see glistening teeth now wherever you look—teeth you envy, maybe. They come from combating the dingy film.

This offers you the method which millions now employ. A ten-day test is free. Try it and see the changes that occur. You will be surprised and delighted

That cloud is film

Film is what clouds the teeth's luster. At first it is viscous—you can feel it now. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it, so much of it clings and stays.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That is how teeth lose their beauty.

Film also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

All who leave those film-coats may suffer some of these effects.

Now easy to combat

Dental research has now found two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many careful tests have proved that these methods bring long-desired results. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists everywhere began to urge its use. Now careful people of some 50 nations enjoy the benefits it brings.

Old ways wrong

Research has also proved that old methods bring unfortunate effects. They reduce the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. They reduce the starch digestant in saliva, which is there to digest starch deposits.

Pepsodent brings opposite effects. It multiplies the alkalinity, multiplies the starch digestant. Thus it gives multiplied power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

These things mean new beauty, new cleanliness, new safety. You will never go without these results when you know them. Let this test prove them to you.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

1589

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 395, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

Results are quick

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

A few days will show you the priceless benefits it brings.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

FESTIVE PAPER DECORATIONS

For Christmas and New Year's time

What a surprise for the holiday festivities are these gay paper decorations! It's loads of fun to make them; and if you live where greens are expensive or hard to get, you'll find them invaluable. Mrs. Sanders will gladly send you the directions. Write to her, care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope



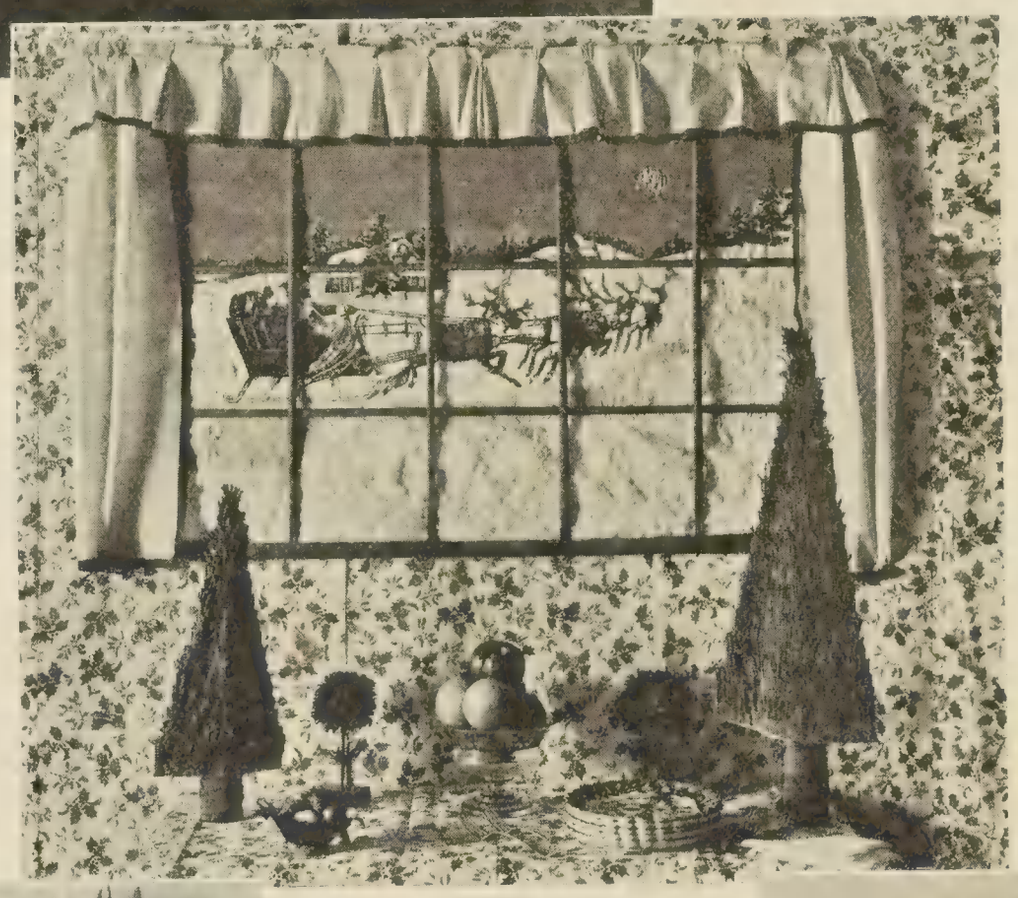
This mammoth poinsettia makes a very effective centerpiece for the Christmas-dinner table. Leafy baskets and sturdy little green trees mounted on red boxes which can hold nuts add a holiday decoration to each guest's place



The vivid reds and deep greens of these chrysanthemums contrast delightfully. An artistic spray placed in a tall basket or a low bowl will give a bewitching note of color to a somber corner



Bright red berries gleam among the green foliage of this festive ball which forms the centerpiece of the table. Place-cards are attached to the individual favors, which are decorated with holly and tinsel



This Christmassy window design—all of paper—forms a gay background for the buffet-supper table. And who would suspect that the two sentinel pines which guard the fruit-dish are bottles cleverly covered?





Paper hats are a delightful and amusing addition to the festivities at Christmas time. Make them with dignified plumes for the grown-ups, and for the younger generation decorate them with saucy pompons

ASK US

Ask us anything you want to know about housekeeping and we will answer it personally. From our recent correspondence we publish the following questions and answers as being of general interest to all home-makers

QUESTION—I am having my kitchen floor covered with linoleum. What is the best way to put it down?

Answer—After it has been measured and cut to fit the floor, it should lie loose on the floor for two or more weeks. If it is fastened to the floor as soon as it is laid down, it soon begins to buckle. After it has stretched, seal the whole linoleum to the floor, as this prevents water from running under and rotting the linoleum and then wax.

Question—What are scones? Will you please give me a recipe for them?

Answer—Scones are really baking-powder biscuits modified by adding more shortening or egg. The following recipe makes delicious scones:

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder (level)
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
⅓ to ½ cup milk
1 egg
4 tablespoons fat (level)

Mix and sift together the flour, baking-powder, sugar and salt.

Chop the fat into the flour mixture or work it in with the tips of the fingers, keeping some flour between the fingers and the fat.

Beat the egg and add it to the milk.

Fold the liquid into the flour mixture, using enough to make a medium-soft dough.

Put the dough on a floured board and pat it lightly or roll it out until it is about one-half inch in thickness. Cut it into diamond shapes with a floured knife and put in greased pans.

Brush each shape with egg mixed with water in the proportion of one tablespoon of water to one egg.

Bake in a hot oven (450 to 460 degrees Fahrenheit) for twelve to fifteen minutes.

Question—My feather pillows are very much soiled. How can I wash them?

Answer—The feathers may be washed in the ticking if the ticking is not too soiled. If the ticking is very much soiled, make as many cheese-cloth bags as the number of pillows you wish to wash at a time. The bags should be slightly longer than the ticking cases and one end should remain unsewed. Run a heavy, firm basting-thread across the ticking one inch from the end which is to be ripped open; then rip open this end of the ticking. Sew together with a long stitch and a firm thread the open end of the cheese-cloth bag and the loosened end of the ticking. Remove the basting-thread from the ticking and shake the feathers from the ticking into the cheese-cloth bag. Baste together the edges of the open end of the cheese-cloth bag and then rip the two bags loose from each other.

Wash the ticking thoroughly inside and out. Rinse in warm water, wring, stretch thoroughly and hang to dry in the sun. Put the cheese-cloth bags containing the feathers into lukewarm water containing one tablespoon of borax to each gallon of water. Souse them up and down in the water until the feathers seem free from all dirt. Do not rub them, as it breaks the feathers. Rinse and hang to dry in the sun. A windy day is best for washing pillows, as it aids greatly to liven them. When they are dry, transfer them back to the ticking, using the same method described for getting them into the cheese-cloth bag and being sure to close the ticking before separating the two bags.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—In its Happy Child Department, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the medical advice of nationally known baby and child specialists.

The following pamphlets, which are reprints of articles that have appeared in THE DELINEATOR, may be had for ten cents each: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood" (four separate booklets), by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas; "The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart; "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park), Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt) and Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)," and "Play, Eyes and Movies," by Dr. Ward A. Holden and Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw. There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Housekeeping—The Home-Economics Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—Ask us about any dinner, dance, shower or entertainment that you may be planning. We have two new parties, "A Cubist Christmas Tree" and "An Up-to-Date Reception Up to Date," a party for the New Year. We also have some new suggestions for Mah Jong parties. Two cents will cover return postage.

The most important New Year's Resolution you can make

A CREED OF HEALTH FOR EVERY MAN AND WOMAN

I want to be well---By "well" I mean positively, buoyantly well. I am not satisfied merely to be "not sick"---I believe that being completely well is the condition most fundamental to happiness and success---I realize that I cannot get something for nothing. I realize that to achieve buoyant health, I must regulate my life in accordance with certain natural laws---But I am convinced that nothing which I must deny myself is worth a fraction of that which I will gain---Therefore during this coming year I shall as far as possible live the natural life which makes for health.

THIS is the personal platform of those who would make 1925 an outstanding year. It will mean new energy, new optimism, a firmer grip on life for every one who adopts it and practices it. And it is not a difficult program.

Health is natural. Sickness is man-made. In the midst of all our achievements we would do well to remember with shame that we have so largely disregarded the laws of nature as they apply to our own bodies.

We neglect exercise. We try to see how little sleep will suffice us. We deny ourselves fresh air. We eat the wrong things. And worst of all, we unthinkingly load our systems with drug stimulants which contribute nothing of real value, but which slowly and surely rob the body of its reserve strength.

Perhaps the most widespread offender among these artificial stimulants is caffein. It has absolutely no food value. It seems to give new energy, but actually it lashes the tired nerves to action when they really need rest and nourishment.

For the last twenty-six years, the Postum Cereal Company has been preaching right living. This is not a campaign to sell merely a product. It is a campaign to sell health! Postum is not a cure-all. Of course, it is not a substitute for exercise, fresh air, or sleep. It is simply a delicious drink, made of roasted whole wheat and bran, intended to take its place on the tables of those who wish to be wholly well. By drinking Postum, and leaving off caffein, millions of people have eliminated one of the causes of nervousness, headaches, indigestion and sleeplessness. They have taken one big step toward enriching their lives with health.

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Carrie Blanchard's Offer! "I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you a week's supply, and my own directions for making it.

"You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less per cup.

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5537	35	5600	45	5661	35	5722	35	5783	45
5538	45	5601	25	5662	45	5723	45	5784	45
5539	30	5602	35	5663	35	5724	35	5785	40
5540	50	5603	30	5664	45	5725	40	5786	45
5541	30	5604	45	5665	35	5726	35		
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5543	30	5606	45	5667	35	5728	35		
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5545	35	5608	45	5669	35	5730	30		
5546	45	5609	35	5670	45	5731	45		
5547	30	5610	45	5671	35	5732	40		
5548	50	5611	30	5672	45	5733	45		
5549	25	5612	45	5673	35	5734	35		
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5553	35	5616	50	5677	35	5738	35		
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5556	45	5618	45	5679	35	5740	35		
5557	25	5619	30	5680	50	5741	50		
5558	45	5620	45	5681	35	5742	35		
5559	45	5621	45	5682	45	5743	45		
5560	45	5622	45	5683	25	5744	25		
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5567	35	5629	35	5690	45	5751	35		
5568	50	5630	45	5691	30	5752	35		
5569	45	5631	35	5692	45	5753	35		
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5576	50	5638	35	5699	35	5760	30		
5577	45	5639	35	5700	45	5761	45		
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GOOD HOMES—THE RIGHT OF ALL CITIZENS

Continued from page 15

stories than the development of the concerted effort to raise the standard of the nation's homes known as Better Homes in America. It is a story which proves the swift power of a great idea, the potency of home love, the general hunger for home betterment, the first place that home takes with every one from the leaders of our nation to its humblest citizens.

The great idea of the movement came to Mrs. William Brown Meloney, editor of THE DELINEATOR. One sentence, spoken by the late President Harding in a speech at Marion, Ohio, in 1921, proved a spark which fired her mind with the plan for home betterment which has since swept through the United States. She immediately asked the President's endorsement of an organization the objective of which was to be better homes all through the country. This was enthusiastically given. The Better Homes in America movement was formally initiated the following year by Mrs. Meloney and an advisory council of which Calvin Coolidge was honorary head and Herbert Hoover chairman. The tremendous public response to the first national campaign for better homes by means of home demonstrations in October, 1922, proved that the people of the country were ready for just such a movement. During the following year the organization spread with a rapidity that would have been impossible if it had put forth a less universal appeal. Nearly a thousand communities held the second Better Homes demonstrations in June, 1923.

By this time the Better Homes in America movement had definitely taken its place as a national educational force of the first importance. It therefore seemed best to Mrs. Meloney and the advisory council that it should be reorganized on a broader scale. Accordingly, early in 1924, Better Homes in America was incorporated as a national educational organization on a permanent basis, with Herbert Hoover as president, Dr. James Ford as executive director, and President Coolidge as chairman of an advisory council made up of Government officials and representatives of the most important national organizations of women's clubs, welfare and health organizations, and farm and home bureaus of the United States.

SO MUCH for history. Now for history's offspring, the 1924 campaign for better homes. It is doubtful whether any previous community movement in the United States ever so stirred the imaginations and the hearts of the citizens—and not only their imaginations and their hearts, but their energies and their ambitions as well—as did this 1924 campaign for better homes.

"An infinite improvement and an infinite promise!" Donn Barber characterizes the 1924 campaign for better homes, and Mr. Hoover outlines some of its achievements in detail in the following statement to THE DELINEATOR:

"The Better Homes movement, so finely fostered with such vision by Mrs. William Brown Meloney in its first years, has now finished the first campaign since its reorganization on a broader foundation.

"There are four outstanding achievements of this year's campaign. It reached several hundred new communities, more than a thousand cities, towns and villages having participated. It included much more of the rural population than has been reached in preceding years. The quality of the demonstrations has continued to develop. In general, attention has been concentrated upon the problem of providing convenient and beautiful homes for families of restricted incomes. Good homes should be organized not merely as the privilege of the well-to-do, but also as the right of all citizens. They can be made accessible to all, not by legal enactment, but by intelligent concerted activity of local citizens. The Better Homes campaign has given impetus and direction to the activity of tens of thousands of community leaders to solve this urgent problem in their own city, town or village. These citizens have already made a significant contribution which gives promise of profound influence upon the standards of American home life."

The best story of the 1924 campaign is the one told by the demonstration homes themselves, for homes are the hieroglyphics in which nations write their deepest and most intimate history. To that history the 1924 campaign of Better Homes in America contributed an important chapter, a chapter full of vivid and compelling pages.

Naturally, the first place of all in this inspiring record belongs to Kalamazoo, Michigan, winner of the first prize in the 1924 campaign of Better Homes in America.

"We will build a home for average Americans," the Better Homes Committee of Kalamazoo decided. "A home for a family with very little money to spend and all their own work to do. A little home."

"But the biggest little home in Kalamazoo!" declared the chairman, Caroline Bartlett Crane.

So, with the cooperation of representative citizens and coming citizens, all the way from the mayor to the first-graders—and all the other students—in the schools, "the biggest little home in Kalamazoo"—a five-room cottage costing $7,128.21—was planned after a rough sketch drawn by Mrs. Crane, financed by the creditors who advanced labor and materials on the deferred payment plan, built, furnished, equipped, and thrown open to the public during Better Homes Week. It was the most livable home of all the hundreds demonstrated in the 1924 campaign for a family of limited income in which the mother does all the work. It did not waste an inch of space anywhere, from the basement, with its laundry-tubs and water-softener and instantaneous heater, to its trunk and linen rooms under the attic eaves. It is to be described in detail in a later article.

THIS year, as before, Atlanta, Georgia achieved notable results in its effort for home-betterment, winning second prize in the national contest with its demonstration of three bungalows ranging in value from thirteen thousand five hundred dollars to three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and planned for families of proportionately varying incomes. The third one was a negro home built by a colored development company (within a block of the new high school for colored students) and furnished almost entirely from negro stores.

All three of the bungalows in Atlanta were ready to be lived in by imaginary families of five members, complete to the very vegetables in the garden, the food in the larder, the wardrobes in the closets, and the layette in the nursery, made by girls in the local schools.

"Greenville, South Carolina, has the best secret in the nation!" its citizens are accustomed to boast.

The mystery they mean is their Better Home, the location of which was kept a sealed book again this year right up to the opening day of Better Homes Week. The boast is justifiable, for the secret, when revealed at last, was so good that their Better Homes demonstration, held under the auspices of the Woman's Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce, with Mrs. H. McBurney as chairman, won third prize in the 1924 campaign.

THE almost uniform excellence of several of the home demonstrations in the 1924 campaign exacted considerable deliberation from the busy and distinguished members of the Advisory Council of Better Homes in America who acted as judges. At length the problem of the fourth prize was solved by awarding it to four communities—New Rochelle, New York; West Palm Beach, Florida; Fairmont, West Virginia, and Lockport, New York.

New Rochelle, the first mentioned of the fourth-prize winners, entered the campaign on a really heroic scale. Under the chairmanship of Mrs. Charles Gregory, it not only contributed four "better homes" for families of varying income, with careful worked-out budgets for each, but also an architectural exhibit in the public library with a specialist on hand to help solve problems of home construction, a home-health exhibit, conducted in a store in the down-town section, and a home-ownership campaign. The House Practical, a six-room eight-thousand-dollar home designed to meet the needs of preferably a newly married cou-

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with an annual income of about two thousand four hundred dollars, was visited by scores of brides in the present and future tense.

The second listed of the fourth-prize winners, West Palm Beach, Florida, was a young America project, first and last. Two Better Homes—both entirely deserving the adjective—were demonstrated, the first an unusually attractive stucco house, built for eight thousand five hundred dollars, to be sold at a profit in order to help finance local directors for the Girl Scouts, and the other a livable three-room negro cottage, the house borrowed from the railroad company for the week and the furniture loaned by the County Industrial School.

Fairmont, West Virginia, another fourth-prize winner under the leadership of Mrs. A. J. Beck, asks THE DELINEATOR to announce to the nation that already seven highly important results of their campaign have proved to every citizen that a Better Homes demonstration is distinctly worth while:

The sum of one million five hundred thousand dollars has been raised for a building and loan association; a new building code has been compiled by the chamber of commerce and accepted by the city commissioners in cooperation with the Better Homes Committee and funds provided; a city-planning commission has been established and funds provided; better fire protection in future has been agreed upon; a new city incinerator to further safeguard the health of Fairmont's homes has been decided upon, and the city has determined to enhance the value and beauty of its homes by improving the appearance of its highways and its approaches.

All these improvements, Fairmont says, grew out of the exhibition of two demonstration homes, one a modest but well-built house in the better part of town, the other a cottage in the miners' section, a plain and ugly three-room house, desperately in need of repair, as poor a home as can well be imagined. The expenditure of fifteen dollars for paint, paper, window-lights, cretonne, porch and window boxes, and the cooperative hard work of all Fairmont accomplished the complete regeneration of this little home, which, when thrown open to the public, represented as startling a transformation in a home as was to be seen anywhere in the nation.

Lockport, New York, last of the fourth-prize winners, held so successful a demonstration, with Miss Rosamond Wendall as chairman, that the realtors of the city have already announced that they are willing to build a Better Home next year in the working-men's section. This year's demonstration was a six-room house, valued at six thousand dollars and admirably furnished on a one-thousand-two-hundred-dollar budget. A carefully worked-out budget of living expenses proved as helpful as the house itself.

SO MUCH for the prize-winners. We come now to the Better Homes which received honorable mention in the 1924 campaign, any one of them worth a story all to itself for its splendid services to its community. Unfortunately it is impossible to do more than mention the outstanding quality of each.

Proof of what home betterment can do was taught by comparison in the Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, campaign, under the chairmanship of Herbert E. Atkins. Two houses stood side by side, one ugly, inconvenient, entirely unimproved, the other made over into a Better Home. And no citizen of Wilkesbarre, however unobservant, could miss the point of those two houses, side by side, but with all the distance of the poles between them in comfort and beauty.

The demonstration included an intensive campaign to induce the young people of the community to join a building and loan association, in order to be able to build a home when they should desire one.

Economy, comfort, beauty were the outstanding features of the Cleburne, Texas, Better Home demonstration, where a pretty bungalow, attractively furnished, complete even to the electric washing-machine and vacuum cleaner, water-heater, phonograph, porch furniture, and with the family car in the garage, cost only six thousand dollars. The whole country owes its thanks to Mrs. F. R. Pettengell, the chairman, and her committee for proving that a large amount of money is not an essential for a satisfying home.

Efficiency in home-making was the chief characteristic of two Better Homes demonstrations many miles apart—in Newport News, Virginia, and in Albert Lea, Minnesota. Another point shared by these two demonstrations was the notable cooperation of the community in each instance.

Newport News, with Mrs. Fenno Heath as chairman, showed two remodeled houses, each perfectly furnished and equipped with a garden for the family with a moderate income. Albert Lea, under the chairmanship of Mrs. John P. Meighen, exhibited a small fire-proof house of excellent construction, tastefully furnished and complete even to a group of incubator chickens and their foster mother in the back yard.

Thoroughness was the key-note of the Better Home demonstration in Sacramento, California. The city entered the 1924 demonstration whole-heartedly with four Better Homes, exhibited under the auspices of the Woman's Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce, with Miss Geneva Watson as chairman. Two of the houses were built by furniture dealers and two by contractors. Their cost was respectively six thousand dollars, six thousand five hundred dollars, nine thousand dollars and nine thousand five hundred dollars.

Cooperation in city and rural sections alike was emphasized in the Better Homes demonstration in Spartanburg, South Carolina, where Mrs. R. B. Beal served as chairman. A county day for the rural population and a model-kitchen contest for the entire county made the demonstration of especial value to farm families.

Economy and quality were the outstanding characteristics of the Logansport, Indiana, Better Home, one of the fifty in the 1924 campaign built for less than five thousand dollars. This delightfully homey four-room bungalow was built under the chairmanship of Mrs. D. C. Arthur.

FROM every part of the country tributes to the 1924 campaign have poured into the headquarters of Better Homes in America.

One of the finest tributes of all came from a humble source. An Italian woman, whose husband had made a considerable amount of money in the United States, but who had never been able to learn how to spend it with any satisfaction to the family, brought her three children—a boy of twelve, and two girls of ten and eight, all scrubbed until they shone, to the Better Home in a certain community. In the living-room she delightedly pointed out the fireplace.

"That's the fire, to sit around and talk all together, not stand around the sidewalks," she earnestly told her children. "And that fine piano's to make music for your minds!"

In the kitchen she waved her hands and cried: "All while no grease! No smells! We must learn to live like that!" And in the bedrooms she observed: "In rooms like this, clean minds. And this for clean bodies," she added, as the quartette moved on to the bathroom.

As she turned to go from the Better Home, she said, with tears in her eyes, to her children:

"Here's the place where they learn you how to live! This is what America means!"



WHY I AM NOT A GOOD MOTHER

Continued from page 9

She had hours to herself and thoughts to herself and activities to herself. There was a part of her life in which she assumed the supreme command, and she grew into a dignity worthy of that honor. Her personality never became twisted and cramped by secretiveness through fear that her privacy would be spied upon. Her privacy had been granted her; she did not have to steal it. She assumed other rightful and decent privileges for herself with the same confidence that she assumed her liberty in her own room. She knew that her diaries and her letters and her first literary efforts, for which she felt a very becoming shame, would not be read without her permission. She did not hide things. The girl who does not hide things is either brazen or free—and there is a whole world of difference between the two.

I DO not mean to imply that two hours alone every day will straighten out the kinks in a fractious child. They didn't in mine. They helped, but they didn't perform the whole work. Other measures had to be resorted to upon occasion. Times came when punishment had to be dealt out. But I think I can honestly say that it was always decently and fairly administered. No advantage was ever taken of her; no play upon her emotions was used to bring her into ignorant and hopeless obedience. This may sound cryptic, but it refers to that terrible and well-meaning crime which some mothers perpetrate when, abandoning spanking and its equivalents as barbaric and obsolete, they dominate a sensitive and loving child by convincing him that his naughtiness hurts them more than it does him. There is no limit to the malevolent brood that may fly out when that Pandora's box of power is opened.

To begin with, the statement is a lie. A child's mistakes are either too negligible to hurt anybody very much or they react upon him personally, exactly as effect upon cause throughout the rest of creation. To point out and make it stick with Willy that since he smashed Mrs. Jones's window with a rock the money to buy the ball he wanted must be spent for repairs sounds a note which reverberates through his small being with the detonation of a cosmic truth. But for his mother to lose sight of the real consequence of his act and substitute a false one by presenting to him the spectacle of herself bowed under the tragedy of his depravity is either to stimulate his self-preservative secretions until they incase him in a shell of heartlessness or to bind him with the first shackles of a lifelong servitude.

Vicarious atonement should be left to Deity. God is the only mind vast enough and unselfish enough to encompass the horrors that wait upon it and to nullify them. No mother has the right to assume even the appearance of the punishment which justly belongs to her child. It is dangerous, both to the child and to the parent. It gives the mother the first taste of a power so absolute in the case of a tender child that her craving for it is apt to grow from the very submission it feeds upon. It unbalances the universe for the child and makes him fear, not the immutable laws of right and wrong, but the tears of her to whom he is bound by the most sensitive cord in the whole social organization. He casts himself perpetually before the altar of her changing moods and worships.

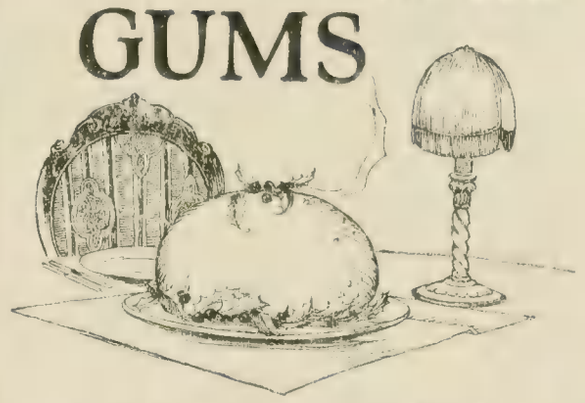
I NEVER recovered from my mother's first emotional intoxication. From then on my father meant less and less in the domestic scheme, and her grudge against him grew into a sweeping sex antagonism. From then on I meant more and more to her. My importance to her assumed proportions too great for any child. Her life had been spoiled; my father himself had said it, and she constantly piled up evidence in proof of his statement. Her only hope for happiness now lay in expressing herself through me. I became the key-note of her life, and if I "flatted" or "sharped," the whole domestic symphony crashed and shrieked in frightful dissonance.

It was not only my own life that I led—it was hers as well. I had to keep her happy. I had to think and plan and contrive against the hysterics which speedily became a habit. Right and wrong had no characteristics of their own to me. Right came to mean something which pleased my mother. Wrong assumed the hydra-headed shape of the innumerable things over which she brooded or wept. There was never any dispassionate talk of principle between us, any discussion of facts to set me back hard upon my own obligation to myself. It was always obligation to her, and that obligation was there, plain to see. She baked and washed and sewed and slaved for me. She had eliminated everything else in life but me. She could not give up her labor nor her concentration on me if she wanted to, because there was nothing to take its place if she did. She had bought me with a price which only my immolat on on her altar could pay.

But nature would not let a healthy child

Concluded on page 54

SOFT FOODS cause tender GUMS



tender gums bring trouble to teeth

ROUGH, COARSE FOOD once gave to the gums a healthy stimulation, but modern food, soft and creamy, gives little or no exercise, and gums today are growing soft and flabby.

They are unable to cushion and nourish the teeth correctly, and in consequence teeth today are less healthy—more subject to decay, to pyorrhea and to other infections.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Ask any dentist. He will tell you how tooth troubles due to soft gums are on the increase. Probably he will also tell you that Ipana is the great enemy of the "pink tooth-brush" and how he prescribes its use to keep the gums healthy and firm.

In stubborn cases of soft and spongy gums, he may also advise a gum massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

Send for a Trial Tube

Ipana not only takes care of your gums, but cleans the teeth perfectly. And its taste, as you will find if you send for a trial tube, is unforgetably good.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



A trial tube, enough to last for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without obligation on my part.

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Address .....

City ..... *State* .....



Not Just Playing—Growing

THEY think it's play when they go romping out in the snow—sliding down hill and trudging up again. But it's really the way that Nature makes them work to *grow*. Sturdy little bodies are built by fresh air, exercise, rest and nourishing food.

See that your children have plenty of strength-giving, energy-making foods in their diet.

Best Foods

Nucoa

The Wholesome Spread for Bread

furnishes more than twice the quantity of strength and energy which the same amount of sugar or starchy foods produce.

You know how nourishing cocoanuts are. Many people in southern countries live almost entirely upon them. It is principally from rich, ripe cocoanuts that Nucoa is made. The fat is pressed from the delicate, snow-white meat and blended with pasteurized milk. Nucoa, a table delicacy of exquisite flavor and rich nutriment, contains the Vitamins essential to growth and health.

Use Nucoa on your table and lavishly in your cooking. You can afford to—it costs so much less.

Finest Table Quality about half the price-



THE BEST FOODS, Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco



WHY I AM NOT A GOOD MOTHER

Concluded from page 53

sacrifice herself completely. My desires flickered away from my mother, and to cover that fact and the means I took to gratify my desires I told lies by twos and threes and fours. As I said before, the real issue of lying had been lost during that first emotional frenzy. I grew so clever at deceit that my mother really thought she was filling my life as I filled hers.

At first such crums of time and attention as were left over from me my mother let fall to my father. Gradually these diminished. A kind of chivalry in me silently took his part. Since championing him would have displeased my mother, it must be wrong, and the easy, open, give-and-take love a free child would have accorded him became in me a suppressed and desperate passion. When my mother did not know it, I crept up to the lonely room which had become his haven from household storms and dusted the books that he had gathered there for comfort. I do not know why I was so desolated by that lonely room. Such propaganda as my mother threw out when she could force herself to even approach the subject of human relationship was to the effect that lonely childless rooms were the one clean weapon against a hideous institution. Now I know that nature cried in me for her perversion and misunderstanding. At any rate, there I would go and weep on my father's pillow, and one day my mother found me.

When the ensuing whirlwind had subsided, she spoke in the still small voice of one who is forced to tell something they had hoped never to tell. She repeated the accusations my father had made against himself long before. He was a failure. She said it as though to fail was a crime. Feeling the wind in her emotional sails again, she went further. Everything I had, she said, came from her and not from him, since the little money for raw materials was as nothing compared to the labor that turned out the finished product. She hinted at some delicate process which had brought me forth, immaculate and all hers. I think to this day she believed that. I owed my father no loyalty, and it was disloyalty to her to give it to him. Anyway, he no longer loved her. After her life had been sacrificed to his insufficiency, he was unappreciative. Didn't he withdraw more and more from the living-room of evenings? Did he ever ask her to go out to a theater or a concert or a lecture any more? Not that she would go—she despised the dull, plodding things that he went to—but he owed it to her to ask her to places at least. Last Christmas he had given her a pair of shoes for a present, the sort of gift one would give a servant! Men were like that.

MEN! There had never been any discussion of sex between us, but now we skirted the subject, widely and insidiously. Love had long been a subject for jeers and bitter tirades, and therefore it must be wrong, wrong with an ugliness exceeding any other wrong, since we could discuss quite calmly such deeds as murder and arson. Now, up there in my father's room, my mother and I came as near to a talk about marriage and the relationship between man and woman as we ever came in our lives. And I writhed in an agony of shame both for the things she said and the things she left unsaid.

In the end she broke down and had to go to bed. My father and I had dinner alone that night. We cooked it together, tiptoeing in and out of the kitchen. He made a terrible milky pudding which seemed at the time the most heavenly food I had ever tasted. I made him some toast, because he was fond of toast. Sitting there beside him, the shame under which I had burned all day was suddenly gone. The awful things my mother had tried to explain lost their substance. There seemed to be nothing to explain. Everything was all right. I reached out along the table and my father took my hand. A little spring of peace welled up in the hectic area of my life.

But it didn't bubble long. Finding me in my father's room was a goad to my mother. She began to quarrel openly with him, and he, having some spirit, fought back. Times too numerous to mention I listened to disputes and waited for their inevitable consequence, hysterics on the part of my mother, withdrawal to his room on the part of my father. Loving them both, suffering for them both, I lived in the spiritual No Man's Land between them and bled from the munitions launched by both sides. I can remember now the suspended heart-beat with which, in stolen moments of play, I would realize that my father was home and a quarrel in progress and I not between the combatants to absorb the shock. I can see myself sitting down to meals and frantically searching my immature mind for safe topics of conversation, talking, laughing, talking against the explosive silence.

THROUGH all the years that I was growing up my mother almost literally worked her fingers to the bone for me. She made my clothes, and they were lovely ones. She laundered, first my aprons, later my shirt-waists and white duck skirts, as beautifully as the finest French laundress could have done them. When I at last needed an evening frock for a high-school dance, she gave up her one silk dress to go under the chiffon. In those days society still endured recitations with Delsarte accompaniments. By practising rigid household economy, she eked out enough for me to have lessons in the unpleasant art. She paid for a piano on the instalment plan and gave dinners to a little music-teacher in return for my instruction. She taught me to run a house as thriftily as she ran one. She decided that I must see something beyond the town where I was raised, and forced my father to find a way to finance a trip to a large city for us. When other girls gave parties and had their names in the paper, she grew jealous for me and baked super cakes and ground out celestial ice-cream for whom I would invite.

My recitations were liked by older people, who waxed sentimental because I delivered them with my eyes upon my mother. It was their ideal of the utmost in filial piety. My piano-playing was condemned by all, and justly so. I didn't mind that. It let me off from playing for people. But black tragedy stalked onto the scene of my parties. Determined still to be eye to eye and heart to heart with me, my mother committed the ultimate indiscretion in the judgment of the youth which came to eat her cake and consume her ice-cream. She flung herself wholeheartedly into the fun and had a better time than anybody at the gatherings. Girls snickered at this and boys became mad. Such decency as I had rose up to guardian her. I told her I didn't like "kids," that she was all I wanted. There was never any attempt at an honest analysis of the situation. We simply stopped giving parties.

But we did try to go out a little. In that small town with its informality and unpretentious society my mother adopted the platform that no young man need think for a minute he could take her daughter out unchaperoned. She would go along. I feel sure now that her ultimatum was the spontaneous combustion of her long-suppressed desire for pleasure, and that if she had cooperated and compromised more with my father in the matter of amusements the edict would never have been delivered. But she insisted, and after a few trials of the mother-and-daughter combination eligible escorts asked other girls to accompany them, and I was left at home.

During the two years that followed my last invitation from a young man, I went to two Masons' balls and a chamber-of-commerce reception with my father. The dear soul introduced me to men enough to fill my program. It was not his fault that they were as old as he and that I cried in my bed for hours after we came home.

At the end of these two years the little business into which my father had put as much courage and self-respect as survived the conflict at home failed. Middle-aged, he had to start over again. Even my mother's miracles with food and needle failed to make up the discrepancy in income.

I went to work. Within a year I was engaged. The man I loved didn't come to the house. He wanted to. But my mother had taught me that love was a hateful thing and I was ashamed. Every night I took from my purse the letter from him that had com to me at the office. My mother loved me thoroughly that she went through my b longings. There was no place in the hou that I could hide a thing and keep it for m eyes alone. My love-letters were read on and destroyed. I have no bundle of the now, tied with ribbon and laid away.

With a raise in salary, which I kept secre I bought material and lace. I made my wed ding-dress at the home of a girl I had kno in school who was married and had a tin flat down-town. She hadn't been able t afford a sewing-machine, so that the dre used up many noon hours of hand-stitchi before it was completed. With a single set new things to go under it, it constituted m trousseau. The dowry I brought to my hus band was a dozen napkins, bought at a sa and hemmed at the office.

MY FATHER bore the brunt of my elop ment at home. I have been told sinc by those who blame me for deceivin mother who had given her whole life to that her screams could be heard through th entire block. But it was the first time my life, after reaching sensible age, that didn't care whether she screamed or not was too happy.

And so when my daughter came a ye later and I lay still and exhausted with tim to think over the miseries I had borne fro an absolutely devoted mother, on the pain had inflicted and the ruin I had precipitate how could I do otherwise than promise th atom of life at my side that I would not be good mother to her? And I have not been have not baked and washed and sewed a scrubbed except as those activities ha come in the reasonable process of making a keeping a home. My daughter has ne been able to compete with the best-dres girls at school, as I was. She has had goo serviceable and pretty clothing, augment these later years by the fripperies she h made for herself. She has been loved as w as any child was ever loved, and sacrifi have been made to give her such advanta as she has had. But they have never be sacrifices that reduced me to the status of drudge or that warped my mind into bitt self-pitying distortions. She has gone u chaperoned to dances and has driven th family bus without questioning, but s cares for neither gin parties nor petting the park. Three times she has thought he self in love and confessed as much to m But each time she has recovered from the a tachment which provoked the confiden partly, I believe, because in talking it o she discovered it was not the real thing.

She knows the facts of sex as nearly as an body can know those strange and pote blendings of material and spiritual elemen She was a very small girl when she came me with the question. It had to do with sudden cry from the Smiths' washerwom and a hurried call for the ambulance a the things whispered by the crowding ch dren on the sidewalk. I did not like the of answering her question truthfully. H there been an alternative truth to give her should have preferred that. But there w no alternative truth. She took what I s quietly and solemnly and turned it over her modesty to care for. We have talked pretty nearly everything under the sun sin then. The glimpse that I got into the clea liness of her soul cleansed mine of fear.

AND now my girl has finished school a the years have come in which I know s will soon leave me. She has too much beau and sweetness and capacity and love not want to give them and for them not to sought. I do not think that she will hesita to tell me when her time of going arrives. deprive me of the joy of helping her ma ready. Nothing that I can recall in our re tionship should make her anything b proud of love. She will go when she rea wants to go—and nothing that I could po sibly do now would keep her. If I shou take to hysterics, I feel sure she would h at me with cool, diagnosing young eyes a call her father to come and take me ridi for my nerves. Or, worse than that, she mig summon a psychoanalyst. Long ago I ga her to herself, and now she is too strong be taken into bondage.

And I——

I have been such a bad mother that I ha had time to keep my husband in love wi me, and—better even than that—myself love with my husband. And life is so rich work and interest that even if I wanted repine for my fledgling when she flies th would be scant time for it.



HAPPY NEW YEAR

Continued from page 8

A week of this, and there came the second snow. For hours the roads were impassable. It was noon before any one arrived to feed the stock; then it was Luther and his hired man, who had broken a road down the valley and had brought a basket of cold food. The next day his wife drove over in the cutter and delivered her decision:

"I am going to bundle you two up this afternoon," she said, "and take you up to our house."

"Oh no, no!" Esther cried.

"Yes," said big Minnie firmly. "I am going to do this thing right."

Michael looked up at her, and something of the Gaelic and Scottish blood of his mother surged into the stolid face. He spoke as with the terrible authority of premonition, but it may have been rather his intuition of the woman's thought.

"Yes, and we'll never get back. Yes, and we'll never get back." he almost chanted.

"Not till these roads break up," said Mrs. Burns grimly. "Where's a hand satchel? I'll pack it up for you."

In an hour they were driving back with her over the thick white highway. It was big Minnie who had packed their bags, secured the windows, beaten down the kitchen fire and helped them out to the sleigh. On the toilsome way from chair to gate Michael had gone, leaning heavily and chanting heavily:

"Yes, and we'll never get back——"

In the sleigh, the two bowed figures sat, with big Minnie on the edge of the seat, urging forward the laboring horse. The sky was now vivid blue above the whiteness, the crystals sparkled in yellow light, the smoke curled gray against the distance—but the old eyes saw none of these. At the top of the last hill Michael twisted in his seat and looked back at the low house from whose chimney no smoke rose. His chant became a wail of mourning, loud and terrible, like the keening of the Gael:

"Yes, and we'll nev-er get back!"

Mrs. Luther Burns's silence was more sinister than her words. As if she might have been thinking: "Well, and what if you shouldn't?" And the two figures bowed beside her, as if they were devastated by her thought.

She put them in a low clean room, bare and warm with its Philadelphia heater. They sat down in the two padded rocking-chairs, on the braided rug.

"Now," said Michael, "we can wait to die."

"Don't let's wait—long," said Esther.

Big Minnie's voice came charging up the stairs and down the passage, as if it had on boots.

"Telegram telephoned up," she shouted. "Minnie and Dean'll be here to-night!"

THE North Express was hours late, and all the way from the station the drifts lay deep. But to Minnie and Dean, warm in the robes while the little car gallantly attacked the highway, the night might have been that one in Autumn when they had first driven away together.

"It seems as if we'd been together forever," he said. "For many Winters like this and for just as many Summers."

"So long that you're tired of me?"

"So long that I couldn't live a day without you."

"Darling, don't brag so. I couldn't live without you, either."

They were quiet for a time, then she said: "There's the little Chapin house all dark. The Chapins, who paid for our wedding."

"Bless them," he said. "Minnie, I thought I was happy when we drove down this road the last time."

"And you weren't?"

"I didn't know," he said reverently, "anything about being happy."

The door of the Burnses' house came open and golden gaslight flared across the blackness.

"Darling!" Dean cried. "Look at it!"

They stood together, looking at the yellow flood sweeping down the dark and gilding the white boughs. That strange world melted and flowed in brightness and in depths.

He said: "If I could paint that——"

"What you standing out there in the cold for, freezing us to death keeping the door open?" cried Mrs. Burns on the threshold. "Come into this house."

Her very welcomes were warlike, even though there were tears in her eyes. This welcome was also businesslike. "Now," she said, while her husband was still offering his subdued greeting, "there's two folks upstairs that *wouldn't* go to bed until you come. You'd best march right up and see them. Who? The Chapins. We brought 'em up here, bag and baggage, to end their days——"

"*Mother!* They'll hear you!"

"Well, but they know it," said big Minnie, and led the way.

In that bare room sat Michael and Esther, looking like figures in a painting by Millet: Worn, tired folk, two of the millions like them, whom nobody wanted, whose scant possessions others waited for, while a dole of kindness passed for relationship. Minnie was startled at Esther's whisper: "Let me kiss you—let me kiss you!" and divined that the kisses of life were for her chiefly remembered kisses.

Mrs. Burns poured it all out, the cold, the ailment, the accident, the snow, and, "we're going to keep them here right along," she ended complacently.

"But do you *want* to stay?" her daughter demanded of them.

"It's the best way," said Esther; "I can see that."

"It's the best way," said Michael, and muttered something else; but no one heard.

MRS. BURNS had not intended to make her proposition that night, but she always felt that there was no time like the present, and she went on:

"And I was thinking: Your going to Europe to study art is all nonsense, Dean. Dragging Minnie across the ocean. Why don't you two settle right down here in the Chapin house this Winter and be comfortable?"

"*Mother!*" cried Minnie.

But to her utter amazement, she heard Dean saying: "Yes, why don't we?"

She stared at him.

"Those snow effects," he said, "such as we had to-night—there's nothing like those in Paris. Why not settle down and let me paint here this Winter? I'd like the Chapin house——"

"Be nice to think of somebody in it," said Esther. "I've wondered if it didn't miss us——"

In their room Minnie turned to her husband uncertainly: "Darling," she said, "what made you say that? Of course I understand—but your future is more important than the Chapins——"

She had never seen his healthy normal face with so strange a look.

"Minnie," he said, "it was a queer thing and a wonderful thing: but in there with them, I got the sense—just for a minute—that you told me about once. I felt as if I *were* both of them. It was quick, it came and went like a flash, but it was just *as if I were sitting there in their chairs*, looking at you and me. I know how they feel—I tell you I know from the inside how they feel."

"Just as I knew it that night at their house?"

"Darling! If we know, how can we forget? These four months—what does it matter? We can stay there together till Spring—we can take them *home*. Why, they're dying from homesickness. Anybody can see that! I tell you, there in that room I felt as they feel, and I can't bear it——"

She put her arms about him. In their kiss there was something infinitely strange and infinitely familiar, some sudden understanding of life and of love and of all mystery that was deeper than in their happiest hours together.

The little delights of gift-giving and gift-receiving were overshadowed in the Burns house that Christmas—and for varying reasons! In Luther and his wife by the joy of having "the children" at home, and in their decision to stay in the Chapin cottage. In Michael and Esther by the aching sense of comparison and finality. In Minnie and Dean by happy plans, of which they said nothing to any one. Archie Burns was the only normal Christmas person in the house.

The morning after Christmas Luther Burns drove them down through the snow to the little house, with a man and a woman to help. And on the way Luther Burns said:

"You know, he fell down on buying that north forty, Eldridge did. So when Summer comes, you'll have plenty of woods to paint in——"

"Father!" cried Minnie. "Father! If I ask you something, will you promise *not* to tell mother?"

"Yes, I will!" cried Luther Burns, with such fervor that they looked at him in astonishment. "Your mother is a regular captain—sometimes," he ended lamely, and said no more.

BY THE day before New Year's their work was done. Mrs. Burns had inspected it and had offered certain golden-oak additions from her own parlor. These loans they evaded, and everything in the little house remained as it had been. There were fires in all the stoves and on the one open hearth, holly and ground-pine on the walls; the little first floor bedroom was aired and warmed; and lamplight was everywhere. Also there was a pantry stocked with things which little Minnie had prepared.

"I never knew you to act so sensible," said her mother admiringly.

"You're all coming here for dinner New Year's eve," Minnie reminded her.

"Oh, yes, we're all coming," Mrs. Burns assented. "And I can leave some cold things on a tray for the Chapins."

"The Chapins are coming too!"

"I don't think that's necessary," said Mrs. Burns decidedly.

"'*Necessary!*'" said her husband suddenly. "What do you mean by 'necessary?'"

"That's unnecessary, Luther," said his wife crisply; and Luther said no more.

"The Chapins are coming, too," Dean repeated quite gently, and something in his face abruptly silenced Mrs. Burns, save for an ineffectual comment having to do with "utter nonsense."

The Chapins were moving heavily about their room. The walnut bedstead, the braided rug, the picture of Grant's family had never made them feel really at home there. Nor had Mrs. Burns's sewing-machine and the extension-table leaves which she kept in one corner helped to make them comfortable, though "They don't look really *bad*," Mrs. Burns had defended them.

"I don't want to go," said Michael.

"No. Nor I. But then I don't want to stay here, either," said Esther.

"I expect we'd ought to be ashamed," said Michael, "but I'm not."

"No, sir!" cried Esther. "I'm not ashamed of hating to eat a meal in my own house as a guest. Michael, last New Year's eve I can remember just as well. I set bread sponge."

"I dredged the flour for you," said Michael. "I remember."

She whispered: "I can't think of anything to comfort us. It'll never be any different——"

"I can think of something," said Michael. "I'm going to get out in the wood-shed and chop 'em up a batch of kindling to-night. I'd like the feeling——"

Minnie's voice called them from the passage. They were ready; and when the two neat slow figures had gone down to the sleigh, Minnie ran back and put their few belongings into their bags and slipped them in the front of the car. Mrs. Luther Burns was engaged in tucking the Chapins into the back seat—tucking them so carefully that Michael rasped out:

"I'm not a baby!"

"Mercy!" said Mrs. Burns. "Well, one would think so."

"That'll do, mother," said Luther, surprisingly, from the middle seat.

From the hill-top they saw the lights shining in all the windows of the gabled house. And Michael said with a groan: "It's it and it ain't it!" So that Mrs. Burns cried: "What on earth do you mean by *that?*" To which Michael answered nothing.

They went into the kitchen, and there was the odor of potatoes baking in the oven.

"Michael—Michael!" said Esther, and caught back her cry.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Burns in concern. "Did you hurt you?"

Esther did not answer. She had off her coat. She was going about the kitchen touching things. Michael sat down by the fire. "It's it and it ain't it," he muttered.

In the pantry Minnie put her arms about Dean and held him close.

"It isn't the house or the farm that mattered to them," she said. "It's their whole time here together—it's—it's their love and their life, Dean."

Concluded on page 56

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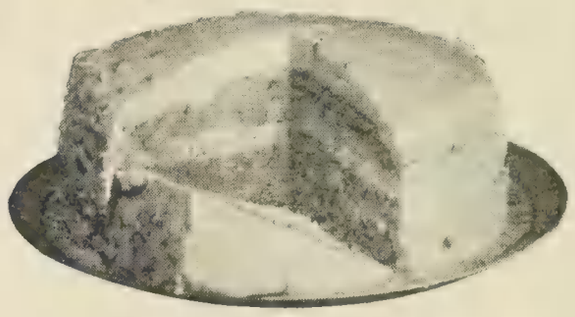
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PINEAPPLE LAYER CAKE: Cream ½ cup fat and 1 cup sugar together until light and add 2 well-beaten egg yolks. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Add alternately with ¾ cup sirup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Fold in two stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Spread with Pineapple icing.

PINEAPPLE ICING—Beat 2 egg whites to a stiff froth. Add 2 cups sifted powdered sugar and ¾ cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Beat well and add additional sifted powdered sugar until mixture holds its shape.

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

Concluded from page 55

"You bet it is," said Dean. "We wouldn't have known that last Fall. But now we know."

"What you two whispering about in here?" asked Mrs. Burns in the doorway. "Isn't there enough for supper?"

The turkey was still on the table when Minnie began to speak. She had meant to wait until afterward, but her mother gave her an earlier opportunity.

"We'll have to eat and run," Mrs. Burns announced. "I feel as if I had two children to put to bed."

Esther flushed dully, and Michael sat looking down.

Minnie spoke quickly:

"Perhaps you won't have to hurry, mother. Dean and I want Mr. and Mrs. Chapin to stay here to-night."

"Your mother wouldn't like that," said Esther low.

"To-night, and as long as we stay here," Minnie went on. "We—you see, we need you here to help us."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Burns promptly. "Dean don't want anything to bother him if he's going at his painting."

Minnie looked at her father. And for once in his life, Luther Burns spoke out.

"What's more," he said clearly, "Eldridge has backed out of taking that north forty. So, Michael, if you want your farm back, want to try it for another year, I'm willing"

Michael got to his feet, trembling. "Do you mean that?" he asked. "Do you?"

Luther nodded. "More than willing, in fact," he said.

Esther was still looking at Minnie. "You mean you want us here?" she whispered.

"It's 'Do you want *us* here' now!" cried Dean. "If you're willing, we'd like to stay for a while, and pay our board, and—and help around until—well, maybe until after the crops are in, if you'll have us."

The eyes of Esther, of Michael, of Minnie, of Dean and of Luther Burns himself now turned automatically to "the captain," to big Minnie, to Mrs. Luther Burns. She was leaning back in her chair, and she brought her large arms to her waist and set her head on one side.

"Well, say," she said. "I don't know but that's a good idea. We've managed to pay for the wedding somehow—even without the north forty. And I must say, it's been a good deal of a chore to have you two folks to wait on."

And though nothing could well have been more ungracious, at her words a breath of warm relief stirred in all the others.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Burns took their leave early—Luther Burns humming a bit, underbreath, as if something pleasant had happened.

"Happy New Year!" he turned back in the doorway to say.

"Come along," said his wife's voice from the darkness. "No use wishing folks what they've got."

"Oh, yes, there is, Minnie," he told her. "Yes, there is."

When the sound of the car had died away, the four stood in the warm, bright kitchen.

"We can't tell you—" said Esther.

"No use trying," said Michael.

He put his arm round his wife. They stood before their old hearth. The light of the room flowed about them. The whole room seemed suddenly exceedingly bright.

"We're going up-stairs now," Minnie said to them. "Your things are in your old room."

"You lock up and put out the lights," said Dean.

Michael suddenly straightened.

"Maybe I might as well chop up a little kindling for morning," he suggested.

Esther laughed happily. "I d'know," she said, "but I better set some bread."

They moved before their old hearth. The light of the room flowed about them in that exceeding brightness.

UP IN their low room, Minnie and Dean looked at each other breathlessly.

"Dean," she said, "did you——"

He nodded with: "Did you——"

She cried: "I knew you did too! Just now. It was exactly as if we *were* the two of them—we both felt it—oh, I think we *were* then, just for a minute."

"As if we were in their places and felt as they do, looked from their eyes at this home. . ."

"Dean, it was wonderful!"

" 'As if mankind were all one substance,' " he quoted solemnly. "Minnie, to feel that even once is better than Paris."

She was falling asleep when she heard him say:

"And I'll paint them for all Paris, by Jove. Two peasant figures, in monotype done in snow and in light——"

"Listen!" she said.

The kitchen clock was striking twelve. The stair door opened. They heard the two voices:

"Happy New Year!"

They answered. And it was as if the four voices were one voice.



ENTER, EMILY

Continued from page 11

not at all remorseful for what she had said to Ellen, and she was not going to pretend she was.

"Come you here and wipe the dishes for me," ordered Ellen. "It'll do you good to have something to take up your mind and then you won't be putting curses on people. If your Aunt Ruth takes you, she'll soon cure you of that."

"Is Aunt Ruth going to take me?"

"I don't know, but she ought to. She's a widow with no chick nor child, and well-to-do."

"I don't think I want Aunt Ruth to take me," said Emily, after a moment's reflection.

"*You* won't have the choosing, likely. You ought to be thankful to get a home anywhere. Remember you're not of much importance to anybody."

"I am important to myself," cried Emily proudly.

"It'll be some chore to bring you up," muttered Ellen. "Your Aunt Ruth is the one to do it, in my opinion. She'll learn you sense and do you a world of good."

"I don't want to learn sense and be done a world of good to," said Emily, with a quivering lip. "I—I want somebody to love me."

"Well, you've got to behave yourself if you want people to like you. You're not to blame so much—your pa has spoiled you. I told him so often enough, but he just laughed. I hope he ain't sorry for it now. The fact is, Emily Starr, you're queer, and folks don't care for queer children."

"How am I queer?"

"You talk queer—and you act queer—and at times you look queer. And you're too old for your age. That comes of never mixing with other children. I've always kept at your father to send you to school instead of teaching you himself—but he wouldn't listen to me, of course. I don't say but what you are as far along in book-learning as you need to be, but what you want is to learn to be like other children. In one way it would be a good thing if your Uncle Oliver would take you, for he's got a big family. But he's not as well off as the rest, so it ain't likely he will. Your Uncle Wallace might take you—but his wife fancies she's delicate."

"I wish Aunt Laura would take me."

"Laura won't have no say in it. Elizabeth is boss at New Moon. Jimmy Murray runs the farm, but he ain't quite all there."

"What part of him isn't there?" asked Emily curiously.

"Laws, it's something about his mind, child. He's a bit simple—some accident or other when he was a youngster. I don't reckon the New Moon people will want to be bothered with you. They're too set in their ways. Now, you'd better go up-stairs and lie down a while."

"I'm going up-stairs, but I'm not going to lie down," said Emily. "I've got a lot of thinking to do."

"There's one thing I advise you to do," said Ellen, determined to lose no chance of doing her duty, "and that is to kneel down and pray to God to make you a good and respectful and grateful child."

Emily paused at the foot of the stairs and looked back.

"Father said I wasn't to have anything to do with your God," Emily said gravely.

Ellen gasped foolishly and appealed to the universe.

"Did any one ever hear the like?"

"I know what *your* God is like," said Emily. "I saw His picture in that old sermon book of yours. He has whiskers and wears a nightgown. I don't like him. But I like father's God."

"And what is your father's God like, if I may ask?" demanded Ellen sarcastically.

Emily hadn't any clear idea what father's God was like, but she was determined not to be posed by Ellen.

"He is clear as the moon, fair as the sun and terrible as an army with banners," she said triumphantly.

"Well, you're bound to have the last word, but the Murrays will teach you what's what," said Ellen, giving up the argument. "They're strict Presbyterians and won't hold by any of your father's awful notions. Get off up-stairs."

Emily went up to her little room feeling very desolate.

"There isn't anybody in the world who loves me now," she said, as she curled up in the old wing chair by the window. But she was determined she would not cry. The Murrays, who had hated her father, should not see her crying. How very big and empty the world had suddenly become! Nothing was interesting any more. It did not matter that the little squat apple-tree in the yard was now a thing of rose-and-snow beauty—that the hills beyond the hollow were of green silk, purple-misted—that the daffodils were out in the garden—that the birches were hung all over with golden tassels—that The Wind Woman was blowing white, young clouds across the sky. None of these things had any charm or consolation for her now. In her inexperience she believed they never would have again.

"But I promised father I'd be brave," she whispered, "and I will. I *won't* let the Murrays see I'm afraid of them—I won't be afraid of them."

THE Murrays came to the funeral. Aunt Elizabeth wore her best black satin dress. Emily would never have forgiven her if she hadn't.

Emily was in a state of miserable suspense as to her fate. She hoped desperately that she might go to New Moon.

"We'll talk the matter over this evening," she overheard Uncle Wallace say, and some instinct told her just what "the matter" was. She would have given one of her pointed ears to have heard the discussion with the other. But she knew she would be sent out of the way. So she was not surprised when Elder said to her after supper:

"Go up-stairs, Emily. Your aunts and uncles want this room to talk over their business."

Emily lingered reluctantly. How could she sleep to-night if she did not know what was going to happen to her? Her eyes fell on the oblong table in the center of the room. Its cloth was of generous proportions, falling in heavy folds to the floor. There was a flash of black stockings across the rug, a sudden disturbance of drapery, and then silence. Emily on the floor under the table arranged her legs comfortably and sat triumphant. She would hear what was decided and nobody would be any the wiser.

She had never been told that it was not considered strictly honorable to eavesdrop and she considered that it was a bit of pure luck that she had thought of hiding under the table. She could even see dimly through the cloth.

In they came; down they sat around the room: Uncle Wallace, dark and grim, with

frowning, bristly brows and stern, unpitying mouth; Aunt Eva, with the fretful face of the imaginary invalid; Uncle Oliver, big and rosy and jolly looking; Aunt Addie, ditto; Aunt Ruth of the cold gray eyes and pinched lips; Cousin Jimmy, with his little elfish face and forked gray beard; Aunt Elizabeth, stately, handsome, austere; and Aunt Laura, with her beautiful soft voice and the kind blue eyes Emily loved already.

For a few moments nobody spoke, though Aunt Eva sighed long and heavily. Then Uncle Wallace cleared his throat and said:

"Well, what is to be done with the child?"

Nobody was in a hurry to answer. Emily thought they would never speak. Finally Aunt Eva said with a whine: "She's such a difficult child. So odd. *I* can't understand her at all."

"She is not a Murray, that is plain to be seen," said Elizabeth decidedly and disapprovingly.

"I wouldn't call her a Starr either," said Uncle Oliver. "Seems to me she's more like Douglas Starr's mother's people—the Byrds. She's got their hair and eyes."

"She's got old George Byrd's nose," said Aunt Ruth, in a tone that left no doubt as to her opinion of George's nose.

"I think," said Aunt Laura timidly, "that she has what I have heard called an artistic temperament."

"She's a spoiled child," said Aunt Ruth bluntly. "There's work ahead to straighten out *her* manners, if you ask me."

The little eavesdropper shot a scornful glance at Aunt Ruth through the table-cloth. "*I* think that your own manners have a slight curve."

Emily did not dare even to murmur the words under her breath, but she shaped them with her mouth; this was a great relief and satisfaction.

"I agree with you," said Aunt Eva, "and I, for one, do not feel equal to the task."

EMILY understood that this meant Uncle Wallace didn't mean to take her, and she rejoiced thereat.

"I would like to take Emily," said Uncle Oliver slowly, "but I feel I can hardly do it. I've a large family to provide for."

"She'll not likely live long to bother any one," said Aunt Elizabeth crisply. "She probably will go into consumption like her father."

"I won't—I won't," exclaimed Emily—at least she *thought* it with such vim that it seemed to her that she exclaimed it. She forgot that she had wanted to die soon so that she could overtake father. She wanted to live now, just to put the Murrays in the wrong. "I haven't *any* intention of dying. I'm going to live—and be a famous authoress. You'll just see if I don't, Aunt Elizabeth Murray."

"She *is* a weedy-looking child," acknowledged Uncle Wallace.

Emily relieved her freshly outraged feelings by making a face at Uncle Wallace through the table-cloth.

"If I ever possess a pig, I am going to name it after *you*," she thought—and felt quite satisfied.

"Somebody has to look after her as long as she's alive, though, you know," said Uncle Oliver.

"It would serve you all right if I *did* die and you suffered terrible remorse for it all the rest of your lives," Emily thought. Then in the pause that happened to follow she dramatically pictured out her funeral, selected her pall-bearers and tried to choose the verse she wanted engraved on her tombstone. But before she could settle this, Uncle Wallace began again.

"Well, we're not getting anywhere. We have to look after the child——"

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'the child,' " thought Emily bitterly.

"—and some of us must give her a home. Personally, I feel that Eva's health is not equal to the care and training of a child——"

"Of *such* a child," said Aunt Eva.

"Poor little soul," said Aunt Laura.

Something frozen in Emily's heart melted at that moment. She was pitifully pleased over being called "poor little soul" so tenderly.

"Don't you think *we* might take her, Elizabeth," went on Laura timidly.

Aunt Elizabeth stirred restlessly. "I don't suppose she'd be contented at New Moon, with three old people like us."

"I would—I would," thought Emily.

"Ruth, what about you," said Uncle Wallace. "You're all alone in that big house. It would be a good thing for you to have some company."

"I don't like her," said Aunt Ruth sharply. "She is as sly as a snake."

"I'm *not!*" Emily was very indignant. But in the background of her mind she knew how she could get even. As soon as possible she meant to write a full description of that conclave ring of Murrays and put down exactly what she thought of them.

"With wise and careful training, many of her faults may be cured," said Uncle Wallace pompously.

"I don't *want* them cured!" Emily was getting angrier and angrier all the time under the table. "I like *my* faults better than I do your—your—" she fumbled mentally for a word, then triumphantly recalled a phrase of her father's—"your *abominable* virtues."

"I doubt it," said Aunt Ruth, in a biting tone. "What's bred in the bone comes out in the flesh. As for Douglas Starr, I think that it was perfectly disgraceful of him to die and leave that child without a cent."

"Did he do it on purpose?" asked Cousin Jimmy blandly. It was the first time he had spoken.

"He was a miserable failure," snapped Aunt Ruth.

"*He wasn't—he wasn't!*" cried Emily, suddenly sticking her head out under the table-cloth between the end legs of the table.

For a moment the Murrays sat as silent and motionless as if her outburst had turned them to stone. Then Aunt Ruth rose, stalked to the table and lifted the cloth, behind which Emily had retired in dismay, realizing what she had done.

"Get up and come out of that, Em'ly Starr."

"Em'ly Starr" got up and came out. She was not specially frightened—she was too angry to be that. Her eyes had gone black and her cheeks crimson.

"What a little beauty—what a regular little beauty," said Cousin Jimmy. But nobody heeded him. Aunt Ruth had the floor.

"You shameless little eavesdropper!" she said. "There's the Starr blood coming out—a Murray would never have done such a thing. You ought to be whipped."

"Father wasn't a failure!" cried Emily, choking with anger. "You had no right to call him a failure. Nobody who was loved as much as he was could be a failure. I don't believe anybody *ever* loved you. So it's you that's a failure."

"Do you realize what a shameful thing you've been guilty of?" demanded Aunt Ruth.

"I wanted to hear what was going to become of me. I didn't know it was such a dreadful thing to do—I didn't know you were going to say such horrid things about me."

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves," said Aunt Elizabeth impressively. "Your mother would never have done that, Emily."

The bravado all went out of poor Emily. She felt guilty and miserable—oh, so miserable. She had disgraced the Starrs.

"Go up-stairs," said Aunt Ruth.

Emily, with quivering lip, turned to go, but Cousin Jimmy intervened.

"Let her stay here till we've decided who's to take her," he said.

"That will be harder than ever to decide now," snapped Aunt Ruth.

"Then don't decide it," said Cousin Jimmy. "Leave it to luck. Draw lots."

The Murrays, in their perplexity, grasped at the suggestion. Emily, in her shame and humiliation, hardly heeded what was going on. But presently she found herself standing by Aunt Elizabeth and Aunt Elizabeth was saying:

"Emily, I have our names written here, on these slips of paper. You shall draw one and the one whose name is on it will give you a home."

Aunt Elizabeth held out the slips of paper. Emily trembled so violently that at first she could not draw one. This was terrible—it seemed as if she must blindly settle her own fate.

"Draw," said Aunt Elizabeth, inexorable as fate.

EMILY set her teeth, threw back her head with the air of one who challenges destiny, and drew. Aunt Elizabeth took the slip from the little shaking hand and held it up.

On it was her own name. Laura Murray suddenly put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Well, that's settled," said Uncle Wallace, getting up with an air of relief. "And if I'm going to catch my train, I've got to hurry. Of course, as far as the matter of expense goes, Elizabeth, I'll do my share."

"We are not paupers at New Moon," said Elizabeth. "Since it has fallen to me to take her, I shall do all that is necessary, Wallace. I never shirk my duty."

"*I* am her duty," thought Emily. "Father said nobody ever liked a duty. So Aunt Elizabeth will never like me."

"You've got more of the Murray pride than all the rest of us put together, Elizabeth," laughed Uncle Wallace.

They all followed him out, except Aunt Laura. She came up to Emily, standing alone and shamed, and drew her into her arms.

"I'm so glad, Emily—I'm so glad," she whispered. "Don't fret, dear child. I love you already—and New Moon is a nice old place, Emily."

"It has—a—pretty name," said Emily, struggling for self-control. "I've—always hoped—I could—go with you, Aunt Laura. My manners are *not* so bad as you may think—I'll never listen like that again—I wouldn't have listened to-night if I'd known it was wrong."

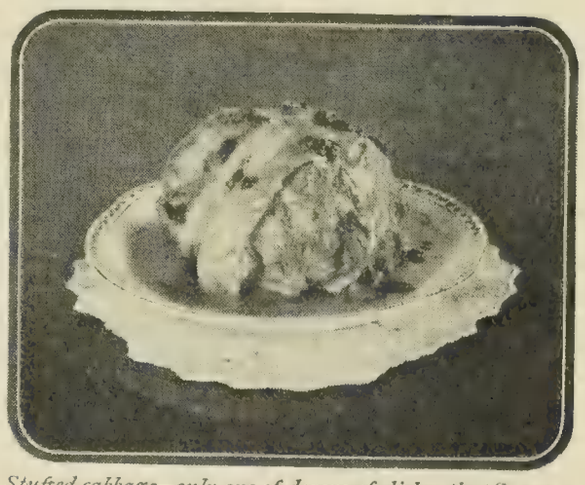
"Of course you wouldn't," said Aunt Laura.

"But—I'm not a Murray, you know."

Then Aunt Laura said a queer thing—for a Murray.

"Thank heaven for that," said Aunt Laura.

NOTE—There will be another "Emily" short story in the February issue.



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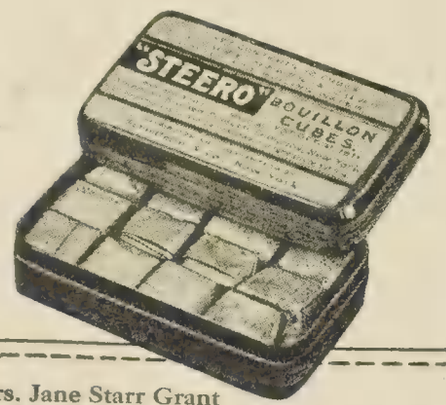
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 13

incessantly. "What was going to happen?"

"I am afraid!" Gabrielle whispered to herself, more than once, as the blazing blue days of August went by and the moon walked across the sea in the silent, frightening nights. David and Tom were there, seven or eight maids, gardener, chauffeur, stableman—yet she was afraid. "If we are only all out of here before Winter comes!" she would think, staring at the high, merciless sky, where distant wisps of cloud drifted against the merciless bright distances of the Summer sea. She could not face another Winter at Wastewater!

David was quiet in these days, spending long hours with Tom, painting, taking solitary walks before breakfast. The girl would look at him wistfully; ah, why couldn't they all seem as young as they were! Why weren't they all walking, talking, picnicking together, as other families did. David was always kind, always most intelligently sympathetic in any problem; but he seemed so far away! She could not break through the wall that seemed to have grown between them. It made her quiet, unresponsive, in her turn.

David, watching her, thought what a mad dream his had been, of Gabrielle as his wife! She was as inaccessible, from the standpoint of his poverty, his stupid silences and inexperience, as a star.

David felt himself, bitterly, to be a failure. Had he taken his place years ago in the world of business and professional men, had he risen to a reputation and an income, he might have had the right to speak now!

AS IT was, he had to see her every day, the woman who filled all the world with exquisite pain for him—and agonizing joy. She came down-stairs pale and starry-eyed in her thin white gown and shady hat on these hot days; she asked him a simple question, she pleaded without words for his old friendship and understanding.

He could not give it. And one day Sylvia asked him if he had noticed that Tom was falling in love with Gay.

David stood perfectly still. For a few seconds he had a strange, brassy taste in his mouth, a feeling that the world had simply stopped. Everything was over. Hope was dead within him.

"Haven't you noticed it?" Sylvia said. "Ah, I do hope it's true!"

They were in the down-stairs sitting-room, which had been darkened against the blazing heat of the day. All four of the young Flemings had been down on the rocks by the sea on a favorite bit of beach. But even there the day had been too hot for them, and now, at five, they had idled slowly toward the house.

Of course, that was it. She would marry Tom.

The thought had never crossed his mind before; he seemed to know the fact now, and his heart and mind shrank away from it with utter unwillingness to believe. A month ago, poor as he was, he might have done anything——

Now it was too late.

"I see him just as you see him, David," Sylvia was saying. "A big, lax, good-natured sort of boastful boy. But I don't believe she sees him that way! And—it would be a wonderful marriage for her. Fancy that youngster as mistress here. And isn't he exactly the sort of rather—well, what shall I say?—rather coarse, adoring man who would spoil a young and pretty wife?"

"She likes him?" David managed to say slowly.

"I think she's beginning to. She has a nice sort of friendly way with him," Sylvia said. "He doesn't seem to bore her, as he does me. He wearies me almost to tears."

"I thought—it seemed to me it was just—her way," David reasoned. And the darkest shadow that he had ever known at Wastewater fell upon his heart then. Of course; she would be the rich and beloved little Mrs. Fleming of Wastewater—he must not stand in her way——

A few days later he went off for a fortnight's tramp, with Rucker, he said, somewhere in Canada. He left no address, promising to send them a line now and then. And Gabrielle, bewildered with the pain of his composed and quiet parting, watching him out of sight, said to herself again, "I am afraid!"

Tom had made her his special ally and confidante of late, and only Gabrielle knew how far her friendship had been influential in keeping him at home at all. He disliked his Aunt Flora and felt that Sylvia looked down upon him, as indeed she did. David, affectionately interested as he was, was a forceful, almost a formidable, element, wherever he might be, and nobody knew it better than Tom. David might be, comparatively speaking, poor; he might wear his old paint-daubed jacket; he might deprecatingly shrug when a discussion was under way; he might listen smilingly without comment when Tom was noisily emphatic—yet Tom knew, and they all recognized, that there was a silent power behind David. He was a gentleman; books, art galleries, languages, political and social movements, David was quietly in touch with them all. He was what Tom would never be—that strange creature, a personality.

But Gay was unexacting, friendly, impressionable, and she combined a most winning and motherly concern for Tom's physical welfare with a childish appetite for his tales. She felt intensely sorry for Tom, chained here in the unsympathetic environment he had always disliked, and she assumed an attitude that was somewhat that of a mother, somewhat that of a sister, and devoted herself to him.

She liked him best when he talked of the sea, as they sat on the rocks facing the northeast, sheltered by the rise of the garden cliff from the afternoon sun. And it seemed to Gabrielle, and to them all, that as the days went by Tom lost some of his surface boastfulness and became simpler and more true.

ONE afternoon, when he had been at home for several weeks, he and Gay were alone on the rocks. It was again a burning afternoon, but Tom liked heat, and Gabrielle's dewy skin still had the child's quality of only glowing the more exquisitely for the day's warmth. Sylvia and her mother had gone to Crowchester; David was still away.

Tom had taken a rather personal tone of late with Gabrielle, a tone that the girl found vaguely disquieting. Now he was asking her, half-smiling and half-earnest, if she had ever been in love. And as he asked it he put his lean brown hand over hers as it lay on the rocks beside him. Gay did not look down at their hands, but her heart rose in her breast and she wriggled her own warm fingers slightly, as a hint to be free.

"Have I ever been in love? Yes, I think so, Tom."

"Oh, you think so? As bad as that!" Tom jeered good-naturedly. "If you'd ever been in love, you'd know it."

"I suppose so," Gabrielle agreed amiably.

"Well, who is it?" asked Tom curiously. "David, huh?"

Gabrielle felt as if touched by a galvanic shock. There was a choking confusion in all her senses and a scarlet color in her face as she said:

"David? David is—Sylvia's."

"Oh, zat so?" Tom asked interestedly. "Is—*that*—so? Say, my coming home must have made some difference to them?"

"Only in this way," the girl said quickly, with one hand quite unconsciously pressed against the pain that was like a physical cut in her heart. "Only in that now he will feel free to ask her, Tom!"

"Sa-a-ay!" Tom drawled, with a crafty and cunning look of incredulity and sagacity. "He'd hate her with a lot of money tied to her—I don't think!" But a moment later a different look, new to him lately, came into his face, and he said more quietly and with conviction: "I don't know, though. I'll bet you're right."

Immediately afterward he fell into a sort of study in a fashion not unusual with him. He freed Gabrielle's hand and sat staring absently out across the ocean, with his lean body sprawled comfortably into the angles of the rocks.

"I wish to God I knew if I was going to get well and back to sea again," he said presently in a fretful sort of voice.

Gabrielle had relievedly availed herself of this interval to shift by almost imperceptible degrees to a seat a trifle more distant. But when she saw the big, pathetically childish dark eyes staring up wistfully, a sudden little pang of pity made her say gently:

"I don't know, Tom. But you're young and strong; they all say you will."

"I'm in no condition to ask a girl to marry me!" Tom said moodily.

"Oh, Tom"—Gabrielle was interested at once—"have you a girl?"

He looked at her as she sat at an angle the great shaded boulders with a sort of se shine trembling like quicksilver over he She was in thin, almost transparent whi with a wide white hat pushed down over h richly shining tawny hair and shadowing h flushed, earnest face. The hot day had dee ened the umber shadows about her beauti eyes; tiny gold feathers of her hair lay li a baby's curls against her warm forehe Her crossed white ankles, her fine, lock white hands, the whole, slender, fragra youthful body might have been made for study of ideal girlhood and innocence a sweetness and Summer-time.

"Lemme tell you something," the m began in his abrupt way; and he took fr his pocket a slim, flat leather wallet, bro once, but now black and oily, and containi only a few papers.

One of these was an unmounted print o woman's picture. She was a slim, da woman, looking like a native of some trop country, wearing a single white garme barefooted, and with flowers about her sho ders and head. The setting was of palms a sea. The woman was smiling, but the fa was clumsily featured: the mouth large a full, and the expression, though bright happy, was stupid. The picture was dir curled by much handling.

"She's—sweet," Gay said hesitatingly, a loss.

"Sweet, huh?" Tom echoed, taking ba the picture, nursing it in both cupped han and studying it hungrily, as if he had ne seen it before. "That's Tana," he said soft

"Tana?"

"My wife." There was no bragging in tone now. "She was the sweetest wom God ever made," he said somberly.

"Your— Tom, your *wife?*"

"Certainly," Tom answered shortly. "N go tell that to them all!" he added, alm angrily. "Tell them I married a girl who part nigger, if you want to!"

His tone was the truest Gabrielle had e heard from him; the pain in it went to heart.

"Tom, I'm so sorry," she said timi "Is she dead?"

"Yep," he said, like a shot, and was sti

"Lately, Tom?"

"Two years. Just before I was ill."

GABRIELLE was silent a long time, bu was her hand now that crept tow his and tightened on it softly. And so th sat for many minutes without speaking.

Then the girl said: "Tell me about he

Tom put the picture away reverent carefully. For a few dubious minutes felt that she had hurt him, but suddenly began with the whole story.

He had met Tana when she was only fo teen, just before the entrance of the Uni States into the war. Her father was a na trader, but the girl had some white bl Tom had remembered her, and when he wounded and imprisoned he had escaped make his way back to the tropical island the group of huts and Tana. And T had nursed him and married him solem according to all the customs of her tribe, they had lived there in a little corner Paradise, loving, eating, swimming, sleep for happy years. And then there had Toam—little, soft, round and brown, ne dressed in all his short three years, ne bathed except in the green warm fringes the ocean, never fed except at his moth tender, soft brown breast until he was enough to sit on his father's knee and his meat and bananas like a man. Th were plenty of other brown babies in settlement, but it was Toam's stagger little footprints in the wet sand that Tom membered, Toam standing in a sun-flood open reed doorway, with an aureole about curly little head.

Tom had presently drifted into the serv of a small freighting line again, but never long trips, never absent for more than a days or a week from Tana and Toam. so the wonderful months had become ye and Tom was content, and Tana was m than that—until the fever came.

Tom had survived them both, laid the brown body straight and bare beside straightly drawn white linen that cove

Tana. And then his own illness had mercifully shut down upon him and he had known nothing for long months of native nursing. Months afterward he found himself in a spare cabin upon a little freighter bound eventually for the harbor of New York. Tana's family—her village, indeed—had been wiped out, the captain had told him. They had put into a score of harbors, and Tom was convalescent before the grim, smoke-wrapped outlines of New York had risen before him. And Tom, then, sick and weary and weak and heart-broken, had thought he must come home to die.

But now, after these weeks at home, a subtle change had come over him and he did not want to die. He told Gabrielle, and she began indeed to understand it, how strangely rigid and unlovely and lifeless domestic ideals according to the New England standards had seemed to him at first; how gloomy the rooms at Wastewater, how empty and unsatisfying the life.

But he was getting used to it all now. He thought Sylvia was a "beautiful young lady, but proud." Aunt Flora also was "O. K." And David was, of course, a prince.

"I'm glad about him and Sylvia," he added, after thought. "Engaged, are they?"

"Well, I suppose they will be. There was an understanding between them——"

"Do you suppose it's money that's holding them back?"

"I don't imagine so. I think, perhaps, it's all the change and confusion, and the business end of things——"

"I could fix 'em up!" Tom suggested magnificently. "I wish to God," he added uneasily, under his breath and without irreverence, "that *something* would happen! The place makes me feel creepy, somehow. It's—voodoo. I wish David would marry and take that death's head of an old woman off with him—Aunt Flora. And then I'd like to beat it somewhere—Boston or New York—see some life—theaters, restaurants—that sort of thing!"

Gabrielle did not ask what disposition he would make of herself under this arrangement. She knew.

SHE was down among the flowering border shrubs of the garden on the quiet September day when David unexpectedly came home. She had come out alone to scramble for half an hour along the shore, her busy eyes upon the twinkling low-tide life among the rocks, her thoughts a jumble of strange apprehensions and fears. Now she was lingering in the garden, reluctant to surrender herself once more to all the shadows and unnamed menaces of the house, picking a few of the brave bronze zinnias and the velvet wallflowers.

She started as David's figure loomed suddenly through the soft veils of the Autumn fog, close beside her, and laid her hand with a quite simple gesture of fright against her heart. The color ebbed slowly from beneath the warm cream of her skin. Her eyes looked large and childish in their delicate umber shadows.

David saw the fine, frail linen over her beautiful young breast rise and fall with the quickened beat of her heart; the soft moist weather had curled her tawny hair into little damp feathers of gold against her temples. An ache of sheer pain, the pain of the artist for beauty beyond sensing, shook him. She was youth, sweetness, loveliness incarnate, here against a curtain of flowers and gray mist with wallflowers in her hand.

David gave her his hand, and she clung to it as if she would never let it go, as if she were a frightened child, found at last.

"David—thank God you're home!" she said. "But you've tired yourself," she added, instantly concerned. "You look thinner, and you look pale."

"I'm fine," he said, with his good smile. "But why did you want me back?" he asked, a little anxiously, in reference to her emotion at seeing him.

"Oh, I don't know. Things—" she said vaguely, with a glance toward the looming black shape of Wastewater, "things have—made me nervous. I'm not sleeping well."

"Aunt Flora looks like a ghost," the man said. "And Sylvia seems twitchy, too. What's the matter with us all?"

"Us all?" She caught up the phrase accusingly. "Then you feel it, too?"

"I think I have always felt—something of it here!"

"It?" Gabrielle repeated the monosyllable thoughtfully, and as they turned toward the house: "*Horror*—" she said, under her breath. "David, David, can't we all get away!"

"We must get away," he amended. "It isn't a good atmosphere for any one! Perhaps next Summer——"

He stopped. Sylvia had given him another significant hint a few minutes ago. But he dared not ask Gabrielle to confirm it.

"David," she said quickly and distressedly when they had reached the little alley under the grape-vines, where Gay had seen her mother almost a year ago, "will you advise me?"

His face was instantly attentive; of the sudden plunge of his heart there was no sign.

"Gladly, dear."

"Tom has asked me to marry him, David," Gabrielle said.

Their eyes met seriously. There was a long pause, while neither moved.

"You have promised him, Gabrielle?"

"No. I couldn't do that. But—I couldn't say no. I tried," Gabrielle went on, quite unconsciously clinging to David's hands, "I did try to prevent it, David. You don't know how I tried! He has been talking about it—oh, since before you went away! He told me he liked a girl, and he would tell me all about her, pretending that she was not I. I—prayed," Gabrielle went on passionately, "that it was not I!"

"Gabrielle, I would have spoken to him, saved you all this!"

"No, no, no, I know you would! Aunt Flora would have told him. But, David, we couldn't have that! Why, it would have broken his heart! You see, he's proud, and he feels—feels that there is—a difference between us and himself. He has been like a child about this, a child with a wonderful surprise for me. I am to have jewels and travel and cars—and everything."

"If you marry him?" David asked slowly.

"If I marry him. And I like him, David—ah, truly I do! I feel so badly for him. I feel as if it would be a real—a real *life* for me," persisted little Gabrielle gallantly, feeling for words, "to fill Wastewater with guests and hospitality and happiness again. I can't bear to have him feel that poor as I am, and—and nameless—and he knows I am nameless—still I couldn't love him. It will make him bitter, and ugly, and he'll go off again, and perhaps die. I've *had* to be kind, to put anything definite off, and so I've said nothing to anybody—not even Sylvia. I've had to—to—fight it out alone," finished Gabrielle with a trembling lip and swimming eyes, "and it has made me—nervous!"

"My dear girl," David said slowly, heavily, "you're sure you wouldn't be happy? You would be very rich, Gabrielle, and you could teach him to make the most of his money. I think it would make Aunt Flora and Sylvia very happy."

Gabrielle was moving ahead of him toward the house now. She half-turned to look at him over her shoulder.

"David, do you think I should say yes?" she whispered.

"I think perhaps you should consider it gravely, Gay. You say you like him, and what other woman is he ever apt to find that would understand him, or even like him, so well? Imagine what harm his money is going to do to him, once he is better, mixing in the world again? All sorts of social thieves will be upon him——"

"That's what I think of!" she responded eagerly, so childishly, so earnestly concerned that David felt his heart wrung afresh with a longing to put his arms about her, comfort her, kneel at her feet, put his lips to her beautiful young hands. "If—if only we can get out of here!" she whispered, with another strangely fearful glance at the old house. "His affairs straightened out, Sylvia and Aunt Flora and I—going somewhere—anywhere! David, we mustn't spend another Winter here. And yet now, now— I don't know what Tom thinks! He may think—indeed, I know he does think—that everything will be as he wishes! What could I do? I only told him he must not think of such things until he was much, much better. But he seems to have taken that as a sort of—as a sort of—consent, in a way——"

"Shall I talk to him, dear? Tell him you need more time?"

"Oh, no, please, David! Leave it to me!"

"Sometimes, I've been given to understand," he said, "a girl feels this way when she really is sure, or when, at all events, it develops that the doubt and hesitation were all natural enough, and part of—of really caring. Take time about it, Gabrielle. Money and position do count for something after all, and he is a Fleming. It isn't," added David, with a change in his tone, "it isn't the other man of whom you spoke to me, last June?"

For a moment Gay did not answer. Then she said, in a peculiar voice:

"I've often wondered what you meant by that conversation, David. Whether you remembered it? What was it? Had you consulted Aunt Flora and Sylvia as to my destiny—as to the problem of what was to become of me?"

"I—yes, I had written Sylvia; or no—not exactly that," David stammered, taken unawares and turning red. "I—it was just an idea of mine; it came into my head suddenly," he added, with a most unwonted confusion in his manner, as he remembered that old bright dream of a porch on the seaward side of the Keyport farmhouse and himself and poor little unwanted, illegitimate Gay breakfasting there. "I wrote Sylvia about setting her free of a sort of understanding between us," David went on, with a baffled feeling that his words were not saying what he wanted them to say. "As a matter of fact, a letter from her, saying the same thing, crossed mine."

"You didn't say you—cared," Gabrielle said very low. "You simply put it to me as a sort of—solution."

"I see now that it was an affront to you, Gay," David answered sorely. "I have regretted it a thousand times! I wanted to offer you—what I had. But God knows," he added bitterly, "I have nothing to offer!"

"So that you—would not—do it again?" Gabrielle said, hardly above a breath, and breathing quickly, yet with an effort to appear careless

"I would never offer any woman less than—love again," David answered.

"'You see, you did not care for me, David," the girl reminded him, in a low strained voice, and not meeting his eyes, when they were at the gloomy side door.

"I had been thinking about it for days," he said. "It had—I don't know how to express it—it had taken possession of me."

Gabrielle, her shoulder turned toward him, flung up her head with a proud little motion.

"Tom—loves me," she said steadily. Yet he saw the hand that held the flowers shake and the beautiful mouth tremble.

"Tom," his half-brother said, still unable to shake off the wretched feeling that they were talking at cross purposes, "would make you a devoted and generous husband, Gabrielle."

Neither spoke again. They went into the dark hallway and up-stairs and the gloom of Wastewater sucked them in and wrapped them about with all its oppressive silences, its misunderstandings and its memories.

THE weeks that followed seemed to Gabrielle Fleming, even at the time when they were actually passing, strangely and darkly unnatural, and afterward they remained a fearful memory in her life.

Outwardly, as the serene Autumn darkened and shortened into Winter, the household seemed merely what the return of the heir had made it: Tom invalided, restless, in love with his cousin, Gabrielle; Sylvia beautiful and confident as she faced the changed future; Aunt Flora silent, coughing with her usual Autumn bronchitis; David, grave and kindly, managing, advising, affectionate with them all.

Actually, Gabrielle felt sometimes that they were all madmen in a madhouse, and vague disturbing thoughts of her own unfortunate little mother would flit through her mind, and she would wonder if her own reason would sustain much of this sort of suspense.

"Sylvia, does it make you feel as if you would like to scream sometimes?" Gay asked one day, in the bare sunlight of the garden.

"Does what?" But in Sylvia's dark eyes there was perfect comprehension. "It is almost," she added in a low tone, "as if people did really stay about a place to haunt it. That poor little Cecily—the second Mrs. Fleming—who died, and your mother, and my father, and Uncle Roger——"

"And all their passions and all their hates!" Gabrielle said, in a fearful whisper, glancing up at the grim outlines of the enormous pile, "and all those dusty, empty halls and locked rooms!"

"Gabrielle, don't!" Sylvia said quickly, with a nervous laugh.

"No, but Sylvia, you feel it, too?"

"Ah, of course I do! Mama so ill and silent, Tom so strange, David not—" Sylvia's lip trembled, as much to her own surprise as Gay's. "David is not himself," she said hurriedly. "He came back from this trip—changed! Whether it is Tom's return, with all the memories and changes, I don't know. Only," added Sylvia, quite frankly

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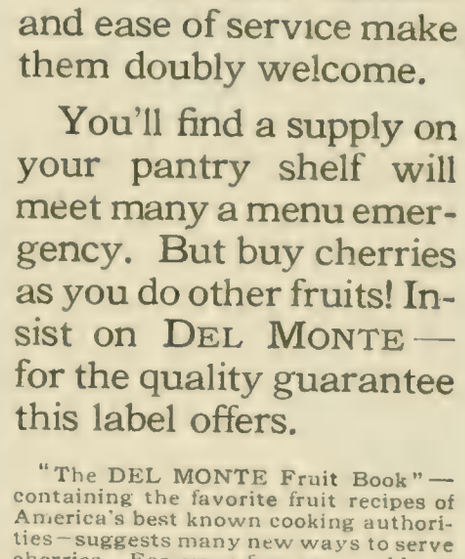
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 59

blinking wet eyes, "only I have noticed a change in him, just lately, and it has—worried me! I don't sleep well," she confessed. "I don't believe any of us do. I don't think we should stay here. If Tom has to go away——"

She stopped. It was impossible not to assume now that Tom's plans depended upon Gabrielle. The very words made Gabrielle's blood run cold. It was in vain that she tried to imagine herself married, rich, going about the world as Mrs. Tom Fleming Every fiber of body and soul revolted; she liked Tom, she would have done almost anything to please him, but somehow the thought of him as her husband made her feel a little faint.

Yet how, after all this kindly talk, after these hours of listening, of companionship, suddenly break free? Gabrielle dared ask no help; Sylvia or Aunt Flora would only hurt him a thousand times more than she would; even David's touch could not be trusted here. Besides, she did not feel herself deserving of help or extrication; she had brought this most uncomfortable state of affairs upon herself; she *had* been too kind to Tom, she *had* let him drift happily into the idea that they cared for each other.

The girl began to feel with a sort of feverish terror that she must be free—free if she had to run away into the world alone. From a distance she could write them, she could explain! But she could not go on in this fashion, with every hour deepening the misunderstanding between herself and Tom, tightening the net.

NOVEMBER came in bare and cold, with a faint powdering of snow upon the frozen ground. Suddenly Summer-time and shining seas and sunshine seemed but dreams; life had become all Winter, there would never be warmth and flowers again. Wastewater was bleakly cold; oil-stoves burned coldly, the halls were frigid, the family huddled about fires.

David was still immersed in the business of the estate; Flora was wretched with rheumatism and malaria; Gabrielle, of them all, was the least anxious to suggest a change and so precipitate a settlement with Tom.

On the fourth day of the month came "the great wind." Keyport and Crowchester, and indeed all the towns along the coast for miles, would long talk of it, would date domestic events from it.

The day broke gray and cold, in a hurricane that racked and bowed the trees and bushes, laid the chrysanthemums flat, rattled dry frozen leaves and broken branches on the porches. Whitecaps raced on the gray, rough sea, doors slammed, casements rattled and at regular intervals the wind seemed to curl about the house like a visible thing and whined and chuckled and sobbed in the chimneys.

The family was at breakfast, with the lights lighted, when one of the oldest maples came down, with a long splintering crash that was like a slow scream. During the morning two other smaller trees fell. After luncheon, John came in to say that his wife and little girl were so nervous that he was going to take them in to Crowchester. He could get the papers——

"No," David said; "I may walk into Keyport later."

"You'll never keep your feet on the roads, sir. I never seen such a blow in my life."

David only smiled and shrugged, and at three o'clock went down to the side door, belted into his thick old coat. As he slipped out and dragged the door shut behind him, the wind snatched at him, and for a moment he really doubted his ability to make even Keyport, less than three miles away.

Wastewater stood upon a point, and there was less uproar on the highway than upon their own cliffs. The wind faced him steadily here, stinging tears into his eyes and pressing a weight like a moving wall against his breast. There was no escaping it, there was no dodging. David bent his head into it, knowing only that the road was hard and yellow beneath his staggering feet.

He jumped and shouted as a hand touched his arm, and he saw at his elbow Gabrielle's blown and laughing and yet somewhat frightened face. Unsure of her welcome, she caught her arm tightly in his and pushed along gallantly at his shoulder.

"I couldn't stand it!" she shouted above the shriek of the wind. "I had to get out!"

"Gay, you were mad to do this!" David shouted, after a hard mile.

"Oh, I'm loving it!" answered her exulting voice.

"I'm loving it, too!" he said. And suddenly they were both human, free of the shadows, able to laugh and struggle, to catch hands and shout again.

On their left the sea raged and bubbled, above them swept the wild airs; clouds and cold sunshine raced over the world, and the wind sailed with foam and mad leaves. But perhaps to both the man and woman the physical struggle after these weeks of mental strain was actually refreshing; at all events, they reached Keyport after an hour's battling in wild spirits.

THE piers were deserted except for a few anxious gulls that were blown crying above lashing waves; a group of tippeted boys exclaimed and shouted over the tide that had caught the end of River Street. David guided his companion into Keyport's one forlorn little restaurant, and they sat at a narrow table spread with steel cutlery and a damp, spotted cloth, drinking what Gabrielle said was the best coffee she had ever tasted.

"You crazy woman!" David said affectionately, watching her as she sipped her scalding drink from a thick cup and smiled at him through the tawny mist of her blown hair.

He had with some difficulty made arrangements for their being driven back in the butcher's car at half-past five. David did not dare risk the walk home in the early dark, and Gabrielle now began to feel through her delirious relaxation a certain muscle-ache, and was willing to be reasonable. So that they had a full hour to employ, and they spent it leaning upon the little table, sharing hot toast and weak coffee and talking, talking, talking as they had never talked before.

Gabrielle poured out her troubles like an exhausted child; her eyes glowed like stars in the gathering dusk, her cheeks deepened to an exquisite apricot-pink under their warm creamy colorlessness.

David watched her, listened, said little. But he began to realize that she was genuinely suffering and depressed, and in the end a clean program was planned, and David promised to put it into immediate execution.

Gabrielle liked Tom, but not as much as he thought she did. She wanted to get away at once—to straighten out her thoughts and to see the whole tangle from a distance. Very good, said David, drawing a square on the table-cloth with the point of a fork. Aunt Flora should be told the whole story and Gay should go in to Boston at once to see—well, to see a dentist. She must develop a toothache to-morrow morning. She could telegraph the nuns to-night and be with them about this time to-morrow.

When he saw how her eyes danced and how impulsively she clasped her fingers together at the mere notion, David was able to form some idea of the strain she had been under.

"Meanwhile," David proceeded with his plan, "I'll get Tom to go off with me somewhere, just for a few weeks. Norfolk, maybe, or Palm Beach—it may clear up his mind, too. And perhaps I can explain to him that, while you do like him, you don't feel quite ready to be any man's wife."

"Ah, David, what an angel you are! But, then, what about Sylvia and Aunt Flora?"

"Well, they can follow you in to Boston. Sylvia spoke to me about doing either library work or teaching in some girls' school. But the main point is," ended David, "that you get out of it, at *once*, before you make yourself sick."

"It seems so cowardly," said Gabrielle, fairly trembling in her eagerness and satisfaction.

"No, it's not cowardly. I suppose it's what all girls feel," David said, in a somewhat questioning voice, "before they get married?"

"That's just it," Gay confessed, her cheeks suddenly scarlet. "I don't know what most girls feel, and I haven't any mother——"

She paused. But David, looking at her over his cigaret, merely flushed a little in his turn and did not speak.

"But I know this," Gabrielle went on, feeling for words, "I know that what makes me feel so—so doubtful, about marrying Tom, isn't—isn't being afraid, David," she struggled on, her eyes pleading and her cheeks childishly red. "It's—*not*—being afraid!"

Their eyes met across the sorry little board, and for a moment the strange look held and neither spoke.

"I have been playing a part with Tom," Gabrielle said, "and I could go on playing it. I could marry him to-morrow, and—and still like him, and be kind to him! But David," she said in a whisper, "is that enough?"

"I don't know, dear," David answered, with a dry mouth. "You mean, that it could be different—that it *would* be different, if it were that other man—of whom you spoke to me one day?"

The girl only nodded in answer, her eyes fixed with a sort of fear and shame and courage upon his. "If it were the other man!" she thought—"if it were David!" And at the mere flying dream of what marriage to David would mean—going out into life with David—Gabrielle felt her heart swell until something like an actual pain suffocated her and her senses swam together.

He sat there, unconscious, kindly, everything that was good and clever, handsome and infinitely dear, and she dared not even stretch out her hand to lay it upon his. His black hair was blown into loose waves, his fine dark eyes and firm mouth expressed only sympathy and concern. She dared not think what love might do to them.

"I want—to be afraid, when I married," she said. "I want to feel that I am putting my life into somebody's keeping, going into a strange country—not just assuming new responsibilities in the old!"

"I think I understand," David said. And feeling that further talk of this sort was utterly unsafe for him, and likely to prove only more unsettling to her, he proposed that they walk to the Whittakers', a few blocks away, and see how the family was weathering the storm.

The Whittakers—mother, two unmarried daughters, two young sons, married daughter with husband and baby—were having a family tea that looked enchanting to Gabrielle and David, coming in out of the wind.

The big room was deliciously warm, and Mrs. Whittaker put Gay, who was a little shy, beside her, and talked to her so charmingly that the girl's heart expanded like a flower in sunshine.

"Ah, but now *do* do this again soon, you dear children!" their hostess said, when the hooded butcher's delivery-wagon was at the door. And Gabrielle went out, clinging to David's arm, into the roaring darkness, with the motherly good-by kiss warm upon her forehead.

THE delight of this long afternoon of adventure and the prospect of escape to-morrow kept her laughing all the way home and even when they got there she seemed to carry something of the wholesome Whittaker fireside, something of the good out-of-doors with her into Wastewater.

But swiftly, relentlessly, the chilling atmosphere of repressions and fears shut down upon them all again; outside the night rioted madly and the old house creaked and strained like a vessel at sea.

The girls wore their heavy coats to dinner and after dinner went up to Tom's study and built up the fire until the air-tight stove roared and turned a clear pink. Tom lay on his couch; he had been oddly moody and silent to-night; Gabrielle played solitaire talking as she played; Sylvia scribbled French verbs in the intervals of the conversation.

David and Aunt Flora had been with them until something after nine o'clock; then Flora had somewhat awkwardly and heavily asked him to come down with her to the sitting-room; she wished to talk to him.

This was a common enough circumstance for business matters were constantly arising for discussion. But her manner was strange to-night, Gabrielle thought, and the girl's heart beat quickly as they went away.

A quiet half-hour went by, and then Sylvia stretched herself lazily and admitted that she was already half-asleep. Tom had been lying with half-shut eyes, but with a look of steadily fixed upon Gabrielle that the girl was heartily glad to suggest that they all go down-stairs. There had been something sinister, something triumphant and yet menacing in that quiet, unchanging look. She had met it every time she looked up from her cards, and it had finally blotted everything but itself from her thoughts.

Tom rose obediently, and Sylvia folded his rug for him and went about straightening the room The girls were accustomed to perform small services for Tom, who really was not strong enough to be quite independent of them yet. All three went downstairs together, Gabrielle loitering for a few minutes in Sylvia's room, not so much because she had anything to say, as because the nervousness and the vague apprehension that possessed her like a fever made her fear her own company.

When she turned back into the hall again, Gabrielle was surprised to see Tom standing in his doorway.

"Did I leave my pipe up-stairs?" he asked, in an odd voice.

"Oh, did you, Tom?" Gabrielle asked eagerly, always glad to be useful to him, the more so as she found it more and more difficult to be affectionate. "No, let me! Let me!" she begged. "I'll not be two minutes!"

Again—she remembered afterward!—he was smiling his odd, triumphant yet threatening smile. But he said nothing as she took the lighted candle and started on the long way up-stairs to the study.

Tom's study was two floors above Gabrielle's room, three above his own, and in a somewhat unused wing. Just as she reached for the handle of the study door her candle went out, and Gabrielle with a pounding heart groped in the warm blackness for the table and the matches and blessed light again.

Her investigating hands found the brass box of matches; she struck one and held it with a shaking hand to her candle.

Gabrielle, holding her light high the better to search the room for the pipe and swallowing her fears resolutely, turned slowly about and stopped——

SHE thought that she screamed. But she made no sound. There was a man standing behind her and smiling at her with an odd, sinister smile. But it was not that alone that froze her into a terror as cold as death, that held her motionless where she stood, like a woman of wood. It was that the man was Tom.

"Well, what's the matter?" Tom asked, slowly and easily. His voice restored Gabrielle to some part of her senses.

"You frightened me!" she answered, her heart still pumping violently with the shock, and with a sort of undefined uneasiness, bred of the dark night and the howling wind and her solitariness far up here in the lonely old house.

Tom had lighted the lamp.

"Sit down," he said. "I want to talk to you!"

"Oh, Tom—it's after ten!" Gabrielle said, fluttering.

"Well, what of it? Here—" He pushed an armchair for her, and Gabrielle sat down in it and blew out her candle. Tom opened the stove, dropped wood and paper inside, and the wind in the chimney caught at it instantly, with a roar. "I wanted to talk to you," Tom added, "without Sylvia or any of the others around. They're always around!"

One of them would be welcome now, Gabrielle thought, in a sort of panic. For Tom's face looked stern and strange, and there was a rough sort of finality expressed in his manner that was infinitely disquieting.

She did not speak. She sat like a watchful, bright-eyed child, following his every word and every movement. Tom would not hurt her—Tom would not kill her—said her frightened heart.

"Here's what I want to know, Gabrielle," he began abruptly, when he had taken a chair close to her own. "What's the idea? You know all about me—you can't keep up this stalling forever, you know."

"Stalling—?" Gabrielle faltered.

"Bluffing—kidding—you know what I mean!" the man elucidated shortly. "I'm getting kind of tired of it. I'm getting *damned* tired of it! You know what I think about you, and you ought to know that I'm not the kind of man that lets anybody else walk off with my property. You're mine, ain't you—you're *mine!* Tell me that."

His manner had grown so alarming, so actually threatening, that Gabrielle drew back a little in her chair and her great eyes were dilated with a sort of terror as she answered, placatingly:

"You—you know I like you, Tom!"

"Yes, and I've had about enough of that sort of thing!" Tom answered harshly. "I've had enough of that kind of 'Of course I like you—let me think about it!' You can make up your mind *now.* You're going to marry me, and soon, too. I'm going to tell them all to-morrow morning, and you and I'll go into Boston some day next week and get *married.* And then when you want to go off with some other man for the whole afternoon and come back laughing and whispering, you can ask me about it first!"

"Why, Tom," Gabrielle said. "You're not jealous?"

"Yes, I am; I'm damn' jealous!" he answered, roughly catching her wrist and drawing her to him without leaving his seat. "I want you. You've as good as said you'd marry me, a hundred times! I've got money enough to give you everything in God's world you want. You can't go back now on all you said—you can't keep on bluffing and putting me off like a kid!"

"Tom, please— You never did this before!"

He stood up, still holding tight to her wrist, and caught her in the grip of an iron arm.

"No," he said in a low voice, "I never did this before! But there's no reason I shouldn't kiss my girl. What are you afraid of?"

His big left hand gripped her cheeks and he turned her face up to his and kissed her violently, more than once—a dozen times. Gabrielle, smothered, frightened and struggling, pushed at his breast with all the strength of her young arms.

THE opposition seemed to enrage Tom, for he only held her the tighter, his superior height as well as strength giving him all the advantage.

"Tom—" the girl panted. "I shall call!"

"Call!" he answered. And the wild screams of the winds, whirling over the high roofs of Wastewater, seemed to echo the contemptuous note of angry laughter in his voice.

"No, but Tom—please—*please*——"

"Ah, well, that's better! Now you say please, do you? Now you're not quite so cold," Tom uttered, kissing her hair and forehead and raising the two hands he had caught tightly in one to kiss the finger-tips. "Now you'll not be so cool, putting me off, asking for time, huh? Kiss me, Gay. You love me, don't you?"

She would be out of it all to-morrow, safe with the quiet nuns in Boston, Gabrielle reminded herself. If she could but get away now, down to lights and voices, into the peace of her own room, and to-morrow—away!

Gabrielle held herself as far away from him as the iron grip about her shoulders permitted and rested her hands perforce upon his shoulders.

"Tom, you will be ill—" she began pleadingly.

"Cut that stuff out!" he commanded. "You give me your word to marry me next week and I'll let you go!"

The convent to-morrow. The chapel, the refectory, the quiet footsteps and pleasant voices——

"Tom, don't be angry with me. Of course I will. Of course I will—if——"

"You'll not sneak to Aunt Flora and say Tom scared it out of you and get David to talk me off——"

The girl was silent during a second in which she sought words. But he saw the flicker of self-consciousness in her eyes and instantly his fury returned again.

"Promise me, as God is your judge. Swear it!" he said, in a low voice that shook with a passionate effort at control. "Swear it—or I swear I'll——"

The rest was lost. Gay was smothered in his arms again, her whole body bent backward so that she staggered in the struggle to keep her feet, her jaw caught in the grip of his hard fingers and her lips stinging and burned and hurt under his kisses. The rich coil of her hair was loosened and fell in a web upon her shoulders, and through her choked throat and crushed mouth her voice came thickly:

"Tom! Tom—for God's sake—*David!*"

And suddenly, above the wild envelopment of the wind, she heard her name shouted in answer: "Gabrielle!"

The girl screamed hysterically as the door was flung open, and David, white and shaking, came in.

Then there was a pause. Tom dropped his arms, and Gabrielle crossed to David; and quite automatically, and without moving his eyes from Tom, David put his arm about her. And Gabrielle laid one hand upon his shoulder and hid her face wearily against his breast and clung there.

Tom stood beside the table, upon which he rested one big, knotted hand. His hair was in disorder, his head hung forward menacingly, like the threatening jowl of a bulldog. He was the first to speak.

"Well, Dave, you can keep out of this," he said in a slow, measured voice. "She's going to marry me. She promised me to-night—didn't you, Gabrielle? Tell him so—tell him you promised me. What's—" Tom's voice, under David's steady look, and opposed to the strange silence in the storm-bound room and the strange and awful paleness of David's face, faltered slightly and became less confident—"what's the trouble?" he said.

"Shall we talk about this to-morrow, Tom?" David asked in a constrained tone.

"No, by God, we'll talk about it now! I may be sick—or I may have been sick, for that's more like it! But you've no need to talk to me as if I were a baby!"

"David—" Gabrielle breathed, against his breast.

"I'll not leave you, dear," he answered, very low, his lips against the tawny hair. "Tom, old boy, shall we go down-stairs? We're all nervous and upset to-night. I've got to talk to you——"

"Tell him you are going to marry me, Gay!" Tom said savagely, without altering his position.

"No, Tom," David said, strangely and sadly. "You can't—I'm sorry, Tom. But you two—you two—" he went on, stammering and looking from Gay's face to the man's with infinite pity and distress. "You can't marry her, Tom, now or ever. I've—I've got something to tell you that will make a difference——"

"By God, you can't tell *me* anything that will make a difference!" Tom said, deep in his throat, still in the same position and without moving his eyes. "You keep your hands off her—keep out of my affairs!"

"David—don't be angry with him—" Gabrielle pleaded. "Don't be angry with him! It's partly my fault—it's partly my fault!"

"Angry with him?" David echoed. "My dear Gay—Tom—you mustn't be angry with *me.* Aunt Flora's just told me something, Tom. Gay's father was not the man named Charpentier—as we had all believed! Uncle Roger never knew it—but Gay is your half-sister, Tom—born in the year after you ran away, when he was hunting all over the world for you——"

"What are you talking about?" Tom said, in a terrible voice. Gabrielle, her face ashen in the lamplight, was staring at David with dilated eyes. Now through her parted lips she breathed with utter horror:

"No—David, no——!"

"It's true," David said simply. "There's a curse upon the place, I think, and upon us all! It has killed them—one after the other—it is killing Aunt Flora now. Gay—Tom, old fellow, we have to pay with the rest! You must believe it. You're brother and sister, Tom."

THEN for a long time there was silence in the room.

"Who told you that?" Tom asked then. And instantly he added, in a changed tone: "Look out for her, David—she's falling!"

Gabrielle, indeed, with a long, deep sob that ended with a sigh, had pitched against his shoulder. David caught her in his arm. Her eyes were shut and her whole body hung limp, her beautiful hair falling free.

"Help me get her down-stairs, Tom!" David said, everything else forgotten. "Open the door——"

Tom slowly, and watching him as if he were under some enchantment, moved to obey. The lamp flared again, a blast of wind whined and sang about the windows and the casement burst open with a wild shout of streaming air.

But Tom and David neither saw nor cared. The opened hall door had shown the lonely passage outside lighted with a sickly pinkish glow that flickered on the weather-stained walls and sent lurching shadows along the passage. Above the creaking and crashing of the hurricane and the howling of the gale and the sea in the dark night, they could hear now a brisk crackling and the devouring sound of red lips of flame. The wind that instantly rushed upon them brought the acrid taste of smoke, and even in their first stupefied look they saw a detached banner of fire blow loose, far down the long hallway toward the stairs, twist on the wind a moment like a blown handkerchief and lose itself in a thick rolling plume of approaching smoke.

Tom slammed the door shut behind them; they were in the hall.

"Fire!" he shouted. "By God, the old place is on fire!"

Continued in the February DELINEATOR



Insure your family against constipation

It is a serious condition. Not only does constipation hinder nutrition and proper growth in your children but may leave them a prey to serious diseases in later life. "In fact," says a famous specialist, "so great is the misery produced in adult life by constipation that if this condition can be prevented or overcome in childhood, we shall see fewer chronic invalids, dyspeptics and neurasthenics."

Don't delay. Take action as soon as you recognize constipation in your children. Biliousness, fretfulness, loss of appetite — all warn that poisons from clogged intestines are flooding the child's body. If allowed to continue these poisons may lead to grave disorders. More than three-quarters of all illness has its origin in unnatural conditions in the intestines.

Laxatives start dangerous habit

Noted specialists point out that the continued use of laxatives brings only temporary relief from constipation at the expense of permanent injury. They start a dangerous, often life-long habit. An authority on child care advises mothers that *lubrication* is the best method of obtaining internal cleanliness (freedom from constipation). Lubrication has none of the disadvantages of laxatives and cathartics and does tend to correct the trouble permanently.

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THE UNNECESSARY HANDICAP

Concluded from page 16

experienced physician for thorough examination and study.

The establishment of the habit of regular daily stools is difficult and requires the patient cooperation of the mother or nurse. The best time for stimulating the habit is in the morning about fifteen minutes after breakfast. The entrance of the food in the stomach stimulates intestinal activity and fecal material is pushed down into the rectum, where the reflex causes a desire to have the bowels move. This invitation should never be refused. Unless the same time each day is chosen for the movements, it is impossible to form regular habits. When a small child is placed on a toilet seat, his legs should not dangle but should have solid support on a small box. The best position is a squatting one with the knees higher than the thighs. This permits more effective action on the part of the abdominal muscles.

DIETARY HELPS

The diet should be chosen with a view to supplying not only bulk to furnish enough residue, but also sufficient vegetable acids and salts to stimulate the muscular movements of the intestines. Too much milk may cause constipation in children who consume a quart or more each day. In such cases this quantity should be reduced to one pint and more solid food added to the diet. The digestion and individual tastes of the child should be considered. In general, the foods that are laxative and permissible for young children are coarse cereals such as oatmeal, corn-meal, cereals made from the whole grain, whole-wheat bread, bran bread and muffins, gingerbread, figs, prunes, dates, oranges, apples, peaches, plums, rhubarb, raisins, spinach, boiled onions, boiled cabbage, tomatoes, carrots, asparagus, etc. The so-called concentrated foods, such as cheese, butter, nuts, etc., in which cellulose is lacking, should be avoided, as well as the refined foods such as white flour and starchy substances.

Some mothers, in order to prevent constipation, give their children altogether too much fruit. This may cause diarrhea, but more often brings about indigestion and loss of appetite. Raw fruits can be given at the commencement of breakfast or in the afternoon between dinner and supper. Care should be taken in regard to its ripeness, freshness and cleanliness. Stewed or cooked fruit may be given for supper. There is an element of truth in the old adage that fruit is gold in the morning and lead at night.

Exercise is an important aid in the correction of constipation. The setting-up exercises or the junior "daily dozen" are of decided value. The exercises which strengthen the abdominal muscles are most important. In cases of bad posture with flabby "pot belly," an abdominal support should be worn in conjunction with the exercises. Active and free play in the open air afford an abundance of good exercise.

THE USE OF CORRECTIVES

Enemas have been given to relieve constipation since the days of antiquity. One of the oldest treatises on medicine, an Egyptian papyrus dating about fifteen hundred B. C. and now in the Royal Museum in Berlin, gives directions for the preparation and administration of enemas. Hippocrates wrote that enemas were preferable purgatives in constipation. This is true as to the *relief* of constipation, but they are not desirable for steady and prolonged use in the *cure* of constipation.

For a prompt removal of the rectal contents, there is nothing better than an enema consisting of two to three teaspoons of glycerin in three to six ounces of water. The amount of water to be used in an ordinary soap or soda enema depends on the age of the child. A new-born baby requires one ounce, a baby one year of age six ounces, and for a child eight years old one pint.

An oil enema or injection has a curative effect and is recommended in chronic cases. One-half to two ounces of warm sweet oil or mineral-oil is inserted about five inches in the rectum after the child has gone to bed and a napkin held over the anus until the desire to expel the oil has passed. The oil remains in the rectum and softens the hard masses and the child has a movement next morning after breakfast. A nightly repetition of this procedure for several weeks, then every other evening, will often break up a stubborn constipation habit.

Suppositories stimulate the rectal reflex and are useful only when the trouble is in the rectum and a slight irritation is necessary to start the muscular action. They should not be continued for any length of time or the bowel will depend upon the irritation and a bad habit will be established which will be difficult to overcome. The old-fashioned cone of oil-paper is still popular and is not objectionable. A more modern adaptation is a simple glass rod with rounded ends, slightly bent and lubricated with petroleum jelly or oil and inserted until a movement results. A piece of soap cut to about the size of a lead pencil makes an excellent suppository. Glycerin suppositories are very popular, but if used frequently they will produce much rectal irritation. Gluten suppositories cause less irritation but are slower in their effect.

Massage of the abdomen is efficacious in some cases, and especially in young infants. This is done by gentle rubbing and kneading across the top of the abdomen from right to left and then down the left side. Five minutes night and morning is sufficient and in bottle-fed infants it can be done while the baby is taking the bottle.

Doctor Holt in his text-book on the diseases of children states that drugs play the least important part in the management of chronic constipation. An English specialist goes so far as to prohibit the giving of cathartics to children excepting under medical supervision. He feels that they are not only habit-producing drugs, but in certain cases of intestinal obstruction they prove fatal. Cathartics and laxative drugs will not cure constipation—in fact, they aggravate the condition. A cure can be accomplished only by careful training, rational diet, proper exercise and good health habits.

NOTE:—A list of previous articles in this "Happy Child" series that are available in pamphlet form will be found on page 51



DOES YOUR CHILD WANT TO BE AN ATHLETE?

Concluded from page 14

on crushing any opponent by sheer weight and power any more. We have to teach our players more football, drill them longer in execution and imbue them with more "pinch brains" than the other team has.

Experience, if made the basis for study and analysis, is a great asset to an athlete. Every contest in which a boy participates should make him just a little better prepared for the next one. This rule holds true right up to the time he is ready to graduate from college. I have often felt that if the 'varsity men were allowed to play for ten years instead of three, they would come somewhere near realizing all the possibilities of football. So coaches are always glad to get boys who have actually played games in school, knowing that they are likely to have more poise under fire than those who haven't had a taste of competition.

THE third side of our quadrangle is the moral side, the side having to do with the emotions and the habits of living. The body and the mind must be properly cared for or they will soon lose their efficiency. A boy who does not adhere strictly to sound rules of health and sane standards of morality is of no use to a team. The athlete must eat wholesome food, he must get plenty of fresh air, he must exercise his body every day, he must keep regular hours and get plenty of sleep. Furthermore, he must refrain from indulgences that will in any way sap his vitality or impair the normal functioning of any of the vital organs of his body. He must do nothing that will work against his having the reserve energy that means so much in an emergency. And athletic sports are full of emergencies.

Now we assume that we have the physical, mental and moral foundation upon which to build athletic success, but we are a long way from a champion. We have something that is pretty to look at but which without something more than the three things listed will never win any battles. There are still lacking certain qualities of character and temperament that are essential to victory. So far we have what might be compared to a new, shiny, powerful automobile. We can't get anywhere without gasoline. For the human machine, "gasoline" is supplied by volitional power or the will to do. Perseverance, industry and determination are involved in volitional power. These are the driving forces; these are the things that make a man go on and on when he is suffering, that make him do his best when the going is hardest, that make him surest and most powerful when the stakes are highest. These give him the will to do that means perseverance through long hours of practise.

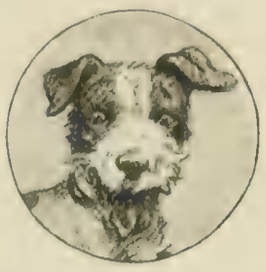
Napoleon said: "Victory belongs to the most persevering," and this is as true in football as in war. One of *the* mottoes on the football field is: "There is only one thing you can achieve without effort, that's failure." There is another saying: "The man who says he can't is almost invariably right." Still another is: "A winner never quits and a quitter never wins." All of these are worth remembering.

The real athlete always does more in an emergency than he or any one else had considered it possible for him to do. I have seen many games turned from defeat to victory through the sheer power of some boy's will. The real testing time is when the game is going against you. Then you have to back on the physical, mental, moral and will-power quadrangle so that you can keep your head up, your jaw set, your spirits high and summon up more strength than you knew was in you. If there is a flaw in the quadrangle, you are going to know it at such a time.

BOYS and their parents should remember that there is not so much difference between *original ability* as there is in the effort made to develop it. It isn't what nature *gives* you—provided she doesn't actually handicap you—that determines how far you will go in athletics; it is what you *do* with yourself. The well-developed athlete is the man who, while a boy, engaged in the right kind and amount of physical exercise.

Mothers have always done more to develop champion athletes than have professional coaches. If the mother is wise enough to encourage her boy in the right kind of sports, she sees that he gets the right kind of food and enough sleep. if she makes sure that her boy is decent and clean, then she is doing more than the best coach in the country can do to make him an athlete—and a man. The mother gets in her work when it counts. The coach can merely finish up what the mother has started to build, and what is true of boys is equally true of girls. The same laws of physical growth apply to each.

The reason I have always been so deeply interested in boys and athletics is that in this work I find my greatest satisfaction. I have been coaching football teams for thirty years and I hope to continue to direct the athletic activities of boys for many years to come. My satisfaction comes from the knowledge that in building athletes I am also building men, men who will be able to play the game of life better because of the development of all the factors which go to make a winning athlete.



DOG WANTED: MALE

Continued from page 5

never let him have a dog. Why? I'll tell you why: because I wouldn't harbor an animal that might annoy my neighbors. And what do I get for it?"

It seemed that no one cared to say.

"A boy, nine years old, my own son, begging and whining for a dog for the last sixteen years, and I refuse him, and what happens? How many dogs are there on this block?"

"Fourteen," said Ted promptly.

"Fourteen dogs!" declared Mr. Burridge. "Fourteen worthless curs yelping and whining day and night and digging up my garden. I'm through! I'm done! Do you understand that?"

"Yes, George," said Mrs. Burridge.

"Now, you listen to this!" ordered Mr. Burridge, bringing his fist down on the table. "We're going to have a dog. I've got to go out to Chicago to-day, but when I come back I want this family to have a dog. Do you understand, Jane?"

"Oh, boy!" exclaimed Ted rapturously.

"Keep still! I'm talking to your mother. Do you understand, Jane?"

"Yes, George; but—" said Mrs. Burridge.

"No 'but' about it," declared Mr. Burridge. "I tell you to buy a dog, and you'll buy a dog!"

"I was only going to say," said Mrs. Burridge meekly, "that perhaps it would be better to wait until you get home. You know so much more about dogs."

"You wait nothing!" said Mr. Burridge. "You'll buy a dog—a dog like Fogarty's. I want a dog that will run all over this neighborhood and be a confounded nuisance. What kind of dog is that dog of Fogarty's?"

"It's a wire-haired fox-terrier," said Ted promptly.

"You get a wire-haired fox-terrier," said Mr. Burridge, "like Fogarty's. And I don't want to come back and not find one. Understand that? I'll see if for once in my life I can have one of my wishes carried out. How much did that dog of Fogarty's cost?"

"He cost fifty dollars," said Ted.

"Nonsense! You get one for twenty-five; that's enough to pay for the best dog that ever lived," said Mr. Burridge.

Then he departed for Chicago, where he was to be engaged for a week.

MR. FOGARTY, whose business required him to leave his house an hour earlier than Mr. Burridge usually left, did not hear of the tomato-plant episode until he returned that night. He found his wife far from happy.

"Tom, dear—" she said as she was getting dinner.

"What, Mary?" Mr. Fogarty asked.

"I know you don't like me to be talkin' of it all the while, but don't you think we could be gettin' rid of Rumpus?"

"We can not! What's he been doin' now?"

"Ah, Tom, if you knew the worry the dog is to me," said Mrs. Fogarty. "Three terrible fights he was in to-day, and the Langham's dog got chewed in the ears! I was that weak after it all I had to lay on the bed. And diggin' up Mr. Burridge's garden this morning and him throwin' the spade and fork at him, that angry! And me alone to stand it all. And he bit the postman in the leg of the pants again to-day."

"Them postmen have a right to wear leather leggins, with all the dogs everywhere," said Fogarty. "Blowin' them whistles like they do, no wonder the dogs get mad at them."

"And for two hours he had the Giffings' cat up a tree, and him barking like a thousand, and Mrs. Giffing weepin' and cryin' terrible," said little Mrs. Fogarty, weeping into the fried potatoes.

"Well, things has come to a nice pass if a dog can't tree a cat now and again," said Mr. Fogarty. "Why don't they keep their cats in the house? If it comes to that, why don't you keep the dog in the house, Mary?"

"And don't I try, and him slippin' out every minute when the baker's boy and the butcher's boy and all come to the door. Do I tie him up he yells his head off and they're all telephonin' me could I stop the dog from howlin'? He's a terrible dog, Tom! He's the worry of the whole neighborhood, and everybody thinkin' hard thoughts of us."

Fogarty considered the dog as it reposed on the floor, its ears briskly cocked and its eyes sparkling.

"It's not such a bad dog at that, as dogs go," he said.

"It's not as if we needed a dog, but us with no children or anything, and so lately come into the neighborhood and no use for a dog but to get all the neighbors down on us," said Mrs. Fogarty. "And my nerves gettin' that jumpy that I weep most of the day whilst you are off to your work and never thinkin' of dogs at all."

"It's a shame," said Fogarty, "but I can't take a dog with me, that's sure."

"It's not as if we had kids that could play with him, and maybe keep him busy and out of devilment all day long," argued Mrs. Fogarty.

"Well, that may be, too, one of these days, hey, honey?" cheered Mr. Fogarty, pinching his wife's chin.

"If God wills," said Mrs. Fogarty, "and no doubt that's what makes me so nervous and all with the worry of him. Ah, Tom, be a good fellow and get rid of the dog for me; it would all be so nice and pleasant. I'd not have a trouble in the world. Won't you be rid of the dog, Tom? Until we have a boy of our own, maybe; then I'd not be sayin' a word."

Fogarty looked at his pretty wife and smiled fondly.

"Have it your own way, then," he said. "Get rid of the dog, if you want to, but bear in mind it was a good fifty dollars he cost me. He's worth every cent of it, too, the troublesome rascal. Here, Rumpus, you imp! Up!"

He held a lump of sugar high and the dog leaped four feet from the floor. He had strong hind legs, that dog.

"If you can't get more, you might take twenty-five dollars for him," said Fogarty. "Twenty-five or thirty-five. Only, get him in a family where a boy is—that's what he needs, a boy in the family, to work some of the pep out of him. And what you get for him you can have, Mary—to blow in for stuff for them little dresses and things you're piling up, hey?"

"Oh, Tom, you're the love of my life!" cried Mrs. Fogarty, throwing her arms around his neck. "You make me that happy! I'll see that the dog is off your hands and into a decent family by the time you get back from Baltimore, I promise you!"

Rumpus, sitting and watching this little love episode with bright eyes, thumped his tail on the floor. Mrs. Fogarty stooped and scratched the wiry hair about his collar, which was what he loved best in the way of a caress.

"You're a nice dog, at that, so you are," she said. "Give him another lump of sugar, Tom, seein' he'll be gone by the time you're back home again, the fond brute."

"Jump!" said Fogarty, holding the sugar high again, and then: "Did Mr. Burridge say anything nasty to you, Mary?"

"He said nothing at all," she said. "We had no words."

"And lucky for him," said Fogarty, "for if he had I'd make him eat them, fat as he is!"

BEFORE ten o'clock the next morning Mrs. Fogarty, happy indeed, went to her telephone. First she telephoned her butcher, telling him apologetically that she wanted only one chop; then she telephoned her grocer; and then she telephoned the office of *The Westcote Daily Eagle* and put a "Dog For Sale" advertisement in its want column. "FOR SALE—Wire-haired fox-terrier, male, $50. Might take less if good home guaranteed. Telephone Westcote 2165," was what the advertisement said, but Mrs. Burridge—who at the same moment was telephoning to the office of *The Westcote Evening Star*—did not know this. She never did know it, because the Burridges never took the *Eagle*. "DOG WANTED," was what Mrs. Burridge's advertisement said: "Wire-haired fox-terrier, male. Good home guaranteed. Might pay $25. Telephone Westcote 7651." Having arranged for this advertisement, Mrs. Burridge telephoned her butcher and her grocer for her day's requirements.

It was about eleven o'clock that Mounted Officer Haggerty, riding up Elm Avenue on his handsome chestnut horse, stopped at the curb before the Fogarty home and dismounted. He rapped on the frame of the screen door five times. At the first rap Rumpus, tied in the cellar against the coming of a purchaser, barked madly. At the second rap he barked and leaped, throwing himself heels over head when he reached the end of his rope, and barked and leaped again in an ecstacy of eagerness to be up and doing. At the third rap he leaped and the rope parted, so that when Officer Haggerty rapped the fourth time Rumpus was at the screen door. The sight of Officer Haggerty seemed to fill him with rage. He barked as if he thought Officer Haggerty was a postman. As Officer Haggerty rapped the fifth time, Mrs. Fogarty appeared, carrying a broom. She hit at Rumpus and he backed away into the hall. Mrs. Fogarty opened the screen an inch or two.

"Your dog," said Officer Haggerty—and Rumpus dashed for the door and leaped through the opening and disappeared across the street—"is loose without a muzzle."

"Oh, dear!" said little Mrs. Fogarty, and began to cry.

"Well, now, don't get excited, mam," said Officer Haggerty. "I'm not goin' to eat you up. I'm only warnin' you the word is there's to be less dogs goin' loose without muzzles, now that hot weather is on us. A word to the wise, from a cop, ought to be sufficient. When you catch the dog, keep him tied or muzzled, mam. But mind you do!"

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Fogarty, wiping her eyes. "I will!"

"There, there, now!" said Officer Haggerty, and went back to his horse.

FOR five days Mrs. Fogarty did not leave the house lest the telephone ring while she was out; but no one telephoned wanting to buy a wire-haired fox-terrier, male. When Rumpus returned for his dinner, she chained him in the coal-bin, and there he howled. By day he barked, six barks per second, steadily and continuously; by night he wailed, long sad wails.

In the adjacent home no message came telling Mrs. Burridge of a wire-haired fox-terrier, male, for sale. With much to do about the house, Mrs. Burridge let one day follow the other, and it was not until the sixth day of Mr. Burridge's absence that Mrs. Burridge began to be worried.

"Ted, do try to find a dog for sale," she pleaded.

"Well, ain't I?" her son demanded in an injured tone. "Gee, don't you think I've been lookin'? I ain't done nothin' but look, have I?"

"But we must have a dog by the time your father gets back, Theodore," Mrs. Burridge said. "Your father said to get a dog. If we don't have a dog, your father will be off again. You know how your father is."

"Gee, yes!" said Theodore, but he found no dog. It was not until the morning of the last day that Mrs. Fogarty, sweeping her kitchen porch, spoke across to Mrs. Burridge, who was shaking out a dust-cloth. From the cellar came the continuous and irritating barks of Rumpus.

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Fogarty complained to Mrs. Burridge. "The way that dog keeps barkin' is drivin' me fair crazy, but I don't dare let him loose, if somebody comes to buy him. 'Sell the dog, Mary,' Tom says——"

Mrs. Burridge stopped in the middle of a flap of her dust-cloth.

"You say you want to sell the dog?" she asked.

"Oh, but I do that!" cried Mrs. Fogarty. "If you know anybody that wants to buy a dog——"

Mrs. Burridge hung her dust-rag on the railing and crossed the yard.

"It's a male, is it?" she asked. "It's a genuine wire-haired fox-terrier? How much do you want for him?"

"Tom was after payin' fifty dollars for him, with a pedigree as long as your arm, and I don't know what all, and the collar two dollars extra, and the chain and a muzzle he won't wear, and a box of them dog biscuits. But if I could get him in a good home, with a boy like, I'd jump at thirty-five for him, or even twenty-five," said Mrs. Fogarty. "He's a fine dog, but a terrible nuisance, Mrs. Burridge."

"Would you sell him to us for twenty-five dollars?" asked Mrs. Burridge. "Not that I want a dog myself," she added, "but Mr. Burridge was saying, just before he went to Chicago, that a boy Ted's age ought to have a dog. And he did say a dog like yours was the sort of dog he would like to have.

Continued on page 64



. . . . You ask how I do it? In three little minutes which I call my own.

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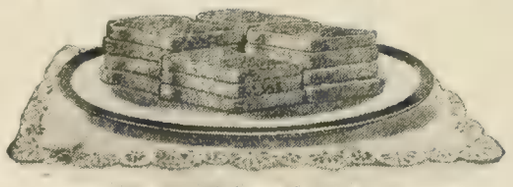
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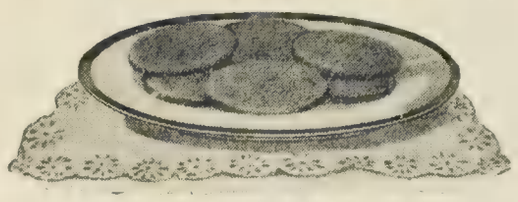
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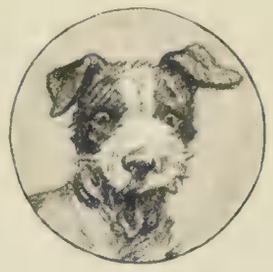
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DOG WANTED: MALE

Continued from page 63

Twenty-five dollars seems an awful lot to pay for a dog, but Mr. Burridge said to pay twenty-five dollars. Would you take that for the dog?"

"Would a fish swim?" asked Mrs. Fogarty. "If it wasn't that the dog is so valuable and all, I'd give fifty to be shut of him, the worry that he is! Wait a quarter of a minute and I'll get him from the cellar."

"I'll get the money," said Mrs. Burridge, and the two women parted. A minute later Mrs. Fogarty was waiting with the dog, who was leaping wildly at the end of his chain, for a cat was singing somewhere in the far distance and he was eager to be off and about the important business of chasing that cat up a tree.

"Hold tight to the chain. He's a strong dog if ever there was one," said Mrs. Fogarty jerkily as Rumpus yanked at her arm. "Twenty-five is right," she said, fingering the money with her left hand. "He's your dog, Mrs. Burridge."

"He's no dog of mine," said Mrs. Burridge. "I don't want a dog. He's Mr. Burridge's dog."

As she said this she took the chain and at the same moment a stray cat crossed the far corner of the tomato garden. Instantly she felt a sharp pain in her right shoulder, her right arm shot out as stiff as a ramrod, she stumbled two long and ungraceful steps toward the cat, and the steel chain was jerked from her hand. The cat and Rumpus disappeared.

"You should have held on to him tighter," said Mrs. Fogarty reproachfully. "I told you he was a strong dog."

Mrs. Burridge was rubbing her shoulder.

"He'll be coming back before eatin' time, never fear," said Mrs. Fogarty comfortingly. "Only, when you let him loose like this, you want to put the muzzle on him, mam; the cops are takin' notice of the dogs that ain't muzzled."

She gave a great sigh of relief.

"Well, now that we've got rid of the dog," she said, "I guess Tom will be after havin' a vegetable garden. It ought to do well in our back yard, if we can keep the dogs out of it."

LATE that afternoon the Westcote Palace Theater was showing the famous super-film, "A Prince of the Aztecs," the picture that had had a run of a full year in New York, and Mrs. Burridge, no longer worried over the problem of getting a dog, had taken Ted and Laura to see it. Mrs. Fogarty, too, no longer worried by the problem of getting rid of a valuable dog, was also seeing Douglas Fairfield in his wonderful rendition of Montezuma, the Aztec prince, and the two houses standing side by side on Elm Avenue were locked and deserted, except for Rumpus, who lay in the shade of a spiræa bush, in a hole he had dug in Mr. Burridge's tomato garden. He was working on a large bone that had not even a trace of meat on it. Now and then he raised his head and sniffed the air questioningly, thinking cats, but there were no cats. At other moments he uttered low growls, thinking postmen's legs, but there were no postmen.

Rumpus was entirely happy. The ten feet of chain attached to his collar did not bother him; he probably considered it something classy in the way of a lavaliere. The hole he had dug was not deep but it was large, and the cool earth was grateful to his warm body. The bone was a mere makeshift, a pleasant toy with which to pass the time until something more interesting transpired, and he had just decided to bury the bone and visit some of the neighbors when he saw something that made him lift his head and raise one side of his lip, showing his teeth. This thing was Mr. Burridge, remembered as the man who had thrown the spade, who was approaching from the direction of the North Westcote station, carrying an umbrella and a suitcase.

From where he lay in Mr. Burridge's tomato garden, under Mr. Burridge's spiræa bush, Rumpus could not see Mr. Fogarty approaching from the opposite direction, carrying a suitcase but no umbrella. Neither could he see Mounted Officer Haggerty slowly approaching at the end of the block on his handsome sorrel horse. Rumpus, getting to his feet, raised his lips on both sides, showing both of his handsome incisor teeth, and growled. It was an unfortunate moment for Rumpus to choose for growling from a hole in Mr. Burridge's garden, for Mr. Burridge was just muttering, in a bitterly disgusted tone, "Out! They're out, I bet!"

Mr. Burridge said this as he looked at the house with its closed doors and windows, and he said it with especial bitterness because he had not been able to get a lower berth on his train, and there had been no taxi at the North Westcote station. Mr. Burridge was in exactly the right temper to be off again. "Yah!" he was saying. "If I was away a thousand years, there wouldn't be a chance in a million that I could come back and find my family anywhere but out! And the door locked and nothing to do but sit on the porch like a nummy until the whole caboodle gets ready to leave some idiotic picture show that——"

THEN he saw Rumpus. At the same moment he saw Mr. Fogarty. Instantly angry blood rang in Mr. Burridge's ears and his eyes saw crimson. He dropped his suitcase and ran at Rumpus, swinging his umbrella over his head, shouting:

"Out of there! Get out of there, you—dirty—cur!" he shouted, and brought the umbrella down on Rumpus's back. The dog backed against the spiræa bush and barked and Mr. Burridge drew back his right foot and kicked at Rumpus. Instantly the dog set his teeth in Mr. Burridge's trousers leg and there was a rending of cloth and again Mr. Burridge whacked the dog with the umbrella, shouting with uncontrolled rage.

"Here, you! Here, you!" yelled Mr. Fogarty. "Don't you hit that dog!" and he dropped his suitcase and ran. "I'll not have you hittin' my dog, you big brute!" and he swung his thin arm and struck Mr. Burridge in the chest with his full fist. Mr. Burridge dropped the umbrella, grunting as the blow reached him. He staggered but he did not fall, for he threw his arms about Mr. Fogarty's neck.

To Officer Haggerty, reaching a point where he was able to see the battle, it looked as if Mr. Burridge was holding Mr. Fogarty suspended by the neck so that Mr. Fogarty could rain short-arm blows at Mr. Burridge's ribs. Coincidentally Mr. Burridge seemed to be trying to win the battle by yanking Mr. Fogarty's head off. Each time Mr. Fogarty hit Mr. Burridge in the ribs, Mr. Burridge grunted. Mr. Burridge seemed to be able to utter nothing but grunts, but Mr. Fogarty was making continuous and excited remarks in a voice that showed he was very much vexed. They were principally to the effect that he would show Mr. Burridge if he could hit that dog. As Officer Haggerty leaped down from his horse, Mr. Burridge introduced a new tactic: he threw his right leg behind Mr. Fogarty's knees. This might have been a better idea if he had not let Mr. Fogarty fall on top of him when they toppled. As it happened, the weight of Mr. Fogarty as the two fell in under the spiræa bush jolted most of the breath out of Mr. Burridge. It might have gone ill with him had Officer Haggerty not arrived just then.

RUMPUS was barking loudly and rushing in to nip at any foot that was nearest when Officer Haggerty slapped him in the ribs with the flat of his hand and sent him yelping through the spiræa bush.

"Come out of there, youse!" the officer shouted at Mr. Fogarty and Mr. Burridge. "A nice way for two family men to be actin'. Stop it and come out of there."

As they did not stop or come out, Officer Haggerty drew his club and rapped briskly on the soles of the four feet that protruded from under the bush.

"Ouch!" said Mr. Burridge.

"Quit that, you big elephant!" shouted Mr. Fogarty.

"Come out of there, then," repeated the policeman. "Or will I hit youse again? A nice way to be actin'. Youse'll have the whole neighborhood scandalized. Come out, I say!"

Mr. Burridge was willing, but Mr. Fogarty was on top of him, and Mr. Fogarty was willing, but Mr. Burridge was hugging him tight; and Officer Haggerty grasped the handiest foot and pulled, putting his bull strength in the job, and drew them out from under the bush, through the hole Rumpus had dug, and debouched them in the tomato garden's soft soil.

"Now, get up, the both of youse," he said. "What's this row about?"

"He hit me pup," panted Mr. Fogarty. "He took his big brute of an umbrella and hit him, and no man can wale me pup and get away with it. A poor little pup, and a big oaf like him assaultin' it!"

"Pup! He says pup!" panted Mr. Burridge, wiping his face on his arm. "The meanest, viciousest, snappiest full-grown dog in this town. And loose—loose, officer, without a muzzle on. I won't hit that dog, won't I? I'll knock his head off! My heavens, how much does a man have to stand from a dog like that?"

"NOW, wait a bit!" cautioned Haggerty, lifting the finger of the law. "Here's where I come in, I shouldn't wonder. Was the dog without a muzzle?"

"Of course he was!" exclaimed Mr. Burridge, who was still panting. "Look at my pants there. You can't keep a muzzle on that dog. Nobody could keep a muzzle on that dog. A dog like that is an infernal nuisance. It ought to be shot. It's always loose; it's all over the neighborhood, digging up gardens, killing cats, biting people, yowling all night—a general nuisance. It's a wonder the whole neighborhood isn't in a fight all the time, with a worthless cur like that everlastingly roaming everywhere. A man that owns a dog like that ought to be run out of town. A man that keeps a dog like that ought to be fined the limit—he ought to be jailed."

"The man's a liar," said Mr. Fogarty. "The dog is a fine dog——"

"A fine dog!" scoffed Mr. Burridge. "A dirty, snarling, mangy, flea-bit, fighting nuisance——"

"And affectionate," said Mr. Fogarty. "Kind at heart, and gentle, and well-bred——"

"And what is he anyway? Nothing but a mutt," said Mr. Burridge. "A gutter pup and a garbage hound. Not worth the powder to blow him up——"

"Now, *wait* a bit!" urged Officer Haggerty. "You saw that he had no muzzle on him, did you?"

"Muzzle? Of course he had no muzzle on him," said Mr. Burridge, clearing some of the tomato garden out of his ear with one finger. "You couldn't keep a muzzle on the cur if you riveted it on him. He's always running around without a muzzle."

"I know! I know!" said Officer Haggerty. "'Tis not the first dog I've had to do with. But are you willin' to swear he had no muzzle on?"

"Certainly!" said Mr. Burridge.

"And was not tied up?"

"Hah! Tied up!" scoffed Mr. Burridge. "He looked as if he was tied up! Of course he was not tied up."

"That'll be a fine," said Officer Haggerty, taking out his note-book. "Th' magistrate is finin' them from two dollars t' twenty-five these days——"

"You let me tell him about this dog and it'll be no two dollars," said Mr. Burridge. "A man that owns a dog like this ought to get fifty dollars and a year in jail just for owning such a dog."

"And I may do better than that for you," said Officer Haggerty. "You say the dog is a vicious dog? He's incorrigible and uncontrollable? He has a mean spirit and a nasty temper? He's a wanderer and a cat killer?"

"I give you my solemn word," said Mr. Burridge, "that that dog——"

AROUND the corner of the house came Ted, running eagerly. He stopped short as he saw the three men.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Has Rumpus been doing anything?"

"You keep still! This is none of your business," said Mr. Burridge. "I give you my solemn word, officer, that that dog is the biggest——"

"But, father—" said Ted. "Father, what's the matter?"

"Hah! Plenty's the matter," said Mr. Burridge viciously. "I've got this cur of Fogarty's where I want him at last. And tell me, officer, if a dog is a vicious brute and a neighborhood menace, can the magistrate order him killed?"

"He can that," said Officer Haggerty, "and that's what I'm gettin' at. If you will go to court and swear——"

There was a jangle of garbage-pail and a chorus of yelps and growls in

yard beyond Fogarty's, and Mr. Fogarty leaped to rescue Rumpus or to pull him off the other dog, as might be needed. Officer Haggerty went to assist, and Mr. Burridge would have joined them if Ted had not held his sleeve.

"But, father," Ted said, "he's our dog. He's your dog. Mother gave Mrs. Fogarty twenty-five dollars for him for you."

FOR a moment Mr. Burridge stared at his son. Then he coughed gently. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"Now, to purceed," said Officer Haggerty, finding his place in his note-book when he and Mr. Fogarty returned, with Mr. Fogarty dragging Rumpus at the end of the chain. "You was sayin'——"

"I was saying," said Mr. Burridge, "that all I want, officer, is to be friendly and on good terms with all my neighbors. You understand that. And it has to be give and take, officer. Now and then a man may get a little excited over things—over dogs, for instance—but what does it amount to in the end? We've got to be reasonable. This dog is no worse than any other dog."

It was now Officer Haggerty's turn to stare, and he stared at Mr. Burridge.

"Of course," said Mr. Burridge, looking at his torn pants leg, "if you excite a dog and jump at him and hit him with an umbrella, he may bite back. Any dog—any self-respecting dog—would do that. But this dog is no worse than any other dog. Why, he's better than most of the curs on this block—far better! He behaves better. There isn't a vicious drop of blood in him. Playful, yes! But you can ask Fogarty—has any one ever complained of the dog? Really complained?"

"You slang a spade at him," said Mr. Fogarty a little resentfully.

"Oh, well!" said Mr. Burridge. "When I was angry. When he dug up a tomato-plant. But what does one tomato-plant amount to? Two cents!"

Officer Haggerty closed his note-book.

"Now, this is fine!" he said. "This is more like it. It's a pleasure to come between two men that are gentlemen, like youse. 'Tis a good endin' of what might have been worse. So we'll say no more about it. We'll let it pass this time, if that's satisfact'ry to all."

"It suits me," said Mr. Fogarty.

"It's entirely satisfactory to me," said Mr. Burridge, and Officer Haggerty walked away and mounted his sorrel horse and rode off.

"AND now," said Mr. Burridge briskly, "I'll thank you to turn my dog over to me."

"Your dog!" exclaimed Mr. Fogarty.

"My dog," repeated Mr. Burridge, and Mr. Fogarty understood. He tossed the end of the chain into Mr. Burridge's hands. He turned his back and walked away, but when he had gone a few steps he turned back.

"And look here!" he said. "Mind you keep the animal chained up, for I'm havin' a garden in me yard from now on, and I'll have no dogs clawin' it up."

"Aw, go chain yourself up!" called Mr. Burridge coarsely. "If you don't want dogs in your garden, why don't you build a fence around it," and with that he walked around his house. As he went he pulled Rumpus after him.

"See here!" he said to Ted. "If that man annoys my dog, you let me know—do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Ted meekly.

"Well, take this chain then," said Mr. Burridge. "And you keep your dog muzzled—you keep your dog muzzled or tied up. I'm not going to have your dog be a nuisance to me. Understand that?"

"Yes, sir," said Ted.

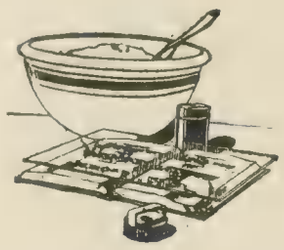
"And you tell your mother," said Mr. Burridge, "that now that she's got a dog, she'll have to take care of it. You tell her I'm not going to pay for any damage this dog of hers does."

"Yes, sir," said Ted.

Mr. Burridge picked up his suitcase. He looked a minute at Rumpus.

"The idea of an ignorant cop saying a dog like this is a nuisance!" exclaimed Mr. Burridge. "What does he expect a dog to be. I'd like to know! A dog has some rights!"

And this was a pretty fair sign that the dog was the Burridge's dog now, the world being as it is.



FRENCH PASTRY—MADE IN AMERICA

Concluded from page 20

CHOCOLATE ÉCLAIRS

Form the paste into oblongs rounded at the ends and narrow in the center. These can be modeled into shape with a knife dipped into cold water. They should be well raised in the center. Bake according to rules.

Éclairs are split through the center and any soft paste that may remain inside is removed. They are then filled with vanilla custard and the top is iced with chocolate icing.

SMALL FRENCH PASTRIES

When baking a variety of French pastries, try a few choux-paste novelties, or make an entire tray of trifles, shaping, filling and decorating them in various ways.

With a pastry-squirt or a paper cone with an opening the size of a lead pencil, form rings that will fit some pastry rounds made previously. When these rings are ready to be filled, split them and stick the bottoms on the pastry rounds with a little icing. Fill the rings with a delicate jelly or custard and ice the tops. Then fill the center with sweetened whipped cream and top off with a candied cherry.

Other shapes can be made by forming a letter S, small oblong or round mounds, or little finger strips. Fill them as your fancy may dictate, using jellies, cream custard, etc., and decorate with different icings, chopped nuts, candied fruits, etc.

FRUIT ICING

Rub sifted confectioners' sugar smooth with different kinds of fruit-juices, such as orange, lemon, strawberry, cherry or pineapple.

FLAKY PASTRY

1 cup sifted pastry flour
½ cup sifted bread flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sweet lard and butter
3 tablespoons of cold water

Sift all the dry ingredients together, rubbing the shortening in with the finger-tips. Add the water and work the whole into a smooth ball. Chill and then roll out as thin as cardboard, cutting it with a round cutter and baking in flat pans (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit) until light brown (about fifteen or twenty minutes). The finger strips can also be built up on a strip of pastry cut in a suitable size with a pastry wheel or knife.

FRENCH CRULLERS

¾ cup water
¾ cup sifted bread flour
1 level tablespoon butter
2 fresh eggs

Cook and chill as directed in the choux-paste recipe. When ready to shape, flour some baking-sheets and with a pastry-squirt form rings about the size of a small doughnut. Let these stand until the surface is hardened and the rings can be taken up with a flat spatula. This will take from two to three hours.

Have ready a kettle of hot vegetable fat, and when a small bit of bread will brown while you deliberately count forty (375 degrees Fahrenheit), begin to slide in the crullers. Do not crowd them, as they expand a good deal. Watch the fat, and if it colors the crullers too rapidly, draw it from the flame. While frying, the crullers may burst or puff up in unexpected places. After they are light brown on both sides, you may begin to test them with a toothpick. It will take each batch at least ten to fifteen minutes to dry out entirely, for if the center is the least bit soft they will get limp as soon as they are cold. When nicely browned and crisp, take them up separately on a slit spoon. Drain well on a wire rack, never on paper, and keep the rack where they will cool. Before serving, ice lightly.

ICING FOR CRULLERS

Rub sifted confectioners' sugar into a smooth paste with a few drops of any desired extract and a little hot water. The icing must be glossy but not too thin.

WINDBEUTEL

If you wish to save time or the weather is warm, make so-called "wind-bags." When the fat is hot (375 degrees Fahrenheit), take the chilled paste from the ice-box and dip a dessert-spoon into the fat and then take up a small spoon of the paste. Drop into the fat and fry as you would crullers, but do not think they are done when merely browned; they must puff and become crisp and hollow inside. Ice when done or dust with confectioners' sugar before serving.

ORANGE SOUFFLÉ

1 cup milk
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon orange extract
3 fresh eggs
½ cup sifted bread flour

Place the milk, extract and sugar in a small saucepan and heat almost to the boiling-point. Add the flour and stir until the paste clears from the sides of the pan. Now scrape the mixture into a round-bottomed bowl and let it cool. Separate the eggs, adding the yolks one at a time to the paste, beating as each is added to thoroughly blend the mass. In a large bowl beat the whites until they stand up stiff when lifted on the whip and when the bowl is reversed. Now beat the first mixture into the whites. When well blended, pour into a buttered pudding-dish and set this into a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate heat (350 degrees Fahrenheit), for twenty minutes.

If you are not quite ready to serve them at the end of twenty minutes, open the oven door and lower the heat, but do not remove from the pan of hot water until ready to serve. Serve directly from the pudding-dish with cream sauce flavored with orange rind.

CREAM SAUCE

½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
2 tablespoons soft butter
½ cup thick cream
Few gratings of the yellow rind of an orange
Hot water as needed

Cream the butter and sugar, adding hot water by the drop until the sauce is soft enough to fluff up. Whip the cream until stiff and beat into the first mixture and add the orange. Pile into a dish and keep on the ice until ready to serve.

SPONGE DUMPLINGS

½ cup water
Few gratings of nutmeg
1 egg-yolk
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sifted bread flour

Place the water, salt and nutmeg in a small saucepan over moderate heat and when hot add the flour and stir until the paste is clear from sides of the pan. Scrape into a bowl and when partly cold add the yolk of the egg and beat until smooth. Cool, then cover and set in an ice-box to stiffen (this will require a few hours). If convenient, mix the paste the day before using and set in the ice-box overnight. Fifteen minutes before serving have the soup at the boiling-point and with a teaspoon dipped in the hot soup take up small oblong portions of the paste, the size of half a pecan nut, and drop into the liquid. Cook in an open kettle for five or ten minutes. Serve these dumplings with any light broth, chicken or vegetable soup.

PATTIE SHELLS

Use the cream-puff recipe, following all directions as stated. Form into egg or boat shaped shells and when ready to fill cut the top of the shell so as to leave a slightly curving rim. Scrape out all soft particles of the paste from the interior, then insert the top to reenforce the bottom of the patty.

Chicken or tuna fish, either creamed or in the form of salad, can be used as a filling. These shells are also very suitable for fruit salads, especially when one wishes to combine the salad course and dessert, as for an informal luncheon or supper. The fruit salad can be topped with whipped cream or the fruit may be arranged to form a floral design.

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By Mrs. Alma Alt



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Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks rely upon this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You simply moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

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Arden Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5767—The collar of this one-piece slip-over dress may be detachable and either lace or crêpe de Chine. Use crêpe faille or crêpe satin with self-bindings and glass buttons, or Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine with self-bindings and bone buttons. The dress has a straight lower edge. Lower edge measures 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 35-inch satin.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5725—10229—Wool jersey tubing, wool jersey or flannel trimmed with wool embroidery and a linen collar bound with bias-fold tape to match color of embroidery make a becoming one-piece slip-over dress. It has a straight lower edge and the collar may be detachable. Work embroidery in satin-stitch, etc.

36 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch wool jersey tubing. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5654—5042—The separate short coat of fabric fur and the two-piece skirt of plaids, checks or stripes are a suitable outfit for sports, general wear, etc. One may use plush, velvet or novelty velours for coat and kasha, homespun, cheviot, etc., for skirt. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 50-inch fur fabric and 2¼ yards 40-inch material.

Coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; skirt for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

5765—The lower front of this slip-over dress is in triple-apron effect and joined at a close-fitting hipline, and the back is cut in one piece. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, cashmere dress materials or broadcloth, with center of scarf of crêpe de Chine to match or in contrasting color and braid binding.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool rep and ⅜ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for center of scarf. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5721—This is an attractive utility coat, one which can be worn in straight-line or wrap-around style. The pockets may be inside or outside. Use plaids, stripes, chinchillas, double-faced coatings, fleece coatings, Teddy bear, homespun or camel's-hair. With inside pockets use soft pile fabrics or fabric fur.

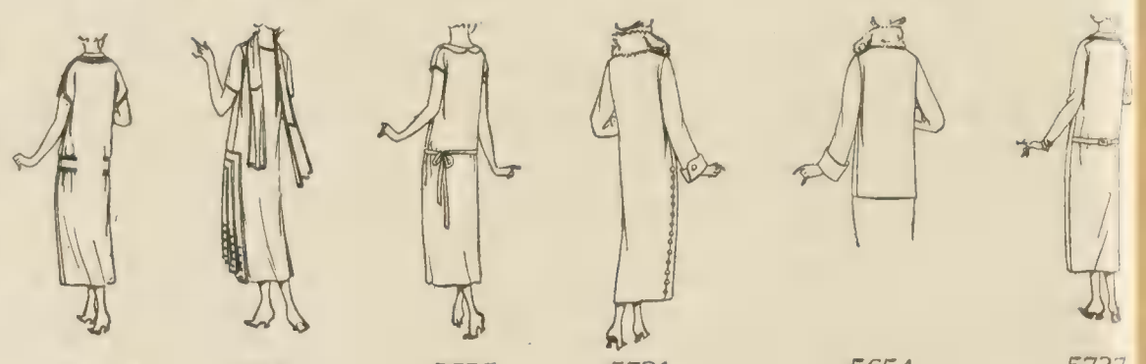
36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch camel's-hair. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The coat is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5737—A detachable vestee and cuffs are tailored points to this one-piece slip-over dress with slightly deep armholes. Use soft twills or cashmere dress materials with vestee and cuffs of linen, piqué, crêpe de Chine or organdy; or use light-weight flannel or wool jersey with linen or piqué.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 27-inch flannel and 1 yard 27-inch plain material for vestee and cuffs. Lower edge 45½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5767 5765 5725 5721 5654 5737

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

5741—10246—If you use chiffon velvet for this one-piece slip-over dress, face the drapery in a contrasting color or one to match the dress. The dress wraps around at the lower part and the lace collar may be detachable. The embroidered motif is smart. One may use faille silk, crêpe satin, plain flat crêpes, broché or printed silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch velvet.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5712—Silk crêpe in contrasting color for the collar, facing, cuffs and bindings is a smart trimming for this silk crêpe one-piece dress with a tiered front. It fits closely at the hipline and slips on over the head. One may use crêpe satin with contrasting crêpe satin, faille silk with contrasting satin. Brown with amber, navy blue or black with terra cotta, and black with greenish-blue are smart.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5749—Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or chiffon velvet for this slip-over dress, with the upper part of the long body lining of metal tissue, lace or flesh-colored indestructible voile. Under lace one should wear a satin or crêpe de Chine slip. A silver ribbon at the hipline, a hand-made flower and ostrich trimming are smart. The straight skirt is joined to a long body at a close-fitting hipline. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5759—Bone buttons, worked buttonholes and the contrasting material are trimming enough for a slip-over dress with a yoke and attached two-piece lower part. Use cashmere suitings, soft twills, wool rep or kasha with flat crêpe in self or harmonizing color. With silk faille, satin or velvet use flat crêpe and crystal buttons. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch silk and 1⅜ yard 54-inch cloth.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5699—5724—10138—This slip-over tunic blouse is plaited in clusters to a yoke and the costume slip has a straight lower edge. The embroidery is attractive. Use crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or Georgette for blouse and soft satin, crêpe de Chine, etc., for slip. Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

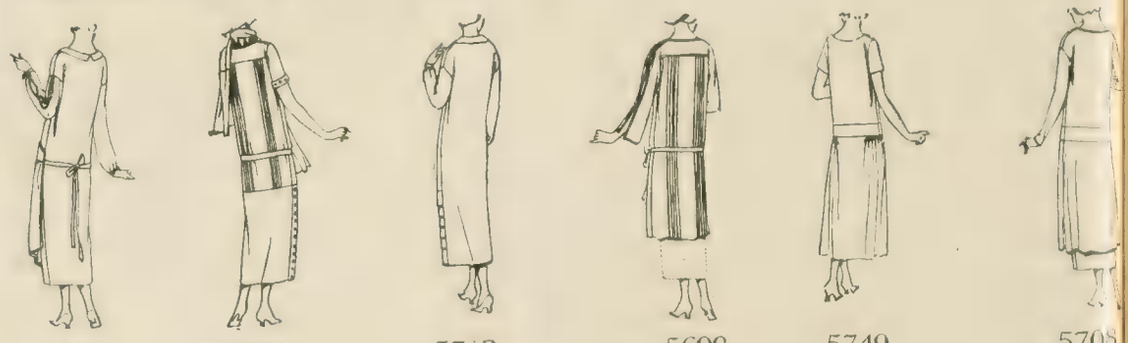
36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch Canton crêpe, ⅞ yard 39-inch contrasting material for yoke and bindings, and 2⅝ yards 35-inch material for slip.

Tunic blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; slip for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5708—10207—The slip-over tunic blouse with a two-piece circular lower part joined at the hipline is one of the newest silhouettes. The one-piece slip is separate. The embroidery is most effective. Use crêpe-back satin, crêpe faille, silk crêpe, with upper part of slip of lining silk; or use cream lace over black or brown satin slip.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe-back satin including lower part of slip. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

Tunic blouse and slip are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5741 5759 5712 5699 5749 5705

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A Clear
Healthy Skin
Insured by Every-day
Use of Cuticura Soap

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

5736—10254—Embroidered motifs trim this slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and the yoke and sleeve cut in one. Work them in colors. Use flannel, wool crêpe, plain Canton crêpe in contrasting color or printed Canton crêpe, with velveteen yoke, etc.

13 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch wool crêpe and 1 yard 35-inch velveteen.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5746—For parties this slip-over dress and separate bloomer slip is very dainty. Use crêpe de Chine, taffeta, Georgette, net, organdy or cotton voile, or pin-dot swiss or voile trimmed with fine lawn or organdy.

6 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5730—10243—Crêpe de Chine, taffeta, pongee, chambray, pin-check gingham, cotton prints, fine cotton crêpe, dotted swiss or dimity are suitable for this slip-over dress in raglan style and with separate bloomers. It may have a scalloped or straight lower edge. Work the flowers in one-stitch, etc.

5 years requires 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5756—Use chambray, linen, cotton rep, pongee, linen-finished cottons or silk-and-wool jersey in two colors for this suit. It has a waist and straight trousers, and the collar and cuffs may be detachable.

4 years requires 1 yard 35-inch linen for waist and 1 yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

5734—Straight flounces and a fine lace collar and cuffs (which may be detachable), trim this one-piece slip-over dress of plain crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or taffeta.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5722—5416—A slip-over dress of light-weight twill, wool crêpe or kasha and a velvet tam-o'-shanter make a smart school outfit. One may use all one material or the body of the same material or of silk crêpe in contrast, or of printed silk crêpe; or use flannel or serge all one material or with contrasting color for this dress with its box-plaited two-piece skirt joined at the hipline. The collar may be detachable.

12 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch light-weight twill for dress.

Dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; tam-o'-shanter for girls, children, misses, ladies.

5695—10302—Quaint and very English is a frock with a straight skirt joined to the waist at a point slightly above the normal waistline. Use striped or printed cottons, dotted swiss or voile, dimity, fine cotton crêpe, chambray, lawn, etc., trimmed with organdy. The toy animal is easily made.

5 years requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch cotton print.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5701—5744—For this coat use soft pile fabrics, cashmere coatings, broadcloth or kasha trimmed with fur, stitchings or braid and with buttons to match coat. It may have a turn-over collar. The hat is smart in faille silk, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, etc.

6 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch cloth.

Coat is for little girls 2 to 6; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5693—Make this one-piece slip-over dress of flannel, wool crêpe, heavy cotton crêpe, linen or linen-finished cottons.

8 years requires 1⅜ yards 27-inch flannel, 1¼ yard 27-inch flannel for bosom, etc.

The dress is smart for girls 4 to 10 years.

5742—Bands of the shiny side of crêpe satin are smart trimming for a slip-over dress made of the dull side. It has a gathered straight skirt joined at a low waistline. One may use crêpe de Chine with contrasting.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (using dull and shiny sides).

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.



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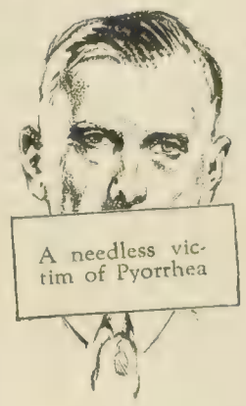
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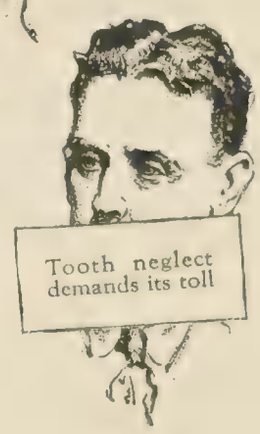
4 out of 5

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More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea



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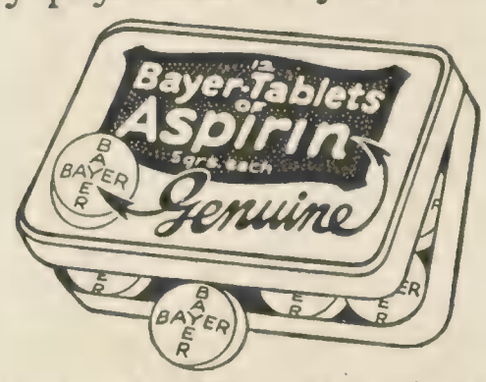


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ANALAX

THE FRUITY LAXATIVE

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

5686—5549—For this one-piece slip-over dress use crêpe satin or silk crêpe with plaitings and bindings of same material in contrast and buttons covered with dress material, etc. It fits closely at the hipline and has a tiered front. Her satin hat has a four-gored crown.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and ⅜ yard 35-inch contrasting material for dress. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women; hat for misses and ladies.

5757 — 10138 — This one-piece slip-over draped dress is wrapped around at the lower part. Use crêpe satin, plain flat crêpe or faille silk with embroidery on the pocket. Work this embroidery in harmonious colors.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch velvet, ¾ yard 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 44 ins.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5696 — 5458 — The wrap-around straight lower part joins a long upper part in tunic effect in this slip-over dress with detachable collar and cuffs. Use wool cashmere, twills, wool rep, kasha, etc., with silk crêpe or satin. Her velvet gored tam-o'-shanter is smart.

16 years requires 2 yards 39-inch material for upper part and ½ yard 54-inch wool rep for dress. Lower edge 41 inches.

Dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; tam-o'-shanter for misses, ladies, girls, children.

5735—For afternoon occasions this is a picturesque slip-over frock. It has a full straight skirt joined to a basque at a slightly low waistline and closes under the left arm. Use taffeta, moire taffeta or crêpe faille with ribbon loops and ends to match dress in color, white or corn-colored crêpe de Chine collar, etc. Lower edge 2 yards.

16 years requires 3¼ yards 35-inch taffeta.

It is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5702—Inserted godets give the very new silhouette to this one-piece slip-over dress which fits closely at the hipline. Use velvet with godets and scarf-ends of satin to match and Georgette for center of scarf, etc.; or use both sides of crêpe satin. Lower edge 45 ins.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 35-inch velvet, 1½ yard 36-inch satin and ⅜ yard 39-inch Georgette for center of scarf.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5755—The basque, pointed both in front and in back and joined to a full straight skirt, is a picturesque style for young girls. This slip-over dress closes under the left arm and may have normal or cut-down armholes, an afternoon or evening neck, etc. Use taffeta, crêpe satin, Canton crêpe, chiffon velvet, etc.

18 years requires 3¾ yards 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge of skirt 2⅞ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women and ladies 38 bust.

5714—Petals of changeable taffeta are a lovely and inexpensive trimming for the young girl's slip-over frock. It may have a higher neck for daytime and the straight gathered skirt is joined at a slightly low waistline. Use Georgette or crêpe de Chine with center of flower of ribbon in a darker tone, petals of changeable taffeta, etc.

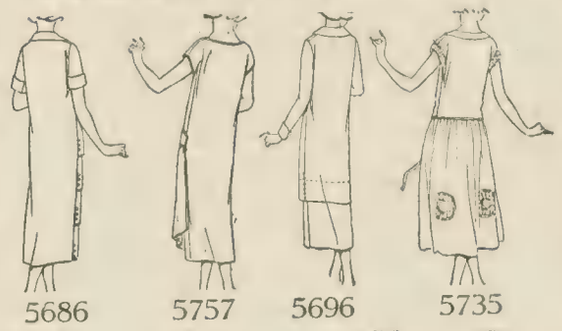
17 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

It is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5743—Georgette or crêpe de Chine makes a delightful slip-over dress with a full straight skirt joined at a slightly low waistline. It closes under the left arm. One may use rose-pink with shaded pink ribbon for rosettes and silver or gold ribbon for rosette-centers.

16 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 2¼ yards.

It is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

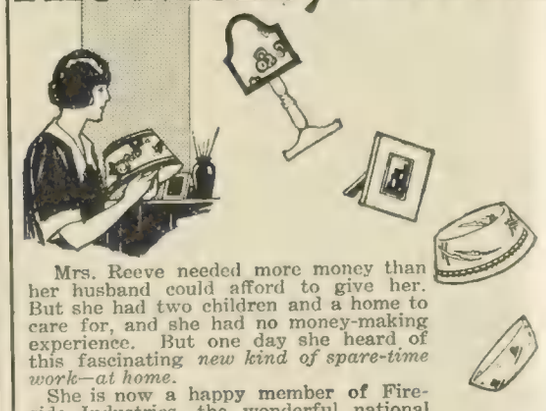


5686 5757 5696 5735



5702 5755 5714 5743

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HARLESS E. POTTER,
Yeager, Kentucky.

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5723—10246—Clusters of plaits at each side of the one-piece front and back make this slip-over dress becoming to any type of figure. The embroidery is effective. Work it in harmonizing colors. Use crêpe satin, crêpe faille, plain or printed Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine or Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge, plaits out, 1⅝ yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

5745—The coat dress which closes on the side is very smart in wool rep, soft twills or kasha, as well as silk bengaline, silk faille, crêpe satin or heavy silk crêpe. The dress may have a body lining.

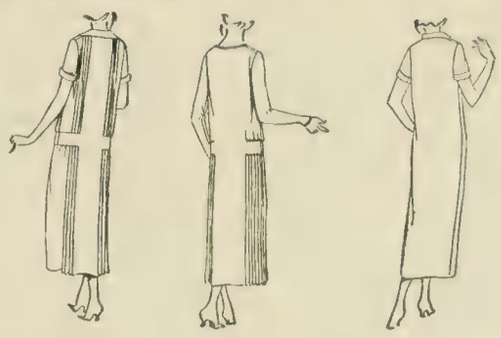
36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 56-inch wool rep. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The coat dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5733—Use wool rep, cashmere dress materials, soft twills, wool crêpe, kasha, broadcloth, flannel or corded silks, etc., for this one-piece dress which fits closely at the hipline. Crêpe de Chine frills in contrasting color and bone or wood buttons to match frills are smart trimming.

36 bust requires 2 yards 56-inch wool rep. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5723 5688 5733

5682—The inserted godets of this one-piece slip-over dress, which fits closely at the hipline, give one an opportunity to use the two sides of crêpe satin, and a trimming of crystal buttons, etc.; or use gray, tan or beige Canton or Marocain crêpe with satin in a darker tone of same color, etc. Lower edge 49 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (using dull and shiny sides).

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5688—Loose panels at the sides give an exceedingly graceful effect to this one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Make it of crêpe faille, crêpe satin, Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine.

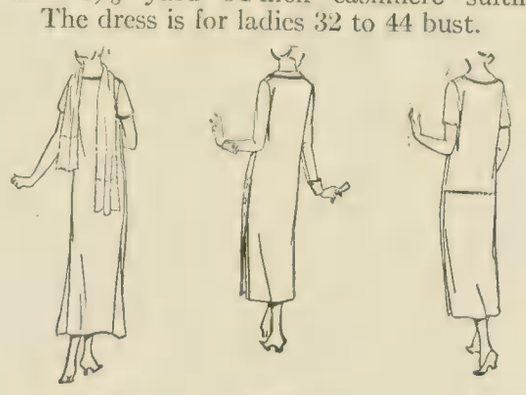
36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is very becoming to ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5710—10199—Use wool rep, cashmere suitings, kasha or soft twills for the straight wrap-around lower part of this slip-over dress and plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine in self or contrasting color or printed designs for the long upper part; or use heavy satin with plain crêpe de Chine, etc. The embroidery is smart. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅛ yard 54-inch cashmere suiting.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5682 5745 5710

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5766—5685—5549—10155—A slip-over tunic blouse of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, crêpe satin, silk crêpe, etc., embroidered or beaded, this length or longer, and a soft satin costume slip make a smart frock. The embroidery is easily done. The satin hat has a four-gored crown. Lower edge, plaits out, 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 2½ yards 35-inch satin for slip.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 52 bust; slip for ladies 36 to 52 bust; hat for ladies and misses.

5681—5685—This slip-over tunic blouse of crêpe satin, crêpe faille, Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine may be a shorter length. For the costume slip with inverted plait below waistline at each side, use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or soft satin.

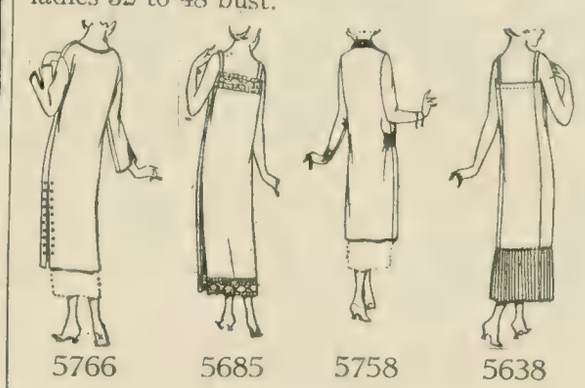
36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe faille and 2½ yards 39-inch contrasting material for slip (including trimming). Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1½ yard.

Blouse is for ladies 36 to 52 bust; slip for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5764—5631—10272—The wide inserted band of this slip-over tunic blouse may be of the reverse side of crêpe satin, of contrasting color or of lace banding. The costume slip has an inverted plait at each side below a low waistline. The embroidery is smart.

36 bust requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch satin crêpe (including slip), 1⅛ yard 40-inch contrasting satin crêpe for band and center of scarf. Lower edge, plaits out, 54½ inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



5766 5685 5758 5638



5764 5631

5758—5638—10312—Embroidery and fur trim this slip-over tunic blouse of satin, Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine which one wears with a costume slip which has a plain lower part. The slip may be worn with other tunic blouses. The embroidery is very simple to do.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (including slip). Lower edge 44 inches.

Blouse is for figure 32 to 48 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust; also misses.

5762—5724—10138—This slip-over tunic blouse is trimmed in Russian-closing effect and may be shorter. The costume slip has a straight lower edge and either a three-inch or deep shadow-proof hem. The embroidered motifs are effective.

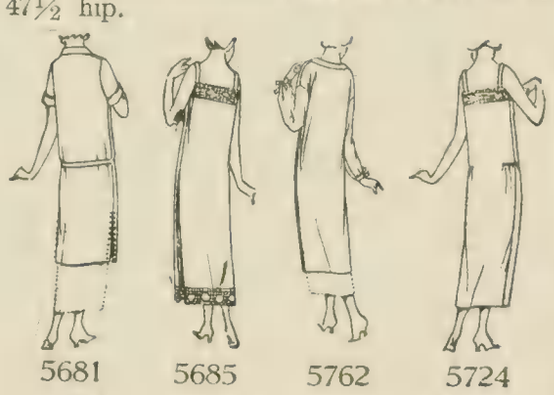
36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 2⅝ yards 35-inch contrasting material for slip (including bands). Lower edge 44 inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5520—5740—5581—This ensemble costume is composed of a kasha coat with a straight lower edge and three-piece, step-in, wrap-around skirt which has a wide underlap, and a slip-over tunic blouse. Lower edge of coat 45 inches, of skirt 43½ inches.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 54-inch kasha (including skirt with camisole top) and 2¼ yards 39-inch material for blouse.

Coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; blouse for figures 33 to 50 bust; skirt for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.



5681 5685 5762 5724



5740 5581 5520

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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

From the Creator of Peter Pan

Sir James M. Barrie, he of "Sentimental Tommy," "Peter Pan" and other contributions to the world's too limited stock of sheer charm in literature (why mention other titles? Every Barrie reader has his favorite) will be a contributor to the February DELINEATOR. "Better Days for Girls" is a captivating essay addressed to girls of school age and having all the magic qualities that constitute the Barrie charm. It is whimsical, tender, sympathetic, sincere, and, along with delightful glimpses of remembrances from his own youth, the author deftly manages to combine a word or two of sage counsel with a hint of prophetic vision.

The Lady Who Had No Name

Scarcely a month goes by, probably, that some reader who has written to one of our service departments doesn't wait in vain for a reply, wondering meantime why her request is neglected. Occasionally the disappointment is acute and the reader writes an indignant protest to the editor. We believe that our service facilities excel those of any other woman's magazine. We are proud of our record in that respect and are keenly disappointed when anything occurs to mar it, but even our most competent service editors are not gifted with second sight. They are accustomed to dealing with the problems thrust on them by the inquirer who forgets to enclose return postage, as required by the post-office, or who neglects to remit the purchase price of expensive bulletins and illustrated booklets, but are completely baffled when the reader omits her home address, a form of carelessness that occurs with surprising frequency. For the most part it is impossible to trace such inquiries to their source, though our correspondents make every effort that ingenuity can suggest. For example, THE DELINEATOR's recent offer of home-budgeting service brought to Miss Van Rensselaer a letter requesting help from a woman in a small Oklahoma town who neglected to sign her name. Miss Van Rensselaer wrote to the postmaster of the town, enclosing the envelope and asking if he could identify the sender. The postmaster could, and did, and the woman got her service. Obviously it is out of the question to repeat that sort of luck very often, and in an effort to head off such occasions for disappointment we urge: write as often as you like and make full use of what THE DELINEATOR has to offer outside of its text and advertising pages, but to get prompt and efficient service remember to give your post-office address in full, to enclose return postage for a reply, and to enclose a remittance for any bulletins or booklets for which a charge is made. A complete list of these appears each month in "Ask THE DELINEATOR."

A Yarn for After Dinner

There exists a widely known sanatorium presided over by a prominent physician whose examinations of new patients are conducted precisely as indicated in the following story. Thus far we can vouch for its authenticity; as for the rest, why inquire too closely into facts that would add nothing to an amusing anecdote? A young man who arrived at the institution without having made advance arrangements was greeted by the office nurse in charge at the time and asked if he had an appointment.

"No, I have not," was the reply.

The nurse consulted her appointment-book and remarked, "The doctor will have a few minutes to see you after the next patient, so please go into that room and undress."

"Not I," replied the young man, "I don't want to undress for anything."

"Then you can't see the doctor. That's the rule here."

The young man, seeing no chance of appeal, entered the designated waiting-room, complied with instructions, and was stark naked when the doctor arrived.

"Well, sir," was the latter's greeting, "what can I do for you?"

"Doctor," replied the young man, "I called to see if you want to renew your wife's annual subscription to THE DELINEATOR."

For the Gardener and Home-maker

Among the more practical contents in next month's issue one of the most important will be Frances Duncan's article, featuring THE DELINEATOR'S Gold-Medal Garden. Last year, through the Garden Club of America, we offered a gold medal for the best design for a small home garden combining flowers and vegetables. The prize was awarded by the club at its last annual show to Mrs. Ejnar Hanson of Ridgefield, Connecticut, a member of the Ridgefield Garden Club. Miss Duncan describes the garden, tells how to go about planning and developing a similar one and offers a diagram, with planting instructions, to amateur gardeners. With the aid of the diagram, any one can lay out a model home garden based on the prize-winning pattern and with the help of Miss Duncan's detailed instructions plant and cultivate it so as to insure satisfactory results.

A seasonable culinary article of unusual interest will feature a collection of Colonial recipes from the Washington home at Mount Vernon. Recipes for dishes favored by the family of the Father of His Country have been tested and modernized by the Department of Home Economics at Cornell University under the supervision of Miss Martha Van Rensselaer.

Many of the quaint recipes called for ingredients now rare. Cream of tartar, for instance, was often specified where modern recipes substitute baking-powder.

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we suggest

"THE DELINEATOR"

AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT

we suggest

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HOME-MAKING

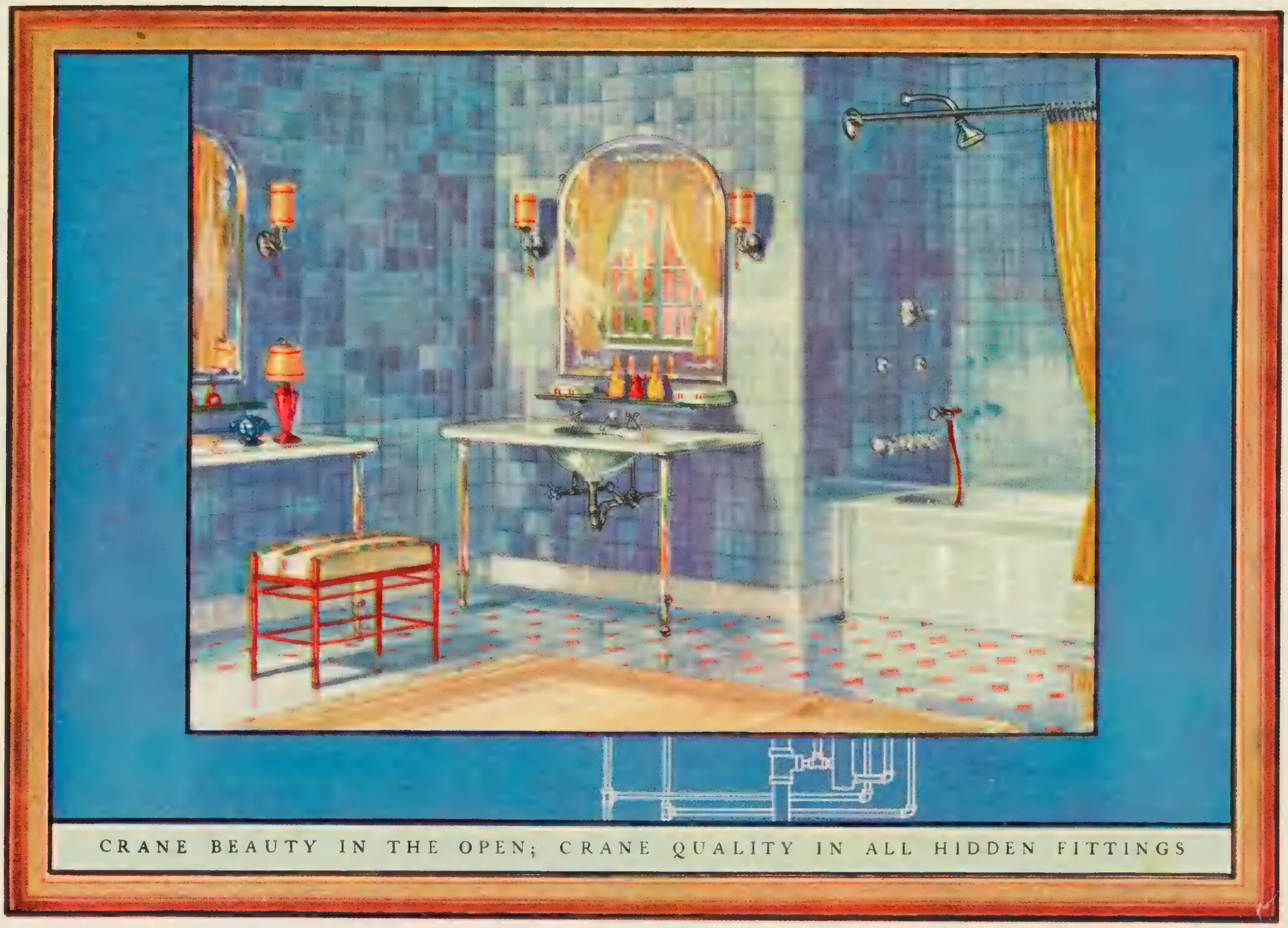
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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

A *CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa*, woman is being examined, properly enough, by an insanity commission for refusing to marry a man worth $50,000. At first the lady consented, but later changed her mind, explaining that she hadn't known the man long enough! ◈◈◈ The old question, "Why does a woman step off a street car backward?" is being revived again in *Germany*. The tramway authorities in *Berlin* had a prize competition among their employees for the best suggestions to prevent accidents. The winner suggested that a mirror be placed in such a position at the exit of each car that it will just naturally attract the eyes of women, who will then be facing in the right direction to step off in safety ◈◈◈ Still another news item shows that German women are pretty much like their sisters the world over. An enterprising promoter conceived the novel idea of running off an ostrich race in one of the unused trotting parks. An enormous crowd gathered and everything was rosy until the ostriches were led out into the paddock. Then the women precipitated a riot by overpowering the trainers of the birds and pulling out their plumage ◈◈◈ Restoration of the parish church in *Wymington, England*, has brought to light wall paintings indicating that bobbed hair was the fashionable coiffure for women when the church was built in 1350 ◈◈◈ Speaking of hair reminds us that just twenty years ago American department stores were advertising 28-inch switches, best quality, weighing 2½ pounds, for $8. What price crown of glory now? ◈◈◈ From *London, England*, comes the annual wail from Bond Street tailors because the extravagance of Englishwomen in the matter of dress leaves no money for the men to spend on their own raiment. Putting forward the theory that it is more necessary for a man to be well dressed than a woman, because clothes with a man are a business asset, one tailor declared that "everywhere one sees badly dressed husbands accompanied by extravagantly dressed wives, while shabby business men dictate letters to stenographers wearing the latest thing from Paris. It is time," he continued, "that men rebelled. As things are, women spend at least three times more than men. It has become necessary for men to make a stand and to insist on being as well dressed as their wives or daughters or stenographers." ◈◈◈ At this time of year it is customary for all forward-looking editors to make plans for forthcoming months. For our part we shall continue to toil in our tiny editorial vineyard with a view to uplifting, instructing and edifying the never-sufficiently-praised sex along much the same lines as heretofore ◈◈◈ More specifically, we shall advocate a few original reforms and improvements; for instance—the home treadmill for idle wives, the idea being that when friend wife has a little time on her hands she can step into the machine, grind away for an hour or two and accumulate enough power in a storage-battery to run the electric dishwasher and the ice-cream freezer. The scheme neatly combines wholesome exercise, practical results and opportunity for profitable meditation ◈◈◈ A European institution that we will endeavor to popularize in this country is the *dot*, so that every woman of marriageable age will have something put by against the rainy day that may befall the best of husbands. Even the poorest of continental girls never comes to the altar empty-handed. If nothing more, her father planted a tree the day she was born and by the time she becomes a bride there is at least a few weeks' supply of firewood in case of necessity and a plentiful crop of switches with which to discipline the next generation ◈◈◈ Among other things noted on our calendar for attention in 1925 are the observance of a *Mind Your Own Business Week*, during which all chatterers, blatters and tattlers will be rounded up in the public pound, and the appointment of a new Federal official, attached to the Children's Bureau, whose humane duty it will be to wring the little necks of squalling infants on Pullman sleepers. The pernicious practise of paying *alimony* also cries for reform, and we may have some constructive criticism to offer the alimony-receiving sex ◈◈◈ Of course our fair pewholders have already guessed the thing we will urge in season and out, namely, to wit, and as follows: Always mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers ◈◈◈ To all we do wish a very, very Happy New Year



CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

For many home-makers, the clear white of porcelain or enamel fixtures is the essential seal of cleanliness in bathroom fixtures.

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Your plumbing contractor will show you or secure for you a *Corwith* bath or any other plumbing or heating fixture in the wide variety that Crane supplies at prices within reach of all. Let us send you a booklet of color schemes, "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

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Crane Y branch drainage fitting

Here is a new Victor product
The Music Arts Library of Victor Records

Just as a certain amount of reading is part of everybody's life experience, so too there is a proportionate amount of music with which every man and woman wishes to be familiar. That is the keynote of the Music Arts Library of Victor Records, six volumes of which are now ready. The Music Arts Library of Victor Records serves a purpose which can be served so well in no other way. No one interested in music will want to miss seeing these books and hearing the records in them. The finest efforts of the world's greatest artists are represented—artists and music of the same high caliber as you see on this page.



© Underwood & Underwood

ALDA
Victor Artist

The amazing versatility of Frances Alda's soprano is one of the most conspicuous of the many gifts bestowed upon her by nature in a prodigal mood. When Alda sings in opera or ballad, there is an intensity of temperament, a thrilling quality that grips the imagination—equally when you hear Alda or any of her many Victor Records, of which these are a few:

		Double-faced
The Bells of St. Mary's If Winter Comes (Summer Will Come Again)	525	$1.50
By the Waters of Minnetonka Deep River	527	1.50
Bohême—Mi chiamano Mimi Carmen—Micaela's Aria	6038	2.00



© Kubey-Rembrandt

STOKOWSKI
Victor Artist

Leopold Stokowski has brought the playing of the Philadelphia Orchestra to an almost unparalleled degree of perfection—a hundred minds, each one a chosen intellect, in instantaneous response to his own. That so great an achievement can be adequately perpetuated by any process of recording is in itself a triumph of science and of art, in proof of which we recommend the following records:

		Double-faced
Carmen—Prelude to Act I March of the Caucasian Chief	796	$1.50
Blue Danube Waltz Invitation to the Waltz	6237	2.00
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2 Largo from "New World" Symphony	6236	2.00



RUFFO
Victor Artist

Listen to the ringing quality of Ruffo's voice on a Victor Record and you will smile with us over the dictum of his first teachers, who after two years of instruction declared his vocal equipment inadequate for operatic work! How thoroughly the famous baritone has negatived their conclusions, his world successes and these few selections from his complete Victor list show:

		Double-faced
Barbiere de Siviglia—Largo al factotum Rigoletto—Monologo—Pari siamo	6263	$2.00
Pagliacci—Prologo, Part I Pagliacci—Prologo, Part II	6268	2.00
Querida El Relicario	822	1.50



Victrola No. 100
$150
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Victrola No. 210
$110
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Victrola No. 230
Mahogany, $375; electric, $415
Walnut, $440; electric, $480



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

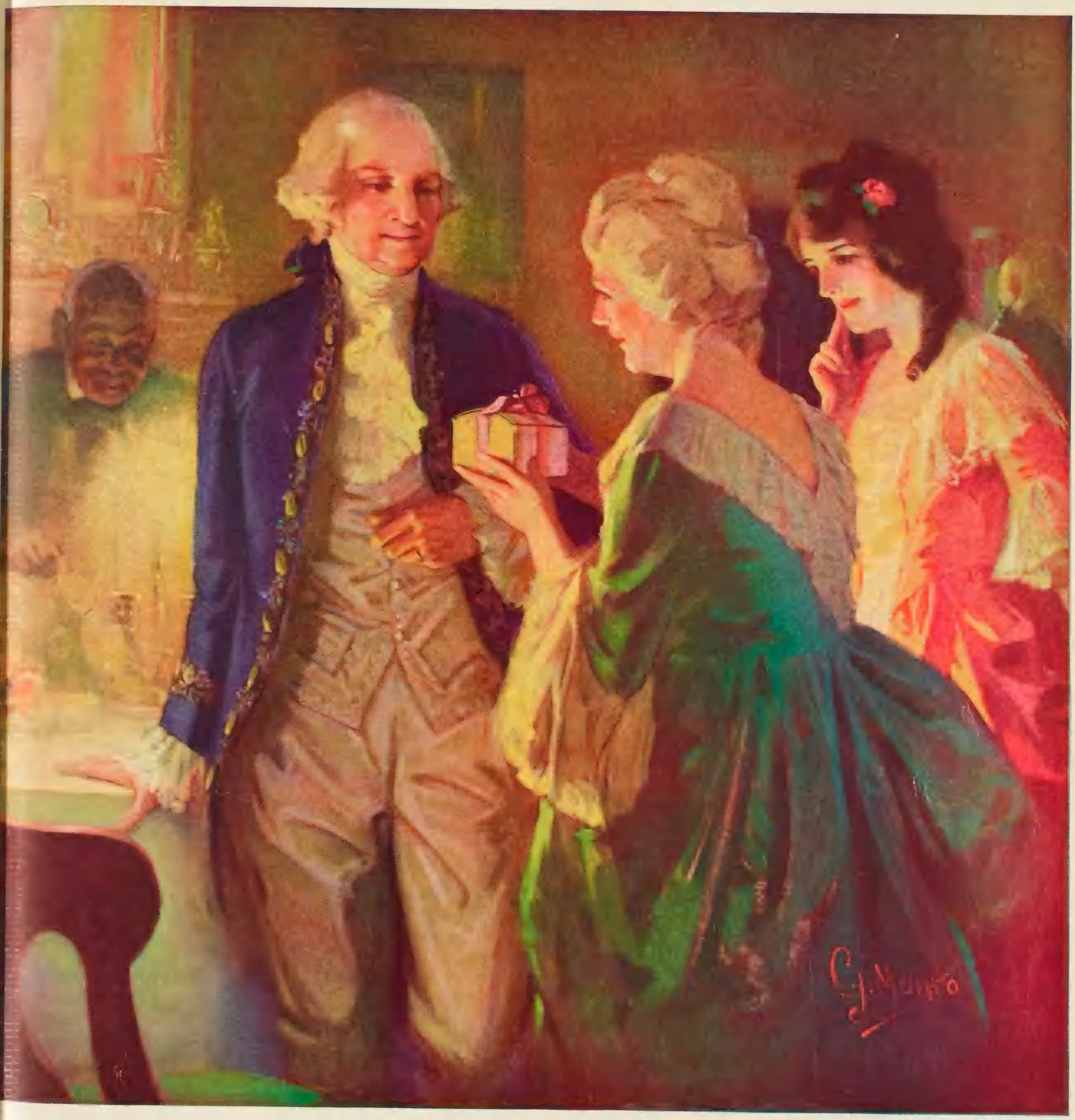
There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks

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Victrola
REG U S PAT OFF

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Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

THE DELINEATOR



Washington's Birthday in 1790

FROM A PAINTING BY C. J. MONRO

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE

HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

KATHLEEN NORRIS

STYLES FOR EARLY SPRING

FEBRUARY 1925

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

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CONGOLEUM
Art-Rugs

THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

SYMBOLS OF OUR HISTORY

WHEN one of the New York historical societies unveiled a tablet on the Butterick Building in New York to commemorate the proud American history made on this spot, President Coolidge wrote: "Here is the site of Richmond Hill mansion, where General Washington made his headquarters during the Long Island campaign in 1776, where John Adams lived in 1789 and Aaron Burr in 1797. Here were entertained Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson and other leaders of America and Europe. This tablet is raised in reverence for great deeds of the past, that it may be an altar to the faith of the future."

In discussing the marking of this historical spot, President Coolidge said to the Editor of THE DELINEATOR: "The men and women who band together to preserve the traditions, the standards and the records of this country are the true preservers of the nation."

There are thousands of women and men in America who are entitled to belong to some one of our patriotic organizations. Many of you, our readers, are perhaps not conscious that this right is yours. It may be that some of your family fought in the Revolution, in the Civil War, the Indian Wars, the Spanish-American War or the World War. If this be true, you are entitled to membership in one of the societies commemorating these wars. It may be that some of your forbears were among the pioneers who settled the West. If this be true, you have the right to belong to one of the most interesting, forward-looking groups in this country. Perhaps one of your girls was overseas with the "Y," the Knights of Columbus or the Salvation Army.

All of these groups have come together, not merely for social interests, but for fine, high American motives. Many historical dwellings and landmarks would have entirely disappeared and have been lost to history had it not been for the activity of the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution. Museums all over the country have been enriched by priceless manuscripts, letters, pictures and ancient works of art contributed by the descendants of the old settlers.

The birthplace of Washington, as well as his home, Mount Vernon, was saved to the nation by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The most colossal monument in all history, Stone Mountain Memorial, eleven hundred feet long and two hundred feet high, costing several millions, has been made possible to the world through the sentiment and conservative activities of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

There is an immeasurable power for good in groups of people brought together in a sacred interest to their country. There is a common bond in the heritage of its history. These are the peace-time defenders of the nation. And they have only begun to make their power felt.

What prouder heritage can you give your children than the record of the part, no matter how simple or how humble, which their forbears had in the making of a great nation? In these patriotic societies the great-granddaughter of a colonel ranks no higher than the descendant of that colonel's orderly. It frequently happens that one whose ancestors served in an obscure way may be the leader in the present-day organizations. Nowhere is our democracy more justified and evidenced than in the evolution of the descendants of our early defenders.

THE DELINEATOR, as a February gift to its readers, has collected information about the most important of the patriotic societies—how to know if you are eligible, how to join, what the costs are, what the insignia is and what the aims and accomplishments of these organizations are. If you are interested in the records of your own family and in being a part of the proud patriotic societies of this country, write to us for this information. It will be given to you merely for the cost of printing.

THE LABOR OF LITTLE CHILDREN

ONE of the cruelest injustices in the world—one which weighed heavily upon the heart of that great child saver, the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt—is child labor.

When Doctor Holt undertook his direction of the Happy Child Department of THE DELINEATOR, he made two stipulations: first, that the very highest standard of child health should be presented; and second, that at least once a year, until such time as the laws of the land insured protection for our helpless little ones, THE DELINEATOR should make a plea for legislation to regulate child labor.

Last year Doctor Holt himself wrote an appeal to the women of the country, and particularly to those fortunate mothers whose children have enough financial means to be given a chance. He also asked Dr. Owen Lovejoy, General Secretary of the National Child-Labor Committee, to prepare a stern article recounting the labor conditions of little children in the United States up to December 1, 1923.

Doctor Holt's sudden death in China some months after he had voiced his earnest appeal leaves upon us the obligation to urge the readers of THE DELINEATOR to register their strong protest against any law which authorizes life-destroying and spirit-breaking labor for children. We beg you to support the Child-Labor Law Amendment, which has already been passed by Congress and is now coming before forty-two State legislatures when they meet in 1925. Thirty-six States must ratify this amendment in order to make it a part of the Constitution of the United States.

The census of 1920 showed that over one million children from the ages of ten to sixteen were working in the United States in factories, mills, canneries and other industries. When one State prohibited child labor, the young workers were taken to another State which permitted it. Trainloads of them have been carried to the beet-fields.

Do not listen to the argument that poor people need the earnings of their children. Child labor does not lessen poverty; it reproduces it. Putting a child to work to support its mother is a remedy far worse than the disease. Regulation does not throw children into the streets; it sends them into the schools. Every community owes the children within its confines an education, the right to live and the right to health.

In the name of that great lover of children, Doctor Holt, who gave his life to the service of the young, we ask you to do your part to carry on energetically for the abolition of harmful child labor—not merely to approve in a general way the Child-Labor Law Amendment, but to be sufficiently conscious of your civic obligation to go to a library and look up the amendment, to read it yourself and think about it, to ask high-minded men and women to advise you if you are still in doubt, and then to act so that the children of this country may have an honest chance.

The American Legion

The Society of Mayflower Descendants

The Daughters of the American Revolution

Badge, United Daughters of the Confederacy

The Plymouth Society of New England

The American National Red Cross

Descendants of Signers of Declaration of Independence

Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association

United States Daughters of 1812

The United Daughters of the Confederacy

The Daughters of Holland Dames

Overseas Chevron of the Y. M. C. A.

A NATION'S GREATEST INHERITANCE IS PRIDE IN THE NOBLE DEEDS OF ITS PAST

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 100

A Home Built around a Mother

The story of the Kalamazoo "BETTER HOME" in America

By BLANCHE BRACE



DIGNIFIED SIMPLICITY IS THE KEY-NOTE OF THIS HOME WHICH FITS THE NEEDS AND THE POCKETBOOK OF THE AVERAGE AMERICAN

IT REALLY amounts to this: Kalamazoo, Michigan, has created a new style of architecture, a new type of home.

"Kalamazoo wins the first prize for the best demonstration home in the 1924 campaign of Better Homes in America." This is the news that the Associated Press wires flashed around the nation one hot day in early July.

Everybody was interested in that dispatch. It was a matter of national import. More than a thousand communities throughout the United States had exhibited demonstration homes in the national contest. There was not a State in the Union in which good citizens had not done their best to hold up the banner of better homes before their people. Houses of many types had been entered in the campaign—Spanish, Italian, Colonial, straight American, imposing residences, cozy bungalows, big houses, little houses, expensive houses, cheap houses. They ranged in size from three rooms to eight, and in price from less than one thousand dollars to twenty-three thousand dollars.



CLOSET-SPACE APLENTY, DOUBLE DRAIN BOARDS AND A SINK JUST THE RIGHT HEIGHT IN THIS COMPACT, SHIPSHAPE, "FIVE-BY-SEVEN" KITCHEN

And that five-room cottage in Kalamazoo, with its cream-colored clapboards and its prim green shutters, won out over them all! Why did it? That's the question of real importance. Just what features won it the distinction of coming out first in the national campaign?

To put the thing in a sentence, what made that little cottage the best Better Home in the land was the fact that, as was said in the beginning, the Kalamazoo house was planned after a new style of architecture. It was, in short, a home built around a mother! A home in which the key-note was the mother's comfort, convenience, happiness!

People have built their homes around many things. They have built them around economy, ostentation, ambition, pride, love, and "what the neighbors may say." Miss Julia D. Connor, administrative assistant of Better Homes in America, tells of one woman who wrote in to the national headquarters to ask for "plans of a house with a built-in ironing-board," making no other specifications. A tired housewife—oh, undoubtedly tired!—who wanted to build her home around an ironing-board! But the better-homes committee in Kalamazoo is the pioneer in building a home around a mother. And for that reason the detailed story of their Better Home is a vivid and vital account.

Caroline Bartlett Crane, beloved in Kalamazoo as a minister and a good citizen, and known throughout the country as a woman vitally interested in the welfare of America, was appointed chairman of the better-homes demonstration in that city. She called her committee together.

"We will build a home suitable for the average American family of small income, a family in which the father has a hard time to make both ends meet and the mother does all the work," decided the committee.

"Then we must build our home around the mother!" cried Mrs. Crane. "We will make the mother's room the most important place in the house, even if we have to let the dining-room go, and we will have to let it go, because we want this to be the kind of a home that the average American family can afford."

So they told the architects of their decision. And the architects, without exception, were at first unwilling to draw plans of a house with so radical a departure from conventional lines as a mother's room where they believed the dining-room ought to be. In fact, it required a woman, no other than Mrs. Crane herself, to diagram the idea for them by making a detailed drawing of the house as it lived in the committee's mind. Then the architects showed their clear-sightedness and sportsmanship by according her plans their warm approval.

"This house will be a factory for the manufacture of good citizens," one of them declared in what later turned out to be the best description offered up to date of the Kalamazoo home.

"We want this to be the best Better Home in the United States," urged Mrs. Crane. "Everybody will have to help."

And everybody did! That fact was no small part of the intrinsic value of the Kalamazoo better home. The mayor endorsed the project. A leading architect of the city turned Mrs. Crane's plans into blue-prints. A contractor, so successful that he usually undertook only large and important structures running up into enormous amounts of money, cheerfully agreed to build it. Materials and labor were furnished on trust, or, rather, on the deferred-payment plan, described later, which made all the creditors and workmen stockholders, so to speak, in the project.

The day came when ground was broken for the better home with a large percentage of the Kalamazoo public present, school children and Boy Scouts lustily singing their young heads off and grown-ups joining in just as lustily. Another day followed when everybody helped lay the corner-stone. Then small boys and girls with their little wagons hauled top soil and planted a vegetable garden in the back yard, under a tree which was to become the "better home" for bluebirds. All the way from the first grade straight through to the domestic-science and the manual-training departments of the high schools, the schools gave their effort and interest in every possible way to make a success of the better home. The library furnished books. The garden and landscape committees bent aching, enthusiastic backs over their task. It was "the house that everybody built," this better home in Kalamazoo.

Came the first day of Better-Homes Week. Up the front walk, past the dear dwarf Christmas trees in front, to the brick-paved stoop came the mayor of Kalamazoo. Waiting in homey fashion in the open door, a mother with her four children held out the keys of the better home to him. After him flocked, during the demonstration week, twenty thousand citizens of Kalamazoo. Let's flock after them, too, and see what they saw, a home built around a mother, the best better home in the land'

We'll follow the route the others took, not going directly to the mother's room, which is the key-note of the house. The committee saved that for a glad surprise. First, we'll pass through the charming vestibule, noting the graceful line of the stairs that lead to the rooms above. One of the hostesses stops us to point out the advantages of the ample coat-closet with its hangers and hat-shelves and racks for rubbers that opens off the vestibule

Continued on page 66



AND WITHIN THESE FOUR WALLS, CENTERED ABOUT THE OPEN FIREPLACE, ARE GATHERED ALL THE NECESSITIES FOR A REAL LIVING-ROOM

The strongest endorsement ever given to any musical instrument

The names that really count, the names that everybody knows, are those of Victor artists. On this page are three of them, and in other magazines you will find group after group of other famous Victor artists. Together they constitute an all-star cast of great artists without a parallel in the annals of music. Every one of them is identified with the noteworthy musical performances of our day, from the great music of the world to the most alluring dance or the trickiest bit of jazz.



© Mishkin

MELBA
Victor Artist

"Heavens, it's me!" was Melba's first comment on her first Victor Record. From that day to this she has never varied in her opinion. That Victor recording should have scored so great a triumph in so diversified a repertoire will be the more readily understood by listening to the following:

		Double-faced
Rigoletto—Caro nome Traviata—Ah, fors' è lui	6213	$2.00
Faust—Air des bijoux Hamlet—Scène et Air d'Ophélie	6215	2.00
Good-Bye Oh, Lovely Night	6222	2.00



© Mishkin

SCHIPA
Victor Artist

Schipa's Victor Records testify that here is a tenor who sings with ease of production, with lyric smoothness, yet with wholesome manliness, everything he does. A singer of original mind choosing to sing only what suits his voice and method, he is an excellent judge, as a hearing of the following of his records will show:

		Double-faced
Granadinas Princesita	827	$1.50
Pagliacci—Serenata d'arlecchino Manon—Il Sogno	828	1.50
Barbiere di Siviglia—Eccoridente in cielo Barbiere di Siviglia—Se il mio nome	965	1.50



© Townsend

WERRENRATH
Victor Artist

Werrenrath's baritone, clear, smooth and sympathetic is at its best today. He began early making records for the Victor Company and gained instant favor with the large Victor public. By sheer merit, he has won a place among the greatest in the Red Seal section, and that this was inevitable is amply indicated in the following:

		Double-faced
Dreaming Alone in the Twilight Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses	843	$1.50
Story of the Rose Tell Me Daisy	846	1.50
Danny Deever On the Road to Mandalay	6360	2.00



Victrola No. 50 (Portable)
$50
Mahogany or oak



Victrola No. 125
Mahogany, $275; electric, $315
Walnut, $325; electric, $365



Victrola No. 400
Walnut, $250; electric, $290
Victrola No. S 400 (Special)
Mahogany, $265; electric, $305
Specially designed to accommodate any radio receiving set



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Real Victrolas are *marked* Victrola

TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

A silken chemise *and a* kitchen apron

should never meet in the hamper



It was naturally a fastidious woman who made this important discovery.

At first, the thought of her dainty undersilks in a damp, dark hamper with all the other household laundry was merely an unpleasant idea.

Then she learned that it actually shortened the life of her fragile things *by months* to expose them to the action of perspiration acids. Such garments should *never* lie in a damp, stuffy hamper for days after they are worn. Perspiration and dampness together rot silk, and wool, too. And there is perspiration in all garments that come into contact with the skin —even though they may not *look* soiled.

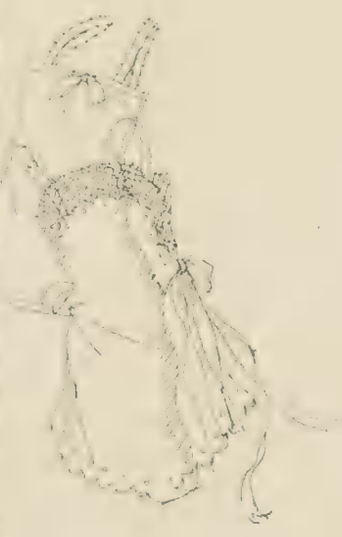
More and more women are coming to realize this. Considerations of personal daintiness, added to this danger, require for their delicate garments a quick tubbing in a bowlful of Ivory suds as soon as possible after being worn. This takes only a few minutes and results in the luxury of fresh garments every day—and in longer wear from them.

The choice of the soap for this quick, pleasant task is vitally important.

Ivory suds, from Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes, are distinctively suited to this daily tubbing because they are *pure*—the delicate skin of millions of women records Ivory's purity and gentleness. So, of course, an Ivory sudsing, no matter how frequent, will injure nothing that water alone will not harm.

Do you know of any *other* soap offered for delicate garments, in any form, to which you would think of trusting your complexion—even *once?*

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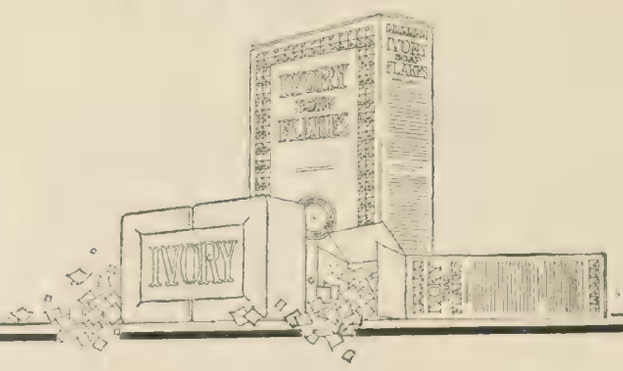
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When Abraham Lincoln fought for more than party victory

THE LOST SPEECH

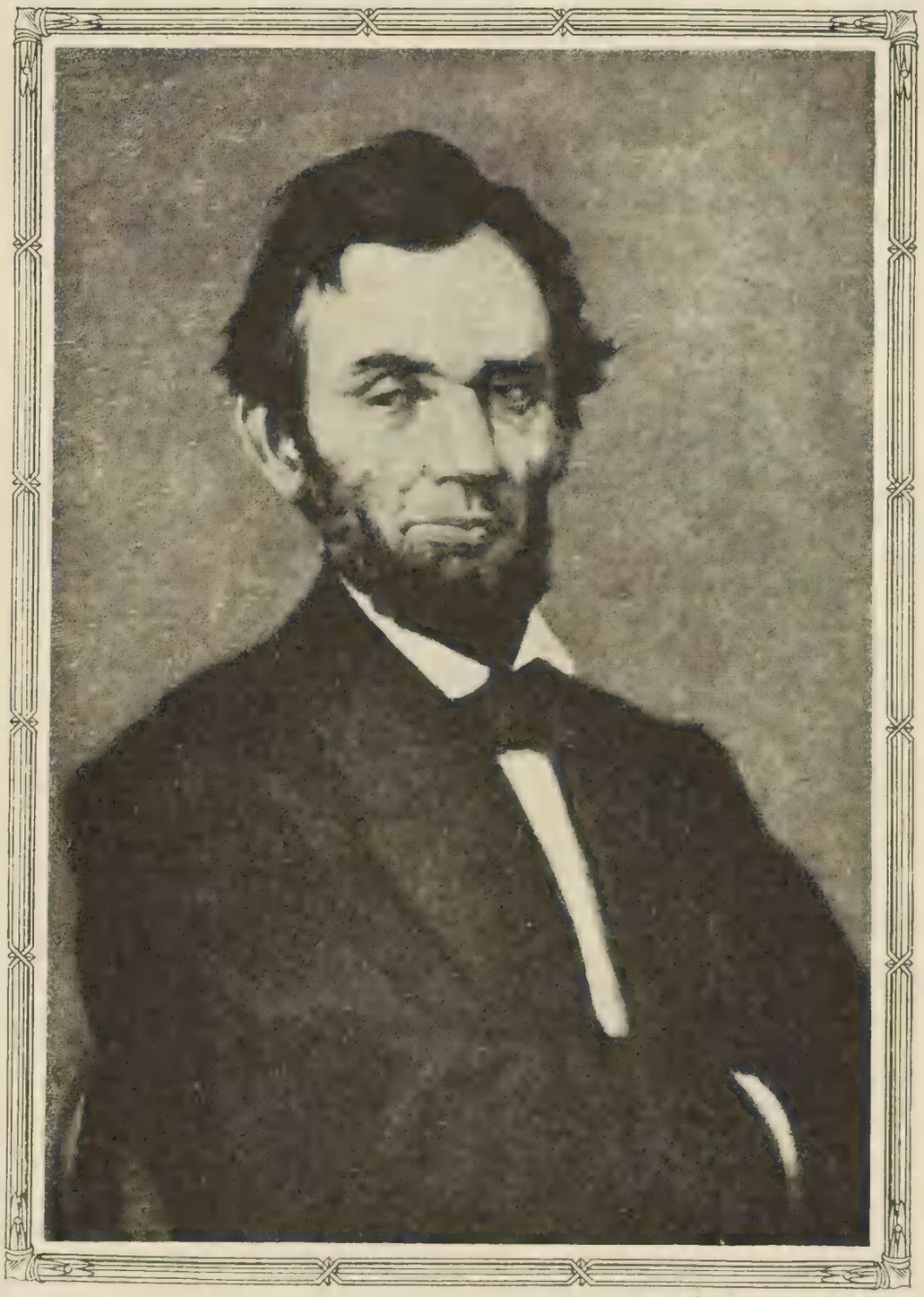
A great story of a great love

By HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

ON MAY 29, 1856, very early in the morning, Rose Franklin walked up the chief thoroughfare of Bloomington, Illinois, with her small brother dragging on her hand. In her gray silk frock, with its crinoline-distended skirt, Rose was an imposing figure. She was so imposing, in fact, that, even when the fragrant May wind had not wrapped him in the folds of his sister's billowing skirt, young Bodie was almost imperceptible to the naked eye. And young Bodie, at that, was not without his own splendors, for he wore a velvet suit and a stiff hat with long streamers and was eight years old and had a classic perfection of feature. He looked like his fair-haired mother, who had died at his birth.

Rose, however, looked like Ichabod Franklin, the father of the two. And Ichabod had a dwarfing effect on nearly every one but his daughter. She was twenty-eight, with her father's intelligent brown eyes and her father's intelligent forehead, only partially concealed by the parted hair waving on either side of it. She had in lesser degree her father's massive neck. The black curls, caught back loosely in a net, only served to accentuate its ivory strength. She carried her head a little forward, like Ichabod, and only recurrent dimples at the corners of her lips prevented her slender mouth from being too firm, like Ichabod's. Her shoulders were broad and straight, so broad that, contrasted with them and with the undulating crinoline, her waist was of astounding slimness.

She was, to quote her father, who was noted for a curious jealous devotion to her, "a splendid-looking woman, though too large for most men's taste, thank heaven!" Not every man's taste, however. Among her father's political friends and enemies there were half a dozen men who would have been passionately glad to marry Rose Franklin: Rose, splendid in mind as well as in body. She bore the impress of her pioneer mother, who had been fearless and thoughtful and who had taken on with other women of her day the responsibility not only of bearing children but of commonwealths as well.



From a painting by C. J. Munro

SHE moved slowly along the street, looking about her with interest, until Bodie pulled impatiently at her hand. "Rose, I'm hungry. My stomach feels naked."

"Don't whine," said Rose. "You insisted on seeing the town before breakfast."

"But the town's awful long for such a little town, and I thought it wouldn't take you so long to dress, and——"

"Good heavens, Bodie! If it is as serious as all that, we'll go directly back to breakfast."

"There's father, now, on the hotel steps," said the boy. "Look, Rose; there's a man with him that's taller than he is. I thought father was the tallest man in the world."

"That's Mr. Lincoln. I'm glad he's come!" exclaimed Rose, quickening her pace. "I want to ask him something."

"Who's Mr. Lincoln?" whined Bodie. "I can't go so fast; it makes my stomach growl. I wish my legs were as long as yours."

"Mr. Lincoln's a friend of father's." Rose's voice was patient. "He's only a country lawyer, but he's a very smart politician and you must be polite to him."

"I wish father was a politician instead of just an editor, then he'd have his picture in the paper like—" began Bodie.

But Rose was not heeding the child. She again quickened her pace as her father turned into the hotel and Mr. Lincoln moved slowly down the steps.

"Mr. Lincoln!" she called.

The tall man paused as Rose came up, a little breathlessly. He removed his high hat and smiled.

"If the Illinois Central trains had your speed, Miss Rose, that Chicago Special wouldn't be two hours late this morning."

The dimples flashed at the corners of Rose's mouth. "Poor Bodie finds my speed much less enjoyable than train speed!"

Mr. Lincoln looked down at the panting youngster. "So this is Ichabod's boy! Nice new suit you've got, son."

"Velvet!" snarled Bodie with the startling effect of an oath. "Wish I was dead!"

Lincoln chuckled, dug a copper from his pocket and handed it to Bodie. "Get yourself some horehound drops, son, and forget your clothes. That's my method."

Bodie took the copper and flew along the street to a grocery-store whose proprietor was just opening his door for the day. Rose spoke in a low voice.

"Mr. Lincoln, has father said anything to you of the trouble between him and Owen Bashford?"

The lawyer shook his head. "No. Of course I know they're always fighting each other through their two papers."

"It's worse than that now!" exclaimed Rose. "Day before yesterday in Chicago there was an indignation meeting of citizens over the attack in the Senate on Charles Sumner—Surely, Mr. Lincoln, Congressman Brooks will be punished for that."

Mr. Lincoln looked troubled. He shook his great head slowly. "It's hard to tell. Sumner himself will be the best judge of that, when he recovers from the beating, if he ever does. Adequate punishment of Brooks might set the whole South on fire."

"Let it!" exclaimed Rose, her dark eyes flashing. Then she returned to the object of her interview. "That was a wild meeting, Mr. Lincoln. Father and Owen Bashford led opposing sides. Father was for forbidding any member of the Democratic party who did not declare himself against Brooks to come to this anti-Nebraskan convention. That made Owen furious, and their arguing really broke up the meeting."

Mr. Lincoln nodded. "Your father has been talking to me of the same thing, but he didn't speak of Owen with particularity, knowing, of course, how fond I am of the boy. I think I've beguiled your father from the thought of bringing up the Brooks attack at the convention to-day. This is a convention to unite all parties in a stand against slavery. The whole point of the gathering is to avoid a party strife. I think your father sees that now." The lawyer looked at Rose keenly, but with a little smile. "Does that remove your fears?"

"It—it at least makes me more hopeful," replied Rose. "I—I hesitate to say it, but you will understand, I'm sure. I can't help thinking that, almost unconsciously to himself, father's intense feeling against Owen's politics has been stirred up mostly by the friendship between Owen and me. I don't think that even if Owen turned Whig, which he never will, father would soften toward him."

"WE'LL turn both Owen and your father into this new party, the Republican party. It's a good name."

"If we only could!" exclaimed Rose. "But so far their differences are irreconcilable."

"And a reconciliation would mean a great deal to you, Miss Rose?" asked Lincoln gently.

Rose met his deep-set gaze squarely. "Yes, Mr. Lincoln!" Then she added with a sudden, almost childish, trembling of her delicate lips: "But I've almost given up hope."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Mr. Lincoln. "You are too young to say that. Leave hopelessness to old fellows like me."

"You! Why, Mr. Lincoln, we all feel that you are just beginning your career. I'm expecting to address you as Senator Lincoln in the not distant future."

Lincoln shook his head slowly, but before he could speak Bodie ran up, a long brown stick of candy protruding from his mouth. His nose had been bleeding.

"I had a fight with the grocer's boy," he explained thickly. "He said these were girl's pants. After the fight his father gave me three sticks of horehound for the penny."

Mr. Lincoln laughed delightedly. "And then what happened?"

"Oh, him and me are going fishing, if Rose will let me."

Rose smiled as she took the grimy little hand in hers. "Let's have breakfast first. Will you not share it with us, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Oh, I ate an hour ago!" replied the lawyer. "I'll see you later." He swung into his long stride down the street, and Rose led her little brother into the dining-room of the hotel.

Ichabod Franklin was sitting alone at a small table. He was writing on a reporter's pad and did not look up until Rose and Bodie had finished eating their corn-meal mush. Then he raised his head and gazed at Rose abstractedly. His was a heavily masculinized edition of his daughter's head, the black hair shot with gray, a deep line extending from the corner of either nostril to the corners of the mouth.

"Chicago train is late, I hear," he said. "I'm glad we came down last night."



AS HE CEASED TO SPEAK, THEY BURST FORTH IN APPLAUSE THAT WAS HALF WORSHIP, SEIZED HIM AND CARRIED HIM TO THEIR HEARTS

Rose nodded. Bodie looked at his father without speaking. It was characteristic of the relations between the two that the little boy did not mention the fight that he had boasted of to his sister.

"Is Mr. Lincoln going to speak to-day?" asked Rose.

"No. He said there were so many other speakers he wouldn't be needed. I think he's wise. He's a good country lawyer, but as a politician he lacks polish. He wouldn't get far with the sort of men who are coming to this convention."

Rose moved impatiently. "You underestimate Mr. Lincoln, father."

"Not at all. There's no man in Illinois I like more or have a higher opinion of in an advisory capacity. But he's been trying to get somewhere politically for a long time and he's never gotten anywhere. He's too easy-going."

"Yet you take his political advice! Father, he has a great character."

"Pshaw! More of your unaccountable hero-worship," returned her father irritably. "Bodie, leave the table, sir."

Bodie, who had been quietly concentrating on measuring the capacity of his mouth by ascertaining the amount of biscuit he could cram into it, jumped so hastily from his chair that he choked and deposited the mouthful of biscuits on his father's black broadcloth sleeve. Ichabod Franklin's wild temper flared. He sprang to his feet with an oath that paralyzed traffic in the dining-room, seized Bodie by the ear and led him from the room. Rose stared after them, scarlet-faced, then with obvious effort went on with her coffee.

ICHABOD returned shortly. "You spoil that brat, Rose," he snarled.

"He has no mother," replied Rose in a low voice. "He hasn't even the memory of her, as I have. She would have been gentle with him. The thing that I fear is that, looking so much like you, I may as I grow older develop your irascible disposition, too. If that should happen, life would be a pretty unhappy affair for Bodie."

Ichabod stared at Rose, the great veins on his forehead swelling. "You are impertinent, madam."

"No, father! Pardon me! I'm twenty-eight and merely losing the capacity for hero-worship you accuse me of. You'll never have a more ardent admirer of yourself as a great newspaper editor than I am. But——"

"But what?" snapped Ichabod.

"But you are letting your irritability hamper your career. And you are making a little boy unhappy."

"Owen Bashford, on the other hand," growled Ichabod, "(the blank—blank!) is a paragon of sweet temper."

"He's even-tempered when he doesn't discuss politics with you," returned Rose. "What did you do with Bodie, father?"

"I sent him to his room. Don't go up there and coddle him. But for God's sake, take that velvet suit off the boy as soon as you possibly can. He looks like a girl!"

The dimples appeared at the corners of Rose's mouth as she thought of Mr. Lincoln's genial appraisal of Bodie's suit, which, enhancing the boy's beauty as it did, she hadn't the slightest intention of discarding. But before she could reply to her father there was a commotion in the lobby and a group of frock-coated men filed into the dining-room. The Chicago train had arrived. Ichabod Franklin scanned the entering faces eagerly.

"They're all here, by Jove! This is throwing down the gauntlet to Douglas with a vengeance! And there's some of the State crowd—Selby and Davis and ex-Governor Reeder!"

THE editor rose with a fine smile illuminating his brown eyes, and the entering delegates surged toward him. Ichabod was the rallying-point for the Illinois Whigs, and men gladly recognized this while shrugging their shoulders at his distempers. In a moment tables had been shoved up to lengthen the Franklin table and ten or twelve men were calling for breakfast while they answered Ichabod's staccato fusillade of questions.

"Where is Owen Bashford?" asked Rose. "Oh, there he is!" answering her own question, as a tall slender man of perhaps thirty-five appeared in the door. Impulsively Rose beckoned to him. Owen advanced smiling. He was as fair as Bodie, but with a hawklike aquilinity of feature. His eyes, very blue and very intelligent, were fastened on Rose.

"How are you, Rose?" he asked, shaking hands.

"Sit down, Bashford!" cried the delegate from Jacksonville. "Room for one more!"

"One moment, please!" exclaimed Ichabod. "Bashford, have you decided to repudiate Brooks and declare that the attack was inexcusable?"

"Franklin," exclaimed a man with a white beard, "I beg of you, let that matter drop! You are jeopardizing a very great affair by your attitude. We all know Bashford's stand against slavery and we all recognize the enormous influence of his newspaper. We need him at this convention."

Rose, with a little nod of approval, turned to Owen Bashford with a deep, tender look. Ichabod saw that look and brought his fist down on the table.

"Gentlemen, I await the courtesy of a reply from Mr. Bashford."

Owen lifted his chin a little. He spoke with a slight drawl, for which his Virginia mother may have been responsible.

"Charles Sumner practically called Brooks's uncle a skunk in a speech that was filled with studied insult for all the Southern Congressmen. It was a speech containing more exquisite indelicacies than any that Sumner, with all his proficiency in that line, has ever attempted before. The very men who scorn what they call Abe Lincoln's coarseness hold Sumner's refined insolence up to praise. For myself, I prefer Lincoln's method. Sumner deserved punishment, but Brooks's methods were unfair and too rough. Both men should apologize, Brooks for the brutality of his arm, and Sumner for the brutality of his tongue."

Again Rose nodded, and as again Ichabod saw the approbation in his daughter's face, he rose, leaned across the little table that separated him from Owen and struck him on the chin. It was a heavy blow. For a moment there was utter silence in the dining-room. Even the waitresses, with their noisy movements of raw country girls, were still.

It was Owen Bashford who broke the silence. "But, Mr. Franklin," he drawled, "this puts you in the class with Brooks, does it not?"

"Come out and fight, you hybrid Democrat, you!" shouted Ichabod.

Half a dozen hands seized him as he again lunged at the motionless Owen. Rose, now on her feet, looked wildly from her father's face to Owen's. She knew that it was her presence beside the younger editor which was driving her father to this unprecedented excess, but she hesitated to seem to run away. It was Bodie who offered her a solution. A chambermaid who had not witnessed the episode hurried up to Rose.

"Your little brother's yelling bloody murder for you," she said in a whisper that carried across the dining-room. "He's disturbing all the folks that ain't out of bed yet."

ROSE turned quickly from the embattled breakfast-table and made her way up to Bodie's room. The little boy was sitting on the edge of the bed, howling with all the abandon of a disconsolate puppy. Rose closed the door after her, and, taking Bodie's hand, she led him to a rocking-chair beside the window. She caught a towel from the washstand as she passed. Bodie, big boy as he was, snuggled gratefully in her lap when she had seated herself and began gently to wipe his face. She did not speak until his wild weeping had given way to an occasional sob.

"There, dear! Feel better?" she asked.

"How would you feel if your ear had been pulled out by the roots? I hate him, the old black pirate!"

"No, no, no! Bodie, you must not speak so of him. He's your father."

The child's chin quivered. "Well, he never pulled your ear. You said mother wouldn't let him. The great, big, old bully, picking on a little boy! How did I know the old biscuits would fly that way? I had a right to see how much I could chew at once, didn't I? Aren't my teeth mine either?"

Rose gathered the boy to her shoulder, rested her cheek against his hair and began to rock.

"Mother loved him, Bodie—oh, so much! She looked on his temper as his affliction, like heart disease would be or consumption. You look very like her. I suppose every time he sees you he's reminded over again of his terrible loss. For he'll never get over missing her. Just



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR?" ROARED ICHABOD. "WHAT I SAY," REPLIED COOPER, WITH A GULP. "THERE ISN'T A REPORTER HERE WHO TOOK DOWN THAT SPEECH!"

think! He's the greatest editor west of the Alleghenies, and she will never, never know it! Poor father!"

Bodie was tall and precocious for eight, yet he snuffled like a very little boy and buried his cheek deeper on his sister's shoulder. "Tell me some more," he said huskily. "It makes my throat stop aching."

"When I was little like you," Rose went on, "father lost his temper with me, and mother came into the room just as he was going to whip me. And mother just put her hand on his arm and said, 'Ichabod, you are ill again.' And father dropped his cane and stared at her and finally he said, 'Yes, Isabel, God forgive me, I'm ill again!' You see, Bodie, when God took her away, He took from father his very mainstay."

The child did not speak for a moment, then he asked: "Why did God take her away?"

"I don't know, unless He thought life was too hard for her. She was not strong. I think, even though she loved father so deeply, she was glad to go where there was perfect peace."

"You're like mother, Rose, aren't you?"

"No, I'm like father, only so far I've had enough of mother's strength to make me able to fight down my temper. You are like mother. You see, Bodie, father has tremendous cares on his shoulders. America is in trouble."

THE boy sat erect. "America's in trouble? What do you mean, Rose?"

Rose looked at her small brother thoughtfully. "I don't think I can make you understand it all, Bodie. But men like father and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Bashford are afraid that the North and the South will quarrel so over slavery that America will be hurt, terribly hurt. Perhaps fall apart, like a house shaken by an earthquake. Father, your own father, Bodie, got the idea of calling together several hundred men in Illinois who love America as he does and who don't want slavery and who can make their neighbors think as they do. He wants them to form a huge party to fight against slavery and to keep America from falling apart. And that's why we have come down from Chicago, and why all those splendid men have come to Bloomington, to carry out father's idea. His idea might save the nation if enough States took it up. Think of that, Bodie! Poor, crazy-tempered father!"

Bodie stared out the open window. It was prairie Spring without. The street on which the hotel was set ended in endless prairie green—green and still more green. The heavenly scent of it poured in through the window.

"That's America out there, isn't it, Rose?" asked Bodie.

"Yes, hundreds of thousands of miles of it. And father carries on his shoulders the weight of thinking that he must save it. That's rather wonderful, isn't it, little Bodie?"

As the child nodded silently, there came a rap on the door. "Come in," called Rose. The door swung open, disclosing Mr. Lincoln and Ichabod Franklin on the threshold. Ichabod stared at the two in the rocking-chair, but before his elders could speak the little boy slid from his sister's knee and went quickly up to his father, holding out his hand:

"You see, father," he said clearly, "I didn't understand until Rose explained. You can twist my ear all you want to if it will help you to bear America's troubles."

Ichabod looked at Rose in utter bewilderment. She spoke quickly. "You've forgotten, father, that you punished him for coughing all over your coat."

"Oh, I remember clearly enough now. Don't let it happen again, sir."

Rose thrust Bodie toward the door. "You can go over and play with the grocer's boy until I call for you, Bodie."

MR. LINCOLN spoke for the first time. "In the handsome velvet suit?"

"I'm not going to take it off for him!" replied Bodie. "I've got him licked." He bolted from the room.

"Mr. Lincoln wants to talk to you, Rose," said Ichabod abruptly. "I've told them we keep the little parlor at the end of the hall clear for you."

Rose moved toward the door. "You are coming with us, father?"

"No, I have other matters—in my room."

Rose led the way to the parlor, her face filled with anxiety. Mr. Lincoln seated her, then walked slowly up and down the room. "Miss Rose, how did you beguile the little boy into an apology?"

"I didn't want him to apologize, Mr. Lincoln. I wanted him to forgive. I want Bodie not to have an unhappy childhood, and—and—he's growing to hate father. So I've explained to him the very big things father is doing."

The lawyer nodded. "You did a good job. I remember your mother. She had that same power, Miss Rose; you'll have to use it again, I think. Your father by his action to Bashford just now has roused all the partisan bitterness that we'd hoped to dissolve by this convention. He's hurt his leadership so that some of the best men say they won't stay to be led by a man who could say and do what he did to Owen Bashford. It's very bad! Miss Rose, this convention must not fail."

"What can I do?" asked Rose.

"I hesitate to ask you. But from what you told me, yourself, and from what your father's friends and yours tell me, I must believe that much of Ichabod's enmity toward Owen is based on his jealousy of your friendship for Owen. If your father could receive a promise from you that you would give up Owen——"

Mr. Lincoln paused. Rose whitened. "You are asking me to make father a promise that— Mr. Lincoln, does Owen know of this?"

"No," said the lawyer. "Neither your father nor Owen know. But if you make that promise, I shall ask them to abide by it."

Rose drew herself slowly from her chair and stood facing Mr. Lincoln. The lawyer, preoccupied as he was, gave her a glance of appreciation. She was, indeed, a splendid-looking woman: her massive head, her broad shoulders, her slender waist, her sweeping skirts. Here was a presence, he thought, that royalty might envy. She twisted her hands together until the knuckles cracked.

"It's too much," she said breathlessly. "That I can not do."

"You are very sure, Miss Rose? Take time. It's a momentous decision. The fate of the nation may hinge on this convention."

"It's too much," repeated Rose. "I haven't Bodie's forgiving disposition. Friendship after friendship his temper or his jealousy has broken. But they were only friendships. This—this feeling between Owen and me—Mr. Lincoln, did you—no, you never could have felt for any woman as I do for Owen or you would not ask me to destroy that feeling."

Mr. Lincoln's face suddenly became livid. "You can say that? Although it was common talk that I almost lost my mind when Ann Rutledge was laid in her grave! Do I not know?"

"And would you have given her up for such a reason?" cried Rose.

LINCOLN turned his gaunt face toward the window, and again Rose followed another's gaze out to the green of the prairies that pressed upon the little town. Again she was conscious of the May wind drenched with the nameless sweetness of the plains.

"I don't know," replied the lawyer slowly. "I pray God that I could have, had the need arisen. And equally I thank Him that the choice was not forced upon me. And yet, I'm counting on your strength, Miss Rose, and on your knowledge. No man in Illinois knows better than you the awful need of the hour."

"It's not fair! It's not right!" Rose's voice was as low as Mr. Lincoln's, but where his was sad hers was vehement. "Natures like my father's—that give to the world while they draw from their family like—leeches! Must one give one's last drop of blood to them?"

"I think so," replied Mr. Lincoln carefully. "I have found it to be so."

"I can not do it!" panted Rose, never raising her voice and never ceasing to twist her long fine hands together.

"By sheer force of intellect," the quiet man went on, "your father has made himself the leader of the best minds in the West. Miss Rose, I am full of uneasy foreboding. Unless the men who are against slavery cease quarreling among themselves, we face national disaster. Your father must change his stand on Owen Bashford

Continued on page 72



ALMOST HALF FAIRY ARE THOSE ADORABLE CREATURES WHOM BARRIE'S IMAGINATION HAS CREATED FOR OUR DELIGHT—THE GIPSY *BAB*, *SENTIMENTAL TOMMY* AND LITTLE *PETER PAN* HIMSELF

Better Days for Girls

By Sir James M. Barrie

The charming and whimsical author of

"PETER PAN"

"THE LITTLE MINISTER"

and

"SENTIMENTAL TOMMY"



PRACTICAL FOLK, TOO, MOVE QUIETLY THROUGH SIR JAMES'S STORIES—HIS MOTHER MARGARET OGILVY, *JESS* FROM "A WINDOW IN THRUMS," AND TOMMY'S *GRIZEL*

IT WAS Thackeray, I think, who said that he never met his old schoolmaster without becoming a boy again and obsequiously raising his hat. He also said (in a still happier moment) that he never saw a schoolboy without wanting to tip him. The two thoughts are really one, and perhaps come most readily to literary characters, the small as well as the big ones, for this did I feel the other day when I found myself among a congregation of teachers and pupils in a great secondary school.

The pupils were not boys, it is true—they were girls of all ages, from six to nineteen; but as I thought of my school-days and of the events in them that continue to shine down the years because of some unexpected coin slipped into my hand at parting (what a choice way of shaking hands!), I wanted, like Thackeray, to tip all those girls instead of delivering a formal speech to them. There were, however, many hundreds of them, so I hope they will not read these remarks and communicate with me on the subject, but rather take them as a passing thought (just as they were, I expect, in Thackeray's case). Girls, I remember now, can be very literal, and I recall with sudden misgivings an occasion when I had to say "a few words" to the hundreds of young ladies at Smith College, Massachusetts, and began by telling them that as a battalion they scared me, but that if they would meet me at the door one at a time I would make a speech to each of them. That was perhaps the most regretted assertion I ever made.

As for the headmistress of the English school I had to talk to, I am sure I felt for the time being far more awe of her than Thackeray felt toward his once headmaster. I was visiting one of the many secondary schools that have sprung up in Britain, and in America also, and that have already begun to make a noble change in the outlook for women in both countries. That, however, was not what alarmed me. The staggering thing was that the headmistress, who with one look could make all those girls merry and with another look make them as still as a monument, was my niece, who all the time I talked to them kept bobbing up before my mind's eye as smaller and younger than any of them.

IT WAS with a queer mixture of emotion and bewilderment that I saw her the sagacious head of this institution, and looking as if she had never been anything else. I remembered, for instance, one day when she was about a year old. I think she was dressed—let me speak as a novelist learned in the fashions and say our heroine was dressed in one of those white things that were so fashionable that year, and she wore such a pretty bonnet. The scene was a pleasant Scottish town, and a very great man was passing at the end of our road. So I whipped up our heroine in my arms and ran with her to the gate, in order that she might be able to say in after years that she had once seen Thomas Carlyle. In my own school-days I had often seen him in his great shovel hat and cloak and thunderous staff—Jove come down for a stroll in his favorite county—and scores of times I had doffed my hat to him, but, alas! with no response. Some one to be able to boast of having been spoken to by Carlyle once asked him on that same road how far it was to Lockerbie; but the sage just pointed with his staff to a milestone and stalked on.

My school-days! The trivial things that one remembers so vividly about his school-days and the important things that one so blithely forgets! I attended a "mixed" day-school, one of the most noted of its kind in Scotland, and on an unfortunate day for me the girls took a plebiscite about which boy had the nicest smile. I won—with the result that I lost my smile. I suppose it is still jigging about somewhere in the void, but it has never come back to me. A tragedy in a nutshell.

HERE is something of a still darker character. In those tender days I used, when in funds, to devour secretly penny dreadfuls, magazines containing exclusively sanguinary matter. They were largely tales about heroic highwaymen and piracy on the high seas, but what most enamored me were the stories of goings-on at English boarding-schools. How different from the dreadful humdrum of my day-school! The masters were sneaks and the boys blew them up with gunpowder. I felt that those were the schools for me. My mind became so set on explosions that when a Sassenach sent me a box containing mysterious little red and blue tubes I placed them one by one near the fire and then darted back, in confidence that they would explode. I dare say I wept when I discovered that they were only colored chalks. I continued, however, to read the breathless tales. Soon came the awakening and the moral, stalking toward me like two little policemen.

In the pages of a very different sort of juvenile periodical, called *Chatterbox*—a word that makes me quake and look behind me still—I read an article on the dire future in store for those who read penny dreadfuls. I tried to stand up to it—but no, no, not when black night fell. On such a night—the better for my fearful deed—I stole off to a distant field, my pockets stuffed with back numbers of my favorite magazine, a shovel concealed up my little waistcoat and deep in the bowels of the earth I buried the evidence of guilt. If you would know how I felt for days afterward, I refer you to the similar story of Jonas Chuzzlewit.

Many years afterward Robert Louis Stevenson, writing to me from Samoa of a visit he had lately paid to Sydney, told how he had gone into a book-seller's shop where they showed him all the newest and choicest books. But he said to them, "I want no thoughtful works to-day; show me 'Sixteen-String Jack, the Footpad,' or 'Black Bill, the Buccaneer.'" If I had preserved that fatal copy of *Chatterbox*, I should certainly have sent it to Mr. Stevenson.

I noticed that after the war it was a common thing for distinguished generals to revisit their old schools, nearly always famous public schools, and to say, amid general rejoicings, that they had always sat at the bottom of their forms. Well, if I was like that, at least I shall never boast about it. If I was an idler, I am very sorry for it now, as the children of to-day will yet be if they are in the same case. Even the generals might have been still more wonderful in the war if they had worked at school. Another moral: Not to work is to miss the best of the fun.

THOSE great English public schools! I never feel myself a foreigner in England except when trying to understand them. I have a great affection for one of them at least, but they will bewilder me to the end. I am like a dog looking up wistfully at its owner wondering what that noble face means, or if it does have a meaning. To look at, those schools are among the fairest things in England. They draw from their sons a devotion that is deeper, more lasting than almost any other love, and I well know that from them come some of the finest men in this country. Those schools must be great—and yet I don't quite see how it comes about. Of course, yearly, they send on their way a few good scholars and not so few eminent in the games that we love in this land and are right in loving; but the other four-fifths or so, what do they get from their famous schools? The generals and other illustrious old boys answer that question triumphantly at the school festivities we have been speaking of, but leave the outsider still benighted. What they get from these schools is not scholarship—pooh!—it is not even physical prowess. It is not an awakened soul nor any exclusive manliness nor even a superior way of wearing waistcoats.

They describe it briefly and unanswerably as a Something, and perhaps wisely leave it at that, putting us in our place forever and satisfying the youth still at school who may have been worrying a little on the subject. This mysterious Something is got with no effort. You just become enrolled a member of that school, and gradually you acquire the Something. So far as I can understand, it oozes out of the historic old walls and penetrates through your clothes. It is said there were never so many applications as now to get sons into those houses, never have parents made mightier sacrifices for this great end. Everybody is after the Something. Will the old walls that provide it hold out? Let us hope so, but life is becoming more strenuous. Somebody somewhere, somehow will some day have to submit a piece of that Something for scientific examination.

I AM NOT desirous of saying one word against those romantic institutions. Even if I wanted to, it would be quite useless. No one could move them. When the last trump sounds and all other buildings fall, they will

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TO ALL LOVERS OF BARRIE!

For each of you who have come to know and love the man who gave us "Peter Pan," "Wendy" and "Tinker Bell" we have a copy of this charming etching by Paul Roche. The impression is made from the original plate and is printed on India tint paper in a rich sepia tone. If you will send $1.25 and your address to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., it will be our glad privilege to forward it to you.



From an etching by Paul Roche

I should like to give these girls a motto—something to strive for. I should like to see it blazoned over the entrance to their schools:

"That every child born into the world should get an equal chance"

Jas M Barrie

TOO FEW COOKS

Wherefore Emily saves the broth — and something else

By

L. M. MONTGOMERY



Drawing by Joseph M. Clement

"DON'T YOU DAST!" SHOUTED ANDY IN A FURY. "DON'T YOU GO TELLING GOD ON *ME*! I *WON'T* BE PRAYED FOR!"

"She will love deeply—she will suffer deeply—she will have glorious moments to compensate." Emily's dear writer-father made this prophecy just before he died. And how lonely Emily was in her little Prince Edward Island world after he left her! Gone, the one person who could understand her budding ambition to write, her sensitiveness to all beauty. Then came her proud Murray aunts, and they—but that has already been told by Miss Montgomery in the January DELINEATOR. *Now she gives us a new and complete short story about the same winsome heroine—a story packed with charm and laughter as only this spokesman for the beauty spot of Canada knows how. "Even better than her 'Anne of Green Gables,'" you'll agree, after you have read it.*

WHEN Emily Byrd Starr came from the little house in the hollow at Maywood to New Moon Farm at Blair Water, she thought for the first few weeks that she was going to die of homesickness and loneliness and almost wished she could. Everything, so it seemed, had been torn out of her little life at once—her father, her home, her dreams, her pet pussy, her beloved lady birches, her nooks of fancy and fairy-led roaming. She was alone in a strange new world where there were only Aunt Laura Murray, of the kind blue eyes, and Cousin Jimmy, of the elfish face and rosy cheeks, to comfort her—and where there was a bewildering number of Murray traditions that must be lived up to.

Not but that she admired many things about New Moon. Cousin Jimmy's old-world garden, where the prim lombardies kept guard, was very beautiful; the great white house, with its Grecian columns, its old-fashioned furniture and deep-silled windows, was very splendid in her childish eyes; the outdoor Summer cook-house and the dairy, girdled with its great pans of cream, were intriguing places; the sun-dial against the fir wood was a fascinating thing; and the orchard, full of white and purple, blue and pink columbines, looked as if fairies might live there if they still lingered anywhere in the world. In fact, Cousin Jimmy said: "We grow columbines on purpose for the fairies."

But not all the splendors of New Moon could stifle the anguished ache of longing for her father and the shabby little house in the hollow where they had loved each other so. If it had not been for the little black note-book Cousin Jimmy had given her—her "Jimmy-book," as she called it—she did not think she could have lived at all. When her pain and longing grew unbearable, she wrote it all out in her "Jimmy-book" and so won relief.

BUT at eleven one can not grieve for ever. Though her pillow was often wet with secret, nightly tears, Emily insensibly became happy again. Aunt Laura and Cousin Jimmy loved her; even Aunt Elizabeth, of the iron-gray hair and stern mouth, was not unkind, though very strict. Emily began to be a little glad again in sunset and bird song, early white stars, moonlit nights and singing breezes, fields creamy with clover, the gray mist of rain over the spruce barrens down by the harbor; in the great old trees around New Moon—no mushroom growth of yesterday, but trees that had loved and been loved by three generations; in the madcap music the Wind Woman made among the firs behind the barn when she blew straight up from the great blue St. Lawrence Gulf.

She found herself liking her background of old ancestral acres—meadows and woods where her mother had played when a child; she liked the old house, with its goblin firelight and its candles, its old clock that for a hundred years had struck for funerals and weddings, goings and comings, its closets full of silk dresses of a day when it was an encomium for silk to say it would stand alone. Her days became vivid and interesting, full of little pleasures and delights like tiny opening buds on the tree of life. There was a certain charm about the old house which Emily felt keenly and responded to, although she was too young to understand it. It was a house which aforetime had had vivid brides and mothers and wives, and the atmosphere of their loves and lives still hung around it, not yet banished by the old-maidishness of the régime of Laura and Elizabeth Murray. "Why—I'm going to *love* New Moon," thought Emily one day, quite amazed at the idea.

If she could only have written stories, she would have been fully content.

EMILY had always written stories and verses ever since she could handle a pencil. She had a stack of little note-books filled with them. Aunt Elizabeth was horrified when she discovered this. Fiction of any kind was an abominable thing. Elizabeth Murray had been trained up in this belief in her youth, and in her age she had not departed from it. She honestly thought it a wicked and shameful thing to read or write novels. No Murray of New Moon had ever been guilty of writing stories or wanting to write them. This was the Starr coming out. It was an alien growth that must be pruned off at once. Aunt Elizabeth issued an ultimatum. Emily must, at once and forever, give up "this scribbling nonsense."

"But, Aunt Elizabeth," gasped Emily, "I *have* to write. You see——"

"No; don't argue. You ought to have learned by this time, Emily, that when I say a thing I mean it."

"I am not arguing—only explaining," persisted Emily. "You see, it's this way. It is *in* me—I can't help it. Father said I would be famous some day. Wouldn't you like to have a famous niece, Aunt Elizabeth?"

"If you *must* talk, Emily, talk sense. Novels are wicked books and have ruined many souls."

"Oh, I'm not writing novels *yet*. I can't get enough paper. These are just short stories," said Emily.

"They are lies," said Aunt Elizabeth sternly. "Once and for all I command you to give up entirely this writing nonsense of yours."

Emily sat very still and cold. No more air-born fancies in verse—no more tales of wonder and horror—no more sketches of delightful hodge-podge, humorous or tragic as the notion took her. Oh, bitterness! Emily could not keep her tears back. The dead and gone Murrays seemed to look down accusingly from their dark frames on the wall. *They* had no sympathy with "Jimmy-books"—with the pursuit of unwon, alluring divinities.

"I won't have tears and repining, Emily," said Aunt Elizabeth. "You are to be grateful and obedient. What would you have done if you had had no friends to take you in when your father died? Answer me that."

"I suppose I would have starved to death," admitted Emily, instantly beholding a dramatic vision of herself lying dead, looking exactly like the pictures she had seen in a missionary magazine depicting famine victims.

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"Too Few Cooks," copyright, 1925, by L. M. Macdonald.

DOORS

By
ALMA and PAUL ELLERBE

But a strong man may break in, even to a woman's heart



Drawing by Joseph A. Mateyo

"IT'S DOWN," HE SAID. "SMASHED. BROKEN. YOU ARE FREE. YOU CAN WALK OUT OVER IT IF YOU WANT TO. BUT IF YOU WON'T—NEITHER WILL I"

THANKFUL AMES awoke with the sound of a crash in her ears. She jumped out of bed and went to the window. Down the hill, at the edge of the Bradleys' wood lot, a car lay on its side, its lights shooting off through the trees. Its engine beat out a wild and plunging rhythm in the quiet night.

She wondered as she hurried into her clothes if it would wake her brother in the house next door. Probably not. Orrenus slept, and woke, heavily. But Rose, she thought, would be awake and trembling. But she wouldn't do anything about it. Her brother had picked a pretty wife several strata below him, from the ruck of the village mill hands, and had drawn a coward and a shirker. She wouldn't help at a time like this, and he'd take too long to get under way. Thankful lit a lantern and put on a brown-hooded cloak and went alone.

The clock she had inherited from Great-grandmother Hatch piped three times, like a brisk exclamatory little woman, as she opened the back door. She ran down the hill through the rustling goldenrod.

The lights of the car bored a brilliant tunnel into a grove of birch-trees. Their delicate sinuous lines shone in patterns of startling white. The frustrate engine beat like the heart of the night.

She searched quickly through the undergrowth and found a man sprawled face downward, like a patch of shadow, in a frost-blanched bed of bracken.

She bent toward him, when something stopped her. Something red was moving amidst the shining white of the birch-trees. Some one was coming out of the woods along the lane of light—some one in a scarlet cloak.

Thankful stood up as straight as the village church and waited. There was only one scarlet cloak in town. Every one knew it. It belonged to her brother's wife.

It was muddy now and covered with leaves and twigs. The girl inside of it broke into a stumbling run.

"It's me, Thankful! There—there wasn't anything between us! He was just bringing me home from a dance at Bridgeford. Orrenus didn't get back from Milburn, and I *had* to go *somewhere!* There wasn't any *harm* in it, Thankful! I—I swear there wasn't!"

Her thin lips twitched. Her delicately modeled face—too slight for the chisel of events like these—had gone as white as the birch-trees.

"I believe you," Thankful said.

"Yes, but *Orrenus* won't! *You* know he won't! He'd throw me out in the street for this!"

SHE went to the overturned car and fumbled desperately up and down the dashboard, shaking like a red sapling caught in a wind. "I thought if I left the lights on and the engine running somebody'd be sure to come and find him. Oh, my God, where is that switch!"

And then she found it, and let her breath go in an exhalation of relief. The white trees went back into the blackness. The engine stopped.

In the sudden still dark the high terror-shaken voice grew softer. "*You* look at him, Thankful! I'm afraid to touch him! He—he's not *dead*, is he!"

Thankful set down her lantern and knelt beside the man.

"I'll see," she said in a voice as matter of fact as Orrenus's.

Her sister-in-law's indecent flow of emotion made her cold; but deep in her congealing heart she envied Rose her emotions. Yes, even Rose.

She turned the man over, while Rose moaned like a frightened animal. The dim lantern light revealed a broad face, alert, intelligent, with the tang of humor even in unconsciousness; youngish but lined with thought and feeling. A vitality looked out of it that made her feel that the man had spoken to her. She unbuttoned his clothes and thrust her hand inside upon his bare warm breast. Under the firmly mounded muscles his heart was beating as tranquilly as if he were asleep.

"He's not dead."

She got to her feet.

Rose stopped moaning. "For the sake of the family—" she began, a little glib already.

But Thankful cut her short. The phrase, in Rose's mouth, was unpleasant. "I'll help you keep this from Orrenus if I can. Go home and get into bed. I'll wake Mr. Bradley and we'll get him to the hospital somehow. I'll say I found him here alone—which is the truth. Maybe, when he comes to, we can get him to promise not to tell that you were with him." She couldn't bear gratitude from Rose, so she added quickly: "I'll do that much 'for the sake of the family.'"

AND it would have gone at that, if Old Tom Griffith hadn't worked late that night. While the words still hung in the air, the lights of his car topped the hill and fell on Rose Ames as relentlessly as the finger of judgment. Thankful, in her brown hooded cloak, screened by the trunk of a tree, saw the scarlet cloak flare like a torch—her brother's wife flung up, as it were, into the eyes of the village.

The oncoming car dipped for a moment into a hollow and "That's the end of me!" Rose said, with a kind of despairing shrug in her tone.

For a few pulse-beats they faced each other. The dim light of the lantern straggled up between. Behind them invisible antagonistic cohorts ranged themselves in the night. Thankful could feel them there. The spirits of all the old unyielding Ameses, Merrimans, Woodhulls and Hatches whose bodies crowded the five cemeteries of Granite Village thrust with singleness of purpose against her soul. She stared over in sharp surmise at the stranger whom she mocked with the name of sister and wondered what wild and ragged army clamored faintly for utterance through *her* thir and frightened lips. And suddenly the helplessness of them both, the uselessness of her own life, the youth of the girl, and the need of the man lying crumpled on the ground, touched her to pity.

"Quick!" she said, and snatched off the scarlet cloak and muffled Rose in her own. "Go home through the woods. I—" She swung the flaming folds about her as the light streamed down the hillside. "I'm going to take your place. What's the man's name! And where does he live!"

"Scott—Gaskell." Rose's voice came as thin as paint from a clogged tube. She cowered back into the wide and merciful dark. "I don't know where he lives. I never saw him till to-night. He—he didn't know I was married."

"Scott Gaskell." Thankful repeated carefully; and, red-clad and strangely confident, stepped into the light.

At five o'clock Thankful took off the scarlet cloak and went to bed. At seven she got up again, as if it were just another day like all the days. She stretched out her hand for her old gray gown, and stopped, remembering

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"Doors," copyright, 1925, by Alma and Paul Ellerbe.

Annals of a haunted family

The BLACK FLEMINGS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Most powerful novel yet written by the author of "Mother," "Certain People of Importance," "Rose of the World," etc.



Drawing by Ernest Fuhr

DAVID AND GABRIELLE LOOKED AT IT, NODDING. STILL TO BE SEEN WAS A FINELY EXECUTED HAND, A MAN'S HAND, LAID UPON THE HEAD OF A BEAUTIFUL GREYHOUND

SYNOPSIS

SCENE — Wastewater, ancestral mansion of the "Black Flemings." It is a house of mystery and foreboding. Situated upon a cliff above the thundering Atlantic, endlessly pounding at the bleak New England coast, this Georgian pile, which in the days of "Black Roger" had known teeming life, now the abode of his descendants, is but a place of disturbing memories.

People of the Story—"Black Roger" Fleming, once the proud and imperious master of Wastewater, though now dead, pervades the family. The consequences of his stormy youth and two brief marriages create the present situation at Wastewater.

David, oldest son of Wastewater's younger generation around which this novel turns, is an artist, thirty-two, dark like all the family. He is Roger Fleming's stepson by his mother's second marriage to the proud patriarch, soon after the death of her first husband, a cousin of Roger's.

Tom, Black Roger's only son, is David's half-brother. He runs away to sea after his mother's death, and though his father leaves his second wife, who is little more than a child and an invalid, to search the world for him, he is still missing when the story opens.

Sylvia, twenty, dark and beautiful, Black Roger's niece by his brother Will and Flora Fleming, a cousin whose constant love for Roger was twice spurned, is heiress to the Fleming fortune which Roger, dying, left to her (since he could not find his son), appointing David as guardian.

Gabrielle, eighteen, breaks the spell of the "Black" Flemings. Her lovely hair is tawny, her eyes star-sapphires. She is Sylvia's cousin, the daughter of Flora Fleming's sister Lily by a secret marriage with a traveling salesman long since forgotten. Her little mother—"Aunt Lily" to the rest—insane since Gay's infancy, has not been mentioned for many years.

Aunt Flora, Sylvia's dark and forbidding mother, is the present hostess of Wastewater, which has been her home since the days when Roger Fleming welcomed her and her sister Lily as poor relations to the comforts of his wealth.

The Story So Far—Following a happy childhood together, Wastewater's young people have scattered: David to his art, Tom to sea, Sylvia to college, Gabrielle to a convent school in Paris. With Gabrielle's home-coming to Wastewater the cruel mysteries of the place seem to awake and center upon this golden girl. Flashing lights in a deserted wing; a muttering old hag found in the garden during a wild snow-storm; overpowering love awakening in Gay for David, who is pledged to her own cousin Sylvia—all these things trouble her. Then, one night, the old hag of the garden creeps muttering to Gay's bedside, calling aloud for her child. It is Gay's own mother, mad Aunt Lily, whom Aunt Flora has kept secretly hidden in the house. Merry little Gabrielle bears the shock bravely. She remains brave even when the ghastly fact of her illegitimacy is revealed. Blacker than any of the Black Flemings are the storm-clouds gathering over this single sunny head in the ancient mansion. David, pitying her, translates his pity into love, and, getting his freedom from a vague understanding with Sylvia, he asks Gay to marry him. Because she so utterly loves this David, his pat solution to all her troubles insults her beyond endurance. She will not listen to him. It is then that easy-going David learns what it means to suffer the torment of desire. Life that Summer at Wastewater stagnates. Aunt Lily's death does not even ripple the surface—when, suddenly, like a hurricane off the ocean, the long-lost Tom returns. He falls in love with Gay and imagines his love returned. Realizing that she has been playing a game with him, she resolves to escape from the spooky house and all its problems. But the night before her intended flight Tom catches her in a far-off room—and he fights with all the primitive in him to force her passion. In her wild struggle Gabrielle screams for help. The word that comes to her lips is "David!" And miraculously David appears. Shaken, he brings news which Aunt Flora has just imparted. Gay's father was no traveling salesman—but Black Roger Fleming himself. Tom is Gabrielle's own brother! In the paralysis of this revelation, a far roar and a blast of wind reach them. They run to the hall, where they are astonished by a brisk crackling. "Fire!" Tom shouts. "By God, the old place is on fire!"

PART FIVE

"SHE'S all right—she opened her eyes a few minutes ago—she'll be all right——"

The voice was droning away close to her ear in the howling noise and blackness. Gabrielle made an effort to think and to move her head. But her senses all reeled together in a sort of vertigo, and her temples hammered. She relapsed into blackness again.

David's voice, of course. She was lying in some bitterly cold place—out-of-doors—the sea never sounded so close inside——

Beyond and above the sound of the sea, breaking on the rocks, was a constant rushing of high winds and the creaking and dashing of bare branches. And there was another sound, of sucking and roaring, deep crashes—like the cascading of bricks——

"No, no, she's all right—she's coming round—" This was that droning voice. David's voice. Then a mutter of other voices.

"I feel like Bill the Lizard!" Gabrielle thought, finding the idea very funny, and immediately beginning to cry. And she opened eyes brimming with tears and looked into David's anxious face, close above her own, against a background of red lights and shadows.

Dizziness overcame her and she shut her eyes again, but not without a bewildered and weary smile that tore at the man's heart. And then there followed another period of utter darkness during which she could not quite tell if the roaring and crackling were inside her head or outside of it.

Suddenly she remembered. They were in Tom's study, she and Tom and David, and David had come up to say——

And Gay instantly sat upright and looked at David with wild and frightened eyes. She wore the velvet gown in which she had dined, such endless ages ago, and about her, as she half-lay in David's arms, a heavy blanket had been wrapped. David's face was grimed and sooty, and in the queer lurid light in the summer-house she could see that it was anxious and pale.

They were in the summer-house—that was it. But why should they be here upon this bitter, wild night, and whence came the queer, pinkish glow that was lighting the black garden and the bare trees in so unnatural a way? John and Trude were draping great curtains—were they the curtains of the old library?—against the latticed walls.

"Gabrielle—dearest—" David said. And she felt a hot tear on her face and put up her finger to touch it wonderingly. "You're all right, dear!" he added tenderly. And then, to some one behind him: "She's all right, Sylvia. Tell Aunt Flora she's all right."

Gabrielle heard a thick, fretful murmur in answer, and asked in a child's awed whisper:

"Is Aunt Flora sick?"

"Frightened," David said in answer. "And you fainted, dear. Tom and I got you down by the kitchen stairway——"

Recollection was beginning to come back rapidly now, and Gay frowned with the pain of it as she said:

"Tom—you came up— I remember now. But David, was that true?"

"All true, dear. But don't think about it now!" David said. And Gabrielle closed her eyes for what seemed a long time again. The man her poor little mother had loved had been Roger Fleming! Roger was her father.

"Does Tom believe it?" the girl whispered after a while.

"Oh, yes. He is very—very fine about it, Gay," David said. "There will be no arguing, no trouble for you, dear. Can you—can you *not* worry about it?"

"But David," she was more like herself every minute now and spoke with a voice full of its own peculiar vitality, "what happened?"

"Fire, dear. Wastewater's going, Gabrielle! In an hour the old place will be gone!"

"Wastewater!" she echoed in a whisper. And for the first time she turned her eyes toward the source of the

"The Black Flemings," copyright, 1925, by Kathleen Norris.

glow. Three hundred yards away, and lighting up the whole black world upon the wild Winter night, the old house was one roaring mass of flames.

"Tom?" the girl asked instantly. "Did he—he was with us—did every one——"

"Every one is safe, dear. Sylvia was the coolest of all. She was asleep, but she had time to grab some clothes—got out easily! Aunt Flora was in the down-stairs sitting-room, where I had left her—she's here. I think the shock has been terrible, but she is safe. You fainted, seemed to come to just as we got down here, and then fainted again. But now you feel all right?"

"Perfectly! But David—I want to see Tom——"

"Tom! He was with John and the girls, saving what they could, until it was too late. But he's here now. Tom!" David said, raising his voice. And immediately Tom, who had been standing with the group of maids in the doorway, watching the fire, turned and came toward them.

He was grimed and sooty, his black hair tossed about wildly. Gabrielle saw the look on his handsome face, half-desperate, half-shamed, all questioning, and as he knelt before her, with a sudden impulse she opened her arms and laid her wet face against his.

Tom tightened his own arms convulsedly about her and for a long minute they clung together.

"Is it all right?" Gabrielle whispered. And Tom, gently putting the silky, tangled web of her disheveled hair back from her earnest face, answered:

"We got you out, huh?"

"Tom," she said, clinging to him and looking into his face anxiously, "I'm so glad! I have never had anybody—of my own——"

"Are you?" he said awkwardly, yet pleased, in a low, gruff tone, as she stopped. "You've got a brother now, huh?" he added with a sort of clumsy lightness.

For answer, still resting her pale and soot-streaked cheek against his own, she tightened her arm about his neck and he felt her breast move on a deep sigh, half of weariness, half of content.

And David saw his half-brother very reverently, very gently, kiss her upon her closed eyes.

"The wind's straight out of the northwest," Tom said. "The whole place is bound to go. Nice thing if we'd gotten 'em into John's house, like you suggested!"

"No, you were right about that," David conceded, as Gay, still a little dizzy, got to her feet. "John tells me the barn roof has caught!"

"South wing, sir—everything!" Walker, the chauffeur, said, from the group of watching maids and men in the doorway.

"Keep this blanket about you, Gay, and over your head!" David commanded, as they joined the others. "Good-by, Wastewater!" he added under his breath. "Do you see that the library wing has collapsed already—you're looking straight across at the woods beyond! She's going like tinder."

SOMEWHAT sheltered in the black old shabby doorway of the long-unused summer-house, Gabrielle felt David's arm tight about her shoulders. Was he conscious of it? She did not know. But she was exquisitely aware of it, even under her vertigo, weariness and excitement; and so reenforced, she might have endured a score of such wild nights.

They all stood in the shelter, exclaiming and looking over each other's shoulders at the fearful conflagration that was sending great whirls and showers of sparks far up against the black Winter sky. Flora alone made no move. She sat in the summer-house's one chair, with her bare head disheveled and dropped back and her eyes closed in a leaden face that even in the hideous light of the fire looked deathlike.

"This night's work will kill her," Hedda whispered once, glancing over her shoulder at her mistress. And Trude solemnly nodded.

The flames of Wastewater swept southward, howling like fiends as they flung themselves up into the dark, crowded always from their places, as waves are crowded onward, by fresh roaring surges of fire.

"There won't be a wall left standing," Tom said. "And she's not been burning an hour!"

"What I can't understand," David said, "is why five hundred men aren't here from Keyport or Crowchester—of course there's a terrible tide, and that road through the dunes to Tinsall's may be under water. But you'd think that a mob would be out here to watch the old place go!"

"You mean that they might have saved it, David?" Sylvia asked, shuddering with cold and nervousness.

"Oh, no—nothing could do that!" he said.

"David, we were all up-stairs. Did you and Tom get me down the stairs?" Gabrielle asked presently.

"That's one of the things we'll talk about to-morrow," David said. But immediately he added quietly: "Tom saved us all. My instinct was to rush away from the flames. His, being a sailor, was to get through them. And if we had run away, I believe we would have been trapped. Hedda tells me the only stairway in the far wing, where I would have gone, has been locked for years. Tom got us back of the wind by crossing the upper hall, and we climbed over that strip of roof to the old sewing-room and broke the window, and after that it was easy, down the kitchen stairway."

"The fire was coming—where?"

"Straight up that main stairway, as if it were a furnace!"

Gabrielle shivered. And for a while they all watched the fire in silence.

"John's wife and little girl, and Daisy and Sarah, luckily went in to Crowchester yesterday," David presently explained. "It seems that John saw it first; it started in the billiard-room wing. John saw one of the windows all pink, but he thought that probably some of us were down there, and he actually went to bed. But after fifteen minutes or so he got up and looked out again——"

"My God, my heart turned to water!" John himself said simply, as David paused. "The fire was bursting out of a dozen windows at once. She must have been burning since late afternoon, to get that start. I yelled for Frank, the Eyetalian, and Walker, and we all run to the house——"

"They ran up and roused Aunt Flora," David added, "and got her out here—and Sylvia had the presence of mind to grab a sheet full of clothes and things; the maids got out all the blankets that were in the store-closet, and their own trunks—but there won't be much saved!"

Sylvia had gone back into the summer-house and was



Drawing by Ernest Fuhr

"YOU TOLD ME—YES, BUT I THOUGHT MY MOTHER—I THOUGHT LILY—I ONLY THOUGHT THAT SHE HAD LOVED UNCLE ROGER, INSTEAD OF THE MAN CHARPENTIER!" GABRIELLE STAMMERED. "I—I AM THEIR CHILD—" SHE WHISPERED

leaning anxiously over her mother. They could hear Flora's feeble, hoarse murmurs in reply to the girl's tender inquiries.

An hour later there were shouts in the garden. A motor-car rattled in, driven already with a strange disregard for what had been the stately boundaries of Wastewater, straight over the ashy garden. It was the Keyport carpenter, with fifteen or twenty excited young men hanging on his car. The high tide had washed out a hundred feet of the road, he announced: "Couple hundred people watching the fire from the other side, in spite of the wind!"

"Some fire!" said Harry Trueman. He had had to drive twelve miles out of his way to get here at all. He added cheerfully that he had thought he might find the whole family burned to cinders.

A stiff wind was still blowing, but its violence had enormously abated; the air was warmer every instant, and the fire, less than four hours after it had been discovered, had done its work and had actually been blown out against many a shattered remnant of black wall.

Now it was safe to move the women to what was left of John's house. The windmill, collapsing, had inundated the lower floor, and one side of the house had been caught by the flames. But on the south side a bedroom, dining-room and kitchen were intact, and Gabrielle and Sylvia found a lamp and turned down the bed where John's little Etta had slept for most of her fifteen years. Flora was lowered tenderly into the sheets, and the blankets and little blue comforter spread over her.

Down-stairs, in John's dining-room, was heaped the incongruous salvage from Wastewater, just such a miscellany as maids, chauffeur and gardener had been able to snatch and carry away by the light of the fire itself.

Gabrielle and Tom worked valiantly at storing the mixed assortment at one side of the room; John lighted a coal fire in his own grate, and Hedda and Trude toiled kitchenward. They extricated a coffee-pot from the crushed and saturated kitchen, and finding among Etta's neat stores all the necessities for a meal, they served it in the dining-room at four o'clock. Sylvia was now up-stairs with her mother, and David called Gabrielle aside and with a grave face advised her to go up to her cousin.

"SHE gathered a good deal from Aunt Flora's muttering, Gay, and I've just been explaining things to her. Poor Sylvia—it's come like a thunderbolt to her! Suppose you go up and tell her we want her down here, that we're having some coffee?"

Gabrielle went up obediently. The lamp in young Etta's bedroom was shaded now, and Flora seemed asleep. Sylvia was sitting in the shadow, but Gabrielle saw that she had been weeping. She rose at once and followed Gabrielle into the little upper hall, and Gabrielle put her arm about her. Sylvia seemed confused and shaken; she said in a worried, quick tone:

"Mama is very, very ill! David tells me he thought she was, even before she had the shock of the fire. I feel as if I were in a terrible dream—I can't believe what he tells me," added poor Sylvia. "I can't—I shall never believe that my mother could be—could be capable—my mother, whom I love so dearly—" She stopped.

"It doesn't mean that one can't love—one's mother," Gabrielle suggested timidly. "She did it to protect—Uncle Roger. We always knew she loved him."

"Oh, gracious—how little you understand—how little anybody understands!" Sylvia exclaimed, under her breath, in despair. "You tell me that I needn't stop loving her—and David tells me that it makes no real difference in my own life—as if I could—as if I could go on living and believing that my mother had been—" Sylvia's voice deepened "—had been living a *lie* all these years! I tell you, I simply couldn't bear it! I'm wrong, perhaps, it's all just pride, perhaps—but I never could look anybody in the face again, never hold up my head——"

"Sylvia, do come down-stairs," Gay pleaded. "It isn't as bad as that—really it isn't!"

"Oh, what do you know, Gabrielle?" Sylvia exclaimed impatiently. "You think being the child of an unknown—*agent*," she asked, astonished, "is much the same as being Uncle Roger's own daughter?"

"I would rather have the name of Charpentier honorably than any name as I have it," Gay answered proudly and shortly.

"As you have it?" Sylvia echoed. "I don't believe you understand," she added bewilderedly.

She let Gabrielle guide her down-stairs and slipped into her place at the improvised table quietly, not looking up or tasting the solids, although she drank her hot coffee gratefully.

"David, could we possibly get mama in to a doctor—to a sanitarium?" she asked presently in a low voice.

"John and Walker have gone 'round the long way to Crowchester for the doctor," David said, glad to talk. "The road's washed out, you know. They ought to be back in another hour, and then we can tell something."

"She looks—like death—" Sylvia said, with suddenly trembling lips.

"I think it is only shock," David answered. Gabrielle had dropped her beautiful disheveled head against the back of her chair; Tom had flung himself upon the little sofa and was already asleep. David replenished the fire, and he and Sylvia sat watching it, sometimes exchanging a few words, or sometimes going up-stairs to look at the invalid, who seemed sleeping.

The doctor came and went at five without waking either Tom or Gabrielle; a cold dawn was over the world when the girl stirred under her heap of comforters and sat up blinking and rosy, wondering for a long stupefied minute where she was and why Tom should be stretched out sound asleep a few feet away. Margaret had come out from Keyport, John's wife and daughter were lamenting and sympathizing in the disordered kitchen, and two or three score of sightseers were already picking their way about the ruins of what had been Wastewater.

GAY, going out with Tom just as the Winter sun rose dazzling and clear, looked about her in blank amazement. Where the house had stood for more than a century was only a singed and hideous stretch of wreckage now, heaps of blackened bricks, tumbled masses of half-burned plaster and cement. Twisted pipes glistened wet in the rain; the whole smelled acridly; here and there some hidden heap of wood or paper smoldered sullenly.

When, between David and Tom, with her hair twisted up in a great coil and one of John's coats buttoned about her, she walked slowly about the incredible desolation of the walls, the villagers drew back a little and eyed the family curiously.

When they walked past what had been the sitting-room, Tom climbed over a mass of bricks and kicked free with his foot a segment of charred and soaked frame, to which a tattered strip of canvas still clung.

" 'Member this?" he asked.

David and Gabrielle looked at it, nodding. There were but a few useless inches of it left; but they could see it had been a painting. Still to be seen was a finely executed hand, a man's hand, laid upon the head of a beautiful greyhound.

"Uncle Roger." David said gravely.

"My father," said Tom.

"And mine," Gabrielle added softly, a warm young vital hand in David's, her beautiful eyes not raised from this tragic little last glimpse of the splendid and victorious Black Fleming of Wastewater.

The doctor returned with another doctor in the course of the strange disorganized day. Sylvia, who had been lying down, went up-stairs with them, Gabrielle waiting restlessly for their opinion.

Almost immediately after they had come down, however, David called her. She went out of the dining-room to find him on the stairway.

"Gay, dear, Aunt Flora wants to see you." His tone frightened her.

"She's not very sick?"

"We hope not, dear. But they are not—satisfied. She wants to see you and me and Tom."

"But, David, we can get her in to Boston, can't we? Didn't Hedda say something about an ambulance?"

"It's a question of whether the roads are passable. They are discussing that now."

A GREAT awe fell upon Gabrielle as she went up to the crowded little bedroom. She could see nothing except Aunt Flora, lying straight in the girlish little bed; Aunt Flora looking sunken-cheeked and ghastly, and living only in her restless and tortured eyes.

"How do you feel now?" David said cheerfully, sitting down beside the bed and patting her hand. She did not smile. But she moved her eyes to his face and fixed them there.

Sylvia was at one side of the bed, David and Tom took chairs at the foot, and Gabrielle quite naturally sank to her knees beside Sylvia, so that the two girls' faces were close to Flora's.

Flora moved her solemn gaze to Gabrielle's face.

"I am very sick," she whispered.

"Oh, Aunt Flora, you'll feel so much better when you get into a comfortable hospital," Gabrielle said gently, infinitely distressed.

"No," the sick woman said, shaking her head, "they'll not move me! David told you and Tom something yesterday," she added, wearily shutting her eyes and hardly moving her lips. "You should have known it long ago. You—and Tom are angry at me?"

"Oh, Aunt Flora—no!"

"You are Roger Fleming's daughter, Gabrielle," Flora whispered, clutching her hand and eying her anxiously.

"So David said," Gabrielle murmured, with a troubled glance at him.

"You should have known it long ago," Flora repeated, beating gently on Gabrielle's hand. "It was the sin—the terrible sin of my life. But David," she interrupted herself, appealing to him, "I did not mean to harm them!"

"I'm sure of it, Aunt Flora! But why worry yourself with it now? We are all safe, all well—couldn't it wait?" David urged with infinite gentleness.

"No—no—no!" she exclaimed, raising herself to a sitting position and struggling almost as if they were constraining her physically. "I must talk now—and then I shall sleep! You must let me talk, and then I shall sleep! I want you all to understand."

"Did you ever know," she went on, seeming to feel her way for the right phrases and sinking back into the pillows with shut eyes, "did you ever know how I happened to come first to Wastewater? My father was John Fleming, Roger Fleming's cousin—he was a dentist, in Brookline. We were very poor when I was a child, and the first days I remember were of a little Brookline flat and my mother sewing at a sewing-machine. My sister Lily was a delicate little baby then—Lily was six years younger than I. For days and days and days of rain I remember the sewing-machine, and the crying of the baby, and my mother murmuring at the hall door to men who came about bills. In the Spring I had to take the baby out, and sometimes the wind would chap both our faces, and we would sit crying in the park. It seems to me we were always cold——"

"Dearest, do you want to talk now?" Sylvia asked tenderly, as the harsh, deep voice paused.

Flora opened the eyes that had been slowly sinking shut and widened them anxiously.

Continued on page 87

FAMILY—OR LOVE?

So often a girl must make a choice between them. When heredity and happiness clash—what a tremendous love-story it makes! And we've got it for you—

"THE PEEL TRAIT"

by

Joseph C. Lincoln

Her name is Lettice—Cap'n Peel's lovely daughter—whose heart becomes the plaything of men and of forces hopelessly stronger than her own strong will. She has just one way of escape. Does she find it?

This brilliant novel by Mr. Lincoln will set another high-water mark of popularity for one of America's most popular writers. "Shavings," "The Portygee," "Dr. Nye," "Rugged Water"—these and many others are the reason why his books are literally worn to shreds from use in all the libraries throughout the country. And no wonder! For the yarns he spins of Cape Cod life are as snappy and refreshing as the salt sea wind that blows there.

In the March DELINEATOR you will find the first instalment of Joseph C. Lincoln's latest Cape Cod triumph.

Don't Miss It!



Drawing by J. Scott Williams

Why Boys and Girls play differently

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

SOME one has said that if you want to know what the child is, study his play; if you want to influence what he is to become, direct the form of his play. This being true, it is of the utmost importance to parents to see that their children have intelligent supervision during their play hours as well as during the hours devoted to school work. The child that "just grows" like the celebrated Topsy may grow in a direction altogether different from that which his parents would have selected. Furthermore, the most rigid supervision of school work will often be offset by a laxity of supervision over the play periods. Play is much more interesting to the child and, therefore, much more of an element in determining his character than what he does in the classroom. The average child, until he reaches an age where he has some definite ideas of the relation of work to reward, does a good deal of his studying because he dreads the immediate consequences of not doing it. But he puts his whole heart and soul into the business of play, and it becomes a part of him.

Just as long as men and women are different, the play of boys and girls will differ. This is as it should be, for the world has need of the stern virtues of manhood as well as and in contrast to the gentler virtues of womanhood. I rejoice in the extension of woman's privileges and in her changed outlook on participation in games that would have been called "unladylike" in the age when it was considered a mark of fine breeding to "enjoy poor health," when an attack of the "vapors" was the standard equipment of the heroines of novels, and no day was considered complete without at least one swoon. But at the same time I am bitterly opposed to any "standardization" of the sexes. Mannish women and effeminate men are equally abhorrent to me.

GIRLS should be encouraged to play active games, but they should select the active games suited to their temperament and physique. Football would never do for a girl's game, because of its danger to players who lack a rugged physique and a good muscular development, and because of its intensely combative nature. Games in which the personal-contact element is strongly emphasized I do not recommend for girls, because the feminine athlete is not so good a competitor as the masculine, on account of her supreme partisanship and her more emotional nature.

The question of whether girls and young women should play competitive games along with boys hinges on the question of what the woman of to-morrow is going to be. If she is constantly to widen her field of competition with men, she should get her training for that competition in the games of men. In other words, if she is going to lead the same life as a man, she ought to have the same preparation for it. The more closely the activities of men and women approach each other, the more closely related will the play of the two sexes become. The world needs both the masculine and feminine natures, and neither can approximate the other without sacrificing some of its own merit. We must have the power and vigor of barbaric manhood, but we also must have the kindliness, sympathy, and forbearance of gentle womanhood. Both men and women should have a share of these virtues, but they will best be preserved by having each sex retain the qualities that primarily belong to it.

The play of the two sexes has been getting more and more alike with the advance of civilization. In the early history of mankind when the tribe was the unit man's life was very different from woman's. The man was the hunter and the fighter. He had to be strong and athletic to live, for his success as a hunter depended on his ability to run and throw. The weaklings got no meat. And just as soon as the man had acquired something worth having, he had to fight for it against other savages, in his own tribe, or with his tribe against another tribe. A woman was then no more than a piece of property, belonging to the man strong enough to hold her by his fighting ability. The female devoted herself entirely to looking after her lord and master and to rearing children. Since she had to do a great deal of manual labor in order to live, the matter of physical training did not worry her much.

IN THOSE ancient days the play of boys and girls was as radically different as the activities of their parents. The boy in his play imitated the hunting and fighting of his father; the girl, who knew that she would never hunt nor fight, gave expression to the maternal and domestic instincts. As woman has achieved emancipation, the advance of science has reduced the amount of manual labor required of her and the competitive element in the play of girls has become stronger. The intelligent director of play for girls has placed increasing emphasis on games that make for the development of a strong and healthy body. It is now fashionable to be healthy. Continued illness that can be attributed to neglect of proper exercise and diet is plain "bad form." Some day, so the scientists tell us, it may actually be listed as a crime to be sick, on the theory that a sick person is a liability to society.

The fact that fresh air, exercise, sunshine, a well-regulated diet, and plenty of water are just as important to a girl who is being trained for a career in "society" as to a boy who is going to be a manual worker, is now generally recognized. In fact, it seems ridiculous that any other idea should ever have prevailed. Yet it did, and until very recently, for the history of modern methods of directing the play of girls is a very short one. In our grandmother's day, the very idea of a "nice" girl playing basketball or indoor baseball or playground ball in public would have caused swoons galore. Yet in my opinion the modern type of girl is preferable to any that preceded her, though there are some things about the present-day miss that may have to be adjusted before we can hail her as perfect. It hardly would be fair to expect perfection to accompany such rapid evolution, however, and taking all things into consideration, the girl with her new-found freedom is doing wonderfully well.

Notwithstanding this recent, radical change in the activity of women and in the play of girls, there still remain certain very real differences in the play of the two sexes. And these differences are of such a fundamental character as to indicate certain characteristic differences in the nature of boys and girls.

Although all the great natural play instincts are found in both boys and girls, various studies of the subject have yielded the conclusion that they differ in intensity in the sexes, some being stronger in boys and others in girls. Also, the general instinct frequently takes different forms of expression in boys and girls.

We find the creative instinct strong in both sexes, but boys are more apt to construct articles of larger size, huts, forts, etc., that require less detailed accuracy, while girls are inclined to make smaller but more painstaking articles, such as articles of clothing.

SINGING and dancing games give expression to the rhythmic or poetic instinct. In some boys this instinct is marked; but in general it is much stronger in girls and is responsible for the great popularity of dancing and chanting games among them.

The instinct to nurture or care for is very pronounced in girls, and gives rise to the almost universal liking for dolls and doll play. It also explains why young girls usually enjoy playing with babies more than boys do. In boys the instinct is more apt to find expression in caring for pets or gardens.

The inquisitive instinct is the basis of the numerous plays of imitation, exploring, collecting and classifying. It is strong in both boys and girls, but is probably more pronounced in boys.

Hunting and fighting are primarily masculine instincts, although the hunting instinct is strong also in girls. The hunting instinct is the foundation of the many tag and chasing games that nearly every boy and girl plays between the ages of seven and twelve. All competitive games grow out of the fighting instinct and belong primarily to boys and men. The fighting instinct makes boys want to win. Frequently girls will play the same games; but usually when they play there is not the same determination to come out ahead. Boys are absorbed by the contest element, girls play more just for the fun of playing.

Concluded on page 94

"Hurry-Up" Yost Says—

Sportsmanship is an essential of democracy.

The fundamental purpose of education is to build men and women.

The only reason that child's play is more fun than man's work is because the child puts more of himself into it.

Fear is the great killer—not only of the body, but of the joy that health and success will bring.

What Parents should know about Whooping-Cough



"The World is Mine"

By DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

THE cause of whooping-cough was a source of dispute for centuries and many fanciful theories concerning it were advanced. Its infectious and contagious nature was not emphasized until the last century. Now it is universally accepted as a highly communicable and contagious disease.

A word of explanation should be given as to the terms "infectious," "contagious" and "communicable." The word "infection" is derived from two Latin words meaning "to enter in." "Contagion" is also derived from two Latin words signifying "to touch together." Diseases caused by microorganisms are called infectious. The process by which these are transmitted is known as infection; and the mode of transmission as contagion. Diseases transmitted by direct contact were called contagious. For all practical purposes these terms are synonymous, but the word "communicable" is now in more general use to describe all diseases that can be communicated directly or indirectly from one person to another.

For many years it seemed certain that whooping-cough was caused by a definite and specific germ, but this organism was not discovered and isolated until 1906. The germ is named the Bordet-"Gengou bacillus" in recognition of the two French scientists who first proved that it caused and spread the disease. These germs are found in large numbers in the sputum and nasal discharges of children in the first few weeks of the disease. After the fourth week the germs can only be detected in about ten per cent. of the cases and are only rarely isolated after the eighth week. The cough may persist for months after these germs have disappeared, however.

The germs of the disease are found only in the discharges from the nose and throat. The disease is spread by the dissemination of these germs through the fine and almost invisible spray and tiny droplets of sputum thrown out during the acts of coughing, sneezing or speaking, and by direct contact. It is not air-borne in the sense that the infection travels through the air. The infective distance is probably not more than five feet. The disease is rarely, if ever, carried by a third person. Direct contact is probably the most common means of transmitting the germs. Outside of the body the germs are very short-lived, so that it is very doubtful if articles of clothing, toys, books, etc., which have been handled by children suffering from the disease, can transmit it unless they are used by particularly susceptible children almost immediately. Children often receive infection from neighbors' children, or at school, moving-picture shows and other indoor places where children congregate.

It is most important to know that whooping-cough may be communicated from the very beginning of the catarrhal stage when the only symptoms are those of a cold with a slight cough and running nose. It is most contagious before the typical whoop appears. Its communicability depends on the presence of the germs, which are rarely found after the whoop or spasmodic stage. Doctor Comby of the Children's Hospital in Paris will admit children with whooping-cough in the wards, provided they have a well-defined whoop, and he claims that in many years no susceptible children with whom the whooping-cough patients associated ever contracted the disease.

WHO CATCHES IT?

The susceptibility of young children to whooping-cough is very great. It is essentially a disease of early childhood, as over eighty per cent. of all cases occur in children under five years of age.

This disease is always present in a community, but epidemics are liable to recur every two or three years, or as soon as a new generation of children make fertile soil for a new crop of cases. One attack almost always protects a person against further infection throughout life. Alleged second attacks in the same person are generally errors in diagnosis and may be cases of influenza, nervous or sympathetic cough, etc. Older persons who contract the disease are those who escaped it in their childhood. A study made of four hundred and one susceptible children exposed during an epidemic in a small town showed that three hundred and sixty-six, or ninety-one per cent., contracted whooping-cough, and it is very possible that some of the thirty-five who escaped will have an attack in later life.

All the statistics of this disease in different cities, in different countries and in different years show that girls are more susceptible than boys, both in the number of cases and in the number of deaths. This is the only infectious disease attacking both sexes in which there is such a marked and constant predominance of cases among girls. No satisfactory explanation has been advanced. Some attribute it to certain anatomical differences in the throat and larynx, while others believe it is due to the greater susceptibility of the nervous system in the female. Pregnant women are said to be more susceptible than other adults. The incidence of cases among girls is fifty-six per cent. as compared with forty-four per cent. in boys. Mortality statistics on whooping-cough in the United States covering a period of twenty-nine years show one hundred and eight deaths in girls to one hundred in boys in the first year of life, and one hundred and fourteen deaths in girls to one hundred in boys in the second year, and this ratio increases as the age advances.

Whooping-cough attacks children of every land and nation. Negro children are more susceptible than white, and the negro death-rate is three times that of the white race.

It is of interest that whooping-cough cases are nearly twice as frequent during the Winter and Spring months as in the Summer and Autumn.

Just how long a time after exposure one can look for symptoms of the disease is somewhat uncertain. The very gradual onset of the cough makes it difficult to fix an exact date. The general opinion is that the symptoms first appear seven to fourteen days after exposure. If no symptoms of a cold or cough appear sixteen days after exposure, the probabilities are that the disease has not been contracted.

THE THREE STAGES OF WHOOPING-COUGH

The course of the disease covers a period of six to ten weeks, or even longer, and is divided into three distinct stages. The first or catarrhal stage is indistinguishable from an ordinary head cold with a cough. The attack is very gradual and insidious, and it is often difficult to make a diagnosis during this stage. The cold symptoms grow worse instead of better, and the cough increases in frequency and severity. It is generally more marked at night and soon becomes the dominant symptom. There is little or no fever such as would be present in bronchitis or a severe cold. The cough becomes paroxysmal and the child has "fits" of coughing and choking. This stage of the disease gradually shades into the second. The first stage usually lasts from seven to fourteen days, although individual cases show considerable variation.

The second stage is the spasmodic or paroxysmal stage and is ushered in when the cough is so severe that the child becomes blue in the face, loses his breath and the typical and characteristic whoop is heard. There are very mild cases in which a whoop never appears, but the cough is spasmodic and occurs in paroxysms.

A child can usually tell when a paroxysm of coughing is coming. He will run to his mother or seize some object for support. A series of ten to fifteen short explosive coughs comes on in such rapid succession that the child can not catch his breath between them. The eyes water and seem to protrude, the face becomes congested and purple, the tongue puffed and bluish. The child is in terrible distress. Then a sudden rush of air through the narrow glottis produces the loud and crowing sound known as a "whoop." Immediately there is a repetition of the cough, followed by another whoop. In a single severe paroxysm lasting from two to five minutes a child may whoop a number of times until a small amount of thick and sticky mucus is expelled. In young children vomiting is almost certain to follow, especially if food has been taken recently. Bleeding from the nose occurs with nearly every paroxysm, but usually is not severe or dangerous. Children are often prostrated after a severe attack and are hardly able to stand alone. These paroxysms may appear spontaneously during sleep or may be brought on by fright, sneezing, eating, drinking cold water, a draft or even by hearing some one else cough. They are more frequent at night and occur more often in a close room than in the open air. The number varies, according to the severity of the case, from five to fifty in twenty-four hours. Death from choking or loss of breath is practically unknown. This stage lasts until the disappearance of the whoop, which is usually in about six weeks, although not infrequently it is protracted to two or three months.

The third stage, or the period of decline, lasts from one to five weeks. The cough in this stage resembles that of ordinary bronchitis and may persist for months, especially during the Winter season. If the child catches cold after the cough has subsided, the latter will again become spasmodic with a whoop. There is no danger of spreading infection during such recurrences.

The most serious complications of whooping-cough are those affecting the respiratory system. Of these the most dangerous is pneumonia, which is responsible for about seventy per cent. of the deaths under two years of age. The digestive system is frequently involved and during the Summer months infants with whooping-cough are very apt to suffer from diarrhea. Vomiting is a frequent and distressing complication, because the child can not retain enough food to sustain his weight and nourish him.

Convulsions, stupor and paralysis are the most serious complications on the part of the nervous system. Convulsions are not uncommon in young infants who have rickets, and are often fatal.

The diagnosis of whooping-cough is very difficult in the early stage. If a child has been exposed to whooping-cough, any cough that develops within three weeks should be considered suspicious. In such cases a physician should be consulted, as he can make certain blood tests, examine the sputum and arrive at a definite diagnosis. Every spasmodic cough, however, is not whooping-cough. *Concluded on page 71*

MOTHERS!

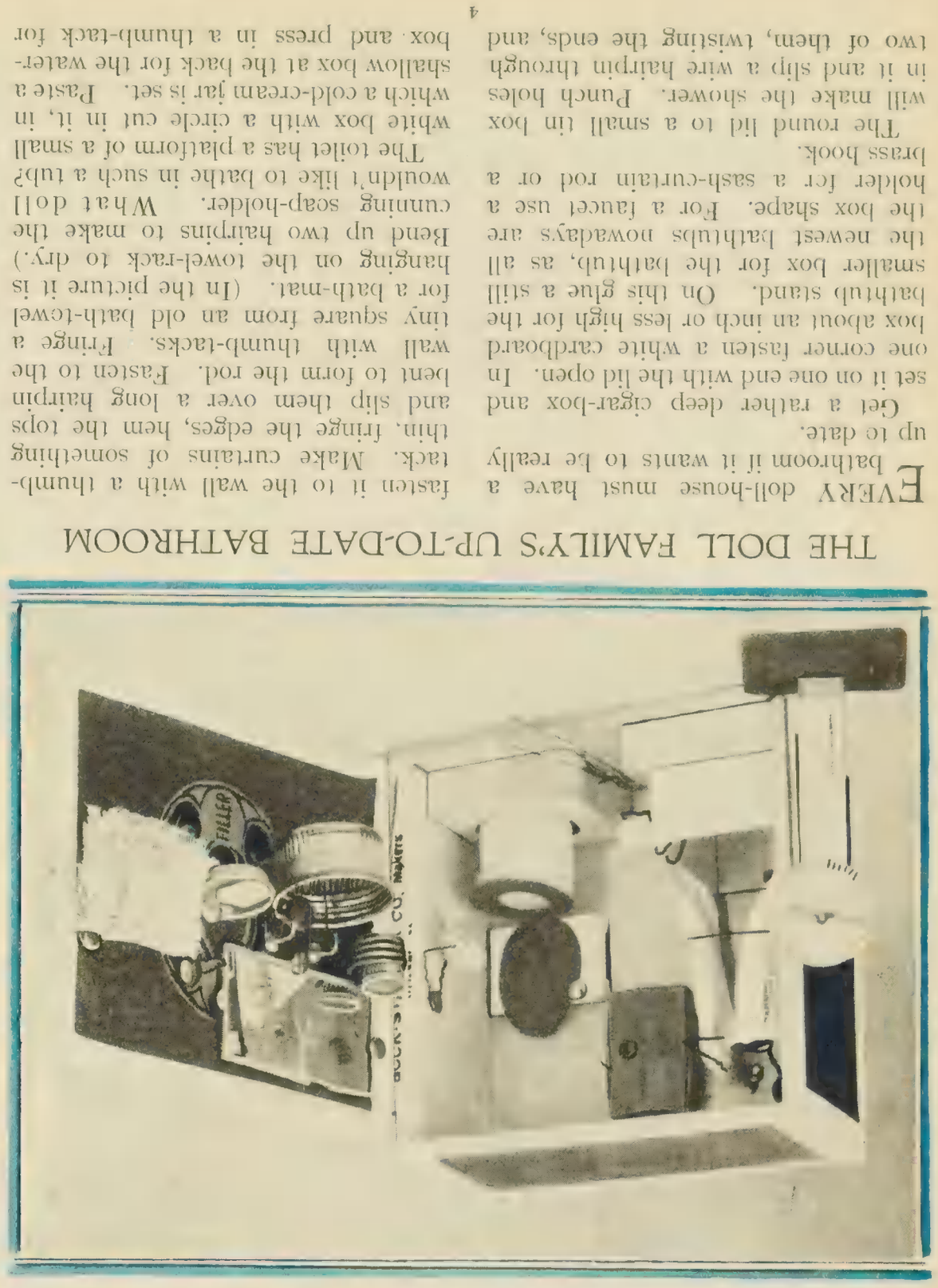
Join our "Happy Child Clubs"

Whooping-cough is not the only disease which brings you worry and fear. Your child's slightest "upset" is frightening if you are ignorant of its true nature. In our new service Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, the eminent baby specialist, gives you a monthly health talk according to the age of your child, warns you of epidemics and tells you how to keep your child strong and well. His letters are timely and helpful.

There are four clubs: One for expectant mothers; a second for mothers of tiny babies; a third for mothers of two to six year old runabouts; the fourth for mothers of school children. Membership in each club is only fifty cents—or in all four at the special price of one dollar.

Enroll at once! Address "The Happy Child" Clubs, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing your membership fee and stating whether you wish to become a member of "The Baby-to-Come Club," "The New Baby Club," "The Runabout Club" or "The School Child Club."

THE DOLL FAMILY'S UP-TO-DATE BATHROOM



EVERY doll-house must have a bathroom if it wants to be really up to date.

Get a rather deep cigar-box and set it on one end with the lid open. In one corner fasten a white cardboard box about an inch or less high for the bathtub stand. On this glue a still smaller box for the bathtub, as all the newest bathtubs nowadays are the box shape. For a faucet use a holder for a sash-curtain rod or a brass hook.

The round lid to a small tin box will make the shower. Punch holes in it and slip a wire hairpin through two of them, twisting the ends, and fasten it to the wall with a thumb-tack. Make curtains of something thin, fringe the edges, hem the tops and slip them over a long hairpin bent to form the rod. Fasten to the wall with thumb-tacks. Fringe a tiny square from an old bath-towel for a bath-mat. (In the picture it is hanging on the tower-rack to dry.) Bend up two hairpins to make the cunning soap-holder. What doll wouldn't like to bathe in such a tub?

The toilet has a platform of a small white box with a circle cut in it, in which a cold-cream jar is set. Paste a shallow box at the back for the water-box and press in a thumb-tack for the button. Bend a hair-pin and roll over it a strip of tissue-paper for the toilet-paper and fasten to the wall with thumb-tacks. Cut a seat and top of brown cardboard and fasten to the bottom of the water-box.

On the lid of the cigar-box, fasten the washstand. The top of a salad-dressing bottle makes the bowl and is held by a thumb-tack put through a small hole which you will have to punch with a nail. Screw tiny brass hooks back of the bowl for the faucets. Two smaller tops of the right shapes make the soap-dish and tumbler-holder. An aluminum thimble makes a splendid tumbler. A small mirror from an old pocketbook of mother's is fastened above the bowl with three thumb-tacks, one on the bottom and one at each side. Bend a strong wire hairpin to make a towel-rack and fringe two little squares of cloth for towels. Cut tiny squares of soap for the two soap-dishes.

In case the dolls are sick some-time, you had better have a medicine case. Use the inside of two small match-boxes to make it. Cut one box in half and fit it into the other to make the shelves and glue a piece of cardboard at the side for the door, using a brass paper-fastener for the knob.

The stylish thing now is to have scales and a measure for your height, and one for the dolls is easy to make. Get a tiny block of wood, such as you get when you buy a dozen thumb-tacks, and glue to it a tall slim box. Draw little marks all around a milk top and with a thumb-tack fasten it through the middle to the top of the box. You can cut out a hand from heavy brown paper. Bend a wire hairpin and fasten at the back with glue and paper for the height measure.

If you think of anything that's left off, write to your Editor and tell her what it is. Your doll family will appreciate this bathroom, especially Mrs. Doll.

A CORRECTION—In the November number of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR *we omitted printing under the Holy Grail picture "The Key to the Castle" this notice: "Copyright by Edwin A. Abbey, from a Copley Print copyrighted by Curtis & Cameron, publishers, Boston, Mass." We make this correction with apologies to Curtis & Cameron.* *Read the story on page 2.*







DEAR VALENTINES, pretty and comic! It's our LITTLE DELINEATOR'S THIRD BIRTHDAY, so let's celebrate with a PILE of letters.

I've offered to send you the Holy Grail list and the D. C. badge, with Club secret letter and the Patriotic Program, and the cover prize. These are my birthday gifts to you.

Now, in return I'm asking you for a present: I want each of you to write a cheer-up letter to some sick child in a New York hospital.

Hours, you know, drag very slowly in a hospital bed, when you lie and stare at the ceiling, and your back aches and you feel more lonely and blue every minute. You lucky youngsters who are well and strong and playing gayly about in the crisp Winter air—couldn't you take time to write one cheer-up letter to one sad, sick child?

It may seem strange not to know their names ahead of time, but just say: "Dear Boy," or "Dear Girl," or "Dear Friend," or "Dear"—some funny name. Tell about yourself and your school and home and friends, and especially your fun.

Now, that's the birthday present your editor wants from you on our LITTLE DELINEATOR'S third birthday. Please, please send it. Perhaps your teacher will let every child in your class write a hospital letter for language work if you take her this page.

If you want to send valentines and scrap-books and toys and books, of course that will be splendid. But just one cheer-up letter will be welcome.

Good-by, valentines. "Roses are red, violets are blue"—but you know the rest!

Your loving valentine editor,

HARRIET IDE EAGER.

P. S. Address your letter: Hospital Birthday Letter, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City, and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for an answer.

WIN THE BIRTHDAY COVER

The most helpful letter telling what you like best in this month's LITTLE DELINEATOR and why will win a big framed picture like the cover. Contest closes February twentieth. Address February Cover Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City.

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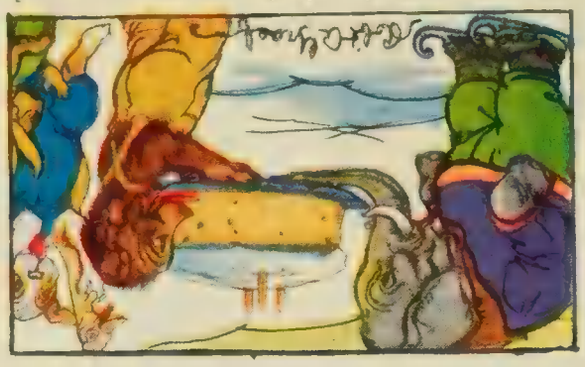
THE LITTLE
DELINEATOR
FEBRUARY, 1925
BIRTHDAY NUMBER
EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER
PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



OUR "LITTLE DELINEATOR" IS THREE YEARS OLD THIS MONTH—HURRAY!



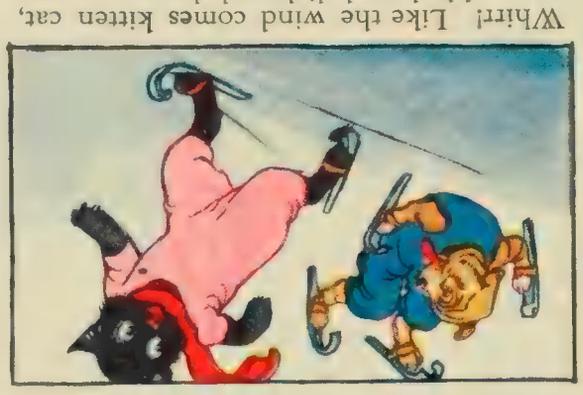
Oh! Ha, ha, ha! Here's elephant a lumber-rumbling last!
Crick! Crack! The ice! Quick, off the field all racers scurry fast.



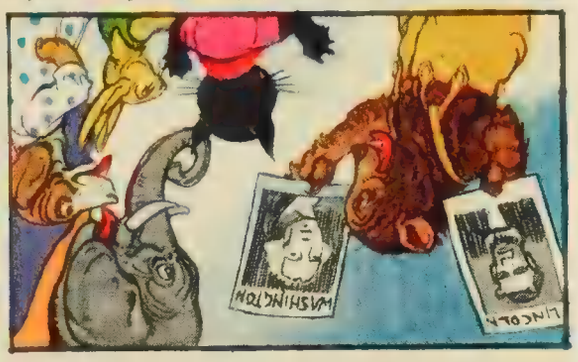
So, after all, fat elephant wins race and
praise and prize—
A giant cake with candles three to suit his
giant size.



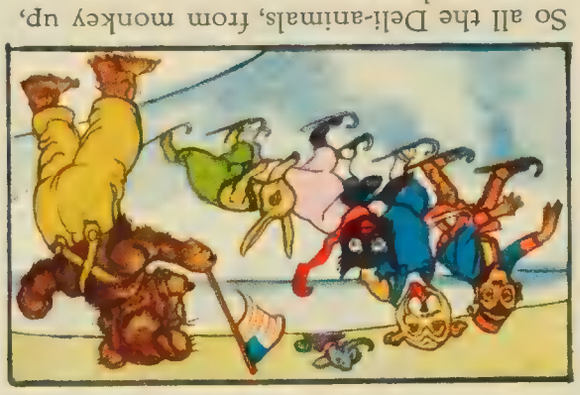
Hurray! the long-eared boy's ahead in leaps
and rabbit jumps,
His nimble knees and toes are used to
lumps and humps and bumps.



Whirr! Like the wind comes kitten cat,
so black and slick and sly;
Down falls the awkward puppy-dog and
kitty whizzes by.



"There's Lincoln's birthday, Washington's
and good St. Valentine,"
Says Deli-bear "Let's have a race to feast
their days and mine!"



So all the Deli-animals, from monkey up,
were there,
The man who drops the flag for "Go!" was
our own Deli-bear.

DELI-BEAR'S BIRTHDAY ICE RACE



A DELI-CLUB OF YOUR OWN

HERE'S the BIG SECRET I promised you last month!

At last we have our own Deli-Club!

Send a two-cent stamp, and besides that a stamped envelope addressed to yourself, and say: "I want to be a member of the Deli-Club. Please send me my badge." You will get a blue badge like the picture on this page, and a letter telling all the news about the Club that there isn't room for here. You don't need to be a subscriber—just a reader of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, and it doesn't matter whether you've ever written before or not. So don't be afraid—new readers are especially welcome.

Each month every D. C. member who sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope will get a "Club Secret" letter, telling what to do at club meetings, and new games to play, and all sorts of fun and interesting Deli-Club news.

Of course, if you can get some of your friends together and all send for badges and hold regular meetings, that will be the most fun. Perhaps your teacher will let your class become a big school Deli-Club.

But even if you live off in the country, or if you are an only child or a very little boy or girl without many playmates, you may be a member anyway and wear the blue badge and send for the "Club Secret" letter this month and every month hereafter.

If you already have a club of your own, you may make it a part of our big Deli-Club and receive the "Club Secret" letter just the same. If you are a Girl Scout or a Boy Scout or a Campfire Girl, you may use our D. C. ideas for games and entertainment at your meetings.

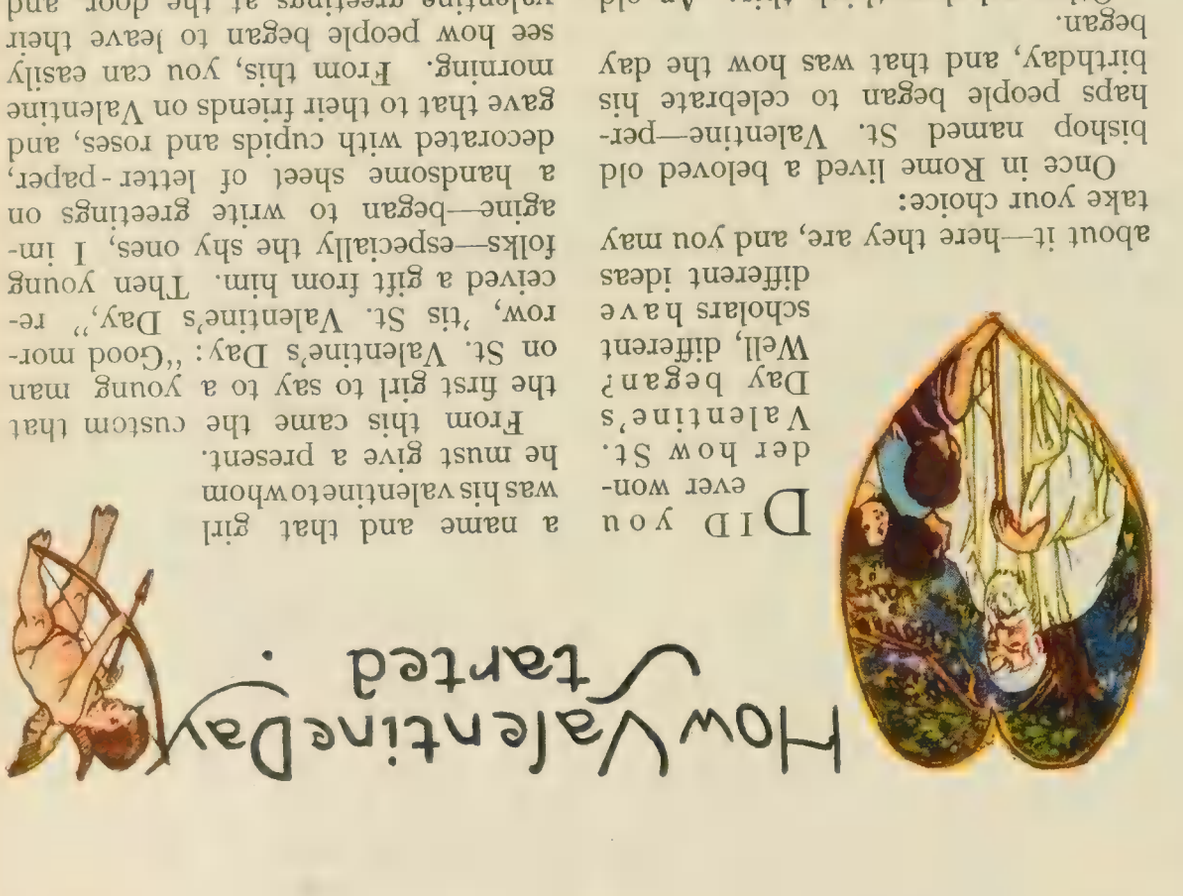
Won't it be fun? LITTLE DELINEATOR readers can recognize each other on the street now by the blue badge!

Oh, I've so many exciting things to tell you in my "Club Secret" letter! So write for it *now*.



Send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself, and besides that a two-cent stamp to pay for your D. C. badge.

Address "D. C.," THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York City. Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up!



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NOW did Galahad and his knights embark upon the Ship of Solomon, and at the prow sat the Angel of the Grail. So to Sarras they came and were cast into prison to starve by the wicked king, yet by the power of the Grail were they fed. And the king fell sick and repented and prayed for mercy. And when he was forgiven he died, and Sir Galahad ruled the city.

One year he reigned over Sarras, full wisely and well. Then was his hour come, for had he not builded to its last branch his Golden Tree of good works? "Now blessed Lord, would I might not longer live, if it might please Thee, Lord—" after this wise did Galahad pray, and he cast down the crown and scepter of his earthly kingdom and from his shoulders dropped the red cloak of life. And lo! angels stood about, and he beheld at last the Holy Grail, and his soul made one with God.

THE END

If you want to read more about Galahad, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for the "Holy Grail" letter.

The Quest of the Holy Grail





How Valentine Day started

DID you ever wonder how St. Valentine's Day began? Well, different scholars have different ideas about it—here they are, and you may take your choice:

Once in Rome lived a beloved old bishop named St. Valentine—perhaps people began to celebrate his birthday, and that was how the day began.

Other scholars think this: An old word for "lover" was "galant." But people mispronounced it, until the word turned into "valant," and then "valantan" and finally into "valentine." Now before the days of Christ there used to be an old Roman feast-day in February. But the Christians chose to celebrate their own feast—and they made it a lover's day—or "Valentine" Day—when young people came together and dropped the names of all the girls, on slips of paper, into a box. Then each boy drew a name and that girl was his valentine to whom he must give a present.

From this came the custom that the first girl to say to a young man on St. Valentine's Day: "Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day," received a gift from him. Then young folks—especially the shy ones, I imagine—began to write greetings on a handsome sheet of letter-paper, decorated with cupids and roses, and gave that to their friends on Valentine morning. From this, you can easily see how people began to leave their valentine greetings at the door, and later, to buy valentines ready-made and to send them through the mail, as we do nowadays.

So with each pretty valentine that you give or receive on February fourteenth, just remember how it all started centuries ago among people who never dreamed they were inventing a custom to give you fun!

Write for the "Patriotic Program" for school or Sunday school, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, *New York City.*



From a painting by C. J. Monro

As Martha Washington Dined

By JESSIE A. BOYS

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

ONE can imagine the bustle and stir in the executive mansion when Mistress Martha Washington undertook the preparation of a State dinner. The first First Lady of the Land rose early to supervise the baking of the ham, attend to the mixing of the great rich cakes and see that a bountiful array of jellies, jams, pickles and preserves was brought from the storeroom.

In those days no one ever heard of balanced menus or adequate meals. Vitamins and calories were as unknown as bobbed heads and radios. Mistress Washington would have considered herself an unworthy hostess if her table had not offered an overwhelming number of the home-made delicacies and famous dishes that the gentlewomen before her had invented and served.

Quaint indeed are those Colonial cook-books! But a modern housewife throws up her hands in horror at such items as eighteen eggs and a pound and a half of butter for a single cake.

Hospitality—Southern style! What well-filled larders, what pantries groaning with pies and cakes, what tables piled high with delicious viands those words suggest! The new country was a land overflowing with milk and honey, and, as some one said, the Southern hostess often sacrificed European elegance for Virginian liberality.

No meal was ever complete without its beaten biscuit, light and airy, or its golden-brown waffles served with honey or amber maple-sirup. Many a Dixie cook has established a reputation on these two articles alone. Hot corn bread, thick, rich and golden—quite different from the johnny-cake of New England—was served with creamed chicken, and it is still a popular dish throughout the Southland.

A STATE MENU IN MARTHA WASHINGTON'S TIME

Giblet Soup *Vol-au-Vent with Oysters*
Baked Virginia Ham *Creamy Mashed Potatoes*
Maryland Chicken *Cream Gravy*
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Currant Jelly *Waffles* *Mustard Pickles*
Beaten Biscuit *Spoon Bread*
Creamed Onions *Baked Squash*
Currant Pound Cake *Syllabub*
Nuts *Coffee*

Recipes for some of these appetizing old dishes you'll find with this article. Others we'll gladly send you, if you'll mail us a stamped envelope bearing your name and address. Send it to THE DELINEATOR'S *Home-Making Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*

But baked ham was given the place of honor on the menu. Ensconced in dignified state it was skilfully carved by the head of the household. The cooking of this dish amounted to a ritual. No effort or pains were spared to preserve just the right amount of moisture, tenderness and flavor. The baking of the ham was considered so important that we even find a recipe for it written on the fly-leaf of a Bible belonging to a contemporary of Washington.

The recipe states, "To eat ye ham in perfection, steep it in half milk and half water for thirty-six hours, and then having brought the water to a boil, put ye ham therein and let it simmer for four or five hours according to the size of the ham, for simmering brings ye salt out and boiling drives it in." Practical culinary advice that!

Vegetables were as popular then as now. We find cabbage, turnips, sweet and white potatoes, lettuce, radishes, asparagus, celery, beets, onions, spinach and sweet corn frequently mentioned. But the Colonial housewife knew nothing about the cold-pack method of preserving them—the art of canning had not been perfected. Consequently, after the season was over only so-called Winter vegetables which would keep in large bins during the cold months supplied variety to the menu.

Our ancestors were justly proud of their orchards. Apples, pears, quinces, plums and apricots, cherries, melons and berries of all kinds were raised in profusion, and the housewife of Martha Washington's time spent many a warm Summer's day thriftily preserving fruits for Winter use. Apples and peaches were dried for pies and tarts. Delicious jams, clear jellies, spicy preserves were "done up" and put away. Huge crocks of pickled or

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Your Gold-Medal Garden

With a plan for its planting and care

By FRANCES DUNCAN



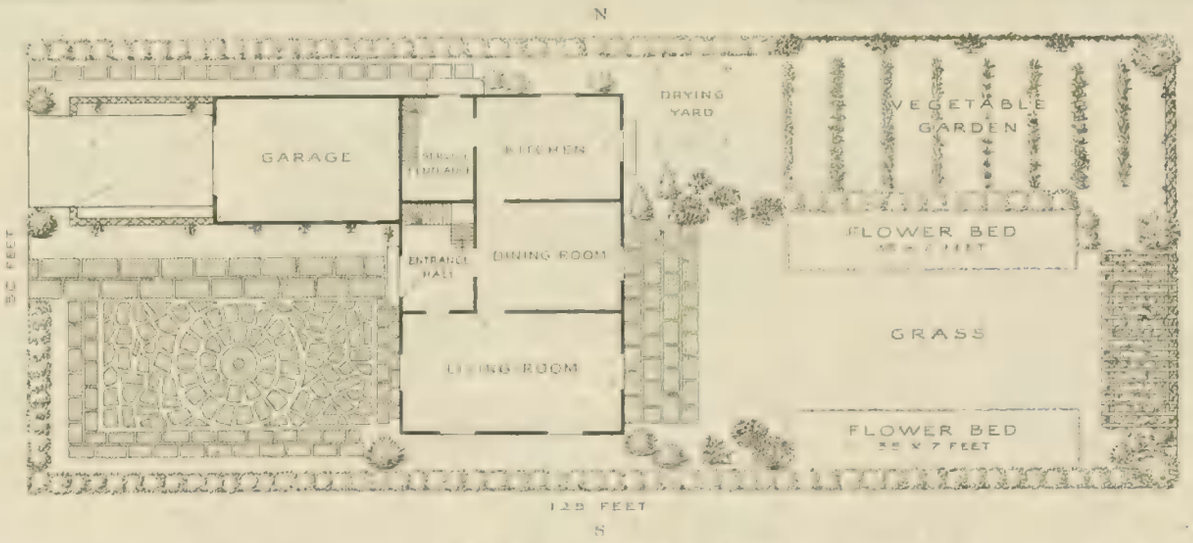
THOUGH DONE IN MINIATURE, THIS MODEL REVEALS ALL THE DETAILS OF A SUBURBAN HOUSE AND GROUNDS



THIS IS *THE DELINEATOR* GOLD MEDAL WHICH WAS WON BY MRS. EJNAR HANSEN OF RIDGEFIELD, CONN.



THE REAR VIEW OF THE MODEL SHOWS A PRACTICAL VEGETABLE GARDEN JUST OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN DOOR



AND HERE IS THE WORKING PLAN OF THE MODEL GARDEN WHICH *THE DELINEATOR* IS OFFERING IN LARGE "PATTERN" SIZE WITH COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR PLANTING

A GARDEN brings a touch of the divine to the humdrum life of every day. It radiates cheer from the first yellow crocus to the last tawny chrysanthemum. How welcome is its cool fragrance on a hot Summer's day! Twittering birds and lengthening shadows make it a place for quiet communion in the evening.

And a garden can serve many a practical purpose. Children can play safely in it and the home-maker working in it can enjoy healthful out-of-door exercise. Vegetables, from parsley to turnips, can be eaten fresh or thriftily preserved. Trees may give fruit as well as shade and beauty.

Our children should have the memory of a garden that has blessed their childhood, of the coming of Spring with lilac-bushes and daffodils, not in a park, but in their own dooryard. Even on the smallest plot of ground some sort of garden is possible.

THE DELINEATOR wishes to make lovely and useful gardens not only possible but probable. Instead of giving suggestions which require some garden wisdom and experience to carry out, we shall offer a "Garden Pattern," a plan of a garden, which is as easy to follow as a Deltor pattern of a child's frock. Each pattern will give complete directions for planting and care, not of gardens in general, but of a particular garden, with approximate cost and suggestions for less expensive alternates which will give much the same effect. It will tell just what should be done during the various months of the year in order to make the garden a success and a delight.

At the 1924 flower show in the Grand Central Palace there was a fascinating array of miniature gardens. These were very ingenious in construction, very clever in the use of materials which were used to represent shrubs, trees, flowers, fencing, grass and hedges. Small branches made realistic the blossoming trees; sponges dyed green and clipped into shape became evergreen hedges. On the daintiest of lattices grew luxuriant tiny roses which might have served in fairy millinery.

No feature of the entire exhibit attracted more attention or was more carefully studied than these little models, and many a gardenless person went away with the determination to go and do likewise, if only he or she could find out precisely how to go about it.

THE DELINEATOR believes that "better gardens" go with Better Homes. For this reason, last year we offered a gold medal for the plan of a garden best suited to a typical American back yard. The garden was to combine practical features with beauty; it was to be simple enough for a housewife, with the aid of her children, perhaps, to manage.

This gold medal was won by Mrs. Ejnar Hansen, a member of the Garden Club of Ridgefield, Connecticut, who exhibited her model at the flower show. The plan of her garden is given here with a photograph of the model itself, showing the form and arrangement of the garden but not, of course, doing justice to its charming color.

You will notice its admirable grouping arrangement. Follow the plan as we describe it: A hedge of arbor-vitæ forms the boundary of this plot, giving the place a comfortable appearance in Winter, while tall specimen evergreens placed at the north corner of the living-room terrace afford protection to the house. Both dining-room and living-room have the morning sun, and from the east windows and on each side of the terrace the grouping of shrubs, lilac, forsythia and syringa, connecting the house with the long flower-beds, makes a charming outlook.

SOMETHING NEW IN GARDENS

A Garden Pattern All Made for You

Laid out on a big sheet of paper—just like a pattern! The garden space all mapped out—flowers, vegetables, trees and hedges! Directions for planting—how, when and where! All you need is the ground and the plants.

You don't have to be an experienced gardener; this plan is made for amateurs. With its help, any home-maker can have a beautiful, fragrant garden full of sweet blooms and succulent vegetables.

If you've ever played with a garden—or if you've never played with a garden but have longed to—send for this pattern with its clear, easy-to-follow directions. It's the first time such a plan has ever been offered to you. And the cost is only twenty-five cents. Address The Home-Building Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

SEND FOR IT!

An especially interesting feature of this plan is the flagged court in the angle formed by garage and living-room. A rose-covered trellis carries the line of the garage wall to the driveway entrance, completely separating the house entrance from both the drive and service entrance and framing the little court on two sides. The arbor-vitæ hedge frames the remaining two. Between the irregularly placed flags greensward is seen and in the sod are tucked many of the tiniest bulbs, crocus, scilla, grape hyacinth, chionodoxa and the like. Next to the garage and the trellis enough of the flagged path has been removed to permit the planting of a climbing rose to adorn the living-room wall. Roses are grown against the wall of the garage and on the trellis, as south and southwest exposures are excellent for these flowers. At their feet, along the garage wall, are early flowering bulbs.

OF ESPECIAL interest to housewives is the placing of kitchen and drying-yard. The latter is conveniently accessible from the kitchen and yet is screened from the living-room windows by shrubs. Thus the Monday wash does not form part of the view from living-room or terrace.

From the terrace, flagged like the court, one looks down a long, straight stretch of greensward, framed by flower borders gold and white with daffodils and narcissi in the early Spring and bright with a profusion of blooms through the Summer. There is a pergola or arbor at the end which serves both as boundary to the garden and, having lattice at the back, as a screen to shut off either neighbor or street. It also makes a quiet resting-place where one may cultivate pleasant thoughts in cool shade. Wisteria is the vine suggested for this, though wild-grape and trumpet vine might serve as understudies.

Separating the long flower border from the kitchen garden is a hedge of evergreen, which serves as a background for the flower border. When the flowers have finished blooming, the thick soft green keeps the look of warmth and comfort.

The flower-beds are lovely. Against the evergreens rise tall hollyhocks, with monk's-hood in shades of pink and purple. In the corresponding bed, at the back, hollyhocks mingle with tall perennial larkspur and purple foxgloves. And in front of these grow campanulas and a touch of white in valerian and achillea.

Blue is the note in the earlier garden—blue in campanulas, blues and purples in the iris, with a touch of pale yellow in the day-lilies. The note of blue is kept in the garden the entire Summer—in the deep blue of larkspurs, in platycodon, in annual larkspur, in scabiosa and monk's-hood. In late July and August pink predominates—in tall hollyhocks and perennial phlox, in lupin and snapdragon, zinnias (which are in flesh tints only here), with lavender in phlox and scabiosa.

Shades of scarlet, crimson and magenta are absent

Concluded on page 93

Why I Design Delineator Houses

By

DONN BARBER

Fellow of the American Institute of Architects



THIS "DELINEATOR" HOUSE—OR ANY OF THE OTHERS WHICH MR. BARBER HAS DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR "DELINEATOR" READERS—IS AS PRACTICAL INSIDE AS IT IS ATTRACTIVE OUTSIDE

Perhaps you have decided to make a dream come true and this year build a home of your own. Wouldn't you like to have it planned by one of the best architects in America, Mr. Donn Barber? By selecting a DELINEATOR house-plan, you get an architectural service that most builders of small houses could never think of engaging if they were paying all the costs themselves





THE COTTAGE WHERE EDGAR ALLEN POE LIVED AND WROTE HIS IMMORTAL "RAVEN" FURNISHED THE INSPIRATION FOR THIS CHARMING FOUR-ROOM HOUSE, WHICH MR. BARBER HAS CAREFULLY DESIGNED

Mr. Barber has already designed fourteen model houses for DELINEATOR readers. We'll send you reprints of all of them—so you can see which you like best—if you'll send us a stamped envelope. And if you want workable blue-prints of floor-plans and elevations, we can supply those at one dollar a house. Address The Home-Building Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

IT HAS been my privilege during the last three years to design some fourteen houses for THE DELINEATOR. The housing shortage throughout the country due to the interruption of building during the years of the war, the high cost of materials and the uncertainty of values all contributed to the decrease in small-house building. The small houses built during this lax period were unsightly, cheaply constructed, carelessly planned and of an uninteresting character as a general rule. In other words, house-building, both in quantity, design and execution, was on the down grade until 1919 or 1920.

The small house as a type of building has had too little architectural attention throughout the country. The cost of preparing plans and rendering service for a small house is apt to be as great as that for a large dwelling, and unfortunately the small-house builder has come to consider the architect a nonessential. The owner or builder who builds a small house is apt to practise economy in eliminating the architect's fee, which is a most disastrous conclusion to reach. The value and life of a small house will be as long as good design and material will last, and design and material are the responsibility of the architect.

In almost every field of endeavor in this country except in architecture, methods have been evolved and developed to serve the masses through quantity production and wide distribution. In the older countries no architect has ever been necessary in the building of small houses. So many families inherit their homes and live, generation after generation, under their original roof. Even slight modifications or improvements do not seem to be necessary. Comparatively few small houses have had to be built of late years, except in the case of those districts devastated by the war, and here the houses have been rebuilt almost entirely on the plans and schemes of those destroyed.

When new or additional houses have been built, they have usually followed the traditional type of house in each country. The small house in Europe has a uniformity of design which is typical of its nationality and environment.

In America, convenience, practicability, labor-saving devices and economy are the controlling factors in building homes. Beauty and good design have never been considered of first importance. We are improving rapidly in this regard, however, and during the last few years surprising progress has been made throughout the country in bringing beauty into the designing and planning of the small house.



ABOVE IS DONN BARBER WITH HIS DAUGHTER BETTY, WHO IS FOLLOWING HER FATHER'S ARCHITECTURAL FOOTSTEPS. BELOW ARE FOUR OF MR. BARBER'S "DELINEATOR" HOUSES—ALL ON ONE STREET

The press of the country is full of ideas and inspirations in small-house building, but much of this material is misleading both as to suggested economy and as to intrinsic beauty. A technical problem is not always given a correct answer when it is solved by an amateur. House-building is a highly technical matter. It should be controlled by those who have had practical experience and should be developed by brains skilled in this particular work. Recently photographs of houses built from DELINEATOR plans which I designed have come into my possession. The results have been so gratifying that I am continuing the work with keen interest.



THE NATIONAL "BETTER HOME IN AMERICA" IN WASHINGTON, D. C., WAS BUILT FROM A "DELINEATOR" PLAN

HELP FOR THE HOME-BUILDER

The theory of the presentation of house-plans in THE DELINEATOR is to show a simply and directly planned house of a given number of rooms having a suitable and attractive exterior appearance. Those interested in these houses can obtain figured plans, in blue-print form, giving interior dimensions of rooms, sizes of windows and doors, heights of ceilings, etc., with suggestive details and a list of suitable building-materials. The information given on the blue-prints which are furnished by THE DELINEATOR is ample to build from, but I suggest that, if the various schemes suit any individual's needs, the blue-print be taken to a local architect or a competent builder who can modify the scheme to meet local conditions of site, available building materials, and the use of local mechanical trades in heating, plumbing and lighting. Transportation facilities, local conditions and personal taste vary so that it is impossible in one definite plan to meet the demands and requirements of every home-builder. Thus, we urge that, after reviewing the sheets showing floor-plans and elevations, the prospective home-builder decide what he requires and prefers in the way of exterior materials and interior trimmings and order the blue print showing the house most suited to his needs. These plans, which give you full detailed arrangements, will be sent to you upon request.

THE DELINEATOR is thus rendering a service that no other publication or architectural medium has thus far attempted. It has been criticized by various architectural societies who feel that the architect's prerogatives are being usurped. But since we do not attempt to furnish elaborate final drawings or detailed specifications, we feel that we are not launching a service that will in any way harm the architects of the country. In fact, it has been proved that in very many cases where these houses have been built the owner has sought and used the assistance of some competent architect, and that THE DELINEATOR plan has merely curtailed the architect's process of study.

WORKING WITH THE PLANS

The small house in America needs to be fostered by the architectural profession in this country. I have had lately an opportunity to demonstrate what I hoped would happen in the use of DELINEATOR house-plans. A client for whom I am designing a large Tudor manor house expressed a desire to build four small houses for some of his tenants.

Concluded on page 95



Free!

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

"BEAUTY," said the philosopher, Mr. George Santayana, "is pleasure objectified."

When one looks at a beautiful thing, he doesn't feel it only with his eyes, he feels it all over him. Something warming and comforting spreads through him, like a smile beginning in the eyes and widening and reaching out all over his body. Personally, whenever any beauty, in thought, or music, or object, or person suddenly bursts on us, we revert to our early Methodist upbringing and feel a longing to leap to our feet and cry, "Lord, I *believe!*"

You can't divorce beauty from pleasure. It may be so keen a pleasure that it's an ache; but it's pleasure just the same, and feels like an ache only because we realize abruptly how hungry we have been for beauty. What a freeing, softening thing it would be to know that one's mere appearance in a room or on the street or anywhere was an occasion for pleasure to spread over the beholder like a dawn! We don't need to be blindingly beautiful to give that. We don't need even to have that stirring harmony of line and color that is grace. Beauty is more elusive than that, more ineffable. It has in its mystery the beauty of your daily thinking, your impulses, your decisions, *you*.

Back of the supple firmness of your body, the charming contour of your face, the luminous quality of your skin, and the delightful pattern of your coloring, there must be something more wonderful than these, or the pleasure will not endure.

Last Summer we knew a woman who was so tired, body and mind, that she felt if anyone touched her she'd disintegrate. And she didn't much care if she did, life seemed such an effort. As a result, whatever beauty she had fled from her like rats from a sinking ship. That *did* matter! She couldn't stand the added feeling of depression her mirror gave her. So she set very earnestly about the business of building up some beauty. Long nights of sleep to harden the tissues and muscles, a cold shower or plunge in the morning to stimulate the circulation, careful patting in of rich cold cream around the eyes, the faithful application of that most delicious oil in all the world for the impoverished tissues, with a fragrant astringent or tonic afterwards to tone them up, exercise for the thickened waist, massage for the weary underfed scalp, daily, glorious horseback rides over the moors, and a little nap after lunch. Once a week the circulation mask, and stern, hard astringent patting under the chin.

GRADUALLY, color and line came back. Once more people greeted her with that cheering, "How well you're looking!" (What a funny old difference it makes, doesn't it?) But the real thing wasn't there in her face and she knew it. It would be there momentarily when she rode like a wild thing over the moors, the wind almost tearing her from her saddle, and the moors and the sea flying past like molten rubies and sapphires and emeralds and gold. She would long to stand up in her stirrups and shout, "Thank you, God!" for making so wonderful the wind and the moors and her horse and herself. It was there in her then—the kind of beauty that makes pleasure flash over one in a thrill. But it wouldn't stay.

So she began to read philosophy and poetry instead of sleeping so much. The real thrill of beauty came oftener then. But still it wasn't permanent. She realized that something had gone wrong with her magnetism, that, although people found her clothes charming and herself "looking well," the old ability to enter a room looking as if she had just made a sunrise and to have everybody instantly respond to her as if she really had made one had deserted her. So, being wise and resourceful, she concluded that as her physical magnetism had waned (she was now in her forty-fourth year) she must have the spiritual charm of understanding. She tried always to see other people instead of herself; in place of entering a room with a sunrise in her palm, she made herself as lovely as possible externally. Then she made her contact with people with but one wish, to draw up her physical senses within her the way a tortoise draws his legs up into his shell, and use that sixth sense for which there is no name (unless you know one, and if you do please send it to us), but which begins with sympathetic understanding, selfless love.

Real beauty at last—mysterious, ineffable and dynamic as thunder.

On the other hand, ugliness has its power, too. Consciousness of a conspicuous defect is a little like an aching tooth. When you are aware of it, it's very hard for you to think freely, or to behave with all the charm you can. It's always there, between you and the people you are with.

For instance, superfluous hair—a mustache, "sideburns," or a chin dark with a growth of hair—spells humiliation, self-consciousness to any woman. And it need not be. There are many good depilatories, waxes, liquids and powders on the market, splendid for the arms or legs, and for stubborn growth of hair on the face, there is something better than any of these. We know a special electric machine and a very skilful graduate doctor specialist who does nothing at all but remove superfluous hair from the faces of women.

We interviewed him and his patients one night about six o'clock, and never have we met so many grateful women! He enthusiastically praised all those best depilatories which we had investigated and put on our list as safe and good (we'll send you that list if you like), and said certain of them were all right for light growths on the lip or chin, but that it was best for young girls to have the roots killed by the gentle, slow process he had perfected, and that for women of forty-five or fifty who have suddenly found themselves battling with superfluous hair on the face, the electric machine was best.

Superfluous hair seems to be closely connected with puberty and menopause. It will appear at these two periods and cause great humiliation at a time when a woman is most sensitive.

This doctor has never had a failure. He discovered his process for removing hair in treating a skin disease on a man who wore a beard. He invented a machine which perfected the process, and for twelve years his twenty-four machines have been in constant use. There is absolutely no return of the growth, and women in a highly nervous condition have found the treatment beneficial to their general health. We should be glad to send you privately any information you wish in regard to this matter. We feel how great is this man's gift to women, freedom from sensitiveness and self-consciousness. As we have said before, we think that self-consciousness, and not money, is the root of all evil.

English women who have gone to India or Africa to live have almost invariably found themselves having to fight superfluous hair after a time. It is nature's way of protecting the skin. But there is no possible excuse for continued suffering with this condition to-day when there are so many effective ways of removing it. It can always be made less conspicuous, moreover, by the simple application daily or twice a day of three parts peroxide and one part ammonia with a bit of absorbent cotton.

Another definite aid to the beauty, and hence the freedom of women, that we have been investigating for some time is a small commodity which is everywhere on the market and which is a part of every household's kitchen supplies. Its remedial effect on acne, sallow or mottled skin, boils, depleted vitality, and constipation has been established by two years' experience in one of the largest hospitals in America.

ACNE of the skin, and so many people who have acne think they have only "pimples" and let it drift along, is nearly always associated with tired nerves and depleted vitality. In every case in which this remedy has been tried, the acne has been greatly alleviated and often cured, increasing the vitality and eliminating body poisons by its effect upon the intestines.

There has now been devised a most successful and comfortable way to take it, and all over the world men and women are finding clearer skins, brighter eyes, more vivid color, and greater energy as a result.

Winter is a time of strain for most of us. We need a little something to increase our vitality. We need an exercise or two to keep the muscles of our throat and chest firm and smooth. Here is one we have found which gives beautiful results.

Lie face down on the floor; keep the knees and the toes on the floor; slowly raise the head and chest, drawing back with the head until you feel a strong pull at the base of the neck and down the entire chest; lift the whole torso from the floor if possible; in this position turn the head and look directly over the right shoulder, then slowly turn head and look directly over the left shoulder. Repeat ten times. Rest. Repeat ten more times.

Those flabby double chins and throats stand up and behave after a little faithful application of this exercise. Then they should be patted with a strong tonic or astringent. There's a delightful tonic (not at all expensive) that seems to have the virtue of an astringent and yet is not so drying.

The line from the point of the chin to the base of the throat is such a betraying line. After thirty one must not neglect it. Correct, high carriage of the head, is important. Think always of the ribbon at the base of the neck leading up to the high skies and a plane of light from the back of the head pulling your whole self up to the high skies. This not only holds the head correctly, but pulls *back* and up those floppy abdominal muscles and gives you a firm, hard, young waist. The West Pointers have a strong and vivid way of getting and keeping that glorious wasp waist of theirs. It's a slogan. Ask your nearest army relative what it is. If he doesn't tell you, we will!

WOMEN in general are more attractive to-day than ever before, because they have desired charm and power. In a certain play in New York the high note is the line, "Have faith in the dreams of me." We are lovelier to-day than ever in the history of our sex, because the women before us have dreamed deeply. Their wish to be lovely and desirable has widened over the whole race of women. And behold the beauty, the power of the modern Eve.

Freedom from self-consciousness! Freedom from defects!

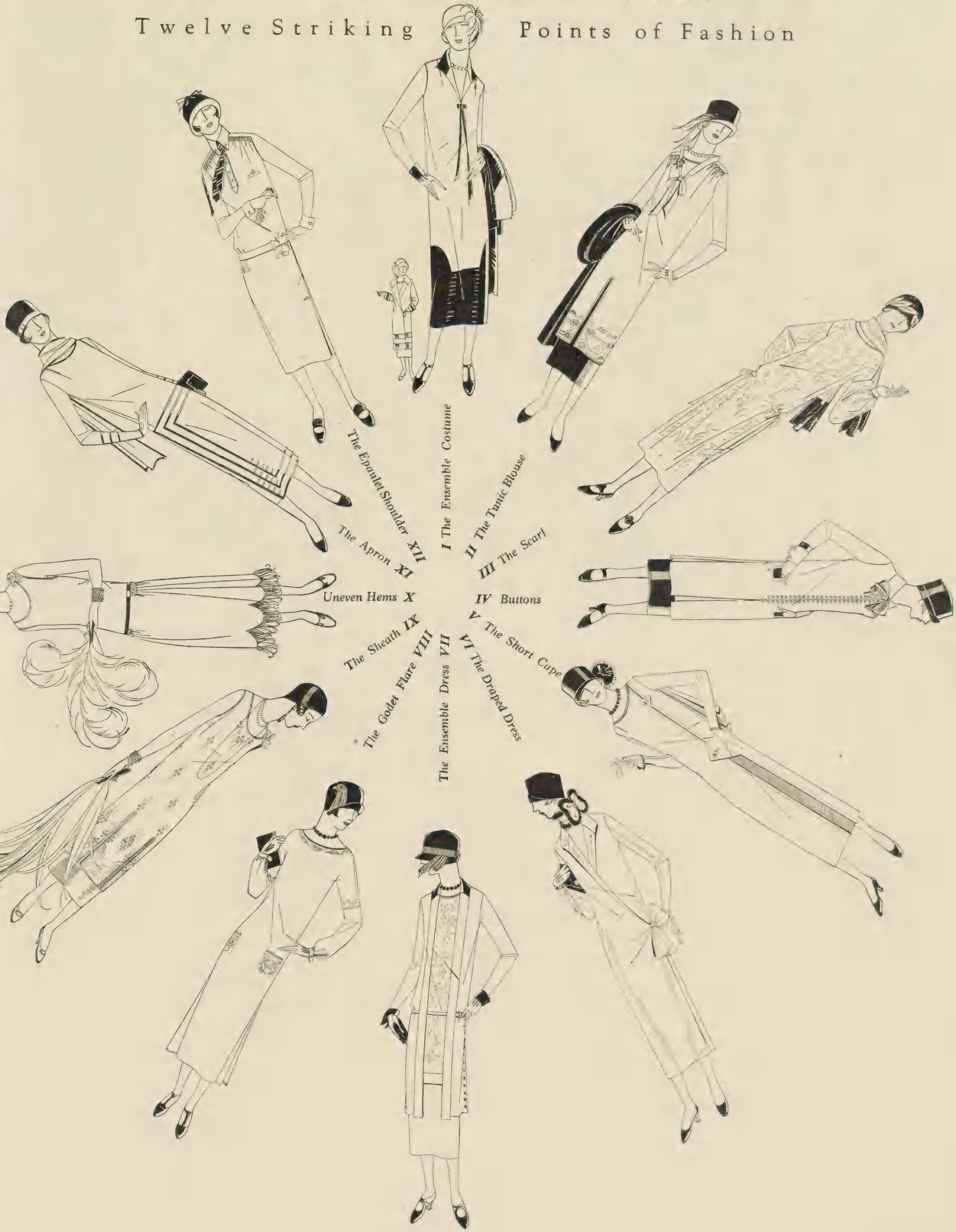
What a glorious warm wide world to live in when one has attained that freedom!

DON'T!

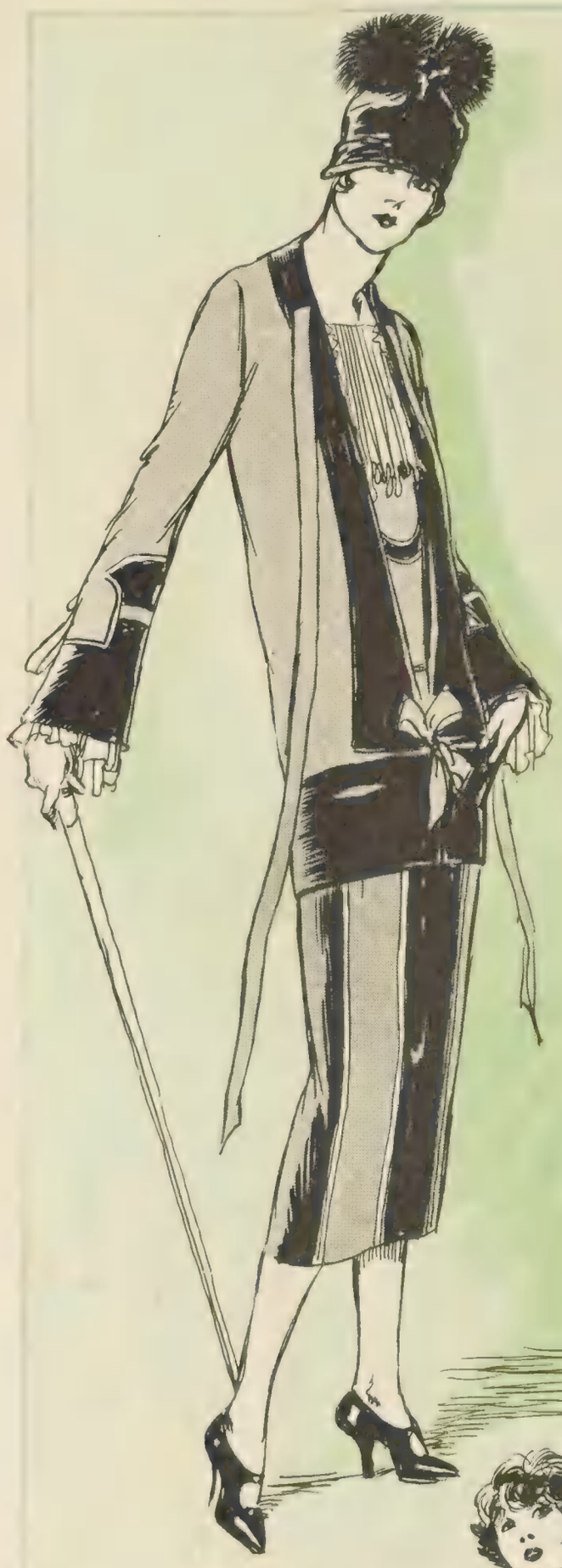
"I wish they wouldn't feel that way," said Celia Caroline Cole the other day, looking a bit wistfully at a reader's letter which began, "I know I am presuming" . . . "How can I make every mother's daughter of them see that I want *to answer her questions about good looks and how to have them?" So don't—please don't hesitate to send your own private beauty problem — and a stamped, self-addressed envelope—to Mrs. Cole at THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. Ask her anything you really want to know about the way to loveliness.*

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

Twelve Striking Points of Fashion



SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES, SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT, SHOW THE FRENCH MODE IN AN ORNATE MOOD



The fashion for cutting up material and sewing it together again takes the form of wide stripes of pistache-green shantung and black silk Ottoman joined together with white satin pipings in an early Spring suit from Georgette. The jabot and undersleeves are of fluted organdy with indented edges



The smartest way to employ color this season is to combine several shades of the same color in one costume. The frock of an ensemble from Lucien Lelong is made of grège and castor check rep with grège collar and cuffs and brown buttons and belt. The dress is narrow but the tunic flares



A zigzag of shaded faille ribbon makes it three diamonds on the front of a tiny frock of rosy mauve crêpe satin. The ribbon outlines a drop shoulder at the front and ties with long ends at the back. From orange

Fairyland plants the seed of the ensemble costume firmly in the young mind with a coat of double-faced blue and amber-yellow kasha vitrail with yellow collar, cuffs, ball buttons and pockets. Slashes at the side reveal the yellow frock beneath, and the hat is of yellow felt with a band of blue galon

A frock that would be altogether charming for the "fille d'honneur" of a wedding-procession, begins and ends with a yoke and band of green chiffon. The frock itself is of white mousseline de soie garlanded with pink and green embroidered roses and leaves. From orange

"Much in little" should be the name of Fairyland's rose-colored frock with its plaited tiers and volants. The color is a clear rose, and chenille flowers worked in dégradé shades from flesh to crimson are placed at the low waistline

FLARE ENOUGH IN THE NEW FASHIONS BUT NOT ENOUGH TO WIDEN THE SLIM STRAIGHT SILHOUETTE



Philippe et Gaston take a new slant on plaids in a bias-cut frock of beige and rose kasha forming a double-bias overdress edged with rose-colored suède. The pointed yoke and cuffs are of the suède and the frock is worn very short

The newest type of sports frock chosen by the Parisian élégante is of white kasha trimmed with narrow bands of amber. The very soft coloring, the tiny band collar and the very short plaited skirt are extremely smart. From Charlotte

The Parisienne choses white for her midwinter in the South, but it is white wool. Drecoll uses the sheath silhouette flared at the knee in a frock of white rep embroidered with red wool and steel paillettes on the hip pocket and at the top of the plaited flounce

Color is coming back not so much to the Parisienne's cheek as to her clothes. Louiseboulanger offers an afternoon frock of the overblouse type of cyclamen-colored kasha trimmed with cording at the neck and low waistline and on the long close sleeve

Five silver bands of braid, starting at the low waistline and bringing it still lower, are used by Lucien Lelong on an evening gown of silver and pale turquoise. The godet tunic divides at the front and back, disclosing the very short and excessively narrow skirt beneath

The square neck and the plaiting below a yoke are used in different forms by the French dressmakers. Bernard combines them in a tunic of navy Georgette with rickrack insertions of dull brick-red Georgette. The knee-length slip beneath is very narrow

TRIPLE APRONS, PUFFED SLEEVES, DETACHABLE CAPES AND DRAPERIES ARE SMART

Dress 5816
Embroidery
design 10317

Dress 5765

Tunic blouse 5807
Slip 5827

Dress
5834

Dress 5788

Dress 5842

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 96

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 92.

Dress 5804

Dress 5767
Embroidery design
10961

Tunic blouse and
slip 5808

Dress 5777

Dress 5779
Embroidery design
10258

Dress 5796

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 96

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 92.

Dress 5805

Sleeveless dress and bloomers 5809
Embroidery design 10243

Dress 5797

Dress 5752

Dress 5819

Dress 5799
Hat 5557
Embroidery design 10155

Middy blouse 5791
Skirt 5793
Embroidery design 10939

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 97

Suit 5811

Dress and bloomers 5748
Embroidery design 10931

Dress 5754
Tam-o'-shanter 5458

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 92.

Dress 5802

Dress 5739

Dress 5784

Dress 5810

Dress 5792

Tunic blouse 5795
Slip 5667

Dress 5785

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 98

Box-coat 5829
Dress 5769
Embroidery design 10138

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 92.

Dress 5765

Box-coat 5829
Dress 5729

Coat dress
5747

Tunic blouse 5787
Slip 5638
Embroidery design
10318

Dress 5761

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 99

Dress 5794

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 92.

THE LONG BODY IN CONTRAST OR A STRAIGHT SIMPLE FROCK ARE SMART FOR ENSEMBLE SUITS, AND BOWS, BUTTONS AND SCARFS ARE CHIC

Dress 5800

Dress 5798

Dress 5759

Dress 5824

Dress 5818

AN INVENTORY of the Winter's fashions discloses styles for every taste. The frock for the ensemble costume claims first consideration and frequently has a lower part to match the coat and an upper part in contrast. Women who like to wear the straight unbelted dress may choose the beautifully tailored frock with the new epaulet sleeve running to the neck. A soft drapery at one side will soften too straight a line in a dress of faille silk, heavy silk crêpe or crêpe satin. Many beltless dresses have the surplice closing, which is very generally becoming. Women who prefer easier lines will like frocks with scarfs, yokes, soft gathers or the V neck to give an easier width to the body of a dress.

Other views and descriptions are on page 99

Coat dress 5830
Embroidery design 10215

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 92.

RESORT FROCKS ARE HAND-DRAWN OR HAVE FAGOTED YOKES, BORDERS, ETC.



5849—Clusters of plaits at each side in front and back give an easy width to this one-piece slip-over dress with a fagoted yoke. Use cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or cotton Georgette for Southern wear, or flat crêpe, silk Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, chiffon voile or Georgette.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge, plaits out, 59 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5851—Hand-drawn linen or cotton broadcloth dress lengths make up very prettily into a one-piece slip-over dress. With or without hand-drawn work you may use linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cotton broadcloth, heavy cotton crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine; but without drawn-work use striped cotton broadcloth or wash silks, gingham, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch material. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5820—Stripes either in wash silks, cotton broadcloth or cotton crêpe are smart for Southern wear. This slip-over dress has a one-piece upper part and a straight band at the straight lower edge. Use the striped materials with plain to match, or plain wash silks, silk Canton crêpe, cotton broadcloth or cotton crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 35-inch striped tub silk.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5814—Printed scarfs or panels of certain widths, half-and-half 34-inch printed fabrics and printed Georgettes, etc., are very attractive in a slip-over dress with a yoke and short sleeve cut in one piece, a straight lower edge and a straight band. One may use printed with plain Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires a printed scarf or panel measuring 36 by 72 inches and 1¾ yard 35-inch plain material.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5852—10246—Fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile or cotton Georgette makes a very soft frock for warm climates. It is the one-piece slip-over style and has a straight lower edge. The embroidery is very easily done. Or use printed fine cotton crêpe with plain to match, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch fine cotton crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

Dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5848—Drawn-work cotton voile dress lengths make a dainty lingerie frock of the one-piece slip-over type. It has a straight lower edge and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. One may use plain cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine, chiffon voile, Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 55 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5832—This one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge has the new long sleeves and detachable or attached collar. Use 54-inch wide-bordered prints or printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile, cotton voile, cotton Georgette or cotton crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch printed silk. Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 92.

SIMPLE SOUTHERN FROCKS HAVE YOKES, TUCKED, FLOUNCED OR FULL SKIRTS



5828—The fancy yoke is very decorative on this one-piece slip-over dress with a cluster of plaits at each side of the front and back. For Southern wear use cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or cotton Georgette; for a silk frock use flat crêpe, silk Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, chiffon voile or Georgette.

16 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch voile. Lower edge, plaits out, 54½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5776—Hand or machine hemstitching is the simple trimming on this dress with a tucked straight skirt joined at a low waistline. Use cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, batiste, organdy, crêpe de Chine or Georgette with Val lace frills and a ribbon girdle, or with frills and bindings of same material in contrasting color (color on white or white on color), etc.

13 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 16.

5817—The yoke and short sleeves of this one-piece slip-over dress are cut in one piece and are of plain material to match when the dress is of printed crêpe de Chine or silk Canton crêpe. One may use plain crêpe de Chine, silk Canton crêpe, plain or printed cotton voile for entire dress. It has a cluster of plaits at each side of the front and back.

13 years requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch printed and ⅝ yard 39-inch plain silk.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5831—She may wear this slip-over dress to parties or graduation as well as for the South. It has a ruffled straight skirt joined at a low waistline and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, chiffon, cotton voile, cotton Georgette or organdy with ribbon girdle and flower; or use taffeta or crêpe de Chine with lace collar and cuffs.

13 years requires 2½ yards 35 to 39 inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5844—10246—A one-piece tucked dress of plain cotton voile, cotton Georgette, batiste, plain Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile or crêpe de Chine is delightful for Southern wear or graduation. This slip-over dress has a straight lower edge. The embroidery is effective. Work it in outline and one-stitch. Lower edge 58 inches.

17 years requires 3¼ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5734—When you make this one-piece slip-over dress with straight flounces of dotted swiss, the organdy collar and cuffs should be a color to match the dot. They may be detachable. One may use novelty cotton voile with white or colored organdy to match, tub silks with plain to match; or use plain crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or taffeta with fine lace, etc.

13 years requires 2½ yards 32-inch dotted swiss.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5823—When the junior graduates or goes South she needs a dainty cotton or crêpe de Chine frock. This one-piece slip-over dress may be of cotton voile, organdy or cotton Georgette, or of crêpe de Chine or Georgette. Without the lace insertion one may use taffeta. It has a straight lower edge.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5825—5683—Tucked straight skirts are very becoming to juniors. The skirt of this slip-over dress is joined at a low waistline. Use Georgette, chiffon, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, cotton Georgette or organdy with a ribbon girdle, bow and shoulder flowers. The hat of faille silk, taffeta, crêpe de Chine or Georgette may have bias folds or a plain facing.

12 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch voile for dress.

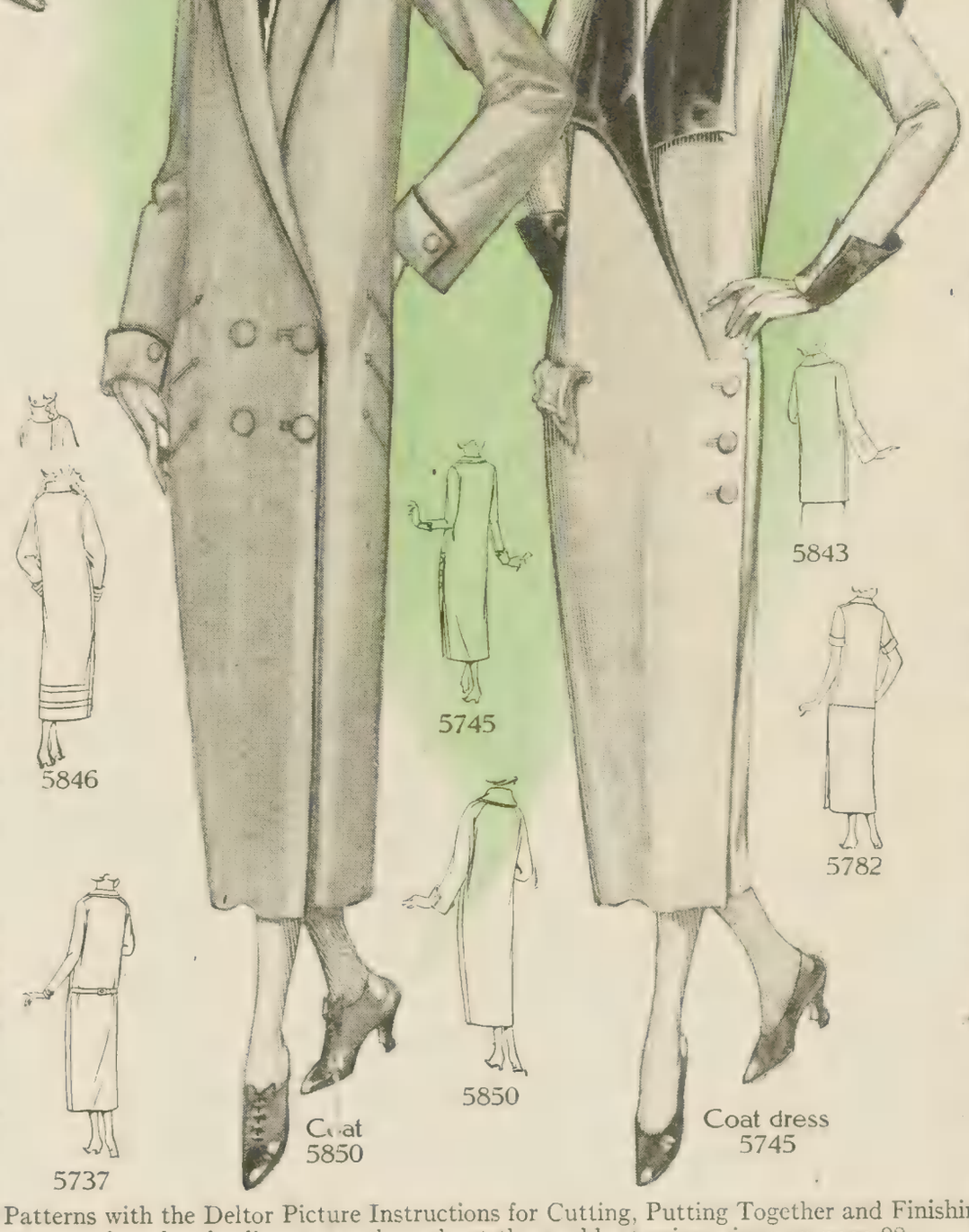
The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5810—10228—Exotic flowers trim this quaint slip-over frock which closes under the left arm and has a gathered straight skirt joined to the basque at a slightly low waistline. The bertha may be detachable. Use organdy with a deep hem, dotted swiss with organdy to match dot, etc. Lower edge 2 yards.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch organdy (with 9-inch hem).

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women, and for ladies 38 bust.





5846—This coat may be worn in wrap-around or straight-line style as part of an ensemble suit or as a separate coat. Use cashmere coatings, twills, ribbed wools, broadcloth or kasha with narrow fur banding and novelty braid; or use broadcloth with inserted bands of the reverse side of the same material, or wool rep with reversed cords. It has inside or outside pockets.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch cashmere coating. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5737—5218—A detachable vestee and cuffs of linen, piqué, crêpe de Chine or organdy give a tailored effect to this one-piece slip-over dress of soft twills or cashmere dress materials. It has a slightly deep armhole and the new shoulder. With lightweight flannel or wool jersey use linen or piqué. Use flannel, kasha, etc., for hat and scarf.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch soft twill for dress. Lower edge 45½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; hat and scarf for ladies and misses.

5850—One may wear this coat with raglan sleeves in straight-line as well as wrap-around style. Use kasha or tweed flannel either with or without pipings or facings of same material in contrast, cheviot with or without facings in contrast, twills with or without facings of ribbed silk; or use camel's-hair, homespun, napped sports suitings or tweeds of one material with or without machine-hemstitching.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch kasha. Lower edge 49 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5826—One may wear this slip-over dress on the street in early Spring, for it has a coat front over an underfront and a one-piece back. The lower part is joined in tunic-blouse effect. Use ribbed silk, heavy silk crêpe, soft twills, kasha, cashmere dress materials or ribbed wools with underfront of printed, novelty or bordered silks, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch corded silk, ¾ yard 40-inch contrasting material for underfront. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

A DRESS IN ENSEMBLE SUIT-
NEW COATS FOR THE
STREET

5821—5773—This ensemble costume is composed of a coat worn over a slip-over dress with a one-piece lower part of the coat fabric and a long upper part of satin crêpe, plain silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine in contrast. The coat has a straight lower edge and a set-in pocket or a pocket on the lining. Use kasha, cashmere or soft twills for coat and lower part of dress, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch corded silk (including lower part of dress, etc.) and 1¾ yard 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge of coat 45½ inches; of dress 43½ inches.

Coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses; dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5843—5782—5561—Use twills, kasha or cashmere suitings for the coat and the straight wrap-around lower part of the dress in this ensemble costume, and silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine for the upper part of the dress. It has a tuck at the closing edge. Her wrap-around hat is smart in satin, corded silks, flannel, duvetyn or velours.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch soft twill (including lower part of dress, etc.) and 1½ yard 39-inch material for upper part of dress. Lower edge of dress 44 inches.

Coat and dress are for ladies 32 to 44 bust; hat for ladies and misses.

5745—Most wardrobes need a smart coat dress of this order. The revers are new and the dress closes on the side and may have a body lining. Use wool rep, soft twills, kasha, silk bengaline, silk faille, crêpe satin or heavy silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch soft twill and ⅞ yard 35-inch satin. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The coat dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



EFFECT, TUNIC BLOUSES AND ENSEMBLE AND SMART COSTUMES

5801—5827—If you use the same material for the costume slip and the straight band of this slip-over tunic blouse, you will have a smart costume. The upper part of the tunic blouse has a straight lower edge and the slip may have a three-inch or deep shadow-proof hem. Use printed crêpe de Chine with plain; or use the two sides of crêpe satin, or silk Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine with contrasting color for blouse and soft satin, etc., for slip.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 39-inch printed and ¾ yard 39-inch plain silk; for slip 2⅜ yards 32 to 39 inch material. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5795—5638—This slip-over tunic blouse may be a longer length and have a detachable collar and cuffs. Worn over a costume slip with a plain lower part joined to a long upper part, this is an attractive costume. Use silk Canton crêpe, satin crêpe or faille silk with self-bindings, a lace collar and cuffs; or use satin, silk Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, faille silk, etc. For slip use crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, etc. Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

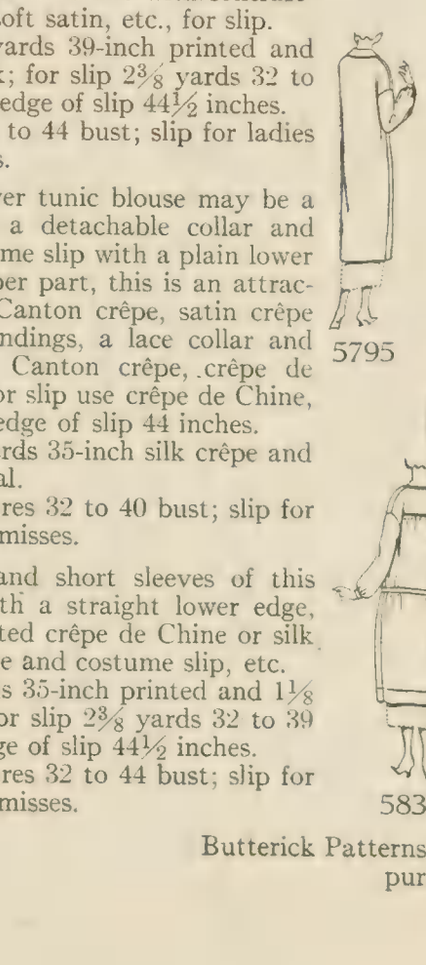
36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 35-inch silk crêpe and 2⅝ yards 35-inch material.

Tunic blouse is for figures 32 to 40 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5833—5827—The yoke and short sleeves of this slip-over tunic blouse with a straight lower edge, are cut in one. Use printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with plain for blouse and costume slip, etc.

36 bust requires 2 yards 35-inch printed and 1⅛ yard 35-inch plain silk; for slip 2⅜ yards 32 to 39 inch material. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

Tunic blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5803—5508—An inserted plait at each side of the front and the close-fitting hipline give a slight flare to this one-piece sleeveless dress of the slip-over type. The collar and cuffs of the slip-over blouse may be detachable. Use plain flannel, kasha or soft twills for dress, and heavy crêpe de Chine, silk or cotton broadcloth, etc., for blouse.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 27-inch flannel, 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 55 inches.

Dress is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses; blouse for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5787—5724—10189—Embroidery outlines the slash at the lower part of this slip-over tunic blouse. It may be shorter. The costume slip with a straight lower edge may have a three-inch or deep shadow-proof hem. Use crêpe de Chine for blouse and slip; or use satin crêpe, crêpe faille or silk Canton crêpe with soft satin slip.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch satin crêpe; for slip 2⅝ yards 35-inch material. Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

Tunic blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5813—5638—10317—Rose motifs are a fashionable trimming for a slip-over tunic blouse made of the two sides of crêpe satin. One may use heavy crêpe de Chine for blouse and costume slip with the band, etc., of contrasting color; or use silk Canton crêpe in two tones of the same color, etc., for blouse.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch silk Canton crêpe and 2⅝ yards 39-inch satin crêpe (including slip). Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

Tunic blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5835—5638—10311—A satin crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine tunic blouse and costume slip make a smart costume. Work the embroidery in one-stitch. One may use bengaline or faille bound with silk braid in self-color, etc., for blouse and crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, etc., for slip.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch satin crêpe (including slip). Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

The blouse is for figures 36 to 52 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.



5806—5561—Inverted tucks, a collar and cuffs of silk faille which may be detachable, and bone buttons in self-color trim this one-piece slip-over dress of light-weight cashmere, soft twills, wool crêpe or silk-and-wool crêpe. The front and back tunics are joined at the hipline. Her satin wrap-around hat is smart.

16 years requires 3¾ yards 39-inch cashmere. Lower edge 41 inches.

Dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also ladies 38 bust; hat for misses and ladies.

5837—Chambray with trimmings in contrasting chambray or white rep, makes an adorable slip-over frock with a straight lower edge. The collar and cuffs may be detachable and the bloomers are separate. One may use crêpe de Chine, pongee, light-weight wool jersey with contrasting color, etc.

4 years requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch chambray. This dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5790—5549—The tunic blouse of this slip-over frock has inserted plaits at the front and side seams and is worn over a narrow one-piece slip. The collar and cuffs are detachable. Her hat has a four-gored crown.

16 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch kasha and 1 yard 35-inch satin. Lower edge of slip 41 inches.

Dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust; hat for misses and ladies.

5847—4838—4038—It is smart to use one color for the coat, hat and leggings. Use kasha or broadcloth with fur or braid, etc., for coat.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 1½ yard 54-inch broadcloth (including hat) and ½ yard 36 or more-inch material for leggings.

Coat is for little girls 2 to 6; hat for girls 2 to 12 years; leggings for children 2 to 14 years.

5845 — 5214 — Soft-nap coatings, camel's hair, homespun or mixtures are suitable to use for this coat with the new shoulder. The hat has a gored crown and may have a plain or corded brim.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 48-inch cashmere for coat.

Coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5812—Use broadcloth or cashmere dress materials for the wrap-around straight skirt of this slip-over dress, and an upper part of satin or silk Canton crêpe to match or in a lighter shade. The collar may be detachable and matches the upper part of dress. One may use ribbed wools with flat crêpe, soft twills with flat crêpe, etc.

17 years requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch silk Canton crêpe and 1¼ yard 54-inch kasha. Lower edge 42 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also ladies 38 bust.

5789—5557—Homespun, camel's hair, small plaid coatings, wool-pile fabrics or chinchilla make a becoming little coat in raglan style. The hat with a four-gored crown should match the coat in color. It may be of soft-pile fabrics, satin, corded silks, etc.

6 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch camel's hair for coat.

Coat is for little girls 2 to 6; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5822—For this one-piece slip-over dress which fits closely at the hipline, use soft twills, cashmere dress materials, wool rep, wool crêpe, kasha or ribbed silks with plaid silk and bone buttons. The collar and cuffs may be detachable.

17 years requires 2 yards 54-inch soft twill and ⅞ yard 35-inch plaid silk. Lower edge 42½ inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust.

5841—5815—A reefer and a sailor tam of serge or cheviot make a costume small boys can wear to school or for general wear. You may use tweeds or checks for the reefer and broadcloth for the sailor tam.

6 years and 20¾ inches head measure require 1⅝ yard 44-inch serge (including tam).

Reefer is for boys 2 to 10 years; tam for 19½ to 22¼ inches head measure.



3555—She wears more than one heart pasted on her ballet or Pierrette costume of paper muslin, taffeta, gold tissue or pineapple cloth and a ruff of tarlatan or net.

The costume is for ladies, misses and girls 24 to 38 bust.

5625—The Spanish dancer wears a dress of satin with plaited or gathered flounces, a shawl drapery of flat silk crêpe and large flowers embroidered on her dress.

The costume is for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 38 bust.

4048—A black clown's suit with silver or white decorations and wool or silk floss pompons makes a gay costume. Use paper muslin, sateen or silesia with tarlatan ruff, etc.

The suit and cap are for men and boys 22 to 44 breast.

4258—For the Martha Washington costume use flowered lawn or organdy with fichu and ruffles of white lawn or organdy; or use paper muslin, sateen, silesia, cambric, lining satin or flowered taffeta in any becoming bright color, or white with lace, etc.

The costume is for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 42 bust.

4785—Pierrot wears a costume of sateen, silesia or paper muslin trimmed with pompons of wool or silk floss and a tarlatan ruff. His suit may be of satin with a maline ruff.

The costume is for men and boys 28 to 44 breast.

5839—Shy big girls wear this one-piece slip-over dress and separate bloomers to fancy-dress parties. Use check gingham, chambray or chintz, with organdy collar and cuffs, etc.

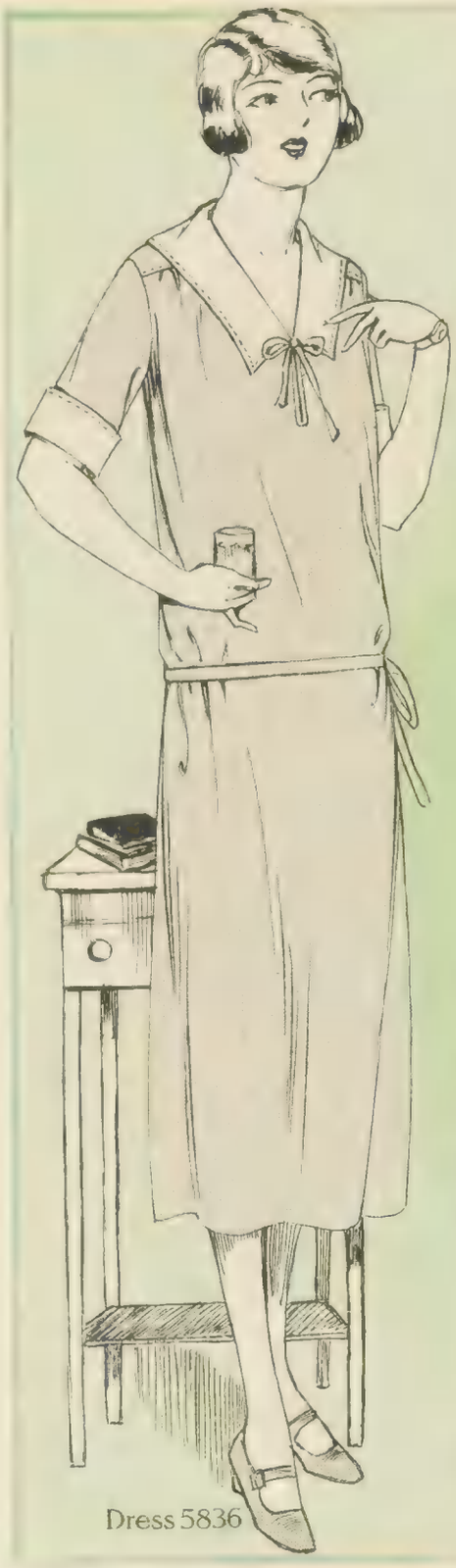
The dress is for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 38 bust.

4262—This Continental suit, which is composed of a coat, vest, knee breeches, jabot and hat, may be made of sateen, mercerized fabrics, paper muslin, cambric, lining satin, etc.

The suit is for men and boys 26 to 44 breast.

5510—If one dresses as the devil, he wears a jacket, trunks, cape and hood of sateen, mercerized fabrics or lining satin trimmed with velveteen bands, or of paper muslin or cambric with contrasting shade of same material, or of satin with velvet bands, etc.

The costume is for men and boys 28 to 40 breast.



Dress 5836



Outfit 5836



Dress 5838

Dress 5840



Negligée 5774



Apron 5770

5770

5836—This is the regulation outfit used in food laboratories of the School of Home Economics of Cornell University. The one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use chambray in any color with white cambric, etc.

19 years or 36 bust requires 3¼ yards 32-inch chambray for dress. Lower edge 55½ inches.

The dress is suitable for misses 15 to 20 years.

5838—Use striped wash silks, cotton broadcloth or cotton crêpe with plain to match for this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. One may use plain cotton broadcloth, etc. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch striped tub silk.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5840—Hand-drawn cotton broadcloth dress lengths are ideal for this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. You yourself may do the hand-drawn work on plain cotton or silk broadcloth or crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 36-inch cotton broadcloth.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5774—Shell trimming of satin ribbon is delightful on a negligée of printed silks or crêpe de Chine or of crêpe-back satin. One may use a net collar and cuffs on printed or plain cotton crêpe.

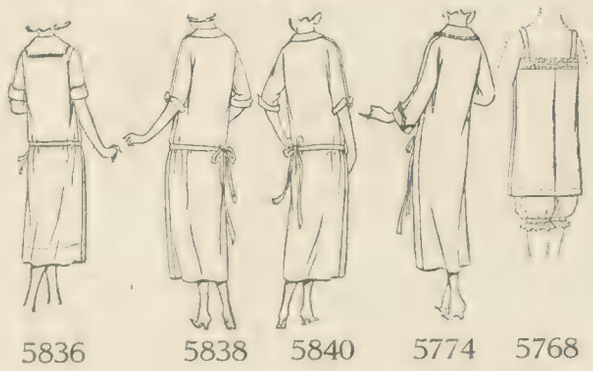
36 bust requires 4½ yards 36-inch printed silk. Lower edge 51½ inches.

The negligée is lovely for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5768—Under the present narrow lines, one should wear a French chemise and bloomers of radium silk, crêpe satin or crêpe de Chine trimmed with machine-hemstitching and French flowers. The bloomers have a reenforced seat. One may use glove silk or sateen.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The chemise and bloomers are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5836 5838 5840 5774 5768

French chemise and bloomers 5768



Slip 5827

5827

5770—Use chintz, printed sateen, gingham, chambray, percale, striped madras, cotton crêpe or calico for this slip-over apron with a straight lower edge.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch printed sateen. Lower edge 58 inches.

The apron is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5827—To wear under tunic blouses make this costume slip of silk crêpe, soft satin, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine; under non-transparent dresses use radium silk, etc. It may have a deep shadow-proof hem or a three-inch hem.

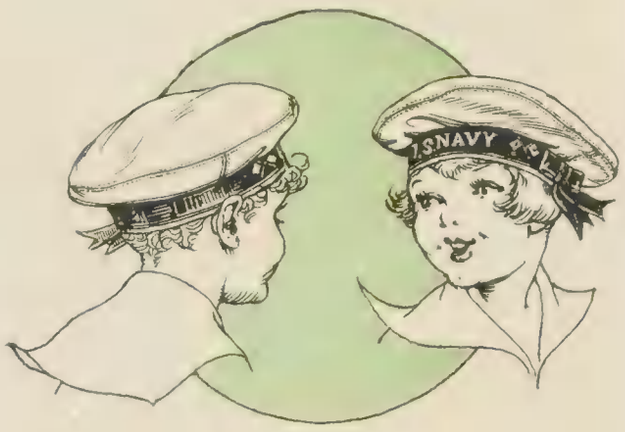
36 bust requires 3½ yards 35 to 39-inch crêpe de Chine for slip with shadow-proof hem. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The slip is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5815—Serge, cheviot, broadcloth or pongee make the smart regulation sailor tam so becoming to boys.

20¾ inches head measure requires ⅜ yard 32 to 48 inch material.

The sailor tam is for 19½ to 22¼ inches head measure.



Sailor tam 5815

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 92.


Campbell's
CONDENSED
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE INTERNATIONALE 1900
VEGETABLE
SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN, N. J., U.S.A.
Real food in delicious soup!
Often nothing tempts
the appetite like a
hot plate of good hearty soup!
Luncheon Dinner Supper
21 kinds
12 cents a can

Deep Fried Foods

A wonderful variety . . . . simple to cook . . . . . as quick as broiling a steak

"I prefer deep frying to any other form of cooking"

OF all the ways of cooking foods, I prefer them fried. It is the only way to give vegetables, fish, chicken, fritters, etc., that lovely, golden brown crispness. But I had found deep frying expensive, because I could only use the fat two or three times before I had to throw it away. And I didn't like the smoke and smell of burnt fat in the house. So in spite of my fondness for fried foods I had given up frying.

I had heard of Crisco but never used it, as I thought of it simply as another fat. One day some friends who were very enthusiastic about Crisco told me it was not an animal fat but a wholesome vegetable shortening. This impressed me so favorably that I decided to try it and used it first for French fried potatoes.

They told me Crisco would not smoke at the proper frying temperature. I was rather doubtful, as I had been taught to wait until the fat smoked before putting the food in, otherwise the fat would soak in. However, I took an ordinary saucepan and put into it between two and three pounds of Crisco and heated it slowly. When the Crisco was hot enough to brown a bread cube in 20 seconds I put the potatoes in and they cooked to a most beautiful brown without any smoke. I never saw or tasted better French fried potatoes, a beautiful, crisp, golden brown all over with no scorched ends.

Do you know of anything nicer with a broiled steak? And have you, like many others, thought you could find them in only the best hotels and restaurants? The next time you have steak at home, give your family a real treat. Serve French fried potatoes with it and see how much quicker you can deep fry them in Crisco than you can boil, mash or bake them.

When you are through frying, simply push your kettle of Crisco to the back of the stove where it will cool and be ready for the next time you want to use it. You can use it over and over again for frying all kinds of food. Crisco doesn't absorb food flavors and the moment you put the food in hot Crisco, a crust forms on the outside which prevents the Crisco soaking in and keeps the true flavor inside. Therefore the first two or three pounds you use to start your deep fat kettle will last a long time and you can cook in it a surprising variety of foods, straining it occasionally, if necessary.

I use the same kettle of Crisco for frying doughnuts, fritters, croquettes, chicken, etc., and each one good without a trace of taste from any of the others.

My first really good pie

This first experience with Crisco was so pleasant and helpful and gave such surprising results that I used it for pies. One thing I found particularly helpful was that I did not have to keep Crisco on the ice as I did other shortenings. Therefore, it was always the right consistency to use. I never had such delicious, attractive looking pies, such tender and flaky crust, not greasy as it had been when I used other shortenings. And so simple to make, always with the same results when I followed directions. I never worry any more about how my pie is going to turn out. When I make it with Crisco, I know.

My economical way of making delicious cakes

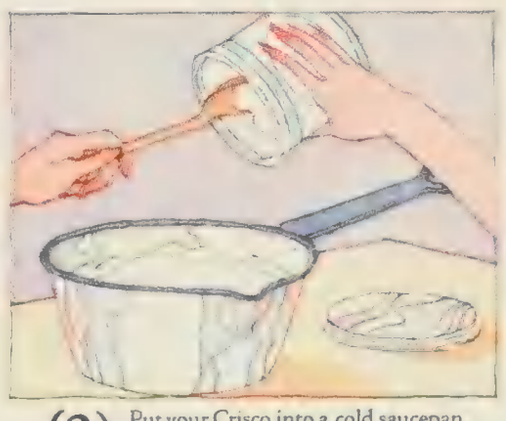
One day when I wanted to make a loaf of cake I used Crisco instead of butter, although I had always believed that nothing but butter would make good cake. I had also heard people say that they could always tell when a cake was not made with butter. I made the cake with Crisco using my usual recipe. Everyone that tasted it said: "Why, that cake is as good as the cakes you make with butter." The only difference, I, myself, could see was that the Crisco cake was a little lighter than the butter cakes, and came out of the pan, which had been greased with Crisco, whole and even, with a beautiful golden brown on all sides.

Since then, I have made all my cakes with Crisco—plain, layer, loaf, afternoon tea dainties, cakes of every description. I find it easier to use and more economical. Whenever a recipe calls for shortening I use Crisco, adding one teaspoonful of salt to every cupful.

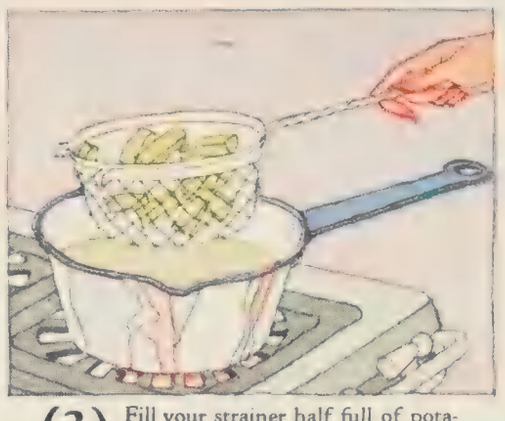
I like Crisco so much I use nothing else, as it fills every need for shortening, cake making and frying. I find Crisco clean, sweet, economical and wholesome. It is convenient to use. It makes the best pie crust I ever ate; lighter and flakier biscuits; and in frying it keeps my kitchen a delightful place to work in. It helps to make cooking a pleasure instead of a drudgery. W. S. C.



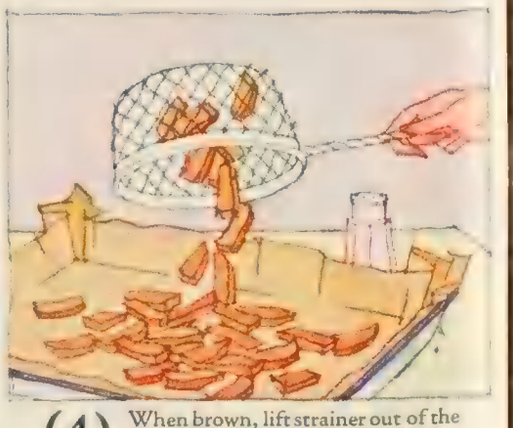
(1) All you need is an ordinary saucepan, a strainer and a 3-pound tin of Crisco.



(2) Put your Crisco into a cold saucepan and heat slowly. When a cube of bread browns in 20 seconds your Crisco is ready for frying potatoes. Don't wait for Crisco to smoke.



(3) Fill your strainer half full of potatoes and lower it into the Crisco. Increase the heat, as the cold potatoes naturally cool the Crisco a little.



(4) When brown, lift strainer out of the fat, shake lightly, drain the potatoes on brown paper and sprinkle with salt.

. . lovely to see . . . . delicious to eat



Boulettes

Delicious Meat Balls from Left-Overs

How an old Southern mammy made left-over meats famous in New Orleans. When fried in Crisco they are cooked evenly all over with a crisp outside and tender and juicy inside — no smoke from burnt fat.

1 pound of lean raw meat or left-over meat
1 tablespoon Crisco, melted
1 teaspoon salt — *1 grated onion*
Juice of 1 lemon — *⅛ teaspoon pepper*
Dash of cayenne

Mince and chop the meat very fine. Add the chopped onion, Crisco, salt, pepper, cayenne and lemon juice. Mix together thoroughly with a fork. Form the meat into balls. It will make 6 or 8. Do not use any flour. Drop in deep Crisco kettle when it is hot enough to brown a bread crumb in 60 seconds (360°F.). Cook until well done or leave them rare, as you like. Drain on paper. Serve with Chili Sauce in lemon cups and garnish with parsley.



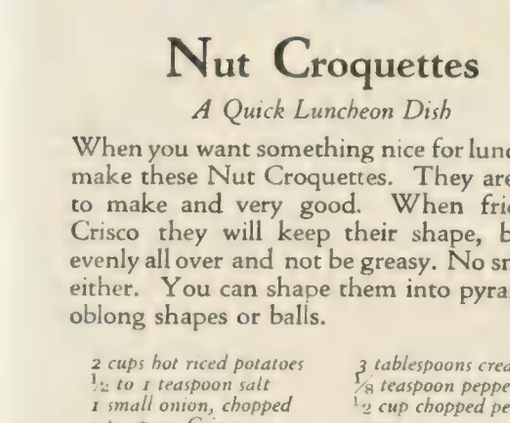
Nut Croquettes

A Quick Luncheon Dish

When you want something nice for luncheon make these Nut Croquettes. They are easy to make and very good. When fried in Crisco they will keep their shape, brown evenly all over and not be greasy. No smoke, either. You can shape them into pyramids, oblong shapes or balls.

2 cups hot riced potatoes — *3 tablespoons cream*
½ to 1 teaspoon salt — *⅛ teaspoon pepper*
1 small onion, chopped — *½ cup chopped pecans*
1 teaspoon Crisco — *1 egg*
Bread crumbs

To the hot riced potatoes add the salt, pepper and onion. Add the cream and pecans, and last, the Crisco. Mix all together thoroughly. Roll in bread crumbs, then in beaten egg and then in bread crumbs again. Drop in deep Crisco at 390° F. or when a bread crumb browns in 20 seconds, and cook until brown. Serve hot with any desired sauce. This makes ten croquettes.



(5) When you have finished, strain your Crisco back into the can and set it aside to cool. Then it is ready to use over and over again for anything you want to fry. The taste of one thing will not be carried to another.

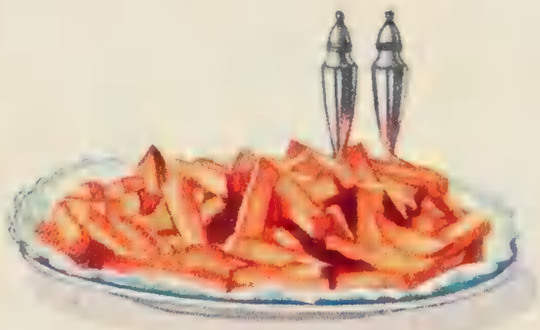


Salted Nuts

A New Easier Way

Did you ever hear of browning them in the deep Crisco kettle? Try them once and you will never do them any other way. Crisco will brown them evenly all over, any shade you like, no burnt places and no toasting the face and hands before the hot oven.

Almonds are usually used, but you can use raw peanuts, walnuts, or pecans. Remove skins from the almonds by letting them stand five minutes in boiling water. Then drain; cover with cold water. The skins will slip off easily between the thumb and finger. Drain; then dry in a towel to prevent sputtering when you put them in the hot Crisco. Put the nuts in a wire basket or wire strainer; lower into the deep Crisco heated to 390° F., or when a bread crumb browns in 20 seconds. Keep stirring with a fork until the desired shade of brown. Drain on paper and sprinkle with salt.



French Fried Potatoes

A real treat at home. When fried in Crisco they will be perfect—a crisp even brown, no greasy outside and no smoke in your kitchen.

Allow one medium-sized potato for each person. Peel potatoes, cut in strips about one-half inch square. Let stand in cold water about an hour, or they can be kept in the ice-box overnight if covered with water. When ready to fry, drain, dry in a towel, and put a few at a time into hot Crisco (395° F.), or when a bread crumb browns in 20 seconds. When brown and tender, drain on brown paper, sprinkle with salt, and serve.

Fry raw or cooked sweet potatoes the same way, but do not soak them in water.

Never wait for Crisco to smoke, as it would be too hot to fry if it were hot enough to smoke.



Snowballs

A dainty drop doughnut, dropped from a spoon instead of rolled and cut. When fried in Crisco they will not soak the fat and you will have no smoke in your kitchen, either. Fry them in the same kettle of Crisco you use for everything.

2 eggs — *½ cup sugar*
1 cup milk — *3 cups pastry flour*
1½ teaspoons salt — *3 teaspoons baking powder*
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon melted Crisco (from kettle)

Beat the eggs until light. Add the sugar, milk and vanilla. Stir in the flour, baking powder and salt, sifted together. Add the melted Crisco. Drop by teaspoons into hot Crisco (360° F.), or when a bread crumb browns in 60 seconds, and fry like doughnuts. When cool, dust with powdered sugar. To make perfect balls, hold teaspoon of dough under fat and scrape off quickly with another spoon. Turn as it rises.



Orange Fritters with Mint

A Los Angeles chef made this California Orange Fritter recipe for Crisco. They are as delicious as they are different, with a real chef's touch.

3 or 4 Oranges — *Sugar*
Few mint leaves to flavor
*Fritter batter** — *Hot Crisco*

Peel the oranges as you would an apple. Then pick out each section whole. Place in a bowl, sprinkle with sugar; add the mint leaves and keep marinated for about two hours, taking care not to break the sections. Then take the orange sections out of the syrup and strain out the mint leaves. Dip each section into the batter and drop into the deep Crisco kettle, heated to 375° F. or 385° F., or when a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds. Fry until brown. Drain. Heat the syrup and serve with the fritters.

***Fritter Batter**

2 cups pastry flour — *1 teaspoon baking powder*
1 teaspoon sugar — *¼ teaspoon salt*
3 eggs — *½ cup milk*
1 teaspoon melted Crisco

Beat the eggs; add the milk; flour, baking powder, salt and sugar sifted together. Stir in melted Crisco.



Mock Cherry Pie

Make your pastry with Crisco and see what a tender, flaky crust you have. Brush the inside of the lower crust with melted Crisco and dust with flour to prevent filling from soaking in.

2½ cups pastry flour — *¾ cup Crisco*
1 teaspoon salt — *Cold water*

Sift the flour and salt and cut the Crisco in with two knives. This will make the crust flaky. Finger tips may be used to finish blending materials. Add gradually only enough water to hold together. Cover the pie plate with one-half the pastry. Add the filling prepared as follows:

Filling

1 cup cut raisins — *1 cup halved cranberries*
1 cup sugar — *1 teaspoon vanilla*
1 tablespoon cornstarch — *¼ teaspoon salt*
1 cup boiling water

Cut cranberries in half, covering with cold water, and let stand until seeds have come out. Drain. Mix cornstarch, sugar and salt. Add boiling water and cook mixture until it boils, stirring constantly. Add rest of ingredients. Cool and fill the pie plate. Cover and bake in hot oven (375° F.).



Apple Sauce Cake

You Will Like It

A very good cake which keeps well. Crisco makes a light delicious cake. It is more economical too, easier to cream with the sugar. Grease your pans with Crisco and see your cake slip out easily and whole. Not a break in it.

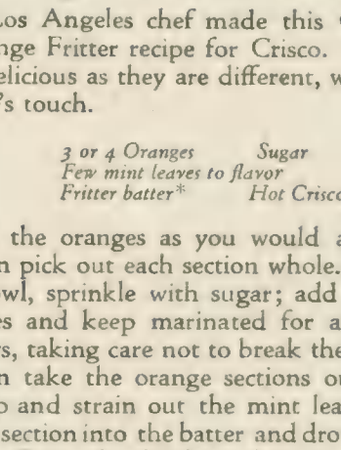
½ cup Crisco — *1 cup sugar*
1 egg, beaten — *4 tablespoons hot water*
2½ cups pastry flour — *½ teaspoon salt*
1½ cups thick cold apple sauce
1 teaspoon soda — *1 cup raisins (or dates)*
½ cup nuts
1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon each of cloves and nutmeg

Cream the sugar and Crisco, add egg, beat well. Stir in apple sauce and hot water. Add raisins and nuts, then dry ingredients sifted together twice. Bake in a moderate oven (360° F.) 45 minutes to an hour. Makes two small loaves.

Free!

200 Tested Recipes

The cook book illustrated above contains 200 recipes gathered by Miss Olive Allen from the whole wide world. It contains a great many unusual recipes not to be found in any other cook book. To receive this book, free, simply fill in and mail the coupon



Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable, by The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

© 1925 by the Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

The Procter and Gamble Co.,
Dept. of Home Economics, Sect F-2,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me, free, the cook book entitled "200 Tested Recipes."

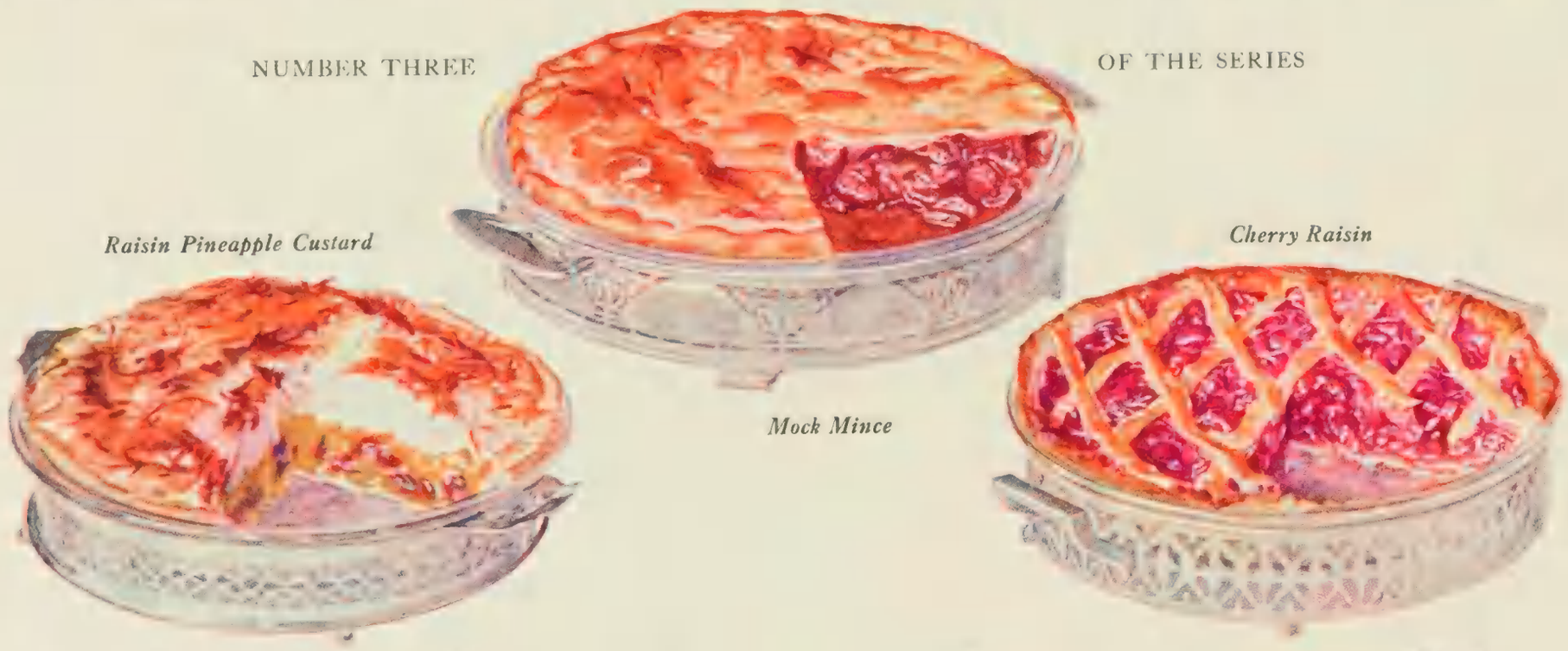
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RAISIN COOKERY LESSONS BY FAMOUS COOKS

NUMBER THREE OF THE SERIES



Raisin Pineapple Custard

Mock Mince

Cherry Raisin

Winter fruit pies that men like

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK, *Household Efficiency Expert; Director, Applecroft Home Experiment Station; Lecturer; Author: "Household Engineering," "The New Housekeeping," etc. Advisory Food Consultant*

"Pie" is the most truly typical American dish; and pie is the most popular of all desserts, especially with men! Winter and summer a fruit pie is always "just right" as a fitting top-off to any meal.

Raisins are the ideal fruit filling because no matter what the season, your hand can instantly reach them on your pantry shelf. There is no waste, no picking over, no loss through a "short" box or basket.

In their dried and compact form raisins hold the stored vim and vitamin of the grape—the Fruit Royal of the ages. Their winey and spicy flavor and rich natural sugar combine deliciously with crispy crust or flaky pastry. A cup or more of raisins added to ordinary fillings will give a note of individuality and make common materials into a "something different" dish.

Raisins do for plain ingredients of the kitchen what fancy neckwear, ruche or ribbon, does for a simple frock—makes it distinctive at little cost. Again, raisins by their shape and firm texture help give a desirable "body" and thus



prevent usual fillings from being sticky or monotonous. Their high sugar content makes them blend especially well with all more acid fruits, such as apple, lemon, rhubarb, pineapple, etc.

And let me whisper a secret learned from a real chef in France. Before adding them to other fillings, "plump" raisins about ten minutes in simmering water or fruit juice variously flavored with a pinch of spice, a "pouf" of lemon or orange rind. Thus you release their own natural sugar and flavor and combine it with those of your other ingredients. Will you try this? Be generous with raisins and you will have an all year fruit pie filling of infinite variety.

Mrs. Christine Frederick

There is a difference in raisins

There is a difference in flavor, sweetness, size, color and cleanliness. To make certain of the finest results, be sure that the raisins you use are Sun-Maids.

For Sun-Maids are made from the tenderest and sweetest grapes, grown where they reach perfection—in the beautiful San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys of California. They come to you in sanitary packages—raisins large, plump, juicy, with an inimitable delicacy of flavor. Thoroughly cleaned and sterilized, they do not require washing before use.

You can use these perfect raisins freely, for they are inexpensive now—cheaper than they have been in years. Buy a package today and try them in the recipes which Mrs. Christine Frederick has given you here.

Raisin Pineapple Custard Pie

1½ cups rich milk; ½ cup sugar; 2 level tablespoons cornstarch; 2 egg yolks; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1 cup Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins; 1 cup drained pineapple pulp; ¾ cup pineapple juice; 2 tablespoons lemon juice; 1 teaspoon vanilla. MERINGUE: 2 egg whites; 2 tablespoons powdered sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla; ⅛ teaspoon salt; 1 cup shredded cocoanut Flaky Pastry.

Heat milk in double boiler, stir in sugar, salt and cornstarch sifted together; cook until a thick custard, then pour on well beaten egg yolks and cook three minutes more. Remove from fire. In enamel saucepan heat pineapple and lemon juice and in it simmer the raisins ten minutes until plump. To the cooked custard add the raisins, the pineapple pulp and the remaining juices. Fold the two mixtures carefully together, adding the vanilla. Pour into a baked shell of rich flaky pastry. Cover with a meringue made of the egg whites and sugar; sprinkle with shredded cocoanut and bake ten minutes in a slow oven until meringue is delicately browned.

Mock Mince Pie

1 cup boiling water; 1 cup sugar; 2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins; 2 cups finely chopped tart apples; ½ cup grape-juice (or cider); 2 tablespoons lemon juice; 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind; 2 tablespoons orange juice; 1 tablespoon grated orange rind; ½ teaspoon powdered cinnamon; ½ teaspoon powdered clove; ⅛ teaspoon grated nutmeg; 2 tablespoons butter; ½ cup chopped walnut meats; 2 tablespoons flour. Flaky Pastry.

To the boiling water in enamel saucepan add sugar, grated rinds, grape and fruit juices and spices. Blend, then add raisins and chopped apples and simmer in the spiced syrup ten minutes until raisins are plump and apples softened. Add butter and stir until melted, then the flour which has been mixed to a paste with cold water. Stir mixture carefully a few moments over a low flame until thickened. Pour into a pie plate lined with flaky pastry, cover with a top crust and bake 40 minutes in moderate oven. Sufficient for one large pie, two small ones, or a dozen mince tarts.

Cherry Raisin Pie

2 cups tart canned cherries; 1 cup cherry juice; ¾ cup (or less) sugar; 1 cup Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins; 1 tablespoon orange juice; 1 teaspoon almond extract; ½ teaspoon vanilla; 1 tablespoon butter; 2 tablespoons flour; ½ cup sifted crumbs. Flaky Pastry.

Pour cherries and orange juice in enamel saucepan, add sugar and raisins and simmer ten minutes until raisins are plump. Add butter and stir until melted, then the flour which has been mixed to a paste with cold water, stirring a few moments over a low flame until thickened. Add the cherries and the almond and vanilla flavoring. Remove from fire and pour into a pie plate lined with flaky pastry, the bottom of which has been sprinkled with crumbs to absorb excess juice. Finish top with criss-cross strips of pastry lattice fashion, and bake 25 minutes in moderate oven. (In winter use two cups cranberries cut in half to entirely replace cherries, adding more sugar and simmering the berries in sugar and 1 cup water instead of juice.)

Paste this chart in your cook book



JUST ADD SUN-MAID RAISINS *to* YOUR

Biscuit Dough

Raisin biscuits
Raisin roll (roll out, spread with raisins, sugar and cinnamon, roll and bake)
Cinnamon twists
Steamed Raisin Dumpling

Breakfast Breads

Raisin muffins
Raisin doughnuts
Raisin cornbread
Sally Lunn
Cinnamon buns

Breakfast Cereals

Oatmeal
Cream of Wheat
Cornmeal mush

Pies

Apple, rhubarb, pumpkin, lemon, butterscotch, peach, cranberry, cocoanut

Simple Puddings

Rice, custard, bread, tapioca, cornstarch, brown betty

Cakes

Layer, tea, drop, spice, loaf. (Flour raisins slightly before adding to batter)

Candies

Raisin and nut balls (ground raisins and nuts made into balls and rolled in sugar)

Raisin fudge, penoche, caramels

Raisins dipped in sweet chocolate

NOTE: *Practical recipes for these and many other delightful foods can be had by mailing the coupon below*

COUPON

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California
Dept. A-202, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me "Recipes with Raisins."



NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

[*FREE* *The new Sun-Maid cook book, 130 unusual and practical recipes, suggestions for afternoon teas, luncheons, children's dishes. Compiled and tested by Mrs. Belle De Graf. Just mail the coupon*]

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA, FRESNO, CALIF.

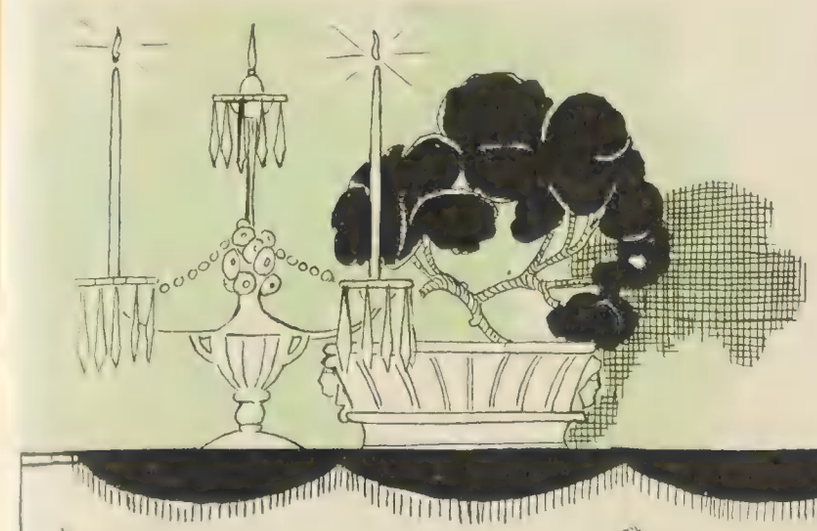


Sun-Maid Raisins

THIS is the Sun-Maid Girl—an insigne of quality the world over. Look for her on products of the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California

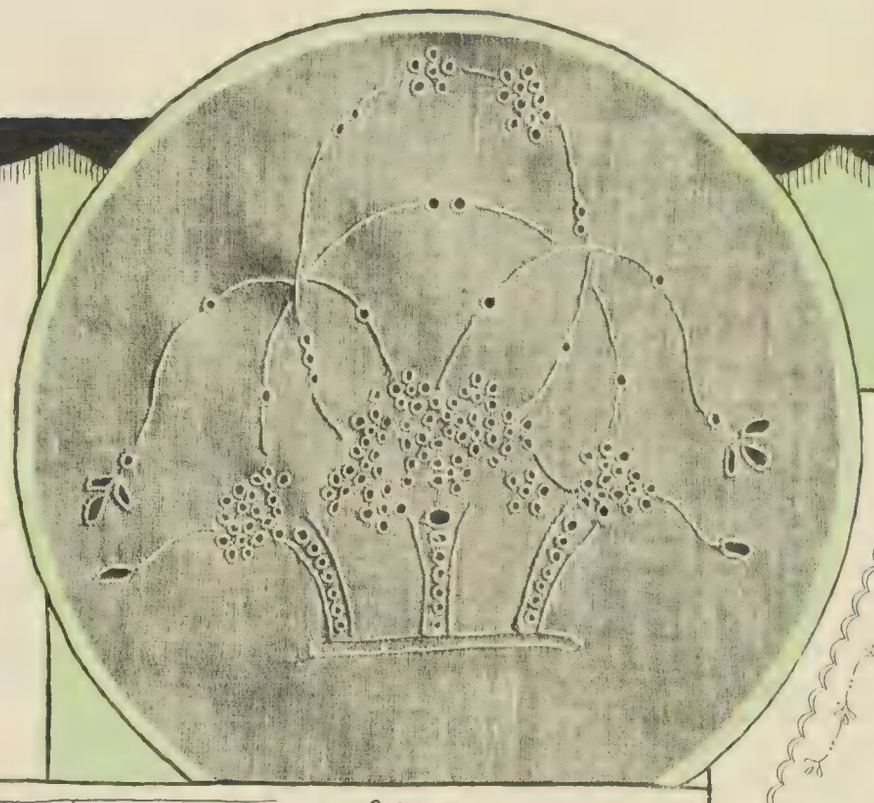


CHOOSE AN EMBROIDERY FOR THE NEW TUNIC BLOUSE, YOUR NEW FROCK, FINE LINGERIE OR LINENS

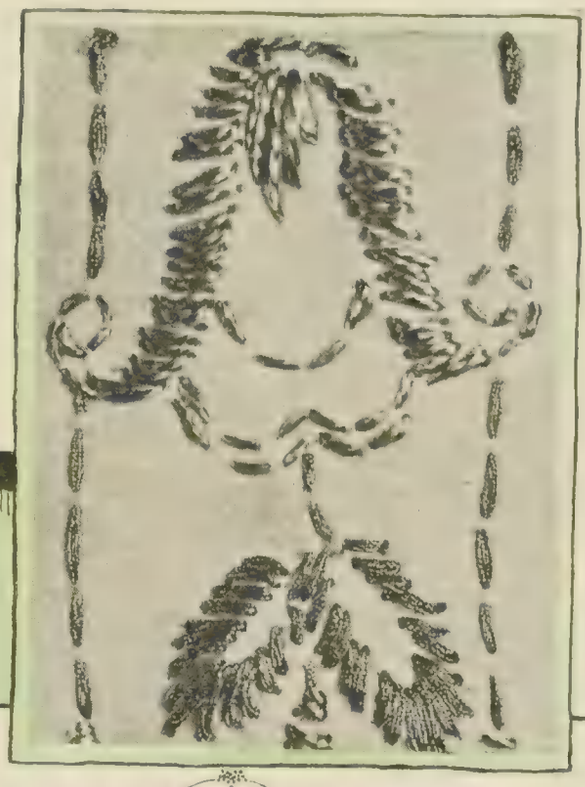


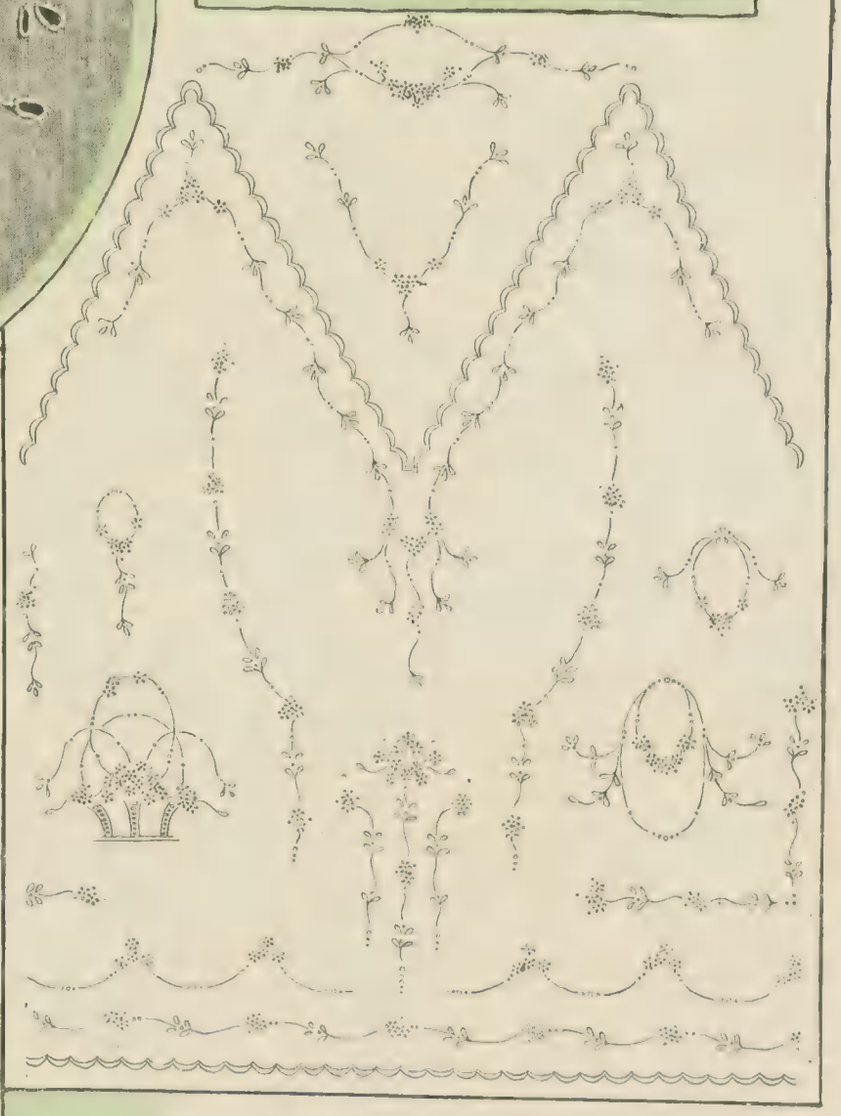
Embroidery design 10317

10317—Clusters of roses or a single rose make an adequate and effective trimming on many of the smartest frocks. It is possible to use several color combinations; you may choose any one of them and work it out in the banding and motifs of this embroidery. It is also suitable to use on blouses, hats or even household linens. Work it in one-stitch, outline-stitch and-lazy daisy embroidery. This design can be adapted to 2½ yards of banding 4⅝ inches wide, 2¼ yards of banding 3 inches wide, 4⅞ yards of edging ⅝ inch wide, a long motif and 21 small motifs in 5 assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10315

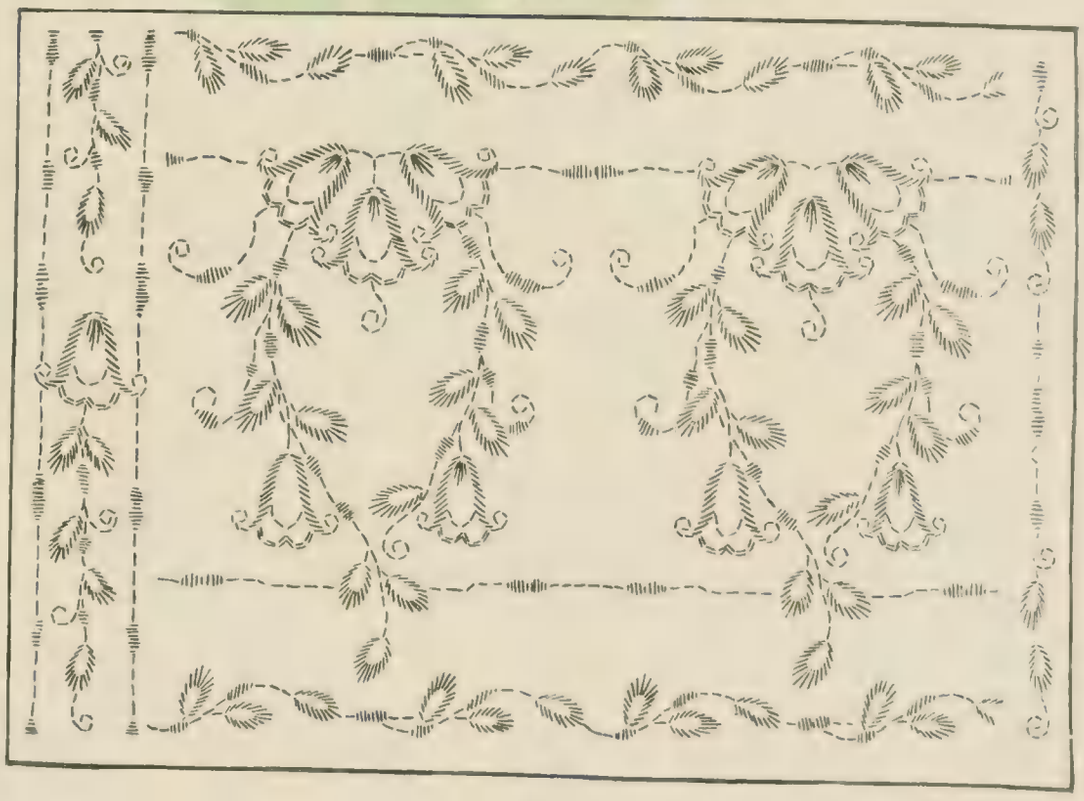




Embroidery design 10313

10315—How many places there are for the corners and motifs of this new design! On tea cloths and napkins the small corner garlands are very dainty, while for a luncheon-set or scarfs hemstitching and the motifs for drawn threads or cut-work are used a great deal. One may also use the motifs for other household linens. The various corners and motifs should be worked in one-stitch, lazy-daisy, outline, satin-stitch, eyelets, cut-work, hemstitching and drawn threads. The design can be adapted to 20 large corners in 5 assorted styles, 34 small corners in 5 assorted styles and 2 long motifs.

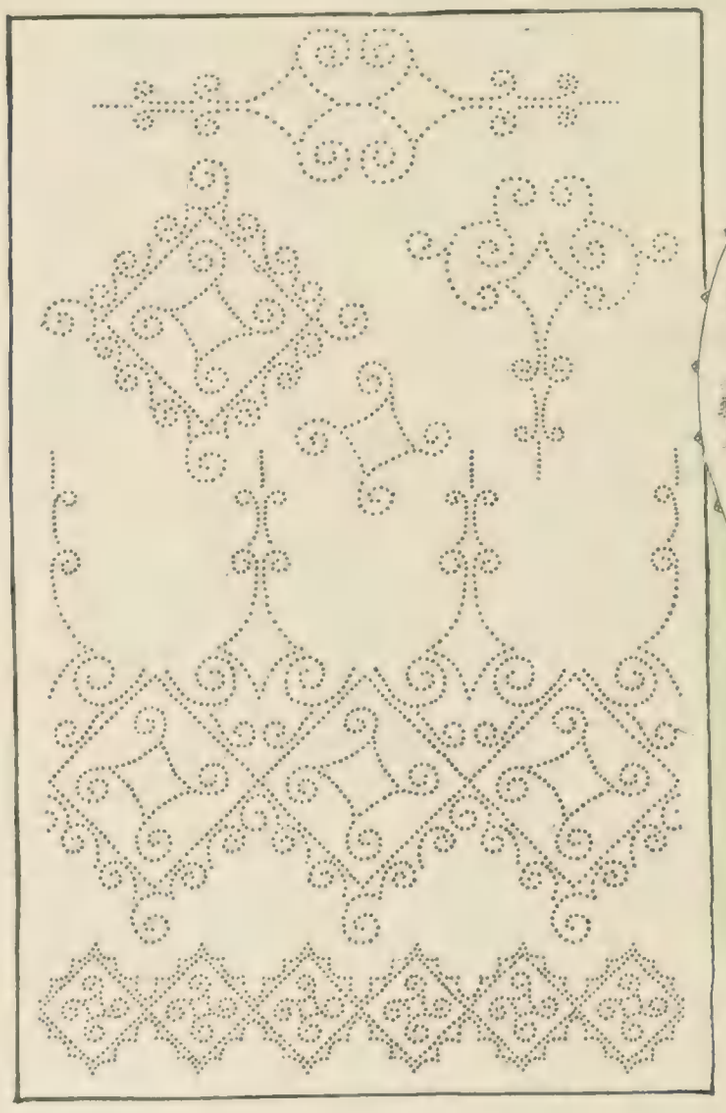
Embroidery design 10318



10318—Many of the newest tunic blouses have a wide band near the hem of contrasting color or material. It is very fashionable to embroider the band with a design of this character. The bandings are very easily worked in one-stitch and are also appropriate for blouses, skirts, waists, etc. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding 17 inches wide, 2⅝ yards of banding 2¾ inches wide and 2⅝ yards of edging 1 inch wide.

10313—Lingerie should be embroidered with a very fine design of this type. The banding and motifs, which are decorative for nightgowns, camisoles, chemises, combination undergarments, etc., should be worked in eyelets, French stemming, satin-stitch, scalloping, outline or lazy-daisy embroidery. The design can be adapted to 3½ yards of straight banding 1¼ inch wide, 3½ yards of banding ½ inch wide, 3½ yards of scallops, 1 pointed neck outline, 1 neck motif and 56 small motifs in 9 assorted styles.

DELIGHTFUL NEEDLEWORK FOR MIDWINTER EVENINGS



Embroidery design 10314

10314—Whenever you want a border for your scarf, or a motif or bandings for a new dress or blouse, you can use the bandings and motifs of this new design. They may be worked in beading or French knots. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards each of banding 12 inches wide and 3¼ inches wide and 21 motifs in four assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10320

10320—The flower garlands of this new embroidery are arranged in the points of a star, an arrangement most effective for a round centerpiece. There are also special motifs for pointed scarfs. Both centerpiece and scarfs should be worked in a combination of French knots, lazy daisy and one-stitch. The design can be adapted to one 36-inch centerpiece and motifs for the end of a large and a small pointed scarf.





Embroidery design 10319

10319—You may get perfectly delightful color effects by using both large and small beads in this beading design. The bandings and motifs may be used to trim dresses or tunic blouses, skirts, etc. The design may be worked in French-knot embroidery. It can be adapted to 1¾ yard of 25-inch banding, 1¾ yard of 2¾-inch banding, 1½ yard ¾-inch banding and 12 motifs.



Embroidery design 10316

10316—The morning glories which trail from a French basket on this bedspread should be embroidered in blanket-stitch, one-stitch, outline and satin-stitch. The motif on the bolster-roll is effective. The design can be adapted to an oval motif 29⅝ by 21 inches, 2 corners and a motif for the bolster-roll to use on single, double or three-quarter beds.

BELOW PAR··?



from constipation, lowered vitality, skin and stomach disorders?

Boundless energy in this simple fresh food!

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active.

At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

DISSOLVE ONE CAKE IN A GLASS OF WATER
(just hot enough to drink)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast when taken this way is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain. Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health.

Address: Health Research Dept. D-13, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I WAS a wreck and I knew it. Although young, scarcely twenty, indigestion had taken a firm hold; my complexion was bad, vitality gone and life looked black. I had tried everything and yeast had been recommended to me. 'How absurd,' I mused. 'Yet if I only dared hope!' At the end of a month my complexion was noticeably improved, my stomach working properly and my entire system rejuvenated. Miracles like this cannot happen in a day, but now I am the picture of health."

(An extract from a letter from Mrs. Arthur R. Pagnam, R. F. D. No. 29, Stamford, Conn.)



"AT the age of forty I found myself slipping in health. I was troubled with indigestion, constipation and nervous debility. I had read about people taking Fleischmann's Yeast, and ordered some. A while later, in answer to a friend's inquiry, I was surprised to hear myself reply, 'I feel like a prize-fighter' and realized then that I had not felt any sign of indigestion for some time, and was putting in ten to twelve hours' hard brain work daily. I knew I was back again."

(A letter from Mr. W. L. King of Washington, D. C.)



"FIVE years ago as an office worker in Milwaukee, I could answer to the description of the 'rundown, nervous, suffering woman' in the patent medicine ads. My sallow complexion was my greatest worry and I was always troubled with constipation. I had taken medicine for four years, but the doctor said that drugs could not effect a permanent cure. Two years ago I learned from the girls in the office to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I am frequently complimented on my fresh complexion and am told I don't look more than twenty-two. I hold the championship record for swimming and tennis in our club. I still have one incurable habit—half ■ cake of Fleischmann's Yeast daily with a glass of milk."

(Extract from a letter of Mrs. Ella Fitzgerald, of Ypsilanti, Michigan.)



Yeast is especially delicious on toasted crackers or as a sandwich "filler" with jam or peanut butter.

"I WENT fishing up North about 250 miles from Vancouver in the Spring of 1920, and had an attack of boils in ■ very bad form, which lasted for one year and five months—from 7 to 10 at a time. I tried all kinds of remedies. A fisherman friend made me a bet that Fleischmann's Yeast would cure the boils if I took 3 cakes a day. He said he would buy the yeast cakes. In 10 days my boils began to dry up, in 4 weeks only the marks were left and no new boils coming. I lost the bet and paid for the cakes, but I have not been troubled with boils since."

(Extract from a letter of Mr. John Faulkner, of Nanaimo, B. C.)





"WHEN I commenced to eat yeast about two years ago, I was the grouchiest grouch that ever nursed a grouch. I realized that my Nemesis was that curse of mankind—constipation. About every cathartic on the market went through my system. My grocer suggested that I give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. Since I began eating it my bowels function perfectly night and morning—the proverbial kitten has nothing on me for sound slumber. I do not claim Yeast to be a universal 'cure-all'—but it certainly gave me an excellent start on the road to health."

(A letter from Mr. Cyril A. Gendermann of 1022 Tenth Avenue, Brooklyn)



Why suffer agony from burns and scalds

when in your own home you can have the same remarkable remedy now used by hospitals and physicians everywhere

A HOT oven-door—a pot of scalding water—a sharp paring knife—a jagged edge of a can . . . accidents no home seems able to avoid!

Today medical science has developed a remedy that gives almost instant relief.

A remedy so effective that it is now being used by physicians and hospitals throughout the entire country—in accidents where the most intense suffering must be relieved.

This remedy is Unguentine.

* * *

For burns and skin injuries of every kind—apply Unguentine *at once* and bandage lightly where necessary. Almost the minute it's applied, you notice the relief!

But Unguentine does more than simply relieve the pain. Highly antiseptic—it immediately kills dangerous germs of infection that need but a slight break in the skin to gain a foothold.

Unguentine is not the least bit harsh or irritating. Even on an open wound its effect is immediately soothing. It stimulates the quick healing of the tissues, and often prevents the formation of an unsightly scar!

There is nothing like Unguentine made today. No medicine cabinet should be without it. 50 cents at your druggist's. Or the coupon below will bring you a trial tube free of all charge.

Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York.

Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

Doctor says Unguentine saved this boy's life

"My little boy, two and a half years old, put a French ivory comb in the gas grate and before anyone could reach him he was a mass of flames. My wife heard him scream and had presence of mind enough to grab her coat and smother the flames. Immediately afterwards she called the doctor and while waiting for him got the tin (1 lb.) of Unguentine and used all she had of it—then wrapped him up as best she could until the doctor arrived. Two of the fingers were so terribly burned we thought he would lose them, and the doctor claims that by using Unguentine as soon as we did there is no doubt but that it saved the little fellow's life."

— —, *Chicago, Ill.*

FREE—A generous tube

Norwich — *a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations*

The Norwich Pharmacal Co.,
Dept. B-2, Norwich, New York

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M.D.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

MENUS FOR FEBRUARY

By Jessie A. Boys

These menus were carefully planned so as to have correct nutritional values. They were edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

FEBRUARY is the month of illustrious birthdays. If it was too hot last Summer, or if one was away from home, or if for any reason at all the occasion was neglected, this is a splendid month to catch up by having a birthday party with the notables.

The birthday cake can be dressed up by putting candles in rose-shaped candle-holders which are inserted in the top of the cake. Or roses can be made of frosting forced through pastry-bag and rose-tube on the frosted cake. The candles should be put into the centers of these before the frosting has entirely dried. Children are more fascinated by the use of sparklers instead of candles.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Toasted Whole-Wheat Biscuit with Hot Milk
Scrambled Eggs and Bacon
Toasted Rolls *Milk* *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Welsh Rabbit *Cabbage-and-Pickle Salad*
Apricot Short-Cake
Milk *Tea*

A BIRTHDAY DINNER

Grapefruit and Pomegranate-Seed Cocktail
Club Celery *Oyster Bouillon* *Olives*
Wafers
Fillet of Beef, Brown Mushroom Sauce
Chantilly Potatoes *Sautéd Bananas*
Croquettes *Hominy and Horseradish*
String-Beans *Parker House Rolls*
Lettuce Salad, Cheese Dressing
Finger Sandwiches
Neapolitan Ice-Cream *Birthday Cake*
Salted Nuts *Coffee* *Hard Candies*

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Prunes
Whole-Wheat Cereal, Top Milk
Buttered Eggs *Toast*
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Cream Pea Soup *Crackers*
Macaroni with Tomato Sauce *Cabbage Salad*
Canned Fruit *Cookies*
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Swiss Steak, Brown Gravy
Boiled Potatoes *Buttered Asparagus*
Cottage-Cheese and Pineapple Salad
Mixed Pickles *Brown Bread*
Preserved Strawberries *Nut Cake*
Milk *Coffee*

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Baked Apples
Liver and Bacon *Corn-meal Muffins*
Marmalade
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Potatoes au Gratin *Apple-and-Celery Salad*
Peach Marmalade *Nut Bread*
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Tomato Soup
Sautéd Ham *Candied Sweet Potatoes*
String-Beans *Mustard Pickles*
Graham Bread
Lemon Meringue Pie
Milk *Coffee*

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Hominy Grits with Raisins
Liver Omelet *Bran Muffins*
Tart Apple Jelly *Cocoa*

SUPPER OR LUNCHEON

Ramekins of Ham and Eggs
Cole Slaw *Spoon Bread*
Fruit Bread Pudding
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Carrot Soup *Wafers*
Veal Birds *Cream Gravy*
Beet Greens *Mashed Potatoes*
Perfection Salad *Finger Rolls*
Baked Jelly Apples, Whipped Cream
Milk *Coffee*

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced Oranges
Baked Eggs with Cheese *Toast*
Milk *Coffee*

SUPPER OR LUNCHEON

Link Sausage with Tomatoes
Waffles *Sirup*
Milk *Coffee*

DINNER

Minute Steak
Turkish Pilaf *Creamed Onions*
Cider-Apple Jelly *Whole-Wheat Bread*
Fruit Whip *Sweet Wafers*
Milk *Coffee*

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Apple Sauce
Rolled Oats, Top Milk
Crisp Toast *Milk* *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Fish Chowder *Cheese Crackers*
Jellied Fruit Salad *Finger Sandwiches*
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Broiled Shad, Sauce Tartare
French Fried Potatoes *Spinach*
Lima Beans *Hot Rolls*
Orange Pudding
Milk *Coffee*

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Canned Cherries
Corn Flakes *Whole Milk*
Soft-Cooked Eggs *Wheat Muffins*
Milk *Coffee*

SUPPER OR LUNCHEON

Beef Soup with Noodles
Rye Bread and Cheese Sandwiches
Blackberry Jelly
Baked Caramel Custard
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Ham Loaf *Savory Rice*
Corn Pudding *Harvard Beets*
Chow-chow *Baked Brown Bread*
Apple Cobbler *Lemon Sauce*
Milk *Coffee*

As soon as you hear "Chantilly potatoes" and "Harvard beets," you know something unusual and interesting has happened to plain "pertaters 'n' beets." And don't veal birds, Turkish pilaf and finger sandwiches suggest all sorts of alluring treats? If you'd like to know how to make any of these dishes, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to The Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



PORTRAIT OF LADY DIANA MANNERS IN HER WEDDING GOWN, BY SIR JAMES J. SHANNON, R. A.

"BEAUTY is the touchstone of life. Without it we might as well live on the burnt-out Moon! So, for her own, for everybody's sake, it's every woman's duty to foster her beauty. She can effectively accomplish this loveliness by the Pond's Method, by using Pond's Two Creams."

Diana Manners

The Lady Diana Manners

—most beautiful woman of the English Aristocracy praises this care of the skin

LADY DIANA MANNERS is the most beautiful woman of her generation, the Lady Hamilton of our day.

Beauty is in her blood. Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, famous beauty of Elizabethan days, was one of her ancestors. And her mother, the Duchess of Rutland, was a creature of rare loveliness when, as a younger woman, she was lady-in-waiting to the Queen.

Lady Diana's beauty is fabulous. It sets the pulses racing, the imagination afire.

The delicate modeling of her face, the proud lift of her head, the graceful dignity of her figure, declare her "the daughter of a thousand earls." But the glint of gold in her hair, the starry blueness of her eyes, these touch the heart-strings, being heaven-sent.

And the lily's own petals are not more snowy-white, more satin-soft, than Lady Diana's skin. Sculptors and painters have begged her to sit for them, for, as a great English painter said, "she has the most beautiful complexion in the world."

No wonder she's the darling of the most exclusive Society of two continents. And, thanks to her gracious ways, beloved of plain folk, too. It has been well said, "She's England's best ambassador in making friends of Americans for England."

Lady Diana—whose creed is, "Beauty is the touchstone of life"—knows the need of keeping all her own beauty untouched by wind and cold, the harsh lights and make-up of the theater, and the late hours of her exacting social life.

So this exquisite creature literally bathes her face and neck in cold cream and protects them with a delicate finish provided by a second cream.

For, like so many of the beautiful women of England, of America, Lady Diana Manners has found the Two Creams that keep the skin its exquisite best no matter how it's taxed.



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

How Lady Diana Keeps Her Beauty

Before retiring or after any unusual exposure apply Pond's Cold Cream generously on the face and neck. Wipe it off with a soft cloth, taking away the day's accumulation of dust, dirt and powder. Finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with a bit of ice.

Before you powder, smooth over your newly cleansed face a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It keeps your complexion fresh and protected for hours against any weather, gives it the softest finish imaginable and holds your powder with velvety smoothness and surprisingly long.

Like Lady Diana Manners you can "effectively accomplish this loveliness." Buy Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams today. Begin their use. Soon you'll have a beautiful complexion, tax it though you may. The Pond's Extract Company.

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are among the women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed approval of the Pond's Method of caring for the skin and of Pond's Two Creams

Free Offer *Mail this coupon today for free tubes of these two famous creams and a little booklet telling what many famous beauties think of them.*

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Please send me free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

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One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking

Who cooked this delicious hot dinner?

From one-thirty until five-forty nobody was home—yet, promptly at six mother served this wonderful meal:

Vegetable Soup
Roast Beef Baked Potatoes, Creamed Buttered Onions
Lettuce Salad with Thousand Island Dressing
Fruit Melange (*)

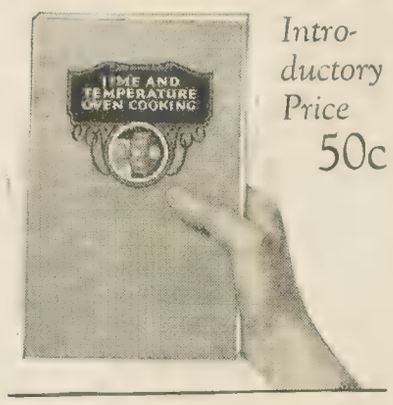
Thousands of women who own gas ranges with Lorain Self-Regulating Ovens cook their meals in the following easy way whenever they take an afternoon off:

After a brief preparation at twelve or one o'clock they put into the oven everything to be cooked. Then they turn the Lorain Red Wheel to a given temperature. Returning later in the afternoon (they don't have to be there on the dot), they find everything deliciously done and ready to serve.

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Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel *provided* you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

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CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div. . . . . Chicago, Ill.
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QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div. . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Company Div. . . . . Cleveland, O.

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SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT FOOD

By Flora Rose

Director, School of Home Economics, Cornell University

"WHO'S afraid anyway?" said two youthful experimentalists perched on a log and alternately drinking long drafts of milk and eating large handfuls of sour cherries. They were engaged upon the exciting and possibly dangerous task of putting to the proof mother's statement that these two foods were very bad roommates in the stomach, that they might even cause death. Having eaten their fill of the forbidden fruit, they sat and waited with impatience for results. Nothing happened. Not a pain nor an ache. It was all very ordinary, unromantic and comfortable. The future for them had no terrors as far as milk and sour fruit were concerned. They could present evidence.

This incident does not imply that every one would have come off as easily as these budding scientists, though the vast majority of people brave enough to dare such a test would have experienced the same harmonious conclusion. Rather, its purpose is to point to the fact that there are still many persistent superstitions about what we may or may not eat. Many of these are based on the unhappy experience of a few individuals with digestive peculiarities rather than on the normal performance of the rank and file.

IT IS time to handle some of these superstitions from the positive side and say what may be done by the normal individual. When doing this, we make an exception of the occasional person who may be sensitive to certain foods and who can not do what we shall say can be done. We must remember, however, that there is not a single food from soups to nuts which may not find itself tabu in the dietary of some person who possesses a personal idiosyncrasy for it. Let us be sure, however, that the idiosyncrasy is real and not fancied, and that it is limited to that individual.

For the great majority of us it is safe to eat acid foods in the same meal with milk. Although we are entirely unconscious of the fact, we accomplish just this result every time we drink a glass of milk. When milk reaches the stomach, it is normally curdled by an acid secreted in the digestive juices. Mixing the acid with the milk before eating it may make it possible for persons to digest milk when ordinarily they would experience difficulty in digesting it. It is becoming a common practise to beat orange or lemon or tomato juice into milk or to sour milk artificially for persons with weak digestion. Eating milk or cream on fruit is, therefore, good rather than bad practise.

Acid fruits do not interfere with the digestion of starchy foods. We may go on contentedly eating our simple American breakfast of fruit and cereal and toast with clear consciences and untroubled tummies. Of course if we have digestive tracts which are flabby and ineffectual because we have failed to provide them with materials to build them well and develop their normal functions, this does not hold true.

Milk or cream may be used in coffee or tea without producing products harmful to digestion. In fact, the "melancholy mildness" of milk, which makes it so distasteful to some sturdy but unwise souls that they forget to include enough of it in their daily meals, can be completely forgotten if it is made into the breakfast *café au lait*—which is half, or less, coffee and the rest hot milk. This is the way in which a large part of continental Europe drinks its milk.

Water may be drunk in generous amounts with the meal. In fact, this is the best time to take the six glasses of water a day which interest in good health necessitates. Instead of interfering with digestion by diluting the digestive juices, water at meal time improves digestion. Of course the lazy habit of using water as a stream to carry food from the mouth to stomach is poor practise and may well be discouraged. But to drink two or three glasses at a meal between sufficiently chewed mouthfuls of food gives encouragement and satisfaction to the stomach.

Pancakes and waffles, muffins and hot biscuit and other hot breads are not in themselves unwholesome foods, but they are in bad odor with the "don't eat" disturbers of peace for several reasons: First, they are soft and lend themselves to being swallowed whole without preliminary chewing. That of course is undesirable. Second, there exists the custom of serving them with much butter and sweet such as sirup, honey or jam, and the tendency is to eat largely of such combinations to the exclusion of other more needed foods. Third, they are by nature very appetizing and tempt people to overeat. Eaten in no larger amounts than plain cold bread and with no greater amounts of fat or sweet, and chewed thoroughly, they should be as easy to digest as cold bread.

Veal is not more indigestible than fish or chicken or beef. In fact, in France it is a delicacy given to invalids as we give chicken in this country. Pork, on the contrary, does require more effort on the part of the stomach, and care must be exercised where the digestion is weak.

Red meat is no more harmful than white meat. In cases where it is advisable to reduce or eliminate meat in the diet, there seems to be no justification for cutting out beef and permitting chicken or fish. One seems to be as bad or as good as the other, and we need not be influenced by its color.

FRUITS do not cause rheumatism. This trouble is now believed to be the result of a specific infection. Certain fruits—in particular, oranges, lemons, grapefruit, apples, pears and peaches—are beneficial rather than harmful in rheumatism. Instead of making the blood acid, they accomplish just the opposite result, which is most helpful to the rheumatic person. Instead of omitting fruit from the diet, seek and eliminate the source of infection.

Mothers who are nursing their babies should have an abundance of fruit. The crank who propagated the theory that acid fruit in the diet of the nursing mother gave the baby colic was guilty of an act of cruelty. One of the several virtues that fruit possesses is that it is a natural laxative. To refuse it to the nursing mother may be a cause rather than a cure for colic in the baby.

It isn't possible in limited space to lay the ghosts of all the most common superstitions about food. There are many more, such as the tabu on eating milk or ice-cream at the same meal as fish, the superstition that fish is a brain food, that raw eggs digest better than cooked eggs, and that fruit is poisonous at night. Often, lacking knowledge of the facts, we are held by the superstition, and when we infringe on its dictates we do it with crossed fingers and a feeling of guilt. The best remedy for this evil is, of course, to find out what constitutes a good selection of food based on tested experience and to follow it.

DO YOU NOURISH YOUR FAMILY

or

MERELY "FILL ITS TUMMY?"

There's a great difference between food that merely fills and food that really nourishes. The one satisfies a temporary hunger pain; the other builds sturdy health for the future. If you want to know food values—if you want to serve body-building, vigor-producing meals, write for our Food Value Chart and Score Card. They are yours for the asking—if you'll just send your address and a stamped return envelope to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



For all-day energy—*this hot breakfast*

QUICK QUAKER—cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

That's as quick as toast!



"TO feel better all day long, start with hot oats and milk"—scores of doctors, food editors of magazines and dieticians now are urging for children and grown-ups.

Note, then, how easy now to have this most delicious of hot breakfasts.

Quick Quaker, the new Quaker Oats, cooks in less time than coffee—you can prepare it while the fruit is being served. From the time you start till the time you serve—3 minutes; 5 minutes at the most! All that rich flavor that won the world to Quaker you'll find here, all that smooth deliciousness. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference.

Try Quick Quaker—you will like it.

Your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and Quick Quaker.

A GIFT
to wives and mothers

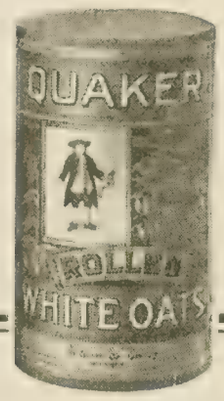
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The New Quaker Cook Book is ready.

75 new and delightfully unusual cereal recipes, covering everything from correct soup thickening to altogether the most attractive of cookies and desserts . . . . oats, wheat, rice, corn, barley. Beautifully illustrated in color. Send your name for a copy postpaid.

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Two kinds now at grocers



Standard full size and weight packages—
Medium: 1¼ pounds;
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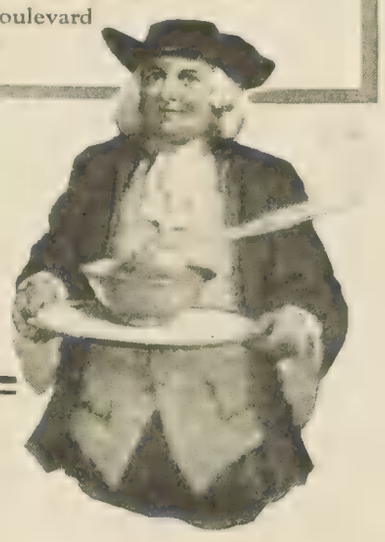


Quaker Oats

The kind you have always known

Quick Quaker

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes





81%

of representative New England Doctors *say*



"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is the most healthful"

2,800 New England doctors were recently asked:

"What kind of baking powder do you consider the best from a health point of view?"

81% of those who answered said: "Cream of Tartar!"

This overwhelming verdict from physicians in favor of this precious ingredient of Royal Baking Powder is of great importance to housekeepers.



Contains no alum—
Leaves no bitter taste

In Royal are perfectly blended soda and pure cream of tartar derived from grapes grown in the famous vineyards of southern Europe. It contains no alum.

For more than three generations Royal Baking Powder has kept to an absolute standard of uniformity. With it you can use the same recipe year after year, and your baking powder will give you identically the same results.

Cakes and biscuits baked with Royal are uniformly light, fluffy, delicious—fine-textured and full flavored!

Royal Baking Powder is the highest quality baking powder in the world—used all over the world—yet enough Royal for a large layer cake costs less than two cents.

ROYAL CINNAMON BUNS—Many people prefer buns that are more crusty than the kind usually served. For crusty buns, bake in individual muffin tins.

PRINCESS CAKE—All fine-grained cakes require careful mixing rather than beating. Beating causes the air bubbles which make this kind of cake coarse-textured.



Send for the famous Royal Cook Book—it's FREE.

Over 350 tested recipes for all kinds of delicious foods including those illustrated here. Fill out the coupon and mail today.

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
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Send me free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book containing over 350 delicious recipes.

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For the children's party, a birthday-cake with a row of animal crackers marching around on top is always enthusiastically greeted by the youngsters

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope)

FOR THE CHILDREN'S PARTY

For a children's party buy one pound of animal crackers and one pound of Graham crackers. Use two cups of powdered sugar, add two tablespoons of butter, and vanilla to taste, then add enough water or milk to make a very thick stiff paste.

Put a good tablespoon on each Graham cracker, then stand the animal cracker upright in the middle of it. When these dry, they are quite firm. They please the children and make an effective table decoration. A little coloring added to this frosting makes them prettier. A row of the animal crackers marching in solemn procession around the birthday cake is always enthusiastically greeted by the youngsters.—V. S., Beaumont, Calif.

SAVE TIME ON WASH-DAY

A long piece of tape is very useful on wash-day. On it may be strung all the collars, cuffs and small vests which have buttonholes. If all the small articles are gathered together by running the tape through the buttonholes, the housewife is not compelled to search for each one separately and is not so apt to overlook one of them. The tape may be attached to the clothes-line in such a way that each small article does not need a separate clothes-pin.—S. A. C., Mount Lawley, Western Australia.

SAVE TIME PRESSING SEAMS

A medicine-dropper is a very practical device in pressing open seams if the material is of wool or cotton. Fill the medicine-dropper with water and moisten the seam from it before pressing the cloth with a hot iron.—M. Q., Bozeman, Mont.

VEGETABLE CAKES FOR CHILDREN

The importance of vegetables in the diet of children is constantly being brought to the attention of mothers. Some of us, however, have great difficulty in getting our children to eat vegetables. My little girl did not like them, and I was unable to persuade her to eat them until it occurred to me to try serving them like meat-balls. Prepare three or four cooked vegetables, cutting them into small pieces or putting them through the food-chopper. Add bread-crums and a beaten egg. Then shape these into little cakes, dust them with flour and brown them in the oven or fry them in a little fat. The child enjoys vegetables prepared in this way. —Mrs. E. C. B., Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

ADD YEARS TO LINOLEUM

The life of linoleum is greatly lengthened if it is varnished just as soon as it is placed on the floor. This is particularly true of printed linoleum. It is well to varnish it once each year or as soon as the varnish appears to be wearing off. Before applying the varnish, the linoleum should be washed well with soap and water and thoroughly dried. A second coat should not be applied until the first is dry. Inlaid linoleum may be treated the same way.—Mrs. M. B., Long Beach, Calif.

AVOID THE ODOR FROM ONIONS OR FISH

Often the container in which strongly flavored food has been cooked has the odor of the food after the dish is washed. This may be removed by heating a small quantity of vinegar in the covered kettle, letting the vinegar boil for a few minutes. All traces of fish or onion flavor will be removed very quickly.—L. C., Deepwater, W. Va.

SAVE EGG-WHITES

When I have an egg-white left over, I leave it on a plate until it is thoroughly dried, then store away the dried egg in a glass jar. A tablespoon of the powder dissolved in two tablespoons of water will equal one egg-white. This will beat up very well.—Mrs. E. C. H., Los Angeles, Calif.

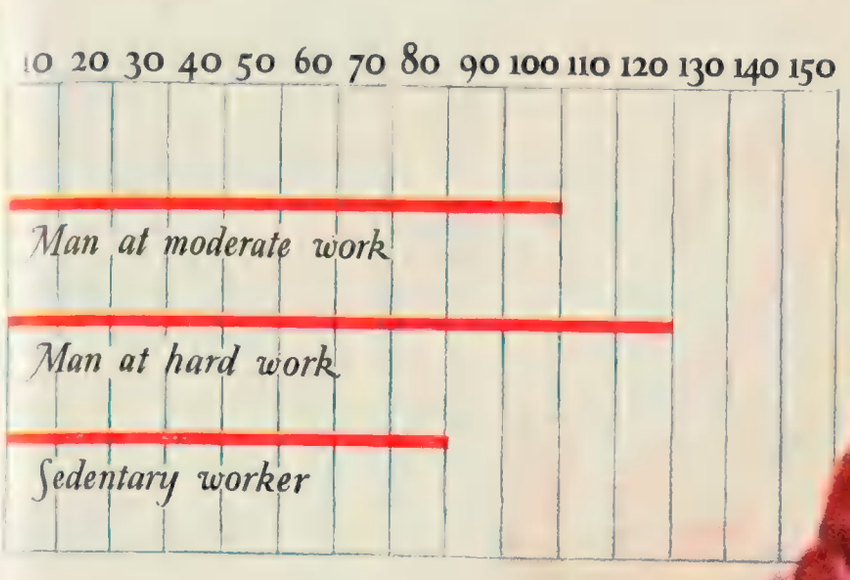
A NEW USE FOR THE CREAM-DIPPER

The little cream-dipper for removing cream from the top of milk-bottles has a new use in our house. When we make soup and wish to remove the fat immediately, we pour it into milk-bottles where it cools quickly. The fat rises to the top of the bottle and is completely removed from the broth with the help of the cream-dipper. In case of illness, when broth free from fat is needed, this method is especially valuable.—E. F. L., Erie, Pa.

SAVE THE DOUGH FOR ROLLS

When bread is ready to go into the tins in the morning and hot rolls are desired for the evening meal, a part of the dough may be divided into small rolls, each roll dipped in melted butter and placed in a shallow pan and set aside in the refrigerator until evening. The rolls will not rise in the refrigerator, but will come up quickly after taking them from the refrigerator into a warm kitchen. The rolls can be baked in ten or twelve minutes and are ready when the rest of the meal is served.—H. I. F., New London, Conn.

Try this — three mornings *for a better day's work*



This chart shows the difference in relative food requirements of persons of different occupations as calculated for the Department of Agriculture. In this comparison, a man in full vigor at moderate work has been selected as the unit for comparison and assigned the value 100. Notice how much less the sedentary worker requires—yet too often his diet is the same as that of the moderate or even hard worker!



"MORNING hours are best for work"—you have doubtless heard this all your life.

Why is it then, you sometimes feel dull and sluggish in the morning—just when you ought to be at your best mentally and physically?

Nutrition authorities tell us that 9 times out of 10 the reason we can't get shifted into high gear early in the day is—breakfast!

What kind of a breakfast do you eat? Upon this meal depends much of your morning efficiency.

Why you do not need a heavy breakfast

Your body has rested during the night; it is not in vital need of food. You eat a hearty, heavy breakfast—then sit at a desk all day. What happens?

You have put an unfair burden upon digestion. All the energy you should have for mental work is being wasted in digesting food which your body really does not need. No wonder you feel tired and dull!

What you need is simple, easily digested food in moderate amount—food which will supply you with abundant energy.



Try this 3-morning test

Here is a 3-morning test which will prove to you how a simple energy-breakfast will prime you for the day's run.

Cream of Wheat!—An old-favorite food, rich in energy-nourishment and so easily and quickly digested! Just try it for three mornings and see how much more "fit" you are for the day's work.

Rich in energy—easy to digest

Cream of Wheat, you know, is one of the very richest energy foods. Made of the best hard wheat, it is extremely high in carbohydrates which mean energy units.

It is a very easy food to digest. In fact, digestion of Cream of Wheat *begins in the mouth* and is quickly finished without taxing the stomach.

Note the three model breakfast menus suggested by noted nutrition authorities. Follow them for just three mornings and you will never again go back to the old heavy breakfast habit.

Delicious to eat, easy to digest—yet so nourishing and satisfying, with ample energy to last the morning through! This is the great combined advantage which Cream of Wheat offers—an advantage not so often found in other foods. Give the Cream of Wheat breakfast a trial; start tomorrow morning. You will have more energy for work.

First morning



Oranges

CREAM OF WHEAT

Sugar—Milk

Milk Toast

Coffee or Cocoa

Second morning



CREAM OF WHEAT with Prunes

Milk

Omelet or Bacon

Toast—Butter

Coffee or Cocoa

Third morning



CREAM OF WHEAT with Baked Apple

Milk

Buttered Toast

Bacon

Coffee or Cocoa

Send for booklet—

50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat



There are endless ways to serve Cream of Wheat. Enjoy its rich, creamy flavor blended with fruit—chopped dates, prunes, raisins, figs; or Southern style, with butter and salt. Our recipe booklet gives 50 delicious ways to serve it. Send for it and special booklet on feeding children; both are free.

The Cream of Wheat Company
Dept. 122, Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."

☐ Please send me sample box of Cream of Wheat for which I enclose 5c to cover postage.

Name .....

Address .....

Cream of Wheat

The Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

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Quick salads and desserts are made with oranges. No need to hurry home to prepare these dishes—10 minutes is all the time required.



Orange and Banana Salad

Peel oranges, removing all white skin. Cut into one-fourth inch slices. Place two slices on each lettuce-covered salad plate, cover with two lengthwise quarters of banana which have been covered with lemon juice and rolled in finely ground nuts. Top with slice of orange. Garnish with mayonnaise and maraschino cherry.

Salad in 10 Minutes

By The Clock —Delicious, Tempting Dishes

DON'T let the salad for dinner hurry you home from your teas, luncheons or matinees. Allow ten minutes for any one of these four delicious dishes that we have created for you.

The recipes are by a domestic science expert who is known to hundreds of thousands of women as one of the most *practical of housekeepers*. She knows the busy woman's problems. She has prepared these recipes to meet a time saving need.

They are simply made with ingredients that you probably have in your kitchen now. And they always work, so you may depend upon them.

They will save you hours of time and trouble. And they are the daintiest of attractive foods.

The base of these salads is luscious oranges. That means they are delicious—with a zestful appetizing tang—and they are healthful too.

For oranges furnish valuable fruit-salts and acids, and the fresh vitamines for which this fruit is famous.

The salts and acids are natural appetizers and digestive aids. They help to promote complete assimilation of the nourishment from other foods.

So oranges—a fine food in themselves—increase the efficiency of *entire meals*.

That is why dietitians and all other food authorities urge their frequent use.

Remember these facts when you are choosing foods, thinking of the family's health. And then think of *your own convenience*. These salads that save you so much time render a real *dietetic service* to your grown-ups and little folk.

* * * *

Here are four recipes. Cut them out and use them. See how good they are and how they save your time.

Also send for our Handy Recipe Card File offered in the coupon below. It contains a variety of other recipes that will save time and add attractiveness to your daily meals.



Orange and Cheese Salad

Peel orange, and divide into segments, rejecting all white inner skin. Arrange on salad plate covered with lettuce. Garnish with balls of cream cheese which have been rolled in grated orange rind.



Orange and Apple Salad

Peel oranges and slice, rejecting all white skin. Cut wedge-shaped slices from red apples, without paring. Arrange on lettuce covered salad plates, using alternate slices of orange and apple.



Orange and Cabbage Salad

Peel oranges, removing all white skin. Cut into one-fourth inch slices and then into segments. Cover salad plates with finely shredded cabbage. Sprinkle with orange segments. Serve with French dressing.

California Sunkist *Oranges*

Uniformly Good



To be sure of oranges that are uniformly good always ask for SUNKIST. They are the carefully graded oranges from California. The skin comes away readily, the segments separate easily. And the inner orange is practically seedless and so firm and tender that it is ideal to slice or cut.

California produces *the only fresh orange that you can get the year 'round*, so form the habit of ordering California Sunkist for all your orange uses.

California Oranges are Easy to Peel, Slice and Separate

Mail This Send 10c with this coupon and we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist recipe cards. Each dish pictured in colors. Shows how to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. Just right size for recipe-card box.

For 75c we will send the set of Sunkist recipe cards, neat oak box without any advertising on it, 100 blank cards and 23 index cards, all prepaid.

This set would cost $1.25 in retail stores.

Check the offer you wish to accept and forward with proper amount (stamps or money order). Offer is good at these prices in both United States and Canada.

☐ 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards–10c ☐ Complete Box and File–75c (Including above 24 cards)

Address: California Fruit Growers Exchange
DEPT. 1002, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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FRITTERS OF ODDS AND ENDS

By Freda Winn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—Martha Van Rensselaer

We know a fritter recipe with a reputation—one we want you and every other DELINEATOR reader to enjoy. It was originated by our own Home-Making director, and has apples in it and spices and—but she wants to tell you about it herself. Write to her care of the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope

WITH simpler meals in vogue, the fritter has lost some of its prestige as a separate course or entrée in the dinner menu. But it finds a friendly welcome—if of fruit—as a dessert, or if of meat or vegetables—as a main dish in the luncheon or supper menu. It further recommends itself as one of the most attractive, as well as one of the easiest, methods of utilizing small quantities of left-over food. Not only is it possible to combine left-overs that are too small in quantity to be served separately into a perfectly good dish, but the fritter batter acts as an "extender," and in addition serves to make the dish more attractive both in appearance and in flavor.

An objection may be offered because fritters are fried, and therefore difficult to digest; but fried food, if properly cooked and not eaten in too large amounts, is perfectly wholesome and legitimate for any one with a properly functioning digestive tract. Children, and adults who are employed in sedentary occupations or who find difficulty in digesting fat, may be excepted.



The crust of a well-made fritter should be crisp, tender, and light brown. The inside should be thoroughly cooked

There are several ways of making fritter batter. The method used depends on whether the batter is to stand for three hours or is to be used at once, whether a cheap or rich batter is desired, and the type of food to be mixed with the batter. The general proportions, however, are usually the same: one-fourth to one-half as much liquid as flour, one-half a teaspoon of salt, two eggs and two tablespoons of liquid fat, preferably salad-oil, to each cup of flour. If the batter is to be used at once, add a teaspoon of baking-powder for each cup of flour. If the batter is to stand, omit the baking-powder. If fruit is to be added to the batter, add two tablespoons of sugar for each cup of flour used. Approximately one cup of solid material is allowed for each cup of the fritter batter.

Whole milk is the liquid most frequently used in mixing a fritter batter. Other liquids, such as water, stock, clam or oyster liquor, tomato-juice or fruit sirups, may be substituted if desired. Salad-oil is the best fat to use, but if none is at hand substitute melted butter or some other fat, even a little mayonnaise. A fritter batter may be made with no fat at all. It is more tender, however, if the fat is present. If too much fat is used, the fritters are greasy and unpalatable.

The material used to mix with the batter may consist of meat or fish, vegetables or fruit, or combinations of meat and vegetables or of fish and vegetables. They may be seasoned with chopped pimienta or parsley, minced onion or green pepper, a little cheese or peanut butter. In fact, all the leftovers in the refrigerator that are compatible in flavor and texture, when combined with an equal amount of fritter batter, make delicious fritters that can be served either as a main dish for supper or luncheon, or as an entrée for dinner.

In cooking fritters the most important factor is the temperature of the deep fat. The correct temperature is between 350 and 395 degrees Fahrenheit. The time for cooking the average-size fritter is from six to seven minutes. A thermometer is desirable; but if one is not available, a bit of bread can be used for testing the hot fat. When the bread browns in fifty counts, the fat is ready for frying. If the fat is too hot, a hard crust forms on the outside, and while the outside of the fritter becomes harder and darker the inside refuses to cook. On the other hand, if the fat is not hot enough, the fritter refuses to come to the top, absorbs too much grease and remains pale and pasty.

In order to test fritter batter drop a teaspoon of the mixture into the fat. If it holds its shape, it is thick enough to fry. If it spreads, a little more flour should be added.

A good standard fritter batter that may be used when the mixture is to be allowed to stand for two or three hours is the following:

FRITTER BATTER—NUMBER 1

2 egg-yolks
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons salad-oil
1 cup flour
½ cup cold water or milk
2 egg-whites beaten to a stiff froth

Add the salt to the eggs and slowly add the oil, stirring constantly. When thoroughly mixed, add the flour and then the water a little at a time. If the batter is not quite stiff enough, add a little more flour at this point. Let the batter stand two or three hours. Then fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. The batter is now ready to be mixed with the solid material.

ITALIAN FRITTERS

Trim small pieces of left-over ham, chicken or other cold meat into shape. Season well and dip into the fritter batter (the meat should be completely covered with the batter) and fry in deep fat at 375 degrees Fahrenheit until golden brown in color. Serve with tomato sauce.

CLAM FRITTERS

Use one-half cup of clam liquor instead of milk when making the fritter batter. Add one pint of drained, chopped, seasoned clams and drop by tablespoons into hot fat. Cook as directed.

Concluded on page 54



The oldest beauty secret in the world

The oldest beauty secret in the world is not a magic formula for renewing the skin overnight, or miraculously remoulding the figure in the slender proportions of girlhood. Yet it may be termed a secret, for although it has been used by women in every age, it is still unknown to millions of women who have lost—and are losing—the beauty which should rightfully be theirs.

BEAUTY—real beauty—comes from within. The enemies of beauty—sallowness, a "muddy" and flabby skin, premature wrinkles, dull eyes—these are but surface evidence of conditions which lie deep, beyond the reach of surface treatment.

Beauty is chiefly associated with youth because the vital organs of youth the nerves, the digestive system—are usually unimpaired. Children live normally, in most homes. They are required to eat with discrimination—to observe normal hours of rest. They get regular exercise. They are not allowed artificial stimulants. With careful observance of these tried, common-sense rules they emerge into maturity, beautiful.

Then these restrictions are removed. And youth or most young people—hasten to avail themselves of their new freedom. "Freedom," all too frequently, means disregarding the wise rules of health which have been learned in school, and enforced at home. It means loss of sleep. It means indulgence in any food which tempts the eye—in mealtime beverages formerly denied—beverages which contain caffein. And the fleeting stimulation of caffein is followed, more and more, by headache, sleeplessness, nervousness, digestive disturbances.

A few brief years of beautiful womanhood. Then, for so many, fine lines appear—the tentacles of weariness. Sallowness tarnishes the skin. Flabbiness of flesh and spirit—an indisposition to healthful exercise—have replaced the old resilience and buoyancy. With half of their lives yet before them, these women have lost their most compelling charm—a source of their greatest happiness.

And it could so easily be otherwise! For thousands of women, in this age and every other, by following the safe, simple rules of health they learned in childhood, have retained their freshness and charm straight through the cares and problems of middle life, up to the very threshold of old age.

One of these rules—and a most important one—is to avoid the use of caffein. In 2,000,000 American homes people do this without sacrificing the enjoyment and benefit of a hot mealtime drink, by using Postum.

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, sweetened a trifle, and skillfully roasted. It contains no trace of caffein or any other artificial stimulant. It has a delightful flavor, the flavor of roasted wheat—and wheat is the best-liked food in the world! The oldest beauty secret is *natural* living—and that includes living without drug stimulation. Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer!

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply, free, and my own directions for preparing it in the most delicious way.

"You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less per cup.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is made by the Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich., also makers of Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Grape Nuts. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

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POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐

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In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?
Read the reasons why.



Party Food *or* Peasant Fare

—which is better for your gums?

CONSIDERING how little care he devotes to them, the peasant's teeth are in marvelous condition. He eats rough, coarse food which gives his gums plenty of exercise, and his gums are, therefore, firm and healthy.

But this soft, modern food which we eat, these creamy, delicious things which form so great a part of our diet, rob our gums of that blood-rousing stimulation they need to remain in health.

"Pink toothbrush" —look out for it!

As a result of long years of eating soft food, our gums grow soft, flabby, congested. The toothbrush begins to "show pink"—a warning of trouble to come.

The dentists of America are awake to this situation. Specialists in troubles of the gums tell us that, desirable as it is to keep the surface of our teeth clean and white, that alone is not enough. We must make the care of our gums a part of our daily routine.

Why dentists prefer Ipana

Because of its benefits to the gums, Ipana Tooth Paste now enjoys the professional recommendation of thousands of dentists. For Ipana not only cleanses teeth safely and efficiently; it tones and strengthens weak, undernourished gum tissue.

Indeed, many practitioners, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, direct a gum massage with Ipana after the regular brushing. For it is the presence of ziratol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by dentists, that gives Ipana its remarkable power to help the health of the gums.

Perhaps your own toothbrush seldom "shows pink"—if so, you are fortunate. But you can build no better foundation for the future health of your teeth and your gums than to brush them twice daily with this splendid dentifrice.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If you are troubled by gums that are soft or tender to the brush, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you will note the improvement. And you will be delighted with its smooth, rich consistency, its delicious flavor, and its clean, refreshing taste.

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TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.



Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. B-2
42 Rector Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name ----------

Address ----------

City ---------- State ----------

FRITTERS OF ODDS AND ENDS

Concluded from page 53

SALMON FRITTERS

Add one cup of well-drained minced salmon and one tablespoon of minced pimienta to the fritter batter. Drop by tablespoons or teaspoons, according to size of the fritter desired, into deep fat, and cook at 350 to 395 degrees Fahrenheit for five, six or seven minutes.

Any fish, meat or meat-and-vegetable combination may be utilized in this way. This batter may be used also as a coating for whole pieces of meat, fish, vegetables or fruit.

PRUNE FRITTERS

Remove the seeds from large cooked prunes. Drain well. Fill the center with half a walnut-meat or a piece of candied orange-peel. Dip the prunes in fritter batter Number 1, and fry in deep fat as directed. These fritters are excellent to serve with roast pork.

BANANA FRITTERS

Peel the bananas and cut them in four pieces. Cover them with sugar and orange-juice and let them stand half an hour. Drain. Dip in the fritter batter and fry in deep fat as directed.

CAULIFLOWER FRITTERS

Dip small pieces of left-over cooked cauliflower in fritter batter Number 1 and cook in deep fat as directed.

PEACH FRITTERS

Peel and cut up three peaches. There should be at least enough to make a cupful. Sprinkle the peaches with powdered sugar and mix them with the fritter batter. Drop from a tablespoon into deep fat as directed.

A cheaper fritter batter which uses baking-powder and only one egg may be substituted for Number 1.

FRITTER BATTER—NUMBER 2

1 egg
½ cup milk or other liquid
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking-powder

Beat the egg, add the milk and mix well. Sift the dry ingredients together and mix with the liquid. This batter does not need to stand, but may be used at once.

VARIATIONS

CHEESE FRITTERS

Add one-half to two cups of grated American or Parmesan cheese to the batter and drop by spoonfuls into the hot fat. These are delicious with salads.

PINEAPPLE FRITTERS

Add one and one-half cup of well-chopped pineapple to the fritter batter. The pineapple must be well drained or it will dilute the batter and make it difficult to fry.

FRITTERS OF MASHED VEGETABLES

There are other ways of making fritters, especially if mashed vegetables such as parsnips and turnips are used. In this case it is only necessary to add an egg and one tablespoon of flour to each pint of the mashed vegetable. Season well and drop by spoonfuls into the hot fat and cook until a delicate brown.

ASK US

Ask us anything you want to know about housekeeping and we will answer it personally. From our recent correspondence we publish the following questions and answers as being of general interest to all home-makers

QUESTION: Can the strong flavor of mutton fat be removed so that the fat may be used in cooking?

Answer: Drippings from roast mutton or the fat trimmed from mutton may be made palatable by combining two parts of mutton fat with one part of any soft cooking-fat. Melt these in a double boiler with one-fourth as much skim milk as fat. If a savory fat is desired, add a pinch of sweet herbs tied in a small piece of cheese-cloth. Heat until the fat is melted and then strain through double cheese-cloth placed over a strainer.

The softer fat offsets the hardness of the mutton fat, and the use of milk improves the flavor and texture of the fat. Such a savory fat may be used for frying potatoes, hash or other foods of this type, or it may be used as shortening in corn-meal or Graham mixtures containing molasses.

Before mutton is used, the thin skinlike membrane over the fat should be removed. This will take away much of the objectionable flavor of the fat.

Question: There is a plentiful supply of endive in our markets here, but I do not know how to use it. Is it eaten raw or cooked?

Answer: Endive is one of the finest of salad vegetables. It should be washed and chilled, and is usually served with a French dressing. Grated or crumbled cheese, a little Worcestershire sauce or a relish may be added to the dressing for variety. Although most often eaten raw because of its delicacy, it may be steamed or cooked as celery and served with melted butter or with a cream sauce.

Question: I am an inexperienced cook. My mother seemed always to know when her cakes and bread were done. Is there any way I can gain this knowledge?

Answer: If you can provide yourself with an oven-thermometer or an oven temperature-control, THE DELINEATOR'S temperature chart will show you how long cakes and breads of different types should be baked and at what temperatures.

Other tests for telling when cakes and bread are done are:

1. The color should be a rich golden brown.
2. The dough should shrink away from the sides of the pan.
3. A clean toothpick inserted into the dough should come out free from any particles of the mixture or any stickiness.
4. A cake that is done, when pressed gently on the top, should spring back without leaving any impression.
5. A loaf of well-baked bread gives a hollow sound when tapped on the upper crust.

Question: We have recently begun using whole-wheat bread and have become very fond of it, but I do not know what to do with the crums. I have even more accumulating than when I used white bread and I can't seem to use them in the same way. Can you suggest uses for them?

Answer: If you toast the whole-wheat crums in the oven until they are crisp and lightly browned, you will find that they have a delicious nutty flavor. Used in mousses and ice-creams and in some confections, they simulate the effect of nuts. A macaroon may be made by substituting the browned crums for coconut. Heated with one tablespoon of butter to each cup of crums, they are excellent if sprinkled over creamed meat or fish, scalloped tomatoes or vegetables or any dish containing cheese sauces. In date, fig or other fruit or suet puddings, the whole-wheat crums are even better than white-bread crums.

Question: A friend of mine often talks about a spatula. Will you please say what this device is and for what it is used?

Answer: A spatula is a long, flexible, double-edged knife, dull and round pointed. It is very useful because of its length, thinness and flexibility. With it cakes and cookies may be lifted from tins, mixtures cleaned from bowls, icings spread and foods lifted and turned while cooking.

First honors for this Eagle Brand boy



LEROY GORDON ROSS, JR., Son of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Ross
1375 Josephine Street, Denver, Colo.

THIS smiling little chap—an Eagle Brand boy—is the proud winner of the silver cup in the 1923 Denver Health Show.

The Bureau of Health wrote to his mother, "It will be gratifying to you to learn that Leroy Gordon Ross, Jr., received the highest rating of any of the several hundred children recently examined in the Better Babies Contest held in connection with the Denver Health Show. He received the excellent score of 99.2%."

Leroy was raised on Borden's Eagle Brand, which Mrs. Ross feels deserves a generous share of the credit for his present fine health. "We advise the use of Eagle Brand every time," she writes, "when mothers are unable to nurse their babies."

If *you* cannot nurse your baby, or if he isn't thriving on his present food, start him today on Eagle Brand.

For Eagle Brand is pure whole milk—a child's natural food—combined with refined sugar in a way that makes it exceptionally digestible. Even the most delicate baby stomach can assimilate it easily. Eagle Brand contains the necessary food properties for healthy growth, and all three vitamins, too. And—most important of all—it is absolutely safe and clean. Every can is the same, no matter where you buy it.

Some interesting testimonials from other mothers like Mrs. Ross are published in a new booklet called *What Other Mothers Say.*

You'll want to get acquainted with these other mothers—to hear of their experiences. Feeding charts for infants up to 1 year, and for children from 1 to 2 years, are included in the book.

General information on the care of your baby is supplied in another book, *Baby's Welfare,* written for you by a physician. Send in the coupon below and you can get both books free. The Borden Company, 503 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York N. Y.



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Please send me my free copies of *What Other Mothers Say* and *Baby's Welfare.*

Name.....

Address.....

Why I do not flavor my Gelatine! —Mrs. Knox

MANY, many women have written me asking why I do not add flavoring and sweetening to Knox Sparkling Gelatine. The simple answer is that if I did, some of the most valuable things about Knox Gelatine would be destroyed.

It has always been my aim to make a gelatine so pure, so clean, so wholesome that it would be not only a standard product but a real necessity in every kitchen where the best of foods are used. Knox Sparkling Gelatine is as pure as modern science knows how to make it—no hands touch it,—even the air that blows over it is first *washed* free of impurities.

I have never been willing to add artificial or so-called fruit flavors to this pure natural gelatine—I have always believed that women wanted the *best* for their families and when they made delicious gelatine desserts and salads that they would agree with me these should be made of real fruit and good vegetables, so their families would get the full food value.

And then came the scientific discoveries that made me very happy indeed that I had never flavored my gelatine.

It was proved that pure, unflavored gelatine added to milk will increase the nourishment obtainable from that milk by about 23%. Just think what that means to babies and undernourished children, and how proud I was that those gelatine discoveries were made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. If Knox Gelatine were ready-flavored it would not be suitable for infant feeding because the acid flavoring might *curdle* the milk instead of making it more digestible.

Moreover, the scientists found that pure unflavored gelatine makes all the foods it is combined with easier to digest. That means that every man, woman, and child needs pure gelatine in the daily diet, and because Knox Sparkling Gelatine is unflavored it can be used in an endless variety of ways so that no one ever grows tired of it.

My assistants and myself are continually creating new recipes which women will enjoy making, and now that doctors are using Knox Gelatine in babies' formulas and recommending it for special diets, it won't be long before women everywhere will understand how much it means to them for me to keep Knox Sparkling Gelatine *pure* and *unflavored*.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

How to add gelatine to cow's milk:
Soak for ten minutes one level tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ½ cup of cold milk taken from a quart of milk; cover while soaking; then place the cup in boiling water, stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk from which it was taken. For smaller quantities of milk reduce gelatine in proportion. In infant feeding, add the dissolved gelatine to the regular formula prescribed by the physician.



Plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine for general use

Write for these Valuable Books—Free recipe books, with a book on the "Health Value of Gelatine" will be sent upon request, if you will send 4c for postage and mention your grocer's name.



Same Sparkling Gelatine with Lemon Flavoring in separate envelope, but not mixed with the gelatine

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO., 166 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.



A chowder must be savory. To develop this quality, slice the vegetables finely and sauté in fat until a delicate brown before cooking

SAVORY CHOWDERS FOR NIPPING DAYS

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

"Um! what smells so good?" your family ask as they sit down to a supper of steaming hot chowder and "crispy" hardtack. And one by one up come the bowls for "More, please!" Chowders are just the thing these chilly days and we know a number of attractive variations which we'll gladly send you without charge. Write to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped reply envelope*

ONE of our present-day epicures when asked to name the most popular dish of modern times replied without a moment's hesitation, "Fish chowder."

While this statement may be greeted with a smile of incredulity from the uninitiated, it will receive the hearty applause of every man, woman or child who has had the good fortune to experience the gastronomic thrill of the tasty dish with its clams freshly dug from the sand or fish just dragged from the sea, or been greeted by the appetizing odors of a mulligan or venison chowder cooking on a camp fire after a long day in the open.

It has been said that not every one can make a chowder. But at least every one can learn to make one, and with little difficulty, for it is an easy dish to prepare. There is really no rigid recipe for a chowder. Each person usually has his favorite, which he will insist is superior to all others. He also has his idiosyncracies as to whether the vegetables shall be chopped very small, cut into dice, or prepared in large slices; as to whether the chowder shall be thin or thick; and whether it shall be served with or without ship's biscuit, hardtack or Boston crackers.

In the following recipes the vegetables are sliced and the meat or fish cut in fairly large pieces, but the ingredients may be diced or chopped, if that is the method preferred.

FRESH-FISH CHOWDER

3 pounds fish
¼ pound salt pork or bacon
2 onions
1 quart diced potatoes
Salt
Pepper
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
¼ cup butter
¼ cup flour (may be omitted)
3 cups milk (scalded)
Half a bay-leaf

Fish fresh from the sea and clams newly dug make the best chowders. In preparing a fish chowder, first remove the fish from the bones and cut it in small chunks. Then cover the bones and skin with cold water, let them come to a boil and simmer for one-half hour.

Dice the pork and try it out. Add the onions cut in slices and cook them for a few minutes. Add the potatoes, salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Strain the water in which the fish has simmered and pour the liquid over the mixture. Cook for ten minutes, then add the fish and cook it until it is tender. Add the milk, thickened with the butter and flour if desired, and serve with or without Boston crackers.

Any kind of meat may be substituted for fish in making chowder.

CHICKEN À LA CHAUDIÈRE

1 fowl
2 slices bacon
2 onions sliced
1 pint tomatoes
2 quarts water
4 ears corn
½ cup butter
3 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
Half a bay-leaf

Clean the fowl and cut it up as for a fricassee. Put it in a pot, add the bacon, onion, tomatoes (either a can of tomatoe soup or six small tomatoes peeled and sliced) and the hot water. Add the salt, pepper and bay-leaf. Simmer until the fowl is tender. Take it from the pot and remove the bones and gristle. Cut the fowl in small pieces and return it to the pot. Cut the kernels of the corn from the cob, scrape it, add the corn and the scrapings and cook twenty minutes longer. Remove the slices of bacon, cream the butter with two tablespoons of flour, moisten it with a little of the gravy and add it to the chowder, mixing it well with the rest of the gravy. Let it boil up once and serve.

This recipe may be varied by substituting one-half a cup of bread-crums for the flour if desired.

All chowders provide an excellent means of adding vegetables to the diet.

VEGETABLE CHOWDER

⅓ pound bacon
3 onions
1 turnip
3 carrots
3 green peppers
3 tablespoons parsley
2 tablespoons salt
Pepper
Bay-leaf
4 potatoes
1 tablespoon flour
2 tablespoons butter
1 pint hot milk or cream

Try out the bacon. Remove it from the fat and save it to serve with the chowder later. Dice the onions and add to the fat. Cook for about five minutes, with occasional stirring to prevent them from burning. First add the turnips cut into dice, then the carrots prepared in the same way. Then add the finely minced parsley, and green peppers, the salt, pepper and bay-leaf, and, last of all, the potatoes cut into dice. Cover the mixture and let it simmer until the turnips and carrots are done; this will take about one hour. Cream the butter and flour, moisten them with the hot milk and add to the vegetable mixture. Cook for a moment, then add the hot milk. Serve with toasted pilot bread or Boston crackers and the crisp hot bacon.

This chowder may be varied by adding a pint of fresh string-beans, Lima beans or corn. If canned vegetables are used in this variation dish, add them just before serving. It may also be prepared with tomatoes, omitting the milk.

Slices of salt pork may be substituted for the bacon.

—and then



we label it HEINZ

one of the

57

Throughout fifty-five years of achievement in the making of wholesome, nourishing foods, the name Heinz has come to be more than a designation.

It has come to mean a standard of quality, and as such is our greatest asset, to be safeguarded at all times, at all costs.

Every individual package is the gauge of the other millions of packages of Heinz 57 Varieties of Pure Food Products made for world consumption. There must never be the least deviation in quality. To slight one would be to belittle all.

Therefore the label goes on last. It is our own stamp of approval and your assurance that your money could buy nothing better.

Of all the things we make there is no Variety that is better known than HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP. It is different—it is better—it is the best that can be made.

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When you come to Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY



One spoonful of VINEGAR
or LEMON JUICE

SALT *and* PEPPER *to taste*

Three spoonfuls of
WESSON OIL

MIX WELL—THAT'S *all there is to* FRENCH DRESSING—*unless you choose to add a little chopped onion or crumbled cheese or the yolk of a hard boiled egg or chives or mustard or Worcestershire Sauce or some other seasoning. On lettuce, fruit or cold vegetables, it is the simplest and at the same time the most sophisticated of all salad dressings.*

[*Did you ever cook or fry with a fat as good as Wesson Oil? It's worth trying.*]

A SUN-PORCH FOR WINTER

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders
Head of the Department of House Decoration

If you would like to have a cozy sun-room and don't know quite how to go about making it, write Mrs. Sanders for advice. She will tell you how to enclose it and how to decorate it. Her personal attention, without charge, is always yours for the asking. Address her at THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped reply envelope

IN THE Winter-time, when vitality is low, every one needs the healthful radiance of sunshine. People who possess a sun-room where they can bask in warmth and cheery comfort on cold, nipping days are fortunate indeed. Many a less lucky home-maker has cleverly made up the lack of this welcome convenience by snugly enclosing her Summer porch or furnishing a particularly sunny room with bright decorations.

Modern American home-building proves that sun-porches have come to be regarded as indispensable, but to simplify types this innovation must be divided into two classes: first, the ordinary outdoor porch which is glassed in during the Winter and provided with heating arrangements; and second, the sun-room, which in reality is an ordinary room supplied with ample window-space to admit both sunshine and air. Whichever type one may possess, it is most certainly a comfort and source of pleasure to its owner; and the home-maker's natural desire is that it always appear at its best.



This delightful rustic porch is bounded by a stone railing surmounted by outward-swinging window-sash



Glazed chintz window-shades over sliding sash give an indoor aspect to this erstwhile sleeping-porch

Persons who live in houses with open porches have a little more difficult and expensive undertaking to make a snug sun-room than have those people who merely develop an already built-in sun-room. First, all outside porches must be made weather-proof and also be heated before they can be considered livable. This means that they must be equipped with a portable sash and with an adjustable radiator or other heating arrangement before decorative furnishings can be considered.

Types of adjustable sash vary, depending upon the architecture and the size of the porch to be enclosed. In the case of temporary enclosures, it is important to have the sash of a size that can be easily handled, since a large and cumbersome sash is not only inconvenient to assemble or remove, but also is likely to sag and warp. Small panes of glass in any size sash are preferable to large ones, not only for economy in replacement but for scale in design. According to the size of the sash, so will the height of these small panes vary, ranging from eight to fourteen inches. A small sash will need the smaller size and a larger sash in proportion.

All suitable sashes fulfil the function of admitting sunshine and air; but there are several types of sash arrangements possible, one of which is certain to appeal to every home-owner.

Both the ordinary double-hung sash and the outward-swinging and casement sash are deservedly popular. Then there is the inward-swinging sash, which is often chosen because it facilitates both screening and curtaining.

The square drop-sash, which never rattles and has no hinges, and which, when in place on the sill, is held by two spring catches, never disturbs any outside screening. It slides up and down in two grooves between the outside porch-rail and an inside solid rail of matched boards. This type of sash is best adjusted over and against a solid porch-rail of matched siding or stucco, and not over an open balustrade. When an open balustrade exists, it is most desirable to remove it and adjust a full-length sash to the floor; otherwise it will be necessary to back the balustrade with sections of solid boarding and the top rail with sills—an arrangement which does not add beauty to the house. If, however, the porch is large enough to permit a full-length sash to be installed behind and entirely separate from the balustrade, this may be done—though it is seldom artistic.

The triple-hung sash, which works on the

Concluded on page 60



You'll admire this beautiful piano

the minute you see it. Everyone does! The greatest improvement of our time in pianos, this wonderful new instrument has many distinctive musical features. ***There is nothing else like it.***

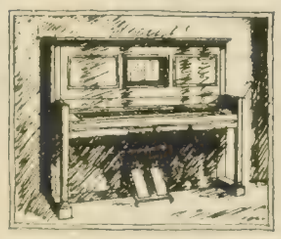
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(reproducing) *(phrasing)*

For years Story & Clark have been at work on this remarkable invention—an invention that makes it possible for you, even if you do not know a single note of music, to sit down at the piano and play artistically to your heart's content. Think of it! Perhaps the dream of a lifetime come true. And the price and terms are well within your purse, for the Repro-Phraso costs no more than the ordinary old-model player piano of high quality. Story & Clark are *exclusive manufacturers* of the beautiful Repro-Phraso.

The Repro-Phraso requires no special music rolls—you can play any 88-note music roll on this instrument.

But remember—you do the playing, you create the melody—and without tedious lessons and long hours of finger exercises. The Repro-Phraso remains inanimate until you sit before it and use the responsive mechanism, and enjoy the thrill of playing according to your whim and moods. And you play as well as if you had been playing the piano for years. Does it seem incredible? Go to your nearest Story & Clark dealer and see and hear for yourself.



Try the Repro-Phraso—learn for the first time perhaps the joy of creating your own music. You'll find the Repro-Phraso *the piano you have always longed to own.*

You can purchase one on terms within your income and your present piano will be taken in part payment.

Price $650 and upward. Freight added.

Instruments of finest quality since 1857

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If you are a prospective purchaser of a piano or a player piano, we will gladly send you a beautiful brochure—*FREE. Story & Clark Piano Company, Dept. D D F, 315-317 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.* Please send me the brochure showing the various styles of your instruments, and the name of your nearest dealer, because I am interested in buying a grand ☐ an upright ☐ a player piano ☐ the Repro-Phraso ☐. (Please print name and address.)

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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1 3-Color Box — **2** Beautiful StippleTone Finish — **3** Name "Kirsch" on Rod



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Kirsch Curtain Rods offer you the utmost in value and aid in artistic window draping. Easy to put up, easy to take down; a fit for every window; a fixture for every effect. The rods tilt on and off the patented Snug-fit brackets, and never come down accidentally.

"There is no substitute for Kirsch Quality and Service"

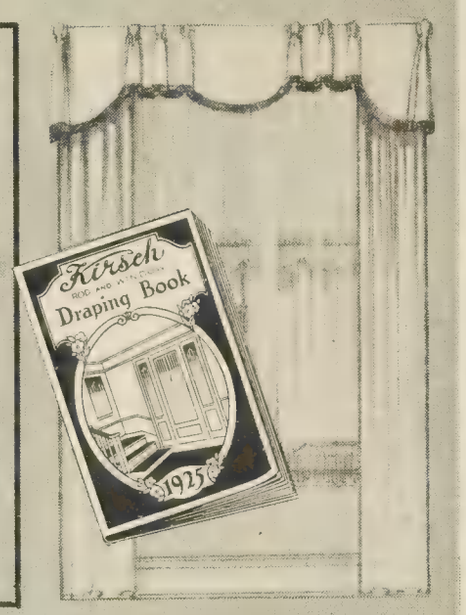
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FREE
Wonderful Book of Window Draping Helps

A 32-page book packed with practical aid for window draping. Ideas for every room and every kind of window—single, double, triple, bay, casement, odd shaped windows and doors, French doors, etc. 24 color schemes for living rooms, dining rooms, bedrooms, sun rooms, etc. Instructions for measuring windows, making valances and headings. How to sew on Kirsch hooks and rings; how to put up draw curtains on Kirsch rods. It's our 9th annual book—a book of real service.

If the book doesn't give all needed help, write the Kirsch Interior Decoration Service Bureau.



A SUN-PORCH FOR WINTER

Concluded from page 59

same principle as the double-hung sash but permits a greater variety of openings, can be successfully installed about a porch which has no railing or balustrade. A wood framing which can be made in sections is necessary to hold the windows.

To assist in making a temporary sash air-tight and water-proof, moldings at the top and bottom, both inside and out, are effective. Weather-stripping will serve the same purpose if tacked around the sash.

If the floor is of wood and is not in a satisfactory air-tight condition, linoleum in large black-and-white or gray-and-black squares or in plain colors may be laid over it with very happy results. Floors of cement, tile or brick need only rugs. Floor-coverings of grass or linen fiber in natural, string or heather colors make excellent backgrounds for brilliantly painted reed, willow or wicker furniture.

The walls of an enclosed porch must necessarily be left the same color as the exterior of the house, for when the window-sash is removed they again become part of the out-of-doors. Whether the walls are of rough stucco or of clapboard, a delicate lattice in square, fan-shaped or arched designs will increase the garden atmosphere. Painted an apple green or soft blue, and with English ivy or some other vine trained against it, this lattice will relieve the harsh, unbroken wall-space of the house itself.

The shape of the room controls the placing of the trellis or latticework. Sometimes when there are pillars or broad posts, lattice may be arranged against them with a flower-box placed beneath. Ferns, geraniums and ivy make a good combination to plant in such a box. If a quantity of lattice is desired, it may be painted in a two-tone color scheme to correspond with two-color woven reed furniture.

To "antique" the lattice or to make it correspond with yellow and green painted wicker furniture, one would need first to apply two coats of yellow paint. Let these dry, then add a third coat of green paint and wipe this off while still wet with a soft cloth. This leaves a decided greenishness in all the joints and a faint etched effect over the whole. Any bright new paint on the walls, woodwork or furniture may be rubbed down in this manner to give it an antique finish.

Reed, wicker and willow furniture, with possibly a few painted pieces, are the types most practical and attractive for furnishing sun-rooms. Strong sunlight and dampness have no bad effects upon them.

Besides the sets of wicker, there are individual pieces, such as the hour-glass or Canton type of wicker chair, the painted wood table, the chaise longue and the lamp-stand which are pleasing and at the same time a little more individual. For flowers, fern-boxes and large oil-jars of stone, terra-cotta or composition material are as interesting as wicker stands or as tin or wooden containers.

Curtaining the sun-room is always a problem. The window arrangements and rain, wind and sun are usually not helpful to the decorator. Materials should be either of the sunfast variety, of heavy unbleached muslin,



Here accordion blinds temper the sun's glare and ivy climbs comfortably over the decorative lattice



From a decidedly open porch was evolved this inviting sun-room, which serves also as a living-room

of casement or crinkled Austrian cloth, or of sateen, with enough body to make them opaque so they will act also as shades when pulled across on a draw-cord arrangement. Cretonne, glazed chintz and cambric or Holland roller-shades may also be used. These shut out the world entirely; and when they are used draperies may be stationary.

The full-length or three-quarter sash is most successfully curtained with two pairs of curtains to a section, an upper and a lower pair, each provided with a draw-cord equipment so that the upper pair when pulled across may serve to temper the glare, while the lower pair may be pulled aside when one wishes to enjoy the view beyond.

In cases of extremely sunny exposure, accordion folding blinds are worthy of consideration. These eliminate the use of awnings in Summer and permit the use of bright-colored cretonne or mohair draperies in Winter.

And here is a splendid place for the aquarium, which, with its water plants and bright fish, is a constant source of pleasure to old and young.

Hospitable accessories, such as well-filled sofa-cushions, books and magazines, a joyful songster in a wicker or colorful wire cage, a tea-wagon or a muffin-stand to serve a tempting beverage to the unexpected caller, these bits of comfort and pleasure should also find their way among other sun-porch furnishings in order to make an altogether livable room.

Why have an extra bedroom?

The newest homes are arranged a more convenient way



ONE OF THE INTERIORS SHOWN IN THE "KROEHLER BOOK OF LIVING ROOM ARRANGEMENTS"

An interesting color scheme has been developed for this living room. The walls are finished in ivory, with the woodwork and mantel finished several shades darker and the floor covered with a heavy gray-green carpet to offset the height of the ceiling.

The chairs, a part of the Kroehler Suite, are upholstered in plain gray-green damask. The same tone may be chosen for the curtains of figured damask.

The Kroehler Davenport Bed is covered with a tête-de-negre fabric, with cushions of orange and henna for contrast. The same notes of henna and orange used in small spots—lamp shades and tassels, for example—afford relief from the general note of green.

This interior is taken from the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," a new booklet, prepared under the direction of an experienced interior decorator. A copy will be sent you on request.

YOU can't help noticing it—the change that has come about in people's ideas of home building. A few years ago all your friends seemed to think that the chief mark of affluence was the size of one's house. Now, apparently, the smaller one is, the smaller one's home.

Today, for example, at Virginia's luncheon. So many of the women were talking about their new homes. But, strange to say, there was no mention of ten- and twelve-room houses. Every house, it seemed, was planned on the most compact scale imaginable.

Reason enough for it, of course. With the cost of building so great, and the servant problem so increasingly hopeless, it is no wonder that even the smartest homes are being built to provide the utmost possible comfort with the least possible care.

VERY cleverly they manage—these wise young home owners—to eliminate all the extra space that eats so voraciously into building costs and furnishing budgets, and that adds a daily burden in the way of caretaking. Where do they make their biggest saving? In the bedroom space.

It's wonderfully interesting the way they arrange for one less bedroom than you would expect. They don't really do without that bedroom. They merely smuggle it into the house, in the guise of a Kroehler Davenport Bed.

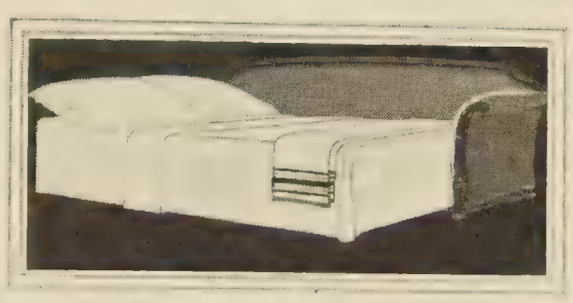
Everyone, it seems, has a Kroehler these days. Of course, you don't realize it, for the lovely Kroehler Davenport Beds that you see everywhere look just like any other fine davenport. They have the same low, easy lines, the same luxuriously soft cushions, the same wide, loungy seat. And they are upholstered just as are all the finest davenports, in the rich fabrics, the lovely soft colorings, that mark the most correct living-room pieces.

YOU see one in Doris' tiny apartment, in Mary's remodeled house, in Louise's redecorated living room. There are handsome, deep-cushioned chairs to match. You think Doris and Mary and Louise lucky girls to have such charming, new pieces. And you never dream that hidden under the soft-cushioned seat of the davenport is the wide, roomy, wonderfully comfortable bed that solves their extra bedroom problem.

How sensible it is—this universal vogue of the Kroehler! Think how much it is saving every month for thousands of people in crowded homes or small apartments—how much extra work every week in the care of an additional room. Think how neatly it would solve your own extra bedroom difficulty.

Perhaps you need this additional sleeping space only for emergency use. Perhaps you need it every night. But whenever you require it, this convenient bed is ready for your use.

It can be made in the morning and folded away beneath the davenport seat. When bedtime comes, a single, easy motion, reveals this comfortable sleeping space with covers all in place.



The Invisible Bedroom

A REAL full-size bed it is. The mattress is thick and soft. The springs are strong but yielding.

For style, you can choose an interesting period design or a soft-cushioned, overstuffed pattern. For upholstery, there are all the good-looking, long-wearing fabrics that fashion approves—silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo, or Baker Cut Pattern Velour, leather or Chase Leatherwove.

Upon the sound construction and hidden quality built into your davenport depend its long life and satisfying service. In the Kroehler Davenport Bed you will find a frame of kiln-dried hardwood; seat springs of heavy, high-carbon wire, flexibly interlocked; spring edges doubly stuffed and stitched. The back is of the soft pillow-spring type; the filling is of germ-cured flax fiber, best moss and cotton; the upholstery is moth-proofed. The seat cushions are filled with closely assembled, fine wire coil springs, made from specially drawn, high-carbon wire, and padded with clean, white, felted cotton. The folding bed frame is all-steel, fitted with sagless cable fabric and helical springs.

DEALERS everywhere sell Kroehler Davenport Beds and Suites for cash or on easy payments. The prices are very moderate. Only the fact that they are made by the largest manufacturer of upholstered furniture in the country, with purchasing power that permits them to secure raw materials at the lowest possible figure, and manufacturing facilities that allow them to keep production costs at the lowest possible point, enables you to have this beautiful furniture at a price so low.

Be sure the Kroehler name plate is on the back of the davenport bed suite you buy. If you do not know where to find Kroehler Davenport Beds and matching chairs, write us. We will send you the name of the nearest dealer and the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," a really fascinating book of interiors, showing the clever, new ideas in living-room arrangement. You will find in it endless useable suggestions for the arrangement, furnishing and color scheme of your own living room.

Address Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago, or Stratford, Ontario. Factories at Kankakee, Ill., Bradley, Ill., Naperville, Ill., Binghamton, N. Y., Dallas, Texas, Los Angeles, Calif., San Francisco, Calif. Canadian Factory, Stratford, Ont.

KROEHLER
Davenport Bed

You Can't Hold the Burtons Back These Days



"And my touchdown won the game!"

IT all started with Ralph. You know for some reason he would never go to a doctor. But I could always remember how healthy and ambitious he had been when we were first married. It worried me more and more, as years went by, to see the gradual change in his health and spirits. He was not getting ahead in business. He was often cross around the house, too. And it might have been the wŏrry, but I found myself meeting his bad humor at least half way. The whole Burton family, children and all, seemed to be in a slump.

Finally Ralph came home one day with a worse headache than usual. It was so bad that I quietly got the doctor in. It was the luckiest thing I ever did. I want to tell you that the three dollars I paid the doctor that day bought this house and our automobile. More than that, it bought happiness on top of success, for every one of us.

Dr. Harvey asked a good many questions. Finally he said, "Mr. Burton, you've got, and have had for some time, a more or less constant auto-intoxication. In plain English, self-poisoning. This condition is one of the commonest and yet most serious we have to treat. It comes, of course, from chronic sluggishness of the intestines. The blood picks up poisons from the food waste and carries them to every cell in the body.

"Any part of the body may be affected, from the heart itself to the outside skin. Naturally the strongest attack of these poisons is on the weakest part in your system. It may be the kidneys, the heart, the stomach, or even the brain that will show the effects first. But sooner or later, if the condition is not corrected, you get some vital disease.

"Over seventy-five per cent of human illness originates in the intestinal tract. The way to correct it is to remove the cause, which is merely chronic delay in the passage of the food waste out of the body. You must get clean and *stay* clean, inside." He warned us against castor oil, pills, salts and mineral waters—said they did more harm than good in the long run—and so on. I took in every word.

"*Lubrication* is the best way to get internal cleanliness," he said. "Take Nujol. Nujol isn't a medicine; it's simply a lubricant. It lubricates and softens the food waste and insures regular and thorough elimination."

So Ralph started to take Nujol. I could see such an improvement that pretty soon I decided to take it myself and give it regularly to the children. I could see that both Junior and Alice, and I even more so, were in danger of this same auto-intoxication. But that was six years ago, and we've hardly had a sick day since.

Nujol made a big difference in the Burton family. Ralph has m .e good in business, and is in line for even bigger things. Junior picked up in his studies and Alice has had two mid-year promotions since she started in. As for myself, my looks have improved and I certainly am far healthier and happier than I used to be. Housework isn't drudgery to me now and I have lots more time and strength for social affairs.

As Mother said the other day, "You simply can't hold the Burtons back these days."

Mothers

Have your children take Nujol. Nujol is not a laxative—it is merely a lubricant. Like pure water, Nujol is harmless. Hospitals use it. Physicians all over the world recommend it for infants and children and people of all ages.

Nujol should be taken as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. For sale by all druggists. Made by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health



"Regular as Clockwork"

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Internal Cleanliness

4-DAY TRIAL FREE!

Nujol, Room 802-S, 7 Hanover Sq., N. Y.

For this coupon and 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage, send trial bottle and 16 page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name.....

Address.....



If you would have fine macaroni, cook it well—but don't overcook it—drain and rinse it thoroughly by running cold water through it

WHEN AMERICA EATS MACARONI

By Freda Winn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

Macaroni with a sauce of just the right flavoring makes a most delicious dish—and one that is easy to prepare. THE DELINEATOR has discovered some particularly appetizing sauce piquant with onion and tomato, curry or mushrooms. We will gladly mail you these recipes if you will send a stamped envelope to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

MACARONI and the other members of that old Italian family—spaghetti and vermicelli, are foods that have not been duly appreciated in this country. They are generally considered, both by the average housewife and the general public, as dishes peculiarly suited and adapted to Italy.

Macaroni, however, has many things to recommend it. It is easy to prepare. It is rich in both protein and starch. It is mild in flavor, and thus may be used successfully with highly flavored foods. It combines well with a great variety of sauces, meats and fish, and may be concocted into many appetizing and attractive dishes.

The success of macaroni dishes depends largely upon the selection of a good brand of macaroni, the right method of cooking, and proper seasoning.

If macaroni, when properly cooked, becomes sticky, split and broken, it has been manufactured from poor flour or has not been cured properly. It is really a simple matter to cook macaroni, but it is often done carelessly.

Macaroni should be broken into convenient lengths, usually in pieces about one inch long, and dropped into a saucepan containing at least two quarts of rapidly boiling salted water. (One teaspoon of salt for each quart of water.) The rapid boiling of the water prevents the macaroni from sticking together or to the bottom of the pan. It should not be stirred during the cooking process, since this has a tendency to make it sticky. The macaroni should be cooked until tender, but not too soft, about twenty minutes, or longer if necessary. This is where the Italian cook excels. He never allows the macaroni to be overcooked. When the macaroni is done, it is drained and then rinsed in cold water. It is now ready to be reheated and combined with cheese, sauce, meat or fish.

Probably the simplest method of serving macaroni as well as one of the most popular is with cheese. In making this dish, it is well to remember to use plenty of both butter or some other savory fat and grated cheese.

MACARONI WITH CHEESE

Cook one cup of macaroni as directed above (one cup of macaroni broken in pieces gives about two and one-half cups of cooked macaroni). Reheat the macaroni over hot water, add from two to four tablespoons of butter or some other savory fat and one-half to one cup of grated, crumbled or shaved cheese. Stir together with a spoon and fork until the cheese and butter are melted and well mixed with the macaroni.

BAKED MACARONI WITH CHEESE

1 cup macaroni
1 cup grated or shaved cheese or 1 cup cottage-cheese
1 pimienta or green pepper chopped fine
2 hard-cooked eggs (may be omitted)
2 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper to taste
1½ to 2 cups milk

Cook the macaroni as described above. Place the macaroni, cheese and pimienta or green pepper, and slices of hard-cooked eggs in alternate layers in a buttered baking-dish, finishing with a layer of cheese. Add the salt and pepper. Cut the butter in small pieces and sprinkle over the top, then add the milk. Cook in a moderate oven or at 350 degrees Fahrenheit for about twenty minutes.

MACARONI EN GOULASH

3 slices bacon, diced
½ pound beef, diced
2 onions, sliced
1 pint water
1 cup macaroni
1 pint-can tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon brown sugar
¼ teaspoon chilli powder

Try out the bacon. Add the meat and let it brown well. Add all the other ingredients except the macaroni. Cover and simmer several hours, or until the meat is tender. Cook the macaroni separately as directed, then pour the meat sauce over the hot macaroni and serve at once. If desired, one-half cup of dried mushrooms which have been soaked for an hour in water to cover may be cooked with this recipe or one-half cup of canned or fresh mushrooms added at the last.

MACARONI WITH OYSTERS

¼ pound macaroni cooked
Flour
1 pint oysters canned
Salt and pepper
¼ cup butter or other savory fat
½ cup buttered crumbs

Cook the macaroni. Sprinkle oysters with salt and dredge with flour. In a buttered baking-dish place a layer of the hot macaroni. Add a layer of oysters. Continue with alternate layers of oysters and macaroni until all are used. Cut the butter or other fat in small pieces and sprinkle over the top. Add the buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven at 350 degrees Fahrenheit for twenty minutes longer. If not brown enough, raise the temperature to 450 degrees Fahrenheit for five or ten minutes.



You may always be certain of
QUALITY CANNED FRUITS
~ if you are careful how you buy

But the decision rests with you! There are too many varying qualities—too many hundreds of brands—to buy canned fruits by any "hit-or-miss" method.

The *sure* way is to find the brand that offers the quality you want—then see that you get that brand. That's why it is so important—so really worth your while—to keep in mind what DEL MONTE stands for—and to make certain that you get canned fruits under this dependable label.

You always know *in advance* exactly what DEL MONTE quality is—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction, no matter where or when you buy.

This is the season when fruit becomes doubly essential in every diet. Serve it often—both for its goodness and the good health it offers. Keep your pantry well-stocked. Order by the dozen cans—and remember to say DEL MONTE. It's worth your while to be quality-sure.



Have You Tried Sliced Peaches Lately?

Everyone knows the delicious flavor of DEL MONTE Peach Halves. But do you know that you can also buy DEL MONTE Peaches, *sliced,* ready to serve without preparation, just as they come from the can?

They are specially prepared this way and packed in a rich syrup that brings out all their natural delicate flavor. You will find them unusually tempting when served with cream for breakfast; and a prime favorite, too, as a simple dessert for lunch or dinner.

But sliced peaches are much more than just a dessert by themselves. They add a new variety, a different appeal to endless other dishes. For instance, try them between layers of left-over sponge cake, in bread pudding, as a fruit topping for custards, as a filling for your jelly roll, in a juicy sliced peach pie, or with oranges on lettuce as a fresh winter salad.

DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches illustrate just a measure of the menu variety always at your command with all DEL MONTE Fruits. For pleasing variation, try DEL MONTE Royal Anne Cherries, De Luxe Plums, Peaches Halved, Bartlett Pears or Pineapple.

Every Woman Will Want This New Book

We don't believe there is a good cook in the country that would be without a copy of "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" if she knew what it really represented. It is a picked collection of the fruit dishes personally preferred by the leading cooking experts of the country—and covers in simple, but authoritative fashion, the service of canned fruits for every occasion. Wouldn't you like a copy? It's free! Write us today—addressing Department 28D, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.



Just be sure you say
DEL MONTE

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*



Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

Her Friends Were Delighted When They Saw This New Floor

THE woman who lives here loves this floor. It was all her own idea. When she first moved into this house, the wood floor in the living-room was worn, scarred, shabby. It made the whole room look old.

Then one day a thought struck her, "I wonder what I can do with a brown linoleum floor." So she went to the head of the linoleum department in a store in her town.

This merchant was full of helpful suggestions. "Instead of plain linoleum, I am going to suggest Armstrong's Brown Jaspé Linoleum. First, let me show you a sample, and then let me show how really lovely it will look when combined with bright draperies, and especially with a fine fabric rug."

Prettier than she hoped

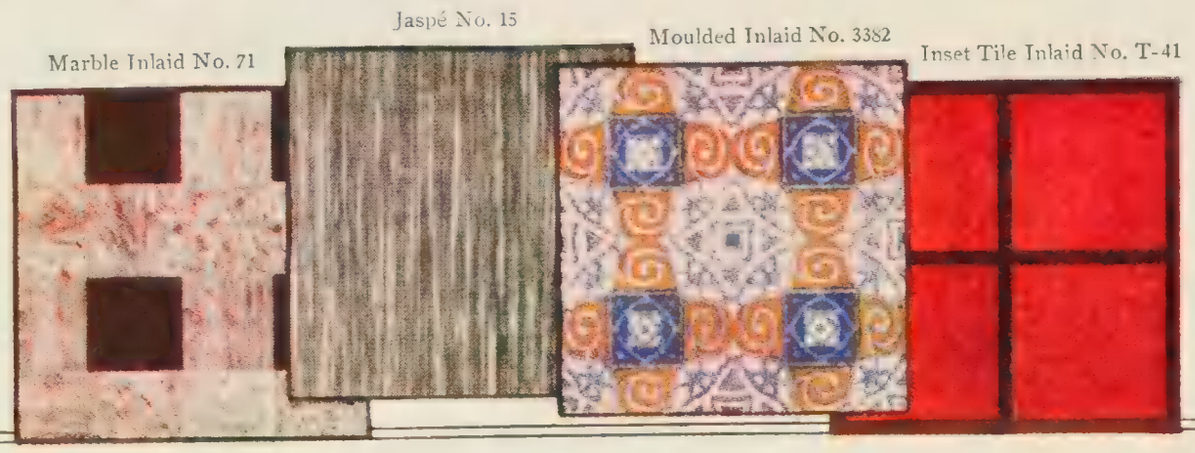
The two of them tried various draperies beside the sample, until they settled upon the curtains you see here. Then the merchant threw a few small rugs over a section of Jaspé linoleum. That decided her choice. The effect made her think how different her own pretty rugs would look on such a floor.

Before she snapped out the lights the next night, her new floor was a reality. It had taken but a day to cement the linoleum permanently in place over builders' deadening felt.

When her friends saw her new floor they were delighted. Even her usually unobserving husband remarked, "Well, that's *sensibly* beautiful!" Was this woman happy? Was she the least bit vain in her triumph?

Passing months brought other reasons for her feeling toward this floor. It made so little trouble. A daily dusting with a dry mop removed all surface dirt. Occasionally she renewed the soft polish to the walked-on places with a cloth moistened with liquid wax. That was all. She forgot that a floor ever had to be scrubbed. And always her new floor is so silent, so restful under foot, so mellow in its kindly glow under the evening lamp!

Do you know the new designs in Armstrong's Linoleum? Do you know the place it is making for itself in interior decoration? Will you send 25 cents for a book on this subject?



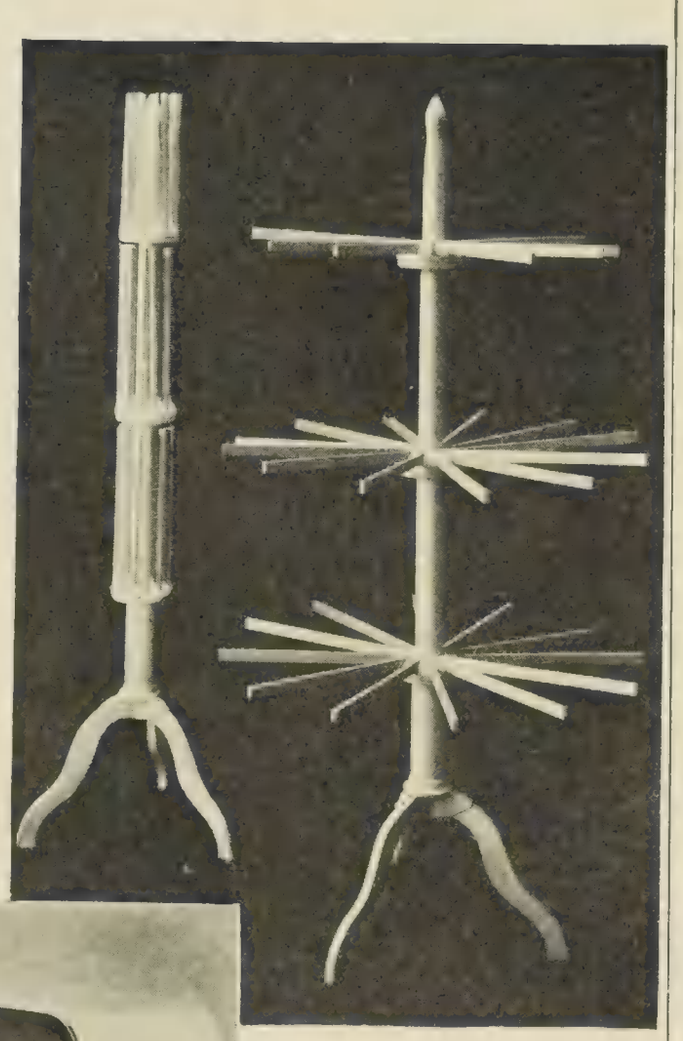
Agnes Foster Wright's new book on home furnishing and decoration

Mrs. Wright was formerly President of the Interior Decorators' League of New York, and is a contributor to House and Garden and other magazines. Her new book includes color ideas for decorating different rooms, and presents some simple and interesting principles regarding the use of color in home interiors. Send 25 cents for "Floors, Furniture, and Color." (In Canada, 60 cents.)

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
Linoleum Division
846 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pa.

TO MAKE HOUSEWORK EASIER

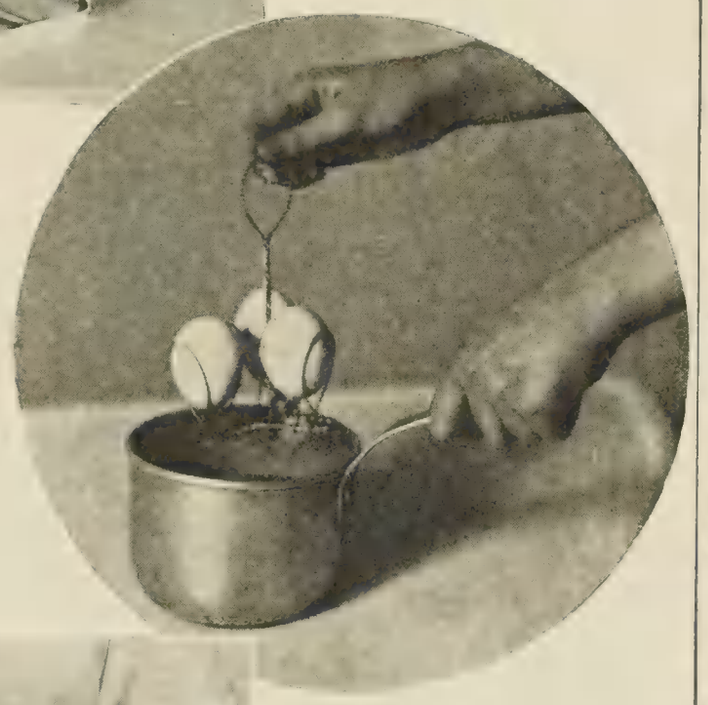
Here are five practical household devices that will save home-makers both time and labor. Information about other aids may be obtained by writing the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, New York City. Enclose a stamped envelope for our reply . . . These and all other devices recommended have been tested and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



AT LAST a clothes-rack for the small house or apartment. This one moves easily on casters, folds up compactly and occupies little space when not in use. It has a good capacity for hanging garments and is both well constructed and well painted with white enamel. For long garments the middle spokes may be left closed.



BREAD-BOXES with side openings are most convenient. Here is one which includes a cutting-board, bread-knife and removable tray to catch the crums.



THIS little wire egg-holder at the right meets a long-felt want of something which would make it possible to get eggs into and out of hot water without dropping and cracking them. It also keeps the eggs off the bottom of the pan and prevents their rolling around and breaking while cooking. Of course it takes slightly more water to cover the eggs, but it does assure one of an uncracked egg safely in the cup without water and without burning the fingers in getting it there.



THERE are legitimate uses in the day's meals for the top cream from the milk-bottle provided the remaining milk is used in cooking and not given to children. With a simple glass pipette the cream may be removed without overflowing the bottle. The milk is kept in the tube by pressing the thumb over the top and is released when the thumb is removed.

SOMETIMES the sink or drain space available makes a round dish-drainer desirable. To those who prefer this type of dish-drainer it will be good news to know that some one has at last made one with a removable rack. In all the kingdom of dishwashing it was hard to find a more difficult thing to clean than the numerous joinings of the rack with the bottom of the drainer. Now every section may be reached with both brush and cloth. Both rack and drainer are strong and well tinned.





A Modern Miracle

By MARION BRYANT—*Illustrated by* WILL GREFÉ

THE house across the street kept tugging at my attention . . . as if all its sunning windows were chuckling with secret.

"We call them the lovable McLaughlins," their neighbor-friend explained.

"Not Joe McLaughlin?"

She nodded. Knowing the man and his salary, I couldn't suppress a degree of wonder. Just then the watched door opened, and a lithe, lovely girl of about fifteen appeared in a brown-tan plaided wool—so straight, slim, perfect of line that I strained for detail.

"She is an only child?" I asked, wonderment increased.

"Dear, no! She has a miracle mother."

The five words were enough. As my eyes followed the slim bit of fashion around the corner, clamorous laughter flung from the house across the street. Out the same watched door burst four beautifully dressed children. Two were boys in short, straight little trousers; the younger's Dutchily buttoned to his crisp white blouse with the largest of pearl buttons; the older's topped with a straight waistcoat that needed neither buttons nor tie. A fluffy brown-haired girl wore a gray dress edged in red and blue. And the elfinest of all scrambled after playmates in a blue alpaca frock that was like a tiny thimbleful of sky!

"You mean they're all McLaughlins and dressed like that?" I cried.

"Dressed delightfully like that every day in the year! Their mother has the theory that beautiful manners go with beautiful clothes, and you never saw such adorably polite children. But—come! Let me show you what she's made for me."

"Made!"

"She makes all her clothes. The children's too. Not only dresses, but coats, hats. And she has plenty of time to play with the children."

I examined the blue cloth street-dress she held up for me; and a soft pale-green velvet evening gown. Beautiful things! "The best part of it is," she continued delightedly, "you can tell her just what you want, and she goes right ahead and makes it!"

"Take me to Mrs. McLaughlin!" I cried.

The children drew aside in little discreet clusters as we passed. And soon I was looking into the deep smiling eyes of a woman—slim, gracious. "Lovable" was the perfect word.

Her slim chestnut dress was without adornment of any sort—the style tendency of the season intensified to a litheness almost sculpturesque.

"How do you have such original ideas?" I cried.

There was a slow, charming shake of her head. "Not original at all." She took a magazine from the table. "This comes to me from the Woman's Institute each season. It keeps me in advance of the styles. Then, since I can copy anything I see, I need add just this, just that, to make it individual."

"But how do you know enough to add just this, just that?"

Her eyes deepened warmly. "The Woman's Institute tells me. Their delightful lessons make it possible to make negligees, dainty underthings, after only a few hours' study. Then come sheer little layettes, children's frocks, soft summery dresses—even severe woolens and coats."

"And you make anything you want?"

"Anything. And as quickly as any dressmaker. Institute methods are unusually rapid. Let me show you some of my oldest daughter's clothes. I used the Institute's famous 'One Hour' method for them."

She came back with evening things, slight of fabric, graceful of line. "And these for the children." Little dresses you dream of!

"And you don't claim any honors for yourself?" I exclaimed.

"Not one. I hadn't the least talent for sewing just a few months ago. Now—" her eyes swept the room, rested on the fairy things scattered whitely on table, desk, chair. "I can almost believe in miracles," she added softly—"Couldn't you?"

* * * *

You can almost believe in miracles, too, if you let the Woman's Institute help you.

An attractive booklet tells the Institute story, what it can do for you, how you can make beautiful clothes in free minutes at home, give them striking touches that make them most becoming, know what is correct for any occasion, *and earn money!*

The slim modes of the season call for such slight material that for $6 or $8 you can make a lovely dress priced $35 or $40 in the shops.

Won't you send a postal, letter or this convenient coupon, so we can start the booklet to you by return mail?

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 41-P, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your 48-page booklet. I am most interested in learning:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Professional Dressmaking
☐ Millinery ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



Every mother should tell her daughter this

A new way in woman's hygiene, today adopted by 5 million women

The scientifically correct way approved by Doctors and Nurses

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Graduate Nurse*

If five million women adopt, practically overnight, a new way in personal hygiene, surely it is worth knowing about—at least worth giving a trial.

Today mothers everywhere are telling their daughters of this new way which has revolutionized woman's personal life. They give thanks *their* daughters need never know the old-fashioned makeshifts—unhygienic, dangerous to health—that this new way supplanted.

This new way is Kotex, widely urged by doctors and nurses. And it is as a nurse that I urge you to try it. Kotex is used in practically all hospitals today. And by eight women in ten in the better walks of life.

The advantages of Kotex

Many discomforts common to women, doctors say, are directly traceable to makeshift sanitary methods. Much of the loss of charm, of the feminine immaculacy expected at *all* times, is chiefly due to the same reason. Every woman knows this to be true.

Kotex is a sanitary pad made of Cellucotton, the world's super-absorbent. It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

Besides that, each Kotex pad is impregnated with a new secret de*odor*ant which our scientists recently discovered. It is the result of years of laboratory experiment and research.

Another important advantage is that it can be discarded simply, without the least bother or embarrassment—just like a piece of tissue.

Kotex is germ-proof, packed in sanitary sealed packages of twelve. In two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

All drug and department stores have Kotex—ready-wrapped in plain paper. There are no questions to ask or answer, no needless conversation. Simply pay the clerk and walk out, that is all.

Easy to get—anywhere

Today, get Kotex, deodorized. Learn what it has come to mean to the millions of women who have adopted it. Or if you will write to me, I will send you free, a sample of the new deodorized Kotex, and an interesting booklet, written by an eminent doctor on this important subject. Your letter will be treated confidentially, of course, and the sample will come in plain, unmarked wrapper. Just address me

ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G. N.
Care of Cellucotton Laboratories
166 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Kotex Regular, now 60c *Kotex-Super, now 90c*

KOTEX

DEODORIZED

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—In its Happy Child Department, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the medical advice of nationally known baby and child specialists.

The following pamphlets, which are reprints of articles that have appeared in THE DELINEATOR, may be had for ten cents each: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood" (four separate booklets), by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas; "The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart; "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park), Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt) and Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)," and "Play, Eyes and Movies," by Dr. Ward A. Holden and Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw. There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Housekeeping—The Home-Economics Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—Ask us about any dinner, dance, shower or entertainment that you may be planning. This department has some very interesting suggestions to offer you, including a Valentine Radio Party, a Lincoln-Day Party, and Our Forefathers, an attractive simple pageant for a school or community. Two cents will cover return postage.



A HOME BUILT AROUND A MOTHER

Continued from page 2

Then the living-room—and it is a living-room in the true sense of the word—a delightful place for the whole family to work in and play in, live in and enjoy. It runs the entire depth of the little house, lighted on three sides by windows, and with a big fireplace in the center of the fourth side. At the farther end of the room a row of casement windows, framed at either end by cupboards running to the ceiling and fitted with a comfortable cushioned window-seat seven feet long, with a two-leaf table in front of it, forms an attractive dining-nook. The screen that stands by the fireplace offers a means of shutting it off from the rest of the room at mealtime. Under the table is a small rug which can be readily run over with a broom after a meal, removing all traces of crums. The cupboards, which give the decorative effect of a bay to the casement windows, not only hold china and table-linen, but a tall lower one offers a means of disposing of vacuum cleaner, broom and dust-mop. More storing-space is afforded by the lower part of the window-seat, which is divided and cushioned in two parts, so that only half the lid need be lifted at a time. A three-story passway for dishes and food into the kitchen and a telephone that can be reached from either room offer further testimony to the entire convenience and efficiency of the house.

"Who'd want a dining-room with a living-room like this?" more than one visitor at the demonstration was heard to say.

THEN into the kitchen. That kitchen! More than any one other thing in the Kalamazoo better home it called forth joyful noises from the feminine guests.

"See the double drain-board and the counter running clear around the room!" scores of wistful housewives cried.

"And all those cupboards running from floor to ceiling!" envied others.

"A sink exactly the right height so that one needn't stoop!—thirty-three inches, you say?" other bevies exclaimed.

"Think of the saving of steps in having all the work done in a space of—what is it?—five to seven feet!" wailed women who had no such thoughtful arrangement at home.

"It's got enough electric lights!" discovered others. "It's got windows enough! And even a beautiful view!"

"I hope that all the women who work themselves to death unnecessarily will have a kitchen like this when they get to Heaven!" one housewife summed up the case grimly.

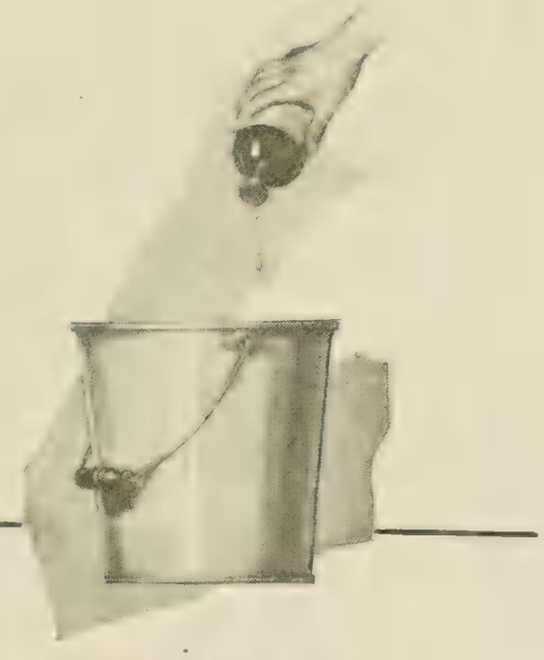
After all, how is the average woman going to feel quite at home in Heaven unless there is some sort of kitchen there? And it would be hard to find a better finite model for this celestial kitchen than the one in the better home at Kalamazoo. Stove, sink and work-table are grouped closely together and so placed that the door to the living-room when open screens the first two from sight. Enough working-space, that thing that almost every woman sighs for, is afforded by the drain counters, waterproofed with hot paraffin to prevent the absorption of moisture and grease. A warming-closet below the passway counter, containing a coil of the pipe carrying hot water to the sink, with racks for the dishes that need to be warmed, a ten-inch shelf above the gas-stove for utensils most frequently used, a home-made fireless cooker in the space under the sink and a work-stool with shortened fore legs—for why stand

Continued on page 68



free

a set of the
Library of Health
See below



THE MAGIC DROPS

JUST *a few drops of "Lysol" in the water whenever you clean, transform mere surface cleaning to health-cleaning. No extra work or trouble.*

Do they return to a *health-clean* home?

YOUR children's rosy cheeks, their radiant health, their freedom from illness, depend largely on the health system in your household. Do they return to a home that is the essence of health?

There is as much difference between *health-cleanliness* and mere soap-and-water cleanliness as there is between sunshine and electric light. Yet health-cleanliness—the modern method of cleaning—is surprisingly easy to obtain.

This new cleanliness protects your family's health

A FEW magic drops put in your cleaning water go beyond the soap-and-water surface removal of dirt. They destroy the countless germs that lurk on door-jambs, door-knobs, chair-arms, tables, bannisters—a hundred danger-places where hands, big and little, may rest.

Health authorities will tell you that if you are to reduce the danger of illness, your home must be kept free from these germs. Soap-and-water is not sufficient to destroy them. But the few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant put in your cleaning water will purify each surface and invade each tiny crevice where germs may lurk. Your home is left sweet, clean and *safe*.

"Lysol" does these three important things

"LYSOL" is now used everywhere for modern cleaning because it has these three wonderful properties. It *deodorizes*, it *purifies*, its soapy nature helps to *clean* as it disinfects.

Never be without it for your daily cleaning. Put a few drops in the water every time you clean. Dip your cloth, your broom, your mop in this solution. It will not hurt the most sensitive hands.

Continue to disinfect with a stronger "Lysol" solution the familiar germ-breeding spots—garbage pail, toilet bowl, drain pipes. Every part of your home is then made health-clean to safeguard your family.

Be sure you get the genuine "Lysol." It is the standard disinfectant used by hospitals and recommended by physicians. Your druggist has it.

Send for a free set
of this "Lysol"
Health Library

YOU will want to read these three valuable books on the important subject of health protection. One is filled with suggestions for guarding your family's health in many practical, simple ways. Another contains scientific information about the personal health of women that every woman should know. A third gives facts of value to the mother "When Baby Comes."

We will be glad to send you this free library. Just send in the coupon below.

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Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC.,
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I would like to know all the scientific facts about health protection contained in your Library of Health. Please mail me a free set.

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4 out of 5

Dental statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—as well as thousands younger—pay Pyorrhea's toll. Do you want to elude this dread disease?

Your teeth are only as healthy as your gums

The gums are the keys to health. You must keep them firm, strong and healthy or your teeth will begin to loosen and eventually come out. This is one of the penalties of Pyorrhea.

But there are others even worse. Pus pockets form and generate poisons that drain through the whole system, causing much of the rheumatism, neuritis, anaemia, indigestion and other diseases so prevalent in middle life.

Prevent Pyorrhea with Forhan's

Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to warn you of Pyorrhea's coming. Ward it off by going to your dentist regularly and using Forhan's For the Gums twice a day.

This safe, efficient, pleasant-tasting dentifrice counteracts the effects of harmful bacteria, hardens soft, tender gums, keeps them sound, firm and pink. Furthermore, it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps the mouth fresh, clean and wholesome.

Ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to prevent or check Pyorrhea.

Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start brushing your gums and teeth once a day with Forhan's.

It is a preparation of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea



A HOME BUILT AROUND A MOTHER

Continued from page 66

when ironing or peeling potatoes?—are some of its claims to consideration. The floor is of cork linoleum cemented above felt, the woodwork is of white enamel, and the walls and ceiling are oil-painted a sunshiny yellow above the four-foot dado of tile-finished white cement. There is a metal clothes-chute to the basement and a wall-opening for an electric-iron connection.

The kitchen entry not only holds the refrigerator and offers shelf-space for storage, but it has a wall-rack for children's wraps and a space for rubbers. There is a passway through the lower panel of the outer door for milk and groceries and for regulating the temperature when ice is not essential for keeping food.

Now that we are about it, let's run down into the cellar. It is reached either by stairs from the kitchen or by a grade entrance from the yard. Hanging-space for brooms, dust-pans and mops is afforded on the wall at the top of the basement stairs, where there is also a place for an ironing-board, on a convenient ledge. The basement itself is as efficient as every other part of the house, with excellent cross ventilation, good lighting both natural and artificial, a furnace of an approved type, a well-lighted furnace-room large enough for a carpenter's bench and tools, a fuel-room, and a cold room with bins for apples and vegetables. The laundry-room has two set tubs, connections for an electric washer, a device for softening wash-water, an instantaneous heater and a hamper below the metal clothes-chute which carries soiled garments from the two upper floors. In one corner of the basement there is even an inexpensive shower for the sons of the family when they come in hot from a ball game or for father after his golf.

BACK on the first floor again and into the famous mother's room at last! Here's one place where every one will want to linger a while. Just what is there about this room that made the Kalamazoo better homes committee concentrate upon it as the keynote of the whole house and the committee of judges regard it as a leading factor in their decision to award the first prize in the national campaign to Kalamazoo? Just what is there about it to make any one of us desire a similar room in a home of her own?

At first glance there seems nothing extraordinary about this sunny, pleasant room that suddenly found itself the inspiration of a new type of architecture. Of course we notice immediately that lighting and ventilation are excellent, the furnishings cheery, the mirror so placed as to give the best possible reflection, the closet roomy and deep. Many rooms, however, have these desirable characteristics. We must look again to see just what it is that makes this room unique.

"What's next to mother's room on this side?" we inquire.

"The bath," a member of the entertainment committee tells us. "It was thought best to have it only a step away from the mother's room for her convenience in bathing the baby and superintending the bathing of the small children. Also, in case there is illness in the family this room, with its adjoining bathroom, makes an admirable sick-room, you see!"

"And what is next to mother's room on that side?" we persist.

"The kitchen. It was thought best to have it only a step away from the mother's room, too, so that she could keep an eye on the baby instead of worrying about him, or having him underfoot in the kitchen while she worked. You see, this isn't only a mother's room—it's a mother's suite!"

We begin to get an inkling of the excellence of the room at last. Its virtue consists in the fact that in its entire planning and arrangement it is first and last a mother's room, designed to reduce a mother's work to the absolute minimum.

Suppose that it is time to bathe baby. The mother is spared the necessity of carrying a heavy infant up-stairs and down again, or a long journey to the other end of a hall, with the fearful thought of drafts on the way. Some mothers avoid these evils by the counter evil of carrying a heavy tub filled with warm water to the room where the baby sleeps. In the Kalamazoo better home the mother need carry her child only a step or two into the bathroom, the door of which has perhaps been open all this while and the temperature of which is the same as that in her own room. If the worst happens—as it usually does!—and the telephone rings imperatively just as she gets the youngster all nicely soaped, it is, after all, only a few feet through her own room to the kitchen, where the disturber stands in the passway.

Or let us suppose (it is certainly no effort of the imagination!) that the mother has a heavy forenoon of work in her kitchen ahead of her. If she did not have the mother's room which makes the Kalamazoo better home such an invaluable place, one might do either one of two things. She might bring her child into the steamy kitchen with her, uneasily fearing all the while that the moment her back is turned he would get scalded in the hot water with which she is mopping the floor or burn inquisitive small fingers against the edge of her iron. Or she might have to run up-stairs or to a distant room half a dozen times in the course of the morning in answer to his cry or some sudden alarming noise. Almost all mothers know the terrors of that distant thump which takes them running, with their hearts in their mouths, to the room where their baby is. But all of these waste motions and emotions are made unnecessary by the mother's room in the Kalamazoo better home. Here it is possible for a mother to keep her baby constantly under her eye without having him also underfoot, to pursue her work with peace of mind and heart.

LET'S suppose that the baby has colic at night. Even in better homes such things have been known to happen! Half a dozen steps from her bed the mother can turn on the gas to heat hot water or hot milk for him.

Stairs are deadly things for any woman who must climb them too frequently. There are times when they are an absolute menace to a mother. In the Kalamazoo better home the mother need climb them only once a day when she goes to clean the up-stairs rooms. As soon as her children are old enough to care for their own rooms, she need go up-stairs not oftener than perhaps twice a week for a general cleaning.

Another argument in favor of the Kalamazoo better home is the bathtub. It has already been noted that the bathroom is placed in exactly the right place for the mother's convenience, down-stairs and adjoining her own room. The tub also is where it should be—set squarely upon the floor, doing away with the too-common necessity for the housewife to qualify as a contortionist at cleaning time.

From the bath let us go up-stairs to the two airy bedrooms, with their dormer windows, one for the daughters of the family, the other for the sons. Each room has two large closets, each is provided with drawers, shelves and abundant hanging-space. Under the eaves there are two linen and trunk rooms, for not an inch of space is anywhere wasted in the Kalamazoo better home.

A logical want—a home that divides labor and multiplies content! Let's echo it as we go out into the charming grounds where the front yard is shaded by two Norway maples planted outside the front walk and sweet with lilacs, barberry and spiræa. The back yard we find equally delightful, with its peach-tree, its vegetable garden planted by the boys and girls, its bird-houses and its terraced drops. And all this is accomplished in a lot forty-four by one hundred feet!

"Yes, but what did it cost?" comes the natural question.

No fortune. The committee first planned to build a demonstration home for five thousand dollars, then decided to build a home in an excellent neighborhood with the best possible equipment and the most desirable features, meanwhile keeping a careful budget of possible deductions that could be made by families who wanted a similar home, equally well built, but with simpler equipment and without some of the special features. The Kalamazoo better home cost $7,128.24; it might have been built on

Concluded on page 71



The largest selling high grade syrup in the United States

Why *two* syrups are blended in Log Cabin

Those who really enjoy pancakes are the world's most critical judges of syrup. For the golden-brown, tender cakes, they want only a special goodness—only a rare perfection in liquid sweet. It is to them that this syrup has come as a wholly new delight.

To produce perfect flavor in syrup, requires special knowledge of one of nature's most delicious gifts—maple sugar. Its full delicacy can be secured only by the most skillful blending.

In Log Cabin Syrup, choice maple sugar from Canada and Vermont is combined with granulated cane sugar by the Towle Process. It is by this method of blending that the flavor of the maple is so wonderfully mellowed and preserved. That is why Log Cabin has become America's Favorite Syrup, used in millions of homes from coast to coast—served by representative clubs, hotels and restaurants and on the diners of "crack" trains.

Until you have tried it, you cannot know the whole joy of maple. Surprise your family tomorrow with pancakes or waffles and Towle's Log Cabin Syrup. Watch their eyes grow brighter when they get their first taste. Use Log Cabin on Hot Breads, French Toast and Fried Mush too.

The recipes given on this page for Log Cabin Fudge and Cake Frosting are only two of many ways to use this delicious syrup to make foods more tempting. To get the set of twenty-four Log Cabin recipe cards, just fill out the coupon below and mail it to us today.

Towle's Log Cabin Syrup comes only in the Log-Cabin-Shaped cans —in three sizes. Ask your grocer for a can today.



Log Cabin Fudge: *— 1 cup Log Cabin Syrup, 2 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup milk. Boil all ingredients together until a soft ball forms when dropped in cold water. Remove from the fire and cool; then beat until creamy. Add nuts if desired. Roll ½ inch thick and cut in squares*



Log Cabin Cake Frosting: *— ¼ cup Log Cabin Syrup, 1 teaspoon butter, confectioners' sugar. Cream the butter, add Log Cabin Syrup and sufficient confectioners' sugar to spread. Beat until creamy and spread on the cake. Decorate with nuts*

Free *—A set of 24 recipe cards giving delightful ways, both new and old, of using Log Cabin Syrup*

LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
Dept. G-2, St. Paul, Minnesota

Please send me the 24 recipe cards as described above.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

My grocer's name and address is:

_____

_____

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY

St. Paul, Minnesota—*The Center of North America*

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Won't redden your hands~

won't coarsen or roughen them . . . Lux suds free you from that tell-tale-in-the-dishpan-look

HOW ruefully you have looked at your hands after dishwashing. Red and stinging and rough!

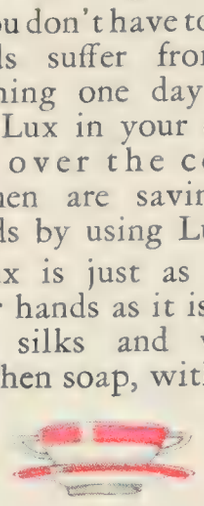
No wonder you hated the job.

You were careful to use fine toilet soap—but what good could that do when three times a day your hands went into strong suds of kitchen soap. Of course your hands looked it!

You don't have to let your hands suffer from dishwashing one day longer. Use Lux in your dishpan. All over the country women are saving their hands by using Lux.

Lux is just as kind to your hands as it is to your fine silks and woolens. Kitchen soap, with its free alkali, burns out the natural oils that keep your skin smooth and velvety. Lux will never do this—as you know, it won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm. There is nothing in it to dry out those essential oils in your skin. It is as gentle as fine toilet soap.

Your hands will be grateful for Lux. Even your finger-nails will look different.



For Curtains and Draperies

Filmy curtains and silken or cretonne draperies—Lux is so safe for them. Dip them gently into the suds, pressing it through them, then rinse and hang where they will dry quickly. Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't harm.

Paint, Porcelain and Tile

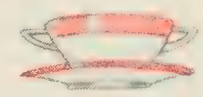
It's a joy the way Lux restores the soft gleaming surface of fine paint or porcelain or tile. Do a small surface at a time, rinsing off the ample Lux suds with clear water the same temperature. Then dry with a soft cloth. You can do all the cleaning you want with Lux and your hands won't feel it.



Just one teaspoonful for dishes

You will find one single teaspoonful of Lux is plenty for breakfast or lunch dishes. Maybe you will want a little more for the dinner dishes. But one teaspoonful in the dishpan and you have all the fine rich suds you want to leave your dishes with shining faces. You can safely trust your finest gold decorated dishes to the mild Lux suds.

Put a package of Lux on the shelf near the sink. Use it for a little while and watch the difference in the way your hands look and feel. You can get the big new package now as well as the regular size. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.



Keep Woolens unshrunken

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into thick lather in half a basin of hot water. Cool to lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds through soiled spots. Never rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. *Squeeze* water out and dry in even temperature.

For fine Silks

Wash in ample lukewarm Lux suds as you would woolens. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—never wring. When nearly dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one. For colored silk wash quickly and in almost cool water.

"Now my hands are beautiful—before I was often ashamed of them," writes one woman



ALWAYS wash the glass before the silver or dishes. With the abundant Lux suds one rinsing will leave things clear. There is no semi-dissolved soap to streak and stick. Wipe with a soft, lintless cloth and see the sparkle and polish. Dishwashing seems only half the work with Lux.

Just one teaspoonful is enough





A HOME BUILT AROUND A MOTHER

Concluded from page 68

simplified scale for $5,403.14, as the committee's statement shows.

Their helpful double budget follows in full:

REPORT OF CHAIRMAN OF FINANCE AT KALAMAZOO

Carpenter Work	$745.94
Chimney, Fireplace and Stoop	336.52
Electric Wiring	118.00
Electric Fixtures and Bulbs	100.00
Foundation, Sidewalk, Grading and Basement Floor	867.84
Finished Hardwood	134.51
Rough Hardware and Metal Work	82.71
Furnace	265.00
Lumber	2,187.34
Miscellaneous: Water and Building Permit, Insurance, Cartage, Linoleum, Shades, etc.	455.45
Plastering	405.53
Painting	484.30
Plumbing	930.10
Roof-Drains	15.00
TOTAL	$7,128.24

Deductions which should be made to correspond with the equally well-built but simpler and less elaborately equipped house of the same size:

Carpenter Work (chiefly on cupboards)	$100.00
Electric Fixtures and Bulbs	25.00
Extra Deep Basement and Cement-Block Partition Walls	50.00
Painting and Finishing	130.00
Lumber (this includes the cost of oak instead of pine floors throughout and the extra cost of laying and finishing them; the cost of clear white pine siding over a cheaper material, a difference of forty-five dollars a thousand; the extra cost of thicker window and door frames required by the bungalow type of walls; the lumber and finish for the many cupboards and drawers)	518.60
Plumbing (this includes the water-softener, instantaneous water-heater, built-in instead of ordinary bathtub, best type of all plumbing fixtures, roughing in for future plumbing, shower-bath and extra drain in basement)	485.00
Miscellaneous (this includes cork linoleum laid in kitchen and bathroom, window-shades throughout house, landscaping lot—$190.55—the outside blinds and the painting of them, insurance, metal window-frames in the fuel-room, metal coal-chute and other small items)	416.50
TOTAL DEDUCTIONS	$1,725.10
TOTAL REDUCED COST	5,403.14

H. L. NORTH,
Chairman Finance Committee



WHAT PARENTS SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WHOOPING-COUGH

Concluded from page 16

Whooping-cough should be recognized as a very serious disease in young children. It causes more deaths under two years of age than any of the other so-called infectious diseases of children. Nearly twenty-five thousand deaths each year in the United States are attributed to whooping-cough, but probably this figure falls far short of the actual fatalities, for many cases of the disease are never diagnosed, and there are physicians who are careless about reporting cases to the health authorities. It is thus impossible to say how much sickness in cases not terminating fatally is caused by whooping-cough.

Unnecessary exposure is never justifiable. It is a mistaken idea that a child might as well contract whooping-cough at one time as another. The younger the child the more serious is the disease. The longer it is avoided the greater is the ease of recovery. If a child has been exposed and develops symptoms of a cold, he ought to be kept away from other children. Should there be other children in the house who have not had whooping-cough, the suspected child should be quarantined so that he can not come in contact with them.

If parents would observe the Golden Rule, when their children contract whooping-cough, its spread would be greatly curtailed. This means that a child with whooping-cough should be kept away from school, Sunday-school, moving-picture shows or any place of public assemblage. He should not be allowed on the street unless accompanied by a responsible person who is able to keep the child from contact with children who have not had the disease.

Every physician is required by law to report promptly to the local health officer all cases of whooping-cough which he is called upon to treat. Later on when the doctor believes that his patient has fully recovered he should so inform the health officer. Some officials quarantine cases of whooping-cough for two weeks and then allow them on the street if accompanied by an adult, and some even require such children to wear a distinguishing band around the arm. Most local health ordinances require isolation for a period of not less than eight weeks, or until one week after the characteristic whooping-cough has ceased.

AND THERE'S NO "SURE CURE"

Probably in no other disease have there been so many "sure cures" and superstitions as in whooping-cough. There must be more than nine hundred and ninety-nine positive "remedies," which means that we have no sure cure. While most of these have only a slight or doubtful influence on the course of the disease, yet their administration is a great comfort to the parents, and have therefore some value. With the possible exception of the vaccines prepared from the Bordet-Gengou bacillus, there exists to-day no drug, inhalation or mechanical measure that materially alters its course. Whooping-cough is a self-limited disease in which intelligent general care and management are the most satisfactory modes of treatment.

The use of vaccines is becoming more general, and the results so far reported seem to warrant their use, especially as a preventative. The term "vaccines" must not be confused with vaccination, which is the skin inoculation of the cowpox virus to prevent smallpox. Vaccines consist of dead whooping-cough bacteria. When injected into the muscle, they appear to produce an immunity in much the same way as the vaccines used so successfully and universally to prevent typhoid fever.

Erratum: In the article "These Girls Of Ours," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, in the December DELINEATOR, *a small circular picture was mistakenly captioned "Mrs. Rinehart as a Girl Scout Leader." The picture was not Mrs. Rinehart.*



After 200 years, the perfect powder

Now, after centuries, a totally new and different principle brings beautifying qualities never before known in complexion powder

In fancy every woman has visualized the perfect complexion powder, fine as evening mist on meadows, soft as summer clouds, petal-like in smoothness, and scented as delicately as springtime in some orchard lane.

Every woman has sought such a powder, keenly, persistently—for powder is the final beauty touch, and makes or mars loveliness after all else is done to care for the skin. Now the ceaseless quest is ended.

"The stuff that dreams are made of" now come true in this different powder

Our search to *create* the perfect powder was as persistent and tireless as your search to find it.

For hundreds of years powders had been much the same. The principal base used was rice. But we felt there could be a more *perfect* base—and set out to find it.

Laboratory experiments were made with various substances—practical beauty tests were essayed on all types of skin. Many highly superior powders were developed, but not *enough* finer, softer, smoother than some of those already in the shops.

Innumerable tests—then inspiration

And then like a flash came inspiration—a woman's inspiration, from a totally different tangent:

"What," she asked, "is the one ingredient of all that is the greatest aid to complexion beauty? Isn't there some one thing that is better for the skin than anything else? I am not speaking of powder—I am speaking of beauty. What is that one ingredient? Can we not start with such an ingredient and *thus* make a perfect powder?"

There could be but one answer to this question: "Why, *almond*, of course—known and recognized by all beauty specialists and found in practically every authentic beauty formula for lotions and creams."

"Create a powder with an almond base," urged our inspiration, "give it all the beautifying properties that women desire—the alluring fineness, softness and smoothness that give a true velvet texture to the complexion. And give it in addition, the one element that surpasses all others in its definite benefit to the skin—the soothing, softening, whitening effects of almond."

Who ever dreamed of face powder with an almond base?

Thus Princess Pat the *only* powder with an almond base was created—bringing to your skin a wonderful natural beauty such as no other powder has ever given it; bringing a remarkable, even *waterproof* adhering quality, impervious to perspiration or even a plunge in the surf; plus the definite benefits of almond in soothing and refining the pores, preventing "drying out" of the skin, and softening its texture.

Free—this demonstration packet

Containing a liberal supply of Princess Pat Powder, the only Powder with an almond base.

* * *

"OLDE IVORY"—the new shade in powder—another "Princess Pat" triumph. In seeking to create a new shade in powder, to blend so perfectly with the skin as to seem in truth a part of it, Olde Ivory, a soft pastel shade between "flesh" and "rachel," was finally devised. We asked 5000 women to try it. The result was beyond our fondest hopes—for the overwhelming majority acclaimed Olde Ivory as the long-sought-for universal shade by day or night. Among 5000 women are all types of skin—*your* type.

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., *Chicago*, U. S. A.

Princess Pat, Ltd., Dept. **152**, 2701-9 S. Wells St., Chicago

Entirely FREE! Send sample of Princess Pat Powder. (Check shade you desire.)

FLESH ☐ Light, blended rose
WHITE ☐ Pure, snowy *white*
OLDE IVORY ☐ Rich, creamy flesh
BRUNETTE ☐ Warm, gypsy olive

Name..... Street.....

City and State.....

(Print Name and Address Plainly)

The Beauty of Children's Hair Depends upon Shampooing



Try this quick and simple method which thousands of mothers now use.

See the difference it will make in the appearance of YOUR CHILD'S hair.

Note how it gives life and lustre, how it brings out all the natural wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking the hair will look.

ANY child can have hair that is beautiful, healthy and luxuriant.

It is NO LONGER a matter of luck.

The beauty of a child's hair depends ALMOST ENTIRELY upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color, and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When a child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather.

This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly, and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



THE LOST SPEECH

Continued from page 7

or he loses his leadership of this convention, and I know of no man who could take his place."

"You could take it, Mr. Lincoln," exclaimed Rose.

"No! I haven't your father's education. And this is a convocation of the kind of men who are moved by the educated intellect."

Rose stared at the man, moved as she always was by his gentle persistence.

"But, Mr. Lincoln! To give up Owen! What of him, with his splendid brain and great promise of future leadership? Don't you know that what you are asking me to do will blast his life for years to come?"

"If his private griefs impair his sense of public duty, then he'd——"

Rose interrupted. "Then he's no better than my father, you would say! And I—I too am of the same kind!"

"Tarred with the same stick!" Mr. Lincoln smiled a little, but his searching gaze did not lift from Rose's face.

"But life must not do this to me!" breathlessly. "I am twenty-eight. I shall not love again. And as far as I know, I have but the one life to live. Living with father without my mother has been one long punishment. I wanted Owen. Oh, I wanted him!"

The lawyer turned from his deep contemplation of the tragic face before him to gaze again upon the prairies. His own lips were quivering, but he did not speak.

"And Owen, himself!" panted Rose. "The kind of man who would love me can not do so lightly. And I am to crucify him then——"

Mr. Lincoln cleared his throat. "Do you know of any other appeal that would move Ichabod?"

Rose stood in silence looking back through the years, facing once for all what she had learned about bad temper in human beings. And she realized that no appeal to her father regarding his temper would move him. To Ichabod, his loss of self-control was always righteous indignation. She stood silent so long that Mr. Lincoln began to pace the floor again. Rose spoke in a startled voice, as if she could not believe her own conclusion.

"I'll see what I can do with father."

Mr. Lincoln came slowly toward her, his face flushed in sympathy with her pallor. "And having reached so great a decision, I know that you will carry it out with as much adroitness as you showed in handling Bodie. It's not for me to thank you, Miss Rose—that's in the hands of the God of nations. Only," he placed a great hand on either of Rose's shoulders, "will you not let me say that I have found that the only real satisfaction in one's life comes not from personal joys, but from— Ah, Miss Rose! Miss Rose! I know all that you are suffering. All!" He turned hastily away, picked up his high hat and left the room.

HER father was seated at the table, dictating to his secretary. Rose crossed the room swiftly. She felt as if she had been running a long race. "Father, will you ask Arthur to leave us alone for a little while?"

Ichabod looked up impatiently: "This is important, Rose!"

"But this is more important. Don't defer hearing what I have to say, father, please."

Ichabod, with a little scowl, nodded at his secretary, who left the room hastily. Rose sat down in his place opposite her father.

"Mr. Lincoln," she said, "has been talking to me about your position as leader of this convention, father. He feels that you are the only man fitted to weld together the various factions. Of course many of us have known that for a long time, but it is a notable thing to have a man like Mr. Lincoln volunteer such a comment."

Ichabod stared at his daughter. "Is that what he was so insistent on seeing you about? He's an adroit politician. I wonder if Mark Antony is growing ambitious, and by some method of indirection——"

"No! no! You misjudge him, indeed, father! I asked him point-blank if he would pull the convention together. He seemed so worried about it. But he said no, that he lacked the educational qualifications you possess."

"Did he, indeed?" Ichabod looked thoughtful. "Well, he's right. I'm glad he recognizes his own limitations. Lincoln's first rate on the Sangamon River and an extremely keen politician. But he's too coarse-fibered for large uses. What did he want of you, daughter?"

"Before I answer that, father, let me ask you a question. Are you still worried lest internal quarrels break up the convention?"

"Still worried? Why, Rose, where's your usual acumen? I am distracted with fear lest the new party be still-born. Didn't you understand this morning how they are going to use that cursed Sumner-Brooks episode?"

Rose bit her lips, then sat slowly erect. "I've been thinking, father, that with so much at stake, I shall withdraw my friendship for Owen Bashford. I do not know that it will force Owen to change his attitude, but at least it may make you feel—" She paused, astounded by the vivid light that leaped to her father's eyes.

Ichabod leaned across the table. "You will do that? You have that faith in the righteousness of my position?"

Rose nodded.

Her father sprang to his feet. "Rose! Rose! I feel as I've not felt since your mother was with me—that I have the vital backing of my own! Pshaw! I care little now whether Owen retracts his statements or not. With this knowledge of you behind me, I can move mountains. Ah, Rose! Blood is thicker than water."

Rose was very pale, and she did not move until she lifted her head to say, "But, father, Owen has many backers. How will you satisfy them?"

"Oh, I shall withdraw my exactions. I shall be magnanimous."

Rose nodded. "The blow at the breakfast table—did Owen return that after I left?"

"No!" Ichabod's face darkened.

"I think perhaps your magnanimity must extend to an apology for that, father. It would be an example to Brooks and his kind. You see," as Ichabod threw back his head with a jerk, "I look on this as one of the greatest works of your life. As Mr. Lincoln says, it may mean the saving of the nation. The credit will always belong to you, and I want history to hold against you nothing that can be misinterpreted to mar your record."

Ichabod's expression gradually lightened. He interrupted Rose to say: "Our private prejudices must give way. Owen Bashford's faction is needed. I shall send him a letter of apology. And, Rose," as she got slowly to her feet, "Rose, my daughter, I have not been altogether blind for your feeling for Owen. I shall make it my duty to make you feel that there has been no real sacrifice."

"Thank you, father," said Rose dully. "I must go for Bodie." And she left the room on leaden feet.

BUT she was not to reach her small brother at once, for Owen stood at the door of the little up-stairs parlor. He held the door open for her and closed it behind her. His nostrils were pinched, his eyes full of pain.

"Rose! Mr. Lincoln told me. Have you been to your father?"

"Yes!"

"Without first seeing me? Was that fair? Had I not the right to question my own death-warrant?"

"We think so much alike," replied Rose slowly, "that I felt you'd understand and submit to the decision."

"You thought that any new party in the world would be worth the sacrifice of you?" Owen moved toward Rose. He was taller than she, a virile, upstanding man with a fine mouth. There was heart-break in his voice as he said, "For it is my own death-warrant!" He put his arms around Rose.

She buried her face against his cheek, but he turned her lips to his and kissed her. "There! There is my soul, laid on your lips, Rose. It never can return to me. Now, can you give me up?"

Rose did not reply for a moment while she gathered together every force within her. Then she said: "A little while ago in this room Mr. Lincoln and I buried Rose Franklin, the person. There's left only Rose Franklin, the Abolitionist. Owen, don't you understand why I did it?"

"Yes, Rose, I understand." The man touched her tortured face with his trembling fingers. "Look at me, Rose! I want to see if the decision is irrevocable."

Continued on page 74

Send coupon for 10-day test

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue





Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear

—simply clouded with a film coat

Find out by making this unique test. Thousands who go through life wishing for beautiful teeth already have them . . . yet never reveal them—*or know they have them!*

THOUSANDS of people unconsciously handicap themselves in domestic and social life with cloudy teeth—*absolutely without reason.*

Scientists now prove that most people have pretty, clear teeth. And that dingy, dull teeth simply indicate a condition that can easily be corrected.

You may be one of those people. Have really charming teeth and yet not know it.

Now a test is being offered which will enable you to find out. The coupon brings it without charge. So it is folly not to make it.

It's simply a film—a stubborn film that you can easily remove

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film. A film that absorbs discolorations *and hides the natural color and luster of your teeth.*

Old-time dentifrices failed in successfully combating that film. That is why, regardless of all the care you take now, your teeth remain "off color," dingy looking, unattractive.

Remove it, and you, like millions before you, will be surprised to find that your own teeth are as pretty as anyone's.

What it is—how it invites tooth troubles and decay

Modern dental practice urges the constant fighting of that film. Urges it on grounds of beauty and, more importantly, on health. For it is charged with most tooth troubles of today.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid fosters decay.

Germs by the millions breed in it and multiply. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So that same film that hides your pretty teeth is too the great enemy of healthy, sound teeth—an ever-present danger in your mouth.

You must remove it three times daily. It is ever forming, ever present. Soap and chalk preparations are inadequate. Harsh, gritty substances are dangerous to enamel.

New methods that supplant old

Now modern science has discovered new and radically different methods. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any you have ever known.

Its action is to curdle that film. Then harmlessly to remove it. No harsh grit, no soap, no chalk—a new way that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of the world.

Make this test

To millions this new way has proved the folly of having ugly teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles and the poor health that results.

It will give you the lustrous teeth you want—*quickly.*

Results will surprise you. Mail the coupon now. Why follow old methods when world's leading dental authority urges a better way?

FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube to Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S. 1744

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 438, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family



A frankly written book

which every mother will want to show her daughter

WHAT is more difficult for a mother than the instruction of her daughter in the facts about feminine hygiene? No matter how scientific and up-to-date her own information may be, it is hard to know just where to begin, and *how*. This little book solves the problem for mother, daughter or wife. It carries a clear and sensible message for every woman who values her health and peace of mind.

In this age of wholesome frankness there are still far too many women who stumble along unguided. Some have absolutely nobody to tell them what they should know. Some have received wrong or incomplete advice. Others are simply too shy or timid to ask.

The result is that thousands of women today are running untold risks through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics. A shameful condition, but physicians and nurses will vouch for the truth of this statement.



A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs.

That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

For use as a deodorant.

Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.

In bottles 50c and $1 at drug stores

Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.

It is unnecessary to run these risks

Happily, science has now come to the aid of woman in her natural desire to achieve a complete surgical cleanliness *and to do it safely*. She can now throw out all such deadly poisons from the home and install in their place the great new antiseptic called Zonite. Though absolutely non-poisonous and non-caustic, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and *fifty times* as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. These comparisons give some idea of the standing of Zonite as a genuine germicide.

How different in its nature is Zonite from the compounds containing phenol, cresol and bichloride of mercury! These fluids, even when greatly diluted, remain so caustic in their action that they can not, for instance, be held in the mouth without sharply corroding and withering the delicate tissue-lining. Zonite, on the contrary, is non-poisonous and so absolutely safe that dental authorities are actually recommending it widely for use in the practice of oral hygiene.

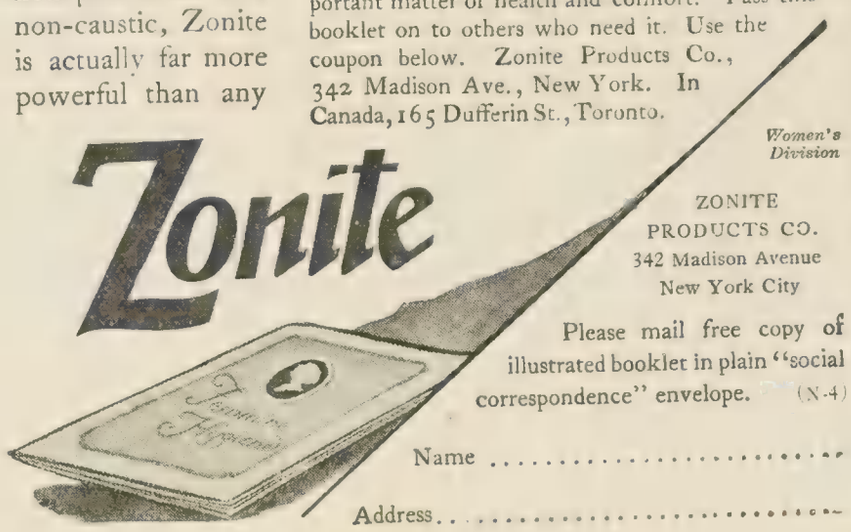


The clean wholesomeness of Zonite

Enlightened women of refinement everywhere have been the first to see the change that Zonite has brought into their lives. While knowing the importance of personal hygiene to their lasting health and happiness, they have in the past shrunk from the use of poisonous antiseptics. Now they have Zonite. And Zonite, clean and wholesome as an ocean breeze, is an assurance of a continued period of daintiness, charm and freedom from worry.

The Women's Division offers this booklet free

The Women's Division has prepared this dainty booklet especially for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains is concise and to the point. A delicate subject is treated with scientific frankness, as it should be. Send for it. Read it. Then you can properly consider yourself abreast of the times in a very important matter of health and comfort. Pass this booklet on to others who need it. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Co., 342 Madison Ave., New York. In Canada, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.



Zonite

Women's Division

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO.
342 Madison Avenue
New York City

Please mail free copy of illustrated booklet in plain "social correspondence" envelope. (N-4)

Name .....

Address .....



THE LOST SPEECH

Continued from page 72

His eyes grew more haggard as he gazed. "And do you think that I shall tamely submit to this sort of thing from your father?"

"I've given him my word and he's writing you an apology. Owen, if you do not accept that apology, the wrecking of the new party will be on your head."

"In other words," exclaimed Owen, with sudden bitterness, "if I submit, I lose you. If I do not submit, I wreck the convention, become an object of contempt to you and lose you, anyhow! Rose, this is not justice. It is not——"

He turned from her as the door flung open and Bodie entered dangling a fish of about three inches in length on the end of a string. He was dripping wet and muddy.

"The first one I ever caught, Rose! I brought it to you."

Before Rose could speak, her father's secretary appeared in the door. "I have a message for you, sir, from Mr. Lincoln. Would you step this way? He is in Mr. Browning's room with Messrs. Lovejoy and Davis."

Owen drew a long breath. "I'll see you, shortly, Rose, and finish this," he said, and followed Arthur down the hall.

Rose led the excited Bodie to his room, murmuring enthusiastic but mechanical admiration of the fish. She helped him change from the dripping velvets.

"You come fishing with me, Rose!" he cried. "It beats any old convention!"

"I wish I could, Bodie dear, but I must spend the rest of the day at the hall."

"Well, but Rose," Podie spoke anxiously, "I can eat dinner with you, can't I, and supper?"

"Yes, and if you want me you may come to Major's Hall down the street and some one will find me for you."

Bodie, in a clean linen suit, eyed his sister suspiciously. "Have you been crying, Rose?"

"No, dear."

"Because if father ever makes you cry, I'm going to do to him what I did to the grocer's boy. Just because I wear velvet pants ain't saying I can't fight or catch fish!" His ferocity of manner combined with his almost girlish beauty amused and charmed Rose, heart-sore as she was. She kissed the little boy gratefully. He went on with great vehemence. "And I met Mr. Lincoln outside and he said he felt just like me when he caught his first fish, but that he didn't have on velvet pants. And I told him if he talked about them any more I'd fight him. And he said he'd never blame me. He's a nice man. Lots nicer than father, even if father is smarter. I'm going to catch him a fish."

Rose put on her shepherdess hat and held out her hand to Bodie. "You can walk with me as far as Major's Hall. Then you'll know the way," she said.

ALL that day Rose sat in the hall watching the birth-pangs by which a great political party was making its advent into Illinois. What Mr. Lincoln or her father may have said to Owen she did not know, for all that day he did not come near her. And after the first few hours Rose succeeded in concentrating her mind to some degree on the events in the hall.

As the day wore on, she found something more than personal excitement enthralling her. Ichabod had convinced Rose months before, as he had convinced the five or six hundred delegates to the convention, that the Abolition movement was not mere party cant but a deep-seated issue involving the very fate of the nation. Rose watched with breathless eagerness for signs of the partisan hostility which had flared so menacingly in the early morning. What means her father used she did not know, but soothed and secured from jealousy by her promise, he was able to bring remarkable outward harmony into the session of political enemies. There could be no doubt of the earnestness and high purpose of the gathering. Moved by the national emergency, Whig and Democrat, Free Soiler, Knownothing and Abolitionist—the lions and the lambs lay together in apparent amity.

There were many good speeches made: the finest of all undoubtedly by Ichabod Franklin, who, in asking that the new party be known as the Republicans, gave a history of the anti-slavery movement in America that the brilliant Charles Sumner could not have bettered.

And yet——

And yet Rose knew, as did her father and every man and woman in Major's Hall that night, that when the Republican party of Illinois had been born it had been born dead!

Ichabod had been able to make men see with their minds what to do. He had not been able to make them feel it with their hearts. It was a party without vital impulse, without cohesion, without driving force. As the evening wore on, a curious uncertainty and apprehensiveness settled on the great gathering. This creature born of the day's travail never would live to fight the passionate South, and Rose's sacrifice was to prove vain. After all, her father had not been the man to birth this thing. Rose realized this toward the end of the evening with a sense of impending disaster that was epic in its proportions. But, she whispered to herself, the delegation must not fail. It must not.

A delegate from one of the border counties was telling of the sacking of Lawrence, Kansas, by guerrilla posses. Rose turned impatiently from his spread-eagle eloquence and stooped over Bodie, who lay asleep with his golden head in her lap.

"Bodie," she whispered, "Mr. Lincoln is in the back of the hall by the door. Will you ask him to come here to me?"

Bodie rubbed his sleepy eyes with a clenched fist, from which protruded a fish's silvery tail. "I'll give him the minnie I caught for him," he murmured.

In an astonishingly short time he was back, clinging to Mr. Lincoln's great hand. The lawyer dropped into Bodie's seat and held the child between his knees. The fish lay in one huge outspread palm.

"Mr. Lincoln," said Rose, softly, "if they call you, speak!"

"Nothing can rouse this corpse," returned Mr. Lincoln. "It's as dead as this little fish."

"You can rouse it. If the people call you, reply to them. Won't you? Have you, by any chance, outlined something?"

Lincoln nodded. "I've thought for weeks of what ought to be said. I've nothing written, though."

"If they call for you, will you speak?" insisted Rose.

"Only if the call is general. Don't you see that otherwise it would be wasted effort?"

"Yes, I do," agreed Rose. "Will you return to the back of the hall, now, Mr. Lincoln?" She put her hand on his arm in apology for the request.

Mr. Lincoln nodded as simply as did Bodie at his sister's requests. He looked down at the very defunct fish in his palm, then at Bodie, leaning against his great knee.

"Isn't it a Jim Dandy?" whispered the little boy, slipping an arm around the lawyer's neck.

"It's more than that," replied Mr. Lincoln soberly. He shook his head over the fish, then solemnly slipped it into his pocket. Bodie gave a wriggle of satisfaction and Mr. Lincoln kissed the child's round cheek and, with a nod to Rose, returned to the back of the hall.

A MOMENT later the delegate from the border county finished his speech and, in the burst of applause that followed, Rose stood erect. Her commanding presence, her splendid look, received instant attention. She raised her hand.

"I want to hear Abraham Lincoln speak!" she cried.

There was a moment's silence while the delegates swung to her suggestion. Then a man shouted, "Lincoln! Abe Lincoln!"

A hundred voices took up the cry. Five hundred voices joined in. Rose sank into her place with a sigh as the tall figure strode down the aisle.

He paused as if to speak from the floor.

"Get up on the platform, Lincoln," roared some one, "and tell us——"

A still greater voice drowned the other. "Speak to us! Tell us, Watchman, what of the night!"

"*Watchman, what of the night?*"

The phrase caught the imagination of the crowd, and it was repeated in breathless anxiety as Lincoln mounted the platform and stood for a moment waiting for silence.

Concluded on page 76

AFTER THIRTY - can a woman still gain the charm of "A skin you Love to Touch?"



OFTEN *the best of life doesn't begin for a woman until she is thirty. Often it is only then that she begins to realize herself and her own possibilities. Don't think of your age, whatever it is, as a limitation—think of it as an opportunity! Use the knowledge you have gained from life to overcome past faults and disadvantages. Make up your mind to be lovelier every year—and you will be!*

SOME women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl's complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets—late hours—and above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past—by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.

How you can free your skin from blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes; then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment to overcome blackheads

Every night before retiring apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

A special treatment for an oily skin

First, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

How to give a sallow skin color and life

Once or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

What particular skin problem are you facing?

No matter what your type of skin happens to be—you will find the treatment that exactly meets its needs in the booklet of famous skin treatments, "*A Skin you Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin your treatment tonight. See what a marked improvement the daily use of Woodbury's will make in your complexion. Faults that have troubled you for years will disappear. The whole tone of your skin will become younger, fresher, cleaner.

* * *

You can get Woodbury's Facial Soap at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. For convenience—get Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.

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There are special labels for Lingette and Normandy Voile, also with the *little fat man* for your guidance.



THE LOST SPEECH

Concluded from page 74

Ah, well! How shall one describe what Lincoln said? It was sixty-seven years ago that he made this the greatest speech of his life. Men still live who, as adolescent boys, heard him that May evening in Bloomington. They say that that night, standing on that platform, the beauty of his utterance was only equaled by the inspired beauty of his face—that he spoke like a god.

His face was pale. His great eyes burned black fire. His voice, which sometimes had been called too harsh, deepened and enveloped the great room in thundering organ notes. His audience, always glad to be amused and touched by one of Honest Abe's homely speeches, sat for the first few moments stunned by the transfiguration of the plain country lawyer into something greater than they readily could conceive.

He moved toward the front of the platform, his hands on his hips, and there was not a man who saw him who did not realize that there was a human being actuated by an overwhelming responsibility to the nation. He spoke for an hour and a half. At the end of the first five minutes reporters dropped their pencils, absorbed by the passion of the orator. At the end of the first three-quarters of an hour the reporters, with the rest of the audience, had risen from their seats and when Lincoln, his great arms lifted above his head, made a last appeal to the greatness of men's souls to stand against the break-up of the nation, his audience, pale of face, with tear-drenched eyes, had pressed forward from their places so that they made a solid human mass about the platform. And, as he ceased to speak, they burst forth in applause that was half worship, seized upon him and carried him to their hearts.

The new party had been born anew, its factions welded by tears.

Rose, clasping her little brother with one arm, pressed forward with the rest, her very soul lifted from her body. As Lincoln finished his peroration, she found her father beside her, his face drawn, tears streaming unchecked from his dark eyes.

"Yes! yes!" she heard him sob. "Yes! yes! This speech will stay the hand of civil war."

Rose slipped her hand through her father's. "I must thank him," muttered Ichabod. "He has done the impossible. The Republican party lives and breathes and——"

"Let's go back to the hotel," said Rose, "and talk to him there. It will be impossible to get near him here for a long time."

ICHABOD was too profoundly moved to come back to normal at once. He stood running his hands through his hair and repeating phrases from Lincoln's speech. Rose had not seen him so moved since her mother died. Suddenly he turned to her.

"I misjudged him!" he exclaimed. "Lincoln is a great man. He can do anything. I shall do for him whatever he asks. A man who can speak like that! By the eternal fathers, he has kindled a torch to-night that shall flare higher and higher, till it lights the world."

Men who could not reach Mr. Lincoln began to come up to congratulate Ichabod. He was strangely humble and told one after another that it had not been at his suggestion that Rose had called for Lincoln. The credit was hers.

"Then your daughter has put the country very deeply in her debt," said one man. "This party owes to her an inspiration that should carry it through a century of politics. I was glad to see Owen Bashford subdued and in line to-day."

Ichabod, still in the exalted mood begot by the speech, turned to Rose. "That, too, was my daughter's work!" Rose gave her father a strange look. In spite of the feeling roused in her by Mr. Lincoln's oratory, she was acutely conscious of the death-like pain in her heart. Ichabod caught the look. "You are glad, now, of the sacrifice, are you not, Rose?"

Rose, the weary Bodie leaning heavily against her, replied brokenly: "Was it a necessary sacrifice, father? Now, still with the sound of Mr. Lincoln's great plea in your ears for devotion to human happiness—was it a necessary sacrifice?"

Ichabod stood staring at his daughter from the fine heights to which Lincoln had lifted him. Rose, for once, saw him as she thought her mother must have idealized him, with a nobility of soul equal to the brilliancy of his mind.

"Do you think that it was not necessary, Rose?"

"I know it was not," she replied brokenly.

"And do you think," cried Ichabod, "that I can do less for the party than you, or—or my deadliest rival?"

He whirled suddenly and crossed the aisle to where Owen Bashford stood with a group of friends. Ichabod held out his hand to the younger editor. "Sir," he said, "do you realize that it was my daughter who put Mr. Lincoln on that platform this evening?"

Very reluctantly Owen took the proffered hand. "We all realize that, sir."

"Then we owe to her," continued Ichabod, "the fact that we've seen the first great blow struck at slavery. That speech, Mr. Bashford, has made me feel very small, very petty. I wish to bury all my private strifes. Will you accept my friendship, sir, public and private?"

Owen's group gasped. Nothing could have so assured them of the quality of Mr. Lincoln's speech as the effect it was showing on the bitter and brilliant Ichabod Franklin. Owen, whose tear-stained cheeks did not detract from his dignity, bowed over the hand which still clung to his. Ichabod, with heaven knows what sudden cognizance of the grief his selfishness had caused, cleared his throat.

"Come, Owen," he said huskily, "come over to Rose."

And Rose, watching the conversation she could not hear, clung trembling to Bodie as she saw the two approach her. Her father was smiling. "Rose, here's our friend Owen. I'm asking him to take you and Bodie back to the hotel."

Bodie showed sudden interest in life. "Say, he made that speech with the fish I gave him in his pocket. I'll get you one tomorrow, father."

"If it will do for me—" Ichabod suddenly interrupted himself to catch at the sleeve of one of his own reporters. "Cooper! Are your notes complete? We must print that speech without a single omission."

Cooper blinked at his chief with bloodshot eyes. "But—but Mr. Franklin, I couldn't take notes listening to that!"

"What do you mean, sir?" roared Ichabod.

"What I say," replied Cooper with a gulp. "There isn't a reporter here who took down that speech!"

"Where's Hartopp, my correspondent?" exclaimed Owen.

"Over yonder," said Cooper.

"Get all the newspaper men together at the hotel at once," snapped Ichabod. "Rose, your memory is excellent. Come along."

He dashed out into the night. Rose and Owen followed, leading the comatose Bodie between them. They had not exchanged a word. It was not necessary. The very prairie stars above them sang the ecstasy in their hearts.

WHEN they reached the hotel, the effort to recapture the speech began. But it was a vain hunt. Mr. Lincoln could not recall what he had said. Entirely exhausted, he took a solitary walk under the stars and went to his bed. No one in the audience had set down the speech. It was lost to the world forever.

It had reconciled the irreconcilable. It had in very truth, as history has proved, lighted the torch that was to flare round the world. Its passion, its tragic beauty, its noble inspirations had breathed life into the dead souls of men. Then it had disseminated itself into the common air, and men were to hand it on to posterity only in a phrase, The Lost Speech.

In despair, Ichabod and Owen finally sent their reporters to set down such phrases as they could recall or rescue from other minds. Ichabod began to transcribe his own recollections and Owen departed to do likewise. He followed Rose down the hall and drew her for a moment into the little parlor.

Dawn was lifting across the eastern plains. The two stood for a long moment, arms entwined, eyes on the unspeakable beauty of the prairie distances. Then without a word Owen drew Rose into his arms and kissed her with passionate devotion. And then, still without a word, they parted for what remained of the night.

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TOO FEW COOKS

Continued from page 10

"Not exactly. But you would have been sent to some orphanage where you would have been *half*-starved probably. You have come to a good home where you will be well cared for and properly educated. You will do exactly as I say about this matter. I *will* be obeyed. I am mistress here."

Emily folded her slender hands on the table and looked straight at Aunt Elizabeth with the steady, unblinking gaze that Aunt Elizabeth called "unchildlike."

"Anyway, Aunt Elizabeth," she said gravely, "you can't boss God."

For weeks Emily was a most unhappy little creature. To tingle with the delight of some swift conception and be forbidden to write it out—to be suddenly seized with an idea for a poem and realize immediately that you could not clothe it in words—all this was a torture which nobody who has not been born with the fatal "itch for writing" can comprehend. The Aunt Elizabeths of the world can never understand it. To them it is foolishness. There were times when Emily felt that she must fly into little pieces if she couldn't write out some of the things that came to her.

"But I must obey Aunt Elizabeth," she thought. "It is a Murray tradition that the head of the house must be obeyed."

There were other traditions of New Moon. One was that there must always be cake in the pantry—fresh, flawless cake—lest unexpected company come to tea. No company had ever found New Moon cakeless. Elizabeth and Laura Murray would both have died of horror on the spot if such a thing had happened. Kingdoms of Europe might rise and fall—famines might ravage India and China—Liberals and Conservatives, Republicans and Democarts might crash down to defeat—but so long as cake-box and cooky-jar were filled there was balm in Gilead.

Yet one day this unthinkable thing occurred. On Wednesday three buggy-loads of company came from Shrewsbury and found cake in the pantry—but left none. Early Thursday morning Aunt Elizabeth betook herself to the vine-hung cook-house at the northeast corner of New Moon to make another cake. But she had only got as far as getting out her mixing-bowl when Cousin Robert Murray of Derry Pond arrived, "bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste," or the modern equivalent for it. Great-uncle William Murray was dying—or thought he was—at Derry Pond. He wanted to see Laura and Elizabeth. They must lose no time if they were to get there before he died.

Go they did; but it was a tragedy. "I have never," said Aunt Elizabeth in a tone of anguish, as she tied on her bonnet, "gone away from home and left no cake in the house."

"Surely no one will come to-day," moaned Laura, equally wretched.

EMILY liked being alone very well at first. She felt quite important over being in charge of New Moon. She skimmed six lovely big pans of milk; she made up the spare-room bed, which had been disorganized by Cousin Margaret's sleepy twins; she got the dinner for herself and Cousin Jimmy; she washed the dishes. Then the end of the world came. Two buggies stopped at the gate; seven people descended therefrom and marched past Cousin Jimmy's platoons of hollyhocks with the air of people coming to stay. Emily, staring aghast through the window, recognized them. She had met them all at a clan funeral two weeks ago. Second Cousin Marcus Carter, his wife, son and daughter; Second Cousin Olivia Peake—*and* Third Cousin Doctor Palmer of Knox College, Toronto, with *his* wife.

And there was no cake at New Moon!

Something rose up in Emily and took possession of her, some inheritance from the good old stock behind her. She accepted the situation—she knew what she would do.

As graciously as any dear dead lady of New Moon could have done, Emily welcomed the guests at the door.

"Elizabeth and Laura away? Then I don't suppose we'll stay," exclaimed Cousin Marcella Carter, who had a long thin face, a long thin nose and a long thin mouth.

"You must stay for supper, of *course*," said Emily resolutely.

"Have you got anything good for us to eat?" asked Cousin Marcus with a chuckle. He had a square face, with a spiky white mustache, and neither of his eyebrows looked like the other. Emily thought she did not like him.

"I know the New Moon pantry is always well supplied," said Mrs. Doctor Palmer, smiling. She was a massive, handsome, dignified lady. In her smooth gray silk dress she looked, Emily decided, just like a nice, sleek gray cat.

"Well, give us something that will stick to our ribs," said Cousin Marcus. "We've had dinner at a place—I won't say where—but there was heaps of style and precious little comfort."

"Marcus!" said Cousin Marcella rebukingly.

"Fact. And now, Emily, I'll give you a quarter for a kiss."

Cousin Marcus was quite genial. A joke was his idea of being kind and sympathetic. But Emily did not know this and she resented it. Lifting her head as haughtily as any Murray of them all, she said haughtily:

"I don't sell my kisses."

The visitors laughed. Andy Carter said: "She's saving her kisses for *me*, dad."

There was another laugh. Emily shot a furious glance at Andy. He was about twelve, with a fat, round face, uneven, straight, whitish hair, staring china-blue eyes and spectacles. Under ordinary circumstances Emily could and would have annihilated him with ease and pleasure; but a New Moon hostess must not show discourtesy to any guest.

"She's got a nice mouth for kissing, anyhow," said Cousin Marcus.

Emily left her guests in the parlor and flew to the cook-house. She was breathless with excitement, but she knew exactly what was to be done. There was plenty of cold boiled chicken and ham left over from the previous day; there was plenty of cookies, and the New Moon jam-pots were full. But hot biscuit—there *must* be hot biscuit—and cake!

If Emily had been asked if she could cook, she might have answered like the canny Scot when asked if he could play the violin: he couldna say; he'd never tried. Emily had never tried. But she was going to try now. She had the New Moon recipe-book and she had watched Aunt Laura and Aunt Elizabeth scores of times.

Emily clasped floury hands over the cake-bowl.

"Oh, God, I think I can manage the biscuits, but You *must* help me with the cake."

Then she proceeded to mix, measure and beat. To make matters worse, Andy appeared. Andy was not happy unless he was teasing something. He proceeded to tease Emily, not having the least idea what a dangerous pastime it was, even when protected by the traditions of New Moon.

"I'm a terrible fellow," he declared. "I throw dead cats into wells. S'pose I throw *yours?*"

"I'll call my new pig after you," said Emily scornfully, and cracked an egg with violence.

Andy stared. What kind of a girl was this?

"I'm just over the measles," he said "*Black* measles. Ever had measles?"

"No."

"Mumps?"

"No."

"I've had mumps—and whooping-cough and scarlet fever and chicken-pox and pneumonia. I'm a terrible fellow to have things. *You* ever had any of them?"

"No."

"Did you ever have anything?" Andy was plainly contemptuous.

"Yes," said Emily, suddenly remembering something her father had said. "I've had cacoethes scribendi."

Andy stared again—but more respectfully.

"Golly! Is it bad?"

"Incurable," said Emily solemnly. "You never get over it."

Andy edged away. "Is it catching?"

"*You* couldn't catch it." There was that in Emily's tone Andy didn't like.

"Look here," he said furiously, "you give yourself airs that don't belong to you. You're only *half* Murray. And *you've got cats' ears.*"

Continued on page 81

Do you look as young as your husband

WHY is it that so many men look younger than women of the same age? Some specialists believe that the enforced cleansing of the daily shave keeps a man's skin healthier and more youthful than the average woman's.

Most women lead busy lives in the home, socially or in business but no woman is too busy to spend ten minutes a day in the proper cleansing of her skin. Ten minutes is all that the daily use of Resinol Soap requires to thoroughly cleanse the skin and preserve a youthful complexion.

Used each night before retiring, the absolute purity of Resinol Soap offers to the sensitive skin a non-irritant cleanser, which refines its texture and rids the pores of impurities, imparting a velvety softness and pleasing clearness. It has no heavy perfume—which is only too often a cloak for mediocre quality—but possesses a mild healthy fragrance suggestive of summer woods.

For blotches, roughness, etc., try a touch of Resinol. This soothing, healing ointment is not only successful in clearing up facial blemishes, but it has been prescribed by doctors for years in the treatment of more serious itching, burning skin disorders. Keep a jar on hand. All druggists sell it.

Don't let your skin grow old! With a little care you can keep it as young as you are or even a little younger!



RESINOL SOAP



Dept. E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....



"My dear, this is that new Permanent Finish Indian Head. Have you heard of it? I think it will make up beautifully."

New Secret Process Gives *Permanent* Finish *to* Indian Head

Fresh and lasting beauty makes this popular material more fashionable than ever

YOU who have known Indian Head since you were a little girl will be surprised to find that your favorite fabric has been made even more attractive. But it is true.

Through a new secret process an added smartness has been given to Indian Head. At the same time it retains the same great durability that has made it famous for more than ninety years.

The new finish gives it a crispness hitherto seen only in the finest imported dress linens, yet it does not crush easily and is slow to soil. The characteristic weave of Indian Head appears more distinctive than ever before.

What is more — and of the greatest importance — this new finish is a *permanent* finish. Neither wear nor washing affects it. It will not "fuzz up." It is easy to iron and a delight to your needle. These are important virtues not only when Indian Head is used for clothing, but also when slip covers, hangings, or embroideries are made of this versatile material.

The colors are permanent, too — Each of the eighteen fashionable colors of Indian Head is fast — absolutely fast — money back if colors fade. Simply mail us the article with your merchant's name and we will send check.

Thus, with permanent colors and permanent finish, Indian Head retains its beautiful appearance until the cloth is worn out. And, as you know, Indian Head wears and wears.

Fast Color Indian Head — 18 colors, 36 inches wide, permanent finish — sells for fifty cents a yard. Every yard is stamped "Indian Head Permanent Finish." Look for the name on the selvage. White Indian Head — 7 widths (18 inches–63 inches), — sells from 25 to 90 cents a yard.

Ready-to-wear garments have the Indian Head label.

Test your Favorite Color

Send for our free booklet, "Your Color and Why," and a generous sample of your favorite color. "Treat it rough" and prove to yourself that its color and finish are permanent.

Amory, Browne & Co.
Dept. 612 Box 1206
Boston, Massachusetts

Nashua Blankets, Gilbrae Fine Cottons
Parkhill Fine Ginghams, Lancaster
Kalburnie Gingham, Buster Brown Hosiery,
Conestogo Woven Tickings



Peach Indian Head has a beauty of hue all its own. No shade of Indian Head will ever fade, and the Permanent Finish always looks just the same as on day you bought it.



Use Indian Head for your house dresses. You will find it ideal — and the new finish is easy and most satisfactory to iron.



Immensely popular is Indian Head for Southern and sports wear.

LOOK FOR THIS MARKING ON EVERY YARD

INDIAN HEAD

REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

CLOTH

Permanent Finish

© 1925, Amory, Browne & Co.
Boston and New York





PARIS *forecasts for* *Spring*

The ensemble is the important costume of the season: A simple frock to match the coat or coat lining. A tunic blouse over a slip, its lower part matching the coat. A composé frock matching both coat and lining .... The new sleeves are long and snug for general wear .... Skirts are extremely short .... When they wear belts at all Parisiennes wear them about the hips— lower than ever .... The straight silhouette varies by means of circular effects, godets and side draperies.

SOMEWHERE beside the blue of the Mediterranean the first smart frocks of the Spring are walking about in southern sunshine. Boxes of new costumes hasten on the expresses bound south from Paris—costumes with the unmistakable stamp of the French dressmaker.

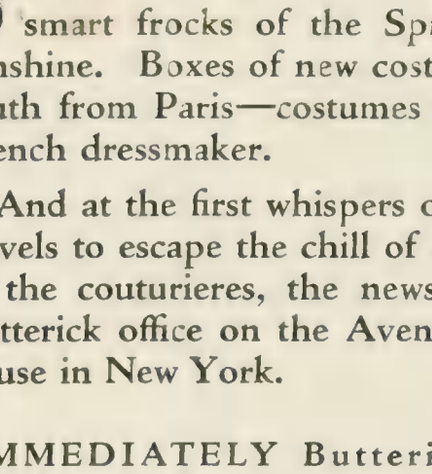
And at the first whispers of the Spring fashions, whether Paris travels to escape the chill of February or returns for the openings of the couturieres, the news is being cabled straight from the Butterick office on the Avenue de l'Opéra to their great fashion house in New York.

IMMEDIATELY Butterick fashions reflect these new and vastly important modifications.

Fortunately you, yourself, can give your things the look of effortless perfection simply by following the Deltor, even if you've never sewed before.

It isn't hard, with the aid of the Deltor. Take, for instance, the delightfully slim frock with the cape back—Pattern No. 5788. You can cut this frock out of an unbelievably small amount of material because the Deltor gives you an individual layout for your size, planned for the precise width you want—something which other patterns fail to give you.

Then the Deltor makes it easy to put the frock together so it will have that all-important smartness of line. The long sleeve—a nice bit of tailoring—will offer no difficulties with the Deltor. Seams, finishing, other details are so carefully described that they can be done with the exquisite perfection of a Paris frock. The Deltor is furnished free with every Butterick Pattern. Butterick of New York, of Paris and of London.



The flower on the shoulder is the latest fad of Paris. These are two of twelve sketches you get in the Deltor showing how to make this smart detail



Pattern No. 5781 Pattern No. 5749

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR



TOO FEW COOKS

Continued from page 78

Emily crimsoned to the tips of her pointed ears. But tradition held. She spared Andy's life.

"But if I ever meet you away from New Moon, I'll tell you what I think of you," she thought, as she measured her baking-powder.

"What you thinking of?" queried Andy, resenting her silence.

"I'm imagining how you'll look in your coffin," answered Emily deliberately.

This gave Andy to think. Was it safe to be alone with a girl who could imagine such things? But to leave her was to confess defeat.

"In five minutes by that clock I'm going to kiss you," he said with a fiendish grin.

Emily shuddered and shut her eyes. Then she had a diabolical inspiration.

"If you do, I'll pray for you every single night," she said.

"Don't you dast!" shouted Andy in a fury. "Don't you go telling God on *me!* I *won't* be prayed for!"

"How are you going to prevent me?"

HOW indeed! This was a poser. Andy wished he was well out of the cook-house and the presence of this exasperating creature. He shifted to a new point of attack.

"Why does Cousin Elizabeth burn nothing at New Moon but candles? S'pose it's because she's so mean?"

Emily was suddenly very angry. She herself often criticized Aunt Elizabeth in secret, but it was intolerable that an outsider should do it. She had one of her visitations of beauty. Anger brought a rose-hue into her cheeks and darkened her eyes. She looked so pretty it was almost a pity she couldn't have been angry all the time.

"Aunt Elizabeth can see farther by candlelight than *you* can by sunlight," she said.

But Andy was staring at her in amazement.

"Say, you're handsome after all. Look here, can I be your beau when we grow up?"

"No!" said Emily—and had her moment of triumph.

"What—what you got against me, Cats' Ears?" said Andy, his face falling.

Emily cast tradition to the winds. "You don't keep your nails clean," she said, beating her cake batter terrifically.

"What are you two young devils up to?" demanded Cousin Marcus, peering in at the door. "Come along, Andy; Jimmy is going to show us his colts."

Andy, as relieved to be rid of Emily as she was to be rid of him, vanished. Emily breathed a sigh of thanksgiving. Oh, would her cake be all right? That wretched boy had bothered her so. Had she remembered everything?

The cake was a gorgeous success. Remember that Emily was half a Murray. Then, too, there was Providence—or luck. It was a delicious feathery concoction with creamy filling and creamy frosting with golden orange crescents on it—*the* special company cake of New Moon. Emily had just as good luck with her biscuits. Then she set the table with the hemstitched cloth and Great-grandmother Murray's blue willowware set. Every domestic rite of New Moon was properly performed. The ham was sliced thin, the chicken-platter was parsley-fringed, the water in the tumblers was ice cold. She made the tea and carved the chicken. At the last moment she flew to her room and put on her Venetian beads.

"I want to show them I've got something," she thought.

Emily sat on the ladder-backed chair, facing the ordeal before her gallantly. She could feel her pulses beating to her fingertips. If only her hands would not tremble! She steadied her legs by twisting them around the rungs of the chair. Cousin Marcus did what in him lay to rattle her by conjuring her not to fill the cups so full of tea that there wasn't room for cream, as mean old Fourth Cousin Mary Pendleton always did; and Cousin Jimmy helped the chicken so lavishly that she broke out in cold perspiration lest there shouldn't be enough to go around. Mrs. Doctor Palmer took cream and no sugar, and Doctor Palmer took sugar and no cream, and Cousin Marcella took neither, and Cousin Olivia took cambric tea. It was very difficult to remember everything; but eventually everybody got something to drink and the chicken *did* go around.

"I would know Elizabeth Murray's cake if I met it in Central Africa," said Cousin Marcella, helping herself to a second piece.

Emily glowed with pride. But not a word did she say, and she hoped devoutly that Andy would not either. For the honor of New Moon, no one of those guests must ever dream that the cake had been made after they arrived.

Andy said nothing, being occupied in gorging, and presently it dawned on Emily that supper was almost over and all had gone well. But at this moment Cousin Olivia took it into her head to bait Emily a little. Cousin Olivia was a thin, middle-aged person with a colorless face, prominent teeth, most of which she showed when she laughed, and cold, watchful gray eyes.

"Can you sew, Emily?" asked Cousin Olivia.

"No."

"Can you knit?"

"No."

"Can you sing?"

"No-o-o."

"Can you play the organ?"

"No."

Little Cousin Muriel Carter giggled.

"Then what *can* you do?" said Cousin Olivia.

"I can write poetry," said Emily in exasperation.

"You bet she can," spoke up Andy. "I've got one of her note-books here. It's full of poetry. Want to hear some of it?"

Andy produced the note-book from his pocket. He must have stolen it from her school-bag. Emily felt as if she were in a dreadful dream. She *must* not make a scene, she could not leave the table—Cousin Marcella hadn't finished her preserves. Yet that awful boy was going to read some of her poems aloud.

Nothing was more terrible than the thought of having her beloved verses read aloud to stranger ears—cold, unsympathetic stranger ears. Yet it was happening. Andy was reading a poem—reading it with absurd intonations and gestures that made it seem a very ridiculous thing. The lines Emily thought the finest seemed to be most ridiculous. The little fancies that had seemed so beautiful to her were bruised and shattered now, like torn and mangled butterflies.

"Oh," thought Emily, clenching her hands under the table, "I wish the bears that ate the naughty children in the Bible would come and eat *you*."

But there were no nice, retributive bears about New Moon.

"Lilies lifted up white cu-u-ps
For the bees to dr-r-ink,"

chanted Andy, shutting his eyes and wagging his head from side to side. Little Cousin Muriel Carter giggled again. Emily hated her.

"That doesn't sound much like poetry," said Cousin Olivia.

"It's blank verse," said tortured Emily.

"*Very* blank," said Cousin Olivia, and smiled.

Suddenly Doctor Palmer leaned forward and took the little black book from Andy.

"That will do," he said quietly. He was a tall gray-haired man with a scholarly face and an indisputable way of speaking. He carried the note-book off with him, and Emily did not see it again until she was washing the willowware cups in the kitchen. Then she glanced up to see him smiling down at her.

"Here is your note-book, Emily. I confess I've read all the poems in it—and the little story at the back."

Emily blushed scorchingly, dried her hands, and put the note-book away. But when she returned, Doctor Palmer was still leaning against the dresser.

"Keep on—keep on, Emily," he said. "I think you'll be able to do something by and by. Something—I don't know how much. But keep on."

Emily was suddenly so happy she wanted to cry. It was the first word of commendation she had ever received except from her father—and a father might have too high an opinion of one. *This* was different.

"There are some good lines in your verses," went on Doctor Palmer. "And your story shows promise. You've got a sense of humor and a feeling for words."

Concluded on page 82

May Breath Free At Your Store Present Coupon



A Pure Breath

Is simply good manners

Millions have turned to this NEW way—scientific protection that you carry with you, always

THERE is no question any more about bad breath. Years ago, it may have been unavoidable. Today, it's judged unpardonable.

Any person who has ever drawn away from another because of it knows just how repellent it is.

Now you need not risk giving this offense. Millions are avoiding it in an amazing simple, *new* way.

What it is

May Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form; dainty little tablets that you carry with you.

Dissolve one in your mouth, that is all. Instantly your breath is purified, given the freshness of Maytime.

Not a mere perfume; for that simply cries out your effort at concealment. Not a liquid purifier that can only be used at home. May Breath supplies constant protection in the most convenient way.

* * * *

Bad breath comes from so many causes that scarcely one person in fifty escapes it at one time or another.

Stomach disorders may cause it, or food fermenting between the teeth. Certain foods and drinks are peculiarly apt to cause it. Smoking is a chief offender.

Careful people today, the world over, practice breath purity as simple good manners.

* * * *

Carry May Breath with you. It's in flat metal boxes that fit into your purse, or a pocket.

Never risk close contact with others, never go to a dance or theatre without taking the precaution of a May Breath tablet.

Send the coupon and we will gladly send you a box free. Then you will know the good it brings. Tear out the coupon before you forget.



Cigar odors
Quell them before you dance.



In your home
Be as careful as you are with friends. Insure sweet breath.



Spring odors
One May Breath tablet brings that added charm.

15c and 25c



May Breath is now on sale in Canada

GOOD FOR A 15c Box

Present this coupon to any druggist for a 15c box of May Breath free. He will charge to us.

All leading druggists and most others now have May Breath. If your druggist fails you, send coupon to us. Only one box to a family.

TO DRUGGISTS: These coupons will continue to appear. Redeem as per our offer, send to us as they accumulate, and we will pay you 15 cents each in cash.

MAY BREATH COMPANY
Dept. M-128, 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto



Give the Children a good start

Train them from infancy to be regular in Nature's most important daily function

MOTHERS must watch three things very carefully if they expect their children to be healthy and normal in size and weight: that the food agrees with them; that they digest it thoroughly; that they expel the waste regularly once or twice every day.

When your child is constipated quickly give, according to age, a half or a whole spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a delightfully pleasant vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with aromatics the formula being, printed in full on the package. It is wholly free from opiates and narcotics; mild and gentle in action. A bottle that can be procured at any drug store for sixty cents will be found sufficient to last a family for months. All can use it.

Don't hesitate, don't postpone. A dose of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin relieves children of constipation and biliousness, reduces feverishness and wards off colds, dispels nervousness and produces sleep, clears up a blotchy skin and restores appetite.

Sample Bottle Free

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the largest selling liquid laxative in the world, over 10 million bottles being sold annually, but if you have never used it in your family send your name and address today to Pepsin Syrup Co., 26 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois, and a sample bottle will be sent you free and postpaid.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

The Family Laxative

Dr. Caldwell's Book, "Care of the Baby," Free on Request



TOO FEW COOKS

Concluded from page 81

"But Aunt Elizabeth won't let me write," said Emily wistfully. "She says it's nonsense to write poetry and wicked to write stories."

"Hm-m-m," said Doctor Palmer reflectively.

"IF YOU change your mind about having me for a beau, let me know," whispered Andy, when they went away. "It'll be all right, if I haven't changed mine."

Emily laughed at him. Her little, gay, bewitching face was very bright. She was too happy to mind Andy. She had kept the Murray flag flying and Doctor Palmer had told her to "keep on."

When Aunt Laura and Aunt Elizabeth came home—slightly annoyed, though they did not know it, that Great-uncle William Murray had not died after all the bother—they had already heard the news. They had met the cousins on the road.

"Emily," said Aunt Elizabeth, looking very imposing in her black lace bonnet and beaded silk mantle, "*did you make the cake?* Cousin Marcella said she wanted the recipe of our cake."

"Yes," said Emily.

Aunt Elizabeth sat down on a chair.

"Thank goodness! When I heard there was cake, I thought you must have *borrowed* it. Bring me a bit of it."

Aunt Elizabeth tasted the "bit" grimly. Emily waited tremulously. The big, black-raftered kitchen looked spookish and weird, as it always did by candlelight. Outside, elfish "rabbits' candles" were flickering among the orchard boughs.

Aunt Elizabeth looked at Emily with a new respect in her gulf-blue eyes.

"Well," she said, "you *have* got *some* Murray in you anyhow."

"That is the first compliment you've ever paid me," thought Emily.

"But I suppose the spare room wasn't made up," sighed Aunt Elizabeth.

"Yes. I made it this morning."

"And you didn't forget to put pickles on?" demanded Aunt Elizabeth anxiously.

"No. I put pickles and chow both."

"And you didn't—you're sure you didn't—slop any tea over in the saucers?"

"I'm sure."

"Tell Emily what Doctor Palmer said," suggested Aunt Laura.

"You can tell her," said Aunt Elizabeth, getting up and stalking out.

"Doctor Palmer advised Aunt Elizabeth to let you write what you wanted to," said Aunt Laura. "He said you had a gift that should be encouraged."

"And will she?" Emily was white with suspense.

"Yes. She thinks what a reverend professor of theology approves of can't be wrong. You can write stories if you want to, Emily."

"But mind you don't put much silly love-making in them," said Aunt Elizabeth, suddenly sticking her head out of the sitting-room door.

EMILY went up to her room and looked out of her window with eyes that were satisfied and loving. How beautiful was New Moon, embowered in its twilight of old trees. The tips of the lofty spruces came out in purple silhouette against the northwestern sky of rose and amber. Down behind them Blair Water lay in the sunset, like a great, golden lily. Below her was the quiet and dusk and dreams of New Moon garden, full of a faint blue twilight with the ghostly blossoms of the white phlox here and there in it. The wind of the September night was blowing trumpets of fairyland on the hills.

There seemed to be a bubble of joy in her heart—a shimmering, prismatic bubble. Life tasted good—"tasted like more," as Cousin Jimmy would say.

"I feel," said Emily to herself, "like a little bird that has just got out of a cage."



BETTER DAYS FOR GIRLS

Concluded from page 8

not even have noticed the disturbance. All I am arguing is that, if they are so splendid, a way in should be found for the boys outside, and that, in the meantime, slabs of the Something should be procured for the comparatively humble secondary schools that I believe are in time to play a greater part than the stern old ones. Until the secondary schools acquire the Something, they must get along with the Something Else that they already have.

What they have is to be proud of. Such schools and such joys were denied to most of our forebears. To the better scholars in the girls' schools the glories of Oxford and Cambridge lie ahead—an enchanted land to the many, practical advantages. Girls can go from them, as numbers now do yearly, equipped, or nearly so, to live intelligently by their own work, to make a fair wage in interesting callings and to be chosen for their job in preference to men because they have proved that they can do it better. There must be a mighty satisfaction in that. There must be hundreds of girls to-day doing important secretarial work, for instance, in the cities, for the one of a few years ago. And there are many other openings. It ought soon to make a change in the appearance of young women, to give them a more serene look.

I remember being in Paris on the night of the Armistice, where I had also been for some nights previously, and I think the most wonderful sight I have ever seen in this world was the changed appearance of the women as they realized that the black years had come to an end. No Cinderella ever looked more different after she was dressed by her godmother. "It's over!" was the universal cry—nothing boastful, just a shining thankfulness.

Such schools are a bursting light through the gloom of the past. Never again will it be quite impossible for a girl, poor or rich, to adorn herself in the fair garments of learning. "It's over—the dark days are over," she can cry at last. Well, that is going too far; but she can at least say, "They have begun to be over." It largely depends on the young women of to-morrow when those days are to be completely over. I should like to give these girls a motto—something to strive for—I should like to see it blazoned over the entrance to their schools: "That every child born into the world should get an equal chance." That will need some doing.

THE TOOTHSOME THREE

1—Tasty Dishes to Serve as Appetizers
2—Ten Sauces to Serve on Ice-Cream
3—Ten Dishes from One Biscuit Recipe

Don't you often want to "dress up" a simple meal with some sort of toothsome accessory? A delicious sauce to go with "store" ice-cream! A feathery biscuit or a tasty appetizing side-dish to go with a meal of "left-overs"! Our Home-Making Department presents a special offer this month. We will send you three bulletins, "The Toothsome Three," in return for a stamped envelope. If you want them, just drop a line to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

"Don't let your face touch its pillow until your skin has been thoroughly cleansed"



. . . . . The moment my face touched its pillow I knew I had forgotten!

My face felt the caress of the cool, white pillow—and then I remembered.

If my skin were to be clear and fresh looking tomorrow, I must wipe away the day's dirt tonight. I must use the cold cream that cleanses, and revives the skin; the one so pure doctors prescribe it—Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

After this cleansing in "three golden minutes" my skin can rest naturally all night and by morning be radiant.

If you, too, never let your face touch its pillow at night until your skin has been thoroughly cleansed with this perfect cold cream—you'll soon see new clearness and beauty.

For sale at department and drug stores—the white package with the red bands. Tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c, and $1.50.

There's a "Try-It-Yourself" trial tube for you—Free. Just send the coupon below.

* * *

How to use those "Three Golden Minutes"

I—*Smooth a coat of this perfect cold cream over your face and neck.*

II—*Leave it on a minute to sink in.*

III—*Wipe off the cleansing cold cream with a smooth cloth and finish with a dash of cold water.*

Daggett & Ramsdell's



PERFECT COLD CREAM

Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 3016
214 West 14th St., New York

Please send me the free trial tube of the Perfect Cold Cream you offer above.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

In Canada: Daggett & Ramsdell, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.

It made her uneasy

SHE knew she was being talked about. Sly, knowing smiles when she entered a room and a curious reluctance on the part of her dancing partners made her ever conscious that something was being whispered behind her back.

But what it was all about the poor girl never knew. And it worried her terribly.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk.* There are three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

LISTERINE Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations — 25 cents.

Bouillon-
more tempting than ever and no trouble at all to fix

Even those who can't cook can now make it

By Mrs. Jane Starr Grant



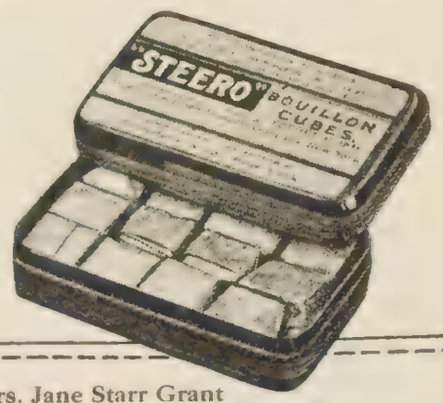
IF everything could be prepared as quickly as bouillon, how easy cooking would be! Yet there was a time when it took hours to prepare. Contrast that with what you do today. You go to the kitchen cabinet and get a STEERO bouillon cube. You unwrap it, drop it into a cup. You pour on boiling water and your bouillon is *ready* for you. Do you know anything else equally delicious that can be made with equal speed?

There is usually a slight element of risk in preparing food. How often have you followed the recipe ever so carefully and been disappointed by the result! But bouillon—delicious, tempting—can be made without the slightest risk. Just drop a STEERO bouillon cube into a cup and pour boiling water on it. Not a chance for anything to go wrong.

Does bouillon made with STEERO bouillon cubes taste good? The piquancy of its flavor, I believe, is what makes it so popular. This flavor is a wonderful blend of just the right kind of beef, fresh vegetables, and spices, prepared according to the formula of expert chefs.

Many different dishes are made more delicious by means of STEERO bouillon cubes. This new way of flavoring, chosen by famous chefs, is now being adopted everywhere. Use these cubes in the preparation of gravies and sauces, vegetables, soups, macaroni and spaghetti, eggs and omelets, fish and other seafood, salad and salad dressings, poultry and fish dressings, meats and left-overs, souffles, jellies and game.

***free*—STEERO bouillon cubes.** I want you to try STEERO bouillon and flavoring cubes. I want you to taste the delicious bouillon they make. I want you to see for yourself what a wonderful flavoring agent they are in dozens of different dishes. I want to send you a sample package. Mail me the coupon and I will personally see that you get the free sample. If you wish the 64-page STEERO Cook Book, send ten cents with the coupon.



Mrs. Jane Starr Grant
American Kitchen Products Co.
Dept. D-23, 281 Water St., New York City

☐ Send me the free sample package of STEERO bouillon and flavoring cubes.

☐ Sixty-four-page Cook Book (enclosed 10c).

Name .....

Address .....

.....



DOORS

Continued from page 11

the ride through the silent village with Tom Griffith: the brown head in her lap; the feel of the people inside the prim white houses, waiting for the breaking of the day and the breaking of the news about Thankful Ames.

Well, the news was out! She walked away from the gray gown and put on one she had made from a deep-blue Persian shawl an ancient Ames had brought from Bagdad. She stood before her mirror. Her eyes took fire and glowed; the brown seemed to deepen in her hair; a soft elusive vivacity came out in her face that most people and clothes and events failed to rouse. She had lived a long time in the midst of stillness, but inside of her was something that wasn't still yet—something fighting for its life.

There were questions it would have been wiser to ask Rose before she went to the hospital, but this was her affair now, and she deliberately ran some risk to keep it so. There was nothing for Rose to do but stay at home and wait; and she liked that——

He was better, the nurse said. Probably the doctor would keep him in bed for a week. They had telephoned for his things from the hotel in Bridgeford——

She took Thankful to his room.

He was sitting up in bed, propped on pillows. He wore an orange smock over the jacket of his pajamas. There was a white bandage on his head like a turban. He was very different from the men Thankful knew.

His gray eyes met hers indifferently as she came in; and then the indifference disappeared and under the gray a live blue washed in.

"Did you come to see *me?*" he said in a pleasant light bass, stressing the final pronoun hopefully a little.

His face was full of zest for life. His coarse hair grew out of his head like an expression of it. It licked itself into the blue of his eyes and deepened the lines at the corners of his mouth. He was a tonic person just to see and hear.

"Yes. I've something rather important to talk to you about." She sat down in some embarrassment, but conscious that, in her beautiful exotic dress, she had never looked so well in her life.

"But the nurse said you were the girl who was with me!"

HER eyes held the wide candor which was her strongest quality. "I asked her to say that. The girl who was with you is my brother's wife. My brother is a deacon. He disapproves of dancing. If he hears what she did, he'll never let her into his house again."

"Wow!" he said, sitting up with keen interest. "That's a *real* mess, isn't it! And you are planning to take her place, is that it?"

"Yes—if you'll help me." And she told him about the cloak and Old Tom Griffith. "Will you—please?"

"Yes, if you want me to; but won't the village and your brother make it nearly as hot for you as they would for your sister-in-law?"

"Probably. But I can stand it and she can't. She was a factory girl before he married her. The village has never really taken her in. This would be the end of her."

"Is it impertinence to ask if she's worth it?"

She reddened, but kept her honest eyes on his. "I'm not doing it just for her and my brother. I—I'm doing it for myself, too." The banked-up dreads and suppressions and timidities of her life made her hesitate. She said it quickly, in a spurt of words: "I'm twenty-five years old, and I've lived all my life in the Old Ames House here in Granite Village, most of it alone, and nothing ever happened to me until you smashed your car under my window! And now—well, now I find I rather *like* shocking the village! And I want to see what's going to happen next! Do you—do you see?"

"Rather! I should say I do! Good Lord, yes!" Interest crackled in his eyes like a fire.

She found herself telling him the rest of it. "I've always wanted to wear red. But the Ameses don't! I've had the shawl this dress is made of since I was a baby, but I never dared wear it before. That cloak brought something to life in me. It's something I like. This gorgeous foreign-looking dress keeps it alive. I—" She stopped, afraid he'd misunderstand.

But there was the kind of responsiveness in his face she had never had from a man before. "Naturally. We need that sort of thing as much as we need sugar."

"That's what I'm just finding out. I—I'd almost *like* them to think I was in the car last night. Maybe then I'd get the courage to do a lot of other harmless things I've always wanted to do that are under the ban. Does that sound awfully fine-spun and silly?"

"Not to me. I get you almost as well as if I had lived in the house instead of you. You see, nothing happened to me either, until ten years ago. Then I inherited three hundred dollars, threw up my job as a bookkeeper, became a painter, and took to wearing things like this." He twitched at his orange smock. "Seems to me the scarlet cloak's immensely important. Don't give it back to your sister-in-law. And wear it with me again some day, will you, when I've got my sense and can see it?"

THAT startled her; showed her where she was headed.

"Oh, no! I—I—it wouldn't do. I'm not really a red-cloak person, you know."

"You can't tell till you've tried it. *I* should think you were. But you *will* come to see me, won't you? I'm here for a week, they tell me. I—I'm as lonely as you are," he said deliberately. "As your sister-in-law is, poor little devil! As most people are in this infernally lonely world. I'd like it enormously. Will you?"

She had the quick consciousness that in that moment something was born between them. It was a weak thing—easy to kill. A wistfulness for its welfare came into the eyes of both of them. "We will be careful," their eyes said to each other, startled. "This is real—immensely important."

She went every morning for the week. Business prolonged Orrenus's absence. Winter flagged and fell back. Six perfect days passed in a row. Rose moved in and out of them, a pitiful little figure one must be gentle to, but Thankful scarcely noticed her. The village buzzed and craned its neck to see her pass; she let it. When it came to the point, nobody actually asked her questions, and she asked none of herself. Every morning she sat with Gaskell beside an open window that gave on to miles of leopard-spotted trees. The thing between them spread its new wings like a sun-warmed moth just out of its cocoon, and now she knew what it was.

On the day Orrenus returned she walked slowly home through the sunshine. They hadn't said they loved each other. Because that was as unnecessary as to say in the face of the brilliant colors of the trees: This is Autumn.

He was well now, and would be dismissed from the hospital that afternoon. The next day he went to New York, to close—if his plans held—a contract for a series of outdoor posters. When he returned— But nothing new could happen then. Everything had happened already. The darkness of her life had paled and broken into sunrise. It was bursting and flashing and glowing all about her. She'd have sung if she had been a bird. Being a New England Ames, there was nothing she could do about it. But she was enough of a bird for this: She didn't think. All that golden week she hadn't thought.

She began to think when she saw Orrenus.

He was waiting for her on his porch—a fixed high glare in his eyes, a devoted expression on his face, his big stomach thrust well out by the excessive erectness of his posture; stalwart, impressive, zealous for the right, and—ridiculous! Always a little ridiculous, if you had the wit to see it. His sister had seen it with bitter clarity since childhood.

He took her by the arm and led her in. He lectured her solemnly and stiffly, with the momentum of a vigorous-minded petty man who is always sure he is right. And through the sentimental and rhetorical fog she caught a dismaying glimpse of the real hurt she had dealt him.

Foursquare and solid, he stood monumentally against dancing and all who danced.

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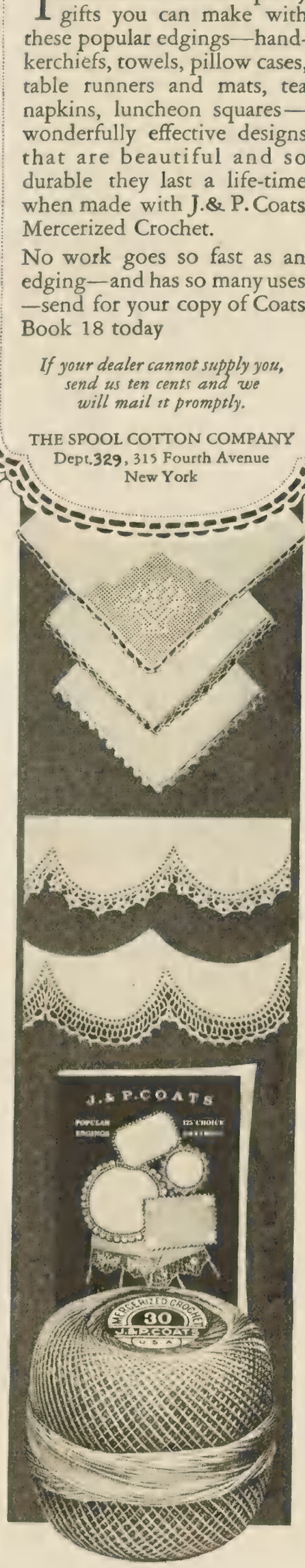
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DOORS

Continued from page 84

He had as easily thought of the Old Ames House arising from its foundations and going off to a vulgar public subscription dance as of his sister doing such a thing. And to have sneaked into a town where she was unknown, and picked up a strange man, like a kitchen wench— Even Rose would have known better.

She felt sorry for Orrenus. This hurt him nearly as much as the truth would have done. But she saw clearly that the truth would have ended things between him and Rose. How easy it would all be if she didn't love him!

She answered him at first, but it was absurd to try to fly in a vacuum. He sucked the air from around her wings. She found herself slipped down into her accustomed chair in his big cold parlor, the Spring gone out of her soul.

But Orrenus talked on. Words were his only vice. He debauched himself with them soggily.

THROUGH it all she was aware of Rose, moving about like an agitated subconsciousness; now up-stairs and now down.

"Can't you be quiet?" he snapped at last. "Can't you see I'm trying to talk? What are you doing?"

"I'm going out," Rose said, and came into the room. She wore the clothes she had had as a factory girl, and carried a straw suitcase marked with the initials of her maiden name.

"And I'm never coming back, see?" Her voice was vibrant with a slow sarcastic assertion of freedom from the respect with which she had addressed him since their marriage. "Not if you were to come and ask me every day for forty years!"

Orrenus got slowly to his feet. The veins in his temples swelled. His eyes bulged with incredulity.

"Are you c-crazy?" he stammered. "What are you t-talking about? What do you mean?"

Rose held to the suitcase with both hands, leaning back against its weight. The red flamed high in her cheeks. Her small, delicate features were pinched with determination.

"I hate you. I've hated you for more than a year. I've kidded myself into pretending I didn't, but when you began jawing Thankful I knew all of a sudden it wasn't any use. I knew we'd got to the end. I've got to go, that's all!"

His weak mouth worked in the fastnesses of his strong-looking beard. His impressive face, inheritance from a sturdy line that was beginning to dribble, looked contemptuous and confused. From the opening and closing of his fattish hands Thankful knew that rage thrashed within him like an eel in a lobster pot. It touched her that he didn't show it.

"What have I done," he stammered valiantly, "to—to make you hate me?"

"I don't know what you've done. Maybe nothing from your point of view. You can't see anything but yourself anyway, so what's the use talking about it? Anyhow, what *difference* does it make? I hate you! I hate the way you look! I hate the creases in your neck, and the way your hair curls up at the bottom in the back, and that mole at the side of your nose! I hate the way you talk and the way you laugh and the snivelly way you pray in church, and the way your shoes creak, and the jokes you tell! And—and and most everything about you! Isn't that enough?"

ORRENUS sank into a chair. His eyes sought his sister's with a look of mute, anguished bewilderment.

And suddenly she saw three boys kicking a plump larger boy and calling him a cheat. The plump boy was Orrenus—with the same bewildered look on his face. And, as young as she was, she had seen that he had gathered the marbles that didn't belong to him because he was too dull to understand the rules. And the sick realization had settled itself like a film over her keen mind that her brother was as definitely set apart by stupidity as if he had had a humped back. And she had begun to love him then as their mother had loved him, and had seen for the first time why their mother had made her promise never to leave him if he needed her. But it had been that look in his eyes, smitten, baffled, confused, that had held her more strongly than the promise.

"Yes," she said gently, "that's enough, Rose. You'd better go now, for all our sakes."

And Rose went, with one last word: "It was *me* in the car the other night, not Thankful. When we saw Mr. Griffith coming, Thankful took my place, on your account. And she'll live to find out, like I've done, that you're not worth it!"

The door slammed and the gate clicked and the Autumn wind sighed round the corners of the house——

Everything was done now except mailing the red cloak to Rose. Thankful stood with it in her hand. She felt that when she had sent it away she'd have frozen into the old Thankful Ames, to whom things never happened. Flaming ironical symbol of might-have-been, she dropped it on a chair and sank into another.

She watched the people pass, whom she had seen through that same pane of glass for more than twenty years. The sparse inhabitants of a barren countryside; grubbing out of their soil every decade the rocks that worked their way to the top; ungrubbed themselves and rocky, but strong to suffer and to stay.

She'd see them now from Orrenus's window go from west to east into the town, and then from east to west to their homes again; the children turn to youths, the young grow old, the old ones die, and *that* would be her life. A watcher. A looker on. She felt the strong thrust of the clean blood in her body, and her eyes brightened with tears.

But there weren't enough to fall, and, in the calm, unaccented light of early Winter, sitting there in her underheated, stale-aired sitting-room in the back of the Old Ames House, she told herself that she'd done well. She had promised not to leave Orrenus as long as he needed her. She wasn't the kind that could break promises and prosper. Next day she moved over to keep house for him as long as the two of them lived.

She had written Gaskell in New York, cutting things off with surgical cleanness. She had bared her feelings as never before. She had treated their love as a thing established. She'd have married him, she had said, if Rose had remained with Orrenus; but since Rose hadn't, she gave him her decision as inevitable and beyond her power to change.

She clasped her strong hands. She'd live, she thought, a long time. She had a sense of the beat of the feet of the empty years marching down upon her. She shuddered and sat on, as still as her old worn furniture. There was nothing now but the dropping of ashes in the stove, the enfeebled ticking of Great-grandmother Hatch's clock, and the wind round the corners of the house—unless her letter hadn't stopped him, and he was coming for that last useless draft of pain. If he came, it would be to-day. It was the day he had meant to come——

WHEN the bell brought her heart to her throat, she knew it was he.

She went into the dark hall and set her hand to the knob. Her heart plunged like a hooked fish; but she knew she could do this and anything else that was needed. She opened the door.

His overcoat hung open. He filled most of the doorway. His coarse brown hair had been roughened into obstinate whorls by the cap he had dragged off and was crushing in his hands. His face, between the points of his turned-up collar, was sharp with hope, his eyes as blue as the sea.

"Did you really think you could make a man fall so hard in love with you that he could barely keep from telling people about it on the street and then get rid of him with a letter?"

He thrust his cap into his pocket and held out his hands. His eyes leaped with life. "Tell me it's all nonsense and marry me to-night! Thankful, I've just heard that I am going to have to go to—" he paused. She wouldn't take his hands. She folded her arms to keep hers from stealing out to him of their own accord "—to Australia," he drove on doggedly, "and I've got to get the ten-o'clock train out of here to-night to catch

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DOORS

Concluded from page 85

the steamer. And you're going with me. I knew there was a chance of something like this, so I got the license before I left." He stopped and filled his big chest with air. "If I went without you, I shouldn't see you again for a year, and so——"

"I can't go," she said in a thin, dry voice. She hadn't dreamed what it would be like to have him there. He was so *real*. He made her house and her life shrivel and grow dingier. "I meant what I said in my letter. You shouldn't have come."

A new look came into Gaskell's eyes. "Look here," he said incisively, "your letter's rubbish, and your love for me is real. You can give your brother all sorts of things, but you can't give him your life. You'll wreck it if you try to, and end by making both of you miserable. You love me enough to marry me, don't you, if it wasn't for him?"

"I love you enough for anything," she said steadily. "I never wanted anything as much in my life as I want to go out of that door with you forever." Her feelings flamed like twin shoots of fire, one red with longing for life, one white with repression and devotion to duty. And the white flame burned all the color out of the red flame and took it over into itself in a passion of renunciation, until she shrank back from the abyss it lit up at her feet. "But that has nothing to do with it. There isn't the faintest chance that I'm going to." She opened the door to the gray afternoon. "If *you* love *me*—please go away!"

He took her hand off the knob and closed the door and stood against it.

"I've never cared for a woman before. And now you've shut all other women out of my life. Can't you see what you're doing to me?"

"Yes. That's the worst of it. But I can't do what I want to. I've *got* to do what's right."

"It *isn't* right! It's plain, straight fanaticism! If your mother was alive, she'd be the first to tell you so and release you from your promise. The thing was wrong in itself—unnatural—impossible!"

"No. Just—hard."

"Do you dare to say that your brother needs you as I do? That your duty to him is as important as your duty to *me?* And the children that you and I might have?"

"I do not dare to say that it isn't. I do not dare to turn my back on this responsibility here and go away expecting happiness. You see," wistfully, "I don't believe that, with all our love, we'd find it."

"Poor little pigeon!" he said gently. "It's a marvel that you'll dare anything—here. Let me dare for you, won't you? I'll pledge you my soul we'll find happiness! Can't you trust me, Thankful?"

HIS voice stirred things in her that would have conquered a weaker woman and started the tears; but she shook them off and held him away when he would have taken her into his arms.

"I can't trust myself. If I were really the red-cloak person you thought me, perhaps—I don't know, but—perhaps I'd go with you! But that's just a small starved part, not a bit like the real me. We could trust the real me, but we couldn't trust that."

"I don't believe that what I love in you is weak. What chance has it had? But even if it were—*I'm not!* I'm strong enough for anything where you are concerned. This thing's on *my* head now! I'm coming back at seven o'clock, and then—I'm going to take you with me. God knows, I'm not much on cave-man stuff, but there are times——"

"No," she said, as he opened the door and stepped into the mist-hung purpling twilight, "I can't go with you. If you come back, I sha'n't let you in."

When the bell rang, she took up the lamp and went quietly, though her heart beat hard with terror and pain. But the aching core of it was the realization of her own strength.

"You must go away," she said patiently, as if she had never said it before. "I sha'n't open the door. You'll only hurt us both by staying. I—I love you! Good-by."

"Listen, Thankful." His voice was as quiet as hers. "I'm coming in. If you don't open the door—" suppressed triumph ran through his tones like lightning through a quiet-colored cloud—"I'll break it down. It would be simpler to open it."

She drew in her breath sharply. She felt degraded that this could really be happening to her, and at the same time a strange shivery share of his triumph.

"You'll only make me ridiculous. And—and pitiful!"

"You are pitiful now. But you'll never be pitiful with me! Stand back from the door, I'm going to smash it."

"No, no, *no!*" she begged in an agony of humiliation. "Don't drag our love in the mud! Don't end it all like a road-house brawl!"

"It isn't the end," he said, and put his shoulder to the door.

THE outraged blood rushed to her cheeks and humiliation gnawed at her heart. She turned to leave the house—to get away from the man who had changed the most beautiful thing in her life into ugliness. But something held her there, holding up the lamp and staring at the door as it creaked and bent—something she was ashamed of—that fanned the feeling of triumph until it leaped like a savage flame in her breast.

It was a strong door. She didn't think he could break it. *But, oh, if he only did!* Suddenly her New England heart was full of a fierce unworded prayer that he would, a passionate unconscious calling on old and very alien gods that her man might have the strength to smash his way in to her! Through the door of her house and another door, not made with hands, against which he had flung his spirit. The other door was inside of her. It was a door of ice and although the spirit behind it ached for release, she thought that no one could reach it.

But now both doors bowed and creaked together! She stared, half-tranced, tingling with hope, an earth devil dancing through her blood. He bent—she could almost see him do it—and braced his feet against the post across the narrow porch, lowered his shoulders and slowly released the full strength of his powerful body. There was a sharp report, the dry tearing of seasoned wood, and the old door split from top to bottom and the two sides banged inward.

As quick as a rabbit, she set down the lamp and turned and ran. But before he had come in she was back again—in time for one side of the door to fall at her feet. The other hung from a single rusty hinge. Gaskell took it in his big steady hands and wrenched it loose and flung it clattering to the floor.

He stepped across it gravely. He was panting, but unembarrassed. If there was anything disgraceful in what he had done, he seemed unaware of it.

"It's down," he said. "Smashed. Broken. You are free. You can walk out over it if you want to. But if you won't—neither will I. I sha'n't be much good in a place like this, but I'll stay—and get you another door."

"No," said Thankful soberly. "I'll go with you now. If we're wrong, it can't be helped. You broke something inside of me along with the door." There was a scarlet swirl as her hands came from behind her. The folds of the cloak settled about her shoulders. "Take me to find Orrenus, and then—wherever you like."

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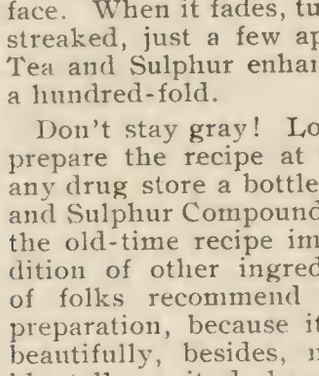
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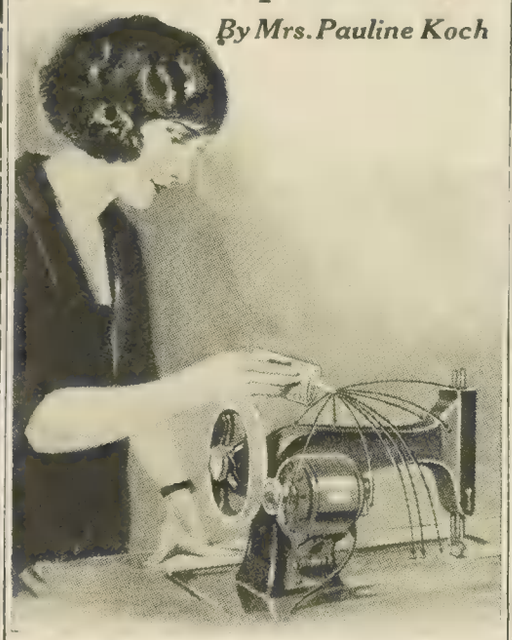
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By Mrs. Pauline Koch



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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 14

"Yes, I *must* talk," she answered. "When I was eight and Lily two years old, our father died. My mother was left miserably poor, and I heard enough talk then among her and her few friends to fear—as only a child can fear—actual starvation.

"It was then that an uncle of whom we had scarcely heard came to see us. That was Tom Fleming, Roger's father. He had quarreled with my father years before, and, as everything father touched turned to loss, so everything that Tom Fleming went into prospered.

"He came to my mother's poor little flat, and—ah, my God, my God!" whispered Flora, forgetting her audience, as she pressed a dark hand to her eyes, and speaking to herself. "What a day that was for me! He asked my mother to bring her little girls to his country house, to Wastewater, until she should get her bearings! He left money on the little red table-cloth in the dining-room—my poor mother burst out crying and tried to kiss his hand——

"A WEEK later, on a Summer afternoon, we got there. I had never seen the inside of a big house or the open expanse of the sea before. It was all a fairy-tale to me, the silver, the meals, the big rooms—what a wonderland it was!

"Uncle Tom was a widower, with two sons, boys of thirteen and eleven—Roger and Will. They were out in the stable-yards with some puppies when we got there, and Roger was not too big a boy to take a little girl cousin under his wing—he showed me the puppies, he let me name one of them 'Silver'——

"I have never seen any other puppies that were to me as—as strangely important as those were," Flora went on, her eyes closed, her voice the mere essence of its usual self. "Nor such a lingering early Summer afternoon as that was! It seemed to me my heart would burst with joy. To have supper in the pantry that was full of maids and sunshine, and such supplies of cake and butter and milk, and to sleep in a big smooth bed, in such a great room——

"All those early days were filled with anxiety for me. I was afraid any instant that we might be sent away. My mother told me long afterward that I cried myself almost sick with excitement when she told me that Uncle Tom had asked her to stay and take care of his house for him. I don't remember that, but I remember in my gratitude telling Roger that I hoped some day he would be out at sea in a wreck, and that I would save his life—and how he laughed at me——

"He was, I suppose, as handsome a boy as ever lived. It was not that. Surely I was too small a girl to know or care what real beauty was! But I loved him from the first instant I saw him.

"Not—I think now—as other children love, as other young girls love. There was no vanity in it—I can say that. There was no happiness, no prettiness. It was agony to me, almost from that first June afternoon.

"His least word was important, his kindness made me tremble all over, and if ever Roger were cross with me, I used to be actually sick with grief, and my mother would ask him to come up to my room and let me sob wildly in his arms and beg him to forgive me.

"I never got any pleasure out of it, God knows. If he smiled at any one else, I was wretched. No matter what he did, his laugh, his voice, his use of his hands—and he had beautiful hands—was full of magic for me. I used to pray—to *pray* that he would not always seem so wonderful to me, that I would see him in ordinary human daylight. I never did. He was my whole world.

"So the years went by, and Uncle Tom died, and Roger was the heir. Roger was twenty-five then, tall and straight, and so clever that he could do anything! Women were already beginning—ah, how women loved him!

"Will, his brother, had been wild from his very boyhood—from his fifteenth year. He drank heavily, gambled—he and his father had been enemies for a long time. Uncle Tom had advanced money to Will, great sums of it, and Will had gambled them away. He left Will a comfortable fortune, he left Roger Wastewater and the rest of his money. And Roger was—everything. He had a manner, a sweetness—I don't know, a way of seeming interested—seeming absorbed in what you were telling him——

"And he was witty, too. What parties I can remember here, when they would all be laughing at him—crying with laughter——

"I was twenty when Uncle Tom died. My mother went on keeping house for Roger and Will, and perhaps she thought sometimes of what I prayed and prayed might come to pass—that Roger Fleming and I might be man and wife, and Wastewater her home forever!

"For years I had to see him depart for those long visits of his in Boston, when he was—ah, yes, it wasn't only my imagination—when he was the idol of them all. I had to say good-by to him, when he started off to Europe with beautiful girls in the party—money, youth, lovely clothes, romantic settings—all against me!

"Presently he was thirty and I was twenty-five—twenty-six—twenty-seven— And then suddenly he seemed for the first time to see me. I didn't dare to believe it at first.

"I didn't dare believe it. He would follow me down to the shore and sit there with Lily and me—he would come back unexpectedly from Boston or New York—I would hear his voice, as I hear it now: 'Flo! Where's Flo?'

"Ah, what days those were! I've come to hate the memory of them now—but they were heaven then!

"One day he said to me—one night rather—when there was gray moonlight over the garden and he and I were walking up and down: 'Flo, why is it that I have grown to prefer puttering about this old place with you and Lil to any other thing in the world?'

" 'Perhaps because you like me, Roger,' I said. I've been ready to bite my tongue out for it a thousand times in these thirty years! But it bought me a few more hours of insanity then. He caught me in his arms and laughed as he kissed me.

" 'Why, that's the way of it, is it?' he said. 'How long has this been going on, eh?'

" 'Always,' I told him. 'Poor little Flo,' he said, 'with all you know of me, is it like that?'

" 'Like that,' I said, and he kissed me again. 'Well,' he said, 'we will have to see about this!'

"That was all. Presently I ran into the house with my heart simply singing, and all that Summer night I lay awake laughing and crying for joy. And the next morning I hardly dared raise my eyes to him.

"It was that next day that your mother came to Wastewater, David. It was the very *next* day——"

FLORA had been talking with her eyes shut. Now she opened them, almost as if she were surprised to see the circle of attentive and serious young faces. Her hand beat the coverlet restlessly.

"Your mother was about thirty, and a widow," she said. "She had been widowed a few months before your birth, and you were only three or four weeks old. She was a beautiful woman, with reddish thick hair, all swathed in crêpe, and with the trailing dresses of the tiny baby in her arms. Her father was an Argentine planter, and she was taking you—David—back to Rosarios, where she had sisters and cousins. But for some reason the boat was a month delayed, and she had written my mother asking if she might come for a few days to Wastewater. Her husband had been a Fleming, and I remember that he had once spent a vacation with us here, when he was a little boy—Austin Fleming.

"So she came here, and from the instant she got here Roger Fleming was a changed being. I never saw a man so instantly—possessed. That very first night he was asking me: 'Isn't she beautiful, Flo? Isn't she wonderful?' I don't think he ever thought of me again, or of anything but Janet. Seven weeks later they were married.

"She *was* beautiful," Flora went on, after a dead silence in which her hand beat steadily on the bed and her eyes were shut. "She went with him to Boston, Washington, everywhere! And ten months later she gave him a son—Tom."

She looked at Tom strangely, closed her eyes again.

Continued on page 88

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By Edna Wallace Hopper

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It is largely due to a cream which combines a dozen important factors. To an exquisite cream they have added products of both lemon and strawberry. Then all the best modern science knows to feed and foster, to soften and protect the skin.

I used to apply these helps separately, but now they combine them in one. I call it my Youth Cream. It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. Both contain all the essential constituents. I use the cold cream as a night cream, the vanishing as a day cream. Never is my skin without them.

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Sunny Hair

I don't know how it comes

By Edna Wallace Hopper

My hair glistens like a halo. All who see me on the stage or elsewhere know that. Thousands of girls and women envy that amazing glint.

It comes to me through a shampoo which wonderful men created, but they won't tell me how it comes. They say that is their secret. They use some rare ingredient which nobody else has yet found.

But they have long made this shampoo for me, and now they are making it for you. They will not tell me why it makes hair sunny, so I cannot tell you. But it does.

They prepare it for me under the name of Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo. Druggists and toilet counters now supply it at 60 cents per bottle, and under my guarantee. If you are not amazed and delighted by it, your money will be returned.

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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 87

"My mother, all this while," Flora resumed, "had been like a sort of housekeeper. Two years after Roger and Janet were married my mother died, and then Lily and I felt keenly what our exact position here was—poor relations in a rich man's house.

"Roger was always generous to us; he was the soul of generosity. And Janet was kind, too. I remember more than once Roger telling me that it was only my influence that kept his brother Will straight at all.

"Will was like many a young man in those times. He would have a position for a while, give it up for different reasons, drink and gamble and idle for a while, and be persuaded into another position again. It wasn't considered disgraceful, then. He was a sweet, good-natured sort of fellow——"

SYLVIA drew a quick, sharp breath.

"You mustn't judge your father too harshly," Flora whispered, moving her troubled eyes to her daughter's face. "Nowadays it sounds far worse than it did then. Almost every family had such a son, and frequently, you could hear even mothers laughing as they said that it was time for Dick or Jack to marry and settle down.

"Afterward, Will would be two or three days sick in bed," the weary voice presently resumed. "And then Roger would find him a new position, and Will would come down to dinner, rested and shaved, and in high spirits, telling us all how rich he was going to be!

"So I tried to make myself indispensable. I looked out for you boys' wardrobes, mothered Will, managed their parties—managed servants——

"Your mother, Janet, went to the opera with your father one night," she added, opening her eyes to look at David and Tom, "and a day or two later he telegraphed me from New York that as she was not well, he would keep her there until it was safe to bring her home.

"She died the next day, and the day after her funeral Roger went away—where I never knew. He was gone for weeks, came home, would burst out into bitter crying at the table, walk up and down the garden like a madman, and be off again.

"One day, about six or seven weeks after Janet's death, he said to me, in a dark, moody sort of tone: 'Flo, how long am I to wear mourning—outside? Inside,' he said passionately, 'I shall mourn her all my life!'

"'A year,' I told him.

"It was a dark, misty day, I remember, with the garden full of thick cold fog, and lights burning at the lunch-table. He and I had come out and were walking along the cliff road in the mist.

"'Flo,' he said, 'when that time is up, will you forgive me, and marry me? You and I understand each other. I want to be anchored. I want to be done with the world and make this my world!' And he looked back toward the garden and the house.

"'Gladly, Roger!' I said. And for a long while we did not speak again. Then he said to me, 'Will you tell Lily and the boys and Will that it is to be that way?' and I said yes. You remember, David?

"Sometimes—but not often—we would talk of it quietly," Flora resumed. "Not that I was ever happy about it. But I told myself I would be! I told myself that it should—it *must*—mean happiness to us both.

"Janet died in January. This was—perhaps—March.

"A FEW days later, in April, a Mrs. Kent came here with her daughter for a visit. I don't think the mother was more than thirty-seven; she had been a great belle, and had married at eighteen. She was plump and pretty, covered with jewels, full of life, and had left her husband and little boy in Canada, to bring this child to a school in Baltimore. She had—just this hair," Flora said, laying her dark hand upon Gabrielle's tawny head. "The girl Cecily was seventeen, dark, and pale-faced. She looked like a child—she had her hair in a braid.

"There were other old friends in the party; a group of them had come down from Boston to see Roger Fleming, and we were very gay. Lily saw more of little Cecily Kent than I did, and she told me one day—not that it interested me particularly then—that the girl had been attending a convent in Montreal, and longed to be a nun, and that her mother had said that she would rather see her dead.

"They were only here a short week; it was Spring, and there were walks and picnics, and music and billiards; the time flew by. And it was on the afternoon that the Kents were going, their baggage in the hall, and when the other guests had gone, that Cecily Kent burst out crying, and Roger put his arm about her.

"The moment I saw that my heart turned to water. That moment," Flora said, with sudden bitter violence, raising herself upon her elbow, "all my hopes died, all my trust in him! It was my curse that I could not stop loving him as well——"

The cold Winter sunset, streaming through the bare woods beyond the stable-yard, shone red upon the cheap cheerful paper of the walls, and struck Flora's grizzled hair with a tinge of blood, and shadowed clearly behind her the hand she raised.

"They had already been man and wife forty-eight hours," she said. "I think Roger Fleming felt remorse for the first time in his life, when he saw the mother's face. Perhaps life had always been too easy for him, perhaps it had really never occurred to him that, a few months a widower, he might not be thought an ideal match for a dreamy girl of seventeen. He had always been so courted—so wanted——

"At first Mrs. Kent talked of annulling the marriage—she was more like a woman suddenly smitten with insanity than any one I ever saw before or since. She grasped the girl by the arm, and her eyes blazed, and her face was ashen. 'No,' she said, 'you shall not have her! She's hardly more than a baby—she knows nothing of life!'

"'Mama,' Cecily said, crying and clinging to her, 'we were married two days ago. I am his wife——'

"I remember the mother looking at her, and the terrible silence there was in the hall.

"'You—Sissy?' Mrs. Kent said, in a whisper. Cecily went down on her knees, sobbing—almost screaming—like a child, and caught her mother about her knees.

"'Cecily,' Roger said, trying to raise her, 'you are mine now. Your mother can not hurt you. You are my wife!'

"'Oh, let me go with my mother!' she sobbed. 'I hate you!'

"'She is—in fact—your wife?' Mrs. Kent said, looking over Cecily's head at him.

"Roger nodded. 'Then you must stay with your husband, my child,' Mrs. Kent said very gravely. 'And may God punish you through your children, Roger Fleming,' she said, 'for what you have done to mine. Go tear the buds from those rose-trees,' she said, pointing to the garden, 'go strip the new green fruit from your trees—and you will harvest what you must harvest now! Your little boys there, playing in the drive, are better fitted for life than she is!' And she turned to Moses, the colored butler we had then. 'Moses, put my bags in the carriage,' she said.

"NOBODY spoke as she went away. Cecily lay on the floor, moaning, Roger on one knee beside her, talking naturally and kindly. She never saw her mother or her father or her brother again. I heard long afterward that the pretty, cheerful mother had died, and the father married again.

"Cecily had been three days a wife, but she had lost her husband then! She never knew it—but I did, and I—God forgive me—I was glad. When she clung to her mother and screamed that she hated him, a look came into Roger Fleming's face that only I could understand. It was as if she had said, 'I am seventeen and he is forty! I knew nothing—he knew everything. My only loves were a daughter's love—a sister's love. He demanded more of me, and—if I had it—I would loathe myself for giving it! He has robbed me of my mother and my father and my body and my soul!'

"She cried all that night—would not come down-stairs or eat or look at him or talk to him. She cried for many days, and Roger used all his patience and all his kindness trying to console her. But he never gave her love again—he never had it to give, after

Continued on page 89



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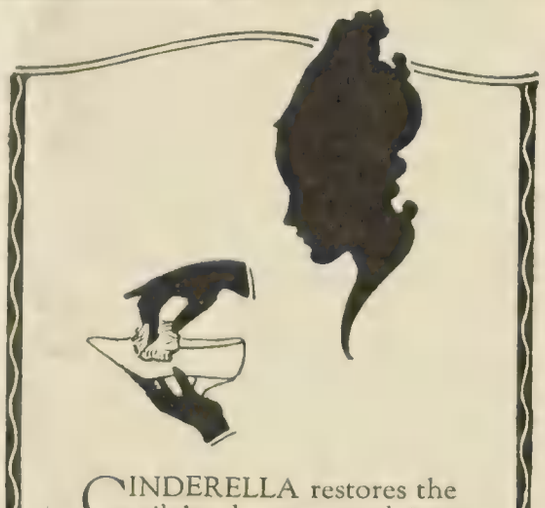
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 88

that day! She had cut him to the very heart, and the Flemings are all proud, and none of them ever prouder than he!

"After a while she began to slip about the house like a shadow; she had never been pretty—except for her eyes that were like Gabrielle's, here—and she grew so thin and so white that she seemed all eyes. She would have no company, no entertaining, she seemed even to dread talking to Roger, and was fondest of you children and poor Lily. It was never any definite illness at first, just the doctor for one pain or another, and Roger taking her in for consultations and advice. They all gave the same advice, she needed amusement and relief from mental strain. But that was one thing he couldn't buy her——"

Flora's voice stopped abruptly, with the effect of an interruption.

"I hated her," she said simply, after a moment, and was still.

"Ah, yes, I did, David!" she added, suddenly, her eyes always closed, and as if David had protested. "I hated her. I managed her house, I answered the inquiries of anybody who came to call, I talked about her with Roger when he was anxious—and I hated her.

"She made him—miserable. She was a mixture of a child and a nun. She hated life, hated marriage. She loathed her wifehood, her position, her husband—and her husband was Roger Fleming! He couldn't kiss her but that she would shut those dark, sad eyes of hers, and offer her cheek like a child——

"ONE day, when they had been married a few months he was talking to me about his brother Will. 'Why don't you marry Will, Flo?' he said to me, with a sort of laugh. 'Good enough for the poor relation?' I said, trying to laugh back. But I was bitter, then—life was utterly hateful to me. 'Why, how you can remember!' he said, with a look that told me he knew that he himself and that old unhappy love of mine for him were keeping me dark and angry and fuming about Wastewater for the best years of my life——

"'I *may* marry Will,' I said, trembling all over. And a few months later I did, although the idea had never come into my mind until that day. Not that I didn't love your father, Sylvia; I did. Every one loved poor Will, and he had loved me a long, long time. Will and I were married, and Roger gave his brother a handsome check—which Will put into a patent for a bed-couch——

"Not that it mattered! Not that it mattered!" Flora's tired voice said drearily, and was silent.

"Part of the time we lived at Wastewater," she resumed, "and sometimes, when Will was trying one of his new jobs, we had an apartment in Boston. Lily was sometimes with us, and sometimes she and Cecily and Roger went on short trips——

"Then Roger would come to me, distressed; Cecily was having those hateful pains again. She would come in to a Boston hospital for an operation, and I would go to see her every day, and bring her and her nurses back to Wastewater, and stay a while, until she felt stronger.

"Sylvia was born in Boston, but a few weeks later we came to Wastewater, and both Roger and his wife grew so fond of her that I had an excuse for almost never leaving, although I kept my little Boston flat. Will was in the West for almost two years, and sometimes we would talk as if the baby and I might join him there. But as Cecily grew no stronger, and poor little Lily began to show signs of a sort of—they called it 'passive melancholia,' and as the baby grew to be everybody's plaything——"

She opened her sunken eyes, and fixed them with the shadow of a dark smile upon Sylvia's stricken and acutely attentive face.

"Mama—" Sylvia breathed, bowing her dark head over her mother's hand.

"Poor little Silver, as Roger used to call you!" Flora said tenderly. "I did it for you, dear, or at least I meant it for you. But it was never deliberate—it was all an accident——"

SHE sank into quiet, and almost immediately breathed as if she were deeply asleep. Sylvia, not changing her position by a hair's breadth, signaled to the others a question as to the propriety of their slipping away. But no one had stirred when Flora quite simply opened her eyes and said in a relieved tone:

"I want you to know everything. You don't blame me too much, Sylvia? Have I told you—" she added, anxious and alarmed. "Did I tell you about Gabrielle?"

"Mama, darling—to-morrow——"

"No, no," Flora said feverishly, "to-day! I had told you of my marrying—yes, and that poor little Lily seemed so upset——

"She had always been a forlorn, sentimental little thing, Lily. But after my mother's death, and your mother's death, David, and when you boys went off to school, she became gently melancholy—yet not always sad, either, but wandering a little, and strange.

"There was a handsome, good-for-nothing sort of fellow hanging about at Tinsalls in Keyport then—Charpentier his name was. He and Lily used to walk along the cliff road, and sometimes she would cry, and tell Cecily that he was as fine a gentleman as any man she knew, only unfortunate—that sort of thing.

"I didn't like it, but I dreaded telling Roger, for he was so quickly roused to anger——

"Well, one day, when Sylvia was almost three, and Will had been in the West for six months or so, and when Cecily was all upset, and lying on the couch like a little waxen ghost, Margaret Nolan came to me—this same Margaret we have now—and shaking all over, and crying—poor Margaret—she told me that she was 'worried' about Miss Lily.

"I was sick with the shame and the fright of it. I knew Roger would go after any man that touched one of his household with a revolver. It was all terrifying to me, but I told Margaret—whom poor Lily had taken into her confidence—to go after the man Charpentier, find out if he could marry Lily, and keep the whole thing absolutely secret. It meant banishment for Lily from Cecily's presence, I knew that, for Cecily had a horror of such things—had a horror even of little babies, and their needs—such a thing as this would have revolted her!

"Margaret found out that Charpentier had disappeared. and all our efforts to get hold of him then or since, were useless. He had no tie, no responsibilities, nobody cared whether he lived or died! He simply went away.

"So a few weeks went by, and I was sick with anxiety and shame. Lily—I used to marvel at it—was perfectly serene and quiet. She was so simple, poor soul—that she would go in to the village and buy pink baby-ribbons——

"Finally, I planned to take her to my apartment in Boston, live quietly there with the baby—that is, my Sylvia, and perhaps one servant, and tell Roger and Cecily that Lily wanted to study art—or music—Afterward, we could place her poor baby in some good institution, and then, maybe, I could tell Roger.

"That was August—late July and August. And that was the August that Tom ran away from school."

SHE opened her eyes, looked about the circle.

"Roger, poor fellow, was proud, at first. His son, twelve years old, had run away to sea—the young monkey! 'He ought to be thrashed for this,' he would say, chuckling. He notified the police and went down to New York that week, getting the whole machinery in motion. 'You'll not thrash him,' I used to say. 'You'll give him a new bicycle—that'll be your thrashing!' "

"Proud, hey?" Tom interrupted the narrative, with a grin.

"Oh, yes—just at first. But after a few weeks—perhaps not so long, he began to speak more seriously. 'He couldn't have given us all the slip—he isn't more than a child,' he would say, as he came and went."

"I told them I was fifteen," Tom contributed. "All I did was sign up with the whaling fleet—I'd thought it all out. The Saturday before I shipped a bundle to New York harbor. There were some clothes in it that I didn't want—it was all a blind.

Continued on page 90



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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 89

And in my note to Dad I said that I had seen the Panama fruit boats going out, and they made me sick to get to sea."

"We found the bundle, and we searched the fruit boats, but we never got trace of you," Flora said.

"I was an ass, and I got it pretty well bumped out of me," Tom said musingly. "A fellow named Kelly's brother went overboard, that first run, and I went into Montreal three months later with Kit Kelly's papers. Kelly and I stuck together until he got married; every one always called me Kit. I never took any special trouble then to hide myself—I always thought I'd come home, my next shore leave."

"Roger spent the rest of his life hunting you," Flora said. "He was never at home for more than a few weeks or a few days at a time, after that, and we all knew Cecily was happier when he was away. This Autumn she was wretched, and she had begun to say again, even to him, what she had often said to Lily and me: 'My marriage was a sin. All marriage is not wrong. But God intended me for a life of prayer and holiness, and what have I accomplished by disobeying the guidance of my own conscience?'

"This sort of thing made Roger furious, and I could see it, if she could not. 'It would have been a calamity for her to have a child!' he said to me one day. 'We would surely have had two children on our hands then!' Once he had told me, bitterly and resentfully, that her hasty and ill-considered marriage was killing her. 'She was seventeen in years, when we were married,' he said. 'But I can understand her mother's fury now. She was about nine years old where life was concerned—a mystic, a child saint—torturing herself with scruples, and with half-assimilated scraps of theology and mysticism!'

"THAT was the situation here at Wastewater that September, when Roger had word from the police at Guam that a boy who might have been Tom was there. Roger went off to San Francisco, possibly to sail—as indeed he did finally sail—for the Orient. Will, my husband, had been away almost a year. David here was in boarding-school.

"Left alone with Cecily and Lily, I did not dare risk Lily's baby being born in Wastewater. She went in to my Boston apartment, and I got her a good practical nurse, and her baby was born months too soon—and died within a few minutes!"

"Died!" said more than one of the young voices.

"Died. Indeed it never breathed at all. Lily was very ill. She went into a sort of low fever, like the old brain fever, and was near death for a long, long time.

"I lived with her, and the nurse and a good servant named Carrie, in the Boston apartment, for Cecily had grown worse by that time, and the Crowchester doctor had quite frankly diagnosed her trouble as a tumor. Cecily believed it, and she was furious at the Crowchester man because he would not operate in her husband's absence. So we dismissed the Crowchester doctor, and Cecily told him frankly that she wanted to come in to Boston, and stay at a hospital for observation.

"She was at St. John's, only a few blocks from my apartment, and I went to see her every morning before luncheon, and every late afternoon. She seemed more cheerful in the hospital, and the doctors were hopeful that a few weeks of it would make a new woman of her.

"One day, about a week after Lily's poor little baby had come and gone, the old doctor in whom Cecily specially trusted, walked down the hospital steps and into the park with me, and we had a long talk, sitting on a park bench. He told me then—and you may imagine what I felt when I heard it—that there was every probability that young Mrs. Fleming was about to become a mother.

"For a while I was stupefied. I asked him to have a consultation. He said no, that was not necessary now, and might distress her. She had, he gathered from hints to the nurse, a certain curious dislike to the idea of motherhood.

"'Dislike, doctor!' I said. 'I believe it would kill her, if she did not kill herself!'

"And I tried to give him some idea of her character, what a strange half-child, half-mystic she was. He listened to me very gravely. It was important, he said, not to shock her.

"That was the first time I ever heard of shock as an actual danger to a sick person. He explained it carefully. Cecily did not have the vitality of a humming-bird, he said. If we could get hold of the husband——

"I had to go on. I explained that her husband was much older and that—in the true sense—she did not love him. And I said I was sure that if she were to have a baby, her love for it would come with the child——

"I said all the usual things, and he agreed with me. He told me the circumstance of the false diagnosis was unusual, but it had happened before—happened in his practise before. There was of course a possibility now that he was mistaken, that it was what the other doctors had always supposed. And there was every probability that the baby would not live, under the curious circumstances. But it seemed cruel not to give young Mrs. Fleming this hope——

"'It would be no hope to her!' I said. 'Whatever the child, if it lived, might come to mean to her, this prospect would make her absolutely ill.'

"We agreed that for awhile, therefore, nothing must be said about it. But it was only ten days later that they took Cecily up to the surgery, and her baby, two months too soon, was born. She was dying, they thought that night, and there seemed every probability that the baby would die, too. A nice little nurse there told me that she wanted to give the child lay baptism, and I made no objection. She asked me what name, and I said 'Mary.' It was the first name I thought of. 'I'll name her that and my name,' she said. 'I'll call her Mary Gabrielle!'"

"Me!" said Gabrielle Fleming, in a sharp whisper. Her dilated eyes moved to David's face.

"I told you last night, Gay," David said gently.

"You told me—yes, but I thought my mother—I thought Lily—I only thought that she had loved Uncle Roger, instead of the man Charpentier!" the girl stammered. "I—I am their child—" she whispered.

She got to her feet, her eyes upon the distance, her mouth working, and walked bewilderedly to the door.

"Bring her back, David!" Flora said, struggling to raise herself and following Gabrielle with her eyes. "She must hear."

"Gay—" David said at the girl's elbow. She gave him a dazed look devoid of any violence of expression. "Aunt Flora wants us all to listen," the man said. Without protest she came back to her place at the bedside.

"CECILY was so ill," said Flora, after a moment, "that for two or three days they feared for her life. I got a good nurse, and stayed at the hospital myself, and sent the tiny new baby to my home, when she was about nine days old, trying all the time to get in touch with Roger in San Francisco. He had sailed then for Guam, but we did not know that until weeks later, when the telegrams all came back. But there was no attempt at secrecy.

"The old doctor told me that he had tried kindly and gently to inform young Mrs. Fleming of the birth of a child—that indeed she had some hazy recollections of the crisis of her illness before the anæsthetic, but that she had given no sign of understanding him.

"I rented the furnished apartment next to mine, and brought her there; she looked dying then, as she was. One day I came home, and she had put on a wrapper and come into Lily's room. Sylvia was on the floor with a doll, and the nurse had brought in the new baby in her basket, to get the sunshine in the window there.

"Cecily was crying—crying hysterically, but even that emotion seemed to me a good sign. Lily was lying on the bed, and Cecily kneeling beside her, with her face buried against her knees.

"'Cecily!' I said. 'You *must* not—excitement like this will be dangerous to you!'

"Lily looked at me with that bright, childish smile she had had since her illness.

Continued on page 91



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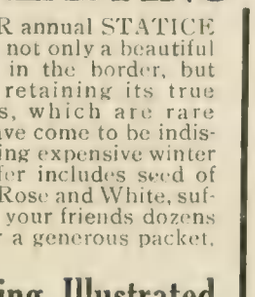
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 90

'Cecily has been looking at my baby, Flo,' she said happily. "Isn't it a sweet baby, Flo? It couldn't be wrong to have a sweet baby like that, could it?'

"The servant Carrie looked at me significantly. And I saw that salvation for Cecily might lie here. Cecily had been looking into my eyes. Now she buried her face again and burst out, in a sort of whisper:

" 'Oh my God, I thank Thee! Oh, my God, how good Thou art! Oh, I am so grateful—I am so humbly grateful!'

"We got her back to bed, and when we were alone she said to me: 'Flora, I must tell you something. I can tell you now, for I am going to die, and God has forgiven me! I could not give life to any other soul, Flora, and I could not die knowing that my sins would be visited on a poor little baby! No, no—I could not bear that.

" 'They told me, the doctor told me at the hospital—or I dreamed it, on that terrible night of the operation—Flora, did you know that I thought I had a child that night? No, or they told me I did——'

"Don't bother your head about it now, Cecily,' I said. 'Just get well, so that when Roger comes back——'

SHE shuddered at Roger's name and began to get excited.

" 'I will be dead before that, and God will have forgiven me, Flora,' she said. 'Ah, you don't think I was a sinner, but I was! Before I ever took my marriage vow—I had taken another, when I was only fourteen years old! Another girl and I at the convent had taken a solemn oath to God never to marry!' "

"Poor child!" breathed Gabrielle's pale lips.

"Poor child," Flora echoed, without opening her eyes. Her voice was so weak that David held water to her mouth, and she drank with difficulty. "Poor little Cecily! She said that when she had first come to Wastewater she had no thought of lovers or love in her mind. That she had been bewildered and astonished at the emotion Roger had almost at once roused in her, but that she never thought of it as love. That all her thoughts and senses had been in a wild confusion, culminating on the day that he and she drove in to Minford, beyond Tinsall's, quite simply, and that Roger, who knew the justice there, got a special license, and they were married.

"That night she went quite simply away from her mother's room, expecting to be questioned in the morning. But her mother did not miss her; Cecily was quietly dressing when her mother awakened the next day. She said she remembered her vow that day. And when she came to this part, I thought she was going to die. She said quite seriously that she had had not one single happy moment since, and I suppose when Roger laughed at her scruples he broke her heart.

"I told her that no minor child could take a valid vow of that sort, and that indeed her very marriage might be questioned, since her age had been given as nineteen. No use! She believed me only enough to say that no irregularity in her license could possibly make her child more accursed than she would feel a child of hers to be.

" 'But I understand now—I never had a child—it's Lily's child!' she said, over and over again, with such deep thankfulness that I could only be thankful, too. 'Lily told me all about it,' she said, so humbly and tenderly, 'and she no worse a sinner than I—less perhaps, for she loved and I did not!'

'I dismissed the nurse that afternoon, as it chanced, and sent for a nurse we had had from Crowchester, Hannah Rosecrans, a fine girl. She came the next day, and I told her, naturally, the whole truth, but that both my poor Lily and Mrs. Fleming must be treated with the utmost consideration until Mr. Fleming came home.

"Cecily was now all anxiety to get back to Wastewater. And presently we all came home, leaving Carrie behind us.

"Hannah Rosecrans was engaged to be married; she was with us only a few weeks, and then went to Australia, where her husband has become well-to-do. She idolized the baby, and loved Lily, too, but I suppose, servant fashion, she gave the other servants to believe that there was something amiss. Anyway, it was always 'Miss Lily's baby,' from the very first. Lily had told Margaret about her troubles months before, and I was never in any doubt what Margaret thought.

"As for Cecily, she seemed to think it settled. Our Crowchester doctor was recalled, but there was nothing he could do, except keep her quiet. She was sinking very fast; she died when Gabrielle was only seven or eight weeks old.

"Roger got home two days before the end—I thought then that any accident might show him the truth. I told myself that in all this confusion it would only sadden him more. I—I don't know now what I thought, or why I did what I did! I told myself that some time I would of course tell him the whole story, or somebody would. He would meet the old doctor who had attended Cecily, or the doctor who had attended Lily in Boston. Or he might run across Carrie, or Hannah Rosecrans——

"Cecily died and was buried here where we buried Lily only last Spring. Roger went off on his searches, came home—gray-headed and so changed—went off again. And I never told him.

"I had begun it to protect Cecily, to comfort Lily—I never had planned it; it all seemed to come about of itself, and for the first six years of her life Gabrielle called Lily 'Mama.' Then Lily became very bad, and we put her in a sanitarium, and she never knew. And then Will Fleming, my husband, died, and I thought——

"Fool that I was," Flora added after a pause, with infinite fatigue in her voice, "I cared for Roger even then—I cared for him even then. I was widowed, and he twice a widower. He loved my child, but he loved Gabrielle as well. I could not—I could not put Cecily Fleming's child ahead of mine. Roger needed me, he turned to me for everything. I could not see his little girl—placed ahead of me—pushing me out of his life——

"I couldn't—" she said more loudly, choking. "I had given my life to him—my whole life! He had trampled me under his feet. Gabrielle was fair—like Cecily's mother—she was a beautiful baby. I knew he would give his whole heart to her——

"ONE day he said that he was going to change his will, make a generous provision for Lily's poor little girl, and I was glad. It wasn't money that mattered—to me. I would have starved for him. He said that, in case his boy never came back, the little girls should share and share alike, like sisters, and I was glad. There was never any plan in what I did—I used to think that any hour might change it, any chance word! I knew that Roger had written a will in Janet's day, when he might have had half a dozen other children; but after this talk he had a good many interviews with his lawyer, and I supposed that he had done what he said.

"He was not here very much—I came to believe that he hated the old place. I used to think that even if he had found Tom, he would have gone on wandering. But at last when he came home it was to die. He died—you remember, David, quite quietly and without pain, one Summer day—he had been warned of his heart.

"A few days later we read the will. Old Judge Baron had come down from the city.

"We read the will, and I knew then what I had done. Gabrielle was not mentioned. Gabrielle was not mentioned! The will stood as it had stood when he wrote it, when Tom was a baby. Everything, everything to his child or children. And there was a codicil, dated about the time of his last return home, giving everything, everything, to Sylvia, in case Tom did not come back!

"My God, my God—" Flora whispered.

"I had wanted it all my life, and now I had it," she said, after a while, in a voice that was weakening, weakening from moment to moment, and yet full of passion and fire still. "I had it all. Judge Baron went away, David went away, I was alone with Sylvia and little Gabrielle, and Wastewater was mine. I remember, in the first long warm afternoon, that I walked slowly through it, from room to toom, and thought that I had survived them all—all the Black Flemings gone except me! I had only to keep silent, child would be rich.

"I think that's all," she added, opening her

Concluded on page 92



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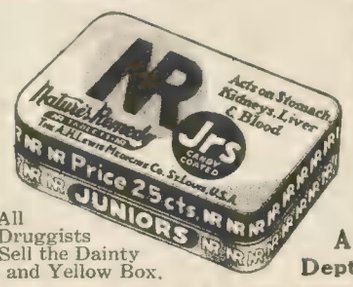


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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Concluded from page 91

sunken dark eyes, and fixing them steadily upon David's face. "That explains it all, doesn't it? I have lived in fear. I knew the old doctor was dead, but I used to lie in the nights imagining that he had happened to tell some one—some one who was drawing nearer and nearer to my life every moment: Hannah Rosecrans, the Carrie we had in Boston, the doctor Lily had—whose very name I can't remember—they all knew! Any day might have brought them back to me with their questions——

"I used to imagine that I might go to jail. But I never was anything else but in jail, all my life long!"

SHE stopped. Sylvia's dark face and white skin were drained of color, her eyes looked tortured, and she was breathing fast. As she knelt beside the bed, she half supported her mother upon her arm, her anxious and stricken face close to the leaden, ghastly face upon the pillow.

Gabrielle had been kneeling too, as she listened. But at the end she rose and walked to the little window.

Outside, in the winter dusk, lay the soaked, blackened ruins of the old stables, those clean, big airy stables that Gabrielle had so loved as a little girl. Beyond were the bare winter woods, looking desolate and forlorn in the cool, gray light, and on the right brimmed and lowered the cold and unfriendly sea.

As Gabrielle stood there in a very storm of pity and pain, the Island lights suddenly pricked through the dove-gray of the gloom, and flashed their pinkish radiance against the gaining and prevailing shadows. The girl's thoughts traveled to them idly— She thought of little ships cutting their way through the trackless waters, of men twisting the wheels and peering out across the waves to find that steadily pulsing flash.

Somebody had lighted a light in the room behind her. David touched her arm.

A sudden bitter need of tears possessed her, and her breast swelled. But she only raised heavy eyes to his questioningly, and bit her lips to steady it.

"Aunt Flora wants to speak to you, Gay." The girl could tell by David's tone that he had said it before. He gently turned her back to the bed.

Like a person in a dream she went slowly toward Flora and knelt down beside her.

Flora reached out hard and anxious fingers and gripped the girl's hand.

"I told David this yesterday—he was to tell you—when the fire came—" Flora whispered.

"He did tell us. But I thought—I thought that—my mother—Lily was still my mother, and that Uncle Roger was my father—that I had no right to call him father. It seems—" her lips shook again. "It seems that I might have had—a father—" She raised her eyes appealingly, almost apologetically to David, who was watching closely. "I never—had—any one," she said, with suddenly brimming eyes.

FLORA spoke. Immediately afterward Gabrielle heard Sylvia give a sort of cry, and then David leaned over her, and said tenderly: "Gay—she is very ill, dear. If you can——"

"If I can—what—David?" she repeated, confused, her beautiful eyes wide and anxious.

"She wants you to forgive her, Gabrielle——"

"Yes, I will, of course I will," she said quickly and simply.

"Then tell her so, Gabrielle."

Gabrielle bent her gaze upon her aunt's sunken face, a blot against the white pillows, and Flora fixed upon her the tragic look of her darkening eyes.

"You will forgive me, Gabrielle?" Flora whispered feverishly. "In all the years to come you will not hate me? You have grown to be a lovely woman—I did not harm you. I might have harmed you—but it was Sylvia, in the end, who had to pay for what I did!"

"I will never hate you," Gabrielle said slowly, like a child repeating a lesson.

"It was because I loved him so," said Flora's drawn, dark mouth in a whisper. She sank back, seemed to be sinking away from earth and the things of earth altogether. "God bless you, Gabrielle, you have made it easy for me to die," she added, in the mere breath of a voice.

"I'm—so—sorry!" Gay said, with a great sob. And she buried her face against the coverlet, and burst into crying. "I'm so sorry that he was unkind to you—and that you could not forgive him, and forgive me!" she sobbed. "We might have been—we might all have been so happy!"

"We might have been so happy," Flora's lips repeated. No other muscle of her bloodless face and shut eyes moved. "God bless you, Gabrielle," she whispered again as Gabrielle, drawn away by David's hand, stopped to kiss her in farewell.

The girl, half-way to the door, and hardly conscious of what she was doing, suddenly wrenched herself free, and went back to the bed. She fell on her knees and, catching the languid dark hand, put it to her lips.

"Aunt Flora, indeed I forgive you," she said, weeping, "from my heart! I am so sorry you were unhappy—that they all hurt you and failed you so, dear Aunt Flora——"

Sylvia was on her knees on the other side and crying as bitterly as Gabrielle, when David led the younger girl away. He and Margaret placed her upon a sofa down-stairs, with cushions and covers before the fire. She saw Flora only once again, and that was at the end, at seven o'clock.

AT TEN Tom drove them to Crowchester, and they boarded the Boston train, Sylvia veiled and clinging tightly to Tom's arm, Gabrielle and old Margaret guiding them through the interested, warm train to the privacy of their drawing-room.

Gabrielle's last look at Wastewater had shown her only bare trees, blackened masses of ruins darker than the prevailing dark, open levels where the stately walls had been. Toward the distant west wall, beyond the woods, the changed perspective had left a long vista free, and Gabrielle could see the white gravestones in the moonlight.

Graves and ruins, ashes and bare branches, and beside them the unchanged, restless sea. The child of Wastewater looked back with a great gravity, a great solemnity in her heart. There had been laughter here, music and voices; Wastewater had had a housewarming, more than a hundred years ago, when beautiful women, in the capes and high-waisted gowns of the Empire days, had been driven in jingling great coaches all the way from Boston city to dance and rejoice with the young master of the mansion.

There had been a first Roger, in the buff and blue of the Revolution, Colonel Fleming, as black and as handsome as any of them; and there had been his son Tom, the good-hearted Tom who had come all the way to Brookline to find a cousin's disconsolate little widow, with her sewing machine, and her girl babies, and offer them a home.

And there had been Tom's son Roger, handsomest and most dashing of them all; David's young mother, who was to win his heart, and that shadowy little Cecily, who must now be "mother" for Gabrielle.

Aunt Flora, always watching jealously, Aunt Lily, tearful and singing her romantic little songs, gallant little Tom reading his sea-stories on the old nursery window-sill, dark little proud Sylvia with her glossy curls, baby Gay herself, wistful and alone; they had all seemed to pass before the girl's eyes in a long and haunting procession, crying as they went that they had failed, in all this wealth and beauty, to find happiness and peace!

"I will be happy," Gabrielle had sworn to herself solemnly, frightened at the history of the place. "I will try never to be proud or jealous or cruel. We are Flemings, we four—and I as much a Fleming as any one of them now, and we must not make their mistakes! God helping us," she thought, remembering the little nun who had years ago read the Sermon on the Mount to a class of inattentive little girls, so many, many times, "we will all be good, and meek, and merciful, and some day—years and years from now—we will return to Wastewater and rebuild it."

"Good-by, Wastewater!" she had whispered, leaning back to look through the glass window of the motor-car, and from beyond the ruins, the ashes, the bare garden and the moonlight sea, the Island lights had flashed her an answer.

Concluded in the March DELINEATOR



YOUR GOLD-MEDAL GARDEN

Concluded from page 20

from these borders. These would have struck a discordant note with the soft tones of the blues and lavender, rose color and pale yellow, which make this garden border so charming.

This garden is a permanent planting also. The only annuals are annual larkspur, salpiglossis, calendula, zinnia, cosmos and scabiosa. These may be sown every year, or the border varied by using other annuals another year, to introduce new notes.

Little care is needed for such a border as this, aside from the weeding necessary in early Summer. After blooming, the stalks must be cut down and the dead annuals pulled up. In the Spring the plants should be dug about carefully and a little bone-meal worked in.

And what encloses the entire garden—forming a suitable frame for the lovely color of its blooms? Except at the foot of the yard, where pergola and grape trellis and trees form the boundary, and except the edge of the vegetable garden where dwarf but thriftily bearing fruit-trees are grown on trellises, a thick hedge of arbor-vitæ forms the picture frame. At what might be called strategic points at each corner of the house terrace, and on each side of the entrance path and flanking the driveway taller evergreens are set.

Whoever wishes a garden like the gold-medal one should first make the pergola or arbor and the trellis for grapes and roses. The pergola may be as simple or as elaborate as one chooses. Eight feet apart for the posts, eight feet wide and eight feet high are good dimensions.

Then the garden-beds should be staked out and the manure or fertilizer dug in. As to planting, first come the roses, which should go in as early as possible, also the grape-vines, dwarf fruit-trees, wisteria and the shrubs. Hardy perennials may be planted very early, and in March or February seeds of annuals sown in the cold-frame. In late April (latitude of New York) plant the evergreens, the hedge of arbor-vitæ and the specimen evergreens.

AS PLANNED by Mrs. Hansen this garden requires the following items:

125 Arbor-vitæ	$137.50
6 Specimen Evergreens, Juniper or Tall Arbor-vitæ	42.00
9 Climbing Roses	6.00
1 Wisteria	.65
3 Syringa	2.25
2 Forsythia	1.00
2 Lilac	1.50
2 Lonicera	1.50
4 Dwarf Fruit-Trees	1.30
3 Trees (Laburnum, Dogwood, Evergreen Thorn)	4.50
Perennials and Annuals for Flower-Beds	35.00
Total	$233.20

The expense of flagging or of lumber is not given, as it varies greatly in different parts of the country. Old flagstones may be available or one may prefer brick or gravel or grass.

Now suppose, for example, you desire the effect of the prize garden but can not at the moment afford the expensive planting of arbor-vitæ and specimen evergreens. What should you do?

Why, do as one does in the matter of clothes: use the idea and translate it into a less expensive medium. For instance, the division between flower border and kitchen garden may be left for the first year to the hollyhocks and monk's-hood, and perhaps the hedge of evergreen could be planted in September. Instead of the surrounding hedge of arbor-vitæ, privet might be used; it keeps green for most of the Winter and is much less expensive. Instead of a tall specimen evergreen at the north corner of the living-room, put a young Lombardy poplar and you will keep the lines of the prize garden and greatly decrease your expense.

Some of the most delightful gardens are developed gradually. One has the plan in mind and adds a bit to the garden every year. Thus if the buying of the hardy perennials for the flower border proves something of an expense, start some early in boxes and grow the rest from Summer-sown seed and set them out in the Autumn.

And if you make new and lovely combinations, let us know about them, for there will be more gardens and another gold medal, besides this well-merited award won by Mrs. Hansen.



AS MARTHA WASHINGTON DINED

Continued from page 19

brandied peaches added zest to dinner-parties, and many a Southern woman of to-day employs the pickle recipes that some ancestress used in Revolutionary times.

What could be more suitable than to sit down to a modern Washington's Birthday feast made up of the favorite dishes of Washington's day? By the process of elimination, we can easily adapt one of those old Colonial menus to suit present-day purses and dietary standards and at the same time have the feeling that we are eating the very sort of dinner that Martha Washington planned when she went to housekeeping as First Lady of the Land.

We have included some of the most interesting recipes which she may have served. If you do not know how to prepare any of the other dishes mentioned on her "company" menu, write to The Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR for them.

VIRGINIA HAM

Here is a famous old recipe for baked Virginia ham. Prepare a stiff dough of flour and water. Roll this out into an oblong sheet one-half an inch thick. Wrap this around the ham, lapping the edges and pinching them together so that the ham is completely covered and sealed.

The ham should not be cut and should not be trimmed at all.

Bake in a moderate to slow oven (250 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit) eight to ten hours. Crack off the case, then remove the skin and the ham is ready to serve.

SOUTHERN SPOON BREAD

Try this real Southern spoon bread. It is a novelty—and a most delicious one—to many people.

¼ cup fat and cracklings from pork, beef or chicken fat
3 cups boiling water
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup corn-meal
2 eggs

Add the fat and cracklings to the water, and when boiling sprinkle in the salt and corn-meal, stirring constantly. Cook in a double boiler one hour; cool, and add the well-beaten eggs. Turn into a greased baking-dish and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for three-fourths of an hour.

BEATEN BISCUIT

Beaten biscuit one always associates with "way down South in Dixie."

1 quart flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lard
1 pint milk or water

Sift the flour and salt, then cut in the lard very thoroughly. Add the liquid very gradually until the dough is smooth. It should not be soft but rather stiff. Lay the dough on the board, which should rest upon a substantial support. Beat with a rolling-pin

Concluded on page 94



A Rainless Summer Vacation!

—yes, it can be practically *guaranteed*

THERE *is* a consistent summerland not far away where rain coats, umbrellas and storm clouds are stored for the season and everybody basks in a delicious, regular, dependable *sunshine*.

Golf date, picnic or sight-seeing trip scheduled for a week from Saturday or any day in the week?—sure, you'll be there, and so will the sun!

But isn't it HOT?—well, the forty-seven-year average mean temperatures in a central city in this section (U. S. Weather Bureau figures, just so we don't mislead you) are 66° for June; 70° for July; 71° for August; and 69° for September—a *forty-seven-year* average, remember.

Southern California, *a summer resort*—yes, natives are often asked, "But how do you sleep at night?" and the strange, calm, unexcited answer comes back,—"Under blankets."

Absolutely true—you *need* one, nine nights out of ten throughout all four invigorating, balmy, luscious months.

"Why, what a land!" You're right. What opportunity for pure, unadulterated FUN—everywhere you turn and every day of your entire stay whether it is for two weeks or twenty.

Golf, tennis, horse-back riding, hiking, camping, fishing, ocean bathing, old missions and their history, deserts, mountains, orange, fig and olive groves, palms, eucalyptus, pepper trees and other vegetation and flowers such as you have never seen—and five thousand miles of beautifully paved motor roads threading through it all! A hundred thousand guide signs posted everywhere by the world's greatest motor club to tell you where to go and just how far it is.

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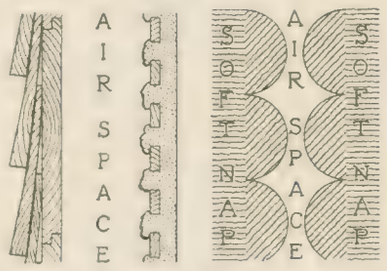


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The patterns and color combinations of Esmond Blankets make a bedroom attractive, inviting and in good taste. The name Esmond means quality and wear in bed blankets, blanket comfortables, baby blankets and Indian and sport blankets. All Esmond Blankets are mothproof and fade-proof. Remember the name, it is important—Esmond. Made in America.

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WHY BOYS AND GIRLS PLAY DIFFERENTLY

Concluded from page 15

The belonging or the citizenship instinct finds expression in the great team games, the Scout and Camp-Fire activities and the innumerable "gangs" that exist wherever there are boys. Here again we find boys are most strongly influenced. In recent years, however, in keeping with women's increased interest in group activity, girls have made great progress in team games.

These fundamental differences in the natures of the two sexes must be taken into account in planning the play of boys and girls. The boy must have games in which victory and defeat are important. The desire to win and the will to win are things that he will need all through life. With the girl, on the other hand, games in which the result is less important than the play itself have great attraction.

The exact time at which the separation of the play of boys and girls takes place varies widely in different cases. Much depends upon the personality of the instructor or leader: some women teachers are able to maintain the interest of boys in folk-dances and play of that type until the high-school age; some men instructors manage to get girls playing competitive games, such as track and field sports and various kinds of ball, at an age when the feminine mind is usually much occupied with dolls and things of like character. I do not believe it a wise plan to try to force either sex. When the boy begins to tire of the sports in which he has been engaging with girls, let him follow his own instincts. So long as the girl is content to play with dolls, there is nothing to be gained by substituting competitive sports, provided she is getting proper exercise.

There is a time when girls excel boys in height and weight and sometimes in strength and skill. This comes about the eleventh or twelfth year, and it is then that the play separation usually begins. At all other times, girls, generally speaking, are a little less skilful and a little less strong than boys of the same age, and after the fifth or sixth grade competition between the two sexes is generally unsatisfactory. During the early high-school period it has been found better to separate boys and girls in practically all of their play activities, for they are growing apart, and the awakening of sex consciousness at this time probably makes the gap wider than it is at any other period of their lives. Girls retain an intense interest in dancing and in chasing-games, while boys want something faster and rougher and something in which the result is more definite. There must be a winner and a loser in every game to satisfy the masculine competitive instinct at this time.

The "gang" instinct is very strong in boys at this age, and it finds an outlet in team games. The boy very rapidly substitutes a spirit of intense loyalty for the highly individualistic spirit that has governed his earlier years. It is a very impressionable age, and proper direction of the "gang" spirit is of the utmost importance: hundreds of boys who have become criminals because they indulged their "gang" inclinations with evil associates could have been made useful and respectable citizens if they had been given a chance to play the right kinds of games. The typical gangster often has admirable qualities, such as courage and loyalty, but these have been misdirected. His ideas of right and wrong have become so distorted that he devotes to unworthy causes characteristics that would be productive of real results if properly applied.

Because the girl remains much more strongly individualistic than the boy, and never develops the gang instinct to anything like the same extent, I do not believe that team games have quite the same hold. Girls seem to be more inclined to travel in small groups or in pairs than in real "gangs." It is true that they sometimes play team games with great success, but on the whole they are not so good as boys in submerging the individual in the group. Undoubtedly the spirit of group loyalty is going to be greatly developed by woman's participation in politics. Team games teach the elements of citizenship, and for that reason girls ought to be encouraged to play them. The whole theory of our system of government is based on the group as opposed to the individual, and it is well for each one of us to learn in childhood that there is something in the world more important than our own personal desires, that we have a responsibility to society as well as to our own family and friends.

BY ALL means let us encourage girls to play vigorous games, but not so vigorous as those of boys of the same age. Especially let me urge that girls should not be permitted after the age of twelve to try to keep pace with boys in boys' games. It is not fair to expect them then to hold their own with the boys, and in trying to do so they may do themselves a serious harm. Pride and courage will often cause a girl to exert herself beyond her capacity, and her play must be so directed that she will not be permitted nor expected to carry anything to excess. Her natural instinct to look upon the game itself as more important than the result should be encouraged.



AS MARTHA WASHINGTON DINED

Concluded from page 93

for a half-hour. Knead lightly, and beat again for ten minutes, when every portion of the surface of the dough should show blisters or air bubbles. Roll out to one-half inch in thickness. Cut into circles or squares. Prick with a fork and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for ten or fifteen minutes.

CURRANT CAKE

This recipe for birthday currant cake may sound appalling at first, but the ingredients may be reduced proportionately, and it is really worth trying.

The old recipe runs: "One pound and a half of fine sugar, one pound and a half of butter, three pounds and a half of currants, two pounds of flour, one-half pound of candied peel, one-half pound of almonds, two ounces of mixed spices, the grated rind of three lemons, eighteen eggs, one gill of cider. Paper the hoops and bake three hours. Ice when cold."

The quaint direction to "paper the hoops" need not mystify the modern housewife. It merely means: "Line the pans with well-greased paper."

Though Washington's own birthday-cake may have been decorated with citron, almonds and cherries, we doubt if the fruit was cut in the shape of hatchets. However, modern popular opinion—if not history—considers this an appropriate shape. Burn three candles on the cake, which commemorates the birthday of our first President—one for the past, one for the present and one for the future.

ROYAL SYLLABUB

Ice-cream was an unknown quantity in those days, but who would want it when one could eat a dessert with the impressive name royal syllabub?

1 pint double cream	½ cup sugar
1½ cup fruit-juice	Whites of two eggs

Beat the whites of the eggs until foamy, add the fruit-juice mixed with the sugar, and lastly the cream. Beat with a whip churn. Take off the froth as it rises and drain over a strainer. Pour the unwhipped mixture into glasses, pile the whip on top and serve ice cold.

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American School of Home Economics, 846 E. 58th St., Chicago



WHY I DESIGN *DELINEATOR* HOUSES

Concluded from page 21

His estate is bordered on one side by a road or street leading directly into a neighboring town. It was suggested that he build these houses on that part of his property which faced this street, allotting to each house a plot seventy-five by one hundred and fifty feet where the ground sloped up a little steeply from the road.

In one sense the design of these houses was impersonal—that is, they were made to suit the average needs of any small family. I suggested, therefore, that he base the plans and designs of these four houses on some of THE DELINEATOR house-plans which I had designed. He acquiesced in this, and these houses therefore are modifications of THE DELINEATOR house-plans numbers three and four. We took these plans and adapted them to the special requirements of the site, using the most suitable materials obtainable in the neighborhood. I started with the blue-prints furnished by THE DELINEATOR for these houses and assumed that I was a local architect commissioned to use these plans as a basis and modified them to solve the problem in hand.

Four of the houses illustrated have just been finished. The grading has been arranged, but no accessory planting has been done. Photographs of them will be shown later when the planting which is now being done blends them to the site and surroundings.

The houses built from DELINEATOR plans number three and number four have been designed freely along the picturesque English-cottage type with long roof lines and low eaves. The moundlike effect gives a sense of strength and restfulness as though the house grew out of the ground and was inseparable from it. At the same time, the effect of solidity has been lightened by spots of wooden construction, curves in the roof, touches of color in the blinds and brickwork.

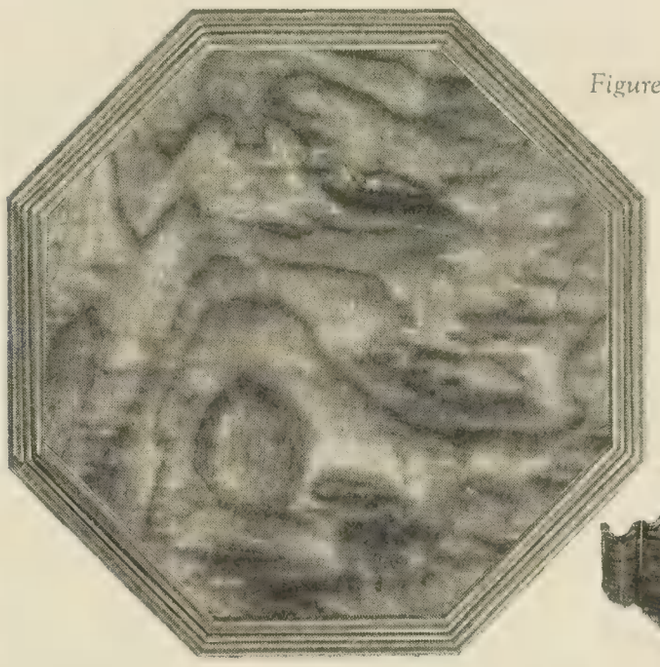
IN THE choice of materials, the architect has been guided by the thought of practicability and permanency, rejecting those which might lower the first cost but which might add later to the expense of upkeep. Some so-called expensive material has been used in places where experience has proved that such an outlay pays. The purpose throughout has been not to see how cheaply a house of such and such a size could be constructed, but rather to build honestly and simply, without sham or fancy, to produce a building that will have the maximum of convenience, be pleasing to the eye and have a permanent investment value.

The exterior walls of the houses are of terra-cotta tile blocks on concrete foundations surfaced with cement stucco. This form of construction, while slightly more expensive than the common frame and stucco type, is vastly superior, as it eliminates the danger of cracks and peeling and makes a much more substantial and a warmer house. The finish coat of stucco is made of white cement and a yellow sand, which produces a warm cream color that does not fade. The stucco is left with its natural finish and need not be painted unless one so desires. The sills of the windows and porches and the entrance steps are of common red brick, which relieves the monotony of the creamy white walls. The windows are of the balanced rise-and-fall type, equipped with zinc weather-strips and fly-screens.

The roofing material for these houses is asbestos shingles, which produce not only a warm, pleasing effect but a roof with excellent wearing qualities.

The houses are heated by a low-pressure steam system with a magazine feed boiler which uses low-cost buckwheat coal.

The plumbing fixtures of white porcelain include built-in tubs, enameled inside and outside, and other sanitary built-in bathroom equipment. All hot-water pipes, which are very subject to corrosion, are of brass.



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5816—10317—This becoming one-piece dress has a new sleeve and a straight lower edge. It slips on over the head and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. The embroidery is effective. Use light-weight wool jersey or heavy crêpe de Chine with contrasting color, knitted silk-and-wool with crêpe de Chine of contrasting color and bound with self for collar; or use heavy crêpe de Chine, soft satin or silk Canton crêpe with lace, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool jersey tubing. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5842—A two-piece slip-over dress of this type with a draped tunic and a one-piece slip is smart for evening functions. For day wear sleeves can be used. Use lace with slip and flowers of metallic fabric or slip of satin to match and metallic ribbon flowers. With sleeves, use crêpe satin, silk Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, flat crêpe or crêpe faille. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 40-inch lace (including band for slip).

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5807—5827—The ensemble costume is often composed of a tunic blouse and a costume slip with a lower part to match the coat. This slip-over tunic blouse has a convertible collar and may be longer. Use faille silk, bengaline, wool rep or soft twills for blouse and silk crêpe, soft satin, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine for the slip which may have a deep hem. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch corded silk; for slip 2⅜ yards 39-inch material including collar and cuffs.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5834—An applied front plait, a tie, light-weight novelty buttons and puffed sleeves are attractive features of this one-piece dress with a close-fitting hipline. It slips on over the head and the collar may be detachable. Use soft twills, cashmere dress materials, wool crêpe, kasha or ribbed silks with silk crêpe in contrasting color or plaid silk.

19 years or 36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch kasha and ¾ yard 39-inch figured silk. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 38 and 40 bust, also misses 15 to 20 years.

5765—A lower front in triple-apron effect gives variation to the dress with a close-fitting hipline. It slips on over the head and has a one-piece back. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, cashmere dress materials or broadcloth, with center of scarf of crêpe de Chine to match or in contrasting color, and braid bindings. Or use faille silk, satin crêpe or heavy silk crêpe with bindings of self material, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool rep.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5788—Overlapping points give interest to the side line of this one-piece slip-over dress with a detachable cape and a close-fitting hipline. Use wool rep, kasha, cashmere dress materials or soft twills with inserted section, corded facing at neck and sleeves, bound buttonholes and cuffs in contrasting color, the cape lined with crêpe de Chine, etc; or use plaid for cape-lining, inserted section, etc.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch soft twill and ¼ yard 39-inch contrasting material for inserted section and facings. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5816 5834 5842 5765 5807 5827 5788

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

5804—A straight gathered tunic joined at a close-fitting hipline marks the one-piece slip-over dress as belonging to the flared silhouette. The neck may be cut for day or evening wear and the armholes cut down or normal. Use all-over lace or satin with tunic of lace flouncing, bands of tinsel ribbon, or printed Georgette with short sleeves and ribbon bands, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch lace and 2 yards 18-inch flouncing.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5779—10258—A detachable cape which is drawn in under the back is a smart feature of this one-piece slip-over dress of crêpe faille, crêpe satin or silk crêpe. Without embroidery use cashmere dress materials, soft twills, light-weight flannel or wool jersey. Work embroidery on the sleeves in colors.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch cashmere. Lower edge 43½ inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5767—10961—Women who like easier lines may wear this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. The collar may be detachable. Use crêpe faille or satin with lace or crêpe de Chine collar, self bindings and glass buttons, Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine with bone buttons, etc. Work the embroidery in harmonious colors.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5777—A vestee and cuffs of white corded silk give the tailored touch to a one-piece draped wrap-around dress of cashmere dress materials, soft twills or broadcloth. The sash-end is of crêpe de Chine to match dress and bone buttons in contrasting color. Or use faille silk or heavy satin crêpe with crêpe de Chine vestee, and contrasting bone or crystal buttons.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch broadcloth. Lower edge 42 inches.

The dress is for ladies 34 to 46 bust.

5808—Printed heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with plain to match for the slip, etc., is an attractive combination for this slip-over tunic blouse and separate one-piece slip. One may use crêpe satin with Georgette to match or in a lighter shade for sleeve-puffs, etc. Lower edge 44½ inches.

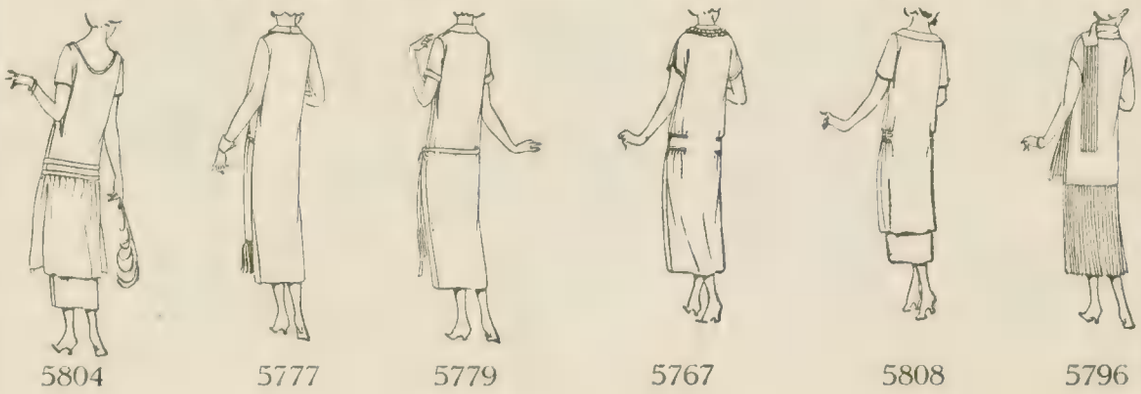
36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch printed silk, 1¼ yard 39-inch plain satin for yoke and lower part of slip, etc.

The blouse and slip are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5796—Use silk Canton crêpe with satin or contrasting color Canton crêpe to match for this slip-over dress. It has a long upper part and a side-plaited straight flounce. Crêpe satin trimmed with the reverse side makes an attractive combination. Lower edge, plaits out, 2¾ yards.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch silk Canton crêpe and ⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5804 5777 5779 5767 5808 5796



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

5805—Flat tiers are fashionable for the junior's one-piece slip-over dress of Canton crêpe, taffeta, satin, crêpe de Chine of good weight, with collar, cuffs, etc., of same material in contrasting; or use wool crêpe or soft twills with silk braid bindings, etc.

13 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch wool crêpe, ½ yard 39-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5809—10243—Slip-over sleeveless dresses are adorable for little girls. This frock has a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee, fine cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, unbleached muslin, chambray or pin-check gingham. Work the embroidery in colors.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5797—This picturesque slip-over frock with a straight lower edge may have a detachable collar and cuffs. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette or taffeta with net collar and cuffs with Val lace edging, French knots, tiny buttons and ribbon for trimming, etc.

8 years requires 1⅞ yard 35-inch Georgette.

The dress is for little girls 4 to 12 years.

5752—A number of combinations are smart for this slip-over dress with an upper and a lower part joined in a decorative outline—crêpe de Chine or Canton crêpe with an upper part of same material in contrast or printed, wool crêpe or flannel with contrast, etc.

12 years requires 1 yard 39-inch printed and 1⅜ yard 39-inch plain crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5819—Make this one-piece slip-over dress of soft twills, wool crêpe, serge or light-weight flannel with plaid to match for the collar and cuffs which may be detachable. The plaited sections are inserted at each side of the dress.

12 years requires 3¼ yards 27-inch flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5799—5557—10155—Embroidery trims the lower front of this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and detachable or attached collar and cuffs. Use light-weight flannel or wool jersey with contrasting color collar or white linen collar, etc. Her taffeta hat has a four-gored crown.

12 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch wool jersey for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5791—5793—10939—She wears this middy blouse with slightly shaped underarm seams over a separate plaited straight skirt and bloomers instead of a petticoat. The bloomers are joined to an underbody and the skirt buttons onto the underbody. The emblem on the sleeve is the regulation type.

8 years requires 1 yard 54-inch wool plaid and 1 yard 54-inch plain wool.

Blouse and skirt are for girls 6 to 14.

5811—The vestee suit is good style for boys this age. It is composed of a jacket, straight trousers and a vestee and collar which may be detachable. Use serge, tweeds, gabardine, chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons or crash with vestee and collar of piqué or rep.

6 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch serge, ⅝ yard 32-inch contrasting material.

The vestee suit is for boys 4 to 10 years.

5748—10931—Kimono sleeves and a collar are attractive on this slip-over dress with separate bloomers. Use pin-check gingham, chambray, cotton crêpe, cotton or silk broadcloth, cotton prints, dimity or flannel. The embroidery is effective. Work it in colors.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch check gingham.

The dress is for little girls 1 to 6 years.

5754—5458—A slightly shaped tunic fastened at the hipline gives the new silhouette to the junior's one-piece slip-over dress. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, serge or flannel with contrasting-color flannel, or heavy silk crêpe with contrasting-color silk crêpe. Her gored velvet tam-o'-shanter is smart.

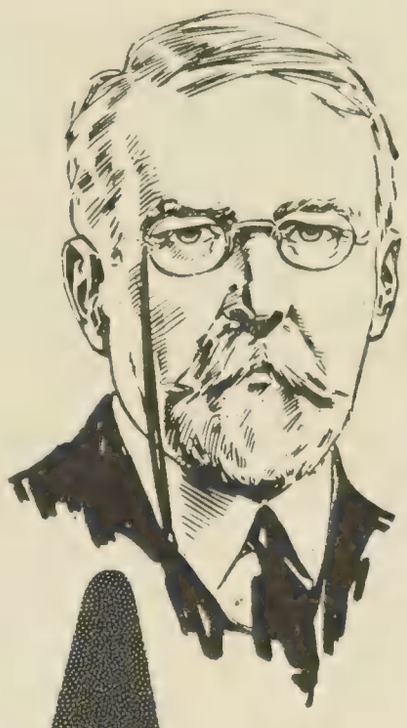
12 years requires 3¼ yards 27-inch flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; tam-o'-shanter for girls, children, misses, ladies.



5805 5809 5797 5752 5819

5799 5791 5793 5811 5748 5754



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

5802—Use kasha, flannel, soft twills, wool crêpe, silk-and-wool crêpe or light-weight cashmere with stripes to match for this slip-over dress, and faille silk or piqué for the collar and cuffs which may be detachable. The dress has a one-piece back and the lower part of the front is joined at the close-fitting hipline. Lower edge, plaits out, 55 inches.

16 years requires 3¼ yards 27-inch flannel and ¾ yard 35-inch striped material.

Dress is for misses 15 to 20, ladies 38 bust.

5739—This slip-over dress may be used as a part of an ensemble costume with the two-piece lower part to match the coat fabric and the long upper part of crêpe satin or silk crêpe. Use wool cashmere, wool rep, kasha, soft twills or velours for the lower part, joined under a cluster of tucks in tunic effect.

16 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and ⅝ yard 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 44 inches.

It is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5784—Plaid silk and bone buttons are a smart trimming for this one-piece slip-over dress with a close-fitting hipline. The sleeves have the new puff. Use soft twills, cashmere dress materials, wool rep, wool crêpe, kasha ribbed silks. Lower edge 42 ins.

17 years or 34 bust requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch cashmere and ½ yard 35-inch plaid silk.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5810—Taffeta or soft satin make a quaint slip-over frock with a detachable or attached bertha, and puff of Georgette trimmed with frills or narrow ribbons in contrasting color. It closes under the left arm and has a gathered straight skirt joined to a basque at a slightly low waistline. Lower edge 2 yards.

17 years requires 3 yards 36-inch taffeta and ½ yard 35-inch Georgette.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women and ladies 38 bust.

5795—5667—A slip-over tunic blouse of silk Canton crêpe, satin crêpe or faille silk worn over a costume slip of soft satin or crêpe de Chine makes a smart costume. The blouse may be longer and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. The slip has an inverted plait below the low waistline at each side.

34 bust requires 2⅜ yards 35-inch silk Canton crêpe and 2⅜ yards 35-inch satin. Lower edge 51 inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 40 bust; slip for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5785—This one-piece slip-over dress is smart in soft twills, hairline-striped twills, cashmere dress materials, striped flannel, etc. It is close-fitting at the hipline and has a detachable collar and cuffs of piqué, etc.

17 years requires 2 yards 54-inch striped wool. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 19 years and ladies 38, 40 bust.

5792—Soft twills, wool rep, kasha, cashmere dress materials, silk-and-wool faille or silk faille are suitable for this wrap-around, one-piece dress with a separate scarf. Collar and cuffs may be detachable. Lower edge 43 ins.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha.

It is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

5829—5769—10138—A fashionable costume combines a box-coat with a slip-over dress. Use cashmere suitings, kasha, soft twills or heavy satin for coat and the straight wrap-around lower part of dress, and silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine for the long upper part of dress. The embroidery is easily worked.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch kasha and 1⅜ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 41 inches.

Coat is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; dress for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.



5802 5739 5792 5784 5810

5795 5667 5785 5829 5769

Gems Among My Beauty Secrets



By Mme. Maree

I like to think of the things I consider the best in the world, diamonds, American beauty roses, rare perfume and a face cream made of eptol.

The latter is a gem and can be had at any drug store. Mix two ounces with a little glycerine and a pint of water. It will cost only 65 cents and fills a big jar with the daintiest, creamiest, most heavenly skin food your imagination has ever dreamed of. The cost is so little you dap it on plentifully all over the face, rubbing it in until absorbed. Your face feels as smooth as that of an infant, the skin pores are tightened, the outer dead skin has flaked off, the lines, crowsfeet and wrinkles have melted into a refined, smooth surface, cheeks look plump and girlish, the saggy pouches around the chin fill in with the roundness of the face and you are now good to look at. Yes, I think of eptol as one of the best things in the world.

To Bleach Skin

You cannot remove tan entirely if you are outdoors very much. But you can easily and quickly get rid of the leathery appearance by rubbing the skin lightly with zintone. Get an ounce, costing 65 cents, at the drug store, mix it with two tablespoons of glycerine and apply it freely all over the face, neck, arms, chest and hands. Soon the skin lightens and if you persist it will bleach out the skin to natural color and remove the freckles and other blemishes. It is a wonder for this purpose.

Remove Blackheads

The only way I know of to successfully remove blackheads is to dip a cloth in hot water, sprinkle it with neroxin and rub this back and forth over the face a few times. It dissolves every blackhead. Get an ounce at the drug store. It costs but 65 cents, and used occasionally you will never see a blackhead and the pores will close gradually and thus stop them completely.

Make Hair Beautiful

Drop a teaspoonful of eggol crystals in half a cup of warm water. It foams up the instant you rub it into the hair and covers each lock of hair with a thin albuminous film. Now wash it off, the hair dries almost at once as the water does not soak the hair nor disturb its curl or wave. 25 cents worth of eggol will make a dozen shampoos.

If Hair Is Coarse

If your hair is inclined to unruly coarseness, it would be advisable to treat the scalp with beta-quinol. Ask the druggist for one ounce, at a cost of 65 cents, mix it with half a pint of water, and half a pint of rubbing alcohol. It is colorless and stainless and yet you can take blonde, brunette or titian hair that lays flat, coarse, straight and dead-like, apply a little beta-quinol to the scalp, when lo! each hair freshens. It takes on a glint or shimmer, it stands out alone, and whether cut short or hangs in great masses it becomes, as hair should, light, feathery and fluffy. If hair is very thick beta-quinol livens each hair to fluff up and thus takes away the feeling or sense of weight, and what a wonderful curl it takes!

A Treasure Chest

These gems of beauty secrets are so perfectly stunning that I have had prepared one of each ready for use, enough of each to last several days. Send me 25 cents and I will send you this treasure chest by mail prepaid.

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You will never catch cold from shampooing with ***Cleero.*** For this reason many hospitals have adopted it as the standard shampoo for their patients.



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We will gladly call on prospective patients near here, to show them what marvelous and permanent work you do. I know what a wonderful thing it has been to have my brother's feet made straight and useful. Will answer any inquiries.

GUY L. REYNOLDS,
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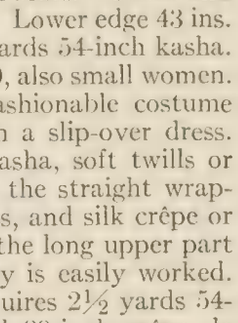




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McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Diseases of the Hip, Knee, and other Joints, Wry Neck, etc., especially in children and young adults. Write for these FREE books: "Deformities and Paralysis" and "Book of References."

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5765—The scarf with a center of crêpe de Chine in a contrasting or matching color and braid bindings are attractive on this slip-over dress of wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, cashmere dress materials or broadcloth. It has a one-piece back and the lower front in triple-apron effect is joined at a close-fitting hipline.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5747—Wool rep, soft twills, kasha, silk bengaline, silk faille, crêpe satin or heavy silk crêpe makes a smart coat dress which you may wear on the street in early Spring. It has a side closing and a choice of body lining. This is a very simple style to make and one which is suitable for general wear or for travel.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 44 inches.

The coat dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5761—Soft twills, wool rep or kasha in brown, navy or black trimmed with tan braid and white bone or nickel buttons, the scarf lining and sleeve facing of tan crêpe de Chine, makes a smart one-piece dress. It closes at the left side of the vestee front. One may use faille silk, bengaline or satin.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch soft twills. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

5829—5729—Use cashmere suitings, kasha, soft twills or satin for the box-coat and the straight lower part of the slip-over dress which has a close-fitting hipline. For the long upper part use plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine in self or contrasting color.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha (including lower part of dress, etc.) and 1⅝ yard 39-inch silk. Lower edge 44 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust; the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5787—5638—10318—The plain lower part of this costume slip could be made of the coat material, forming an ensemble costume with a slip-over tunic blouse of satin crêpe, crêpe faille, silk Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine. The embroidery is effective. The blouse may be shorter.

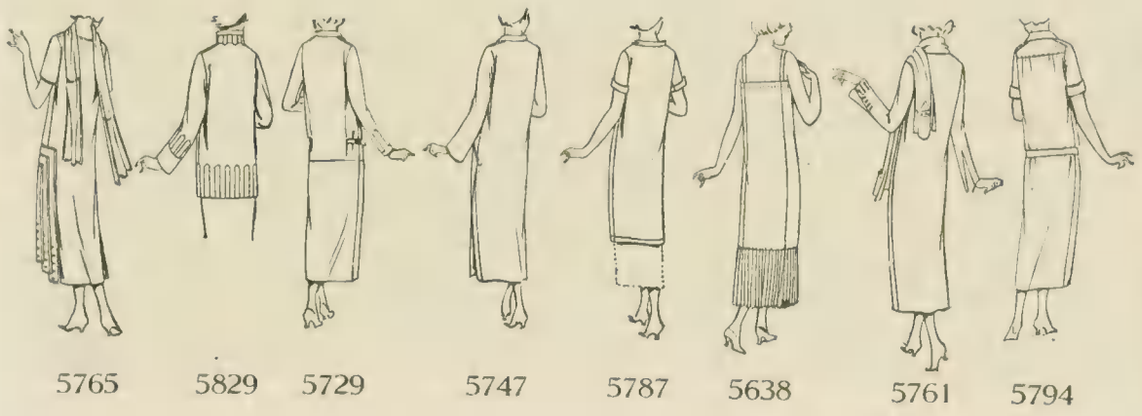
36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch satin crêpe and 2⅝ yards 39-inch contrasting silk crêpe (including tie). Lower edge 44 inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5794—Any woman who goes daily to an office or who likes tailored styles will want this one-piece slip-over dress with a plait at the left side. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use soft, light-weight flannel or wool jersey, plain tub silks, silk Canton crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5765 5829 5729 5747 5787 5638 5761 5794

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5800—This narrow slip-over dress is fitted closely at the hipline and has a two-piece lower part which makes it ideal to wear as part of an ensemble costume. You may use the coat material for the lower part and the coat-lining fabric for the long upper part; or corded silks with crêpe de Chine or soft satin in contrasting or self color, or printed heavy silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1⅛ yard 39-inch corded silk.

The dress is suitable for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5759—Crystal buttons and worked buttonholes trim this slip-over dress of crêpe satin or silk faille. It has a yoke and an attached two-piece lower part. One may use flat crêpe or crêpe de Chine with bone buttons, cashmere suitings, soft twills, wool rep, kasha, silk faille, etc., with flat crêpe.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5818—The tailored sheath dress has the new shoulder-line and is very smart. This one-piece slip-over dress is smart in soft twills, cashmere dress materials, wool rep or wool crêpe with faille silk in contrasting color; or use flannel, kasha, ribbed silks or heavy silk crêpe with same material in contrasting color. Lower edge 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch wool rep.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5824—Women who do not wear dresses that define their figures will like this one-piece slip-over dress of soft satin with vestee, collar and cuffs of crêpe de Chine; or use heavy crêpe de Chine, silk Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or flat crêpe with same material in contrast. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. This is an excellent style for maternity wear.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch soft satin. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5798—The caught-up effect of the drapery of this one-piece dress on wrap-around lines is very lovely. Use heavy silk crêpe, silk moire, faille silk or crêpe satin all one material; or use light-weight twills or cashmere with moire or corded silks.

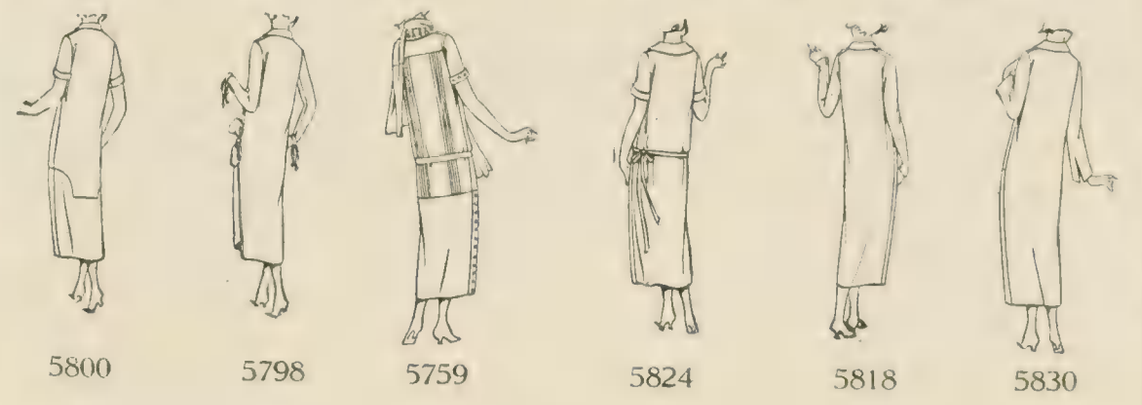
36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch faille silk. Lower edge 43½ inches.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5830—10215—This straight-line coat dress will make stout figures look slimmer. Use soft twills, cashmere dress materials, kasha, wool crêpe or heavy silk crêpe with silk crêpe in contrasting color; or use crêpe satin with the reverse side, ribbed wools or silk with vestee of embroidered batiste, etc. The embroidery is easily done.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch cashmere dress goods. Lower edge 46 inches.

The coat-dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.



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Please send me FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is:

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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

The Author of "Peter Pan"

Sir James Barrie, besides being one of the most infrequent of magazine contributors, is also one of the shyest and most elusive of literary celebrities. He is so unalterably opposed to granting interviews that a few years ago, when he visited the United States, even New York newspaper men were unable to get a word out of him. One of them, in fact, after vainly trying every expedient known to the successful journalist, wrote a wholly imaginative interview and did it so successfully that it is considered something of a classic of its kind. It happens that an American, Mr. Herbert Brenon, director of the screen production of "Peter Pan," has recently been very close to the author, and to Mr. Brenon we are indebted for the following glimpse of a delightful personality. "Barrie," he says, "is a little man, short, shy and shabby, with a twinkle in his eye, a great love for humanity in his heart—and usually a pipe in his mouth. He is wise, whimsical and witty. His sympathies are of the widest, his kindliness is without end. He is in years perhaps sixty-five; but his age is all on the outside. His hair and mustache are gray, but his heart is that of a child, and he has the most sympathetic face I have ever seen. He is as unusual, as quaint and curious as Peter Pan himself. I have never known a more delightful companion. He has a mind so rich in folk-lore, so fertile in strange fancies—partly made up of fiction, partly of fact, which he relates with distinct fascination—that he seems a kind of modern Æsop."

Mr. Yost on the Bent Twig

"The next time you see a college game," writes Mr. Yost in the March DELINEATOR, "bear in mind that the beginning of victory came long before the coaches ever saw the players and before the players had any idea they would be heroes." After thirty years of directing athletes, Mr. Yost has come to the conclusion that the real start toward success in later life—whether in athletic or other work—is the cradle, and that the habit of success is strengthened every day that a boy remains within the sphere of influence of the right kind of mother. Naturally, Mr. Yost turns for examples to the field he knows best, and supports his contention with anecdotes of the kind of self-imposed discipline, impossible without great strength of character, that he has observed in some of the outstanding young men in his charge. Modern methods of coaching and training will do much to improve mediocre human material, but, other things being equal, the boy with the superior home influence will show his quality when put to the test. The importance of good habits, of diet, exercise and play, all come in for a share of Mr. Yost's comment on the kind of boy who gets the right sort of start toward successful manhood.

The Village Comes into Its Own

Villages and rural communities are faced by no ordinary problem when they undertake to stage local demonstrations in the annual national Better Homes campaigns. As a rule, the citizens of such communities have little experience with organized civic activities, funds are limited and suitable houses are scarce. Despite such handicaps, communities of this character made such a splendid showing in the 1924 campaign that we are going to publish a few of the most interesting stories in next month's DELINEATOR. They are inspiring examples of what a handful of resourceful women can do under adverse conditions. The women who serve on these committees had to find time for their Better Homes interests in days filled with preparing meals, doing washing and ironing, raising chickens, making butter and the thousand-and-one tasks that make up the daily round of the farm and village housewife. They took over impossible vacant houses, rolled up their sleeves and cleaned, painted, papered and decorated them with their own hands, borrowed furniture and then ran their show to packed doors. As a result, many a country housewife has a new conception of the possibilities in home building, furnishing and decoration. Great credit is due the members of these committees for raising the standards of living in communities difficult to reach in any other way. We have selected a few examples of their enterprise and ingenuity, both because they are interesting stories and because they point the way to similar achievements in places where such work is sadly needed.

IF — ? ? ASK — ! !

IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION ABOUT HOME-MAKING—
about new equipment for your kitchen, or properly balanced diet for your family, or making a budget for more economical living—

Ask Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Making Department.

IF THE QUESTION CONCERNS HOUSE DECORATION—
the color of your window drapes, the arrangement of furniture in your living-room, the finishing of your walls—

Ask Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Head of THE DELINEATOR'S House Decoration Department.

IF YOU WANT ADVICE ABOUT YOUR CHILD—
a correct health program for Winter weather, a report on epidemics to be guarded against—

Ask Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, Director of THE DELINEATOR'S Happy Child Department.

IF IT'S "GOOD LOOKS" THAT INTERESTS YOU—
personal problems of complexion and appearance, new creams and perfumes—

Ask Celia Caroline Cole, THE DELINEATOR'S Beauty Consultant.

OR IF IT'S A QUERY ABOUT DINING YOUR GUESTS—
about customs at weddings or manners in company—

There's Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley to ask, THE DELINEATOR'S Adviser in matters of Entertainment and Etiquette.

When you think of THE DELINEATOR, think of these people. They are your friends—experts whose advice is yours to command. Turn back through the pages of this book and see what special services they offer you this month.

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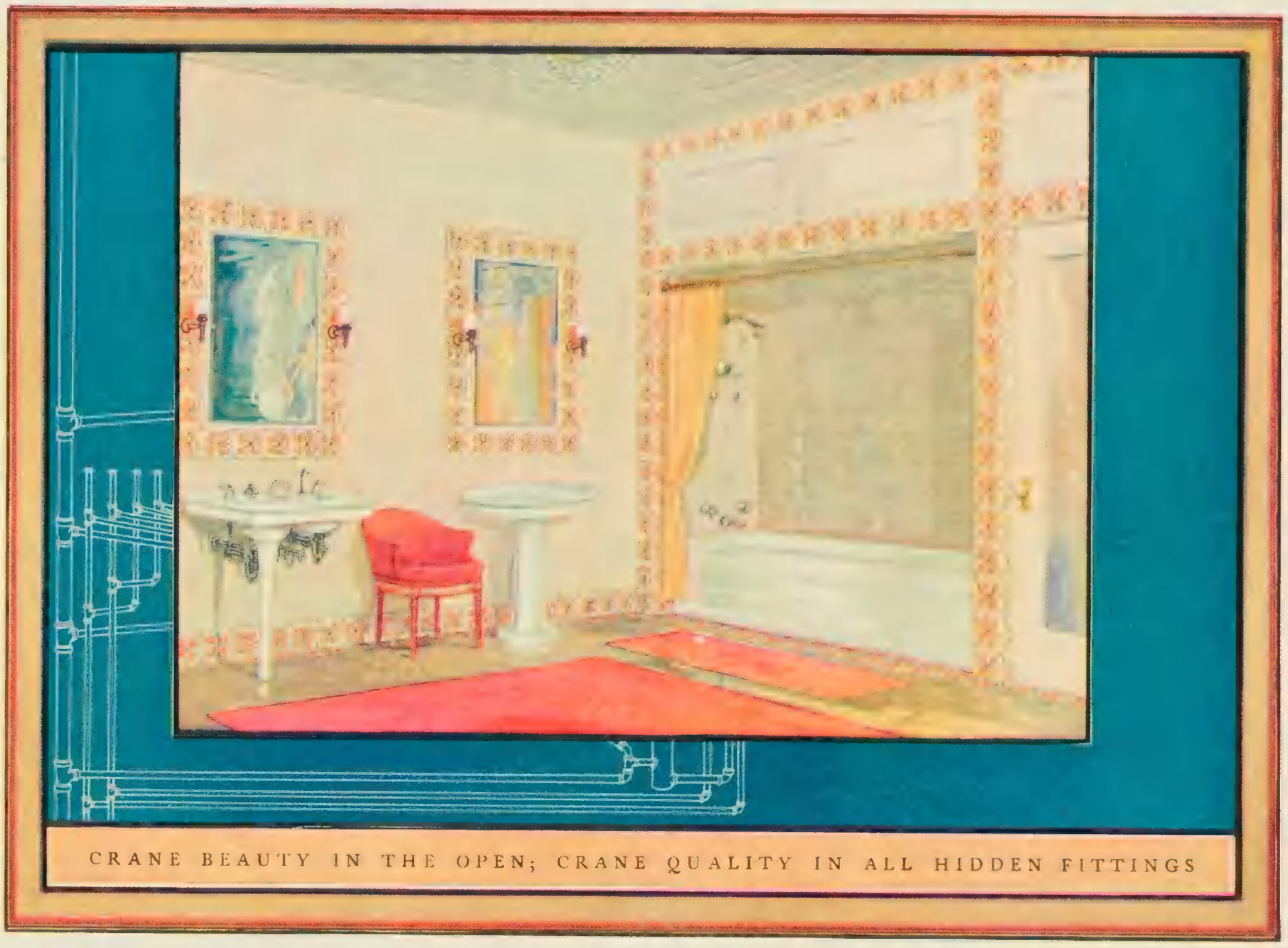
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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

NOW that our diligent correspondents cover the entire globe in the search for items of interest to the 100's of 1,000's of readers who look to this column regularly for information and inspiration, it occurs to us that a *Far East* number would be a novelty. And no sooner said than done ◈◈◈ Many of our fair pew-holders might consider the advantages of moving to the *Pamirs*, a remote country in Central Asia, where women are highly prized because there are not enough to go around. A would-be husband must be prepared to part with a minimum of one hundred sheep for a wife ◈◈◈ In *Arabia*, *Syria* and *Madagascar*, grasshoppers are a staple article of food. The flesh is white and delicate, and when roasted or fried in butter with a little parsley, is said to be delicious. The insects are prepared for export by being dried in the sun or preserved in brine ◈◈◈ The army that serves the King of *Dahomey* is made up almost entirely of women. They wear gorgeous uniforms consisting of baggy trousers and box-coats, each regiment having its own bizarre color scheme ◈◈◈ In *India*, girl children of the Brahman caste are brought up according to a code known as the Law of Manu. "The name of a woman," says the Law of Manu, "should be easy to pronounce, sweet, clear and agreeable; it should end in long vowels and resemble words of benediction." Another excerpt that we recommend for earnest consideration is: "A woman must always be good-tempered and must skilfully conduct the affairs of her home. She must take great care of the household utensils and of the preparation of food, and know how to watch over the well-being of her husband, while spending as little as possible" ◈◈◈ The habit of chewing betel nuts, practised in *Ceylon* and other Oriental countries, first blackens and then destroys the teeth, so that toothless belles of twenty-four or so are not uncommon, although black store teeth are worn by the wealthy ◈◈◈ An apron is the royal standard of *Persia*. A Persian who was a blacksmith by trade once raised a successful revolt, and his leather apron, covered with jewels, is still borne in the van of Persian armies ◈◈◈ Small weddings are unknown in *Borneo*, and so are wedding invitations. A wedding is a neighborhood event, in which every one is supposed to have a hand. The maids dress the bride and deck her out with flowers. The matrons attend to the preparing of the feast, and the men see there's liquor enough assembled to last as long as the celebration continues, which may be anywhere from a day to a week ◈◈◈ In *British Borneo* women do all the work, even to the loading of cargoes of teak and camphor wood. The male Malay never labors except to hunt animals and members of rival tribes ◈◈◈ The boat-woman of *China*, whether she be a single woman or a wife or a widow, is the head of the house, that is to say, of the boat. If she is married, the husband takes the useful but subordinate place of deck-hand. She does the steering, makes bargains with the passengers, collects the money, buys supplies and, in general, lords it over everything ◈◈◈ In *Korea* a man is restrained by law from keeping more than one wife in his home at one time, though he may have as many as he likes in separate establishments ◈◈◈ *Japanese* motion-picture censors cut out all kissing scenes in American films, not because of moral qualms, but because the natives don't understand the practise ◈◈◈ A Japanese invitation to dinner reads: "I beg your pardon for thus insulting you in begging your company at my house to dinner. The house is very small and very dirty. Our habits are rude, and you may not get anything to eat, and yet I hope that you will condescend to be present with us at 6 o'clock." You go, and you find everything exactly the opposite ◈◈◈ The Asiatic town of *Maiwatchi*, on the Russian border, is peopled by men only ◈◈◈ In an *Egyptian* family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three candles. To each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some dignified person. The candle that burns the longest determines the name to be bestowed upon the infant ◈◈◈ Threads of gold used in *India* for making laces are so fine that 1,100 yards weigh only one ounce ◈◈◈ A *Shanghai* subscriber writes that her native tailor uses the Deltor to make her garments, and a lovely *Australian* lady qualifies for a place among the immortals by appending to her letter a postscript reading: "I mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers."



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By MAUD TOUSEY FANGEL

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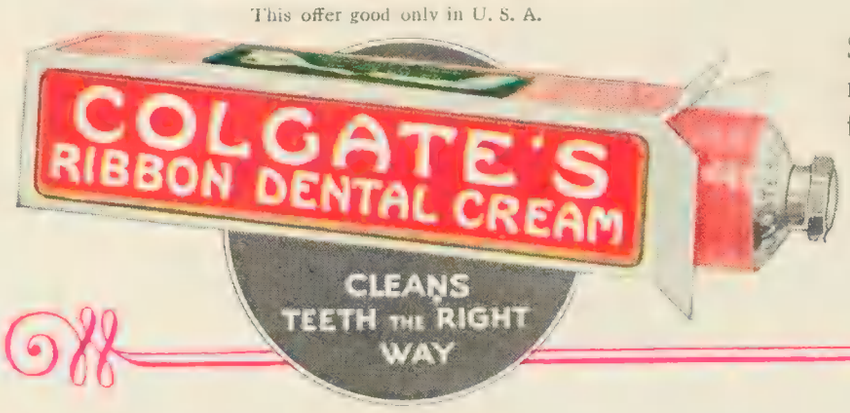
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MARCH 1925



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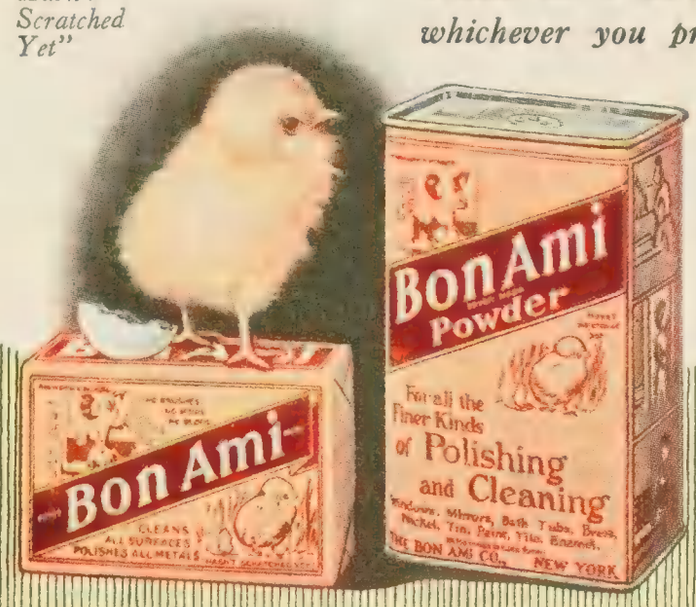


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THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

FREE CHILDREN

ON THE editorial page last month we appealed to you to support the ratification of that amendment to the Constitution which will provide a just regulation of child labor in the United States.

A week after that editorial was written the editor of THE DELINEATOR was in London on a business trip. At half-past eleven o'clock on the night of her arrival there was a knock at her hotel-room door and a "Buttons" came in with a cable from America. He was so very small that one could not help asking his age.

Standing very straight, he answered with pride: "If the twenty-second of the month comes, I'll be nine."

There was a laugh at his doubt of the possible arrival of the twenty-second of the month, followed by an indignant protest against the employment—*at night*—of a boy under the age of nine.

"Don't you go to school?" he was asked.

"Yes, madam," came the polite answer, "I go to school here; I am learning the hotel business."

"But what time do you go home at night? Isn't it outrageous for a boy of your age to be going home this hour of the night alone?" exclaimed another American who was present.

"I work under my father here, madam, and I return home with him at one o'clock in the morning," replied the youngster to that.

When he had gone there was violent and bitter criticism of a system which permitted a boy under the age of nine to work all the night and until one o'clock in the morning.

But——

It behooves us to clean up our own garden before we find fault with the weeds in our neighbor's yard.

As compared to a boy eight years of age working under his father's eye in his father's business, we commit a grosser crime right here in this free land, rich and full of opportunities, knowing better and without the excuse of traditional child labor.

Down in the rice-fields some of our children work knee-deep in water, deprived of schooling and protected surroundings. In some of the sugar-beet fields little ones only seven years old work eight hours a day.

Dr. Owen Lovejoy, Director of the National Child Labor Committee, last year exposed a system which provided for the taking of carloads of children from Texas to the Northwest during the beet-picking season. It is a form of peonage, nothing less.

The proposed amendment to the Constitution in no way affects the legitimate labor of children in their homes. It contemplates no experiment—it is merely the expansion to other and less progressive States of a just protection for children which is already provided by statute in States possessed of an alive social vision.

Before you eat your next meal in comfort and security and feed your children in a protected home write a letter to your legislators and demand ratification of the Child Labor Amendment. If you do not know how to reach your Congressman or your Assemblyman, write a postcard to THE DELINEATOR, and we will tell you who they are and how to reach them both.

Let us make this a land of free children as well as a land of free men!

BETTER HOMES IN 1925

WHAT is your community doing to support this year's Better Homes in America campaign?

This great educational institution, founded in 1921 by THE DELINEATOR, was in 1923 surrendered by us to an Advisory Council, and incorporated as a public-service institution. THE DELINEATOR no longer participates in the direction and the policies of the Better Homes movement, but we do heartily support it and urge the readers of THE DELINEATOR to do so.

President Coolidge launched the 1924 campaign with this message by radio to the nation:

"The American home is the source of our national well-being. In it our high traditions of service and integrity are fostered. From the true home there emerge respect for the rights of others and the habit of cooperating for worthy ends. Through sharing its common enterprises and common sacrifices, the child develops that sturdiness of character which distinguishes the manhood and womanhood of our land.

"In recent years the remarkable development of our material resources, of human invention and of human opportunity has turned the attention of many from the home to other fields of engrossing interest. It has been necessary to recall public attention to the home lest its influence and its finer values be impaired. I have, therefore, been well pleased to note the founding of the movement for Better Homes in America under the inspiring leadership of Mrs. William Brown Meloney, and have been happy to serve as chairman of its Advisory Council. The reorganization and program of the movement I have followed with deep interest, realizing the significance to the nation of a widespread movement to strengthen and improve the home.

"Thus at the opening of Better Homes Week I am glad to call attention to the demonstrations planned with such loyalty and disinterested zeal by the Better Homes committees of hundreds of American cities and villages and to commend as a national service the cooperation of the women's clubs, civic and commercial associations and of the pulpit and the press in this significant undertaking. Such initiative, enterprise and devotion should profoundly influence the home life of America, and should make firm the high ideals which characterize our nation."

Three years ago five hundred communities observed Better Homes Week. In 1923 the number was doubled. Dr. James Ford, the executive director, recently stated that more than twenty-five hundred communities participated in Better Homes Week in 1924. What will this year's record be? You can help to double it. We are going to try.

THE DELINEATOR is dedicated to the American home and to American home-makers. It believes that every home in this country is a fortress. It believes that one single home bettered betters the race. It believes that the Better Homes movement, with all that it means, is the most important public work to which the women of this country can give their time.

Knowing how whole-hearted has been the interest of DELINEATOR readers in Better Homes in America, we have asked Mrs. John D. Sherman, one of the directors of the organization and also president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, to tell us about some of the new phases of the work. The Honorable Herbert Hoover will also discuss for us how and where, from the economic and social points of view, our men folks most often fail in the home. Both these articles will appear in coming issues of THE DELINEATOR.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH OF BACON

ARCADY had been found. It is a little village called Dunmow, in the heart of beautiful Essex, England. There you will find titled folk, great wealth, clever men. There is the famous Warwick Castle, and there also, in an old manse made beautiful with ancient relics of England and comfortable with an American furnace, lives H. G. Wells. There he wrote his great work, "An Outline of History," and some of his famous novels, too.

But it is not the great, the mighty, the clever who have made Dunmow an Arcady; not the famous landed estates, nor the gentry, nor even the beautiful Epping Forest, through which one drives to reach this historic English village.

It is the simple, hard-working peasant folk with their quiet dignity and fine philosophy.

They have hit upon a great truth. They have set a standard of life that could shame kings and courts and most of us ordinary mortals.

I reached Dunmow in an automobile on a chill and rainy November morning. It was a spotless town, a fairy-tale village, and through the gray drizzle I could see flowers blooming in the windows of every house.

We were looking for the home of H. G. Wells. At a cross-roads we stopped undecided which way to turn. There was a typical small thatch-roofed cottage at the corner, and from this a boy came running to offer guidance. It is not easy to find Wells's place, hidden as it is way off the main road. But all the people of Dunmow know the way to his door.

"If you don't mind my going with you, I'll gladly take you there," offered the boy. His courtesy was born of kindness—true manners.

When we came in sight of the house, the boy insisted on returning to his home by foot and refused a gift for his service. "I could not have done less," he explained, and turned on his heels to go back.

I asked the London chauffeur if he knew who the boy might be, and I commented on his manner.

"Oh, it's the flitch of bacon," exclaimed the chauffeur; "it gets into all of them."

And then I learned this story.

Every year at harvest time a flitch of bacon is given to every man and wife who have lived together for twelve months without a cross word. This premium is put on good manners in the home. It is an old custom in Dunmow, and it has made a proud and courteous group of people. They are beautifully gracious and gentle.

The inspiration lies not in the value of the side of bacon, but in the thought for which the flitch of Dunmow stands. Year after year of striving always to be polite in the home has made a kind people with princely manners and happy ways.

ART IN AMERICA

AT THE close of the Spanish-American war Levi Z. Leiter, Chicago's richest merchant, returning from Europe, was met by reporters who asked him to comment on the business prospect. Among other questions with which they plied him was one demanding whether a survey of financial conditions in Europe had been the reason for his journey abroad.

"I have been to Europe with my children to see some works of art," was his reply.

This incident was "news," but it was even more important because it reflected a state of affairs. When people made money in this country, they took their children abroad to see works of art.

A quarter of a century has changed that notably. America has become one of the storehouses of the beauty of the world. The Harvard *University Press* states that since 1910 two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of art, paintings, sculpture, tapestries, silver work and rugs have come into the United States through the Customs House!

Most of this art is in public museums and art galleries, and much of it represents the best that is to be had in the world. In New York there is the Metropolitan Museum—a storehouse of priceless treasures. Rembrandt's most famous work hangs there, as do the storied Gobelin tapestries. This museum houses the finest collection of watches in the world, some of which are only half the size of a dime. These were chiefly the gift of the elder J. P. Morgan, who also collected and presented a marvelous array of Oriental potteries and porcelains.

New York City has other art stores, too. The late Henry C. Frick left over a million dollars' worth of paintings and sculptures done by great masters.

There is one marble palace, the Huntington Museum, which is dedicated to the art of Spain alone. Here are to be seen examples of the best that Spain has produced in more than a thousand years.

It would be impossible to give a list of the art treasures which this country owns. But in Cleveland, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities Americans may find excellent examples of the work of every artist listed in history.

It is no longer necessary to go to Europe to see art. And that is something for Americans to keep in mind.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 110



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

The Odd Child

By
ANGELO PATRI

ONE morning, when I was a little lad, mother and I went to the chicken yard to see about a new flock of chicks that were tumbling out of their shells. The mother hen was clucking nervously and fidgeting about on the nest as though she wanted to scratch it up. Peering over the edge of the box we saw a wee naked chick lying on the edge of the nest. He was feebly trying to creep under his mother's wings and she was anxiously pushing him from under them.

Even to my childish eyes he was an odd chick. His brothers and sisters were dressed in the softest and downiest fluff, while he lay there bare, blue-cold and very, very ugly. Trotting along behind my mother, I felt a wave of compassion for the little thing she had picked up and cuddled in her apron. He was going to be another of those pets of which we always had a few about the farm. He would sleep snugly wrapped in flannel in a pan by the fireside, and I would feed him crums and meal and give him fresh water to drink. But I knew the other chickens would never have anything to do with him.

THE memory of those odd little farm creatures has stayed with me, so that now whenever I meet an odd child the same wave of compassion sweeps over my heart and I long to stretch out a protecting hand to shield and lift him to some safe shelter where he may live and play and work in happiness.

Benjie was one of the first such children I met. There was no balance between his body and his mind. Books were his passion. They were meat and drink, work and play, the whole of life to him. And yet when he was ten years of age his distracted mother could not even get him to rise and dress for school on time.

"He knows his lessons," sighed his teachers, "but what is the good? He can't keep up with his work. He has no power over a pencil, he can not tie a knot or catch a ball. He's almost infantile and he is ten years old. This is no place for him."

So we gave Benjie to a special teacher whose mission it was to help him to a knowledge of his body, beginning with an appreciation of his five senses. He had to be taught what most children know instinctively—to take hold, to hold on, and to let go at the right time. He had to be taught to walk and to run and to dance—for he had no sense of rhythm worthy the name.

At first the course stunned Benjie, but before the end of the first year he seemed to grasp the idea that we were trying to help him grow a body that would allow him to do what the other lads did, and he set to work earnestly to help us. When he went to high school, he showed no oddity, and although he would never be invited to become one of the team, he could cheer with the best and toss the ball if it chanced his way.

IT HAPPENS sometimes that a child is odd because he dwells too long in one single stage of growth. Child growth is always irregular, but in the odd child this peculiarity, like all others, is often exaggerated. Then we must remember the child himself has little to do with the matter. He is pecking at the shell that surrounds him, and it is for us to stretch out a friendly hand and chip off just a little of it in order to shorten his sojourn in the dark.

Betty was like that. She stayed too long in the realm of childhood, that happy place of fairies and palaces and sugarplum trees. A pleasant place it is where there is no reality, no Ten Commandments, nothing but visions seen through rainbowed vistas, a place where wishes come true as soon as you utter them.

"She's a bad influence on the other children," said the teachers. "She takes their things and tells such stories that they laugh in her face. Then she falls upon them tooth and claw, and tears the very clothes from their backs. She is impossible here. She must be taken out of school."

But taking Betty out would not have solved the problem. She had to be taken gently by the hand and led out of her childhood to the growing-up place. That meant a long course of patient instruction which could be given only by a highly trained teacher under the right conditions. Group instruction would not help in a case like Betty's. It required individual, specialized care. But the result proved it was worth while, for Betty did grow up and finally came to the place where her struggle was no greater than the common struggle about her.

Still other children are odd because of some sense defect. Perhaps they can not see well, or their ears are bad, or their sense of touch is deficient. Any such fault is enough to make a child odd and set him apart from his fellows. A good child doctor can do much in such cases, but a fine teacher can do more. The doctor may be able to open the closed sense avenue, but only the teacher can help the child to its full use.

Many children are put in asylums because of some such difficulty, when care and instruction would restore them to usefulness and, what is even more precious, happiness. We had a little boy who stuttered with his whole body when he tried to talk, and flew into uncontrollable rage in consequence. He was saved from an institution life by a teacher who knew how to help his speech.

But I must come to the sad little group for whom even the skill of the specialist avails nothing. There is a degree of oddity in which the child can not be educated to the point of making him self-sustaining and self-directing. He must be cared for and sheltered all his life. What shall be done with him?

Give him the best instruction possible, so that whatever treasure is hidden in his mind may be discovered for his happiness. Comfort yourself with this thought when things look most hopeless—*there never was a child yet, not even the dullest, whose possibilities were entirely explored and developed.* Keep on searching.

Shall he stay home or go to a home school? If there is plenty of money, of course, he should be cared for at home. But if there is not much money in the family and his presence in the home means a terrific drain on the strength of the mother, a strain on the other children, and a heavy financial burden, try to gather the courage to send him to a home school. Rid yourself of the idea that he suffers the same emotions that pierce your own heart. He does not. Unflattering as it may seem, he will scarcely miss you. I know this is true, for I have seen these children far, far happier in a home school than they had ever been in their own homes. Think of the day when you are no longer on earth to shield him. He will still be a child, no matter the years that have passed over him. He will still need the care you have always given him. Happily placed in a home school he will be safe, and you, if not happy, at least will be content.

How shall we know the odd child? Society says it is he who differs from the others. There remains, then, but the degree of difference that sets the child apart. If he manages to get along with his mates, even though on sufferance, if his teachers pass him, even grudgingly, do not worry about him. Give him all the care that is wise, but do not set a special mark upon him.

But if his teachers steadily complain about him and his mates peck him, he is odd. Call in the child specialist and the expert teacher, and set to work, quietly, patiently and with deadly persistence, to help him all you can.

He ought to have a couple of hours of individual instruction each day, and he needs, too, to work and play with a group of children—needs it vitally.

The program should be simple: The same thing at the same time every day—a sort of monotonous variety—is best. Do not fear of tiring him with repetition. To the odd child the old is ever new.

He needs sense training. All such training should be pleasantly exaggerated and given under the happiest conditions. The associations formed about these lessons are of the utmost importance, and unless they are pleasant it were better not to have formed them.

Let the book work rest a bit. Try to keep from forcing upon him the same lessons that his book-brilliant brother loves. The odd child is different and his difference must be respected and considered in all that one attempts to do for him or with him.

Teach him to use his hands—wonderful hands that have raised mankind from deeper depths than are his to plumb. He may not become an artisan, for rarely has he enough skill; but using the hands by which it is ordained he shall grope his way about this world may in some way help and enlighten his dimmed intelligence.

Praise him mightily. Applaud his least effort as with a brass band. He can not get enough encouragement, and any discouragement is too much.

Hold fast to your own faith in him, and try to remember that there is within him something, somewhere, that if discovered will make for his happiness. Then search for it and according to your faith be it unto you.

"HE'S ALWAYS QUEER"
CRY HIS PLAYMATES—

"HE WON'T LEARN"
SIGH HIS TEACHERS—

"HE'S NOT LIKE HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS"
GRIEVE HIS PARENTS—

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR SUCH A CHILD?

ANGELO PATRI TELLS YOU IN THIS ARTICLE

Is soft food guilty?

—glance at the evidence

NO LONGER can we doubt that our soft modern food is to blame for the troubles we have with our gums.

The professional papers and the published statements of the foremost practitioners agree that our diet of soft food is at the root of the trouble.

How soft food breaks down gums

Gums, to remain hard and firm, must have a good, rousing circulation of the blood within their walls. As one authority writes:

"In the process of masticating coarse foods, a natural massage takes place, creating a pressure and release of the blood vessels in the gum tissue which stimulate the circulation."

Under the healthy stimulus of coarse, fibrous foods, troubles from the gums were unknown. But the soft foods that we eat today rob our gums of the work and massage they need to keep them sound and healthy.

Hasty eating to blame, too

And to make matters worse, our peculiarly American habit of eating too hastily still further reduces the amount of mechanical stimulation that eating should give to the gums. As another writer puts it:

"All are agreed that our habits of rapid eating, combined with soft, or predigested foods, deprive the gums of the natural stimulation they are intended to receive."



Modern food, soft and creamy, is too "easy" on our gums

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

THE READING of this page will teach you the care of your gums and may prevent your toothbrush from ever "showing pink." How the regular stimulation of your gums is necessary for the preservation of a sound, healthy set of teeth, is shown by these opinions of famous authorities on oral hygiene.

The most palatable foods are the richest, the creamiest, the most highly refined. They are the ones that pamper our gums and ruin our teeth. An authority on pyorrhea declares:

"The epicurean taste, which craves highly concentrated food, therefore may rightly be called a pernicious habit. Foods subjected to elaborate chemical and mechanical manipulation are directly to blame for the alarming spread of pyorrhea."

How Ipana strengthens weakened gum tissue

In the face of such evidence, it is not strange that people are coming to realize the importance of daily care of their gums, as well as daily cleaning of their teeth. And, as another investigator tells us, the remedy is:

"Not that we should revert to primordial life, but that we should apply the correction as soon as, or before, gum recession shows."

Because Ipana Tooth Paste is a dentifrice that stimulates the gums as well as cleans the teeth, Ipana will help you to keep your gums hard and firm and free from the troubles that follow in the train of the "pink" toothbrush.

In fact, it is to the professional recommendations of dentists whose patients suffered from weakened, soft and bleeding gums, that Ipana owes its start.



Hasty eating, like soft food, robs the gums of stimulation

Many dentists recommend a gum massage with Ipana, *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush, as a splendid home aid to the general restorative treatment. For Ipana contains ziratol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic known and trusted by dentists throughout the country. Ziratol is used after extraction, to allay the bleeding of the wound and to restore to the gums their normal tonicity. Its presence gives Ipana the power to aid in the healing and toning of soft, undernourished gums.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums have a tendency to be soft or tender, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it, you cannot fail to note the improvement. And you will be delighted with its smooth, rich consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. B-35, 42 Rector St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



"The water from our Green Mountains is quite hard, yet P and G Naphtha Soap makes a wonderful suds and washes clothes cleaner and quicker than any other laundry soap I have ever tried. For the past six years I have used the P and G White Naphtha continually—prior to that time I tried and tired of various other laundry soaps. It remained for P and G to solve my soap problem."

—Mrs. C. M. M.
Woodstock, Vt.

VERMONT *and* IOWA

—from green mountains to vast prairies, most women prefer this one remarkable soap

IF one were curious to know just what qualities and properties American women most desired in a laundry and household soap, it might at first sound a bit surprising to say, "Ask the women of Vermont and Iowa—they will give you the same intelligent answer."

Yet that is the case, in spite of the radically different conditions that prevail in these widely separated states. And here is about what you would hear:

"We want a white soap—we think a white soap is likely to be a *better* soap. We want a soap that washes clothes clean with as little labor as possible, and that makes a fine suds in our particular kind of water at any temperature—hot, lukewarm, or cold. We want a soap that acts on the dirt and not on the fabrics or colors—a soap that is *safe*. Finally, we want a soap which loosens dirt so easily and rinses out so thoroughly that frequent boiling is unnecessary to prevent grayness and soap-odor in the clothes."

We know this would be the gist of their answer, not only because we have asked them ourselves, but because, in each state, P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the *largest-selling* laundry soap, and it has exactly the properties described above.

It is a remarkable fact, we think, that, in spite of the hundreds of soaps offered for laundry and household cleaning, P and G should nevertheless be by far the largest-selling soap in the whole country. It is a fact which should strongly recommend P and G to you, whatever soap you have been using and whether you do your own work or have help. And P and G is not only a fine soap for laundry work, but for all other household cleaning as well.

There is no mystery about the national supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



"In the little town where I was born, with a population of only 2,000 and in all the Iowa towns I have visited, P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the most popular laundry soap. The good people I have visited, and their friends too, all seem to use P and G and make the same good remarks about its even quality and the wonderful satisfaction it gives in any kind of water—under any condition. We use P and G at home and every place I go I find it. It gives one a homey feeling."

—Mrs. R. P., *Des Moines, Ia.*



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Drawings by Charles R. Chickering.

"SSHH!" THE CAPTAIN CALMED HIM. "SSHH, I TELL YOU! I'M GOIN' TO MARRY SUSANNA. I'VE BEEN IN HER LATITUDES FOR A MONTH AND I'VE GOT HER!"

THE PEEL TRAIT

By

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Love and heredity at war in a Cape Cod fishing village

IF THIS story were to begin, like a sermon, with a text, that text should be chosen from a conversation between Noah Didlow, who is and has been for many years the town clerk of Wapatomac, and Captain Ziba Bangs, retired commander of the Boston and Savannah steamer *Enterprise*. Noah and the captain were at the post-office, awaiting the sorting of the evening mail, and they were discussing the culmination of a problem, or series of problems, which had been interesting all Wapatomac for months.

Said Mr. Didlow, didactically: "There ain't no use talkin', say what you will, but sartin streaks of character and habits stick around and hang on to sartin families right down through the generations. A mackerel and a dogfish don't look much alike and they don't get along very well together, but when it comes to swimmin' they're both right there. Same way with Amarias or Susanna—and Lettice. The average fellow that didn't know would say that Lettice was as different from that half-brother and half-sister of hers as one of them clematises is from a poison-ivy creeper—and she is different, that's a fact—but, down underneath, the clematis and the ivy are both vines. Eh? ain't that so? Um-hum— Yes. Well, Amarias and Susanna are both Peels; but Lettice is a Peel, too, and when one Peel undertakes to get ahead of another Peel in a trade or a dicker he or she has got to get out of bed a consider'ble spell afore breakfast-time. That's the truth, ain't it, Cap'n Zibe?"

The captain nodded. "Ye-es," he admitted. "When it comes to that, a Peel is a Peel. But old Cap'n Eliphalet, you remember, always stuck it out that he wasn't any shrewder than anybody else. 'I use my common sense, that's all,' he used to say."

Noah chuckled. "That's exactly what Lettice says," he observed. "Sarah, my sister, had a letter from her yesterday—answer to one Sarah'd wrote her, you understand. In the letter—Lettice's, I mean—she said——"

Just here the postmaster's little window was pushed up, a signal that the mail was sorted and ready for delivery. The conversation was in consequence interrupted. It was resumed later on, at Mrs. Salt's boarding-house; but as, after all, neither Mr. Didlow nor the captain are very important figures in this chronicle—however important they may be in Wapatomac—and as their subsequent remarks were more in the nature of a summing up than a text, the recording of those remarks must be deferred until the time for summing up arises.

THE Peels are the important characters—they and one other. Up to a year ago last July there were four of them in Wapatomac. Before that there had been many, for the Peel name is an old one in our village. Captain Eliphalet Peel was the son of Adoniram Peel, also a captain—one of the "square-rigger" breed. Captain Adoniram died of Java fever on a voyage home from the East Indies in 1868. His only son, Eliphalet, retired from the sea in 1890, and came home to Wapatomac to live in the old house on the south side of what (since we began to be citified and entertain Summer visitors) is now Water Street. It used to be the Back Road, just as Cross Street (which approaches it at right angles and ends just in front of the Peel property) was formerly Duck Lane.

Captain Adoniram's big, rambling, old-fashioned dwelling, with its grassy, silver-leaf-shaded front yard on the Back Road and its hen-housed and barned back yard on Duck Lane, separated the two. A stranger walking up the lane with the idea of reaching the road would have found the Peel back fence barring his way. If he had—being a stranger—ventured to open the back gate with the idea of proceeding on through the yard, he would have found Captain Adoniram blocking that way, and effectually blocking it, too. Or, if the captain were absent on a voyage, Mrs. Adoniram would have attended to the job; her husband had left orders that she prevent trespassing, and his orders were obeyed by his subordinates, either on sea or land. Mrs. Adoniram's Christian name was Mehitable—or Sophronia—but that does not matter. She never mattered much, poor woman, and except for the fact that she was the mother of Eliphalet Peel, who matters a great deal, she might well be forgotten altogether. She died in 1862, when Eliphalet was fourteen years old, and is buried in the Peel lot in the Methodist cemetery. Hers is the little tombstone. Captain Adoniram's is the big one, with the foul anchor and the elaborate inscription; he left a sum of money in his will for that stone and wrote the inscription himself.

Captain Adoniram is not in the cemetery. He was buried in midocean. When the ship bearing the news of his death and burial arrived in Boston harbor, his twenty-year old son, Eliphalet, was off Cape Hatteras, first mate of the three-masted schooner *Gloria*, outward bound from New Bedford to New Orleans, with a cargo of lumber and barrel staves. When the *Gloria* arrived in New Orleans, Eliphalet learned of his father's death. The messenger with the telegram found him on the wharf superintending the unloading of the cargo. Eliphalet tore open the yellow envelope and read the enclosure. He said nothing at first, but pulled thoughtfully at his beard—in those days every male old enough to shave was careful not to do so—and read the message again. Then he drew a long breath.

"Humph!" he observed. "So the old man's gone adrift, eh? Sho!— Here!" violently addressing one of the hands on the schooner's deck. "What do you think that bundle of staves is—a rockin' chair? Tumble up

there and get to work or I'll start my boot after you. Lively, you lubber. If you set down again, I'll fix you so you'll pray standin' up!"

"Is there any answer, sir?" queried the messenger timidly. He knew what was in the telegram. Eliphalet looked at him.

"Answer?" he repeated. "Answer to what?"

"Why, to the message. Don't you want to send one back?"

"Humph! He's been dead two months already. What sense is there in wastin' money telegraphin'? I guess whatever answer there is can go by mail. Don't hang around here, son. Clear out from under my feet. I'm busy."

THAT was all. The Peels, father and son, had been fond of each other, but they were Peels. "Use sense and don't waste money"—it was the family gospel. Captain Adoniram would have highly approved of its application in this case.

So when Eliphalet did write, to Lawyer Barnes, who was the Peel attorney at Wapatomac, his letter was brief and entailed the expenditure of no pennies for extra postage. Attend to whatever the old man had wanted done and let the rest wait until he, the heir, should make the home port again—those were his instructions. Lawyer Barnes followed them, ordered Captain Adoniram's elaborate tombstone, and waited.

When, six weeks later, Eliphalet arrived in Wapatomac, he and Barnes held several important and lengthy sessions. There would have been more sessions had Peel permitted. The attorney was an elderly man and fussy and he loved to discuss each point in detail. His client closed the spigot on the flow of language.

"It's done, ain't it?" he observed crisply. "All there is to be done, I mean. The will's plain enough. Whatever there is is mine, and I guess likely I can take care of it. The schooner's about ready for sea again and my time's worth money. So's yours, I shouldn't wonder. Anyhow, I never heard that 'talk is cheap' meant talk from a lawyer. Hand me your bill, and if it's what I think it ought to be I'll pay it. Much obliged to you, Mr. Barnes. Better have a drink afore you haul anchor, hadn't you? I guess likely there's some old Medford aboard here somewheres. The old man generally figgered to keep a shot of it in the parlor locker. Lay to your moorin's while I have a look."

Lawyer Barnes lay at his moornings—that is, he remained seated in the Boston rocker with the painted rosebuds on the back—while his host and client visited the "parson's closet" in the shut-up front parlor and came back with the decanter of New England rum. The pair mixed and sipped their toddies. Eliphalet finished his first. He rose to his feet.

"Well," he observed, "I cal'late we're through, ain't we? Good night."

Barnes, acting upon the pointed hint, also rose. But his pigeonholed and docketed mind was troubled.

"Are you—are you sure there is nothing else to be done, Mr. Peel?" he faltered. "Er—the—the housekeeper—Mrs. Badger? She will remain in charge of the—of the property here, I presume?"

Eliphalet sniffed. "What for?" he demanded. "Long's the old man lived and he or I were liable to be comin' home every so often, there was an excuse for her bein' around and drawin' wages, I suppose—anyhow father seemed to think there was. But now, with him gone and me just goin', there isn't any, as I see it. What's the use of a housekeeper with nobody to keep house for? I'll give her her clearance papers to-morrow."

"But—but you will be coming back occasionally, and——"

"When I do come back, I can hire her over again, I presume likely. If I can't, I can hire somebody else."

"But your future? Have you decided what you are going to do? Have you made any plans—any——"

Eliphalet interrupted. "Plans?" he repeated. "Sartin I've made plans, plenty of 'em. And I'm liable to make more. But they're *my* business, not the gang's at the post-office. All that anybody needs to know is that I'm sailin' for Havana in command of the *Gloria* and I'm leavin' port next Saturday, bar accidents."

The lawyer was surprised. "In command!" he exclaimed. "Why, that means that you—that you——"

"It means that I'm Cap'n Eliphalet Peel, by godfreys, of the schooner *Gloria!* That's what it means now. It may come to mean consider'ble more than that if some of those plans you've been guessin' at come true, but that's what it means now. Good night, Mr. Barnes."

"Well, well! This *is* news. I congratulate you, Cap'n Peel. I do indeed! I——"

"All right. Much obliged. Here's your hat."

The following morning he left, *via* the Old Colony Railroad, for Boston, where the *Gloria* was docked. Three months later he returned as not only the captain but one-third owner of the vessel. Five years more and he was her sole owner. Then he gave Wapatomac something else to talk about, for he began paying ardent court to Susanna Coleman, who, every one supposed, was engaged to Christopher Dadgett.

MR. DADGETT was the local sailmaker, ship-chandler and marine outfitter. His shop was located at the wharf at the upper end of the cove, where the fishing-schooners landed their catch after trips to the Banks. He had been keeping company with Susanna for nearly three years. The gossips at the post-office, the general store or the sewing-circle considered the match as good as made and were speculating when the wedding was to take place. Christopher, when questioned, would neither affirm nor deny the rumors. He was, like all the Dadgetts, "mighty deliberate," and never did anything in a hurry. He had, however, bought a piece of land in the village, on the Main Road opposite the Baptist meeting-house, and it was said that he had consulted Erastus Bassett, the carpenter, concerning the cost of a six-room house which, "some of these days," he might possibly build thereon. The Dadgett business was supposed to be prosperous—certainly it was so when old Ben Dadgett, Christopher's father, conducted it. Christopher, therefore, must be "doing first rate." Susanna, too, had a little money of her own. They were to marry, so Wapatomac agreed, and the sole question was when.

But Captain Eliphalet Peel settled that question and settled Mr. Dadgett at the same time. He left the *Gloria* to be overhauled and refitted at the yards in East Boston, came back to his native town and began calling at the Coleman homestead. He called regularly and frequently. Christopher called also, but his calls appeared to disturb the captain not at all. If Dadgett was first on the scene and he and Susanna were occupying the sitting-room, Eliphalet, after chatting a few moments with the Widow Coleman in the dining-room, would walk in on the young pair, greet them both cheerfully and casually, and proceed to take charge of the conversation. He had much to talk about, and Christopher, whose lingual powers were limited and whose experience had been confined largely to selling cordage and anchors, was left aground on the flats while his rival sailed off in the seas of adventurous romance with the lady.

Dadgett did his feeble best to interfere with these cutting-out expeditions. When the captain finished a yarn, or waited for Miss Coleman to declare that she had never heard of such a thing in her life, or exclaim, "My soul and body, Cap'n Peel!" he would seize the opportunity to break in with, "I all but made a fine trade this forenoon, Susanna. Philander Berry was in the store, and he and I got talkin' about the *Swift Wind*—that's his vessel, you know—and says he to me, 'Chris,' he says, 'I've got to buy a new foresail this Fall when I get a chance for a cruise up to Boston, after the season's over.' When I heard that I was wide awake and right on deck, you bet you, and I says to him, 'Phil,' says I, 'what do you take her to Boston for? Why don't you let me figure on that sail and save money for you?' 'You?' he says. 'You couldn't handle as big a sail as that down here.' 'Why couldn't I?' says I. 'I cal'late I've handled bigger ones.' And we got to goin' it over and the upshot of it was that——"

Just here Eliphalet would chuckle reminiscently and interrupt. "A poor fores'l is a mighty risky thing to put dependence on," he would declare. "I remember one voyage in the old *Lorenzo Taylor* when a piece of rotten canvas pretty nigh sent us to Kingdom Come. I guess we'd have gone there if I hadn't been on deck when the hurricane struck. We was a day out at San Juan, Porto Rique, and Cap'n Jim Hall—he was in command of the *Lorenzo Taylor* then—was down below, laid up with the rheumatism. The weather had been fine all night, but the glass was fallin', and that mornin'——"

And so on, while Susanna listened, awe-stricken, and Mr. Dadgett frowned and fidgeted, his picayune tale of the "fine trade" quite forgotten by every one but himself. He was small and retiring. Captain Peel was big and masterful. Susanna was meek and yielding. She was a little afraid of Eliphalet and she was fond of Christopher; but while the latter hesitated his rival carried overwhelmingly on, dominating the situation always, and sweeping her off her feet by the strength of his will and personality. She surrendered without realizing it. One evening, after the captain had gone—it was Saturday and the Dadgett shop kept open on Saturday nights—Mrs. Coleman found her daughter white-faced and wet-eyed.

"WHY, mercy on us, what is the matter, Susy?" inquired the widow. Susanna burst out crying.

"Oh—oh, mother," she sobbed, "I'm going to marry him and—and I don't know as I want to!"

Her mother stared in astonishment.

"Marry!" she repeated. "Marry who?"

"Eliphalet. He says I am. He says we are going to be married in a fortnight. What shall I do?"

The widow sank down upon the haircloth sofa. "You're goin' to marry Cap'n Eliphalet—in a fortnight!" she gasped. "*You* are!"

"He—says I am."

Mrs. Coleman gasped again.

"*He* says so?" she said. "I want to know! And what did you say?"

"I said—I said—oh, I didn't really say much of anything. He wouldn't let me."

"And you don't want to marry him?"

"I don't know. When he was here—I—I—well, he just made me feel as if I wanted to do what he wanted. Now—now I'm not sure. It doesn't hardly seem as if I could— But I know I've got to."

Her mother bounced from the sofa. "Of all things!" she snorted indignantly. "You've got to—because he says you have! And you're too poor-spirited to say no! Well, then, I'll say it for you. If you *wanted* to marry Eliphalet Peel, I wouldn't stand in your way. Everybody calls him a mighty smart man and vows he's bound to be a rich one. But if you *don't* want him, that's another pair of shoes altogether. If you won't tell him to clear out and go about his business, just leave it to me. *I've* got the spunk to call my soul my own, if you haven't. *I'll* tell him."

Susanna shook her head.

"No, you won't," she prophesied. "He'll tell you—and then you'll say yes, just as I did. Mother, if that man wanted anything on earth he would get it. If he wanted to marry you, instead of me, he'd do that, too. I—I almost wish he did."

This was too much. Mrs. Coleman marched to the door, but at the door she turned.

"You better go to bed," she declared. "Your head needs a rest bad— But here's another thing for you to think of," she added tartly. "What do you suppose Chris Dadgett will say when he hears all this? And what do you suppose he'll do?"

The young lady raised her hands and dropped them limply.

"Whatever he says won't make any difference," she prophesied. "It never does. And as for doing anything—well, Captain Peel says all Chris will do is come to our wedding."

"Come to your weddin'! To yours and Eliphalet Peel's weddin'! Christopher Dadgett will? And Cap'n Peel said that? The man's crazy!"

Susanna sighed in utter helplessness. "No, he isn't crazy," she said. "He just makes up his mind what he wants and then goes and gets it, that's all. He told me he did. Plan ahead, make up your mind, and then use common sense—that's the chart he steers by, he told me. He says our getting married is common sense. Mother, how can we ever get ready in two weeks? I haven't a thing to wear."

Mrs. Coleman's disposition was by no means as pacifistic as her daughter's. When Eliphalet called the next day, Sunday, she was waiting for him and expressed her mind with conviction. He listened serenely, waited until she had said her say, and then said his. The interview was a long one, so long that the captain, who had an appointment down town, observed that he calculated he would not stop to see Susanna that afternoon but would drop in again after supper.

Miss Coleman, tremblingly waiting in the sitting-room, heard the outer door close. Then she emerged to find her mother sitting by the dining-room table gazing blankly at nothing in particular.

"Mother," she demanded, "what did he say? What did you do?"

The widow came out of her trance and turned to look at the questioner.

"Say?" she repeated. "Why—why, he said—he said—My soul! what *didn't* he say?"

"But am I going to marry him—in two weeks?"

Mrs. Coleman straightened in the chair.

"No, indeed you ain't," she declared. "There's limits to everything. I told him right down flat-footed that two weeks was ridiculous—and he's willin' to wait three."

CHRISTOPHER DADGETT did not call at the Coleman house to learn of his supplanting by the captain. The latter saved him the trouble. The afternoon of the day following his interview with the widow, Eliphalet strolled into the Dadgett shop at the wharf where, behind his desk, enveloped in a strong smell of rope and tar, sat Christopher, gloomily footing the bills he owed.

"Hello, Chris," hailed Peel. "Alone, are you? That's good. I wanted to have a talk with you about a new set of sails for the *Gloria*. She's up to East Boston now, and the McKay folks are figuring on the job. But that needn't make any difference, as I know of. It's a free country and you can figure, too, if you want to. Think you can handle as big a job as that?"

Mr. Dadgett, the heavy total of his indebted-

ness fresh in his mind, pricked up his ears.

"I don't know why I couldn't, Cap'n," he announced. He hated Eliphalet Peel, but business was business—more than ever just then.

"All right. I don't know why you couldn't, either. I've got the measurements with me. Let's talk it over."

They did, and the talk lasted a long while. There was much haggling, but at length Eliphalet issued his ultimatum.

"If you want the job at that price, you can have it," he said. "If you don't want it, say so."

Dadgett sighed. "It's awful close, Cap'n Peel," he declared. "There won't be much in it for me."

"There'll be somethin'—and in ready money as soon as it's done. From what I hear you can use a little cash just now, can't you, Chris?"

The sailmaker started. "Who told you—" he began. His visitor held up his hand.

"It's no odds who told me," he interrupted. "Will you take the job? If you don't, McKay will."

"Not at that figure, he won't."

"Yes, he will. He and I have talked it over already. He'll take it, I'll bet, and he doesn't need money as much as you do. You can afford to figure close better than he can. You're a single man and you're goin' to stay single—for a while, anyhow."

The tone of this last remark was significant. Dadgett raised his hand.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded. Cap'n Eliphalet crossed his legs.

"What I say," he observed calmly. "Susanna and I are goin' to get married in three weeks."

Christopher jumped to his feet, upsetting his chair as he did so. His thin little face was purple.

"Damn you!" he screamed, brandishing his fists. "What—what——"

"Sshh!" the captain calmed him. "What do you cal'late the other deacons up at the Methodist meetin'-house would say if they heard you cussin'? Sshh, I tell you! I'm goin' to marry Susanna. I've been in her latitudes for a month and I've got her! That's one of the differences between you and me, Dadgett. Maybe there's another, I don't know. When *I* can't get what I want—and that's pretty seldom—I give it up and forget it and take the next best thing. You can't have Susanna. Do you want to make the *Gloria's* sails?"

"I—I—by time, I——"

"Sshh! Save your breath. You're mad, but you'll get over it. I know how you feel and maybe that's why I'm offerin' you the job instead of McKay."

Dadgett glowered. "That's a lie," he snarled. "You're offerin' it to me because you know I'm hard up just now and you think I'll do it cheaper."

Eliphalet grinned. "Maybe there's a grain of truth in that, too," he admitted. "But," rising to his feet, "if I was you I'd take the offer, even so. Put Susanna Coleman out of your head. She's mine and that's settled. You need money and I'm puttin' some in your way. When you can't get frosted cake, it's a good idea to remember that gingerbread don't taste so bad. That's common sense, Chris, and common sense is a mighty important item in the manifest."

He walked out whistling. When he called the next day, Mr. Dadgett agreed to make the *Gloria's* new sails.



HE SHOULDERED THE YOUNG MAN OUT OF THE WAY AND DEVOTED THE HOURS BEFORE SUNSET TO IMPRESSING HIS PERSONALITY UPON MARGARET HOLWAY

At the end of the three weeks Captain Eliphalet Peel and Susanna Coleman were married. Christopher was one of the guests at the wedding.

SUSANNA and her husband set up housekeeping in the old house on the Back Road. Mrs. Coleman had confidently told her intimate friends that she was going to live there also, but she was mistaken. She continued to live alone in the cottage which she had occupied since her marriage. She died, two years later, of typhoid fever. Captain Eliphalet remained at home with his bride for a month. Then he went to sea again in the refitted *Gloria*.

In the old house on the Back Road two of Captain Eliphalet's children were born. The first was a boy. Susanna had picked a name for him before he arrived. She wished to christen him Nicholas, because Nicholas Nickleby was one of her favorite characters in fiction. But her husband had other ideas. "Nicholas is all right enough in a book, maybe," he observed, "but there's nothin' that you might call personal to it. There's a million Nicks in this country, besides Old Nick somewheres else. I always said if I had a son I'd name him after Cap'n Amarias Cahoon. He was the first skipper I ever sailed under, and he was a man, take him by and large, and learned me how a crew ought to be handled. Amarias is a good name. There's precious few Amariases on the Cape. He'll be Amarias Peel, that's what he'll be."

So, of course he was. The second child was a girl and, as Eliphalet happened to be at sea when she was born, her mother had her way for once and presented the baby with her own name, Susanna. The captain, when he received the letter bearing the news, made no objection. It made little difference what a girl was called. Eliphalet was not greatly interested in girls.

Amarias and Susanna Junior were healthy youngsters and, as they grew, developed more and more of their father's traits. "They're all Peel," so the townpeople said, "Cap'n Eliphalet and Cap'n Adoniram all over again." This was to be expected, for that household was all Peel. The Coleman side of it was a nonentity. Mrs. Peel kept house and cooked and washed and mended and took care of the children, but it was Eliphalet who ruled. His wife seldom made a decision of her own. The few she did make were but tentative, and were submitted for final acceptance or rejection to her husband when he came home from his voyages.

THESE voyages were prosperous ones. The *Gloria* was a lucky vessel and her commander and owner made money. For seven years no ill fortune came his way, and, when it did come, it met him, not on salt water, but on dry land. The old Peel homestead took fire one Winter night and burned to the ground. Susanna Peel, the wife, caught cold from exposure that same night, developed pneumonia and died. When Captain Eliphalet returned to Wapatomac, summoned from Savannah by telegraph, he was homeless and wifeless.

Within another three years he had made up both losses. People expected him to rebuild immediately, but he did not do so. Instead he went, with his children and a housekeeper whom he hired, to the Coleman cottage, the former home of his wife. This cottage had been occupied by Eben Jenkins and family. Eben had been a Peel tenant since Mrs. Coleman's death. He liked the place, although he considered the rent high, and intended to remain in it indefinitely. But Captain Eliphalet upset his calculations, just as he had upset Christopher Dadgett's. He dropped in on Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins the morning of the day following that of his wife's funeral. It was seven-thirty and the Jenkinses were at breakfast.

"Why, good mornin', Cap'n Peel!" exclaimed Eben, rising from the table in surprise. "Set down. Have a chair. You're kind of early, ain't you?"

Eliphalet accepted and occupied the proffered chair. "Yes, I'm early or you're late, one or the other, Eben," he observed. "No, thank you, I had breakfast down at the Ocean House an hour ago. I've come to talk a little business with you. How soon do you cal'late you could get ready to move out of here? I'll give you a month's notice, if it's necessary, but I've got to get settled and I can't spare a great deal of time."

The Jenkins family—the adult portion of it—stared at him and each other. Mrs. Jenkins found her tongue first. She usually found it easily, a fact to which her husband could have testified.

"Move out!" she cried shrilly. "*We* move out? Out of this house, do you mean? You mean you're goin' to put us out, Eliphalet Peel?

The captain shook his head. "Not if I can help it, Marietta," he said. "I don't want to put you out. I'd rather you went without puttin'. And I'm sorry to have to ask you to go. But I've got to sleep and eat somewhere and my own house has gone up in smoke. This is the only other place I own, and so it looks like

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Drawings by Gerald Locke

"G-GENTLEMEN! IN DECIDING THIS CASE, YOU HAVE A DOO-OOTY TO YOURSELVES—YOUR C-C-COUNTRY AND YOUR *GOD*"

Jury Dodgers — Love Dodgers

Take notice! Here is a story that hits you squarely

GLYCERINE TEARS

By EMILIE LORING

CONSTANCE WELD watched twelve men file into the jurors' seats. The girl's smooth ivory skin, the sheen of her bronze hair, her brown eyes, her lips which needed no artificial aid to mark their ardent curves, the smart simplicity of her crêpe frock, the poise of her head, all suggested finely preserved tradition. Owner of Stony Brook Farm, which since the recent trouble with her farm manager her brothers had called Stony Broke Farm, she was defendant in the case of Brown *vs.* Weld which was awaiting verdict.

The sheriff announced "Court!" in a voice which seemed to be catapulted from his boots. The girl rose, but her eyes were not on the black-robed representative of justice who entered. They were on the second man from the end in the upper row of jurors. Her counsel had whispered to her a few moments before that he suspected Burg, the teamster, of being a plaintiff's man.

Even as she looked she saw Burg's eyes flash to Brown, her late farm manager, across the aisle. There was an infinitesimal twitch to the juror's left eyebrow before he fixed his attention respectfully upon the judge. The message, if it had been a message, would have been imperceptible to one not watching for it, the girl decided.

Indignation flamed in her eyes, a rose-leaf color tinted her face. She had heard that jurors were sometimes corrupt, but she had refused to believe it. Even if one entered the court-room with a dishonest purpose, how could he persist in it, she asked herself as she looked at the American flag on the wall above the bench. Afternoon sunshine flooded it. The white-haired judge in his black robes seemed the incarnation of justice. At either side of the room blue-coated, brass-buttoned sheriffs stood like sentinels. The clerk of the court and counsel at their tables took on a certain awesome dignity as they waited for his honor to be seated.

Constance thrilled responsively. Until her former manager Brown had sued her for breach of contract never had she been in the court-house on Beacon Hill, the high spot of Boston. Her eyes darkened reflectively as she regarded the jurors. Her attorney, Mark Carewe, had warned her not to expect justice where a farmer was suing a wealthy girl. He had shown her a list of the names and occupations of the twelve good men and true who were to pronounce judgment from the evidence. A ship-fitter was foreman. There were two bricklayers, a teamster, a chauffeur, a polisher, a provision-dealer, a laborer, a clerk, a bus-boy, a bookkeeper and a motorman. Seven of the panel had chewed gum through the trial. The little fat man in the front row had dozed while Carewe had argued for the defense. He had tried to sleep through the argument for the plaintiff, but Brown's counsel had had a disturbing habit of pounding the table at intervals and then shouting:

"G-gentlemen! In deciding this case, you have a doo-ooty to yourselves—your c-c-country and your *God*."

THE solemn voice of the clerk collided with Constance's train of thought:

"Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

The foreman pompously nodded. He handed a paper to the sheriff, which that dignitary in turn handed to the clerk. The girl burned with impatience. Why, oh, why, were they so slow? The clerk unfolded the paper and handed it to the judge. He returned it to the clerk, who thereupon intoned impressively:

"Gentlemen of the jury, hearken unto your verdict. The jury finds for the plaintiff in the sum of three thousand dollars. So say you, Mr. Foreman? So say you all?"

The twelve men nodded. Importance swelled them visibly. Constance sprang to her feet. She sank back at the sheriff's staccato rap of reminder. Her blood surged in her ears. The injustice of it! Hadn't witnesses proved that Brown had neglected the cattle? Hadn't one sworn that he had poured pail after pail of milk into the brook to the accompaniment of uproarious drunken laughter?

She was conscious that the judge was speaking, but she could not concentrate her thoughts on him. Three thousand dollars! It would be "Stony Broke Farm" all right this year. Red spots glowed in the girl's cheeks. She rose with all others in the room as the sheriff dismissed court.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons having anything further to do before the Honorable the Justices of the Superior Court now sitting at Boston within and for the county of Suffolk, at present depart and give your attendance at this place to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, to which time and place the sitting of this court is now adjourned. God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

"WE'LL try again, Miss Weld. I have taken a volume of exceptions. The judge is with us. He is sure to set aside that verdict."

The girl looked up at Mark Carewe as he tried to encourage her. His steel-blue eyes glowed with high-voltage effect behind their compound lenses. Color flushed his usual pallor. The change accentuated the white patches in the hair at his temples. How interested he had been, Constance thought gratefully. He had done more than was professionally necessary, she was sure. Her brothers had protested against her carrying on the dairy farm. She had been determined to show them a thing or two and had asserted her independence by refusing to engage the family lawyer on her case. She had employed instead the man who had recently become her neighbor. She had succeeded in "showing them" with this verdict. Three thousand dollars!

"I shall not have the case reopened, Mr. Carewe."

"But, Miss Weld——"

"Don't argue. I'm through. If twelve men who look intelligent, even if the majority are gum addicts, could hear that testimony, look at me and that worm Brown and decide in his favor, I'm through with courts

forever. I don't think much of your old jury system."

"The system is all right. What it needs is better material. There was not a man on that jury who could weigh the evidence from your point of view."

Constance Weld's delicately arched brows arched a trifle more.

"Why weren't some of that type there?"

"They get excused. Say they can't afford the time, can't leave business. Don't blame the courts for what is to some degree the fault of most of the men you know. There are precious few of them who won't dodge jury duty if they can. If only they could be made to realize that they can't afford *not* to serve. There's your friend Stanley Blake. He has been drawn for this session, but he told me that he would get excused. However, I may be unjust. Possibly he is using business as an excuse when really he is sensitive about his face, poor chap."

"His face?"

The girl's echo of the words was a puzzled inquiry. Then the color swept to her hair. She set her teeth hard against her lips to steady them before she smiled bewilderingly on the lank attorney.

"Send me your bill at once, please, and thank you for the interest you have taken in the case. I am satisfied with my counsel if not with my verdict. Now that this is off my mind, I'll settle down to tennis. I'll have to win in the tournament to even up this beating."

"Won't you reconsider your refusal to play with me, Miss Weld? Together we could walk off with the cup."

"No, but I'm happy to think that you want me, for every one says you're the best player in the State. I have played with Stanley Blake since he taught me to hold a racket, and I wouldn't turn him down for all the cups in the country. Good-by, and thank you again."

CONSTANCE released her hand from a grasp which was not entirely professional and left the court-room. In a crowded elevator she proceeded to the ground floor. Everywhere were hurrying attorneys with bulging briefcases, barely avoiding collision with businesslike stenographers or hatless, startled-eyed foreign women with children dragging at their skirts. About her she felt invisible currents of misery, hope, mystery, ambition and tragic unfulfilment. Everywhere were *No Smoking* signs; equally everywhere were men smoking like chimneys.

It was September, and a hot September. The gilded dome of the State House glowed like a molten nugget. Between the heat and a raging sense of injustice Constance's temperature had risen alarmingly by the time she reached her roadster parked on Charles Street.

When she came to the highway outside the city, she settled back and with unseeing gaze on the road mentally reviewed the last year. Her parents had bequeathed Stony Brook Farm to her until she married. Prize cattle had been her father's passion and he had trained her in the management of the dairy. Her brothers, who made their home with her, had urged her to sell the stock, but she had kept it, first from a sense of loyalty to her father, and secondly because it interested her to carry out his plans. Brown's advent had loosed a Pandora assortment of perplexities, which only increased Billy's and Peter's convictions that she was flinging her strength and money into a sieve. But she had started to finish her father's job and she intended to do it.

Fortunately Stanley Blake had sided with her. He was the same as a brother, his home adjoined her farm. Since the death of his mother the big house had been closed, and in Summer he lived with a Jap servant in a cottage on the estate. He had been devoted to her since her second birthday when she had toddled into his mother's garden clinging tight to his firm hand. Through all phases of her growing-up he had kept a stern eye on her masculine friendships. She had been but fifteen when he and Billy and Peter had gone to war. Even now her throat contracted as she thought of the day when news had come that Stanley had been wounded.

Wounded! Indignant color rouged her smooth skin. Carewe had been tactless to refer to the wicked blotch on Stan's left cheek, from which jagged seams spread like tentacles. Fortunately it just escaped his clear gray eyes, but one corner of his mouth was slightly drawn. For a moment she had been honestly puzzled by her attorney's reference to Stan's sensitiveness. Always to her Stanley Blake was the finest-looking man she knew, always he stood for integrity, decency, courage, reliability. Curious that he of all persons should be a jury-dodger. Did the consciousness of the scar really trouble him? He couldn't be so foolish. As though a little thing like that mattered!

She sensed antagonism between him and Carewe. The attorney was making hosts of friends in the community. He had been introduced and explained at the club as a lawyer who was earning an enviable reputation, as one who for the first time in years was free of family responsibilities. Tennis had been his one relaxation through the lean years. He was a better player than Stanley Blake, who was conceded to be the best the country clubs for miles around could produce. Constance checked a little gust of laughter as she thought of the nickname her brothers had bestowed upon Carewe. They had dubbed him the "Youth's Companion," because he so persistently sought the society of the younger set. Poor man, probably he had never had really *young* fun.



HE CAUGHT THE GIRL CLOSE AND KISSED HER BEFORE HE LAUGHED: "GOOD LORD, I WONDER—I WONDER—"

RETROSPECTION departed when she met an ocean breeze. Constance straightened in her seat, tucked a strand of copper-glinting hair under her soft hat and let out her engine. In spite of courts and gum-chewing jurors this was a glorious old world, she told herself. The boys would be waiting for her to make a fourth at tennis. Stan hadn't asked her to play with him in the tournament. Doubtless he had taken her consent for granted. It had thrilled her to know that Carewe wanted her as a partner. She would like to play with him just to show the boys——

Show them?—never again! Wasn't that what she had boasted she would do with her lawsuit? She would pretend amusement when she told them of the verdict. The dimples awakened by a rehearsal of her announcement deepened as she hailed an approaching roadster. The girl at the wheel was dark and vivacious and in plumage resembled nothing so much as a scarlet tanager. She was breathless with triumph as she called:

"I'm to play doubles with Stan Blake in the tournament!"

Constance felt the world crack and yawn beneath her.

"Did you ask him to play with you, Nathalie?"

"Ask him! Of course I didn't. Stan said he believed he and I could give you and Mark Carewe a run for the championship. Tell you more later. Must meet this train."

Constance watched her car out of sight. Something hurt her intolerably. She didn't care, she assured herself passionately, but Stan might have told her that he intended to ask Nathalie. Darn! Disagreeable things always were born twins.

Indignation blazed again over the morning's verdict. By the time she reached the terrace at Stony Brook Farm she was indifferent to the beauty of the sparkling sea, to the sheen of the beach, to the glory of color in the garden between house and shore.

She felt hot and dusty. The immaculateness of her brothers and Stanley Blake as they lazily awaited her arrival in deep wicker chairs, rackets at their feet and tall frosted glasses at their elbows, added fuel to the flame of her resentment. Never had Blake seemed so cool, so built on fighting lines as when he rose to his six-feet-two to greet her. She swallowed hard as for the first time in months she noticed the scar. In acknowledgment of her arrival the Weld brothers abandoned their chairs for the balustrade. They were lean-faced men, strikingly alike, save that the elder was a trifle taller, leaner, more alert than the younger. Blake pulled forward a chair.

"Sit here, Con. I'll ring for something cool for you."

"Case finished?" Billy inquired.

"Yes. No, I won't sit down. I'm too hot and dusty. That miserable Brown won. A three-thousand-dollar verdict. Isn't it maddening?" She had forgotten to be nonchalant.

"Whe—ew!" whistled Billy Weld.

"Boy!" groaned Peter.

"I'm sorry, Connie."

The girl shook off Blake's sympathetic hand upon her shoulder. Her eyes blazed.

"Hmp! Sorry! As sorry as a film star registering emotion. Glycerine tears! A lot you care for justice. If you did, you wouldn't get excused from jury duty. I happen to know that you've been drawn for this session. Heaven knows we're in for it, till men like you realize their responsibility!"

Billy Weld flung his cigaret into a flower-bed and put his arm about her shoulders.

"Cool off, Con. We'll admit you've had a rotten deal, but don't take it out on Stan. Peter and I have dodged jury duty, too."

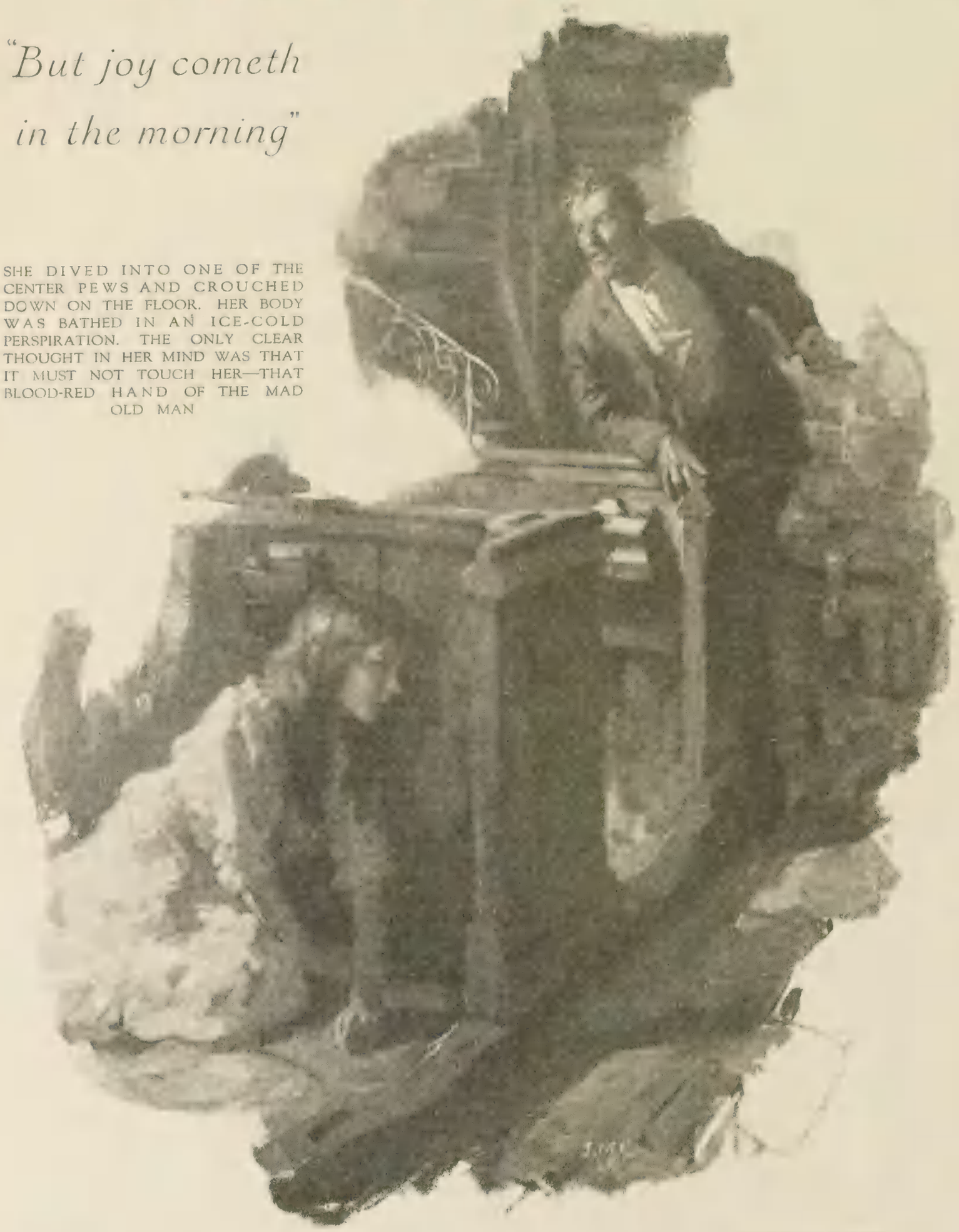
"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. How can one expect justice if jurors are all of one type? Wouldn't a wage-earner kick good and plenty if only capitalists sat

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NIGHT WATCH

Another Emily story: By L. M. MONTGOMERY

"But joy cometh in the morning"



SHE DIVED INTO ONE OF THE CENTER PEWS AND CROUCHED DOWN ON THE FLOOR. HER BODY WAS BATHED IN AN ICE-COLD PERSPIRATION. THE ONLY CLEAR THOUGHT IN HER MIND WAS THAT IT MUST NOT TOUCH HER—THAT BLOOD-RED HAND OF THE MAD OLD MAN

Drawing by Joseph M. Clement

SOME of us can recall the exact time in which we reached certain milestones on life's road: the wonderful hour when we passed from childhood to girlhood — the enchanted, beautiful (or perhaps the shattering and horrible) hour when girlhood was suddenly womanhood—the chilling hour when we faced the fact that youth was definitely behind us—the peaceful, sorrowful hour of the realization of old age. Emily Starr of New Moon Farm never forgot the night when she passed the first milestone and left childhood behind her forever.

Every experience enriches life, and the deeper such an experience the greater the richness it brings. That night of horror and mystery and strange delight ripened her mind and heart like the passage of years.

It was a night of July, after a day of intense heat. Aunt Elizabeth did not go to prayer-meeting; Aunt Laura and Cousin Jimmy and Emily went. Before leaving home Emily asked and obtained Aunt Elizabeth's permission to spend the night with her particular crony, Ilse Burnley. This was a rare treat. Aunt Elizabeth did not approve of all-night absences as a general thing. But Doctor Burnley had to be away and his housekeeper was temporarily laid up with a broken ankle. So Emily was to be permitted to go home with Ilse after the meeting. Ilse did not know this—hardly hoped for it, in fact—but was to be informed at prayer-meeting. If Ilse had not been late, Emily would have told her before the meeting; but Ilse, as usual, *was* late, and everything else followed in due course.

Emily carried her new Jimmy-book under her arm to prayer-meeting—one of the little blank books with which Cousin Jimmy kept her supplied for her literary scribblings. She intended to write in it a "description" of the church and audience before the service began. She sat by the window in the old Murray pew, near the top of the church. This meeting was not the ordinary weekly sprinkling of a faithful few, but a "special meeting" held in view of the approaching Communion Sunday, and the church was full. When Ilse finally arrived, she grinned at Emily from across the church. Teddy Kent was sitting in the gallery. Emily had her own reasons for speculating about Teddy Kent. Wasn't it just possible he might walk home from meeting to Ilse's with her? It had never happened yet, but there had to be a first time for everything.

"Elder Forsyth would have been a persecutor in old times," thought Emily. "He has the face of one. I think Mrs. Bowes flies on a broomstick o' nights. She *looks* it. Four hundred years ago she would have been a witch and Elder Forsyth would have burned her at the stake. She hates everybody. It must be terrible to hate everybody—to have your soul full of hatred. I wonder if hate has driven *all* the love out of her soul, or if there is a little bit left in it for anybody or anything. If there is, it may save her. I must jot that idea down in my Jimmy-book. What is Mr. Johnson reading? Oh, something about the wise virgins. I hate the wise virgins—I think they were horribly selfish. They might have given the poor foolish ones a little oil. I don't believe Jesus meant to praise them—I think he was just trying to warn foolish people that they mustn't *be* foolish and careless, because, if they were, prudent, selfish folks would never help them out. I wonder if it's very wicked to feel that I'd rather be outside with the foolish ones, trying to help and comfort them, than inside, feasting with the wise ones. I think it would be more *interesting*, too.

"I wonder what all these people would say if they were asked what they most wanted and had to answer truthfully. Katherine Morris wants her youth back—she hates us young girls *because* we are young. Old Malcolm Strang just wants to live one more year—always just one more year—just to live—just not to die. It must be horrible to have nothing to live for except to escape dying. Yet he believes in heaven—he thinks he will go there. If he could see my flash just once, he wouldn't hate the thought of dying so, poor old man. And Mary Strang wants to die—before something she is afraid of tortures her to death. They say it's cancer. Tom Sibley wants the moon, I think—and knows he can never get it—that's why people say he's not all there. I must write all these things in my Jimmy-book to-night. But now Mr. Johnson's beginning and a Murray must listen."

OUTSIDE, moonlight was still sifting silver through the firs and maples, though an ominous bank of cloud was piling up in the west and repeated rumblings of thunder came on the silent air of the hot Summer night—rumblings that had grown louder and more frequent by the time the meeting was over. The audience in the oppressive atmosphere of the crowded lamp-lit church gave an audible sigh of relief and hurried out to purer air. Emily, caught in the current and parted from Aunt Laura, was swept out by way of the choir door to the left of the pulpit. It was some time before she could disentangle herself from the throng and run around to the front where she expected to meet Ilse. Here was another dense crowd, though rapidly thinning. Suddenly Emily noticed that she did not have her Jimmy-book. Hastily she dashed back to the choir door. She must have left her Jimmy-book in the pew—and it would never do to leave it there. There was in it a biting description of scrawny Miss Potter in the choir—a couple of satiric sentences about Mrs. Alec Sawyer—and a few random fancies which she decided most of all to hide because there was in them something of dream and vision which would have made the reading of them by alien eyes a sacrilege.

Old Jacob Banks, the sexton, a little blind and more than a little deaf, was turning out the lamps as she went in. He had reached the two on the wall behind the pulpit. Emily's Jimmy-book was not in the Murray pew-rack. By the faint gleam of light as Jacob turned out the last lamp she saw it on the floor, under the seat of the pew in front. She knelt down and reached for it. As she did so Jacob went out and locked the choir door.

Emily scrambled up with her Jimmy-book and ran to the door, which would not open. Then she realized that Jacob Banks was gone and that she was alone in the church. She wasted time in trying to open the door—then in calling the deaf sexton. Finally she ran down the aisle into the front porch. As she did so she heard the last buggy turn on the gravel at the gate and drive away; at the same time the moon was suddenly swallowed up by the advancing thunderheads and the church was engulfed in utter darkness—close, hot, smothering, almost tangible. Emily screamed in sudden panic—beat on the door—frantically twisted the handle—screamed again.

"Night Watch," copyright, 1925, by L. M. Macdonald.

Oh, everybody could not have gone! Surely somebody would hear her!

A blue-white stream of lightning swept the porch, followed by a crash of thunder. One of the worst Summer storms in Blair Water annals had begun—and Emily Starr was locked alone in the dark church—she who had always been afraid of thunderstorms with a reasonless, instinctive fear, which she could never banish and only partially control.

She sank, quivering, on a step of the gallery stairs and huddled there in a heap. Surely some one would come back when it was discovered she was missing. But *would* it be discovered? Who would miss her? Aunt Laura and Cousin Jimmy would suppose she had gone with Ilse. Ilse would suppose she had gone home to New Moon. Nobody knew where she was—nobody would come back for her. She must stay here in this horrible, lonely, black, echoing place—for now the church she knew so well had become an alien spot full of haunting terrors. There was no escape. The windows could not be opened. The church was ventilated by narrow, transom-like panes near the top of them.

EMILY cowered down on the step, shuddering from head to foot. By now the thunder and lightning were almost incessant; rain blew against the windows, not in drops but sheets, and intermittent volleys of hail bombarded them. The wind had risen suddenly with the storm and shrieked around the church. But this wind was not her old dear friend of childhood, the bat-winged, misty Wind Woman. Here was a legion of yelling witches.

"The Prince of the Power of the Air rules the wind," she had heard Mad Mr. Morrison say once. Why should she think of Mad Mr. Morrison now—the old, demented man who roamed continually over the countryside seeking for the lost bride who had died a few weeks after their marriage. Generally he was mild and harmless, but he was subject to violent attacks. Emily had always been afraid of Mad Mr. Morrison—especially of his blood-red birthmarked hand. She had a horror of that hand.

How the windows rattled as if demon riders of the storm were shaking them! She had heard a wild tale of some one hearing the organ play in the empty church one night several years ago. *Suppose it began playing now!* No fancy seemed too grotesque or horrible to come true. Didn't the stairs creak? The blackness between the lightning flashes was so intense that it looked *thick*. Emily was frightened of it touching her and buried her face in her lap.

Presently, however, she got a grip on herself and began to reflect that she was not living up to Murray traditions.

Murrays were not supposed to go to pieces like this. Those old Murrays, sleeping in the private graveyard across the pond, would have scorned her as a weak descendant. Aunt Elizabeth would have said it was the Starr coming out in her. She must be brave. Nothing dreadful was going to happen to her—nothing worse than staying all night in the church. She had been here over an hour now and nothing had happened to her—unless, indeed, her hair had turned white, as she understood hair sometimes did. There had been such a funny, crinkly, crawly feeling at the roots of it at times. Emily held out her long braid, ready for the next flash. When it came, she saw that her hair was still black. She sighed with relief and began to chirk up. The storm was passing. The thunder peals were growing fainter and fewer, though the rain still fell and the wind whined through the big keyhole eerily. Emily straightened her shoulders and cautiously let down her feet to a lower step.

She thought she had better try to get back into the church. If another cloud came up, the steeple might be struck—steeples were always being struck, she remembered. It might come crashing down on the porch right over her.

ALL around her now was a soft, heavy darkness, still with that same gruesome sensation of something you could touch; born, perhaps, of the heat and humidity of the July night. The porch was so small and narrow—she would go and sit in the church—she would not feel so oppressed and smothered there.

She put out her hand to grasp a stair rail and pull herself to her cramped feet. Her hand touched—not the stair rail—merciful heaven, what was it?

Something—hairy—Emily's shriek of horror broke in a sob—padding footsteps passed down the steps beside her. A flash of lightning came, and at the bottom of the stairs was a huge black dog that had turned and was looking up at her before he was blotted out in the returning darkness. Even then for a moment she saw his eyes blazing redly at her like a fiend's.

Emily's hair-roots began to crawl and crinkle again—a very large, very cold caterpillar seemed to creep slowly up her spine. She could not move a muscle—she could not even cry out. The only thing she could think of at first was the horrible demon hound of the Manx castle in "Peveril of the Peak." For a few minutes her terror was so great that she thought she must faint. Then, with an effort that was unchildlike in its determination—I think it was at that moment Emily wholly ceased to be a child—she recovered her self-control. She would *not* yield to fear—she set her teeth and clenched her trembling hands. She *would* be brave—sensible. That was only a commonplace Blair Water dog which had followed its owner—some rapscallion boy—into the gallery and got itself left behind. Such a thing had happened before.

Emily decided she would stay where she was. She had recovered from her panic, but she did not want to feel the sudden touch of a cold nose or a hairy flank in the darkness. She would never be able to forget the awfulness of the moment when she *had* touched the creature.

It must be all of twelve o'clock now. The storm was dying away. The drive and shriek of the wind came occasionally, but between its gusts there was a silence, broken only by the diminishing raindrops. Thunder still muttered faintly and lightning came at frequent intervals, but of a paler, gentler flame. Gradually her heart began to beat normally and the power of rational thought returned. She did not like her predicament, but she began to find dramatic possibilities in it. What a chapter for her Jimmy-book—and, beyond it, for the novel she meant to write some day! It was a situation expressly shaped for the heroine—who must, of course, be rescued by the hero. Emily began constructing the scene—adding to it—intensifying it—hunting for words to express it. This was rather—interesting—after all. Only she wished she knew just where the dog was. How weirdly the pale lightning gleamed on the gravestones outside! How strange the familiar valley beyond looked in the recurrent illuminations! How the wind moaned and grieved—but it was her own Wind Woman again. The Wind Woman was one of her childish fancies that had persisted and it comforted her now with a sense of ancient companionship. The wild riders of the storm were gone—her fairy friend had come back to her. Emily gave a sigh that was almost of contentment — the worst was over—and, really, hadn't she behaved pretty well? She began to feel quite self-respecting again.

ALL at once Emily knew she was not alone!

How she knew it she could not have told. She had heard nothing—seen nothing—felt nothing; and yet she knew, beyond all doubt or dispute, that there was a presence in the darkness above her on the stairs.

She turned and looked up. It was horrible to look up, but it was less horrible to feel that—something—was in front of you than it was behind you. She stared with wildly dilated eyes into the darkness, but she could see nothing. Then she heard a low laugh above her—a laugh that almost made her heart stop beating—the very dreadful, inhuman laughter of those unsound in mind. She did not need the lightning flash to tell her that Mad Mr. Morrison was on the stairs above her. But it came—she saw him—she felt as if she were sinking in some icy gulf of coldness—she could not even scream.

The picture of him, etched on her brain by the lightning, never left. He was crouched five steps above her, with his gray head and incredibly wrinkled face thrust forward. She saw the frenzied gleam of his eyes—the fang-like, yellow teeth exposed in a horrible smile—the long, thin, blood-red hand outstretched toward her, almost touching her shoulder.

Sheer panic shattered Emily's trance. She bounded to her feet with a piercing scream of terror. She would die if that awful hand touched her. It *must* not touch her!

She sprang down the steps and rushed into the church. She must hide before the next flash came. She dived into one of the center pews and crouched down in its corner on the floor. Her body was bathed in an ice-cold perspiration. The only clear thought in her mind was that it must not touch her—that blood-red hand of the mad old man.

Moments passed that seemed years. Presently she heard footsteps—footsteps that came and went, yet

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TEDDY WAS THINKING THAT EMILY STARR LOOKED VERY SWEET IN THE PALE MOONSHINE. HE TIGHTENED HIS ARM A LITTLE MORE—AND STILL MURRAY PRIDE MADE NOT A PARTICLE OF PROTEST

Annals of a haunted family

The BLACK FLEMINGS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Most powerful novel yet written by the author of "Mother," "Certain People of Importance," "Rose of the World," etc.



Drawings by Ernest Fuhr

"OH, DAVID—WASTEWATER AGAIN!" SHE SAID. "IF YOU KNEW—IF YOU KNEW HOW HUNGRY I'VE BEEN FOR THE OLD PLACE!"

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

IT WAS more than a long year later that David Fleming—driving the car that Sylvia had ordered with such happy confidence before that long-awaited twenty-first birthday—left Crowchester and followed the familiar road along the cliffs.

The Spring was early, and the sweetness of it was already in the air. The familiar dips and turns of the road were all like so many welcoming faces to David, and when he reached the boundaries of Wastewater he might almost have fancied for a moment that the old order of things had remained unchanged; that back of that barrier of great trees he might indeed find the grim, dark building, the shuttered windows, the dank, unhealthy shrubs and paths that had been the first home of his recollection.

The brick walls and the iron gate, more deeply bedded than ever in fallen leaves and mold, were unchanged, but the road between them, so many years unused, had been somewhat cut by wheels and had been churned into mud. The gate stood open, but David left his car outside, got out and turned his back to the land for a moment, standing staring out to sea, as he had done upon that Autumn day more than two years ago—that dreary, dark October day when Gabrielle had first come home.

He remembered, as his eyes idly followed the scrambling path down between the rocks and the bare mallow bushes to the shore, the muggy smells that had always assaulted his nostrils when the big side door of Wastewater had been opened. He remembered his aunt, rigid and stern, before the fire, her apprehensive, nervous eyes always moving behind him when he entered the room, and searching there for some menace always feared and never realized.

And then Gabrielle, in her velvet gown, with her big starry eyes. Gabrielle so young and so alone, met by such staggering blows and such bitter truths. Gabrielle, watching Sylvia's youth and happy fortune so wistfully, bearing her own sorrows and burdens with her own inimitable childish courage and dignity.

What a time—what a time! the man mused, his breast rising on a great sigh, as he shook his head slowly. Sylvia's majority, and then Tom's return, Aunt Flora's stupefying revelation as to Gay's parentage. And then the last scene—or almost the last—when he had gone upstairs to tell them (Gabrielle and Tom) that they were brother and sister, and the great wind and the fire had trapped them there.

So that had been the end of Wastewater, with these four young persons, all Flemings, flying for their lives through the night, and Aunt Flora, who had spent all her life there, killed by the falling of all her moral and material walls in one terrible crash. She had lain for almost twenty-four hours in John's dismantled house without pain of body and in a lulled state even of mind, but she had been dying none the less.

The last of her generation, that stormy and ill-governed generation whose passions and weaknesses had filled the whole house with tragedies for so many years, she had died very quietly—quite as if going to sleep—before the ashes of the old place had been cold. Sylvia, beautiful, twenty-one, her own life as truly in ruins and ashes about her, had been kneeling beside her mother at the end, the doctor standing gravely near, and David himself watching them all with that strange quality of responsibility that seemed to be his destiny where each and every one of them was concerned.

AFTERWARD Tom had taken the girls in to Boston, where Sylvia, ill from shock and sorrow, had been left in the care of Gabrielle and a nurse, while Tom and David came back to Wastewater for the funeral.

David, reaching this point, turned back and looked across the old garden, to find the glint of headstones far up the northwest corner of the estate, beyond the woods, and under a fountain of delicate blue-green willow-whips.

Much of the garden was left, he mused, and could be recovered. There were healthy-looking roses, and the splendid hedge of lilacs was already bursting from hard brown buds into white and lavender plumes. The conifers looked clean and fresh in their new tips; even the maples and elms were magnificent as ever.

Some day, David thought, there would be a home here again. But when, the young persons most concerned had not yet definitely stated. He sighed as he thought of them and their dreams, and smiled above the sigh.

A start had been made, at least. There was a handsome building already standing—a long, low barn of friendly warm clinkered brick, with the wide new doors of a garage at one end, and at the other, across an arch, a homely, comfortable cottage, of the type that faces a thousand English lanes.

An Airedale, whirling about the corner of the building with a wild flourish, leaped upon David in welcome and immediately curled himself rapturously in the short film of the grass, with all four feet in the air, writhing in puppy ecstasies.

"Here, here, Ben!" David said, laughing. "Grow up! It's ridiculous to see a dog of your age acting that way!"

But he was rubbing and tousling the rough head affectionately none the less, as he called: "Etta! John!"

In answer Etta, John's wife, appeared with an undisturbed smile. For the months of building last Fall and again this Spring, Mr. David had been living in his little Keyport farmhouse and might be expected here at almost any minute to inspect and approve. Etta herself had watched so much of the rebuilding with secret contempt. It seemed odd, when one could afford a nice square plastered house and a corrugated-iron barn, to waste twice as much money on what John considered "monkey shines." But Miss Gabrielle and Miss Sylvia and Mr. Tom had all been away for more than a year now, in California and Mexico and Panama, and now it was Central America, and dear knows what it'd be next, and consequently Mr. David and his friend Mr. Rucker had had it all their own way.

TO-DAY David gave Etta an opportunity for criticism when he said cheerfully, as she somewhat reluctantly accompanied him about the place:

"How's the house, Etta? Comfortable?"

"Oh, we're quite comfortable, thank you," Etta answered primly, in a faintly complaining tone, "and John's

"The Black Flemings," copyright, 1925, by Kathleen Norris

got the Eyetalians engaged to start the side garden anyway before the folks get back. But here's the thing that I'll never get through my head," Etta added, with the readiness of an already well-aired grievance, as she looked up at the wide archway and its casement windows above; "it don't seem sensible to have that arch, or gate, or whatever you call it, making the barn and the house into one. And while the men are right here, and before Miss Gabrielle gets home to look at the plans for a house—and dear knows when that will be now!—why, they could tear out that arch real easy, and smooth the brick up so that it'd never show——"

"Ah, they got the stable foundations started," David said in satisfaction, giving no attention to Etta's remarks. "That's fine, room for four cows, and about that many horses, and some day we'll put a chicken run on that end——"

"Do they say when they'll be coming back, sir?" Etta asked.

"Any time this Summer, I suppose," David said. "Mr. Tom is quite himself again—I've not had letters yet, but in a telegram a few days ago—I told you that?—there was some talk of Central America."

"Dear me!" said Etta, who always made this remark in any pause, "haven't there been changes?"

David did not answer. He looked at the mud-spattered and torn blue-print that was anchored from the coquettish spring breezes upon a plank with two brickbats, murmured to the contractor, suggested, approved.

It was easy for his thoughts to find Gabrielle at Wastewater, for they were almost all of her in these days, and it was here that she had spent her life except her schooling years. David had no recollection of her in any other setting. To-day, as always, she seemed to be beside him, walking through the strangely altered Spring garden, talking with him of the changes to be.

She had borne herself, he had thought—with his affectionate, quiet pride in her carrying as ever an undercurrent of pain—she had borne herself in the trying time of readjustment and changes better than them all. There was a native dignity, a fineness about her that made it possible for her apparently to forget herself entirely.

AS HE remembered her, in the few weeks that had intervened between her departure with Tom and Sylvia for the West, it was difficult to recall any special demonstration of her own feelings at all. Sylvia had been actually, if not seriously, ill, Tom had suffered a dangerous relapse after the strain and exposure of the night, but Gay had been just her usual self. David had had a thousand cares; first to establish them temporarily in a comfortable hotel, then to commence the endless business of placing Gabrielle in her rightful position, with all it involved in the matter of taxes, transfers, legal delays of every sort.

He had written to the far-away Hannah Rosecrans in Australia, and had had a prompt and satisfactory reply. She gladly and unsuspiciously supplied a hundred details; the Fleming baby's first nurse's name, at the big hospital, the name of a young doctor who had more than once come to see little Gabrielle in her first delicate weeks of life. Through these and Flora's other clues David established the matter legally beyond all doubt, and Tom simplified the question of property by being eager to reserve about only one-fifth of his father's estate for himself, giving his half-sister everything else. Wastewater, the jewels, this piece of property, that other, this stock, and those bonds, everything, in short, about which division might have presented the slightest difficulty Tom would have impatiently discarded in her favor. He was going to die anyway, he would remind them.

Beyond all this, David had Sylvia's legacy inheritance to handle. Flora had left a will, but it was superseded by an urgent note to her daughter, written at the time when Sylvia was supposed heiress to the whole Fleming fortune, begging her to make over her own money to Gabrielle.

Sylvia, hysterical and sensitive and unreasonable, had still persisted that this must be done; Gay—she protested in floods of shamed tears—had been wronged long enough!

It had been Gay, patient and serious in her new black, who had talked her into a healthier frame of mind. Gay had managed both invalids and the whole comfortable suite, and had joined David, to affix a signature or witness a deed, as quietly as if this earthquake had touched her personally not at all.

Most admirable, he thought, had been her attitude with Tom. From the strange, disorganized Winter day of Aunt Flora's death, Gay had been quite simply, affectionately and appreciatively Tom's little sister. Immediately and with a youthful and almost childish grace she had adopted big, clumsy, unpolished Tom. In three days, quite without awkwardness if with a sometimes slightly heightened color, he had heard her speak of "my brother" to doctors, nurses, waiters in the hotel.

She had carried Tom—he realized now—by storm, by the sheer force of her own extraordinary personality. If Tom had ever been in any doubt as to the fashion of recommencing their friendship along these wholly altered lines, Gabrielle had instantly dispelled it.

More, she had given Tom as a brother ten times the visible affection and confidence that she had been willing to give him in any other relationship. And Tom had proved quite unconsciously, by his pathetically eager and proud acceptance of this new state of affairs, that it was her companionship, her sympathy he had wanted. He had wanted to be a little needed, a little admired, to be of some consequence to David, to the admirable Sylvia, and lastly, to inconsiderable and neglected little Gabrielle.

Indeed, so consummately wise had been this child's—for David thought of her as scarcely more than a child—this child's handling of the situation that within a week of the change Tom's tone had actually taken on the half-proud, half-chiding note of an adoring elder brother. And David had seen in his eyes the pleased recognition of the fact that at least no one else was, or could be, Gabrielle's "family" but himself. How wise and dear she was.

Tom's condition appearing to be supremely unsatisfactory, there had immediately been talk of southern California, or Florida for the Winter. For Sylvia, who was strangely shaken, quiet and unlike herself even when physically well again, it seemed a wise solution, too. Gabrielle was of course to accompany her brother, and David must follow as soon as all their complicated affairs permitted.

SAYING good-by to the little black-clad group when he had escorted them as far as Chicago, David had returned somewhat sadly to his duties as doubly, trebly an executor, his canvases, and the lonely painting of the first snows. And after that the months had somehow slipped by in a very chain of delays and complications.

Had the three Flemings been in La Crescenta, high and dry above the ocean and the valleys of southern California, where they had at first quite established themselves, David might have joined them during the second Summer. But by this time Tom was entirely well again, perfectly able to live in the East, Winter and Summer, if

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ANOTHER SILENCE SO EXQUISITELY PAINFUL, SO POIGNANTLY SWEET, THAT DAVID FELT HE MIGHT STAND SO FOREVER, WATCHING HER



Drawing by J. Scott Williams

"Nine Rahs" for the Mothers"

By
FIELDING H. YOST
Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

WHEN a college football team wins a big game, the players, the coaches and the institution come in for a large share of the credit. And they deserve a share, for all three are necessary to success. But there is another element involved in athletic triumphs and one that, I imagine, the average spectator seldom remembers. To my mind, the mothers of the players ought to be accorded a very considerable portion of the glory.

In my thirty years of athletic work I have always maintained that every boy's most valuable "coach" is his mother. Her influence and her training have more to do with his success or failure as an athlete than any other element. She has a larger part in shaping his character and his attainments than any one else can possibly have. The supervision that a mother has over her boy's food, exercise and habits either lays the foundation for his success in sport, as well as in the more serious things of life, or else paves his way to certain failure.

The next time you see a college game, bear in mind that the beginning of victory came long before the coaches ever saw the players and before the players had any idea that they would some day be gridiron heroes. The real start toward success came in the cradle itself and the assurance of success was built up every day that the boy remained within the sphere of his mother's influence. I would some day like to hear the cheer leaders call for "nine rahs" for the mothers.

SO FAR as athletic ability is concerned, heredity and environment both play a part. The athlete must first of all have a fine, sound body, which is originally a product of heredity. But he must develop that body along proper lines; and development is a product of environment. It is not sufficient for a mother to bring a healthy child into the world; she must exercise the utmost care so that sane living and proper training may bring out all his inherent strength. Even a child born without a strong constitution can be made a healthy man or woman by the right kind of care.

The career of Theodore Roosevelt should be an encouragement to those who are not naturally endowed with strength and fine health. Colonel Roosevelt was inclined to be frail as a child, but his indomitable spirit refused to accept the fate that nature seemed to have in store for him. Instead, he set out to make a strong man of himself by careful diet and conscientious exercise. And he succeeded. He became a fine athlete and a man of such rugged health that he could do an almost unbelievable amount of the hardest kind of mental work.

Colonel Roosevelt, they say, was preparing himself to be President of the United States as early as his first year at Harvard. He was the kind of man who believed in leaving as little as possible to chance, in fitting himself for *any* job. His parents encouraged him in his work and spurred him on when it became irksome. His life was a splendid example of what an intelligently directed childhood and youth will do in shaping a man's career.

There are three things for which the mother must assume responsibility in the rearing of her children: food, exercise and the cultivation of good habits. They are of equal importance in rounding out a man or woman qualified to become a useful member of society. Health without character is of small value, and character without health gives one very little chance to assert one's virtues.

In spite of the fact that America is the most prosperous, the best-fed, the best housed and the best-educated country in the world, we learned at the time of the Great War that one of every three men eligible for the draft was not qualified physically for military service. True, the standard set was a high one, but the fact remains that a large percentage of those called were unfit to pass any physical test. The statistics gave a shock to our pride; but America took up the challenge. Training schools for physical education have multiplied and playgrounds are being constructed at a gratifying rate.

But long before the schools and the playgrounds come in contact with the child the mother must do her part. It is for her to determine whether, when another great national emergency arises, we shall have such a deplorable percentage of physically unfit young men.

While no figures are available, it is probable that the percentage of physically deficient young women is just as large, or perhaps even larger. Whether the former custom of ignoring physical training among girls did more harm than the tendency to dissipation among boys would be a hard question to answer.

Ninety per cent. of the physical disqualifications that were brought to light by our entrance into the war could have been remedied before the boys were five years of age. This is a harsh indictment against parents, but it is a necessary one, for it shows that the physical well-being of the race is squarely up to the mothers and fathers.

Educators now believe that the morals and the mental ability of the child are largely built upon what he is physically, and that if we increase his physical efficiency we take a step in the direction of bettering the other two qualities. It is beyond cavil that a large percentage of juvenile delinquency can be traced directly to such facts as malnutrition, imperfections of the organs, lack of well-directed play and the failure to cultivate good habits and shun bad ones in early childhood. Physical training would vindicate itself if it developed only the body, but we know that it has a very large part in developing the soul as well.

The food, exercise and habits of a child under six years of age are largely controlled by the mother. She will find it easy to lay out an intelligent program for the child to follow, but she will find it hard, or impossible, to correct the wrongs that may arise later from her failure to do this. The diet is most important: for food keeps the bodily engine running. If it is insufficient in any of the necessary elements, the sure result is poor health; and poor health means, all too often, poor character.

I am indebted to the book "How to Live," written by Irving Fisher and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk in collaboration with the Hygiene Reference Board of the Life Extension Institute, for what I believe is the best analysis of food that I have ever seen. The following tables are taken from this excellent book.

The body needs three kinds of food: fuel to keep it running; building and repair food to keep worn-out parts constantly replaced; and regulating food.

Fuel foods generating energy are principally:

1—STARCHY FOOD

Corn-meal	Rice	Macaroni
Oatmeal	Flour	Bananas
Corn-starch	Potatoes	Dried lima beans
Split peas	Hominy	Dried navy beans
Bread		

2—SUGAR

Straight sugar	Dates	Molasses
Corn-syrup	Candy	Most fruits

3—FATS

Butter substitutes	Lard	Butter
Peanut butter	Milk	Drippings
Salt pork	Cream	Bacon

The building and repair foods are represented by:

1—PROTEINS

Beans (dried)	Eggs	Halibut
Dried peas	Milk	Cheese
Corn-meal	Bread	Oatmeal
Macaroni	Peanuts	Almonds
Beef (lean)	Lamb	Mutton

2—MINERAL SALTS

Cereals from whole grains	Milk	Egg-yolks
	Fruits	Green vegetables

Regulating foods keep the body machinery running properly and consist of:

Mineral salts	Vegetable fiber	Crackers
Water		Toast
Ballast or bulk	Skins of plants, etc.	Zwieback
Hard foods		Vitamins

This is in no sense intended to be a complete list of foods, but a general grouping of the various kinds of foods. Not all the things given are suitable for all children. The mother should not assume the responsibility of prescribing the diet for her children, but should get professional advice on this subject. I am trying to point out the *fact* that proper feeding in general is of supreme importance, and not to recommend any specific diet for any one.

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WHO WINS THE GAME?
The Team?
The Coach?
The College?
"No,"
says Fielding H. Yost,
"THE MOTHERS!"

Tourists Accommodated

By VERA L. CONNOLLY

You've seen the signs—"Tourists Accommodated" and "Lodging for Motorists" along country highways. Have you ever wondered what these roadside hostelries had to offer? Have you ever thought of trying one out? Vera Connolly tells you a few things you ought to know about them—if you would "pick a good one" and not be "stung"

THERE is a new Spring fever in our land! A very friendly malady, profitable for all! It buys new homes. It lifts old mortgages. It sends sons to college. It repaints shabby country houses. At its touch, tangled flower gardens bud and blossom as the rose. It has even been known to buy a new suit for father, a trousseau for sister, to straighten mother's bent shoulders, and to start a little song a-singing in her heart.

With the earliest blades of Spring grass it makes its appearance. And though, for a few days, only rare evidences of it are to be found here and there, soon all its myriad banners are aloft, swinging gaily in the breeze. "Lodging for Tourists" these little boards announce; or "Tourists Accommodated"; or "Motorists Welcome." While before the larger country houses, where business is on a bigger scale, picturesque signs on iron chains lure the motorist to "Hiawatha Lodge," "Priscilla Tavern," or "Merrie Englande Inn."

Once again the motoring season has opened! Once again half the world is on four wheels! And the other half is enthusiastically pursuing the new industry thus created for it—the business of accommodating motorists.

Every year more country houses, little and big, awaken from their long sleep. Windows are thrown open. Dust and must fly out, fresh air streams in. Faded, patched old carpets are ripped up. Varnish is spread on the floors and fresh rag rugs are laid down. If the furniture is old and quaint, it is retained. If ugly, it is painted. New bedding is bought, fresh curtains are hung up, an attractive sign is swung before the door. And the house is ready to do business!

With preparations thus simple, this work can be begun by the home woman with no great facilities at her command. Whereas the woman with a larger house, some money to invest, and the gift of enterprise may enter the business in a bigger way. The industry presents endless possibilities. Success rests with the woman herself.

Roughly speaking, there are to-day four kinds of roadside hospitality being offered along our highways: First, dinners costing from one dollar to two dollars and fifty cents a plate; second, a night's lodging for two persons in a cottage bedroom costing from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars a night; third, a night's lodging in a handsomely furnished bedroom in a large country home, with dinner and breakfast, for two persons, costing from eleven dollars to twelve dollars a night for both; and, fourth, a night's lodging for two persons in a de luxe bedroom furnished in antiques, in a smart, picturesque "inn," with breakfast and a box lunch, costing from thirteen dollars to twenty dollars a night.



ALL OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE BETTER AND MORE ATTRACTIVE INNS ARE SPRINGING UP

In each of these branches of the industry are to be found successful women. But the first kind of work, that of providing roadside dinners, is becoming less and less popular. For on one thing all roadside hostesses are agreed—that "sleeping" the public is vastly simpler and more profitable than "eating" it.

THERE is only one way to serve roadside dinners profitably to "drop-ins," and that is by raising the food on one's own farm, letting most of it run around on its legs or grow on its stalks until needed.

On a back-country motor road in one of our Eastern States a small business of this sort is being carried on successfully. In Summer the tables are placed on the glassed-in veranda running across the front of the house; in Winter they are indoors. The business is run by a man, his wife and his daughter. He raises all the chickens—the chicken dinner is still preferred in that rather old-fashioned section—and raises most of the vegetables, with the help of an old neighbor. His wife does the cooking and makes all the bread, pie, jellies and pickles. The daughter receives the guests, takes their orders and serves them. Her father keeps the books, does the cleaning and painting and attends to the advertising. Recently he has had a large sign-board placed at a cross-roads a mile away; and this has proved a splendid business-getter.

They serve a one-course dinner, consisting of half a broiler for each guest, a large helping of hashed browned potatoes, ample helpings of two other vegetables, a lettuce or slaw salad, home-made jelly and pickle, and plenty of home-made bread and country butter. One cup of tea or coffee is included. For this dinner a dollar is charged. If the guest wants dessert, he can have a wedge of luscious home-made pie for twenty-five cents. These pies sell for a dollar each and frequently they are bought and taken along. Cheese sandwiches at twenty cents each and large chicken sandwiches at thirty-five cents are made to order. A motorist may have only coffee, sandwiches and pie if he prefers.

THESE people are making money. And they attribute this to their policy of offering a good dollar dinner without dessert, as many persons while traveling avoid rich desserts, only eating a little fruit. The meal is served from noon till nine at night.

Frequently, when a tea-room business alone seems perilous, a craft shop or circulating library or a "roadside rest-room" can be added to it. One such popular plan to-day is to convert the hall and front parlors of an old home into a big lounge with conveniences where motorists can rest, wash up, write a note, have a cup of tea and a sandwich, telephone, brush their hair, powder their noses, take a brief nap, read a late magazine, or have a family discussion about a change of route—and do it all in home-like, comfortable surroundings. Twenty-five cents a person should be charged for the privileges of the lounge and fifty cents for tea and a sandwich. Besides home-made candy and cake, package lunches, needlework, magazines and newspapers may be sold.

There must always be some one in the tea-room and an attendant in the lounge. But if these helpers are members of the family, the business can be run very profitably. The service is an innovation and is much appreciated, especially on a long stretch of road without hotels.

The second type of roadside hospitality on our list—that of converting one's spare bedrooms into lodgings for the night—offers most women the simplest, safest start. And many a timid home-maker who began with only the two spare bedrooms in her small house has gradually built up from this a large business culminating in a famous inn.

So much depends on the spirit with which the woman sets out!

It is a pity that all women entering this work do not keep continually in mind the inflexible rule that honesty is the only policy which builds for permanent success. Any one can flag the tired and hungry tourist and trap him once. But if he goes away dissatisfied with his accommodations, feeling that no interest was taken in his comfort, but that he was cold-bloodedly regarded as a "fee," he will never come again. In close proximity to all of our famous historical resorts a few dozen unprincipled lodging-house keepers are to be found.

These people offer small, dirty, dark, unsanitary bedrooms at the same rates charged by clean, up-to-date hotels. Sometimes the village loafers who represent these houses will go a mile or two up the road to tea-rooms and filling-stations and solicit trade, telling the tourists alarming stories about the rates at the hotels. The worldly traveler will pay no attention, but the vacationing man and family will listen. Thus, every year, thousands of tourists are being imposed upon. The trick is always discovered the next day. And so angry are these tourists and so widespread is the vicious practise that the traveling public is certain to clamor

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RAG CARPETS AND GRANDFATHER CLOCKS HAVE NEVER LOST THEIR CHARM AS TYPICAL AMERICAN FURNISHINGS FOR HALLS AND STAIRWAYS



GUESTS OF THIS COMFORTABLE INN ARE INVITED TO BROWSE AMONG THE BOOKS AND MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME BESIDE THE FIRE



COUNTRY AIR, SPOTLESS NAPERY AND PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS MAKE KEEN APPETITES TO WHICH A PROFESSIONAL HOSTESS LIKES TO CATER

Watch Out for Measles



"The world is mine!"

A slight illness that may easily become serious

By
Dr. MATTHIAS NICOLL, Jr.
New York State Commissioner of Health

THE HAPPY CHILD DEPARTMENT

Directed by

DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

MEASLES has always been confused with other diseases. Once it was thought to be a mild form of smallpox. Occasionally it has been confused with scarlet fever, which it sometimes resembles. Even today, it is not unusual for persons to think that true measles and German measles are in some way related, as the two diseases not infrequently resemble one another, especially as regards the skin eruption.

Measles is found throughout the world, the number of cases varying greatly from year to year and even from season to season. It is frequently stated that the disease runs in two- and three-year waves. Such waves, however, show great variation in the frequency of their appearance and in the number of cases. From the parts of the United States where accurate death statistics are obtainable, there were recorded over 6,000 deaths from measles. Since this area includes by no means all of the United States, it may be conservatively estimated that not less than 10,000 deaths occur annually from this cause. The disease prevails most extensively in the late Winter and early Spring. The late Summer and early Fall months are as a rule comparatively free from it.

Measles and smallpox hold the distinction of being the two most infectious diseases known to man. Except in the first few months of life, when there is a decided immunity inherited from the parents, no age is immune to it. It is commonly regarded as a children's disease, for the simple reason that most adults have contracted it in childhood and therefore have acquired an immunity which lasts during later life. While second and even third attacks of measles have been reported, most of such cases are probably based on errors in diagnosis, and though it can not be denied that second attacks do occur, one attack of true measles affords protection for the remainder of the person's life in the vast majority of cases.

WHY IS IT DANGEROUS?

MEASLES is frequently regarded as a necessary and unavoidable evil and one not to be taken too seriously. The reason for this unfortunate and wrong opinion is not difficult to understand. An attack of measles in a previously healthy individual, other than a very young child, living in sanitary home conditions and receiving good medical and nursing care, is rarely more serious than a sharp attack of fever. It is accompanied by an annoying and persistent cough, the eyes become watery and are sensitive to light, but the illness only lasts a few days.

How different the picture when measles attacks the young and delicate, when it attacks institutions for young children, military camps and isolated countries in which the disease has not occurred for many years! Under such conditions it is indeed to be dreaded and may become a real scourge. It rarely, if ever, kills solely through its own poison, but it readily lowers the resistance of the human body to other disease organisms, and an acute inflammation of the air passages invites the occurrence of that commonest and most dreaded complication, broncho-pneumonia, the usual cause of death in fatal cases. Thus the death rate may vary from practically nothing in a selected group of cases to thirty-five per cent. or more under the conditions above described. Measles has at different times attacked almost all the people on the Faroe, the Sandwich and the Fiji Islands. In such cases from one-fifth to one-half the population have died from the disease.

In the World War measles was the scourge of some of our army camps, especially those recruited from country districts where the men had not been previously exposed and had therefore escaped a previous attack. Many of our soldiers died from this cause, having contracted broncho-pneumonia and a very severe type of throat infection not commonly observed in civil life under peace-time conditions.

When measles invades an institution of young children the death rate runs from twelve to thirty-five per cent. or even higher. If diphtheria and scarlet fever are also present the combination is a most serious one.

WHAT SPREADS IT?

ALTHOUGH a great deal of work has been done to discover the cause of measles, the germ is not yet definitely known. We do know, however, that the infection is passed from one person to another by means of the infectious discharges from the nose and mouth and possibly from the eyelids. Such discharges are brought into contact with the mucous membranes of the nose, throat and eyes of persons capable of taking the disease, usually in the form of spray expelled by the act of sneezing or coughing. It is said that the "striking distance" of measles does not extend beyond a few feet, and that the spray does not reach outside of this or else is no longer capable of causing the disease. Thus by very careful supervision it is possible for persons with this highly infectious disease to be kept in wards with susceptible patients, provided a great degree of nursing skill is exercised.

It is doubtful if the disease is ever carried from the sick to the well by a third person, except possibly by means of the hands, towels, handkerchiefs, which, having been infected by discharges from the patients, are immediately brought into contact with the nose and eyes of a susceptible person. That this method of transfer must be very unusual is self-evident.

As a result of laboratory experiments on animals and observations by physicians, it has been definitely determined that the infectious period of measles is a good deal shorter than has previously been supposed. The disease is most infectious during the whole period of catarrhal or cold symptoms preceding the skin eruption or "breaking out" and, usually, for two or three days and during the height of the skin eruption. When the temperature begins to fall, although the eruption on the skin may be very evident for a number of days, the patient can no longer give the disease to others. In general a shortened quarantine period has been adopted by state and municipal health departments. It may be added that the scales which are seen on the skin following the eruption can not give the disease to others.

The incubation period of measles, that is the time required after exposure to a case of the disease for another person to develop it, is in the vast majority of cases ten days, very rarely shorter and still more rarely two weeks or longer. A person not immune to measles who has been exposed to it may safely go among other persons for the following week without being a source of danger. Beyond this period he or she should not mingle with others, especially children, for another week at least or until it has been established that the disease will not occur. This is especially important among school children, who can continue their schooling for a number of days after a known exposure to measles.

HOW CAN IT BE RECOGNIZED?

IT IS very unfortunate that measles, like whooping-cough, can not be recognized during its early stages even by the most skilful physician. Certain minute spots about the gums and inner surface of the lips, known as Koplik's spots, will frequently enable a physician or an experienced nurse to recognize the beginning of the disease. If, therefore, a child or adult who has not had measles is definitely known to have been exposed to it, as already stated, he should be kept by himself after the seventh or eighth day for a period of two weeks, in order to protect those in the household and outside of it with whom he might come in contact. Furthermore, during the presence of a measles epidemic the sudden development of a feverish cold in the head should suggest the possibility of measles and the patient should be kept by himself. In other words, from the very nature of the disease, little can be done to prevent the spread of measles in a family or community simply by quarantining a fully developed case of the disease. By the time the patient has developed it, every person with whom he has come in contact will have been exposed during a period of two or three days. Such persons should be kept by themselves for the length of time indicated above, during which the disease may develop.

There is no "good" time to have measles. It is a serious disease; yet as most of us are likely to come down with it at some time or other, it is well to understand that certain seasons and ages are more favorable than others. Most of the deaths from measles occur in those under three years of age, though death through complications is by no means rare in later life. It is not usually appreciated that the loss of life from this cause among persons over twenty years of age equals that for children of three years.

The least dangerous season in which to have measles is late Summer and early Fall before the seasonal appearance of coughs and colds, which so readily become forerunners of pneumonia, especially when coming after a disease like measles.

HOW SHOULD IT BE TREATED?

A METHOD has been discovered recently by which a person may be prevented from catching measles through the use of a serum prepared from the blood of a patient who is getting well from the disease. It has been successfully employed in certain large cities, especially in cutting short outbreaks of measles in children's institutions, and to a lesser extent in private practise in protecting the members of an exposed household.

This method of prevention of measles is simple, safe and without disagreeable after-effects. It should be made use of in children under three years of age, especially when exposed to the disease during unfavorable seasons of the year, in undernourished children at any age, in adults and children known or suspected to have tuberculosis infection even in an inactive state, and in all institutions for young children immediately upon

Concluded on page 84

THE QUARANTINE SIGN

Every mother is seized with panic when she sees a quarantine sign on the house next door. Suppose her children should catch the disease—what should she do—what are the real dangers?

Warnings of epidemics, the symptoms and treatment of various common illnesses of boys and girls, from tiny babies to children of school age, are part of the service offered to mothers by THE DELINEATOR'S Happy Child Clubs.

There are four of them. One club for expectant mothers. A second for mothers of tiny babies. A third for mothers of two-to-six-year-old "runabouts." And the fourth for mothers of school children.

Membership in each club is only fifty cents a year—or a dollar for all four—and in return the mother receives monthly letters of health information from Doctor Henry L. K. Shaw, the eminent child specialist. Four clubs—four different letters.

Let us know which you wish to join. And mail your membership dues to "The Happy Child Clubs," THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

on the front!

Now she sets her spinnerets to work again to build a home.

"Spinnerets" are little movable fingers on Miss Spider's stomach, with holes in the ends, like sprinkling holes in a watering-can. From small sacs inside her back she squeezes out a watery stuff. When it touches the air, the stuff hardens into silken thread, and quick as lightning, Miss Spider pulls it through the fine comb on the end of her hind leg. When she needs a different kind of thread, she squeezes a different inside sac, but how she knows which is which nobody understands.

So, through her spinnerets, Miss Spider sent smoky threads floating. They caught on twigs of the rose-bush and made a silken scaffold.

Over these invisible bridges our tightrope-walker tripped, back down and stomach up. For safety, she spun a stronger cord behind as she went. She wove spokes, like a wheel, fastening left-over threads into a soft white cushion in the center. Around the cushion she wove her private resting floor.

Now, to the spokes, she fastened silken circles. Then she spun a new thread, twisted double and stretched it over the first wheels, and—pouf! out popped tiny sticky drops. This was her spider glue, guaranteed to catch all visitors. Everybody sticks on it but Miss Spider herself.

Now, our housekeeper took her place proudly in the center of her web.

She was a grown-up spider-lady with a home of her own. Watch for her outdoors this Spring.



If your school wants to give a little Tommy Tiptoe insect opera, "Ladybug, Ladybug," written by your editor, write to THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.

THE HOUSE LIKE A WHEEL



AND she was simply bursting out of her old yellow dress.

But Miss Spider's eight eyes didn't pore over spider fashion magazines. She simply waited until her tight dress split, then, she wriggled out and presto! there she stood in an up-to-date spider skin with stripes on the front!

Now she sets



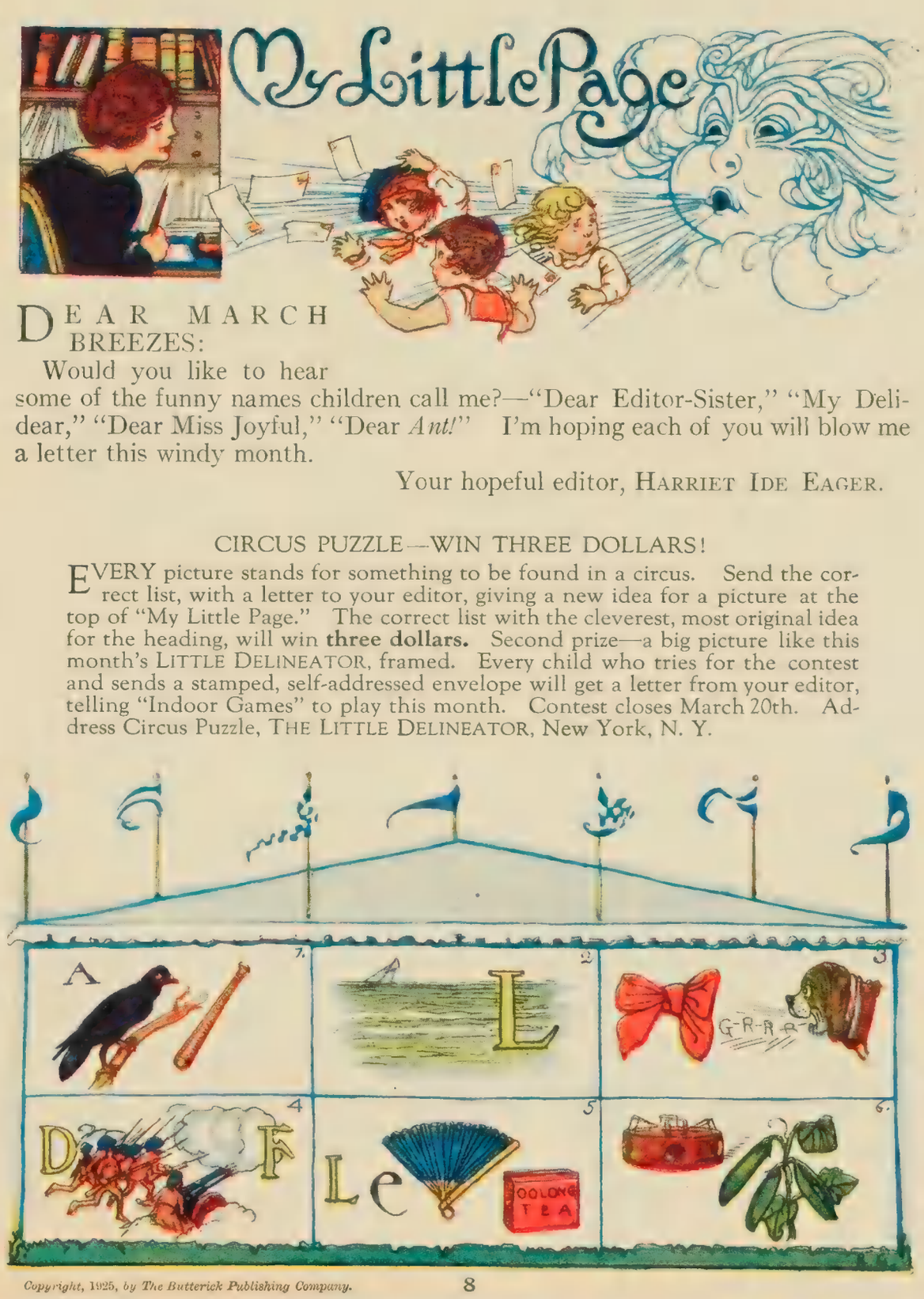
DEAR MARCH BREEZES:

Would you like to hear some of the funny names children call me?—"Dear Editor-Sister," "My Deli-dear," "Dear Miss Joyful," "Dear *Ant!*" I'm hoping each of you will blow me a letter this windy month.

Your hopeful editor, HARRIET IDE EAGER.

CIRCUS PUZZLE—WIN THREE DOLLARS!

EVERY picture stands for something to be found in a circus. Send the correct list, with a letter to your editor, giving a new idea for a picture at the top of "My Little Page." The correct list with the cleverest, most original idea for the heading, will win **three dollars.** Second prize—a big picture like this month's LITTLE DELINEATOR, framed. Every child who tries for the contest and sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope will get a letter from your editor, telling "Indoor Games" to play this month. Contest closes March 20th. Address Circus Puzzle, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.



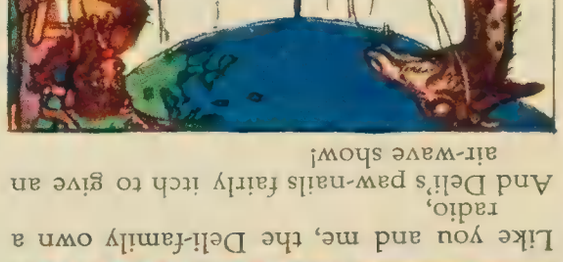
Copyright, 1925, by The Butterick Publishing Company.

DELI-BEAR'S FOREST RADIO



Like you and me, the Deli-family own a radio,
And Deli's paw-nails fairly itch to give an air-wave show!

The case he carries out-of-doors and, quick as you could sneeze,
He's hung a sheet for curtain up between two Deli-trees.

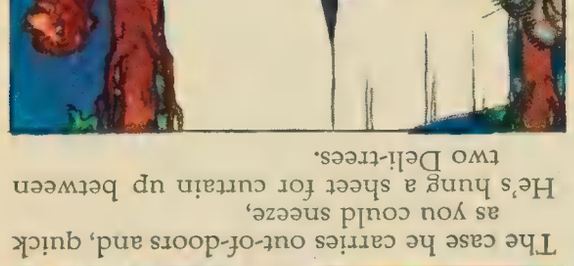


See where he ties his aerial! And hear that rascal laugh!
"I know what you are good for now, old rubber-necked Giraffe!"

"Begin! Begin!" the Leopard ferce and all the beasties shout.
Poor Deli-bear! Something is wrong, for not a sound comes out!



While froggies croak, the showman stands behind the sheet alone,
With trembling paws, he turns the horn into a megaphone.



"Just like real frogs! Just like real birds!
How wonderful!" all shout,
And never guess what forest friends have helped our Deli out!

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

MARCH 1925

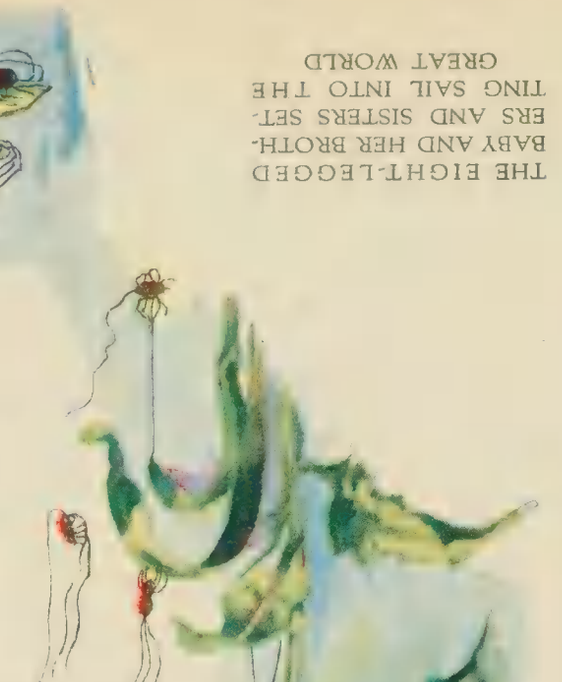
EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



A BIG PICTURE LIKE THIS PRETTY COVER, FRAMED, IS SECOND PRIZE IN THE CIRCUS PUZZLE ON "MY LITTLE PAGE"

THE EIGHT-LEGGED BABY



ONCE upon a time, in a garden all sweet and sleepy with sunshine, a baby was born.

She was a queer baby, tinier than a bread-crum, and she had eight eyes and eight legs and a little baby body covered tightly all over, even her mouth, with pale yellow skin.

She hung in a white cradle between high green weeds, and with her slept four hundred and ninety-nine little yellow brothers and sisters. It was close quarters, with all those eight-times-five-hundred-makes-four-thousand baby legs, but no princess ever lay on a softer satin bed. Their mother made it herself, by hand—or perhaps we should say, by foot. For she came of a famous old family of eight-legged weavers, born with magic spinners inside their bodies.

So, while October was nipping leaves into reds and golds, this small, smart mother had found a clump of weeds and set her inside spinner to work. From her stomach she pulled long silken threads and tied them from weed to weed. Then, holding the silk carefully in one of her eight legs, she moved in and out and criss and cross and up and down on the threads until she had woven a hanging-bag of white satin.

Now she stopped long enough to lay five hundred tiny orange-colored eggs, like fairy beads. Over the bag she wove a padded white lid and sealed it tight. Then, from her inside spinner she pulled a thicker reddish-brown silk. Round and about she wrapped this warm eider-down, beating it into fluff with her legs. Presto! the silk changed to white again, and she wove an outside white wrapper, with zig-zags of darker silk and a scalloped top. The cradle was done!

There it hung like a fairy balloon upside down between tall weeds.

Winter came to the garden and wind and snow and bitter nights: the old mother died, but safe inside satin and eider-down slept her five hundred babies.

Spring came to the garden. The babies began to stir. One by one they hatched from their orange eggs and dived into the eider-down. As they waited, they grew larger and harder: their skins felt tight, and cracked, and there was each baby with a brand-new skin!

Summer came to the garden. Down poured the sun hotter and hotter until puff! the white cradle burst and out spilled brown eider-down and sprawling yellow babies.

THE FLOATING BABY-CARRIAGE

YOU might think a brand-new baby would be frightened in the bright, strange world, alone. But not our yellow youngster. Shoving her little brothers and sisters rudely aside, she climbed a weed as fast as she could go. Then, stiffening her legs, she set her magic inside spinner to work. Whiff, from her body floated a long silky thread, and another and another. She lifted her eight feet, gave a spring and floated off in the breeze, dangling like a balloonist hanging to a parachute.

She was not afraid. The time had come to set sail into the great world, and had not her mother and her father and her grandfather and her grandmother and her aunts and uncles and cousins and all her family for hundreds of years always set sail like this?

So, turning easily upside down on her yellow back in the air, she wove a funny little flat basket for her eight feet to rest on, like a "cat's cradle"—her own baby-carriage!

On she drifted through the sunny air, blown high and blown low on the breeze, like some princess on a magic carpet.

Suddenly—bump! She hit something. Her silken ropes anchored and held fast, and our baby crawled, hand over hand (or rather foot over foot), to her new home.

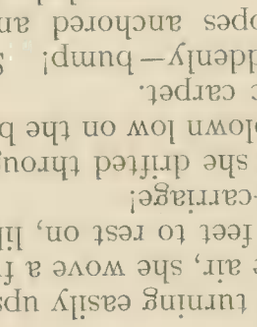
Where had she landed? On a wild rose-bush. And where were her four hundred and ninety-nine little yellow brothers and sisters? Some, alas! were dead, and one had blown to the tip of a church steeple and another was already anchored to a plunging ship at sea.

But this our yellow girl neither knew nor cared. For she had skins to shed and a house to build and keep tidy.

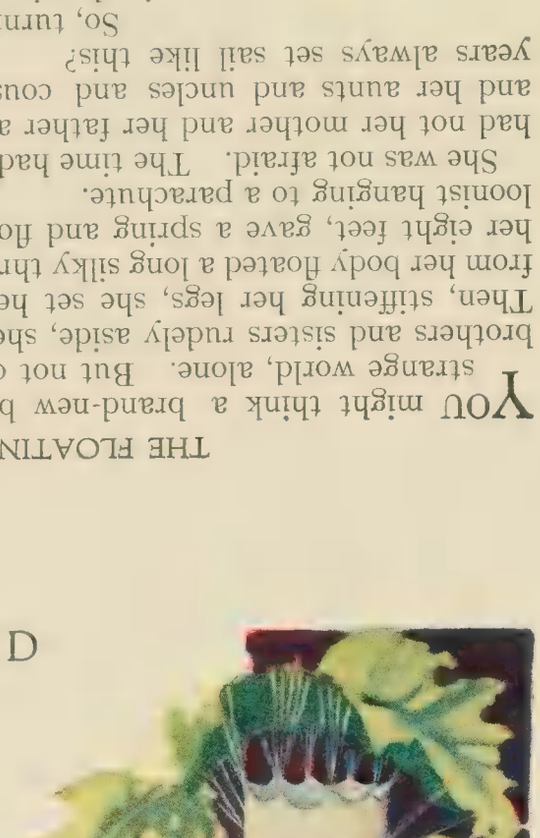
Then there would be marketing to do and meals to get and calls to make. Dearie me, so many important affairs to attend to.

For, of course, she was not a fairy nor even an enchanted princess. She was a spider!

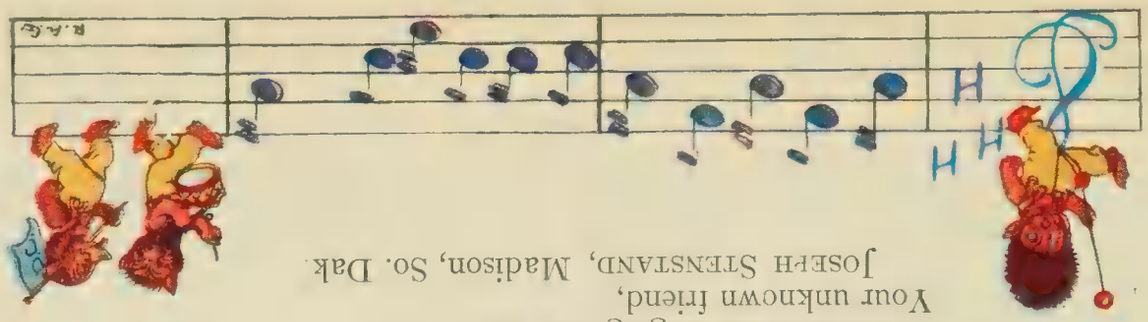
A spider, an ordinary little yellow garden spider!



3



THE EIGHT-LEGGED BABY AND HER BROTHERS AND SISTERS SETTING SAIL INTO THE GREAT WORLD



DEAR AUNT HARRY:

Do you mind my calling you that? I don't know just how to spell your real name and don't want to get a dictionary. The dictionary is probably way off in another room on the top of a high bookcase. You get it down and it will be all covered with dust. Then you have to wash your hands and dust the dictionary. So I hope you don't mind me calling you Aunt Harry!

PAULINE BURMEISTER, Center Junction, Ia.

I am a boy of eight. I have found out that you can sing Deli-bear to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia"—

"Hurrah, hurrah for Deli-bear, he's great!
Hurrah, hurrah, he laughs until he shakes,
And so we send the chorus till he cries 'For pity sakes!'
While we are singing for Deli!"

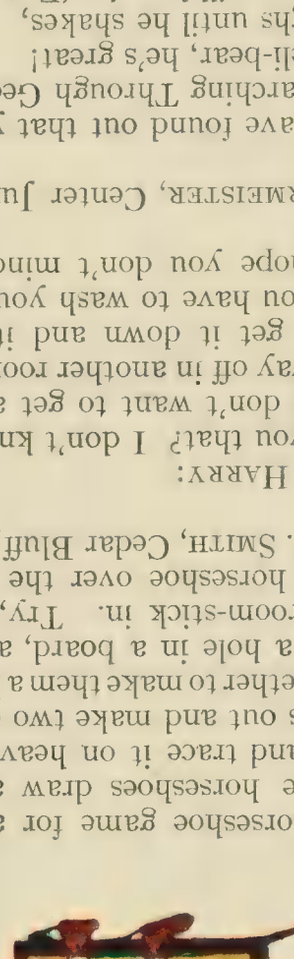
Your unknown friend,
JOSEPH STENSTAND, Madison, So. Dak.



Here's a horseshoe game for a rainy day. To make the horseshoes draw a pattern of a horseshoe and trace it on heavy cardboard. Then cut this out and make two of these and glue them together to make them a little heavier.

Next bore a hole in a board, and fit a piece of broom-stick in. Try, now, to throw the horseshoe over the stick.

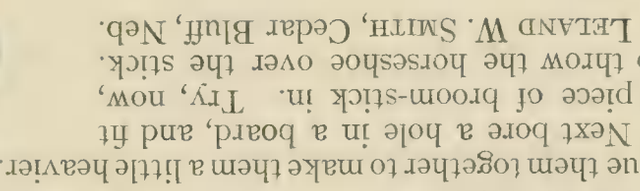
LELAND W. SMITH, Cedar Bluff, Neb.



OUR POST OFFICE

AREN'T THESE NICE LETTERS ENOUGH TO CHEER UP ANY EDITOR? PLEASE DO YOUR SHARE OF CHEERING UP THIS MONTH!







The Deli-Club

HURRAY! What a wonderful pile of letters poured in last birthday month for our new Deli-Club! All day long and every day we mailed badges, badges, badges, and letters, letters, letters. What fun now to think that all over the United States and Canada, and even in far-off parts of the world, thousands of boys and girls are wearing blue D. C. badges and holding D. C. meetings and reading our LITTLE DELINEATOR.

Everybody who joined last month, be sure to send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself for the *March Club-Secret Letter*. This tells new fun for your D. C. meetings, and interesting club news besides.

You new children who haven't joined yet, send the stamped self-addressed envelope, but besides that, send also a two-cent stamp to pay for your blue D. C. badge. The badge will be mailed with your March Club-Secret Letter.

Address March D. C., THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.



The nice little boy on the left is Jerome Munson, with his sister Eunice, of Howard Lake, Minn., and their cousins, all LITTLE DELINEATOR readers

Transform Your Back Yard into a Garden

This prize-winning plan will show you how

By FRANCES DUNCAN

ANOTHER prize garden—and this time one which may be enjoyed in almost any back yard of average space!

Our readers will remember that in connection with Garden Week last Summer, THE DELINEATOR offered a special prize of two hundred dollars for the "best plan for an ordinary back-yard garden of flowers, vegetables or both, which could be developed by a woman and children." The points of judgment were to be beauty, economy and simplicity of cultivation.

One wouldn't have believed that so many lovely gardens could possibly have been planned for just an ordinary back yard. To choose the best was a real task, but finally the committee—consisting of Miss Gabrielle R. Allard, Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders and Miss Patricia Brown, all members of THE DELINEATOR staff, and enthusiastic gardeners—selected the plan submitted by Mrs. F. E. Winegar of Burlington, Colorado. Honorable mention was awarded to Miss Rose Dickinson, of Saint Joseph, Mich.; Mrs. Frances Lewis Trussell, of San Marcos, Calif., and Mrs. N. O. Jelleme, of Passaic, N. J.

Because these women and the more than five hundred others who entered the contest were so eager and so joyous about their flowers, fruits and vegetables, we want to show other women—gardenless women—how simple it really is to turn a back yard into a joy-spot. And so we are going to tell the story of Mrs. Winegar's garden and to offer you a plan of it.

Mrs. Winegar did the whole thing with only the aid of her eleven-year-old son; and at no time did she find that it took time away from her household, club or community duties. Her garden is delightful for its lovely vista, for its sweep of lawn backed by gaily colored blooms, its completeness in having both fruits and vegetables, and for its economy in planting expense.

A GARDEN THAT IS USEFUL

IF IN imagination we walk out of the back door of the house, we will find that the space at the end of the yard, some seventy-five feet, is evenly divided between a kitchen-garden and a flower-garden, the former being separated from the flower-garden by a border-planting of tall perennials, and screened from the house by the garage, a grape-arbor and a grouping of shrubs.

It is well for garden-making folk to remember that a kitchen-garden may be a most delightful place when given a definite position of its own and separated, slightly but definitely, from what the old gardeners used to call the "dressed" part of the grounds—just as a kitchen in a house may be most attractive, but nevertheless should be definitely separated from the living-room.

The separation in this plan is admirable. The glimpse through the grape-arbor down the garden-path to a rose-arched gate is charming, and far more beautiful than if the kitchen-garden were completely screened as something which should blush unseen. A really excellent kitchen-garden has no need to blush at all—it is worthy of a place of its own. The grape-arbor which makes luxurious shade and holds the promise of purple fruit is flanked on both sides by rugosa roses and white spirea Van Houttei, which both bloom at the same time, giving the effect of pale-pink blossoms floating on a sea of misty white.

The kitchen-garden is divided by a straight path, which leads from the grape-arbor to the rose-arched gate. Along the north side, serving as a windbreak, are plum and cherry trees with groups of everbearing raspberries between them, providing protection and Spring beauty for the garden, besides attending to their proper business of bearing fruit. Against the back fence, at the end of the kitchen-garden, grow blackberry vines with a well-spaced and well-placed group of gooseberries in front.

The garden rows on the side of the path, from path to border, are about fifteen feet long and run north and south. Here are everbearing strawberries, a fine asparagus bed, a patch of cucumbers, rows of carrots, beets, spinach, bush lima beans, rows of late peas and celery, tomatoes, Brussels sprouts thriftily following the early peas, radishes, lettuce, onions and endive for late-in-the-season salads. Down at the far end of the garden where they need not be disturbed by the Spring spading are horseradish, Winter onions and rhubarb. A few roots of mint, useful for lemonade or for delicious meat sauces, complete a very well-stocked little kitchen-garden.

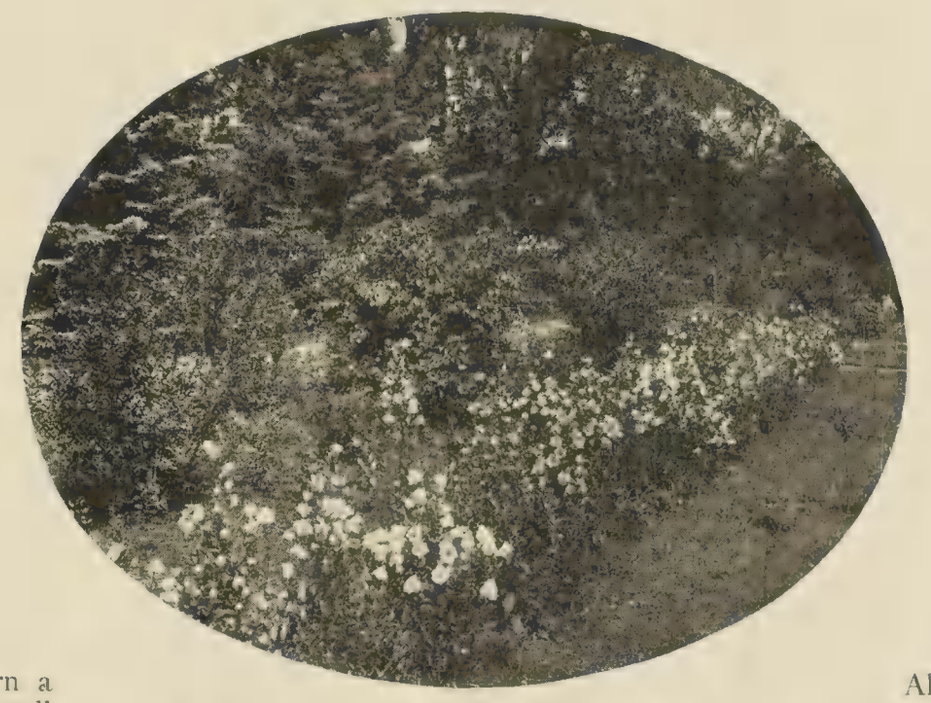
In Mrs. Winegar's plan the service-yard has been eliminated. The necessity for drying clothes is met by placing hooks in the corner of the house, the garage, and in the grape-arbor posts, from which points the clothes-line may be stretched. Thus the space between the house and garage and grape-arbor becomes a drying-yard on Monday morning, while at other times it is lawn and part of the garden.

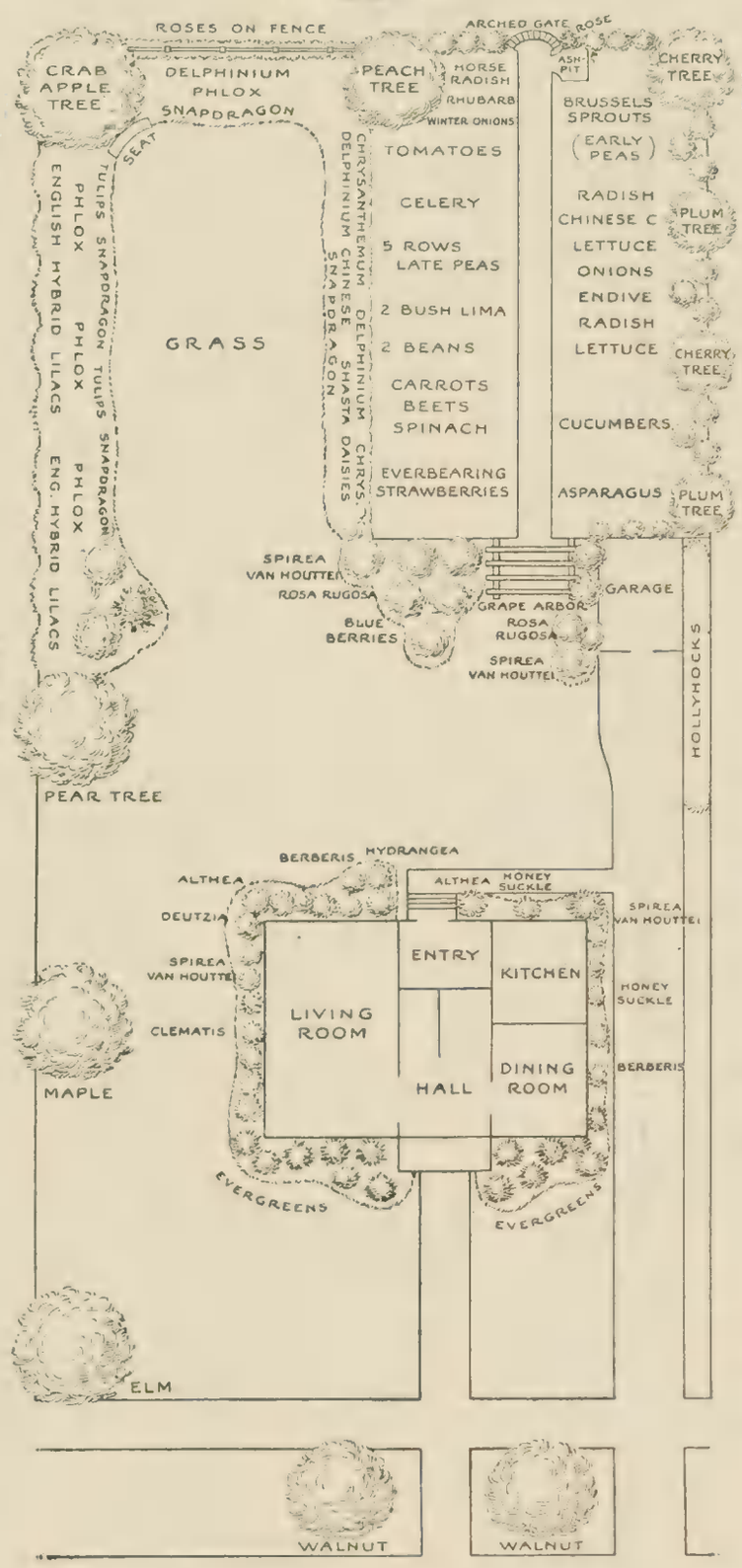
DO YOU WANT A GARDEN?

Then secure a DELINEATOR garden pattern! It works like a dress-pattern—has its space all mapped out, with directions what to plant, where and how. It's easy to follow—and it gives you a garden, sweet-scented with fragrant blossoms, rich with luscious fresh vegetables.

So far there are two patterns: the Prize-Winning Garden shown here, and the Gold-Medal Garden told about in last month's DELINEATOR. For information about these, write The Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.

THE DELINEATOR CAN HELP YOU





A JOY TO BEHOLD

YET for all its utility, the main effect of this garden is decorative. The long stretch of greensward from the house nearly to the end of the yard gives a sense of space and an illusion of distance. And the grouping of plants in the slightly irregular perennial borders is especially happy. Along the south border of the yard are hybrid lilacs, blest with sunshine and with plenty of space between them to insure abundant bloom. These are most marvelous shrubs, blooming the first season and every Spring thereafter in a fragrant mass of white and many shades of lavender. In front of these and worked in among them, are clumps of hardy phlox, spicy to smell and most effective as background. In front of these, again, and next the greensward, is a bordering plantation of Darwin tulips and snapdragons, the latter in soft shades of tan, amber and creamy pink. Toward the house, this planting ends in a group of shrubs, spirea Van Houttei and deutzia balancing the group of spirea and rugosa roses by the grape-arbor.

Entirely of herbaceous plants is the long straight border separating the flower-beds from the kitchen-garden. A row of tall larkspur (delphinium), English hybrids, alternating with hardy chrysanthemums for late Autumn beauty, serves as a screen, while groupings of dainty delphinium Chinense and Shasta daisies fill the middle space. The border is finished with snapdragons, which continue to bloom after the larkspur has passed.

At the foot of the yard, light-blue delphinium, pink and yellow snapdragons, with a few spikes of madonna lilies make a color picture that is soul-satisfying. At the back on the fence are climbing roses.

If we start with the house, we shall see that on each side of the porch on the street side, tall slender evergreens have been grouped, shorter ones being used to break the planting line in front. On the north side, against the kitchen and dining-room wall are honeysuckles, barberry (berberis) and lonicera halleana, which grows successfully without much sun. The south side of the house has vines of clematis and shrubs of deutzia lemoinii and Japanese barberry. The southwest corner is spirea Van Houttei—a mass of feathery whiteness in June. On the west side of the house, which is the garden-side, and on each side of the steps is an althea. The corners boast spirea Van Houttei, and between the steps and the corner are deutzia and barberrry on the left, and a honeysuckle vine at the right.

AND EASY TO CARE FOR TOO

SUCH a garden, once planted, will almost take care of itself. The shrubs next the house need but little attention, the lilacs will flourish unaided, and phlox and larkspur and iris once established grow vigorously. The kitchen-garden must be planted every year; but the housewife working in her garden, planting her carrots and beets, is cheered by the joyous vision of blossoming fruit-trees, companionship of the robins that assuredly

Concluded on page 84



Hope Ahead for Rural and Village Homes

What "Better Homes in America" has done for the folk in little towns

By BLANCHE BRACE

Readers who have a special fondness for Better Homes in America because it was founded by THE DELINEATOR *will want to hear this tale of one of its most recent good deeds.*

IT WASN'T just rain, it was a torrent, a cloudburst, a deluge! It was the very kind of flood that Noah knew, only, of course, of shorter duration! All Albemarle County, Virginia, shook its head at those swirling sheets of water, and counted back that not for seventy years had there been such a rain.

All day Sunday, all Sunday night, that downpour lasted. The next morning the farming folk of Albemarle County looked about them, and took stock of the ruin that had been wrought. Seven steel bridges had been swept away like the toy structures that children build. Cattle and sheep had been as helpless before the flood as woolly toys dropped by accident in the brook. Crops had been damaged. Thousands of dollars' worth of property won by hard work, the slow and patient toil of the men and women of the farms, had been destroyed. It was a scene of devastation.

In the midst of the ruin that the heavens had poured down, rose a strong chorus of women's voices:

"This is the first day of our Better Homes in America demonstration! It will soon be time to open the doors! We've got to get to Charlottesville somehow, and open the Better Home!"

"Nonsense! It can't be done!" said the men, always the more submissive sex when it comes to giving in to the weather. "The roads are washed out! To get to Charlottesville you'd have to make a detour of forty miles."

"We'll get there if we have to make a detour of four hundred miles!" the women cried. "We've all but worked our fingers off over that Better Home! The people want to see it—and how they need to see a home like that! We're going to open it on time!"

And they did! What they did and how they did it, those quiet, hard-working, determined women of Albemarle County, Virginia, makes one of the most magnificent stories of heroic effort toward home betterment in the annals of the nation. And the fine thing about it is that it is just one story of many. All through the country in the rural districts, the villages and the little towns during Better Homes Week, busy men, women, boys and girls were on hand, willing and eager, even grimly determined to upset the old belief that farm homes must of necessity be less comfortable, less convenient, less beautiful than the homes of the cities and the towns, that they must inevitably demand useless drudgery of the women who work in them, and that they can not be expected to offer real satisfaction to the people who live in them. The 1924 demonstrations of Better Homes in America have shown that the contrary is most certainly true.

But all the while the Better Homes demonstration in Albemarle County, Virginia, awaits us. Albemarle County is largely made up of farm folk. They are always busy, they have little extra cash to spend, and the overwhelming majority of them do all their own work in homes that offer a minimum of convenience.

"How in the world can we give a Better Homes in America demonstration?" they demanded, when the chairman, Mrs. Bessie Dunn Miller, first brought the matter to their attention.

How they wanted to do it, though! And so an advisory council composed of representative women from each magisterial district in the County was formed to discuss the matter. The idea grew until suddenly, almost overnight, it seemed, it became a county-wide movement of farm women.

"But where are we going to get a house for our demonstration?" the Committee asked one another.

At last they heard of one they could borrow, a dilapidated abandoned house in Charlottesville, desolate, forlorn, long vacant. The women looked it over, and then they looked at each other. In their eyes was that half-despairing, half-determined look that naturally appears on women's faces when they are unexpectedly called upon to perform a miracle.

"This a Better Home?" some of them exclaimed.

"The worse it is to begin with, the better!" said the stouter souls. "Everybody in the neighborhood knows what this house is like. If we can make it over into a comfortable and convenient and beautiful farm home, every one in Albemarle County will see what he can do with his own!"

And then, did they telephone for the plasterer and the painter and the paperer to come? They did not! They rolled up their sleeves and got to work. They had been busy women even before Better Homes in America movement came along. They cooked three meals a day of the variety known as square, they did their own washing and ironing, raised chickens, made butter, did their duty by their husbands and their children. But nothing could ever be more important to themselves and their families and other people than this demonstration of a Better Home. So with their own busy hands they mixed plaster and stirred paint, stained floors, yes, and even repaired the old fireplaces of the house! They seeded the ground to grass and planted Scotch broom. Everybody aided them. The state agent, the district agent, the farm agent, all the extension workers, members of home demonstration clubs, the boys and girls of the agricultural clubs, all of them showed in substantial ways their interest in this county adventure in better home-making. The whole demonstration cost them just seventy-five dollars and sixty cents, the price of paper, paint, grass seed and draperies. And then along came the flood and Better Homes Week together.

"We're going to open that house on time!" said the women of the county. "Wash out or not, we want, just once, to see how a proper home should look!"

And they came from their distant farms, in spite of the recent disaster in the county, over the long, hard miles on the washed-out roads, a hundred of them every day, to view the wonders of the Better Home. And they saw! And it conquered!

"If you'd brought me here blindfolded, I wouldn't have believed it was the same place it used to be!" one woman cried. "Do you mean that a little work can do this to a home?"

"A room for a farm woman to rest in!" exclaimed one weary soul. "That's something I never thought to see! And a woman would have time to use it in a house like this!"

"A farmer's office!" admired the men. "A place for a man in his own house! Say, what do you think of that?"

Forty-six women of the county enrolled in a better-kitchen contest, and forty-two of them made their kitchens over into the labor-saving, step-saving workshops that are advocated by the home-betterment plan. At present, a five-year program of home betterment is under way in Albemarle County. They received the second of the prizes offered to communities of ten thousand or under in the 1924 campaign—but the biggest prize will be the results that will grow out of that demonstration in the years to come!

"God bless the Better Homes in America movement!" wrote their chairman to the national headquarters.

A PLACE unique in the history of home betterment must be reserved for St. Helena Island, South Carolina, winner of the first prize for the best rural or village demonstration of this campaign. Nothing more noteworthy in raising the standard of the American home has ever been accomplished than that which was put in effect by the colored boys and girls of Penn School and the county schools of St. Helena Island. It's enough to bring a lump to any normal throat to consider the patriotic and far-reaching achievement of these negro youngsters of the little Southern island.

"Day-clean has come!" say the old negroes of St. Helena. Day-clean is the Island word for daybreak. And the daybreak that has come to them is the dawn of better homes for them all.

Working under the leadership of their principal, Grace Bigelow House, chairman of the Better Homes demonstration, these colored school children not only did most of the work of building their six-room Better Home, furnishing it throughout, but they accomplished the far greater undertaking of raising the home-making standards of the whole island.

"What have you done to make your home better since last year?" sternly asked the negro students who took a census of the home-improvements, made as an outgrowth of the 1923 demonstration.

"You jus' wait! You come agin!" pleaded a few dilatory negro farmers. "I's gwine make improvements yet fo' Betteh Homes week!"

But most of them had made them already, for home betterment has got into the air down there on St. Helena Island.

Continued on page 103

Build A Bungalow

One Solution of the Small Family's Housing Problem

Designed by
DONN BARBER
Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, and Architect of the New York Cotton Exchange

HERE is the first of THE DELINEATOR houses for the year 1925—a small bungalow, appealingly simple yet far from commonplace. Down to the smallest detail it has been planned for convenience and economy, designed especially to meet the requirements of a small family without a domestic servant.

The appeal of the single-story dwelling was felt in domestic architecture long before the so-called present-day bungalow became popular. Many of our early settlers built little dwellings of this type, which admirably housed small families. Then, as now, a low one-story structure cost less to build. It was more quickly erected and was more comfortable and convenient for the family whose members were not too numerous.

A definite comparison between the bungalow and the ordinary two-story dwelling is difficult to make. But the home-owner should remember that sometimes there is more economy and convenience in a two-story house than in a carelessly planned bungalow that covers a large area of ground. On the other hand it is a fact that rooms arranged on one floor entail less housework and give the homemaker greater personal comfort while working. Almost nothing has helped to popularize the bungalow more than the modern American apartment.



GOOD PROPORTIONS, EXCELLENT DETAIL AND COZY CHARM MAKE IRRESISTIBLE THE LURE OF THIS QUAINT LITTLE FOUR-ROOM HOUSE, WHICH CAN BE BUILT FOR ABOUT $4,000

A GOOD many prospective home-owners can not afford the high cost of fire-proof building materials. Consequently the first bungalow which we present is an inexpensive frame dwelling of four rooms. The material for constructing and finishing this little house should be carefully chosen. Heavy or oversized rather than undersized timbers should be selected in order to ensure a sturdy durable frame. A cheaply constructed building creaks and sways whenever the wind blows, and the floors and woodwork in such a house are liable to sag.

First of all then, comes the stout underframing. Over this is placed a covering of lath, either metal or wood, and then a layer of plaster. Wall-board instead of plaster can be used very successfully in sections of the country where the climate is not too severe.

Woods for the interior finishings of the house can not be chosen too carefully. Hardwoods such as walnut or mahogany are the most satisfactory. It is not true that these woods are prohibitive in price; they may be obtained at but a few cents more per running foot than the ordinary woods, to which must be added the expense of a special finish in the way of paint or stain. The durability gained by the use of hardwoods is indeed worth the difference, and it is well to remember that hardwoods give an increased market value to the little house if the owner should ever desire to sell it.

Personal and particular attention should be given to the selection of floor materials and finishes. The home-owner should never leave this important decision to a disinterested contractor. It is the owner himself, or herself, who will use the floors day after day. It is he or she who must care for them. It is well to know, therefore, the characteristics of the various woods used for flooring so that an intelligent selection can be made.

Oak, maple, beech and birch are perhaps the best-known hardwoods for this purpose. Oak is very desirable because of its extreme hardness, its openness and beauty of grain. Maple is close of grain, tough-fibered and of a smooth texture. When quiet, color and resilience are desired, a heavy grade of soft-toned linoleum cemented to and expertly laid over the under-flooring is very durable and satisfactory.

Wall decorations depend on whether a smooth or a rough plaster finish is desired. In this instance, since the architect was inspired by the best of our early American houses, a smooth plaster, hung with a conservative patterned Colonial wall-paper, could be most effectively used. The living-room, with its generously sized fireplace, might be decorated in a soft taupe-gray paper; while the hall and bedrooms, which are a unit in themselves, might very well be hung with flowered or striped papers. Such an arrangement would be decidedly individual if it were not overdone with chintz or other figured fabrics.

AND HOW FURNISH IT?

TO BE truly successful, the furnishings of a bungalow should blend in spirit with its exterior. A few Colonial pieces of moderate size, mingled with some brightly painted and some wicker furniture, would be especially suitable. The charm and informality of such a dwelling can be retained only by the elimination of conventional pieces, which are often dull in both character and color.

A study of the floor plan of this bungalow, will show that a very small quantity of furniture is required to make it really cozy and comfortable. Take the living-room, for instance: A davenport placed in front of or at right angles to the fireplace need be the only large and costly piece. A low divan about six feet long, with detachable cushions and wooden feet, would be more appropriate than one more ornately designed. Opposite this, an overstuffed chair covered in denim and a small end-table might be simply grouped. A gate-leg or drop-leaf table, with one leaf folded down against the wall, would admirably fill the space at the right as one enters the door, while a mirror or square of fabric, such as a piece of antique brocade, embroidered linen or a sampler might be hung over it. A small flat-top or spinet desk, a standing lamp and a wicker chair of the hour-glass type grouped in the corner near the window at the left of the entrance, with the addition of one or two Barnstable or Windsor chairs, would be sufficient for preliminary furnishings.

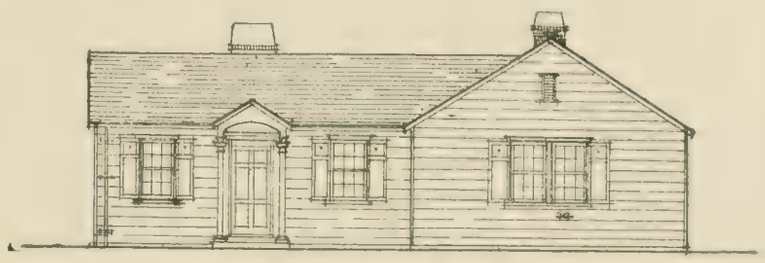
Lamps, pictures and other small decorative accessories, which complete the comfort and add to the attractiveness of such a room, may be acquired from time to time. Caution should always be observed in choosing these articles. They should be related in style or period, else the finished room will present an incongruous whole.

Attractive curtains add that note of color and decoration needed to make each individual room homey. Printed materials, which include cretonnes, chintzes and printed linens, are suitable both Winter and Summer. For this little home the new cretonnes which are practically fadeless would frame the windows very effectively. To insure the best wearing qualities these curtains should be lined with sateen or some light-colored muslin.

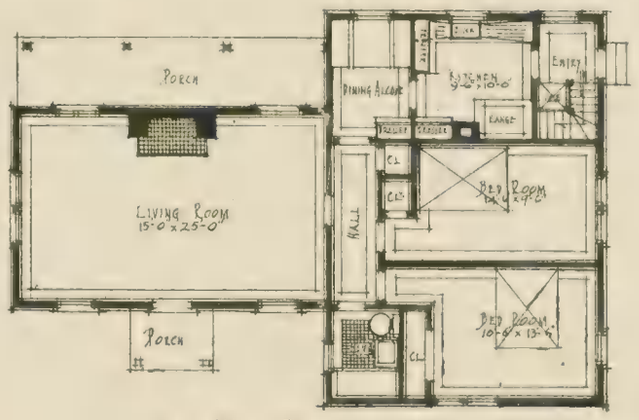
THE FIRST BUNGALOW

Inexpensive and practical is this delightful bungalow which Donn Barber has designed for you. It's a cozy affair, compact yet surprisingly roomy—a triumphal solution of the small family's housing problem. This is the first bungalow THE DELINEATOR has offered, but it's not to be the last by any means. Our 1925 series of house plans is going to present a number of others, of wood, of stucco, and of brick, all attractive and up-to-the-minute in planning and design.

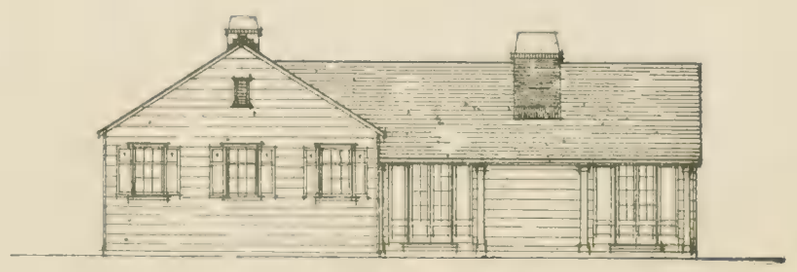
Our Home-Building Department will send you, for a dollar, a workable detailed blue-print of this bungalow with suggestive hints for building it. Or, if you prefer, we'll mail you, without charge, a sheet of ten other larger houses which we have already presented. Just drop a line and a self-addressed stamped envelope, please, to the Home-Building Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



FRONT ELEVATION



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



REAR ELEVATION

What Jane Cowl Does For Beauty

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

WHENEVER it's March, we never know whether to hang ourself on the nearest tree, muttering with our last breath, "Hideous month— Showing up the yellow in everybody's skin and disposition, blowing dust into starry eyes and snowing down on new Spring clothes! How ever do the other nice months *stand* being shut up in the same calendar with you! Ugly! *Insufferable!* We die!" or whether to shut ourself tight in our room and write a poem about Spring, ineffable Spring, coming through lacy green trees with singing on her lips and anemones in her heart.

This year we went to see Jane Cowl.

Radiant, gallant, red-mouthed, wistful, triumphant Jane Cowl, America's most beautiful actress. It was much better than writing a poem.

"We had to come see you because it's March," we explained as we sank down into one of her huge, squashy living-room chairs.

"Sort of a counter-irritant," she said softly.

And then we explained further just how we felt about March.

"But I'm exactly like March!" she cried. "Undecided, pulled this way and that, stormy, with terrible moods of melancholy. And I don't know how March feels, but I'm always scared inside, afraid people won't like me. In fact, quite sure they won't. I nearly decompose with fright on opening nights!"

"Well, how on earth then do you get radiance 'across' as you do? You know you're always described as 'radiant.' "

"But you wouldn't have me send out all those other dreadful things, would you? I just make them stay inside and be quiet—sort of 'Down, Towser! Lie *still!*' "

"You upset my theories," we said disapprovingly. "Repression makes people look old and lined and tense, don't you know that? And you look young as dawn, and quite as lovely."

"Well, that's sweet, but ridiculous. I look almost as old as I am. And I couldn't possibly be lovely, because my face is all out of drawing."

"Where?"

"Why, here!" she showed us her nose. "And there!" she showed us the line of her jaw. "All over!"

"Pooh! Drawing," we said, and felt our eyes smiling with joy as we looked at her—the splendid sweep of her beauty, her dark satiny head (cared for, that lovely top-knot was, brushed till it shone), her clear, vivid coloring (no laziness in or back of that skin), the grace of her body (no thickening allowed), the poise and freedom of her bearing (no corroding self-consciousness had registered there). "Pooh! Drawing! Didn't a famous critic say that you were the most beautiful woman on the American stage?"

"Yes, he did!" she flashed. "And he has caused me more bother," she complained "than any other person or thing on this earth. Trying to live up to that, when I'm not a beauty at all!"

We contradicted her.

And suddenly she leaned forward and brought her hands together in a little, pleased smack. "I can prove it to you! That people who know, know I'm not a beauty. I went to a party one night, and I was very happy at that party—it was at Miss Elsie De Wolfe's. The lights were awfully flattering, and I had on a pretty frock. And Paul Helleu was there. He was charming to me, and asked me if I would sit for him. Of course I would! I was as cocky as could be that the great Helleu wanted to 'do' me.

"The very next day I went to his studio. And he began to draw. He drew and drew, all the time getting angrier. He glared at me instead of 'studying' me. I was almost in tears I felt so terribly for us both. Finally he flung out at me, 'Whoever told you that you were a beauty!' 'I told you that I wasn't,' I flung back, 'and I didn't ask to come here; you invited me!' He went on drawing savagely and then suddenly he dashed the paper to the floor and ground his heel into it. 'You have a devil face!' he cried. 'Go to Boldini, he paints devil faces!' 'Devil,' I scrambled into my coat, 'what do you mean by 'devil?' 'One whose face is unsymmetrical,' he snapped."

SHE looked at us triumphantly. We looked back. She was lovelier than ever—flushed and laughing and vindicated. "You see? On the highest authority I am not a beauty."

We sat and thought. We were trying to get her formula for beauty. Lines didn't matter—you could still be beautiful and be all out of drawing, because there she was. And you could be sensitive as a violin to impressions and be awfully afraid people wouldn't like you, and still look like a dawn.

"I wish you could have seen my mother," she said softly, "*she* was beautiful, always vivid and glorious no matter how she felt. It was the most wonderful thing in the world to me as a child and it has gone all through my life—her beauty."

Ah! An ingredient for the formula—early association with and adoration of beauty; a beautiful mother—one of the most beautiful things that can happen to a child.

"If you had seen her," she added after a moment, "and me beside her, you would never be coming here asking me to talk about my beauty!"

"Yes, I would," we said firmly, and added mentally "plenty of modesty" for the formula. "What were you like, inside, when you were little?"

"Oh, all dreams and tomboyishness. Awful tomboy."

Two more components. Dreams—that splendid, dreaming mouth of hers, and dreams in her eyes. And the vigor of a tomboy in her lithe, rhythmical body. "What was the first time you discovered that you were pretty?"

"That," she said gravely, "is ahead of me."

"But when you went on the stage, a desperate little girl of fourteen, didn't you realize your beauty then?"

"No. I don't seem to have thought about that. I had a feeling of destiny in me, that I was going to do something some day that nobody but me could do——"

Ah, yes, another powerful ingredient. A feeling of destiny, looking at far horizons, a deep hope so strong it is a faith—the hidden light in her that gives her face its luminous, stirringly beautiful look.



Drawing by Otto J. Gutter

OUR thoughts were interrupted by a gamin chuckle. "I thought that I was the 'little guy' born to do it. And maybe I will." Then gravity again.

"Mix thoroughly with humor," we wrote in the invisible formula. "If you have no beauty," we asked aloud rather sternly. "what was it when you played 'Juliet' that was so transcendently lovely that the instant you appeared, before you had said one word, a thunder of applause burst out and couldn't stop. And it wasn't just hands clapping—it was like hearts running up to you, wanting to help you, wanting to tell you how glad we were that there could be anything in this disillusioning world so exquisite and young and *shimmering* as Juliet.

"Was I really like that?" she asked.

And there was something in her voice that brought a lump in our throat.. "You were all we thought life would be, and isn't; all we thought people would be, and aren't."

"It was extraordinary," she said softly, "what they gave to me every night."

"Beauty," we said, softly, too. "You were beautiful then," we added after a moment when we were both remembering Juliet.

"No. Jane Cowl wasn't there at all. What you saw was the beautiful clarity of Juliet's loyalty, the beauty of her adolescence and of first love coming. Every performance, I went out on her balcony and loosed two doves and watched them fly away, high, high into that Italian sky. They were invisible to everybody but Juliet and Jane Cowl. We saw them and they brought us together. Juliet became flesh and blood, and Jane Cowl vanished."

AGAIN that baffling loveliness of Miss Cowl lighted her, that luminous quality always back of her face. She has the quality of a black opal, flashing scarlet and gold and shimmering white, but never pale pink or blue.

"Oh, the beauty of Italy. I felt it so, and the sheer, unearthly beauty of the play. I don't think I care much about plays, really, except for their beauty. I don't like realism when it's brutal, and I don't care for philosophic plays. I play everything because I want to be facile, but I don't love any of them except for the beauty of them."

We didn't care a fig for that blustering weather outside. Spring, shimmering and thrilling and young as Juliet, had crept right into our hearts—and we are not quite sure that we didn't smell violets, sweet-scented purple ones. There was something whirling and singing with a surging triumph inside us. We were glad Jane Cowl had a "dent" face of unsymmetry. We were glad that it was March and that we had gone to see her.

For we had found—though she didn't know it—a shining magical formula for beauty. Not dull, dreadful rules that say, "Do this," "Do that," but ten precious commandments, which if joyfully, zestfully followed will make a person vivid and confident and starry-eyed. We'll tell them to you if you'll write us for them.

Then we got up to go. And when we were almost outside the door, we remembered and clapped our hand over our mouth with an "Oh!"

"What is it?" she cried.

"I forgot to ask what you use."

"What I use?"

"To keep beautiful."

"Oh!" A long silence. Then, "Yes."

And she told us what preparations she uses most, and how nice she thinks them, and added, "But I think all this patting is rather like marriage—beautiful in results when it is intelligently done, but dangerous and destructive if handled carelessly or overdone. Don't you?"

"Yes. But what exercises?"

And she told us those. And we'll tell you if you'll write us privately.

"But to me," she added, "the 'best thing for the inside of a person is the outside of a horse.' I get back my faith in everything on the outside of a horse. Health, too."

"And with health, more beauty," we added.

She looked as if she might suddenly shake us. We slid out the door.

But she called after us: "You'll probably make yourself ridiculous writing that article about me as a beauty!"

We haven't, though, have we?

DON'T LOOK LIKE MARCH!

—all blustery and weather-tossed and winter-tired! Look like the clear young Spring that's just coming over the hilltops! Celia Caroline Cole will tell you how. Write her what your troubles are and she'll smooth them away. Ask her advice about lotions and creams and beauty preparations. She is an expert in these matters, and will advise you for the asking. Just don't forget to enclose a stamped envelope for her reply. Her address is care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

The complete ensemble wardrobe is composed of several dresses, divided in type and purpose, united in the colors and materials of a single coat, and worn with the accessories planned to go with it



THE ensemble idea was born several years ago when Chanel designed full-length wool coats lined with printed silk and worn over simple little frocks made of the lining silk. It did not create any excitement at the time. Even the post-prophets who dote on broadcasting "I-told-you-so-two-years-ago" in regard to every successful style were silent on this subject in its infancy. No one realized that Chanel had started something—a yeast that was to raise and change the entire dough of fashion.

FOR to-day the ensemble is more than a style. It is recognized as the fundamental principle of chic. *Ensemble* (pronounced in the French fashion on-som-ble) means "together," and an ensemble costume is one in which every detail has been studied and selected to be worn together. The present excessive simplicity in dress is responsible for the necessity of the complete and carefully planned costume, for against such almost stark simplicity a wrong or a carelessly executed note stands out in pitiless relief.

An "ensemble" may be a sports costume or an evening wrap and frock of the same colors or materials. As the term is generally employed, however, it means a day costume consisting of a coat and frock and suitable accessories that have been chosen to be worn together.

To be correct and in the new fashionable note every coat and frock from the simplest morning suit to the most elegant afternoon costume should be an ensemble. The old scheme of the separate coat worn over any dress is rapidly passing away among fashionable women. The single coat and dresses of different type and purposes remain, but each frock is definitely related to the coat by color or material so that every frock worn with the coat and its accessories makes a separate ensemble costume, and all of them, with the same coat and accessories, make a complete ensemble wardrobe.

The advantages of such a wardrobe are obvious. In the first place it is very new, exceedingly smart, and possesses the right accent of expensive-looking simplicity. In the second place it is extremely economical, for, instead of needing one coat to wear with your morning costume and another for afternoon dresses, a single coat can be worn with both. Furthermore, the same hat, bag, flower, gloves and stockings can be used with each of the costumes. Any woman who has tried to complete two or three separate and unrelated ensemble costumes knows how ruinously expensive different sets of accessories can be.

THE ENSEMBLE COAT

THE ensemble coat may be of almost any length from a rather short coat to one that entirely covers the dress. The full-length coat is of course the most practical, for you can—though you shouldn't—wear it with any frock. A shorter coat *must* be worn with a frock made entirely of the coat material or with the coat material used for as much of the dress as shows below the coat, or with a frock of matching striped, check or plaid material. Of the three lengths, the shortest is undoubtedly the most comfortable for walking, the longest is the most practical, and the seven-eighths length is the smartest. All three types are straight and narrow and are worn wrapped closely around the figure or buttoned on the hip.

Many of the new coats are lined with heavy silk crêpe, and if the lining material is carried right out to the edge of the coat you have a reversible coat that may be worn inside out (see page 29), giving the effect of two coats. It also gives you a wool coat and a silk coat. The lining may be in a contrasting color, or you can use a plaid to line a plain material, or vice versa.



Billy Burke in "Annie Dear" wears a disturbingly lovely ensemble costume with a coat of gray-blue cloth lined with pale salmon-pink Georgette over a pink Georgette frock

THE COMPLETE ENSEMBLE WARDROBE

THE ENSEMBLE FROCK

ANY wool or silk frock, usually of the simpler varieties, may be used as part of an ensemble costume.

For a complete ensemble wardrobe there should be a simple all-wool frock for morning and general wear. This dress may be made of the coat material, or of a plaid or striped wool to match a plain wool coat.

The second frock for an ensemble costume should be of the type that can be used for restaurant lunches, tea, etc. A frock with a lower part matching the coat and a long upper part matching the lining is extremely smart. (See page 27.)

For some women these two frocks will answer all their daytime requirements. Others will want a third gown of even more pronounced elegance for weddings, receptions, bridge-parties, etc. A tunic blouse of satin crêpe, silk crêpe, etc., matching the coat in color but embroidered or beaded in the color of the lining (see page 27) and with the lower part of its slip made of the coat material, is a type used a great deal by the French dressmakers. The blouse could match the lining and be embroidered in the coat color.

IF YOU choose the full-length coat, you have a little more latitude for, in addition to the three types mentioned you can use the frock made entirely of the printed silk or silk crêpe that lines the coat. (See page 27.) With the short coat you are limited to a frock with a hip-length body matching the coat lining, a frock made entirely of the suit material, or of a matching plaid, check etc., and a separate skirt with an over-the-skirt blouse matching the coat lining.

All the dresses should keep to the colors and materials of the coat and lining for the trimming as well as for the frocks themselves.

MATERIALS AND COLORS

THE smartest wool materials for the ensemble costume are kasha, corded wools, wool cashmere, broadcloth, wool rep, soft twills, bordered materials, and the new silks of the ribbed varieties, satin, heavy silk crêpe and crêpe satin, novelty satin crêpe and novelty faille.

The smartest colors are the various shades of beige from the pale shade of natural kasha to the creamy tans, the lighter browns, black, dark blue, gray-blue, almond-green and gray. The darker shutter green, shades of brick, henna and cranberry are also used. In combining colors it is smart to use two shades of the same color—dark blue and a lighter blue, beige and brown, etc., or to use the two sides of crêpe satin. Almond-green is combined with gray or cream or beige, while blue and black can be used with almost any of the new shades, such as henna, royal blue, sea blue, etc. Brown is smart with honey color, russet, apricot and terra-cotta.

THE ACCESSORIES

IF YOU keep entirely to one color in an ensemble costume, you can use a contrasting but harmonizing color in your hat or bag. If you use two colors or two shades of the same color, the hat and bag should match one or the other color. You can wear a black hat with almost any costume, though it is smartest with black or dark blue. The new hats are small, almost untrimmed and are made of satin, moire, silk, felt or straw. The new hand-bags are usually the flat envelope shape.

The new shoes are pumps or strap pumps of patent leather, honey-colored kid, beige, cinnamon, black or gray suède. The pumps may be untrimmed or have steel or silver buckles. With simple wool frocks strap pumps of alligator skin or calf are worn. The stocking is almost invariably "nude" colored, in chiffon lisle with simple wool dresses and in chiffon silk with all other types of dress. Gray stockings are worn with gray suède and one occasionally sees "noisette" or very sheer black.

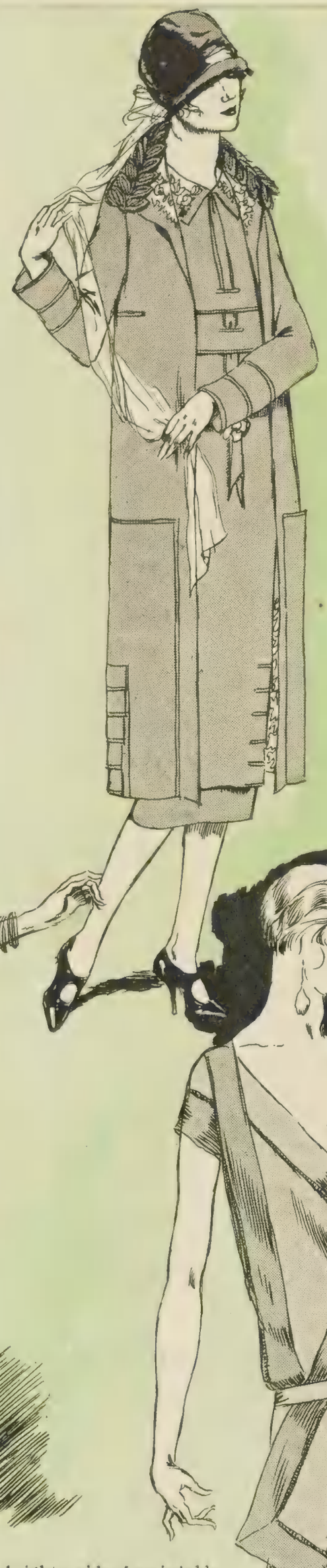
Gloves with the simpler dresses may be of black kid with white stitching and buttons or large, loose gloves of chamois or doeskin. With more formal dress they are of fine suède to match the stocking.

The correct jewelry includes the pearl necklace in choker style or longer strands, many bracelets, of the precious, semi-precious or ordinary glass bangle type, and a large brooch in the shape of a ring of crystal, jet or jade set with brilliants and used on the hat or on the hip of a frock. The correct umbrella is the short stubby type matching the costume. The newest flowers are the dark-red dahlias and large carnations; orchids and gardenias are also worn.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM
LISHMENT SHOW THE CLOSE
ABSENCE OF BELTS, AND THE
TUME, WHILE THE CONTINUED
QUESTION: "AFTER

Premet adds several interesting touches to an ensemble costume of bottle-green rep trimmed with bands and bindings of self-colored crêpe de Chine. What appears to be a printed lining is in reality an appliqué of cretone flowers which are repeated on collar and tie of the sack tunic

Jenny cuts the cloth of her ensemble costume in the new shoulder-line and trims the coat with many buttons. The coat, which is in seven-eighths length, and skirt are of gray gabardine, and the blouse and lining of red and citron printed crêpe





Premet uses one of the most successful silhouettes of the year for a frock of silver brocade striped in ochre. It is cut on unbelted sheath lines narrow at the hips and with inverted plaits at the uneven hem. An embroidery of sky-blue glass beads is used at the armhole and lower edge







The brighter side of periwinkle crêpe satin, which in this case has an almost mirror-like brilliancy, is used by Renée for the braces and bands of a frock made of the dull side. The surplice front gives a double bias apron to a frock delightful enough to deserve the name of Reve Blue

Beige and blonde are colors that are new and very chic for evening. Patou used beige crêpe romain with shaded beige and brown lace on the long body and side tunics, and copper fringe on the narrow skirt and scarf

THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTAB-

FITTING AT THE HIPS, THE VOGUE OF THE ENSEMBLE COS-

SHRINKING OF SKIRTS ASKS THE

THE KNEE—WHAT?"

Renée again chooses a bluish shade of mauve taffeta trimmed with navy-blue rep—a combination to which she is very partial—for the tailleur. Loose panels form a narrow skirt and the ensemble coat is shortened to jacket length. The new jabot frills trim the bodice

The box-plaited front is a Parisian favorite for the simpler type of suit made by Jean Patou of sand-colored poplaga with corded trimming. The jacket is quite straight and fits the hip snugly, and the blouse beneath and its jabot are of gauze

Jenny takes a bit of a flutter in high waistlines with the panels of an evening gown of white Georgette embroidered with a scroll design in diamonds and laurel leaves of silver and crystals. Pink roses are placed at knee and hem. Like all evening gowns it is short and sleeveless

A frock of Spanish cut and colors is made by Worth of red and gold lace over red chiffon. Red flowers follow the V of the bodice and the uneven line of the extremely short full skirt. Earings are long and many bracelets on the left arm are the mode

Beige kasha embroidered in shaded tones of brown wool is used by Worth for une robe sac—a smart frock that has all the effect of a jacket suit. As in so many of the new styles the back is plain and the front is ornamental

Coat 5915
Dress 5878

Dress 5918

Coat 5916
Dress 5880

Coat 5865
Blouse 5498
Skirt 5873

THE ensemble costume has its tailored as well as its more formal side. If you use a double-breasted homespun coat, in full length if you prefer, and a skirt of homespun with a blouse matching the coat lining, you will have a costume you may wear for travel, morning shopping, or general wear—or if you are a business woman—to your office. You may, however, keep to the strictly tailored suit for these occasions; but you should wear the newest version of this suit, the short, hip-fitting coat with a blouse and a two-piece skirt with inverted plaits at the center front and back. The three-quarter length coat worn over a frock with a long upper part makes a smart ensemble costume for general wear, for the restaurant luncheon in town, the matinée, etc. Among the full-length coats which may be worn as part of an ensemble costume or separately, are those with the new puffed sleeves, or a novelty tucked trimming.

Coat 5917
Dress 5800
Embroidery design 10138

Coat 5913—Blouse 5508
Skirt 5581

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are given on page 106

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Tunic blouse 5863
Slip 5724
Embroidery design 10318

Other views and descriptions are on page 106

Dress 5818

Coat 5871

Coat 5871
Dress 5862

Dress 5862

Coat 5843
Dress 5880

Coat 5846

Coat 5846
Dress 5882

THE COMPLETE ENSEMBLE WARDROBE IS COMPOSED OF SEVERAL DRESSES DIVIDED IN TYPE AND PURPOSE, UNITED IN THE COLORS AND MATERIALS OF A SINGLE COAT, AND WORN WITH THE ACCESSORIES PLANNED TO GO WITH IT

THE ensemble idea is more than a fashion. It has become a fixed principle of dress.

The ensemble costume is a coat and dress planned to be worn together with carefully chosen accessories.

The ensemble wardrobe is a wardrobe of ensemble costumes arrived at by means of a single coat definitely related to several dresses.

Each detail must be chosen in connection with the whole ensemble

A wardrobe made up of individual and unrelated costumes is costly, cumbersome and unfashionable.

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JUNIORS WEAR SMART ENSEMBLE EFFECTS AND TWO-PIECE FROCKS, AND YOUNGER TOTS ARE ADORABLE IN SMOCKED AND BLOOMER DRESSES

Two-piece Dress 5859

Dress 5817 Hat 5557

Coat 5861 Dress 5817 Hat 5557

Dress 5853 Embroidery design 10312

Two-piece dress 5857

Dress and bloomers 5837

Other views and descriptions are on page 107

Suit 5867

Dress 5855

Dress and bloomers 5869 Embroidery design 10870

Dress 5831

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THE REVERSIBLE COAT OF THE ENSEMBLE WARDROBE TURNS ITSELF INSIDE OUT TO SUIT ITS COMPANION-FROCKS

(See page 23)

SMARTNESS to-day is altogether a matter of choice—choosing the right styles, carrying them out in related colors and materials, and keeping to the same colors in accessories.

Every frock must be worn with a coat of one kind or another. The right kind is the ensemble coat that has been planned so that it makes an ensemble costume with each dress individually, and a complete ensemble wardrobe with all of them collectively.

The two-colored reversible coat can be worn with frocks of either or both colors and gives great variety to the ensemble wardrobe.

The ensemble wardrobe must be planned as a whole even to its hats and accessories.

Don't buy at random.

Draw up a clothes campaign and stick to your colors.

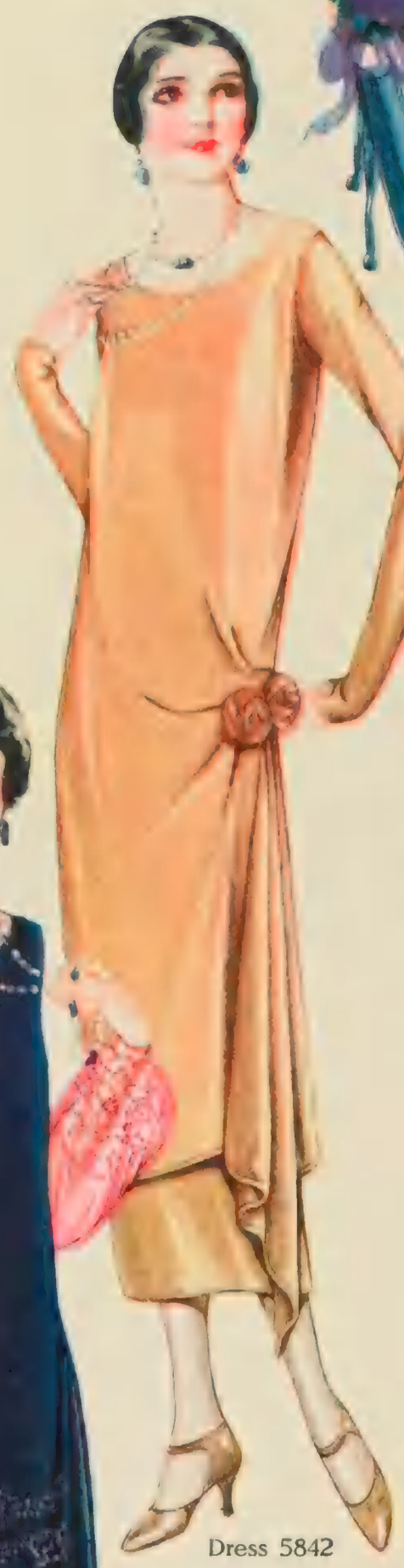
Other views and descriptions are on page 108

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 102.

THE VARIED SILHOUETTES OF SPRING ARE AGREED ON THE SUBJECT OF SHORT SKIRTS



Dress 5888



Dress 5842



Wrap-around Dress 5798



Dress 5856
Embroidery design 10258



Dress 5890



Dress 5864
Embroidery design 10253

THE silhouettes for Spring are the sheath, the flare of godets, circular skirts, etc., the draped line and the straight but somewhat easier silhouette employed by Chanel. The tunic and the tunic blouse are very important and are to be found in all the accepted silhouettes. For all four types skirts are worn short, from ten to fourteen inches from the floor. The low waistline is smart, but no waistline at all is even smarter if you can wear the beltless frock. For dresses to wear at Mah Jong or bridge, or for the restaurant luncheon or tea, crêpe satin, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, flat crêpe, crêpe faille and soft satin are used a great deal in black and beige and also in amande green, rust, French gray, blue and shades of brown. The new puffed sleeve, the short sleeve often cut in one with a yoke, the long close-fitting sleeve and the bell sleeve are smart, while necklines are either the V, square, round or bateau type.

Other views and descriptions are on page 109

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Other views and descriptions are on page 109

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FASHION PUTS HANDKERCHIEF DRAPERIES, A GATHERED TUNIC, TIERS OR TRIMMING BANDS ON NEW FROCKS



5898 Dress 5898

5898—When you use crêpe satin for this one-piece slip-over dress, which fits closely at the hipline, it is smart to have the trimming bands of the reverse side. On silk crêpe they may be of kasha, soft twills or cashmere suitings, or on crêpe satin of broadcloth or kasha in the same color or a darker shade of the same color, or a contrasting color, etc. Lower edge 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (using dull and shiny sides).

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5896—Tiers, buttons covered with the dress material, self-bindings and a collar and cuffs which may be detachable are a very fashionable trimming for this one-piece dress. It slips on over the head and fits closely at the hipline. Use crêpe satin, flat crêpe, crêpe faille, Canton crêpe. With contrasting crêpe de Chine and silk braid bindings and bone buttons which match the dress use soft twills, cashmere dress goods or kasha.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Dress 5896 5896



Dress 5906

5906—This one-piece slip-over dress with handkerchief draperies and a close-fitting hipline is an extremely smart dinner dress in lace over a separate one-piece slip of satin or silk crêpe in flesh color or to match the lace. The dress may have sleeves in Georgette, chiffon or chiffon voile over a slip of satin, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch lace.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5804 — Printed Georgette, chiffon or chiffon voile trimmed with ribbon bands in a harmonizing color make a smart one-piece slip-over dress to wear for afternoon engagements. It has a straight gathered tunic joined at a close-fitting hipline, cut-down or normal armholes and a neckline which may be lower for evening. For a sleeveless evening frock use all-over lace. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch satin and 2 yards 39-inch printed Georgette.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 5804

5804



5906 5910

Dress 5910 Embroidery design 10225



Tunic blouse and slip 5808 Embroidery design 10319

5910—10225—This is the type of one-piece draped dress for which the French dressmakers use such materials as flat crêpe, crêpe faille, Canton crêpe, crêpe satin or heavy crêpe de Chine. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining with a camisole top. Embroidered flower motifs decorate the shoulder and hip. They are very easily worked.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 42¾ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5808—10319—This tunic blouse has the new puffed sleeves and a soft fulness at the hipline. It slips on over a separate one-piece slip. Use crêpe satin with Georgette to match or in a lighter shade, silk Canton crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine with same material in a lighter shade; or use these materials with lace. The embroidered bandings are effective. Work them in large and small beads.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (including lower part of slip) and ⅝ yard 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

Blouse and slip are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

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PARIS OFFERS SIMPLE LINES FOR THE DRESS OF NEW HALF-AND-HALF MATERIAL, THE ENSEMBLE FROCK, ETC.

Dress 5878
Embroidery
design 10181

Dress 5882
Embroidery
design 10155



Dress 5912

5878

5882

5905

5912

Dress 5905

Dress 5880

5880

5870

Dress 5870

5878—10181—Any one whose Spring is so full of sewing, house-cleaning and preparations for the family's Summer emigrations will be delighted with this one-piece dress which can be made with very little work. It slips on over the head and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with same material in contrast or with lace collar and sleeves; or use printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with plain to match. The embroidery is effective in outline or braiding. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35 to 39 inch flat crêpe.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5882—10155—Many of the Spring styles have a new puff to their sleeves or V-cut to the collar to mark them as this season's. Flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, soft satin or crêpe faille with the same material in contrast, are suitable for this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. The embroidery is effective in harmonizing colors. One may use soft twills or cashmere dress goods with silk crêpe in contrast and bone or novelty buttons to match the contrast. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5905—Straight plaited sections inserted at each side give somewhat easier lines to this one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or satin with the same material in contrast, silk alpaca with contrasting crêpe de Chine; or use printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, radium or foulard with plain to match. Lower edge plaits out, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

36 bust requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5912—A box-plaited section which is inserted across the front of a one-piece dress gives easy width to the skirt and yet retains the narrow line. Use soft twills, cashmere dress goods or kasha with ribbed silk crêpe or the same material in a darker shade of the same color or in a harmonizing color, or all one material. Wool crêpe with silk crêpe, heavy silk crêpe with satin, crêpe satin with silk crêpe are possible combinations. Lower edge plaits out $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

36 bust requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch soft twill.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5880—If you want to use wools that are half checked or striped and half plain or satins that are half novelty and half plain, this slip-over dress is an excellent style. It has a long upper part and straight wrap-around lower part and the hipline is close-fitting. You may use checked, plaid or striped wools with plain wool to match; or ribbed wools, cashmere suitings, soft twills, kasha, heavy satin or ribbed silk with an upper part of plain silk crêpe in self or contrasting color or a lighter shade of the same color. Lower edge 43 inches.

36 bust requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 39-inch plain material for upper part, 1 yard 54-inch novelty wool for lower part, etc.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5870—If you use printed heavy crêpe de Chine, printed silk crêpe or novelty crêpe satin for the long upper part of a narrow dress and plain to match for the wrap-around lower part, you will have a delightful separate frock and one which can be worn also with a coat as an ensemble costume. It slips on over the head and has a close-fitting hipline. Silk crêpe with contrasting color, crêpe satin with the reverse side, etc., are fashionable combinations. Lower edge $43\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

36 bust requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch printed silk for upper part, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 39-inch plain silk for lower part, etc.

The dress is suitable for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

THE DRESS IN ENSEMBLE EFFECT, INVERTED PLAITS, V NECKS, CLOSE-FITTING AND PUFFED SLEEVES ARE IMPORTANT STYLES



5860—Light-weight wool jersey or jersey tubing or light-weight flannel with a detachable or attached collar and cuffs of same material in contrast or of white linen makes an attractive one-piece slip-over dress. It has a straight lower edge. Use flat crêpe, plain Canton crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch wool jersey tubing. Lower edge 54 inches.

Dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5803—5903—With a sleeveless one-piece dress of flannel wear a blouse of cotton voile or crêpe de Chine in peasant style. The slip-over dress has a close-fitting hipline and may omit the inserted plait at each side in front. The blouse may be longer and omit smocking. Lower edge 55 inches.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 54-inch flannel, 2¾ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

Dress is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses; blouse for figures 32 to 40 bust.

5892—This one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge is especially designed for light-weight half-and-half or bordered wools. It has a close-fitting hipline.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 56-inch half-and-half material. Lower edge 45 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5891—5549—Plaid, striped or checked wool with plain to match will make a smart slip-over ensemble frock. The straight lower part, which has an inverted plait at the center front and back, is joined at a close-fitting hipline. Her hat has a four-gored crown.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch plain and 1⅝ yard 39 to 46-inch novelty cloth for dress. Lower edge plaits out, 1⅝ yd.

Dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; hat for ladies and misses.

5884—The V neck with its detachable vestee, the neat cuffs and close-fitting hipline make this a smart one-piece slip-over dress. Use plaid, striped or checked wool materials with plain flannel and bone buttons to match predominating color in the dress, or use cashmere dress goods, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch plaid wool. Lower edge 44 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5903—You may use many attractive color combinations in the smocking of this blouse in peasant style and overblouse length. In shorter length wear it as a guimpe.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 40 bust.

5902—A one-piece dress you may wear on the street has an underfront of plaid or printed silk extending to the underarm seams in ensemble effect, the seams left open a short distance for ease in walking. It has a close-fitting hipline and slips on over the head. Use soft twills, cashmere dress goods, wool rep, wool crêpe, ribbed silks, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch cloth and 1½ yard 35-inch silk. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

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Dress and bloomers 5875

Dress 5897

Dress 5822

Dress 5794

Dress 5870
Embroidery design 10223

Dress and bloomers 5911
Embroidery design 10243

Coat 5899
Hat 5904

5899

5911

5870

5897

5875

5907

Reefer coat 5907
Tam-o'-shanter 5416
Embroidery design 10939

5822

5794

PUFFED SLEEVES, BOSOM FRONTS AND CIRCULAR SKIRTS ARE NEW

5875—Cotton prints with white lawn, or pin-check gingham with an attached or detachable collar and cuffs of white or natural colored linen make an adorable slip-over dress in raglan style. It has separate bloomers and a straight lower edge. One may use light-weight checked flannel with pongee, light-weight wool jersey or flannel with white rep or linen, etc.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch cotton print.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5897—For this slip-over dress use plain Georgette, chiffon or chiffon voile with a camisole and narrow drop skirt of satin to match, and a ribbon girdle and flowers in a harmonizing color. It closes under the left arm and has a two-piece circular skirt joined at a low waistline. The neck may be cut higher for afternoon and the armholes normal instead of cut down.

17 years requires 3 yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge of drop skirt 46 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5899—5904—Soft-pile fabrics or cashmere coatings with floss stitching, or kasha or twills with the same material in contrast are suitable for this coat. One may use kasha, broadcloth, twills, ribbed wools or ribbed silks with novelty braid. Her hat of taffeta, velveteen, etc., has a four-gored crown.

4 years requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch cloth for coat.

The coat is for little girls 2 to 6 years; the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5822—One might relate this one-piece slip-over dress to a coat by lining the coat with the same plaid silk as the bosom, collar and puffs. Use soft twills, cashmere dress goods, wool rep, wool crêpe, kasha or ribbed silks, or with silk crêpe in contrast use heavy satin or silk crêpe. It has a close-fitting hipline.

16 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch kasha and ⅞ yard 35-inch plaid silk. Lower edge 41½ inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust.

5870—10223—The wrap-around lower part of this narrow slip-over dress may be made of the coat material—ribbed wools, cashmere suitings, fine twills, kasha, ribbed silk or satin, and the long upper part of Canton crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine in self-color, etc. The dress fits closely at the hipline. Work embroidery in colors. Lower edge 41 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and ½ yard 54-inch cloth.

Dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5794—Use soft light-weight flannel, light-weight wool jersey, plain tub silks, silk Canton crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine with bone buttons and a silk tie for this one-piece slip-over dress with a plait at the left side. The collar and cuffs may be detachable.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 42 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5911—10243—Tiny flower motifs trim this slip-over dress with separate bloomers and a collar and cuffs which may be detachable. Use light-weight flannel with collar and cuffs of white rep or poplin or same material in contrast, pin-check gingham or cotton prints with white lawn, chambray with white poplin, etc. Work motifs in colors.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5907—5416—10939—Smaller girls look adorable in a reefer in boyish style and a tam-o'-shanter. This reefer may have a detachable collar and be shorter. Use serge or cheviot with brass buttons and the regulation emblem on the sleeve; or use tweed, homespun, mixtures or checks with bone buttons. Use heavy flannel, cotton velours, etc., for tam.

5 years requires 1⅜ yard 44-inch serge for reefer.

The reefer coat is for girls 2 to 10 years; tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses and ladies.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 102.

SHIRRED SKIRTS, PLAITS, TIERS AND STRIPES ARE SMART



5900—Striped wash silks make up very prettily into a slip-over dress of this type. The one-piece upper part has a straight lower edge and a straight band. One may use plain wash silks, silk Canton crêpe, flat crêpe, etc., with same material in contrast and a tie of striped crêpe de Chine in harmonizing colors. A white dress with the band, etc., of pastel colors is smart. Lower edge 48 inches.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch striped wash silk.

The dress is good style for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5805—Almond green with beige or white, French blue with white, etc., are delightful color combinations for this one-piece slip-over dress with flat tiers. Use Canton crêpe, taffeta, satin or crêpe de Chine of good weight, with black bone buttons and the collar, cuffs, etc., of same material in contrast. One may use wool crêpe or soft twills with silk braid bindings to match and plaid silk collar and cuffs.

13 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5894—Hand drawn-work or machine-hemstitching is a simple and smart trimming for this one-piece slip-over dress with a cluster of plaits at each side in front and back. Use crêpe satin, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon voile; or without drawn-work use printed crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon voile, etc., with plain to match.

17 years requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1¾ yard.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5886—10317—A shirred or gathered straight skirt joined to a long body makes a simple graceful style for young girls. The dress slips on over the head. Use crêpe satin, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, crêpe faille or flat crêpe with same material in a color to harmonize with the embroidery. These rose motifs are easily worked in one-stitch, etc.

17 years requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5887—The junior finds this one-piece slip-over dress very smart for school or general wear. The collar may be detachable. Use striped wash silks, flannel or challis with plain to match and bone buttons, flannel with same material in contrast or white linen, rep or piqué, soft twills with white linen, rep or piqué, etc. Plain wash silks, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee or heavy cotton crêpe with contrasting color are smart.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch striped challis.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5868—5561—This one-piece dress and its scarf are easily made of printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile, etc., with plain to match. The dress has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. The wrap-around hat is smart in satin, corded silks, flannel, duvetyn, etc. Lower edge 50½ inches.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch printed silk for dress.

The dress is attractive for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; the hat for misses and ladies.

5883—This slip-over dress has a lower part joined to an upper part in fancy outline, making it possible to use hair-line striped challis, silks or light-weight flannel with plain to match, or soft twills or wool crêpe with silk crêpe in a harmonizing color. There are inverted plaits at each side in both front and back of lower part. You may use light-weight flannel, Canton crêpe, pongee, etc.

12 years requires 1⅝ yard 27-inch plain and 2⅜ yards 27-inch hair-line striped flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5879—10954—Embroidery gives a touch of color to this slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. The bloomers are separate. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee, chambray, cotton pongee, light-weight cotton crêpe, of one material or with same material in contrast. Or use small cotton or silk prints or pin-check gingham with plain to match. Work the embroidery in colors.

4 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch chambray and ⅜ yard 32-inch contrasting material.

The dress is quaint for little girls 2 to 6 years.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 102.



YOUNG GIRLS SELECT A SLEEVELESS BASQUE FROCK, A SEPARATE SCARF, SLASHED TUNICS, ETC.

5792—5218—10246—A collar and cuffs which may come off for frequent freshening, and a separate scarf make this wrap-around one-piece dress appropriate for general wear. Embroidery trims the hat and the dress. Use soft twills, wool rep, kasha, cashmere dress goods, silk-and-wool faille or silk faille with contrasting crêpe de Chine, etc.

17 years requires 2½ yards 54-inch soft twill for dress. Lower edge 44 inches.

Dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women; hat for misses and ladies.

5885—When he outgrows or outwears his rompers put your small boy in a suit with a blouse and straight trousers. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray, rep, poplin, pongee, silk-and-cotton jersey, wool jersey or serge; or use a blouse of linen or crash with serge or one of poplin with tweed or wool jersey trousers. Wool jersey in two colors is attractive.

3 years requires 1¼ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 7 years.

5732—5877—When a youthful prince visited the States, he set the fashion for golf knickers in this new length. In tweeds, homespun, mixtures, wool khaki, cheviot, serge, corduroy, etc., they should be worn with an outing or negligée shirt of cotton or silk broadcloth, madras, etc. The shirt has an attached low one-piece collar or neckband and cuffs in either regulation or French style, or wristbands.

15½ inches neck and 36 inches waist require 3⅜ yards 31-inch madras and 1⅞ yard 54-inch tweed.

Shirt is for men or boys 11 to 18½ neck; knickers for men 32 to 46 waist.

5806—Front and back tunics joined at the hipline give a smart silhouette to this one-piece slip-over dress. The inverted tucks are a new trimming and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use light-weight cashmere, soft twills, wool crêpe or silk-and-wool crêpe with collar and cuffs of silk faille and bone buttons; or use crêpe satin with lace collar and cuffs and glass buttons.

17 years requires 2½ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 42 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also ladies 38 bust.

5874—This one-piece slip-over frock is an excellent choice for a day full of classroom appointments, campus strolls, or for general wear. It has a straight lower edge and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use light-weight wool jersey tubing, wool jersey or flannel with collar and cuffs in same material in contrast or white linen; or use plain wash silks, Canton crêpe or flat crêpe with contrasting color, striped wash silks with plain to match, etc.

16 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey tubing. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5889—Tiers are very smart for a younger girl. For this one-piece slip-over dress use silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine with contrasting crêpe de Chine, pongee with same material in contrast; or use soft twills or light-weight flannel with pongee for collar and cuffs which may be detachable. Soft wool crêpe with same material in contrast makes an attractive frock.

7 years requires 2¼ yards 35 or 39 inch silk crêpe.

The dress is adorable for girls 4 to 10 years.

5903—5881—A sleeveless slip-over frock of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, soft satin or taffeta and a blouse in peasant style of cotton voile or crêpe de Chine are picturesque. The basque joins to a straight skirt at a low waist line. The blouse, which is shorter when worn as a guimpe, may omit smocking or shirring.

16 years requires 2½ yards 35-inch taffeta and 32 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

Dress is for misses 15 to 20 years; blouse for figures 32 to 40 bust.

5901—This two-piece dress in Peter Pan style has a plaited straight skirt joined to an underbody and a collar and cuffs which may be detachable. Use silk crêpe, pongee, heavy crêpe de Chine, light-weight flannel with the same material in contrast or faille silk with contrasting crêpe de Chine, etc.

13 years requires 2 yards 54-inch flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 16 years.

THE NEW LINGERIE, A KIMONO AND DRESSES FOR SPRING SEWING



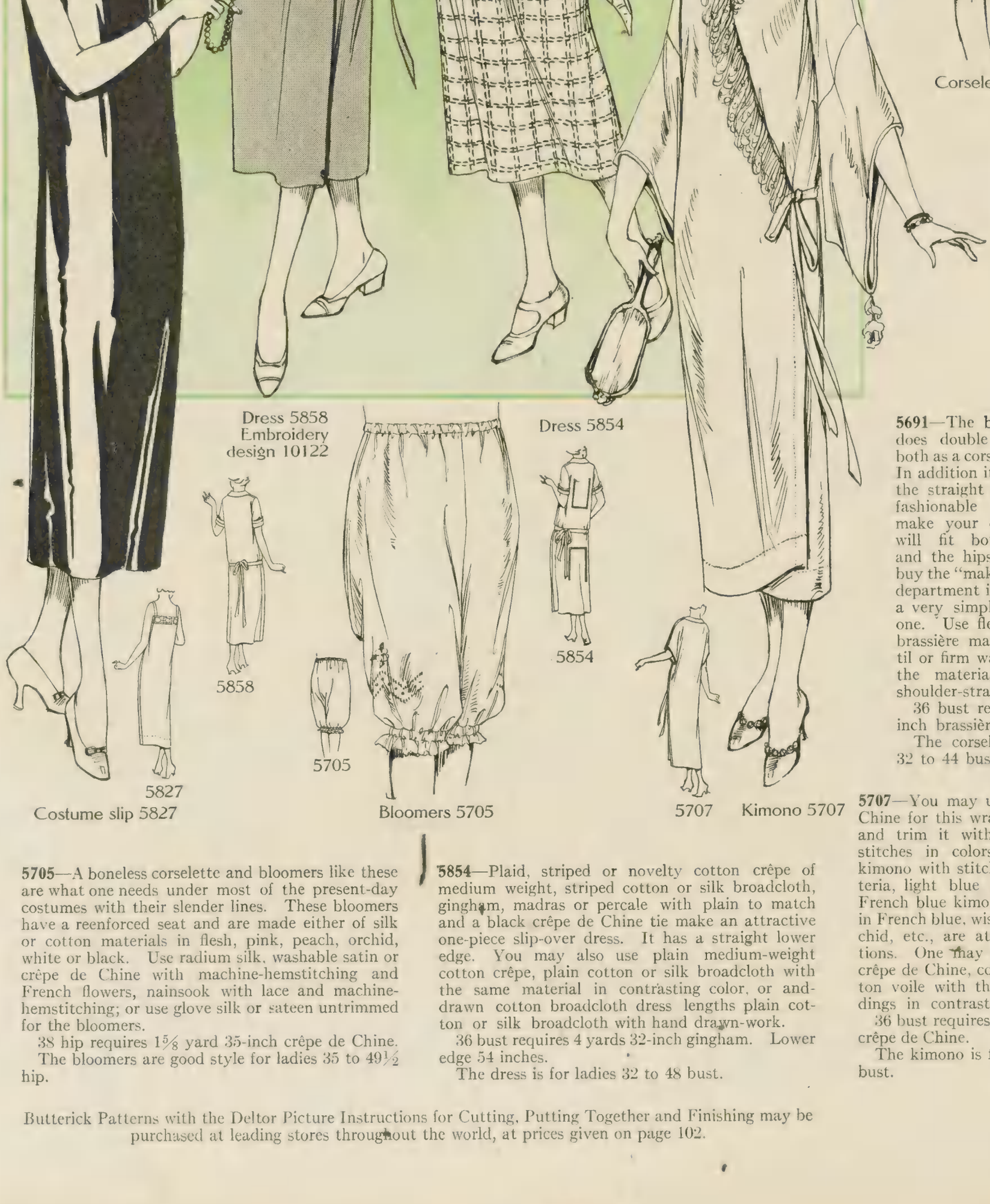
5284

Nightgown 5284
Embroidery design 10210

5284—10210—The newest nightgowns have deep armholes trimmed with lace or bands of contrasting material or color. You may make this slip-over nightgown of crêpe de Chine or use cotton fabrics. Cotton voile, cotton crêpe, nainsook, longcloth, batiste, handkerchief linen and dimity are all suitable. A butterfly makes an effective trimming. Work it in outline, satin-stitch or French stemming and eyelets. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35 or 39 inch crêpe de Chine.

The nightgown is the correct type for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



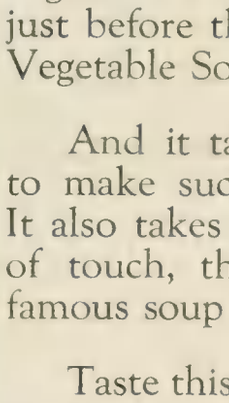
~and Campbell's chefs make them taste even better than they look!

The pride of the finest gardens! The glory of nature's most perfect and tempting vegetable foods! Here they are, pictured just before they are made into Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

And it takes vegetables just this good to make such wonderful vegetable soup. It also takes more—the skill, the delicacy of touch, the enthusiasm of Campbell's famous soup chefs.

Taste this soup today. Let the children eat it freely—it's splendid for them. Fifteen vegetables. Invigorating beef broth. Hearty cereals. Herbs and seasoning. Thirty-two ingredients. And what delicious flavor!

21 kinds
12 cents a can



If all the people Campbell's serve
With vigor, health and mirth,
Should stand in line, the mighty curve
Would reach around the earth!



LUNCHEON — DINNER — SUPPER

RAISIN COOKERY LESSONS BY FAMOUS COOKS

NUMBER FOUR  OF THE SERIES

Inexpensive, simple—yet so good!

Try these puddings by Mrs. Rorer

By SARAH TYSON RORER, *author and editor for 33 years. On staff of* THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 1897-1911. *Principal Philadelphia School of Domestic Science. Lecturer. Author: "Mrs. Rorer's New Cook Book" and sixteen other well known works*

No doubt the first pudding was a simple porridge made more tasty by the addition of sun-cured grapes, or raisins. And still we turn to these tempting nuggets of stored-up sunshine when we want to give our modern puddings a special goodness.

Rice boiled with raisins is early recorded as a "wholesome and palatable pudding, and when served with whole milk forms a perfect food for the old and young."

Our common rice pudding, doubtless, evolved from this idea. We have changed only the method of cooking. Baking evaporates a portion of the water from the milk, and long cooking intensifies the flavor of the other ingredients.



Rice Pudding

Wash four tablespoonfuls of rice in cold water, put in with one quart of milk in a baking dish, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a quarter of a package of Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins. Cook in the oven until the rice seems to come to the top, stirring down the "crust" three or four times. Serve cold. If carefully made, this pudding is creamy, not thick. If too thick, you have cooked it too long. Too rapid cooking will sometimes cause pudding to boil over or curdle.

Tapioca, sago and Cream of Wheat, with milk, eggs and raisins also make excellent, quick, simple puddings. One recipe may be used for all.



Tapioca Custard

Put three tablespoonfuls of granulated tapioca in one quart of milk. Soak ten minutes. Chop or cut into halves a quarter of a package of Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins. Cook milk and tapioca in a double boiler fifteen minutes; add one egg beaten with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, cook a moment, take from the fire, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and the raisins. Serve cold with sweetened whipped cream; garnish with maraschino cherry.

Among the bread puddings we have the Bachelor's Pudding, made from materials easily obtainable.

Bachelor's Pudding

(Not illustrated)

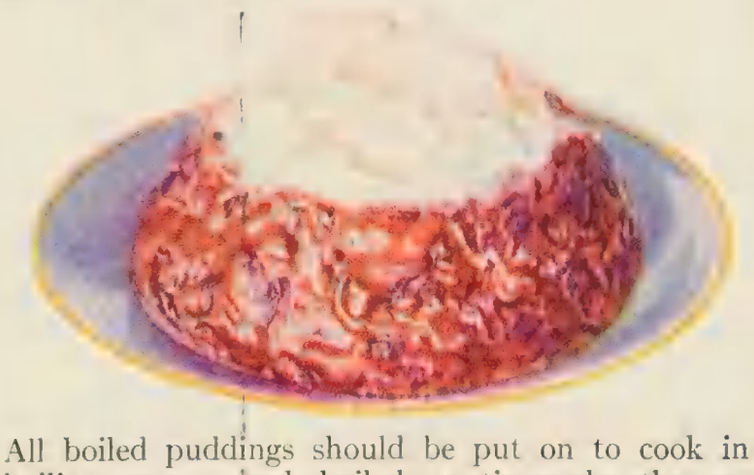
Pare, core and chop sufficient apples to make one pint, add to them half a package of Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins, two cupfuls of stale, not dry, bread crumbs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix well and work in three well beaten eggs and a quarter of a nutmeg, grated. Boil in a buttered mold one and a half hours. Serve with orange sauce.

An English plum pudding seems to most housewives a rich pudding, costly both in time and money. In days gone by, when one had to seed the raisins, wash the currants, and chop the suet by hand, it did take hours of time. But now we use Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins in place of currants, purchase, at the same cost, Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins already seeded, and omit the suet.

In place of the old-fashioned heavy pudding we have an inexpensive and delicious pudding that can be made easily and quickly from materials found upon the pantry shelves of every household.

The new plum pudding

Put half a cupful of brown sugar in a bowl, add half a cupful of sour milk, a quarter of a cupful of black molasses; mix well and add one tablespoonful of olive oil or two of melted butter. Beat five minutes. Add half a teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of water, beat a moment and stir in gradually one and a half cupfuls of pastry flour that has been sifted with a tablespoonful of cinnamon, a saltspoonful of cloves, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Have ready separated a half package of Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins mixed with half a package of Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins lightly floured with a half cup of pastry flour. Mix these into the batter and put into a well greased mold. Cover and boil two hours. Serve hot with a liquid pudding sauce.



All boiled puddings should be put on to cook in boiling water, and boiled continuously the required time. Do not cover the mold with water. If the water evaporates during the boiling, replenish with boiling water.

Ordinary tin kettles with lids, coffee tins or even baking powder tins, may be substituted in place of molds. Covers of molds should be greased carefully to prevent top of pudding from sticking.

The proper method of dishing a boiled pudding is to dip the mold in cold water, let it stand a minute, loosen the edges with a knife and turn it out carefully, holding the serving dish near the mold.

—Sarah Tyson Rorer.

THIS is the Sun-Maid Girl—an insigne of quality the world over. Look for her on products of the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California



SUN-MAID

2276

THE STANDARD OF RAISIN EXCELLENCE THE WORLD OVER



SUN-MAID Raisins are dried in the sun in beautiful clusters, just as they come from the vine. For your convenience they are then stripped from the stems and packed, seeded or seedless, in cartons—clean as the sunshine that made them, ready for use

There IS a difference in Raisins

To make sure of the very finest results in your cooking, select them in this way:

Select raisins as you do any other fruit—for flavor, sweetness, size, color and cleanliness.

You will not find it necessary to open the package and inspect the contents. Just ask for Sun-Maid Raisins. Then you will be sure of getting perfect raisins *always*.

When you use them in your cooking, you will notice a wonderful difference in flavor.

This flavor, so rich and delicate, is characteristic of the raisins grown in the beautiful San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys of California. Here soil and climate combine to produce the sweetest and tenderest grapes in the world. And only the choicest of these are used in making Sun-Maid Raisins.

In heavy, beautiful clusters the grapes are allowed to ripen upon the vines until the moment when they are richest in natural sweetness and flavor. Then, filled to bursting with their goodness, they are laid on trays in the mellow California sunshine.

Nature does the rest. There is no artificial curing. In the warm, clean sunshine the grapes become Sun-Maid Raisins—large, plump, juicy, with an inimitable delicacy of flavor.

They come to you in sanitary packages, packed by machinery and thoroughly sterilized, as clean as the sunshine that made them. They do not, of course, require washing before use.

You can use these perfect raisins freely, for they are inexpensive now—cheaper than they have been for years. Buy a package today and try them in the interesting recipes which Mrs. Rorer has given you on the opposite page.

[*FREE* *The new Sun-Maid cook book, 130 unusual and practical recipes, suggestions for afternoon teas, luncheons, children's dishes. Compiled and tested by Mrs. Belle De Graf. Just mail the coupon*]

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA, FRESNO, CALIF.

RAISINS

Seeded, *in the blue package, large, juicy, rich in flavor*

Seedless, *in the red package, grown without seeds, plump, meaty nuggets of sweetness*

Clusters, *for between meal eating, a healthful confection*

Paste this chart in your cook book



JUST ADD SUN-MAID RAISINS *to* YOUR

Biscuit Dough

Raisin biscuits
Raisin roll (roll out, spread with raisins, sugar and cinnamon, roll and bake)
Cinnamon twists
Steamed Raisin Dumpling

Breakfast Breads

Raisin muffins
Raisin doughnuts
Raisin cornbread
Sally Lunn
Cinnamon buns

Breakfast Cereals

Oatmeal
Cream of Wheat
Cornmeal mush

Pies

Apple, rhubarb, pumpkin, lemon, butterscotch, peach, cranberry, cocoanut

Simple Puddings

Rice, custard, bread, tapioca, cornstarch, brown betty

Cakes

Layer, tea, drop, spice, loaf. (Flour raisins slightly before adding to batter)

Candies

Raisins and nut balls (ground raisins and nuts made into balls and rolled in sugar)

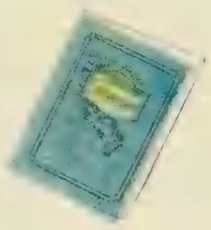
Raisin fudge, penoche, caramels

Raisins dipped in sweet chocolate

NOTE: *Practical recipes for these and many other delightful foods can be had by mailing the coupon below*

COUPON

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California
Dept. A-203, Fresno, Calif.
Please send me "Recipes with Raisins."



NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

Some improvements in frying

WHEN we get home late or company comes in unexpectedly our thoughts naturally turn to the frying pan as the quickest way to cook a tasty meal.

Whenever I think of the frying pan I think of Crisco, as Crisco is just as much of a help as the frying pan is. With Crisco we can fry everything without any smoke. When we are through we can save every drop of Crisco for the next fry, no matter what it is, because Crisco doesn't take the taste of foods cooked in it. You would never know it was used before.

I have found that the foods I fry in Crisco are the best I have ever eaten and the most attractive I have ever seen. They are never greasy either, as Crisco, the wholesome *vegetable* shortening, doesn't stick to the food. It simply cooks them in a delicious way as any of the recipes given below will show you. For the same reasons, I always use Crisco for deep frying.

As a matter of fact, I use Crisco for all my cooking. I'll confess I was never sure of my pies until I got to using Crisco. I like Crisco for cakes, too, because they come out even and whole and they never fall. Everyone who tastes them thinks they are made with butter. W. S. C.

CRISCO *also makes delicious cakes, pies and hotbreads*



How to fry without smoke

Free! **200 tested recipes**

Gathered from the whole wide world by Miss Olive S. Allen. To secure this cook book free, simply send your name and address to Section F-3. Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable, by The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

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Breaded Veal Cutlet

This needs plenty of Crisco — but the Crisco is never wasted. Whatever is left in the frying pan strain back into the can and use it over and over again. You will be surprised to see how little has been used.

1 slice of veal, cut about ¾" thick
1 egg, beaten. ½ doz. soda crackers
Crisco

Cut the veal into cutlets wherever it is veined. Roll the crackers fine. Dip the cutlets first in the crackers, then in the egg and then again in the crackers. Dust with salt and pepper on both sides.

Heat the Crisco in a frying pan, having it deep enough to cover the cutlet half way up. Then cook slowly on one side until nearly done; then turn and cook on the other side until brown.



French Toast

A different way to make it. You are sure to like it if you fry it in Crisco. Use plenty of Crisco to fry an even brown without sticking to the pan. The Crisco will not be wasted. Strain what is left and use it again for the next thing you want to fry.

1 cup sour milk
¼ teaspoon soda
1 egg
1 tablespoon sugar
¾ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
Bread cut into slices

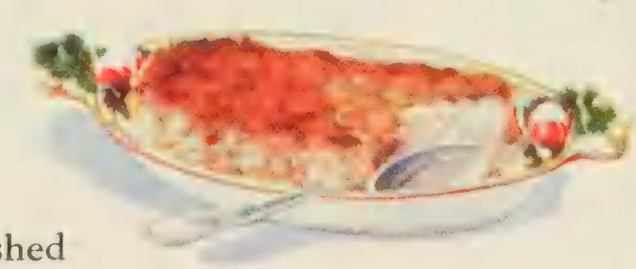
Beat milk and soda together with egg beater. Add sugar, salt and unbeaten egg. Continue beating with the egg beater until smooth; then beat in the flour. Put about 4 or 5 tablespoons of Crisco in cold frying pan, heat slowly and when hot dip the bread one slice at a time in the batter, covering both sides. Put into the hot Crisco; fry until brown on one side, turn and fry on the other side. Serve hot with syrup or honey. This will make about 8 slices.



Fried Apples

An attractive way to serve them and easy to fry perfectly without smoke when you use Crisco.

Peel and core 3 large apples. Cut them in slices half an inch thick. Dip each slice in cold milk, then roll in flour. Put enough Crisco in frying pan to entirely cover the bottom, and when hot put in the apples. Fry on both sides to an even golden brown — about two minutes for each side. Remove with a skimmer, drain on soft paper, dust with powdered sugar, serve alone, or on special occasions, as a garnish for crown roast of lamb as pictured above.



Hashed Brown Potatoes

(with or without green peppers)

Delicious either way and you can fry them to a lovely golden brown in Crisco without smoke or scorching.

6 medium-size cold boiled potatoes
Salt and pepper
3 raw green peppers
Crisco

Chop potatoes fine, season with salt and pepper. Remove seeds and stems from peppers. Wash, drain and chop fine. Mix with potatoes. Put in enough Crisco to completely cover the bottom of the frying pan. Heat slowly. When hot add potatoes and cook slowly, stirring occasionally with a fork. When partly brown fold into omelet shape in one side of the frying pan. Fry until a rich brown. Turn out on platter, keeping the omelet shape.



Fish

(3 New Hints)

1 *Use enough Crisco to partly cover the fish*
2 *Fry slowly and do not turn until almost done*
3 *Turn only once*

Fried without smoke; fried without wasting left over Crisco; fried without breaking. Don't be afraid to use plenty of Crisco. It won't be wasted even when fish is fried in it. Simply strain it back into the can and use it again.

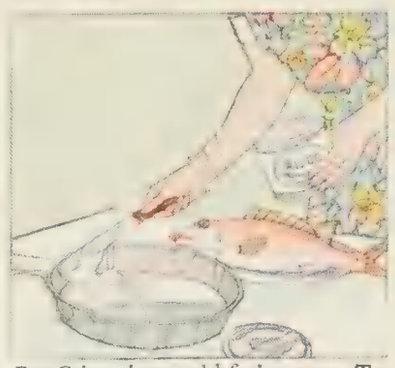
Clean the fish, leaving it whole or cut in steaks. Wash in cold water and dry in a towel. Dust with salt and pepper, roll in flour or cornmeal, and put into the frying pan when the Crisco is hot. Use a pancake turner to turn. Garnish with parsley and lemon.



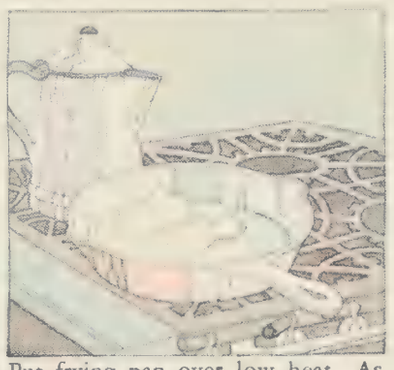
French Fried Parsnips

If you like parsnips, you will like them fried this way. Fried in deep Crisco they will be browned evenly on all sides, not a bit greasy. The full natural flavor of the parsnips with no added taste of fat.

Take cold boiled parsnips, peeled either before or after boiling. Cut off the small end and then cut the large end in quarters lengthwise. Dip in milk, roll in flour, then fry in deep hot Crisco just as you would french fried potatoes. Have the Crisco heated to 385° or when a cube of bread browns in 20 seconds. When the parsnips are brown, take out and drain on soft paper. Sprinkle with salt and serve hot.



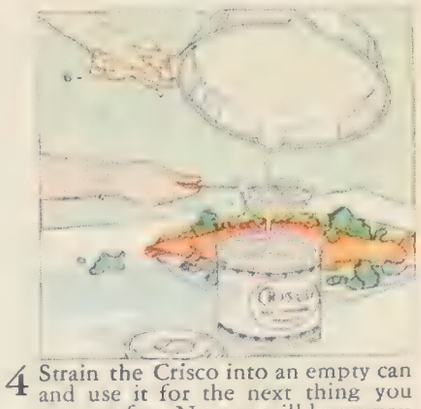
1 Put Crisco into cold frying pan. To thoroughly cook the food (for example, a fish) without smoke or scorching, fry slowly, using enough Crisco to partly cover it. It will not require the constant attention frying does when only a little fat is used.



2 Put frying pan over low heat. As soon as Crisco is melted put in a small piece of bread.



3 As soon as bread starts to brown put in the fish.
Cook slowly until fish is nearly done, then turn to brown the other side. With plenty of Crisco in the pan the fish is easily turned without breaking, if you wait until it is almost done.



4 Strain the Crisco into an empty can and use it for the next thing you want to fry. No one will know you have fried fish in it.

COLONIAL LADIES WILL BRIGHTEN YOUR BEDROOM LINENS AND THESE DESIGNS DECORATE YOUR CLOTHES











Embroidery design 10321

10327—Against a flowering trellis this Colonial lady views the world about her. Both she and her background may be worked in the most delightful pastel colors. There is a large center motif for the lady and four smaller spray motifs, all to be worked in lazy-daisy, one-stitch, outline and French-knot embroidery. The design contains a motif 21¼ by 27 inches for the center of a single, a double or a three-quarter bed, and 4 corner motifs.

10328—To match the bedspread, you may use curtains for two windows and two scarfs embroidered with motifs of the same design. For a wider scarf you may use the two wider motifs and for the smaller size, the two narrower motifs. The long spray motifs may be used on the sides of the scarfs or along the hem of the curtains. Work the design in outline, lazy daisy, one-stitch and French-knot embroidery. This design can be adapted to 2 motifs 18 inches wide and 2 motifs 16 inches wide for scarf ends, 2 motifs with reverses to use on your curtains, and 12 long motifs.

10321—If you haven't much time to do elaborate embroidery and yet like a touch of handwork on your clothes, one-stitch in a design of this type is your salvation. It goes quickly, does not require a great deal of work and gives color to your costumes. The motifs and bandings of this new design are suitable to use on dresses, tunic blouses, over-the-skirt blouses, as well as on coats, hats, etc. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding 8 inches wide, 2⅝ yards of banding 2¾ inches wide, 5¼ yards of edging ½ inch wide and 24 motifs in 4 assorted styles.

10324—An all-over beading should be effective and yet not require a great deal of tedious work. This new banding design measures up to these requirements. It gives adequate display and does not use an undue amount of beads. It is suitable to use on dresses, blouses, skirts or even on hats. If you do not care to work it in beads you may use French-knot embroidery. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 29 inches wide and 1¾ yard of edging 1½-inch wide.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 102.

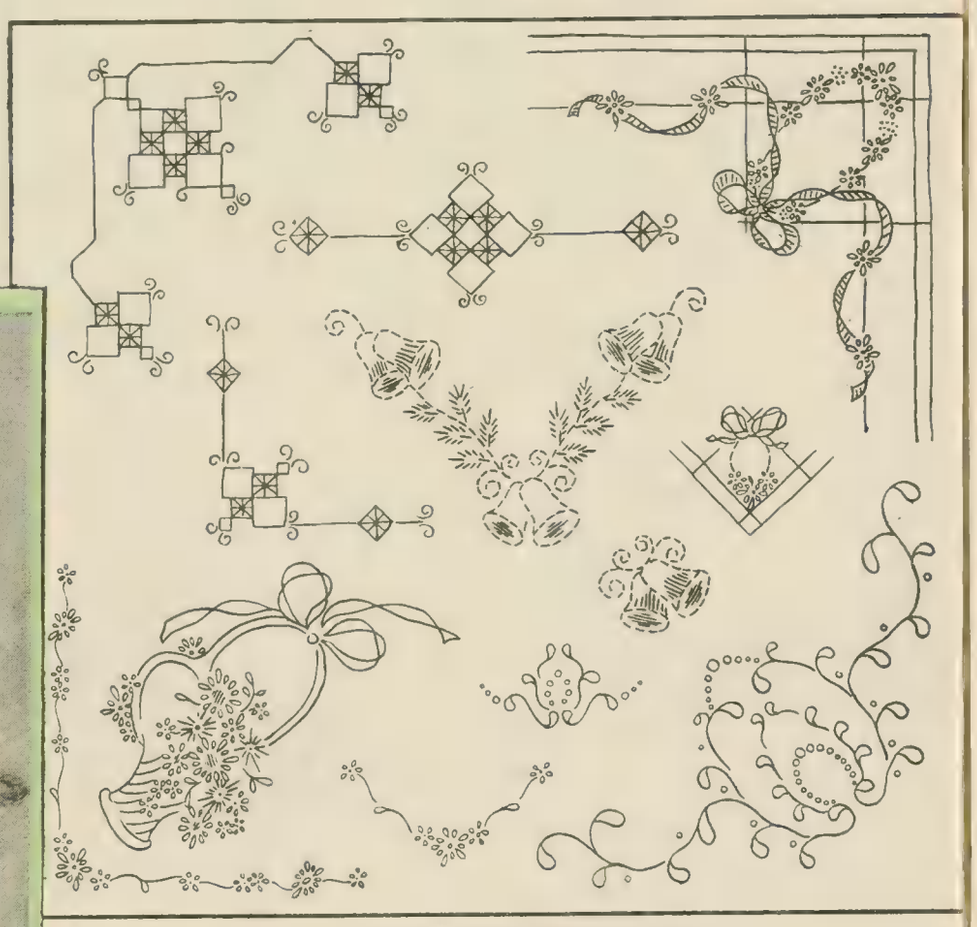
POCKETS AND MOTIFS FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S CLOTHES AND SEASONABLE FRUIT-AND-FLOWER EMBROIDERIES



Embroidery design 10325

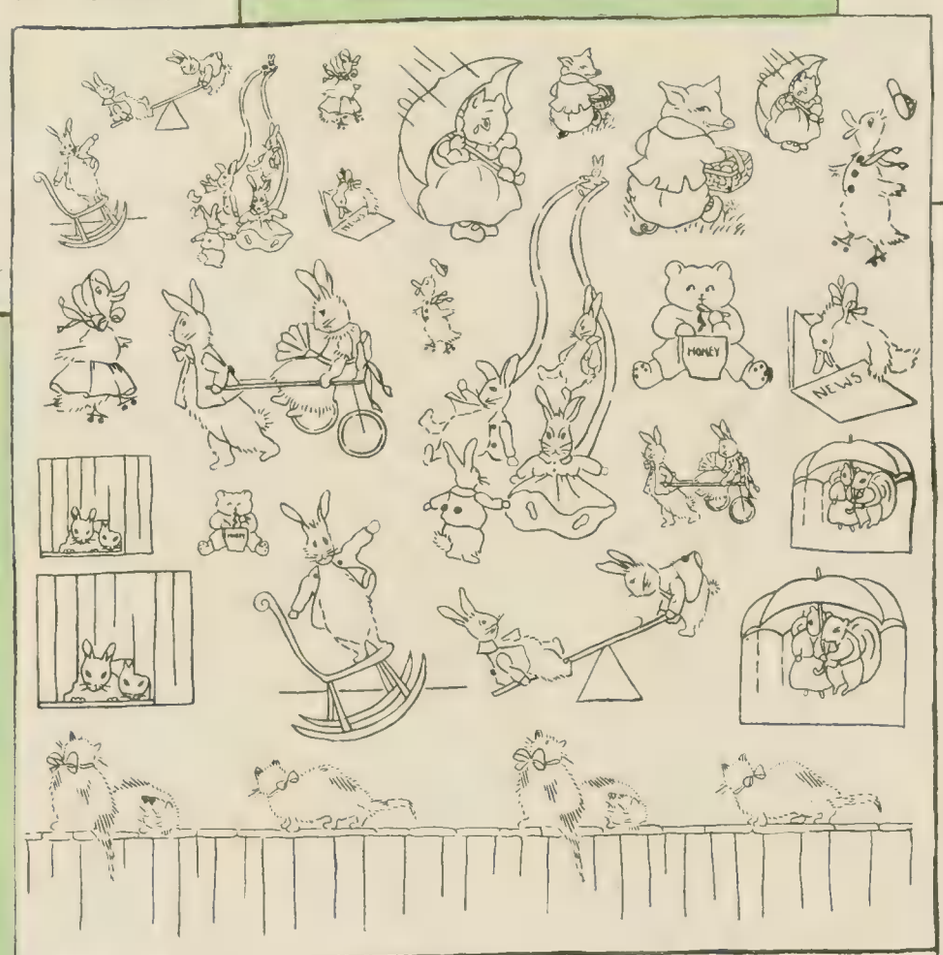






Embroidery design 10315

10315—There's a place for every motif in this embroidery. The corners and motifs are delightful for luncheon-sets, tea-cloths and napkins. Scarfs, towels and other household linens may also be decorated with this embroidery. Certain of the motifs are worked in hemstitching and drawn threads. Others should be done in cut-work, eyelets and satin-stitch; or you may use one-stitch, lazy-daisy and outline for the French basket, etc. This design can be adapted to 20 large corners in 5 assorted styles, 34 small corners in 5 assorted styles and 2 long motifs.



Embroidery design 10322

10322—Fashionable children's clothes are often trimmed with animal motifs like those in the design above. Very often you will see pockets like those illustrated, on rompers, aprons or wee frocks. In addition to the pockets, there are motifs you may use on bibs or dresses. Then if any of you want to decorate your nursery furnishings you will find a wide assortment in this embroidery. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding, 8 pockets and 78 motifs in 2 sizes and 10 assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10326



10325—Spring sewing can never begin too early especially if you make your own lingerie and embroider it daintily—as you should! The sprays, motifs and neck outline of this embroidery are the type used for nightgowns and underwear. They are worked in a combination of French knot and lazy-daisy embroidery. You may use them on children's clothes and even household linens. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard each of banding 2½ inches wide and 1¼ inch wide, 1 neck motif and 55 assorted motifs in 12 assorted styles.



10326—Embroidery turns to gardens in the Spring and there finds inspiration for its delightful flower and fruit motifs and bandings. Those who like color on their hats and dresses may select any one of these motifs for a trimming. They are ideal for decorating household linens—scarfs, runners, towels, laundry-bags, etc. Both banding and motifs should be worked in outline, one-stitch and lazy-daisy or in applique. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 3¾ inches wide and 42 motifs in assorted styles.

Do You Envy the Health of Others?

Read these remarkable statements of what one simple food can do

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

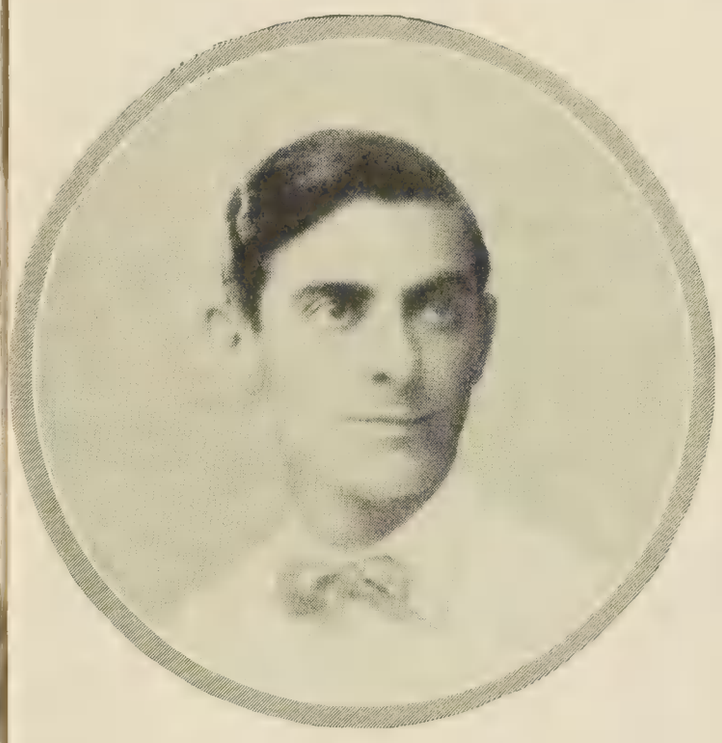
Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water
(just hot enough to drink)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write for a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health: Health Research Dept. D-14, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.





"ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN me perform in 'Kid Boots' have any idea of the tax on my energy. After six months on Broadway, I felt my 'pep' waning, and I began to fear for my health. I was tired out; couldn't sleep well; every part of me just ached. A friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. My doctor said 'Try it.' I did. Three cakes daily . . . Soon, darned if I didn't begin to lose that draggy feeling. Improvement was steady. Best of all, sleep was restored. Fleischmann's Yeast is part of my daily diet now—like milk."

(Eddie Cantor, New York City.)

(MISS BRIAN, CENTER)

"AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS last winter due to overwork and faulty elimination, I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast cakes twice daily.

"In two weeks' time marked improvement was noticed. The soreness of my body disappeared, daily evacuations were established, and life took on a rosier hue. Steady improvement continued, and this past summer has been wonderful in many pleasures. I feel that I owe much of my splendid physical condition now to Fleischmann's Yeast.

"I have outlined a course in Yeast for several of my students, and in every instance the desired result—overcoming constipation—has been obtained."

(Miss Celia E. Brian, R. N., Brattleboro, Vt.)



(RIGHT)

"AS OWNER AND MANAGER of a Beauty Salon, I come in daily contact with all manner of skin disorders. I unhesitatingly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast. About five years ago I was generally run down and unable to work. I was suffering from chronic constipation, indigestion, loss of vitality, and skin eruptions. I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. At the end of two months all skin eruptions had disappeared, and as if by magic I found all other troubles disappearing also. At the end of three months I was well and back at work."

(Miss Katherine Fitzgibbon, Denver, Colo.)



"I AM AN EX-BRITISH NAVAL MAN and have lived in Canada eighteen years. Soon after my arrival I commenced to suffer from indigestion and as I travelled for a fur company attributed my complaint to the inferior food at the small hotels on the branch lines in the West. For days I drank water only or soup and became so irritable was a source of annoyance to all whom I came in contact with. Having tried almost every drug advertised for indigestion commenced taking your now famous yeast cakes three daily. Result: No Indigestion—three square meals a day, splendid appetite, and feeling as fit as a fiddle strung to concert pitch."

(Reginald J. Seymour, Edmonton, Alberta)



(LEFT)

"COMING FROM THE SCHOOLROOM in June, a tired-out teacher, I was given an opportunity to do some very interesting work for several months. I felt unable physically, but I plunged in. I began taking a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, then three cakes. In two weeks' time I felt less tired; and now at the end of four months' hard work my tired-out feeling has vanished, my complexion looks as it did when I was sixteen, and my constipation, that arch enemy of indoor people, is a thing of the past."

(Miss Caroline Barr, Chicago, Ill.)



There are many delicious ways of eating yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on bread, or eaten plain

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

THE KNACK OF MAKING GOOD OMELETS

You'd want to know how at any time—but especially now that it's Lent!

By Lucille Brewer

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

Almost everybody—and men folks particularly—likes egg. They're nourishing, ever so easy to prepare, and just at Lenten time an almost-essential article of diet. So give your family plenty of them, and if you want additional recipes for dishes and sauces, write us for them. We've more than a round half dozen that are satisfyingly "different." Just send your request and a stamped reply envelope to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

THE woman who can always turn out a perfect omelet has made her reputation as a cook, for it is a real achievement to be able to send to the table omelets that are consistently light, puffy and golden brown.

Omelets, it must be remembered, can be used for at least three meals—breakfast, luncheon and supper—and they may occasionally be pressed into service as a dinner dessert de luxe. Surely the art of making this versatile, satisfying and yet simple dish is well worth mastering, particularly at this season of the year when eggs are cheapest.

To begin with, one must decide whether the omelet is to be the kind known as plain, puffy or foamy, or whether it will be that distinctly different type generally spoken of as French. Omelets are of just these two kinds so far as general methods of cooking them are concerned.

The plain or "puffy" omelet is made by separating the eggs, beating the yolks until they are lemon colored, adding the liquid and then folding in the beaten whites.

Many women never succeed with omelets of this type because they have never been told that the simplest way is to cook them in the oven from the beginning. The omelet is less likely to fail if cooked in this way. If a temperature regulator or thermometer is used, it is possible to secure the same results each time because the oven can be regulated to just the right temperature. When the omelet does not cling to the knife or fingers if lightly touched, it is cooked.

The finished product should be puffy, of a light, tender, fluffy texture, and with a tender, crisp crust. If the eggs have not been beaten enough or if the omelet has cooked too rapidly, it will be tough.

Too high a temperature also will give a heavy texture. Omelets should be cooked at 300 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit, and should be served at once. Let the meal wait a few minutes rather than have the omelet toughen by standing.

When used as the main dish, an omelet may be combined with meat, fish, fruit or vegetables. When used as a dessert, it may be combined with fresh or preserved fruit.

While a sauce is not essential, it adds to the flavor and appearance of an omelet.

THE PLAIN OR PUFFY OMELET

4 eggs	Salt
4 tablespoons hot water	Pepper
	1 tablespoon butter

Beat the whites until they are stiff; and beat the yolks with the seasonings until they are well mixed. Add the hot water; then fold this mixture into the egg-whites. Melt the butter in the pan, taking care to cover the entire surface with it. Turn the mixture into the pan, spread it over smoothly and let it cook, following procedure I, II or III.

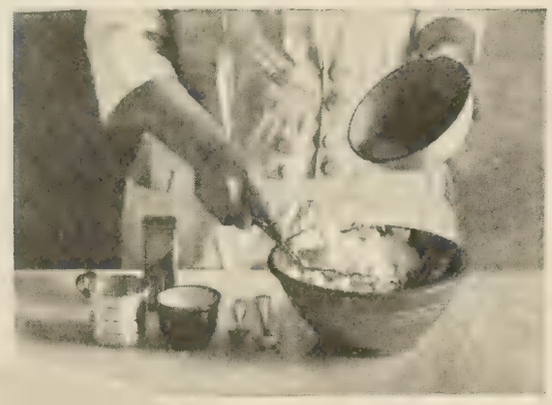
Procedure I: Cook the omelet slowly on the top of the stove until it is browned underneath, until it is puffy on top and until it begins to shrink away from the sides of the pan. Finish the omelet in the oven until the top is dried and browned.

Procedure II: Set the pan in the oven and cook the omelet until it is well puffed and the top is dried and browned.

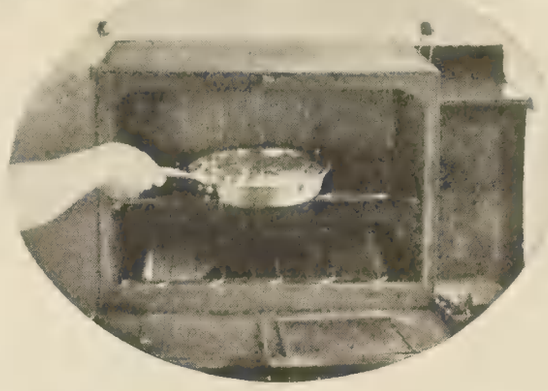
Procedure III: Cover the pan or chafing-dish closely and cook the omelet slowly, turning the pan frequently to insure even cooking on the bottom. When the omelet is well puffed and almost firm, remove the cover and finish the cooking.



In a French omelet the yolks and whites of the eggs are beaten together



In a plain or puffy omelet the stiffly beaten whites are folded into the yolks



The simplest way of cooking an omelet is in the oven

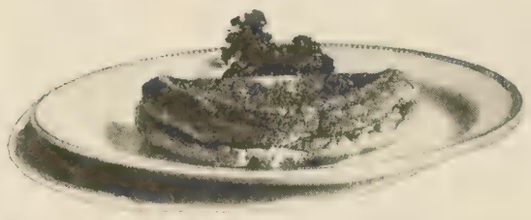
Have the temperature 300 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit



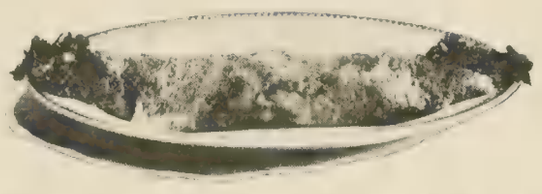
Omelets are excellent for chafing-dish parties. Cover and cook until firm when touched with a knife



To turn an omelet successfully snip each side through to the bottom and clip the crust across with the scissors



The puffy omelet is served folded. If well made it should hold its shape and not fall



The French omelet is not turned. When cooked it is rolled with a spatula



When an omelet pan is used pour the mixture into one side and cover



When the omelet begins to rise turn the pan from side to side until brown

Always allow one egg for each serving and one tablespoon of liquid for each egg. Hot water makes the most tender omelet, but milk may be used if desired. Fruit-juices are sometimes employed for the liquid. A little Cayenne pepper and sugar may be used in addition to salt and pepper if more seasoning is desired.

Many a good omelet has come to an untimely end when an unskilled hand attempted to fold or turn it. If an omelet pan is used, all that is necessary is to turn the pan. If a skillet is used, hold the handle of the pan with the left hand and with a pair of scissors cut across the top and make two short incisions opposite each other at right angles to the handle of the pan. Place a spatula under the omelet near the handle of the pan, tip the pan, and with the spatula fold and turn the omelet into a hot platter.

THE FRENCH OMELET

French omelets are entirely different in manipulation and appearance. All the ingredients are added to the eggs—which are not separated, but instead are beaten together and turned into a pan. The French omelet is usually rolled up like a jelly roll.

4 eggs	½ teaspoon powdered sugar
4 tablespoons water	1 tablespoon butter
Salt	
Cayenne	

Beat the eggs and the seasoning thoroughly. Melt the butter in the hot pan and pour in the mixture. When the under side begins to cook, lift it with a fork so that the uncooked portion may flow underneath and be cooked in turn. Repeat this operation till the whole omelet is of a creamy consistency. Brown the bottom and fold the omelet.

HOW TO VARY OMELETS

Ham, chicken, veal or any left-over meat may be chopped, fried in fat, seasoned and moistened with cream. Then it may be either added to the omelet before it is cooked or inserted as a filling before the omelet is folded, or arranged around it when it is ready to be served.

Fish may be used, but should not be fried.

Cheese grated and sprinkled generously over the omelet before turning it or cheese added to a white sauce (½ cup of cheese to 1 cup white sauce) and poured around the omelet makes a tasty variation.

A vegetable omelet is delicious. Chop the vegetables and moisten them with gravy, tomato sauce or cream. Then heat them and add them to the omelet mixture, or spread them over the omelet just before serving it.

Toasted bread, spread sparingly with butter and anchovy paste, may be covered with slices of omelet and garnished with parsley.

OYSTER OMELET

4 eggs	Salt to taste
4 tablespoons oyster liquid	½ pint oysters

Prepare a French omelet, using the oyster liquid in place of water. Pour the omelet into the pan; when it is almost done, lay the panned oysters over one-half of it, fold the other half over the oysters and turn the whole onto a hot serving-dish.

OMELET PUFFS (DESSERT)

½ cup peach marmalade	2 tablespoons chopped blanched almonds
Candied cherries	

Make a two-egg puffy omelet, bake it in standard-size muffin-tins, 300 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit. On a hot platter place a spoonful of marmalade, and place a serving of omelet on each. Cover with whipped cream, sprinkle it with nuts and garnish each serving with a candied cherry cut in small pieces.

CLUB OMELET

6 eggs	Salt
6 tablespoons water	Pepper

Make three French omelets, using two eggs for each. Place one omelet on a hot plate, spread it with boiled salad dressing and cover it with thinly sliced cold chicken, dill pickles, salt and pepper. Add another omelet, add salad dressing, sliced tomato and crisp bacon. Put the third omelet on top and garnish the whole with sliced stuffed olives. Place a lettuce cup holding enough mayonnaise dressing for each serving round the platter.

SALAD OMELET

2 eggs	¼ cup red pepper
2 tablespoons water	2 tablespoons Spanish onion
¼ cup green peppers	1 tablespoon minced parsley
2 tablespoons boiled salad dressing	

Make a French omelet. Chop the peppers and the onion, mix them with salad dressing and spread the mixture over the omelet when it is set. Roll it up like a jelly roll. Cut it in one-inch slices, place each on a thick slice of tomato and a lettuce leaf. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

The DUCHESSE de RICHELIEU tells how to have a Lovely Skin

"THE woman whose life is given not only to Society but to concert-singing is compelled to be concerned about her looks. She must always appear with a complexion fresh and radiant.

"Care of her skin, therefore, is an obligation with her, second only in importance to the care of her voice. This care, in my opinion, can best be obtained by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams. They keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."

Duchesse de Richelieu



THE DUCHESSE DE RICHELIEU

She is twice an aristocrat. Before her marriage to the head of one of the oldest houses in France she was a "Baltimore belle" of one of the first families. She is not only a social leader in France and the United States, but is gifted with a lovely lyric soprano voice often heard in concert in both countries. Regarding the care of her skin—a blend of lilies white and roses delicately pink—as second only in importance to the care of her voice, she declares that "Pond's Two Creams keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."

HAIR full of golden lights, shadowy blue eyes and a matchless cream-and-white complexion which makes everybody turn to look, women with envy, men with delight. A smile of rare sweetness and the charm of a nature gay, generous and sincere.

These are the qualities that make the Duchesse de Richelieu a woman everybody loves to see—and know. And to hear, too, for she has another gift—a lovely voice, lyric soprano of limpid tone.

In the exclusive social set of Baltimore—always famous for its "Baltimore belles"—she spent her gay girlhood. But since her marriage to the head of one of the oldest, most famous titular houses of France, the Duchesse is oftenest seen in the smart circles of Paris and Deauville. And in New York and at Southampton, where she sojourns every year, her friends are forever exclaiming, "How extraordinarily young you look—scarcely more than a girl."

So of course the Duchesse de Richelieu is sought by everybody who is anybody. Her home in New York, "The House on the River," is often the scene of delightful gatherings of the socially elect. Among its lovely old furniture, books and *objets d'art* from France—many of them handed straight down from the great Cardinal de Richelieu himself—she moves, a hostess full of grace and charm.

"The woman whose life is given not only to society but to concert-singing," says the Duchesse de Richelieu, "is compelled to be concerned about her looks." And it is this seriousness with which she regards her art that makes her determined to keep her cream-and-white skin always as fresh and radiant as it is today.

When she learned—as so many of the beautiful women of society have learned—of the Two Creams that cleanse and protect the skin, the Duchesse declared: "Care of the skin in my opinion can best be obtained by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Try for yourself, today, this method which all the world's lovely women are pursuing. Buy Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, using them daily. You will find for yourself that what the Duchesse de Richelieu says of them is true—"they keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."

HOW TO USE THEM

First, Pond's Cold Cream for Cleansing. At least once a day, oftener if necessary, always after any exposure, smooth the cream liberally over your face and neck. Let it stay on a few moments, that its pure oils may plumb the depths of clogged pores, bringing to the surface the day's accumulation of dust, dirt, powder and excess oil. Now wipe off all the cream with a soft cloth. Its blackness shows how much you needed this deep-tissue cleansing. Put the cream on again and wipe it off once more. Just look at your skin now—as refreshed as rose-petals washed with dew!

Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for a Delicate Finish and Protection. Pond's Vanishing Cream is greaseless, intended as a soft finish to your skin. Smooth in just a light fluff of it, only as much as your skin will instantly absorb. Now see how soft and even the surface looks—transparently lovely. How well this cream takes your powder, too—holding it in a velvet grip long and evenly. And neither wind, cold nor soot can possibly get at your delicate skin through the firm yet invisible barrier of this dainty cream. So always before you go out and before powdering, just smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Pond's Extract Company.



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS, USED BY SOCIETY WOMEN TO KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE

THE PRINCESSE MARIE DE BOURBON
THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI
THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR.
MRS. CONDÉ NAST
THE LADY DIANA MANNERS
MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
MRS. JULIA HOYT
MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP
MRS. CORDELIA BIDDLE DUKE

are among the women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed approval of the Pond's Method of caring for the skin and of Pond's Two Creams.

FREE OFFER—*Mail this coupon at once and we will send you free tubes of these two famous creams and an attractive little folder telling you how to use them.*

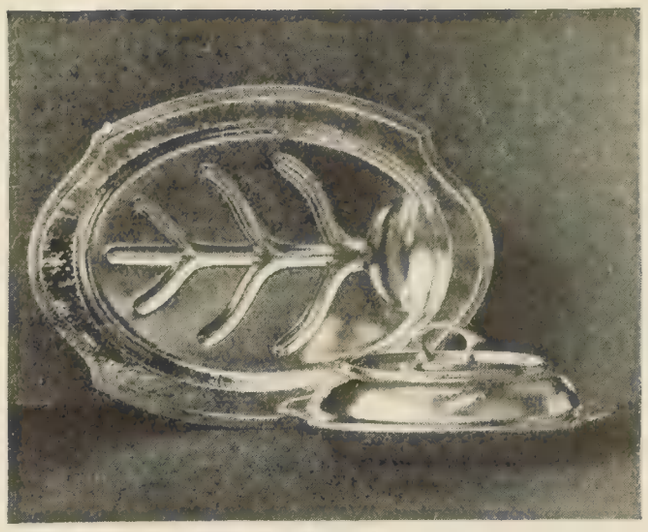
THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. C
149 Hudson Street, New York
Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

WHEN YOU BUY SILVER

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Head of the Department of House Decoration



A silver platter and a covered vegetable dish are table accessories of both beauty and usefulness



A well-arranged sideboard is neither cluttered nor too sparsely arrayed. Silver, well chosen and placed in balance, is the secret of success



For helping to serve after-dinner coffee, this silver set can hardly be rivaled in size or design

SILVER is useful—but more than that, it is artistic. And the man who makes it, the silversmith, must be an artist as well as a craftsman. His workmanship may be perfect, each article that he makes may be practical and durable, but if the design or pattern is not attractive, simple and satisfying, his work can well be counted a failure.

At the present day many manufacturers get their inspiration from choice bits of fine old silver. We owe a debt of gratitude to such men as Paul Revere and Samuel Burt not only because they were patriots, but because they were silversmiths who originated for us the lovely old designs and patterns of Colonial days.

Most of the early American craftsmen turned to England for ideas, and except for its greater simplicity the bulk of early American silver follows the best of the old English examples of the Georgian Period. In the design of silver, as well as in architecture, furniture and fabrics, the simple, almost severe, attitude of the Colonists was plainly reflected. This characteristic was so definitely stamped on the best and most beautiful early American silver that to this day it has influenced the design of our modern silver.

In addition to the patterns which were inherited from our Puritan ancestors, the present-day silversmiths have included in their manufacture a broad range of designs that reflect the spirit of Spain, France, Greece, Holland and Italy. This varied assortment of patterns gives the prospective purchaser the privilege of choosing silverware, flat or standing, that will harmonize with any style of furnishings.

The United States unquestionably leads the world in the manufacture of both plated and sterling silverware. Yet it is unfortunately true that until recently our homes, and especially the dining-rooms, have suffered both economically and decoratively from the substitution of other objects for articles of silver.

Good silver, in sterling or in plate, with the guarantee which is given by reputable manufacturers, gives not only lasting satisfaction but stands squarely on its own merits for usefulness and correctness.

There need be no doubt in the mind of the purchaser concerning the comparative advantages of sterling and plated ware. Sterling represents a practical investment which not only will serve a lifetime, but will be an heirloom for future generations. Silver plate represents a utility ware which modern methods have made not only durable but beautiful as well, and have placed within the reach of those who desire good things at reasonable cost.

By law, sterling silverware must be nine hundred and twenty-five parts pure silver out of every thousand, the remaining parts being mainly of copper. Before the majority of good plated flat-ware is actually submitted to the plating process, it is reinforced by insets of sterling silver in the places which receive the hardest wear, such as across the back, the heel, the end of the tine of a fork, and across the tip end of the handle of a spoon. This reinforcing, which is done before the utensil is shaped, greatly prolongs the wearing quality of each piece. When investing in plated ware be sure to buy a well-known make and one that is fully protected by guarantee in case anything should be wrong with the purchase.

Sometimes one sees salad forks, salt-cellar tops and the linings of certain kinds of ware done in gold plate instead of silver plate. This is to guard against any possible action of acid on the silver. However when ice-cream, coffee and soup spoons are gold-plated, it is generally for decorative purposes only.



For the hall table a silver vase and card tray are most appropriate

The problem of selecting a suitable pattern which will not become tiresome and which will stand up well under passing years and frequently changing styles, is an important one for the home-maker. New designs are introduced yearly, but the best and safest plan is to invest in a simple standard pattern which usually is distinguished by a particular name. These designs are often to be had in either a bright or a satin finish to meet the fancy of the individual.

When purchasing flat-ware, it is generally best to buy as many of the necessities as possible at once, for it sometimes costs more to obtain additional pieces at a future date than at the time of the original purchase. The reason for this is that the dies with which the silver is stamped are put in storage when the pattern is no longer especially in demand. To bring these out and set the wheels of the factory in motion just to turn out a few special pieces would naturally cost much more than the expense of manufacturing the first large quantity. This is particularly true of plated ware.

In selecting sterling pieces, the question of weight must be taken into consideration. In flat-ware one usually has the choice of a light, medium or heavy weight. To the inexperienced, the cheapest weight, which of course is the lightest, seems quite satisfactory. Light-weight silver, however, should not be purchased except perhaps for coffee or ice-cream spoons. Indeed, light-weight forks so often break in the shank that some silversmiths do not even manufacture them. A medium weight is best for forks, while a heavy weight should be chosen for teaspoons. Teaspoons get more wear than any other silver utensils, and if they are too thin, they become sharp at the ends and easily dented.

Besides the ordinary knives, forks and spoons needed for the family, a sufficient number of extra ones should be kept on hand for guests. It is disconcerting, to say the least, when unexpected friends arrive to be obliged to wash the silver between courses.

A sufficient number of extra vegetable spoons, serving-forks, and a carving-set should not be overlooked. These make the task of carving and serving a pleasure. Many other extra pieces, such as cold-meat forks, gravy ladles, berry, olive and sugar spoons are useful in the setting and serving of even ordinary meals. Such articles as tea-balls and butter picks, while needed to complete the silver service of a well-regulated household, often cost more than the purchaser can afford. But these desirables can be added to the family collection from time to time. They are always most appropriate, useful gifts.

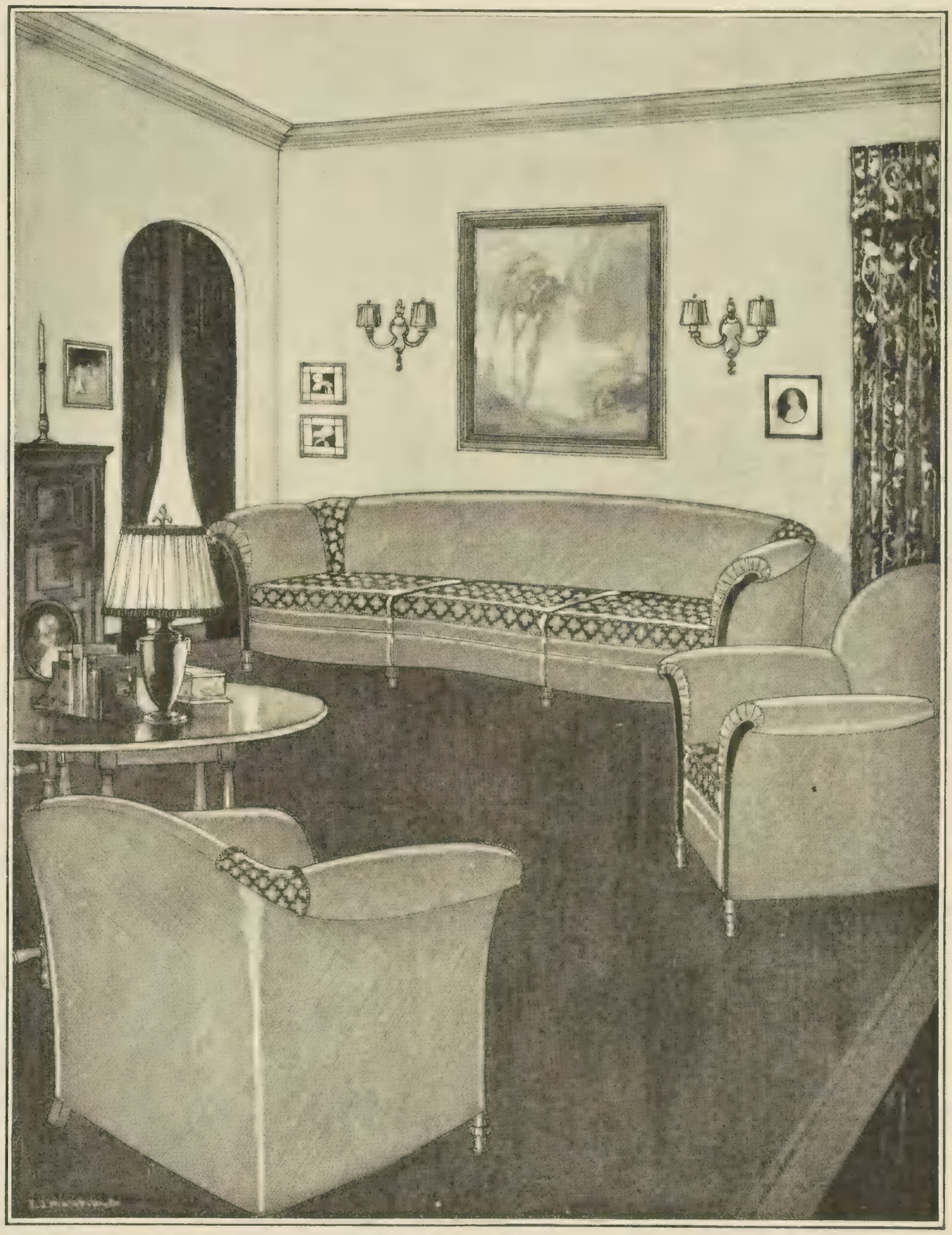
It is difficult to understand why the housekeeper does not invest more often in silver platters, vegetable dishes, bread and cake plates and vases. The initial cost is slight in comparison with the lasting qualities of such articles. The best grade of these is heavily plated and come with stout handles soldered with silver.

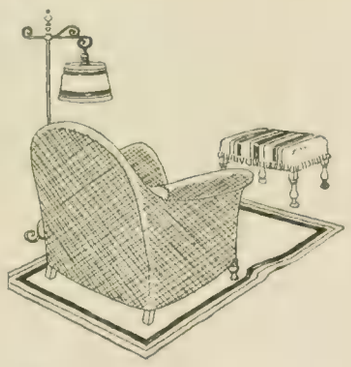
The use of silver is, of course, not confined to the dining-room. Its brightness has long been recognized as the crowning glory of milady's dressing-table, to say nothing of the gentleman's toilet chest. The new long-handled toilet mirror, the beautifully cut perfume bottle, and the slender vase for a single perfect flower are accessories which may easily

Concluded on page 50



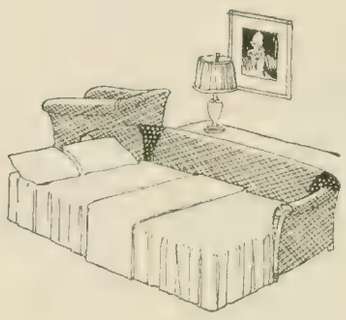
This formal dinner-table, laid for six, boasts a silver centerpiece, twin candlesticks and small nut baskets. In addition, there is all the flat silver that is necessary for a course dinner





The small room often presents a difficult problem in furnishing. The room pictured here, one of the interiors shown in the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," illustrates a very satisfactory handling of the room of small proportions.

For this room a few essential pieces have been chosen, and carefully placed to avoid an overcrowded effect. The handsome Kroehler Suite in a kidney shape is the keynote around which this livable room has been created. A copy of the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements" will be sent to anyone on request.



No One ever has Bedrooms Enough
for all Emergencies

THE only sure, safe way to be prepared for the unexpected descents of out-of-town friends is to have an emergency sleeping space ready for instant use. Choose a Kroehler Davenport Bed for the living room. Nothing about its low, easy lines suggests that the davenport conceals a *real*, full-width bed, luxuriously comfortable and instantly available.

A single, easy motion opens the bed. Covers are all in place. The removable mattress is thick and soft; the springs are resilient.

Is it any wonder that everyone is adopting this delightfully convenient solution of the extra sleeping space problem? Particularly when, by so doing, they can add to their living room all the charm that a davenport can give without the furnishing cost, care and rent of an additional bedroom?

A wonderful value

You can scarcely realize how very much the Kroehler Davenport Bed offers in the way of quality and permanent service, unless you know the

WHICH EXPLAINS THE VOGUE OF

The Invisible Bedroom

unusually high character of its structure and upholstery. Kroehler Davenport and Davenport Bed Suites are the products of the country's largest maker of upholstered furniture, with unlimited buying and production facilities. Hence, this exceptionally fine quality at an amazingly low cost.

You can choose a Kroehler Living Room Suite in an overstuffed or period design. For upholstery, you can have silk damask, tapestry, jacquard velours, mohair, Chase Velmo or Baker Cut Pattern Velour, leather or Chase Leatherwove.

Important hidden qualities

As to the hidden qualities, Kroehler living room pieces offer a frame of kiln-dried hardwood; seat springs of heavy wire, flexibly interlocked. The filling is of germ-cured flax fiber, best moss and cotton; the upholstery is moth-proofed. The seat cushions are filled with closely assembled, fine wire coil springs, padded with clean, white, felted cotton.

Dealers everywhere sell Kroehler Davenports, Davenport Beds and Suites for cash or on easy payments. You can always tell a genuine Kroehler by the name plate on the back. Write for the nearest dealer's name and the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," a fascinating book of interiors, showing Kroehler Davenports—with or without concealed beds—and matching chairs, with endless usable suggestions for the furnishing of your own living room.

Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago, or Stratford, Ontario. Eight large factories throughout the United States and Canada.

KROEHLER
Living Room Furniture



Why you cannot cut the cuticle

without actually injuring it

SKIN specialists everywhere tell us that we cannot cut the cuticle without actually injuring it.

A famous specialist in skin diseases says, "Some persons are so obtuse to the beauty of the delicate edge of the skin at the base of the nail that they actually *trim* it away, leaving an ugly, red rim like the edge of an inflamed eyelid."

It was to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover that Cutex, the safe liquid cuticle remover, was prepared.

In all Cutex sets you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. When you have washed your hands dip the end of the stick into the Cutex bottle, then wrap a little cotton around the end and wet it again. Carefully work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then rinse the fingers, and the dead surplus skin will simply wipe away.

You will be surprised to see how shapely, how exquisitely groomed your nails will look after their Cutex manicure. The Cuticle edge at their base will be smooth, firm and even. Work Cutex under the nail tips to bleach them white and instantly remove stains.

Manicure your nails regularly once or twice a week, according to the rapidity with which your cuticle grows, and you will never again have a rough, ugly cuticle or unsightly hangnails.



Carefully work the stick wet with Cutex around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle

Then for the last touch of brilliance to the nails which social necessity now requires, try one of the marvelous Cutex polishes. The new Cutex Liquid Polish is instantaneous and gives a dazzling lustre that lasts longer than any you have ever had before. The Powder Polish gives a soft finish like the rosy inside of a sea shell. There are also splendid Cake and Paste polishes.

Cutex Manicure sets come in six sizes, at 60c to $5.00. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England.

6 Complete Manicures for 10c

This Introductory Set for your dressing table contains enough Cutex for 6 complete manicures; Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, an orange stick, and emery board. Send this coupon with 10c for it and the booklet "How to have Lovely Nails," today. Address Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th St., New York City. Or if you live in Canada, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

Mail this coupon with 10c today



NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. B-3
114 West 17th St., New York.

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for new introductory set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

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Street.....

City.....State.....

WHEN YOU BUY SILVER

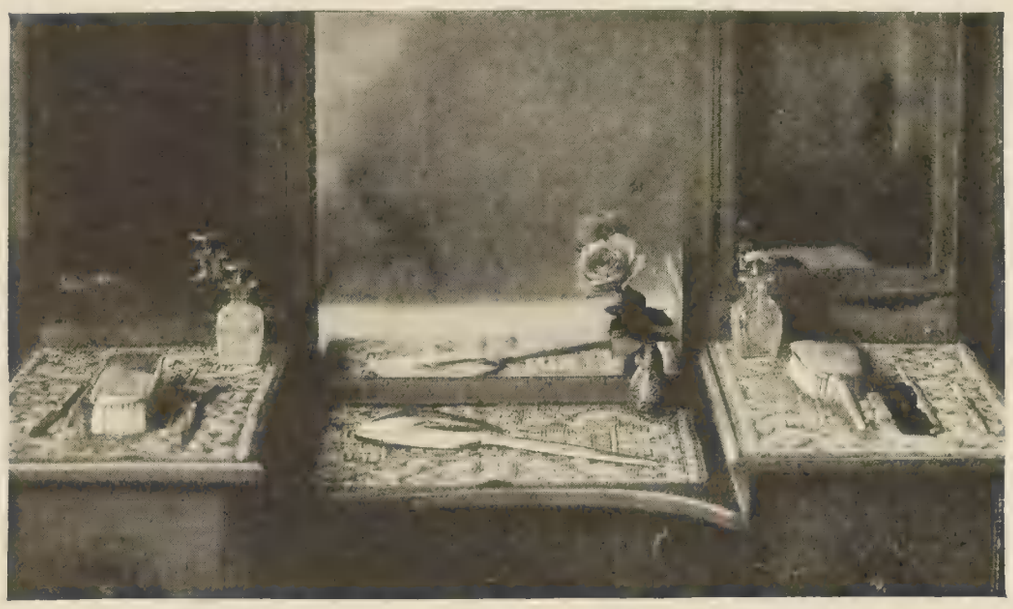
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be added to the indispensable and usual brush and comb. Candlesticks, with soft-colored candles, besides being welcome from the standpoint of decoration, have a very practical value when there is no lighting fixture above the dressing-table. Added to these, the powder-box, nail-file, scissors, buffer, pin-tray, button-hook, shoe-horn and hair-receiver make a complete toilet-set. In these days of careful grooming, such articles are absolutely necessary to the woman. Again, the entire set seldom can be purchased at one time: in such a case it is wise to learn the name of the pattern and to make inquiries as to the possibility of acquiring other pieces from time to time. Birthdays and holidays are legitimate excuses for gifts, and for such, dressing-table pieces could hardly be better chosen. A silver clock and one or two silver picture-frames to hold the cherished family photographs make interesting additions to the bedside table. These, if chosen in good taste, always remain in style and add a note of light against the dark wood. One of the reasons for the increased use of silver is the perfection of the machinery used in its manufacture. In earlier days workmen controlled the actual manufacturing power by foot or hand and were capable of turning out only enough to meet the demands of the more prosperous folk. To-day, with electricity and improved stamping and buffing machines, sterling or plated ware can be manufactured so much more inexpensively that every one can have it.

Silver, the ever-fascinating metal, no matter in what shape it has been wrought, can always be regarded as an investment to-day and an heirloom to-morrow.



A silver bowl for cut flowers makes a delightful centerpiece for dining or tea table



A few beautiful appointments, among which is a silver toilet-set, glorify this dressing-table



This correctly set luncheon-table shows two forks, two knives and a soup spoon, all of silver, at each place

CAN YOU SET A TABLE?

Do you know where to put the teaspoons—and the glasses—and the tricky little butter-knives? Setting a table properly is not the child's play it seems, and a small mistake can cause you much embarrassment. If you want to be sure you're doing it correctly, send for our booklet "Table Hospitality." It is a little encyclopedia of table etiquette. Just send ten cents in stamps for it to the Etiquette Department. And if you want to know the approved ways of arranging large pieces of silver on your sideboard and dressing-table, send a stamped return envelope to Mrs. Sanders. Both addresses are care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



A fair deception

Children think these fairy grains are confections—*you know they're whole wheat*

WHY coax children to eat foods that are "good for them"? Why distract a child's appetite by *commanding* they be eaten? Thousands of mothers have learned how unnecessary that is. How much better it is to give children the food they need in a form that they love.

* * *

Quaker Puffed Wheat is *whole wheat* with the lure of a confection. Crisp and toasty grains, steam exploded to eight times their natural size; gay as the morning, and with the rich flavor of nutmeats. Children revel in this most delightful of cereal foods.

Isn't it better then to give them this than less attractive foods, which contain but the same food elements? Bran, minerals; and when served with milk, the vitamines, all three; you'll find here in luscious combination.

Serve every day in every way you can. Try as a breakfast dish with cream or milk, or half and half. Serve as a joyous adventure with cooked or fresh fruit. Mix with melted butter to replace too much sweets. Give at bed-time as the ideal night-time dish.

Puffed Rice, too

Rice steam exploded like the wheat—"The Enchanted Breakfast" in a million homes; a delightful alternate with Puffed Wheat.



Quaker Puffed Wheat **Quaker Puffed Rice**

The Quaker Oats Company

"GOLDEN CIRCLETS of TROPICAL GOODNESS"



Treat yourself to this matchless fruit *Sliced!*

Open a can of Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple! Pour out the delicate, golden slices, dripping with sun-sugared juice!

Then taste one. Close your eyes. And, presto! Winter is forgotten in a vision of balmy ocean breezes, rustling palms and a lazy surf, washing coral shores.

There is romance—and sunshine—in every bite of this "King of Fruits" from far-off Hawaii. And there is *health*—and menu-variety—and a flavor that never fails to strike a hearty appetite response.

Serve Hawaiian Pineapple often—*both forms*—the *Sliced*, just as it comes from the can and in those quickly-prepared, "last-minute" dishes which are such a boon to every hostess; the *Crushed*, in pies, cakes, puddings, fruit-cocktails, sauces and hundreds of other menu treats.

The two forms are identical in quality and flavor—the same luscious, sun-ripened fruit, grown on the same model Hawaiian plantations.

Order from your grocer—today!



For instance—try these favorite recipes

SPANISH SALAD (illustrated below, at left): Cut rounds of pimiento and for each serving of salad arrange one on a slice of Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple. Garnish with crisp lettuce and put a spoonful of mayonnaise in the center of each round of pimiento.

PINEAPPLE ROUNDS: Cut out rather large rounds of bread; spread with butter or other fat, and brown on each side in a frying-pan; keep very hot and put on a hot serving plate. Just before serving lay a slice of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple and a little of the juice on each. A candied cherry or a bit of red jelly may be put in the middle of each, if desired.

DESSERT SUPREME: Beat thick cream until stiff and add sifted powdered sugar and almond flavoring to taste. Heap well-drained slices of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple with the cream and sprinkle with finely chopped blanched and roasted almonds.

PRIZE PINEAPPLE PIE (illustrated below, at right): Heat 1½ cups milk. Mix ½ cup sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons cornstarch and slowly add hot milk. Cook in double boiler until thick and cornstarch is thoroughly cooked, or about 40 minutes. Pour onto 2 egg yolks, return to double boiler and cook until the eggs thicken, or about 3 minutes. Cool and add 1 cup well drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Pour into a baked crust and cover with a meringue made of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Brown quickly in a hot oven.

PINEAPPLE ORANGE CUP: Cut 4 large oranges in halves and remove pulp. Cut edges into saw teeth. Peel and dice 1 large banana. Mix banana, orange pulp cut in pieces and 1 cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Heap in orange cups. Top with Maraschino Cherry.

PINEAPPLE MACAROON PUDDING: Drain juice from 1 large can Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Add equal amount water, juice of 1 lemon and sugar to taste. Bring to a boil; thicken with 2 rounded tablespoons cornstarch; stir in 2 beaten egg yolks—then put back on stove for a minute. Line a dish with macaroons; spread on a layer of drained pineapple; then another layer of macaroons—then pour on the liquid and set aside to cool. Serve in sauce dishes with whipped cream.

And Send for This Free Book!

"Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats," contains a selection of Pineapple recipes which every woman should have. Write for your copy. It is free!

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ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS
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HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



Sliced —For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

Crushed —For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.

MEATLESS DISHES FOR LENT

Selected from "The New Butterick Cook Book"

By Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



Omelet puffs are a delicious dessert dish. You will find the recipe in Miss Brewer's article on omelets—page 46

THERE'S NO REASON

for letting your diet lack variety during Lent. Write for our sheaf of special Lenten recipes—tasty, piquant and oh! so good to eat. Our Home-Making Department (THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.) will send them to you on receipt of your request accompanied by a stamped return envelope

THE Lenten season gives the menu maker an opportunity of showing her skill in the preparation of certain savory dishes that are apt to be neglected at other times of the year. There are many delicious egg and fish dishes, including those made with fish roes and fish livers, from which she may select. There are enough cheese dishes to fill a large chapter in any cook book. Cream cheese and the foreign cheeses, such as roquefort, are best in salads, while American or cheddar, Swiss or the grated parmesan are suited to cooking. Other recipes that are well worth investigating make good use of peanut butter, beans, peas, rice and macaroni with milk, cheese or eggs.

This season is also an excellent time to serve a vegetable luncheon. The vegetables should be especially well prepared, and here seasoning counts. In vegetable dinners each vegetable may be served separately in what is sometimes called a plate dinner. Poached eggs are often the center of such an arrangement. In other vegetable dinners several of the vegetables are combined in one dish.

The following recipes have been selected as examples of appetizing dishes suited to the Lenten season.

SAVORY EGGS

6 hot hard-cooked eggs
Salt
Pepper
1 cup hot thin white sauce
¼ cup hot cream
Chopped parsley
Anchovy paste
6 slices hot buttered toast

Cut the eggs in half lengthwise and remove the yolks. Mash the yolks, add the seasonings, cream, parsley, anchovy or any desired relish, and refill the whites. Place them on slices of toast and pour the white sauce over them.

SCALLOPED ROE

1 to 2 pounds shad roe
1 cup medium white sauce
Egg-yolk
Bread-crums
Chopped parsley
Salt
Pepper
Lemon-juice

Boil the roe. Then drain it and break it up lightly with a fork. Sprinkle a layer of the roe in a baking-dish; add one-half the yolk of an egg, well beaten, dropping it over the top of the roe, next sprinkle it lightly with finely chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste and a few drops of lemon-juice; then add a layer of the white sauce. Repeat the layers of roe, egg, seasoning and sauce, cover with bread-crums and bits of butter and bake until brown. Any cold flaked fish left from a former meal may be used with the roe and any kind of roe may be prepared in this way.

KEDGEREE (A BREAKFAST DISH)

2 cups cooked fish, fresh or canned
4 tablespoons butter
1 cup cooked rice
Salt
Pepper
2 hard-cooked eggs

Remove the skin and bones from the fish. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the fish and stir gently. Put in the rice, the whites of the hard-cooked eggs, and season the mixture to taste with salt and pepper. Stir it over the fire until thoroughly hot, and serve on a flat dish with the yolks of the eggs, which have been pressed through a ricer, over the top.

PEANUT SOUFFLÉ

1 tablespoon butter
6 tablespoons flour
¾ cup peanut butter
1½ teaspoon salt
Few drops lemon-juice
1½ cup scalded milk
4 eggs

Melt the butter and add the peanut butter, flour and seasoning. Cook for three minutes, stirring constantly. Add the scalded milk, and continue cooking until the mixture reaches the boiling-point. Remove from the fire, pour the hot mixture over the well-beaten egg-yolks, mixing them well. Cool, and then fold in the egg-whites that have been beaten until stiff and dry. When the ingredients are thoroughly combined, place the mixture in a baking-dish, set in a pan of water in a moderate oven (350-400 degrees Fahrenheit) and bake thirty minutes. Serve immediately.

Because of its texture, the dish should have something crisp or solid to serve with it.

VEGETABLE LUNCHEON

1 pound kidney beans
1 cup diced carrot
1 green pepper
1 large onion
½ cup rice
2 cups cooked tomatoes, fresh or canned
½ dozen large mushrooms

Soak the beans in cold water overnight. Drain and cook in boiling water slowly for about four hours. Drain, and add the chopped carrots, the pepper, the onion thinly sliced and the tomatoes. Simmer until the vegetables are tender. Boil the rice separately in salted water, drain and add to the vegetables. Garnish with fried green peppers and mushrooms.



Every mother ought to have this booklet. It contains helpful information from children's specialists on proper diet from 1 to 10 years

Send for "The Important Business of Feeding Children" —a helpful booklet for mothers

Growing is a child's job—a bigger job than grown-ups ever have to face.

Two things are necessary; plenty of food and plenty of sleep. Wisely supplying these is not so simple as it sounds.

Almost any kind of food will maintain life. But that does not mean that it insures health and proper growth.

A child can develop to his highest possibilities mentally and physically only if his diet provides in correct amount certain known essentials.

He must have food which gives him a constant fund of vital energy; builds muscle, bone and tissues; keeps him warm; regulates his body machine for smooth running.

Mothers realize today as never before the vital part correct diet plays in a child's development.

To help them understand and provide it more easily, we have published a booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," which contains advice from foremost children's specialists on correct diet from 1 to 10 years. Model menus are suggested, and recipes for dishes which supply a fundamental need.



Energy! For this great essential physicians and diet specialists have used one famous food for many years—good old Cream of Wheat!

Unusually rich in carbohydrates or energy units, Cream of Wheat also has another quality equally exceptional—its easy digestibility.

This splendid food gives its rich energy fully and freely, without taxing digestion. A rare combination for children and grown-ups alike—in Cream of Wheat!

Send for free books and sample

We want every mother to have a copy of this helpful booklet on children's diet. It is free. All you need to do is sign your name and address in the coupon below and we will send you a copy together with a box of Cream of Wheat, which contains enough to make any one of the recipes or to give 4 full servings. Check coupon if you want our new recipe book.

***Clip and mail coupon* NOW**

Cream of Wheat Company
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☐ Please send your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," with sample box of Cream of Wheat.

☐ I should also be glad to have your recipe book, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

Name .....

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Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
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You'll be proud of it

You can get a Davenport Bed of such beauty of design that you'll be just as proud of it as of a new oriental rug or a fine piano.

Beautiful period designs, in rich woods, sometimes hand carved; upholstered in the finest fabrics; a piece of furniture that will grace any home.

The fact that you have, concealed under all this beauty, a very comfortable bed with easy springs and a good mattress, makes it all the more a matter of pride.

There's no reason, any more, for the ordinary davenport; the Davenport Bed is just as luxurious, with the added advantage of providing comfort as a bed. It is taking the place of the ordinary davenport in many fine homes, in many of the best hotels, and some exclusive clubs.

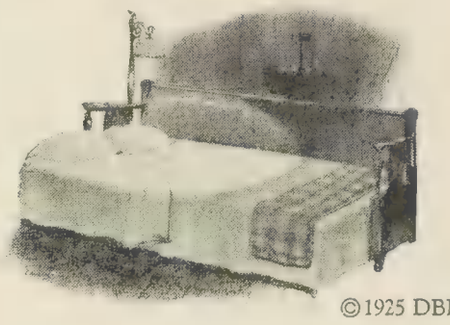
A Davenport Bed has easy springs to sit on; and a separate set of springs to sleep on, a comfortable bed with a mattress of its own, when an extra bed is wanted. It is the modern idea in living-room furnishing. It represents progress.

"The Home in Good Taste" is an interesting booklet showing nearly a hundred styles of Davenport Beds. Give the name of your furniture store when you write for it.

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(more than 80 individual manufacturers)
1130 Standard Oil Building, Chicago

The Davenport Bed

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT



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MAKING THINGS SHINE

Easy and correct ways to do your Spring cleaning

By Ruth M. Kellogg

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

SPRING CLEANING

The same tiring tasks every year—windows to be cleaned, furniture to be rubbed up, and walls to be brushed down. Do you hate it? Perhaps a few new cleaning tools would change the whole thing for you. We've a list of good useful helps, sensibly divided into "essentials" and "desirables." A copy will go to you if you'll send postage for it. Address the Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.

THE job of cleaning and shining the various wood finishes and metals about the house is a task that is dreaded by most women. New and so-called easier ways are always welcomed, but too often they are not as successful as had been hoped. The housewife has almost decided that there is no royal road to cleaning.

Proper supplies and suitable convenient places to keep them are necessary to make cleaning easier. A great many cleaning devices and materials are not essential, but a few, properly selected, make a good investment.

There are many effective and safe commercial polishes and cleaners on the market. For the most part, these contain a fine abrasive, such as whiting. Tripoli, so called because it was first secured in Tripoli, northern Africa, is also used in some of the milder scouring-powders. The home-maker will find these commercial polishes and cleaners both easy to use and effective. Discoloration and dust can be removed with harsher abrasives, but there is always danger of scratching the fine surfaces to which they may be applied.

THERE ARE WINDOWS, OF COURSE

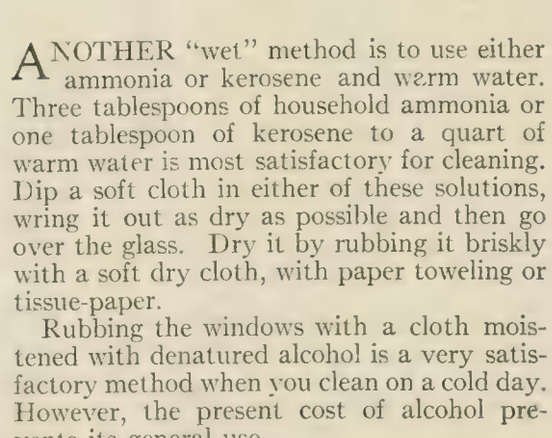
WINDOWS, as the "eyes" of the house, should always be bright and shining. But how to clean them in an easy, simple way is a much-debated question.

Since it is usually more difficult to get at the outside of the window than at the inside, it is a good idea to clean the inside first. Then as you clean the outside you can tell if any dirt remains on the inside of the glass and at the same time make sure that the outside surface is spotless.

There are several ways in which windows may be cleaned; but these methods really divide themselves into "wet" and "dry" methods. Whichever way is chosen, use long overlapping strokes if the type of window-pane permits. Long swinging strokes are easier for you than short jerky ones.

One should not wash windows with warm water and soap; for although at first glance this appears to be an easy way, it is almost certain to streak the glass. It also means that the window must first be washed in warm, sudsy water, then thoroughly rinsed in clear water, and then thoroughly rubbed dry—three separate operations for every window-pane.

A simple way to clean dirty windows is to use clean warm water and a chamois skin about eighteen inches square. Wet the chamois in the water, wring it well and rub the window with it. Then rinse the chamois in clean warm water, wring it out thoroughly and go over the window again. A wet chamois when thoroughly wrung out has the ability to absorb water, so that the window is left comparatively dry and no further rubbing is necessary. After you are through using the chamois, rinse it thoroughly again in clean, warm water and dry it away from high heat on a bar or line.



A window-brush with a rubber "squeegee" attached for wiping is for outside use

ANOTHER "wet" method is to use either ammonia or kerosene and warm water. Three tablespoons of household ammonia or one tablespoon of kerosene to a quart of warm water is most satisfactory for cleaning. Dip a soft cloth in either of these solutions, wring it out as dry as possible and then go over the glass. Dry it by rubbing it briskly with a soft dry cloth, with paper toweling or tissue-paper.

Rubbing the windows with a cloth moistened with denatured alcohol is a very satisfactory method when you clean on a cold day. However, the present cost of alcohol prevents its general use.

Women are now learning to adopt for their window-cleaning the method employed by professional cleaners of store and office windows. Every one has seen and envied the ease with which these men first go over the windows with soft cloths or a brush on a long handle and then use a rubber "squeegee" for removing all surplus water so that the windows dry without streaks. At last a household-size brush with a long handle has been made. With it is a rubber "squeegee" attachment. The "squeegee" is fastened along one side of the brush so that you use one side of the brush for cleaning, then turn it over so that the rubber part is used for the next step. Warm water, either clear or combined with ammonia or kerosene, may be used. If kerosene is used, be sure to rinse the rubber part carefully each time it has been used, for kerosene will soften the rubber if allowed to remain on it.

"Dry" methods employ some of the many commercial preparations or else use an abrasive such as whiting or tripoli. The whiting or powder preparation may be mixed with alcohol, ammonia or water to form a thin paste. Alcohol and ammonia tend to cut any greasy film, but plain water gives good results.



The easiest way to dust window-shades is to lay them on a flat table

Concluded on page 56



Colorful hooked and braided rugs in this old-fashioned bedroom gain in decorative value against the neutral background of the gray Jaspé floor of Armstrong's Linoleum (Pattern No. 15).



This Dutch tile Armstrong's Linoleum floor (Pattern No. 3041) is quite in spirit with this charming Colonial room in the recently remodeled home of Mrs. E. F. Lilley, Milford, Mass.

How Mrs. Lilley remodeled her Quaint Colonial Home

This simple plan of Mrs. Lilley's can be used by any woman who wants to make her home more artistic, and yet more practical. Its only cost is the time it takes to write us.

THE house was old when she bought it. It had probably been built over a hundred years ago. Yet its quaint Colonial charm acted as a source of inspiration to Mrs. E. F. Lilley of Milford, Mass. Womanlike, she imagined the delight of changing this old house into a really livable home, a home that combined every modern decorative touch with old-fashioned hospitality.

It all seemed so easy until she thought of the floors. Time and countless walking feet had seared and scarred the old cracked boards. Those floors would never do!

Then Mrs. Lilley remembered an Armstrong's Linoleum advertisement she had read. She hunted up the magazine. That night she posted a letter to Mrs. Hazel Dell Brown of Armstrong Cork Company's Bureau of Interior Decoration. Would her plan be successful? Would Mrs. Brown be able to *see* the hidden charm of this quaint old house?

Imagine her delight a few days later when she received individual decorative treatments for every room in her home. Imagine her surprise to find before her not only samples of linoleum patterns, but also samples of wall paper and draperies to go with each floor pattern. She could easily see now that the floor was the logical foundation for every well-planned interior.

Today, her home is one of which any woman would be proud. She tells us that "Every one who has seen it remarks about the floors," and adds, "They are so easy to keep clean!"

Look for the CIRCLE A trademark on the burlap back

Ⓐ

Many new designs are now on display

HOME planners, like Mrs. Lilley, will find happy inspiration in the many new Armstrong's Linoleum floors. There are two-tone Jaspé linoleums for living-rooms, spick-and-span Dutch tile designs for sun porches and breakfast rooms, marble and block patterns for hallways and libraries, flowered effects for bedrooms.

All these new designs and colors of Armstrong's Linoleum you can see at any good department or furniture store. Any pattern you select can be laid permanently right over your old floor. No bother, no dust, no danger to your hangings and furniture. And no more time-worn boards, no more heavy cleaning. In a day's time your floors are given a lifetime of beauty.

Mrs. Hazel Dell Brown, in charge of our Bureau of Interior Decoration, will gladly help you plan color schemes that make your floors more than something just to be walked on. Write to her. Ask anything you want to know about the new use of color and design in home decoration. There is no charge.

A new book on the art of furnishing and decorating homes By Agnes Foster Wright

MRS. Wright is a contributor to House and Garden and other magazines you read. She is an authority on home furnishing and decoration. Her new book for home planners, "Floors, Furniture, and Color," will be sent to anyone in the United States for 25 cents postpaid (60 cents in Canada.)

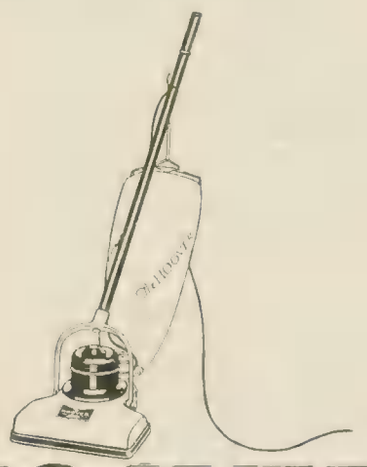
ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
Linoleum Division
864 West Walnut St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

"Yes, rugs must be beaten regularly"



DIRT—*dangerous, destructive dirt!*—is being found in rugs that were thought to be clean. A simple test—which you, too, can make* . . . . is proving that *rugs must be beaten* if the embedded sharp-edged dirt which cuts rug nap is to be *thoroughly* removed. As a result, The Hoover is the largest selling electric cleaner! For The Hoover BEATS . . . keeping rugs immaculate. The Hoover Sweeps, easily and quickly. The Hoover Air-cleans, even to dusting, *dustlessly,* its remarkable new attachments serving your every need. Yes, The Hoover is the *complete home-cleaning servant.* And your Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver one, complete with attachments, for only $6.25 down.



The HOOVER

It BEATS . . . as it Sweeps as it Cleans

**To prove rugs need beating:*

Turn over a corner of a rug; with the handle of an ordinary table-knife, or something of equal weight, give the under or warp side 15 to 25 sharp *taps* and watch the dirt dance out from the nap depths onto a piece of paper; feel the destructive character of this grit. *This is the dirt only beating will dislodge.* Correctly cleaned by a Hoover, embedded dirt is thus *vibrated* to the surface by the rapid, gentle *tapping* of the Hoover brush, as powerful suction lifts the rug from the floor and draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners · The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

MAKING THINGS SHINE

Concluded from page 54

Using a moistened cloth, apply a thin film of the paste to the window. After this has dried completely, rub it off with a dry cloth. This method is easy and efficient. If used, the windows should be finished before the rest of the room is cleaned.

Some of the commercial preparations are sold in cake form. If these are used, a cloth, wet with water, may be rubbed over the cake, and then over the window. Enough of the preparation clings to the cloth to clean the window. After it has dried, remove it in the same way that a paste cleaner is removed.

AND THERE'S WOODWORK, TOO

IT IS sometimes puzzling to know just how to clean woodwork, floors and furnishings. Plain wood, unfinished, is cleaned by scrubbing it with soap and water or with cleaning-powder when necessary. Rinse the wood surface well with clear water and remove any excess water. This, however, is hard work and the results are none too satisfactory, for the scrubbing tends to roughen the wood so that the dirt sinks in deeper again, making the cleaning more difficult.



A cleaning-closet is a convenience which provides a place for everything and everything in its place

If there are ink-spots on wood, they may be bleached or perhaps entirely removed by letting a saturated solution of oxalic acid stand on the spot for some time. Rinse the surface thoroughly afterward and let it dry.

Oiled surfaces should be cleaned with a cloth immersed in clear warm water and then wrung quite dry. If the soil persists, use water that has been made sudsy with a mild soap and then rinse the surface with clear water. Soap removes some of the oil so that after such a cleaning it is best to go over the surface with a cloth moistened with the oil previously used in polishing the furniture; commercial oil polish or a mixture consisting of one part of boiled linseed-oil and three parts of turpentine may be used.

Clean a varnished surface with soft dust-cloths as long as possible, unless spar varnish has been used. When a more drastic cleaning is desired, use a soft cloth wrung from warm water made sudsy with a mild soap. Rinse the surface with clean water and let it dry. Good spar varnish is little affected by water.

It is well to follow up the cleaning of a varnished surface with the oil or polish suggested for oiled surfaces. Do not have the oiling-cloth too moist, for it will leave streaks. Then, later on, rub the surface well with a dry, soft cloth. A warm soapy-water bath, followed by oiling and rubbing, brightens up varnished finishes remarkably. Scratches and other slight marks are scarcely noticeable after such treatment.

Painted surfaces may be cleaned in several ways. In any method where water is employed use a soft cloth and wring it dry. Warm water and a mild soap may be used. If the water is hard, borax or just enough soda to soften the water may be used in addition. Rinse the surface with clear water and let it dry.

Kerosene may be used in warm water in the proportion of one tablespoon of kerosene to a quart of water. It is not necessary to rinse when the solution is used, but the surface should be wiped with a dry cloth. A very mild abrasive or cleaning-powder such as whiting may be used on a very dirty spot. Sometimes a cloth moistened with kerosene is effective if the surface is rubbed until clean and then wiped dry with another cloth.

Waxed surfaces should be cleaned with chemically prepared dust-cloths and mops as long as possible. Do not use oils on waxed surfaces, for they soften the wax. When such a surface is badly soiled, commercial cleaners may be used. These should employed according to directions given for their use. Rub the surface well, then apply a thin coat of wax and polish the surface with a flannel or other friction-giving cloth. One of the joys of a waxed surface is that a small worn spot can be treated without requiring that the rest of the article be rewaxed.

AND METALS AND OTHER ODD THINGS

VARNISHED wall-paper may be cleaned in the way already suggested for varnished wood. Work gently and do not let the water remain long on the paper. The paper will last much longer if it is revarnished from time to time.

Oilcloth coverings are cleaned in the same way as painted surfaces. Ordinary wall-paper is best cleaned by brushing. Wool wall-brushes do not harm the paper in themselves, but bits of soot may cling to the wool and streak the paper as the brush passes over it. This is also true when brooms with cloth coverings are used.

When it comes to polishing metals, whiting or some similar mild abrasive is an all-round standby. Such abrasives are the main ingredients of many of the ready-to-use metal polishes. When using these polishes, the directions given on the container should be followed carefully.

If using the whiting for nickel or silver, the whiting may be made into a thin paste with water, ammonia or alcohol. Allow it to dry on the surface, then rub it briskly, rinse and dry.

Copper and brass may be cleaned by using a good metal polish, or whiting mixed with vinegar, or a solution of vinegar and salt. After rubbing the surface vigorously, rinse it thoroughly and let it dry. In order to prevent quick retarnishing, rub the surface well with a cloth moistened with oil.

Silver, unless it has an oxidized finish, may be cleaned the electrolytic way. This is a very quick and easy method and absolutely safe, although the resulting finish is not quite the same unless the article is vigorously rubbed after the cleaning. Heat water to the boiling-point in a bright aluminum kettle, and to each quart of water add one teaspoon of either baking or washing soda and one teaspoon of salt. Stir these until they have dissolved; then place the silver in the kettle, taking care that the silver is entirely covered with the water. Usually all discoloration is removed in about one minute. Empty the water out of the aluminum at once, as the alkali darkens and stains the vessel. Rinse the silver in hot water and then rub it dry.

CLEANING equipment and supplies are most convenient if assembled in one place. Every home should have at least one cleaning-closet to hold the necessary supplies. Many housewives find an extra one on the second floor very helpful.

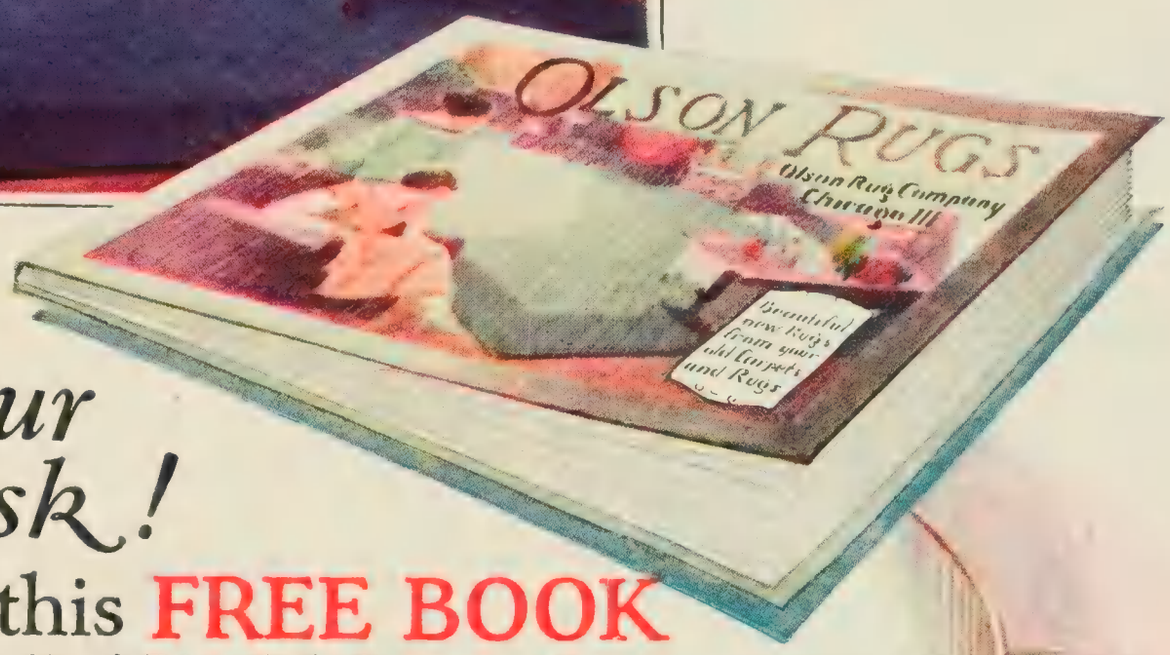
Shelves at the side or top of a cleaning-closet are convenient. A short person finds side shelves handy, but a cleaning-closet occupies less width of floor space if the shelves are at the top. A closet which is ventilated with windows of woven metal mesh like the one in the illustration has a very real advantage because ventilation keeps the closet sweet-smelling and fresh.





Beautiful OLSON RUGS

woven from your OLD MATERIALS by patent process



Let us put these popular rugs in your home—at our risk!

Mail Coupon for this FREE BOOK in Actual Colors—*Full of Useful Suggestions*



Samples (actual size) of wool rug yarn prepared by the Olson Process.

YOUR CHOICE
—of twenty-three up-to-date colors, ***regardless of the colors in your old materials.***

WRITE today for the book that is saving millions of dollars for thrifty women. Rugs in all the fashionable new colors are illustrated in rooms arranged by experts.

This book describes the remarkable new Olson Patented Process by which we guarantee to ***reclaim like new*** the materials in your old or out-of-date rugs, carpets and clothing. Your materials are first ***washed, bleached, pickered, carded, combed*** and then ***spun*** into the finest kind of rug yarn and ***dyed*** any color you wish.

This yarn is then firmly woven on immense power looms into brand new ***seamless*** and ***reversible*** OLSON RUGS with the same smooth luxurious nap on ***both*** sides to give ***twice the wear.***

Save ½ the money you had planned to spend for rugs—Send us your OLD RUGS Carpets and Clothing

OLSON RUGS are entirely different from any other rugs made of old materials. Material reclaimed by the Olson Process defies detection.

ANY SIZE OR SHAPE

OLSON RUGS are just the kind you have always wanted—up-to-date rugs that are soft and pleasant to walk on—that do not curl—woven ANY SIZE or SHAPE you want. If you lack enough material, we will be glad to help you out with new wool rug yarn at cost. ***Every order is completed—***

IN ONE WEEK

We pay Express, Freight or ***Parcel Post*** from ***all*** states. It is just as easy to order from California, Texas or Maine as any other state.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

We will weave new OLSON RUGS from your old materials and send them to you to try on the floors of your home where you can walk on them, examine them and compare them with store rugs that cost twice as much. Then, if you do not think your rugs are the biggest rug value you ever received, send them back at our expense and we will pay you for your old material.

Prominent Women Praise Rugs

From **RUTH ROLAND**—*"My Interior Decorator approved my choice of OLSON RUGS, because the soft, neutral colors and the new one- and two-tone effects set my furnishings off to best advantage. Personally, I love the restful colors and the soft, rich, deep texture of OLSON RUGS."*

From **IRENE RICH**—*"OLSON RUGS are a splendid combination of the artistic and the practical, and it seems as though there is no 'wear out' to them."*

We have thousands of letters from delighted customers. OLSON RUGS are ***in over a million homes*** and in many of the finest hotels and clubs.

Established over half a century ago—in 1874

OLSON RUG COMPANY
Dept. B-17, 28-38 Laflin Street, Chicago, Ill.







TEAR OUT AND MAIL NOW

OLSON RUG CO., Dept. B-17, 28-38 Laflin St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Please mail to me, FREE, your beautiful new catalog on rugs, your latest low prices and complete information.

NAME .....

STREET (R. F. D.) .....

TOWN ..... STATE .....

To those who write promptly we will include, Free, the new *Olson Color Guides* for home decorating.

© Olson Rug Co., 1925



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America's most famous dessert

JELL-O

HOW TO DRESS A BED

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

WHEN attacking the problem of furnishing the bedroom, one naturally begins with the chief feature, the bed, which, after all, is the reason for the bedroom.

There are tall beds, low beds, wooden beds and metal beds, all sanitary, comfortable and in good taste. Each type, according to its design and use, should be dressed in the most appropriate style and material.

When purchasing a bed, comfort should be the first consideration. Too much care can not be given to the selection of a well-built, comfortable spring and a stout, properly filled mattress. Make sure that the mattress filling is of clean, pure, new hair, felt, cotton or the coil-spring type and that no renovated materials have been used in its making. Many reputable manufacturers guarantee the use of only new materials in the making of their mattresses, and it is well to place one's faith in such an article.

In selecting a bed-spring, see to it that the spring will not slacken or rattle with every movement of the sleeper, and that it has no sharp projections which will tear sheets, ticking and mattresses.

After this the design of the bedstead is next in importance. Simplicity in beds, as in all other furniture, is always the safest choice. Metal beds made along plain straight lines and painted in dull soft colors, or in representation of the grain of walnut or mahogany, are now very popular. With the revival of period furniture the hardwoods have again been put to excellent use as head-boards and foot-boards. The walnut, mahogany and maple grains which are used for this purpose are generally very beautiful, and, therefore, should be complemented by spreads, valances and puffs which are worthy of them.

Do you want individual advice on the newest, the most durable and the most economical house furnishings? Write Mrs. Sanders, at THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope

Now that the day-bed is an accepted article of furnishing for the living-room, it has brought into vogue the sturdy cover of stout, decorative material. This should be chosen to match the over-draperies and other upholstery. Cotton or silk velours, upholsterer's satins, sunfasts, damasks, reps and heavy sateens are most suitable for this use.

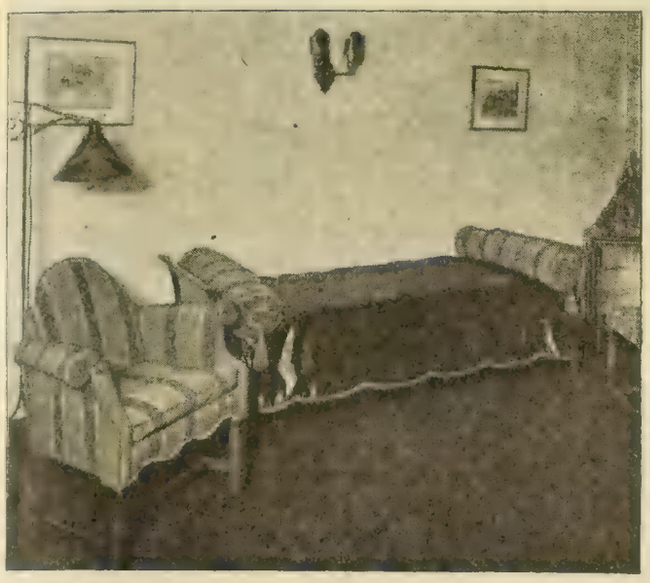
An effective way to trim such a cover is to stitch flat around the edges one or two bands of taffeta or satin of contrasting colors. Also, heavy silk cord, antique gilt braid and silk or cotton fringe sewed to a plain straight edge or to large scallops add individuality. Cushions of various shape, covered and trimmed in the same manner, help decidedly to give the day-bed additional comfort and attractiveness.

Four-posters and other types of Early American beds are appropriately dressed only when the bedspread is made long enough to tuck under the pillow at the head of the bed and to come to the bottom of the cross-board at the foot. Likewise the sides of the spread should be long enough to cover the sideboards. When a spread of this type is properly adjusted, the lower edges hang on a horizontal line around the three sides of the bed.

Sometimes bedspreads for four-posters are designed with wide ruffles. These are stitched with a generous heading to the edges of the spread, the ruffles themselves being finished with wide hems. Materials for this type of spread range from plain heavy white muslin, finished usually with cotton fringe, to sheer dimities and dotted swiss. When the fabric is very sheer, an under sham of sateen or muslin is also used to help conceal the bedding.

Another type of Colonial bedspread is made of muslin ornamented with tufts of candle-wick cotton. Candle-wick spreads are worked in a variety of colors and resemble the Southern knotted spreads.

Seersucker and colored novelty fabrics come already cut and finished in bedspreads to fit any size bed. The weave and design of these materials make them suitable not only for four-posters, but for metal and painted bedsteads as well.



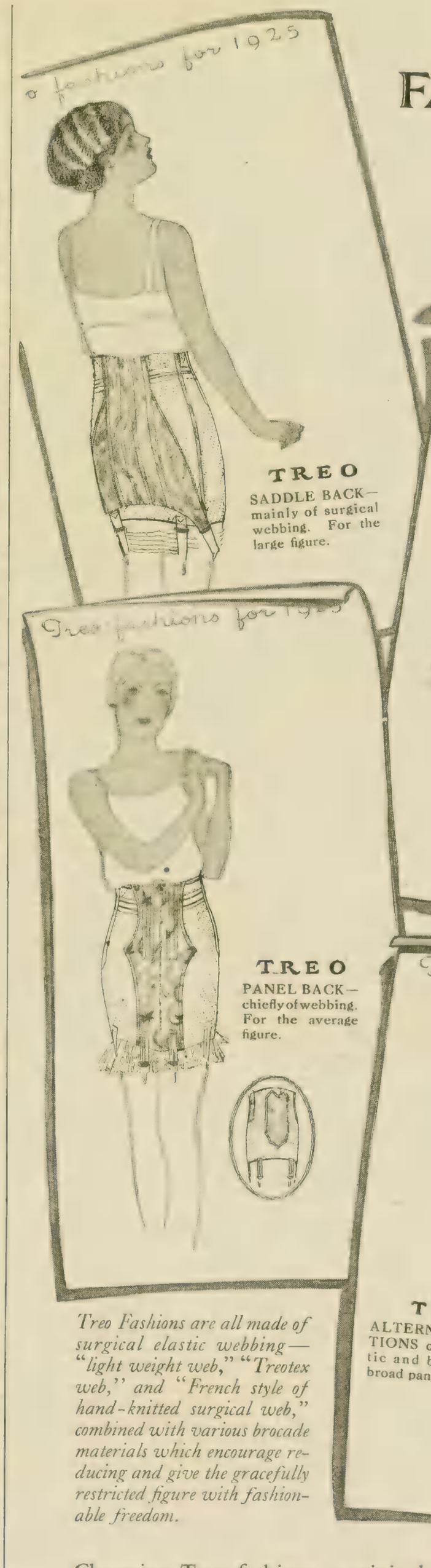
Upholsterer's satin, edged with silk fringe, makes a formal covering for a day-bed



A knotted cotton bedspread looks well on an old four-poster bed



Ribbon-trimmed sateen covers are appropriate for modern painted beds



TREO FASHIONS for 1925

TREO BRASSIERE GIRDLE—a combination garment.

Treo Fashions are all made of surgical elastic webbing—"light weight web," "Treotex web," and "French style of hand-knitted surgical web," combined with various brocade materials which encourage reducing and give the gracefully restricted figure with fashionable freedom.

Charming Treo fashions—original creations superbly suited to the season's styles and to the needs of every figure. The Treo Anchor Band holds the garment in place while the Feature Strip restrains the abdomen and supports the back.

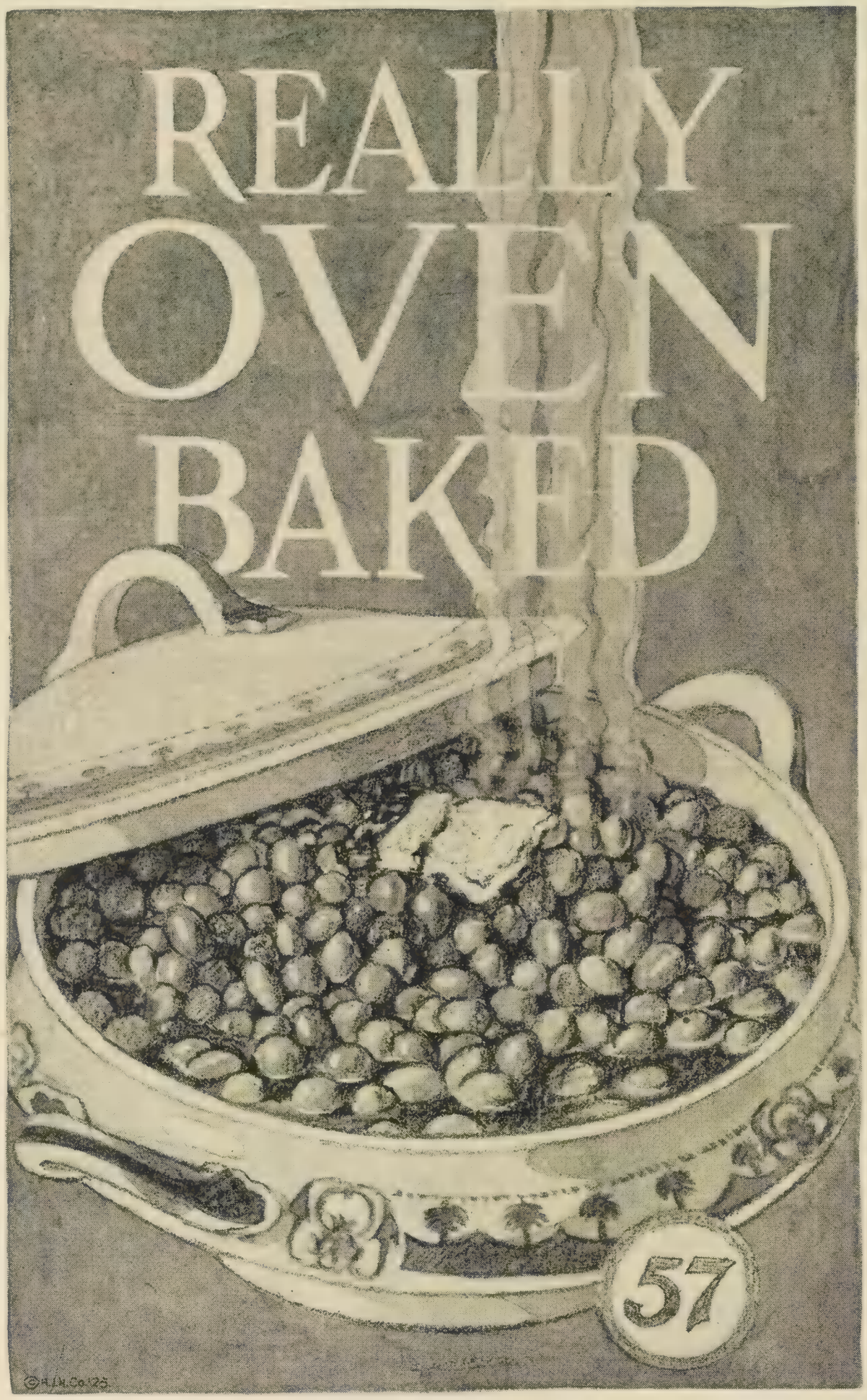
Write for illustrated booklet

TREO ELASTIC GIRDLE

The More Elastic the Corset—the More Graceful the Figure

TREO COMPANY, Inc., *Manufacturers*, 267 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Great Britain: Distributing Corp., Ltd., 60 Wilson St., Finsbury Sq., London, E. C. 2
Canada: Eisman & Co., 24 Spadina Avenue, Toronto
Paris: Tribout 20, Rue des Pyramides
Cuba: Havana, Aguiar 122



Real oven-baking makes beans best to eat and best for you.

You can be sure that the beans you eat are really baked in real ovens if you specify *Heinz* Baked Beans. The label says they are baked. And no beans are really *oven-baked* unless the label *does* say *baked.*

HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED
BEANS
with tomato sauce

VEGETABLES EN CASSEROLE ARE DELICIOUS

Selected by Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



Fill green peppers with well seasoned bread crums and top them with eggs, served with cheese sauce this makes a savory casserole dish fit for an epicure

A casserole will save you time and bother—for it can be popped into the oven or the fireless and be forgotten while you spend the afternoon out. And do you know that cheap cuts of meat, and leftovers, too, can be temptingly cooked this way? We have a leaflet of casserole recipes which we'll mail you at once on receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope. Write the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

DURING this season between Winter and Spring, Winter vegetables fall off in flavor, fresh vegetables are expensive and hard to get, and canned vegetables begin to pall. Now more than ever, the home cook needs to turn to the casserole to make the most in flavor and savoriness of whatever vegetables she finds available.

The French have long used the casserole method of cooking vegetables. To them a casserole is a closed sauce-pan which can be tightly covered to hold the heat well. In such a vessel vegetables are cooked in the steam of their own juices and the best of the original flavors thus preserved. Slow baking also causes the vegetables to absorb the seasonings or sauces, which add so much to the general savoriness.

Casseroles should have covers that set well into the dishes, making them as nearly steam-tight as possible. Then the vegetables may be baked in a slow or moderate oven from 300-350 degrees Fahrenheit. Greasing the casserole before the food is placed in it makes it easier to wash afterward.

VEGETABLE COMBINATIONS

½ cup cooked green peas
½ cup cooked green string-beans
½ cup chopped boiled carrots
½ cup milk
1 cup soft bread-crums
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon paprika
1 egg

Press the peas through a sieve, cut up the beans in small pieces, then combine all the vegetables. Add the milk, the egg slightly beaten, the crums and the seasoning to them. Turn the whole into a greased baking-dish and bake in a moderate oven until the mixture is firm.

CARROTS DELMONICO

Scrape and cut in dice six carrots. Place them in a casserole, cover them with boiling water in which are 1 tablespoon of sugar and 1 tablespoon of butter, and bake covered for half an hour, or until tender. Drain and add the following sauce: Melt 3 tablespoons of butter, add 3 tablespoons of flour, and when this is smooth, stir into it, using a little at a time, 1 cup of the stock in which the carrots were cooked, ½ a cup of cream or milk containing the beaten yolks of two eggs; when smooth, add ½ a tablespoon of lemon-juice, and season the mixture with salt and pepper. Sprinkle the top with finely rolled crums and let it brown in the oven.

BAKED CELERY IN CASSEROLE

Cut two bunches of celery into two-inch lengths, wash it thoroughly, and let it blanch in equal quantities of boiling water and milk for fifteen minutes. Then remove the celery and let it cool; add one tablespoon of butter blended with one tablespoon of flour, some pepper and salt, to one cup of the milk and water stock. Arrange the celery in a buttered baking-dish and when this sauce is smooth remove it from the fire and beat two eggs into it. Pour the sauce over it, spread the top thickly with crums, and put the dish in the oven. Cook it covered for twenty minutes, then uncover it and let it brown nicely before serving.

CORN AND TOMATO CASSEROLE

Butter a casserole and fill it with alternate layers of canned corn and tomatoes. Season the vegetables with salt, pepper, butter and a little finely chopped green pepper. Spread the top with buttered bread-crums and bake for one-half hour.

STUFFED ONIONS

6 medium to large onions
½ cup chopped ham or chopped green pepper
½ cup soft bread-crums
Fine dry bread-crums
½ cup milk
Pepper
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon fat

Remove a slice from the top of each onion and parboil the onions until almost tender. Drain and remove the centers, making six little cups. Chop the onion that was scooped out and combine it with the ham and the soft crums. Add the seasoning and refill the onion cups with the ham mixture. Place the onions in a casserole, cover them with crums, add the milk, bake until tender

TURNIPS WITH CHEESE

3 medium-sized white or yellow turnips
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup grated cheese

Peel the turnips, cut them in slices, and boil them for about fifteen minutes in boiling salted water. Make a white sauce with the fat, flour, milk, salt and pepper Pour this over the turnips in a covered casserole and then sprinkle the grated cheese over them. Bake for thirty minutes and serve hot.

GREEN PEPPERS EN CASSEROLE

Parboil six green peppers for five minutes, then cut off the stem-ends and remove the seeds. Melt two tablespoons of butter in a frying-pan, and add one finely chopped onion and cook until golden brown; then stir in three tablespoons of fine bread-crums and season with salt, pepper, and catsup. Drain the peppers, place them in a deep casserole and fill with the above mixture. Into each pepper break an egg, cover with more of the prepared crums and bake for ten minutes. Serve with a cheese sauce.

The habits of youth make or mar the happiness of the after years

From earliest childhood the individual should be taught the importance of regular habits.

If the human body is to function normally, if health is to be enjoyed in its fullest measure, digestive waste must be eliminated with clock-like regularity.

To neglect this simple law of nature is to open wide the door to sickness and disease.

Too little exercise — too much of the wrong kind of food have inflicted faulty elimination upon all civilized peoples. If we desire health and happiness we must, all of us, fight off this unnatural condition. We must take a daily "*Ounce of Prevention*" against sickness.

A natural *prevention* food

The proper way to combat faulty elimination is not by means of drugs or laxatives but with the food we eat.

If there is need for cathartics your doctor will prescribe them. To take them indiscriminately is dangerous.

Post's Bran Flakes, eaten every day, will bring about regular eliminative habits; *prevent* future troubles.

Bran in this form provides *bulk* for the intestines and supplies the body with such vital food elements as phosphorus, iron, proteins, carbohydrates and the essential Vitamin B.

Eaten with milk or cream, just as you would eat Post Toasties or Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes is a delicious cereal. It is equally effective when baked into muffins or bread.

Bran in this form is splendid for children as well as adults. And it is particularly well suited to elderly men and women *who should never take habit-forming drugs*.

Form the sensible habit of eating Post's Bran Flakes every day, and banish the dangers of faulty elimination. Take a daily "*Ounce of Prevention*" against sickness.

Send for "An Ounce of Prevention," a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our booklet showing different ways of serving bran. Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. 3-104, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*), Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum and Grape-Nuts. If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont.



JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

HEALTH, the most precious of life's possessions! It gives wings to youth and serenity to age.

A body that is normal in its functions — eyes that sparkle, cheeks that glow and lips that smile — those are the outward signs.

Yet how easily a little carelessness in the springtime of life may mar the happiness of the after years.

Post Health Products

everybody
every day

eat

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention



© P. C. Co., 1925



NAIRN
INLAID
LINOLEUM

Belflor Inlaid, the latest vogue in floor decoration

BELFLOR Inlaid—the newest of the famous Nairn Linoleums — creates "that favorable first impression" in the entrance hall, as well as in every room throughout the home.

It will enable you to have those delightful effects in your floors which interior decorators are all advocating.

Never before have you seen rich, clouded effects like these. For *Belflor* is an absolutely new thing in inlaid linoleum. Such colors and such enchanting blending are unknown except in rare Old World marbles.

But unlike marble, Nairn *Belflor* is soft, springy and comfortable to walk on. It possesses all the resilience and sturdy wearing qualities that have won for Nairn the confidence of two generations of merchants and users. And surprising, too, is its moderate cost.

Belflor takes away that cold, cheerless look given by bare wooden floors — and is much less trouble to care for. No refinishing is ever needed. An occasional waxing is all the attention *Belflor* requires because the colors go clear through to the burlap back — never wear off.

To really appreciate the exceptional, soft-hued beauty of this newest of noiseless floorings that will give the modern touch of color to your floors — whether new or old—have your dealer show you *Belflor*.

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NAIRN LINOLEUM

- *Belflor Inlaid*—a new line of 46 marbleized pattern effects of rare beauty. Made in light and heavy weights.
- *Straight Line Inlaid*—clean cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid.
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- *Moiré Inlaid*—a rich two-tone, all-over effect.
- *Granite and Moresque Inlaids*—popular all-over mottled effects

The edge shows you *that the inlaid patterns are permanent; the colors go through to the burlap back.*

- *Battleship Linoleum*—heavyweight plain linoleum — made to meet U. S. Gov't specifications. In five colors.
- *Plain Linoleum*—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum. In six colors.
- *Cork Carpet*—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring.
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Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 2047/4

Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7146/4

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Which Pattern Will You Prefer?

So extensive is the variety of patterns in Belflor that they'll suggest all kinds of ways to bring new loveliness into your home. A folder containing life-like reproductions in color of 31 Belflor patterns will be sent you on request. Better by far see them at your dealer's.



WHAT DOES YOUR HUSBAND EAT AT NOON?

By Flora M. Thurston

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

HAVE you ever lingered over your lunch in a cafeteria while the business men of the town filed past, each with the meal he had chosen from the bewildering array of food displayed in tempting attractiveness? Have you ever sat on a revolving stool with your arms resting on a railway lunch-counter, waiting, perhaps, for a well-selected meal which you had laboriously chosen from a very complex bill of fare and watched one man after another call for a cup of coffee and a plate of doughnuts and then quickly dash off?

The lunch of the American husband is often to him merely a very unimportant incident of a day's work. If he is an office man, he may stop at any time between twelve and two o'clock and run out to a near-by restaurant or lunch-counter, take a bite to eat and rush back to work again. If he belongs to that great group of men whose business keeps them "on the road," he may consider himself fortunate if he is able to indulge in the ever-favorite ham sandwich between trains. If he carries his lunch in a pail, what he eats may be his wife's choice, not his own, and it may vary from day to day according to the family larder. On the other hand, to the more leisurely husband the noon hour may mean a time to meet friends and business associates for an ample, perhaps too ample, repast. And so it goes, from a sandwich to a three or four course meal, not according to need, but according to convenience and inclination.

The husband who lives on a farm or in a small town may be far more fortunate than his city brother, because he can breakfast, dine and sup at home and so be protected against the temptation of eating irregularly and on the run. The most fortunate husband of all is the one whose wife knows the importance of sound nutrition, selects well-balanced meals for him, and takes into consideration the food he eats when away from home.

IF EATING were merely a pastime, a means of sociability, or a silencer of hunger pangs, we would ask no more of food than that it satisfy these requirements. But since food determines very largely not only the structure of the body but its health as well, we must look upon it as a social obligation which reaches even beyond our own generation. Any individual or organization interested in public welfare can do nothing more fundamental for physical development than intelligently to influence the food consumed.

The problem at present is a complex one. The husband who lunches away from home may have had a busy morning or he may have an appointment during the noon hour. Consequently he selects not only the nearest eating-place, but one that serves quickly. Very possibly this excludes the best ones, because they are likely to be crowded. He orders only a little food of the kind that is ready to serve; he may even argue with himself that he can work best after a very light lunch. Then he consumes hurriedly what he has ordered, keeps his appointment and works hard throughout the afternoon. He may feel faint or hungry or have a headache. On the way home he may eat again. If he does not, he is likely to want his dinner the moment he enters the house.

On the other hand, your husband may be one who believes in spending meal-time in being sociable. If he selects a *table-d'hôte* meal, it is likely to be really a dinner. If his appetite is good, he may eat another dinner at home at night—until his girth begins to expand and he suddenly realizes that he can not slip behind the wheel of his car with as much agility as he did in leaner years

Who is going to accept the responsibility for a husband's nutrition—his wife, his restaurant or himself? Or must it be worked out on a cooperative plan? Is he going to eat at noon as the spirit moves him, and expect his wife to know somehow what he has eaten and supplement it with the proper breakfast and evening meal, or will he sidestep the responsibility in another way by accepting a ready-made menu and calling it a meal?

EVEN though he may be armed with the best of intentions, the solution is not an easy one. For the man who eats some of his meals away from home, there are two situations to meet: one that involves satisfactory nutrition for himself, and the other that involves the nutrition needs and the convenience of his family. Obviously enough, the food needs of the father and his family must be considered first, and convenience second. If there are young children, the heavy meal will need to be served at noon and only a light supper given at night. But the father and mother may find it undesirable to adopt such a plan for themselves. This will make it necessary for the mother to provide lunch for herself and dinner for the children at noon, with supper for the children and dinner for herself and her husband at night.

What the husband eats at noon may complicate the problem even more. If he has taken a light meal with the idea that he will eat a real meal when he gets home at night, he is likely to go home early and expect of his wife what he demands of a restaurant—that he be served as soon as he arrives. On the other hand, if he has eaten long and well at midday, his arrival may be late, sometimes being so far beyond the children's supper-hour that a separate meal may have to be prepared or the children's supper-hour held too long. The most trying difficulty of all is the one brought about by an irregular husband who either can not or will not keep a schedule that makes regularity possible. To be faced with the uncertainty as to

Concluded on page 64



The girl who was raised to be a beauty

by Carrie Blanchard

THE LOVELIEST GIRL IN AMERICA stood before me. She *was* beautiful! Slender, clear-eyed, smiling, with a complexion—a real complexion—that almost made me gasp. I had come to learn her "secrets of beauty." Her mother laughed when I asked the question.

"I am afraid Ruth's 'beauty secrets' are not very thrilling," Mrs. Malcomson said. "Fresh air, exercise, plenty of sleep, wholesome food—just the things which everyone recognizes as necessary."

Just the things which everyone recognizes! Simple rules, perhaps, but from my work I know how few, how very few, put these things into practice.

"And have you observed these rules?" I asked.

"Yes, always," she said. "You see, from the very first, I wanted Ruth to be beautiful. So we have not taken any chances. I think carelessness in apparently small details often means the difference between success and failure. Ruth has never tasted coffee or tea, for instance—because the best authorities condemned them. I haven't been an exacting mother, either—Ruth has had a mighty good time. But the things I have encouraged her to do have been so sensible that they have fallen in naturally."

It pleased me particularly that Mrs. Malcomson said this—for this is a point I have always made! There isn't a single thing necessary to attaining our best which is unnatural or "faddish." Of course, every girl cannot be a Ruth Malcomson, but every girl *can* make the most of her own possibilities—yet so few do! Beauty doesn't just happen! It is developed, like anything else.

That is why I am proud of my work for the Postum Cereal Company—to help in turning thousands, every month, from caffein beverages to a wholesome, delicious drink like Postum. It is a decided step in the right direction—an "apparently small detail" which often means the difference between nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, indigestion, and the buoyant health so necessary to beauty! And Postum, filled with the rich flavor of roasted wheat, is so good to drink!

Miss Malcomson drinks Postum, by the way. I wish you would do this for thirty days, just as a test. Will you accept my offer?

Carrie Blanchard's Offer!

I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply, free, and my own directions for preparing it in the most delicious way.

You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less per cup.

Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

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WHAT DOES YOUR HUSBAND EAT AT NOON?

Concluded from page 63

whether one's husband will arrive at six or eight, yet to be very certain that he will want his dinner immediately, is to feel one's enthusiasm and pride in a well-prepared meal flatten out as truly as the food does when it is held too long.

If the entire family can have its dinner at noon, the home-maker's burden is greatly lightened.

SINCE the husband can not secure a satisfactory dietary unless the food he eats at noon supplements that which his wife provides at home, the only solution lies in intelligent planning and cooperation on the part of both of them.

If proper nutrition standards are to be adopted by the family, the husband's problem will be simplified if it can be decided at what meals the different types of food will be served. For instance, one serving of fruit can be provided for breakfast, and if the husband is particularly fond of fruit and can get it in attractive forms at noon, his fruit allowance will be met in this way. This would not mean that fruit would necessarily be excluded from the evening meal, but it would not be among the requisite foods.

If dinner is served at night, it may be assumed that meat, potatoes and another vegetable will also be on the menu. In order to complete the vegetable allowance, the lunch will need to include a serving of vegetable other than potato. If eggs are not served at breakfast, an egg or cheese dish is suitable at noon. For the man who enjoys milk as a beverage, it is very simple to add milk to the lunch menu, while his wife can plan to include the remainder of the milk allowance in the breakfast and dinner meals. The relentless judgment of the scales will help to decide how much cereal and fat food should be eaten throughout the day.

What, then, is the mental list of foods which the well-informed husband must recall when he sets out for lunch? Shall we take him through the most difficult of food-selection experiences, the modern cafeteria? Given a tray, knife, fork and spoons (he should also be well provided with strong arm muscles—not to reach but to hold back), he starts down the long aisle of temptation.

Desserts first! What was that list he and his wife decided upon? Oh, yes, a vegetable (not potato)! But one doesn't find vegetables among desserts. Something was said about fruit and cheese; so why not decide on apple pie with a generous block of cheese and have two items included in one? What a relief to have passed the dazzling dessert-counter and made such a prompt and successful decision! Salads next; one might locate a vegetable here. A few stalks of asparagus laid over a bed of lettuce. He remembers something about leaves and stems being on the front line of the vegetable group. What luck to have struck both at once on the first day! Next the hot dishes steaming with fragrant odors of roast beef, planked fish and a half-dozen vegetables. He glances at his tray, which displays a rather cold meal for a crisp Winter day. He looks longingly at the hot meat, but grips his tray a little more tightly and hurries on. "Milk" pops into his consciousness and he chills at the thought of a cool bottle to add to an already cold meal. But just as he steels his will to live up to the bargain at any cost, he spies a hot milk soup which saves both his reputation and his appetite at a critical moment. The worst over, he finds it easy to reach for whole-wheat bread and butter and to face the cashier. Fortunately his lunch was not expensive. That was one consolation; and he would do better another time.

Only a little less difficult is the *à la carte* meal; but it permits one to escape the necessity of quick decision, a great comfort when one is new at the game. Also it gives one the advantage of progressing down the card in a sensible order from soup to dessert. Here one has a chance to improve a bit on the menu of yesterday. A clear vegetable soup, the first on the list—a fortunate combination of appetizer, delightful warmth and if one is lucky enough to secure the dregs, a good-sized serving of vegetables. With such a stimulating dish one can well afford to select a glass of milk; but what about a liquid meal? It would be gone long before dinner-time. What could be relied upon to stay by? A cheese soufflé perhaps, an egg salad or a generous fruit cobbler, or perhaps baked apples with cream.

Unless one needs a regular dinner, one can hardly afford to patronize a *table-d'hôte* meal. Too often the vegetable allowance is largely potato with a suggestion of lettuce or peas. It may appear cheaper than a self-selected meal, but cheapness in food is too likely to be associated with a high proportion of meat, potatoes and bread, a type of diet that is never cheap in the long run. Such places will be maintained only as long as people demand a questionable dietary standard. There is tremendous hope for a healthier generation in the growing popularity of cafeterias, tea-rooms and restaurants where food is selected by an increasingly intelligent public.

THE most difficult place of all to secure a satisfactory meal is the quick-lunch counter, partly because the people who patronize it demand coffee, sandwiches, pie or doughnuts, and partly because it is difficult to keep a more varied and wholesome selection of food in good condition all day. The only hope of improvement lies in a different demand; but until this can be achieved, what can a busy husband choose that can be eaten on the run and that will keep him from being too hungry before the evening meal is ready? Sometimes a vegetable soup is available.

Well-made custards are usually on hand—and fortunately so, because they are wholesome and quickly eaten. If one can stop to chew, a cheese or egg sandwich may be a good choice. A lettuce leaf would be a valuable addition, well worth asking for if it would not upset the lunch-room routine. As soon as there is sufficient demand, whole-wheat bread will begin to make its appearance here as in other eating-places. If one has time to spread it with butter, which is too often lacking, it is both more palatable and more likely to stay by. A glass of milk, perhaps with some cream added, a baked apple or an orange, or box of raisins that one can slip in one's pocket and eat after boarding a train, may complete the meal.

Last of all, and most hopeless of all, is the so-called "hot-dog" stand and rural pop-counter so much to be deplored because here a decent meal, from the standpoint of nutrition, is impossible. How strange that in the country especially, where wholesome food is available, such poor excuses for nourishment are to be found. The traveling public these days is a hungry public and one that appreciates good food. So far, at least, the country is to them a place where food has a peculiar attractiveness because it is linked up in their minds with wholesome and generous living. Why not capitalize this attitude on the part of the city people by offering such savory refreshments as ginger cookies and milk? What chance has a ham sandwich covered with mustard between slices of white bread when compared with one made of cottage-cheese and marmalade oozing from whole-wheat covers? Who would choose a bottle of stinging pop in preference to home-made ice-cream melting under freshly sliced peaches?

There is no substitute for wholesome food and no real competitor of it.

TRY TO THINK

of THE DELINEATOR *not as a magazine only but as a corps of experts ready and willing to help you in every need. Our Home-Making, House-Decoration, Child Health, Beauty, Entertainment and other departments are*

AT THE SERVICE
OF OUR READERS
AT ALL TIMES

Quick Stimulation
—hot oats and milk

QUICK QUAKER—For quick energy and quick cooking. Ready in 3 to 5 minutes

HERE are quick oats with a flavor—rich, smooth and delicious—Quick Quaker, a new kind of Quaker Oats. They provide the "oats and milk" breakfasts which authorities now are urging for children and grown-ups—cooked, ready to serve in 3 to 5 minutes. That's as quick as plain toast!

For quick stimulation and all-day vigor, no food surpasses; for savory lusciousness, none compares.

All that rich Quaker flavor is retained. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference. Try them—you will be delighted.

Your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and Quick Quaker.

Standard full size and weight packages—

Medium: **1¼ pounds;**
Large: **3 pounds, 7 oz.**



Quaker Oats

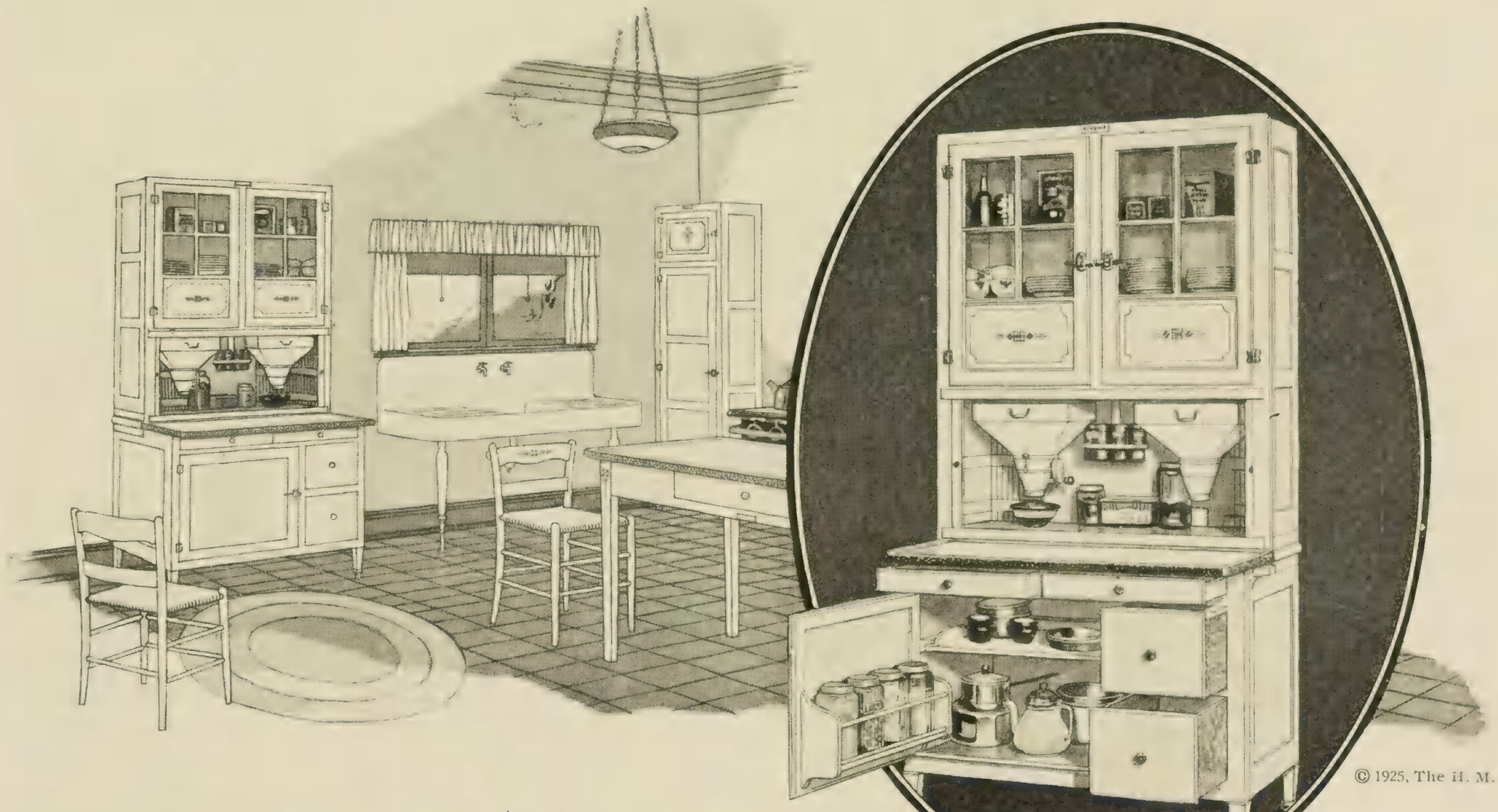
The kind you have always known





Quick Quaker

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes



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The 1925 Hoosier Highboy!

the most scientifically designed model and the greatest value ever offered, say domestic science authorities

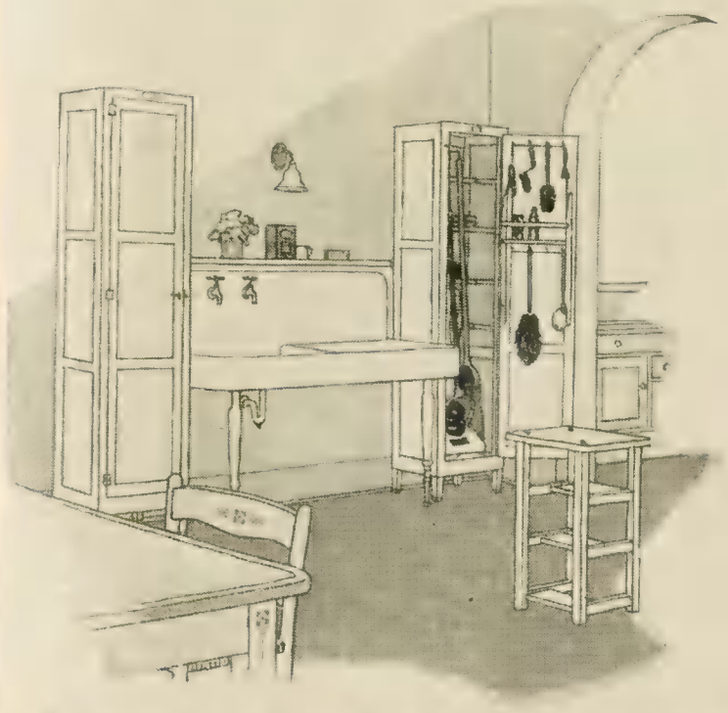
The biggest business in the world today—homemaking—cannot carry on without an adequate plant. It must be equipped to do effective work the easiest way.

Kitchens, for instance—can you imagine a really modern kitchen without a working center? As well a bathroom without a tub!

The kitchen cabinet has long been regarded as a necessity. And now comes this necessity in a new garb of beauty; a new form of efficiency.

The 1925 Hoosier Highboy! This is the last word, the model for *all* cabinets. Never before has a model been designed which offered so many conveniences, so many refinements of appearance as this new Hoosier model.

First of all, in keeping with the modern idea of cheer and beauty in the kitchen, it is a very handsome piece of furniture; in white or French Grey enamel or golden oak. It gives to the room a completely furnished look, substantial and well-ordered. Yet it has a certain daintiness of design, a grace of line appropriately "feminine."



The Hoosier cupboard units afford needed storage space in a roomy shelf cupboard for dishes, utensils and supplies, and in a broom closet fitted to hold mops, broom, vacuum and all cleaning accessories. May be used as an extension of your cabinet or separately

And from its wide working spaces, its accessories assembled right at hand, comes a new household efficiency! Domestic science experts say this new model combines more scientific features and gives greater value than any other cabinet has ever offered!

Notice the new details of design in the Hoosier Highboy

New combination glass and wood panel double doors. An entirely new decorative touch is given by combining glass and wood panels in the upper double doors. The inside of the doors are fitted with handy metal and wood racks; on one, a single rack for extract bottles; on the other, a triple tier of trays.

A new-type flour bin. A new flour bin, with shaker sifter attached—providing ample capacity for all ordinary needs—is suspended from the lower shelf. It is easily accessible and easily filled. A genuine porceliron bin, conveniently located, provides an additional 50-pound capacity.

Enlarged shelf storage space. This arrangement offers unequalled storage capacity above—shelves full 12 inches deep give a total storage space never before possible.

Genuine porceliron storage drawer. The big lower drawer of porceliron is now converted into a wonderful storage bin. It is covered, making an absolutely tight, moist-proof, dust-proof receptacle for flour, potatoes, winter vegetables or for staple fruits such as apples, oranges, etc.

Genuine porceliron bread and cake box. Just above the storage drawer is another porceliron drawer for bread and cake—the most convenient bread box ever designed.

Sliding cutting board. Over the bread and cake box is a new sliding cutting board of rock maple—placed just where you would logically use it.

Other exclusive Hoosier features. Spacious working table with porceliron top, 25 x 40½ inches, operating on roller-spring tension; mouse-proof construction; ant-proof casters; special shaker sifter; 14-piece glassware set; velvet-lined silverware extension drawer; 10-piece Domestic Science cutlery set; extension drawer with compartments for set.

For the extra storage space which every kitchen needs, movable cupboard units have been designed. You may use them as an extension to your cabinet or in other suitable places in the room. They supplant the old, detached pantry—providing compact, roomy cupboards just where you need them most—*in* the kitchen!

And to give a last touch of cosiness—the Hoosier Breakfast Set! It makes a charming breakfast or rest nook. The table has a fine white porceliron top; the chairs have cane seats.

If your kitchen is old, do not think it cannot still be modern. Hoosier furniture will completely transform it both in appearance and convenience—without bother of tearing out or building in! And for new homes, women are finding that Hoosier equipment is so much more complete than any of their own devising and building. Ask your architect about installing Hoosier furniture.

Enjoy a Hoosier Highboy NOW! —through the Hoosier Easy Purchase Plan

Do not think of the Hoosier Highboy as an extravagance. And do not think you must wait until you have the purchase price in cash at hand. Have a Highboy NOW; pay for it as you use it. A very small down payment will bring it to your kitchen; you can finish paying at your convenience. You really must see this famous model to appreciate it. The Hoosier store in your town will gladly demonstrate it and tell you of the Hoosier Easy Purchase Plan. Or write us for details.

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Name "Kirsch" on Rod



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Your dealer has the new Kirsch Rods. They're the most beautiful window draping fixtures you've ever seen. The "Kirsch" StippleTone finish is rich and silk-like. Entirely new and different. More durable as well as more artistic.

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If the booklet doesn't give all needed help, write the Kirsch Interior Decoration Service Bureau.



BREAKFAST-NOOKS

By Marion Brownfield

IT IS very probable that the breakfast-nook built in as part of the kitchen has come to stay, for it saves time, labor and heat in the Winter months and can be very attractive as well. For these reasons many practical people feel that the kitchen-nook answers the need for a separate breakfast-room with a minimum of expense and trouble.

If you are interested in House Decoration, send a stamped envelope for our list of bulletins. They present valuable information in attractive pamphlet form at minimum cost

When not used by the family, the breakfast-nook makes a suitable place for the laundress or maid to eat, and when there is company it may prove handy for the children's meal.

Many a housewife, however, makes other use of the nook besides breakfasting or lunching there, for its very convenience to the stove makes it possible to "watch the pot" while cutting out a dress or even writing a letter on the table.

THERE are many practical points that must be taken into consideration when one is planning this little eating-place. It is essential that it be located in a corner of the kitchen where it will be out of the way and yet near the stove and cupboards. Its size should allow for the maximum number who will sit there daily, and the table that is movable will be appreciated when cleaning—some tables have casters for just this purpose. The exposure of the nook should be east, or at least south, for sunshine is the chief delight of the morning meal. If the sun proves unwelcome in the Summer, there are always opaque window-shades, blinds and awnings to shut it out.

The height of the windows, too, should be taken into consideration. Those that are built rather low and swing open, casement style, are appropriate—especially if the nook looks out on a flower-garden. In a cold climate the window with center sash placed a little higher is better. Some, indeed, like a small window placed very high, Pullman style. The only gain with such a window, however, is privacy.

Other built-in features to be considered are such conveniences as cupboards and drawers. Some tables have a drawer in which to keep the table linen and silver. Cupboards for dishes can be built on the wall above the seat in some locations. The cupboard shown in the illustration makes good use of the space beneath the seat. Canned fruit might well occupy such a space if the nook is not too near the stove. A hinged seat is another suggestion for making use of this storage-space. The cooling-closet at the entrance of the nook shown in the illustration is also very convenient for bringing food back and forth to the table.

The color scheme used for the breakfast-nook depends usually on the kitchen walls and woodwork. White enamel is very popular, as this gives a dainty and cheerful effect, although dove-gray, apple-green and Dutch-blue may lend individuality. The color of the wall is frequently left white, but such tints as buff, blue, pale-green and even pink are seen. Choosing the right color depends, of course, on the amount of light the nook gets. Plenty of windows and sunshine would make white or blue cheerful enough, but if the nook is on the north side of the house, buff walls would be more attractive.

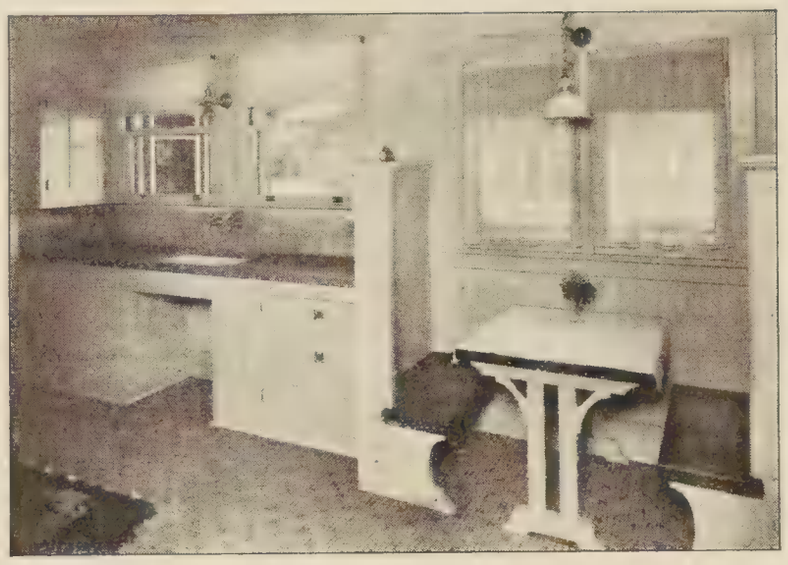
A rather pretty fad is to paper the nook, even though the kitchen walls are tinted. This gives emphasis to the seclusion of the nook—making it a little room apart that seems less like a part of the kitchen. The most popular wall-papers include Dutch, Japanese and quaintly delightful old-fashioned papers sprinkled with small flowers and perhaps birds. An inexpensive flowered paper that will not show grease spots is a wise selection, because, even though the kitchen-range is hooded to carry off surplus steam, the paper will soil more quickly than in other rooms and will have to be replaced about every two years.

If the nook is papered, draperies to match the color scheme are pleasing. Simple white, however, is always good, because it is dainty and easily laundered. Muslin, scrim or cheese-cloth are recommended. Much of the charm of draperies depends upon attractive draping.

If cretonne is used at the windows, this may also be used for pads or cushions on the seats. Rather thin seat-cushions of blue denim tacked like a quilt are very satisfactory, also, for the purpose.

OTHER accessories include the light-fixture and the cloths for the table. A fixture easily washed is best, and, with labor-saving in mind, the oilcloth lunch-mats that are so simply cleaned with a damp cloth are appropriate for the table. Yet the average housekeeper does not find small stringers of Japanese napery or prettily embroidered cloths much of a burden. Perhaps they make one forget that one is eating in the kitchen!





Above—What could be a better way of starting the day than breakfasting in this cheerful, sunny kitchen breakfast-nook!

At the left—This attractive breakfast-nook serves also as the children's dining-room and as mother's workroom while she is cutting out a dress and keeping an eye on the pot

Soap from Trees!



AFRICAN PALM TREE

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, *nothing else,* give Palmolive its green color



OLIVE TREE

NOTHING is hidden, for there is nothing to hide. No ordinary soap oils tolerated, no "super-fatting," no "super-anything." Palmolive's only secret is in its blending.

And that secret blend is judged one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The beautiful, natural complexions one out of every two women has today proves it.

Wash, launder, cleanse with any soap you choose—but when beauty is at stake, use a soap made to protect it.

60 years study to insure women keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion" makes Palmolive safe to use.



Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.





COCONUT PALM TREE

2684

The BATH SOAP



FAIRY SOAP

When you feel "all-in"

WHEN your vitality is low—when the world looks dark—when it's hard to smile—don't nurse your abnormal feeling of weariness and imagine you are "down and out!"

Read and follow what Dr. Edmund C. Gray, noted authority on natural hygiene, says:

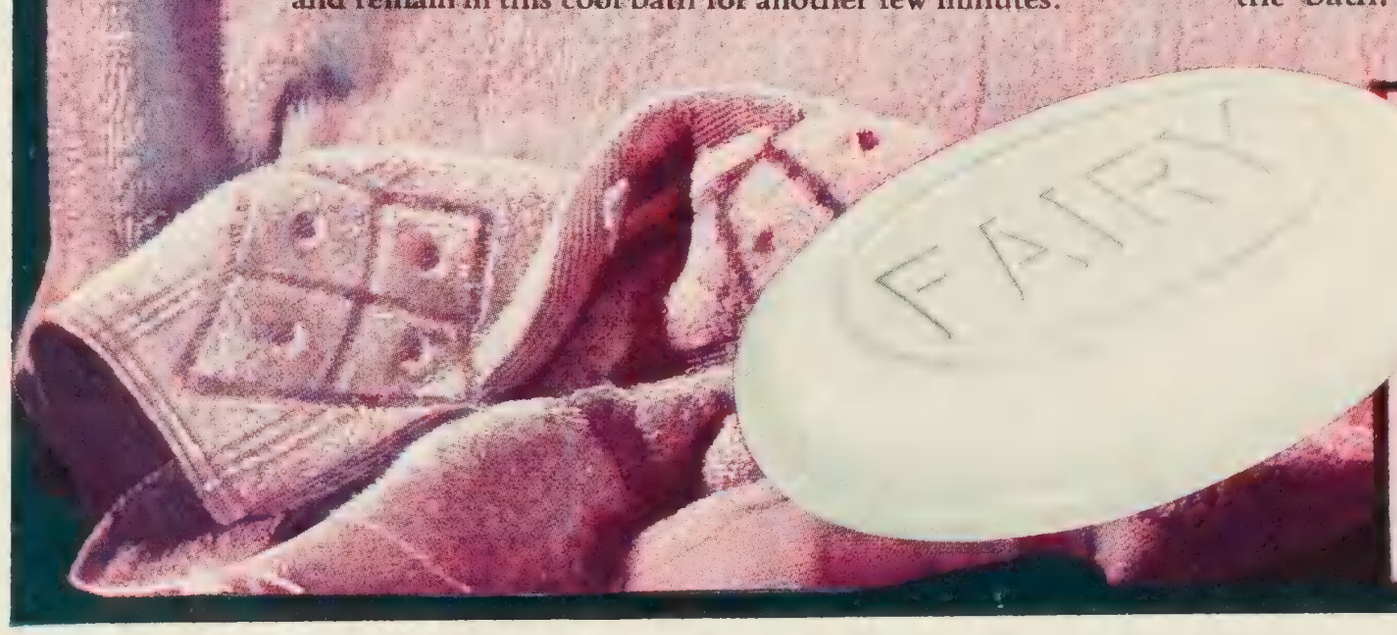
> "Remove the nerve-deadening poisons by increasing the circulation, and naturally stimulating the internal secretions that give "pep," by sitting for two or three minutes in a hot bath; then, to continue the good effects, turn on the cold water until the bath becomes cool and remain in this cool bath for another few minutes."

You will be ready for anything after this bath and the vigorous friction of the towel rub.

This bath opens up the six million tiny windows of the skin, called the pores, and through them the deadly fatigue poisons escape.

Fairy Soap is *the* bath soap! *It helps to regulate the pores.* Soap the body thoroughly with its velvety lather—thus awakening healthy skin activity.

Lassitude disappears—Life is once more worth living. Fairy Soap is a perfectly pure soap made especially for the bath.



SPECIAL OFFER—LUXURY BATH TOWELS

FAIRY SOAP DIVISION, Dept. J, 239 West 30th St., New York City

I enclose 3 Fairy Soap carton fronts and.....c. for which please send me, postage paid, the bath towel which I have marked below with an X in the square.

Luxury Bath Towel, 20 x 38, thick, soft and absorbent. 35c with 3 Fairy Soap fronts. **Worth 65c.** Choice of ☐ blue border ☐ pink border

Luxury Bath Towel for the guest room, 25 x 45; Super quality. 65c with 3 Fairy Soap fronts. **Worth $1.25.** Choice of ☐ all white ☐ blue border ☐ pink border

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town.....*State*.....

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

THE RIGHT WAY TO KEEP GOLDFISH

By William T. Innes

THE aquarium is a very old institution. At a remote time the Chinese and Koreans became interested in keeping fish, and decorative goldfish claimed their attention from the start. Many different breeds were produced—strange creatures with grotesque, distended eyes, bizarre heads and feathery floating fins. The fashion of keeping these ornamental fish persisted, and in the eighteenth century one was brought to Europe as a gift to Madame de Pompadour at the Court of Louis XV. It was not until a comparatively late date, about 1878, that these little Orientals were first introduced into the United States.

Since that time interest in them in a professional way has grown apace, and goldfish breeders and fanciers have organized societies all over the country. Fortunately it is not necessary for the amateur who wishes to have the enjoyment of a few goldfish to go into aquarium-keeping on a large scale.



The Scaled Comet



The Chinese Scaleless Telescope



The Chinese Eggfish



The Meteor



The Lion Head or Buffalo Head

Although the aquarium itself is old, the importance of the balanced aquarium has only recently been appreciated In fact, the balanced aquarium was made possible only when science had progressed far enough to find out the conditions suitable for aquatic life. Oxygen, as we know, is absolutely essential to all animal life. It is taken up in inhalation, carbon dioxid is formed and given off in exhalation. Both acts form the cycle of respiration.

In a balanced aquarium the plants take up the carbon dioxid given off by the fish, and in return give off oxygen which the fish breathe. Since a plant can use up only a limited amount of carbon dioxid, plenty of plants should be placed in the aquarium.

ARE YOUR GOLDFISH IN A SMALL ROUND BOWL?

The goldfish globe commonly used is not the proper vessel for an aquarium. The bowl does not allow sufficient room for either the fish or the plant to thrive. The fish are almost always over-crowded, the water becomes quickly polluted and frequent changing to keep it clear is dangerous. If the common round globe *must* be used, it should be filled only two-thirds full. This will allow more air surface to the water, an important point. But a rectangular glass tank, rather than a round one, is more suitable and more successful for keeping goldfish.

The bottom of the tank should be covered with coarse sand, approximately two inches deep and graded to slope toward one corner. The use of pebbles only to cover the bottom of an aquarium is not recommended, because pieces of food fall between the stones where the fish can not reach them and the water is fouled when the bits decompose.

When arranging the aquarium it should be remembered that various plants have different oxygen-producing powers. Merely ornamental plants should not be used unless a sufficient quantity of oxygen-producers have been provided. Anacharis with its feathery foliage, Vallisneria, a lovely shade of light green, Sagittaria, with its narrow grass-like leaves, and Cabomba, which comes in plumes of red or green, are good oxygen-producing plants.

Planting is usually done by placing the roots directly in the sand, though some people put the plants into pots so that it is not necessary to disturb the roots when the aquarium is cleaned. Spread out the roots when planting, propping a little extra sand about the stems. As long as the fish have room to swim there can not be too many plants. The surplus oxygen they form goes off in bubbles.

HOW MUCH WATER AND HOW MANY FISH?

After the plants have been arranged, water may be introduced into the tank. Water taken directly from the faucet should be allowed to stand several hours before it is poured into the aquarium. Pour the water gently upon a sheet of paper spread over the sand. This prevents the roots of the plants from being disturbed. The use of a sprinkling-pot will answer the same purpose.

To calculate the gallon capacity of an aquarium, multiply the depth, length and width of the water measurement in inches and divide the total by 231.

After the tank has been planted and filled with water, it should be placed near a well-lighted window. Plants function only under the influence of sunlight. The aquarium therefore should be placed either where it will get a strong diffused light or where it will get two or three hours of direct sunshine every day. But care must be exercised lest the aquarium become overheated. The best temperature for goldfish is from 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit. They can maintain life down to the freezing-point, but under the artificial conditions necessary in an aquarium this is to be avoided. A temperature higher than 80 degrees is also dangerous.

When the plants have begun to grow, fish may be placed in the aquarium. Allow one gallon of water for every inch of fish, not counting the tail.

It should not be necessary to change the water except at rare intervals, say from six months to a year, but fish are benefited by occasionally taking out a gallon or two and replacing it by means of a watering-can. See that the fresh water is exactly the same temperature as that in the tank. Violent changes in temperature produce contagious diseases known as "white fungus" and "tail rot."

It is an easy matter to remove waste material and filth from a tank with a syphon. A rubber tube of from one-quarter to one-half inch in diameter and about three to four feet long should be used for this purpose. Fill the tube with water, pinch it tightly at one end and put the other end quickly into the aquarium. Be sure to hold the pinched end down as far as possible below the aquarium and then open the tube into a suitable receptacle. The water will run out as long as the lowest point of the discharging end of the tube is lower than the surface of the water. Move the end of the tube around where the dirt has collected and it will rapidly be sucked up. Be careful not to draw in the small fish or pebbles.

Concluded on page 70

The Nestle Home Outfit for Permanent Hair Waving

("LANOIL" Process Patented)



Under the influence of moisture, perspiration, shampoos, fog and bathing, straight hair becomes straighter, but LANOIL-waved hair, like naturally curly hair, becomes even prettier and curlier!



A SINGLE afternoon, spent pleasantly with the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit will give you charming and lasting waves and curls. Send for free, illustrated booklet.

HAVE your straight hair made permanently curly and wavy in your own room, by your sister, mother, husband or friend. Enjoy peace and comfort, and look tidy and well-groomed, morning, afternoon and evening, every day of the week, month or season, whether it rains or shines. In short, make the closer acquaintance of that famous Nestle invention, the Home Outfit for permanent waving by the LANOIL Process.

A Wonderful Scientific Success

is this Nestle Home Outfit. It makes the straightest, lankiest hair ever grown on the human head curl of itself, naturally, ALL THE TIME, without *any* further curling means or methods. Once curled, the hair will stay curled, even more steadfastly than does hair which we call "naturally curly" so often seen on men's heads. The Nestle Permanent Wave with the LANOIL Process made the "bob" possible and popular. It has entered royal palaces, millionaires' houses, rural homes, farms, stores, offices and factories, and makes a success wherever it goes.

Easy To Do At Home Thirty Days' Free Trial

All we ask is that you make the personal acquaintance of the Nestle Outfit for Permanent Waving. To do this costs you little effort—and NO money.

Send for the Outfit, try it, and if you are not absolutely satisfied with its results, return it within thirty days, and your deposit will be immediately refunded. The directions with the Outfit are clear and simple. The use of it is interesting. The results wonderful. Think of it! Straight, lanky hair all your lifetime—yet from the very day you apply the Outfit—natural waves, curls and ringlets!

The celebrated scientist, Metchnikoff of Paris, said of the Nestle Permanent Wave, "It is the greatest discovery ever made for woman's comfort, and the benefit and health of the hair."

Each Nestle LANOIL Outfit Contains Free Trial Materials

These you may use to try the Nestle LANOIL Wave in your hair. No charge whatever is made for them, and no deduction taken either for postage or for using the Outfit, should you decide within thirty days that you do not care to keep it.

A Free, Interesting Booklet

If you desire further information before ordering the Outfit, send for our free booklet. If, on the other hand, you desire to give the Home Outfit a free trial immediately, either send us your check, money order, or bank draft for $15, or let us forward it to you C.O.D., and pay the postman when it arrives. The $15 purchase price is considered merely a deposit, subject to immediate refund, if you so decide.

Nestle's are established in New York and London since 1905. They have been sending forth their famous Home Outfit on this basis since 1922, with satisfaction and pleasure to its purchasers, so do not delay. Send the coupon below, or a letter or postal today for YOUR Home Outfit.

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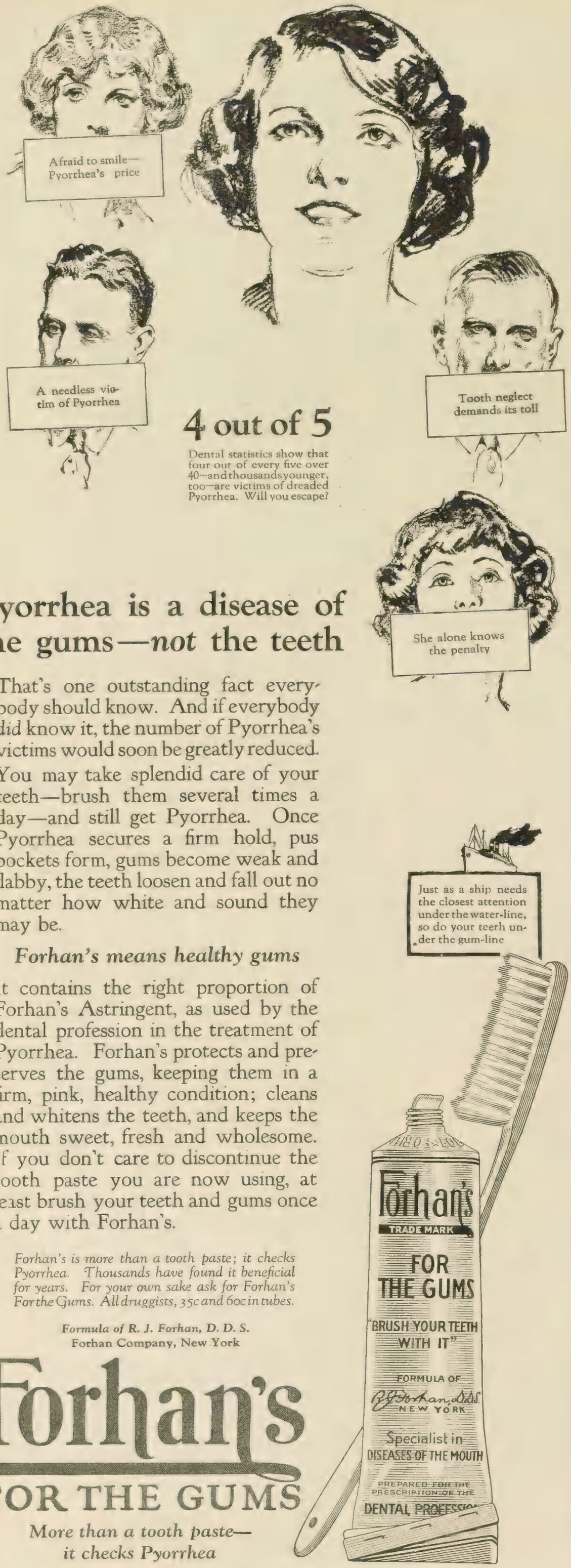
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4 out of 5

Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of dreaded Pyorrhea. Will you escape?

Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums—*not* the teeth

That's one outstanding fact everybody should know. And if everybody *did* know it, the number of Pyorrhea's victims would soon be greatly reduced.

You may take splendid care of your teeth—brush them several times a day—and still get Pyorrhea. Once Pyorrhea secures a firm hold, pus pockets form, gums become weak and flabby, the teeth loosen and fall out no matter how white and sound they may be.

Forhan's means healthy gums

It contains the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent, as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea. Forhan's protects and preserves the gums, keeping them in a firm, pink, healthy condition; cleans and whitens the teeth, and keeps the mouth sweet, fresh and wholesome. If you don't care to discontinue the tooth paste you are now using, at least brush your teeth and gums once a day with Forhan's.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

THE RIGHT WAY TO KEEP GOLDFISH

Continued from page 69

It is a good idea to let the drawn-off water settle, and filter the clearer portion through fine muslin back into the aquarium, as this is better than fresh water. This operation should be repeated every three months.

In order not to stock the aquarium with sick fish, or fish covered with parasites, the amateur should buy his pets from a reputable dealer. It is a good plan, also, to start with inexpensive specimens.

The common goldfish, or wakin as the Japanese call it, comes in a variety of colors. It is the commonest and cheapest. The fan-tail or double-tail is the most common of the fancy varieties. Nymphs and comets with very long fins and tails, telescopes with enormous eyes, and celestials with eyes that continually look heavenward are among the more unusual and expensive goldfish. Lion-heads with great, hooded heads are especially valuable—a single specimen sometimes being worth as much as a hundred dollars.

AND WHAT ARE THEY TO EAT?

In natural ponds, goldfish select both animal and vegetable material for food. This must be kept in mind when feeding aquarium fish. A balanced meal consisting of cereal, dried meat, insects and shrimps, ground up into particles like granulated sugar, gives good results. Prepared foods may be purchased in the stores, but these foods to be nourishing for the fish should have the odor of animal elements. Ground-up puppy biscuit, as it contains some animal matter, may be used as a substitute food when the better ration is unobtainable.

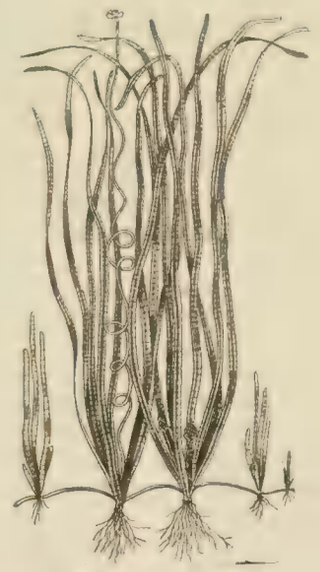
In addition to this, goldfish require some fresh material to keep them healthy. This may be supplied by bits of boiled fish, shrimp or crab. A small quantity given once each week is sufficient. Many fanciers feed their fish certain natural food organisms in order to supply this need, but these are seldom available to the amateur. An excellent food is finely chopped earth-worms. These will often restore a sick fish to health. An occasional dead fly is also looked upon as a choice morsel.

The amount of food goldfish should have is as important as its quality. Guard against overfeeding: more fish die from this cause than from any other. It is difficult to assign a definite amount, but a safe rule is to feed only as much as will be immediately consumed. If any food remains after five minutes it should be removed from the aquarium. Feed daily in warm weather, but only three times a week in Winter. Never allow the apparent hunger of the fish to persuade you to feed them oftener. There should never be any excess food left in the aquarium, for it decomposes rapidly and thus pollutes the water.

Certain kinds of snails—such as the Japanese snail—which do not attack the plants may be used to get rid of decomposing matter in the aquarium. The tadpole is sometimes used as a scavenger, but it is invariably a disturbing element and it is apt to eat the food supplied for the goldfish before turning to the refuse.

When a fish is sick, it hides in an out-of-the-way corner, it is sluggish and its back fin wilts or drops against its side. If the body of the fish is thin, if the fin becomes split, or if the fish persists in coming to the top of the water for air, something is wrong. On cloudy days, however, fish, even in a properly conditioned aquarium, often come to the surface to breathe.

Goldfish are usually hardy, but many people seem to have trouble in keeping them. The principal reasons are overcrowding, overfeeding, sudden temperature changes, lack of proper plant life and insufficient lighting. If none of these seems to cause the trouble, the fish probably has some contagious disease. In any case a sick fish should be placed in a mild salt-water bath for several days. Salt kills plants and snails, so use a separate receptacle as a hospital, and remem-



Sagittaria natans



Wild Anacharis



Giant Vallisneria

These plants grow rapidly and are good oxygen producers



Cultivated Anacharis and Cabomba: two important aquarium plants

ber to have it the same temperature as the aquarium before transferring the fish. A little pinch of epsom salts placed in the aquarium every month helps to physic the fish and keep them in good condition.

If in cold weather it is necessary to heat the aquarium, great care must be taken to distribute the warm water gradually and evenly from some source outside the tank. Tropical aquariums should be covered with a piece of glass to prevent evaporation and loss of heat, as well as to prevent the fish from being disturbed by cats or inquisitive children.

The best way to clean the inside surface of a straight-sided glass aquarium is with a safety-razor blade. For convenience this may be fastened in the end of a stick. Felt or other coarse material is suitable for cleaning bowls.

Following are a few important "Don'ts" for goldfish fanciers:

1. Don't overfeed your fish.
2. Don't overstock your aquarium.
3. Don't delay treating sick fish.
4. Don't start with expensive fish.
5. Don't allow unconsumed food to remain in the aquarium.
6. Don't use a bowl for your aquarium unless it is absolutely necessary.
7. Don't change the water oftener than from six months to a year.

If special advice on the care of goldfish, water plants or aquariums is desired THE DELINEATOR will be glad to have all inquiries attended to. Send your questions to Mr. William T. Innes, care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Free Trial Bottle



Gray Hair—Don't Have It!

Let me tell you the quick, easy way to get back original color



"WHY let gray hair spoil your chances?" is a question I so often want to ask. It is such an unnecessary handicap, when restoration is so simple and easy. And—it costs nothing to learn how.

I invite everyone with gray hair to send for my free trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of my famous hair color restorer. Test as directed on one lock of hair—learn for yourself that you needn't have gray hair at any age!

A scientific laboratory preparation

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a scientific, reliable preparation which always does the work. It brings back the natural, youthful color of your hair so perfectly that no one will suspect you once were gray.

There is no streaking, artificial dyed look. Just the even, natural, exact shade of early youth.

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No interference with shampooing—nothing to wash or rub off. My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean and dainty as water. It leaves the hair soft and fluffy—lovely when waved and dressed.

Absolutely free trial—mail coupon

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Then when you know what Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is and just what it will do, get a full sized bottle from your druggist. If you prefer it, you may order direct from me.

Fill out coupon carefully, stating exactly natural color of hair. If possible enclose a lock with your letter. When the trial outfit comes make the famous "single-lock" test. You will be overjoyed by results.



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Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red).....light brown.....light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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Set
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75c

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2 and 4 yr.
$1.65

140
1 and 2 yr
$1.85

162
$1.00
Matches
Boudoir Cap
163—35c

157—$1.75
Matches
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156—$2.50

159—85c
Matches
Pajamas 158
$2.50

160
$1.15

109
Bedspread
$4.75
This
design
made in
complete
Boudoir Set

165
Dress
$1.75

149
2 and 4 yr.
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128
Doll
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Union Sq. West *New York*

MENUS FOR MARCH

By Jessie A. Boys

These menus were planned to provide correct nutritional values within the means of an average household budget. They were edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

Whether March comes in like a lion or a lamb, one thing's certain—your folks will be hungry as bears. So try these nourishing, well-balanced menus on them. And if there are any dishes you don't know how to make—Washington Pie, say, or St. Patrick Salad, "shure an' that sounds good"—just drop a line to our Home-Making Department and we'll send you the recipes. But please don't ask for more than five at once, will you? Address us at THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and don't forget to enclose a stamped envelope.*

THE festive day of this month is St. Patrick's Day. Then you may find occasion for entertaining guests or for pleasing the family with little extras.

Green as a color scheme is easily achieved. If you serve no foods that in themselves are green, then you can decorate the table with green just as a reminder of the day.

Watercress as a garnish is more of a novelty than the constantly overworked parsley, and is usable from cocktail or canapé through the salad course.

Shamrock rolls may be made of baking-powder biscuit dough mixed stiff enough to knead for ten minutes. Then roll, shape, chill and bake them.

The dessert should have a touch of green. Irish Iceberg is simply lemon ice tinted pale green with a green-colored peppermint-flavored sugar sirup which is poured over it.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Orange-Juice
Flaked-Wheat Cereal *Hot Milk or Cream*
Jelly *Poached Eggs on Toast*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Oyster Stew *Split Crackers*
Celery Stuffed with Cheese
Nut-and-Date Bread
Washington Pie *Hot Chocolate*

DINNER

Tomato Soup *Cheese Crackers*
Meat Pie *Mashed Potatoes*
Baked Squash *Graham Bread*
Mixed Pickles
Fruit Gelatin with Whipped Cream
Milk or Coffee

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Figs *Hominy Grits with Cream*
Wheat Muffins *Scrambled Eggs*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Cream-of-Carrot Soup
Toasted Triangles of Bread
Fruit Salad *Mayonnaise*
Nut Bread *Milk or Tea*

DINNER

Roast Pork *Apple Sauce*
Sweet Potatoes *Cole-Slaw*
Buttered Parsnips
Raisin Bread *Currant Jelly*
Prune Whip *Soft Custard*
Milk or Coffee

TUESDAY—St. Patrick's Day

BREAKFAST

Apple Sauce
Bran Flakes *Top Milk*
Toasted Muffins *Bacon*
Jam
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Welsh Rabbit
Lettuce *Thousand Island Dressing*
Whole-Wheat Bread *Jelly*
Corn-Starch Blanc Mange with Sour Cherries
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Lemon-Mint-Jelly Cocktail
Steamed Fillet of Halibut *Fish Sauce*
Parsley Potatoes *Fresh Spinach*
Shamrock Rolls *Oil Pickles*
St. Patrick Salad *Wafers*
Shamrock-Decorated Cake
Irish Iceberg
Milk *Coffee*

WEDNESDAY—Inauguration Day

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Oatmeal Griddle Cakes *Maple-Sirup*
Sausage Cakes *Plum Jelly*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Casserole Hominy and Beef
Harvard Beets
Buttered Cabbage
Bran Muffins *Conserve*
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Tomato Bouillon *Wafers*
Roast Chicken
Sweet Potatoes *Giblet Gravy*
Onions au Gratin
Cranberry Jelly *Rolls*
Jelly-Cherry Custard
Inaugural Cake
Milk or Coffee

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Prunes
Corn Flakes *Top Milk*
Muffins *Eggs and Bacon*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Corn Chowder
Lettuce-and-Onion Salad *Mayonnaise*
Radishes *Baking-Powder Biscuit*
Cream Puffs
Milk or Tea

DINNER

Fruit Cocktail
Cheese Soufflé *Scalloped Potatoes*
Buttered Cabbage
Pickled Beets
Ice-Cream *Wafers*
Milk or Coffee

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Baked Apple
Cracked Wheat *Cream*
Oyster Omelet
Toast *Marmalade*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Baked Macaroni and Cheese
Prune-and-Nut Salad
Whole-Wheat Bread
Floating Island
Tea

DINNER

Bouillon *Wafers*
Creamed Finnan Haddie
Boiled Rice *Spiced Crab-Apples*
Buttered String-Beans
Parker House Rolls
Mincemeat Tarts with Whipped Cream
Milk or Coffee

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced Oranges
Codfish-and-Potato Cakes
Crisp Bacon
Corn Bread *Jelly*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Creamed Egg on Toast
Baked Potato *Stewed Tomato*
Hot Biscuit *Honey*
Cocoa

DINNER

Fruit Cup
Baked Kidney Beans with Fresh Pork
Mashed Potatoes *Chilli Sauce*
Steamed Whole-Wheat Bread
Apple-and-Orange Salad
Chocolate Junket *Cookies*
Milk or Coffee

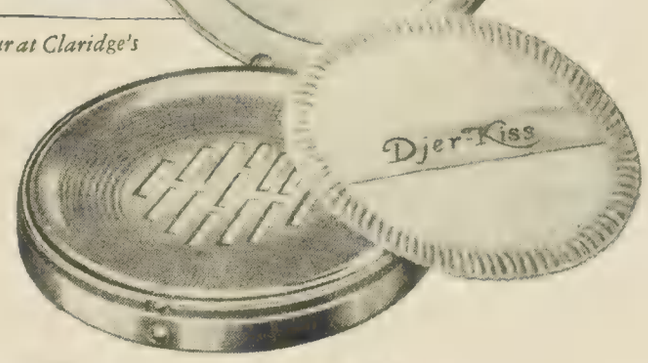
FASHION'S NEW LAW: "Let but a single French fragrance breathe its alluring *parfum* in each *nécessité de toilette.*" *Kerkoff, Paris*



In Paris, rendezvous of Fashion: Dinner hour at Claridge's

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VEGETALE
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BRILLIANTINE
CREAMS
ROUGE
SACHET
SOAP



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as safely, as conveniently as a Compact

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Djer-Kiss

LOOSE POWDER VANITY



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Djer-Kiss
ROUGE-&-LOOSE-POWDER
Vanity

A dainty double vanity, exquisitely fashioned of nickel silver. It combines: Loose Powder Compartment with the unique powder pockets; Djer-Kiss Rouge Compact; and a *double-faced* mirror—on one side, a *detail* mirror; on the other, a *reducing* mirror.



82% of these Hospital Dietitians *say*:

"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is best from a healthful point of view"



Contains no alum. Leaves no bitter taste

"What kind of baking powder do you consider best from a healthful point of view?"

That was the question recently put to a notable group of dietitians in recognized hospitals all over the country.

82% of those replying definitely said "Cream of Tartar!"

HOSPITAL dietitians are especially competent to speak on this subject. For they have wide experience in the chemistry of foods—the work they do demands the most exacting care.

Their overwhelming endorsement of cream of tartar, the principal ingredient of Royal, is of vital interest to every housekeeper.

It is a precious ingredient—this cream of tartar. Every bit of it used in Royal Baking Powder is made from the finest grapes grown, so that for over 50 years there has been no variation in the high health quality of the baking powder so many millions depend on daily.

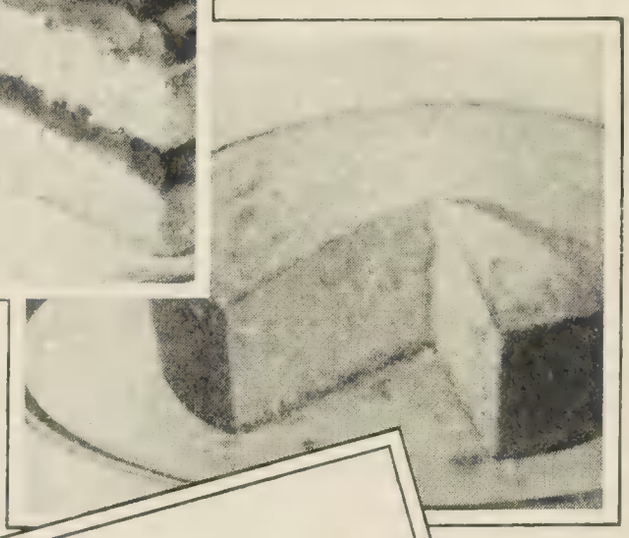
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GELATIN IN THE DIET OF BOTH SICK AND WELL

By Mary E. Bayley, R. N.

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

Though this article was written primarily to show the uses of gelatin in the diet of the sick, the recipes given here will be greatly appreciated by the well members of any family. And a gelatin dish has so many advantages, too! It can be made in a jiffy, it keeps well—and it is cool and enticing to serve during the warmer days that soon will be with us.

We have discovered six new and delectable desserts that use gelatin. They're especially seasonable, too—grapefruit à la St. Patrick, for one. Would you like us to send them to you? Write to our Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please.



IN THE preparation of food for the sick, gelatin is a valuable assistant from several standpoints.

First: Sick people having small appetite and little taste for meat often suffer a loss of albumin. Gelatin, being an albumin economizer, protects the body against this loss.

Second: Since gelatin is a dainty, picturesque vehicle for supplying nourishment, it may be used to present familiar foods in new form—that is, its use will often prevent the sick from tiring of staple foods.

Third: Contrary to general opinion, good high-grade gelatin does contain nourishment. It furnishes protein, and since it is readily dissolved it quickly passes through the digestive tract. That is, gelatin makes the least possible demand upon the digestive and assimilating organs, while at the same time it supplies tissues with an almost immediate food.

Fourth: It is rarely used alone; and the addition of other agents, such as sweetening, flavoring and whipped cream, classify gelatin dishes not only as protein, but also as energizers and fats.

In preparing gelatin, care should be exercised not to stir too much when hot, since this may make the gelatin stringy and cause it to refuse to jelly.

The monotony of liquids such as beef-juice or fruit-juice may be varied by presenting them in solid form.

SOLID BEEF-JUICE

Cut the upper or lower part of a round of beef into small pieces and extract the juice. There are two methods for extracting the juice from meat:

First: Cut the beef into slices and, in order to start the juices, sear on both sides over the fire for a few minutes. After the meat is seared, cut it into small pieces and extract the juice by means of a lemon-squeezer or meat-press.

Second: Cut the meat into cubes, place it in a bottle or jar and add a tablespoon of water. Set the jar on a rack in a saucepan over warm water. Let the water surround the jar to the depth of the meat and keep it at a temperature of 150 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit—which does not mean boiling, since water boils at 212 degrees—for at least two hours.

After extracting as much juice as possible from the meat, measure the quantity obtained. Allow three-fourths of a tablespoon of gelatin to each cup of juice. Soak the gelatin for fifteen minutes in half of the cold juice and when the gelatin is softened pour into it the other half of the juice, which should be hot. Season it with salt and pepper and place the container in very hot water and slowly stir the mixture until the gelatin has dissolved. Allow several hours for hardening.

Solid beef-juice may be given either to the convalescent or to the sick, provided, of course, it is in accordance with the diet prescribed. For the convalescent it may be cut into cubes and served with mayonnaise on a lettuce leaf, while for the very sick it should be given plain without the lettuce and mayonnaise.

Chicken broth, veal broth or any other meat stock when jellied makes an agreeable change of food for sick persons.

JELLIED BROTH

Soak one tablespoon of gelatin in one-fourth cup of cold water. When the gelatin has softened, add to it one and three-fourths of a cup of hot strained fat-free meat stock. Heat over hot water until the gelatin is entirely dissolved. Chill.

OTHER GELATIN DISHES

Fat in the diet of the sick is often indispensable. Cream is usually the best medium for supplying fat, yet even this is frequently difficult to give, since it may cause nausea. Cream when combined with gelatin may lose its tendency to nauseate and may be tolerated by even the most delicate stomach.

CREAM MOLD

Soften a tablespoon of gelatin in two tablespoons of cold milk. Whip a cup of cream until stiff. Then heat to the boiling-point one-half cup of milk, sweeten and flavor as desired. Pour the hot milk on the softened gelatin and stir slowly. After the gelatin has dissolved, pour it into a granite pan, place it on ice or in ice-water and stir constantly. When the mixture begins to harden, stir in the whipped cream slowly. Turn it into a glass dish and chill.

APPLE DELIGHT

Peel and core an apple, cut it into eighths and stew it until tender in a cup of water to which has been added a pinch of salt and sugar to taste. Soften one teaspoon of gelatin in four teaspoons of cold water. Add four teaspoons of boiling hot water and stir it until the gelatin has dissolved. To this add one teaspoon of grapefruit-juice and two tablespoons of the sirup in which the apple was cooked. Place the apple in a cup, pouring the prepared liquid over it. After it has been chilled, serve it with whipped cream.

STANDING CUSTARD

Soften one tablespoon of gelatin in two tablespoons of cold milk. Scald a cup of milk in a double boiler. Add one well-beaten egg and stir it until it thickens. Pour this custard on the softened gelatin. Add sugar and flavor and stir it until it is quite smooth; transfer it to a dish and chill.

Fruit-juice, eggs and gelatin also combine into savory concoctions.

JAUNE MANGE

Soften one tablespoon of gelatin in a cup of cold water. When it is softened, add the juice of an orange, the yolks of two well-beaten eggs and a tablespoon of lemon-juice. Sweeten and strain. Place it over hot water and stir the mixture until it becomes hot. Cool, turn it into a mold and set it on ice.

It was her doctor's recommendation

WHEN she was only a few weeks old, this little girl, Cecil Woodman, had to be put on bottle feedings. Her mother tried various prepared formulas, all without success. Nothing would agree with the baby.

Then the doctor recommended condensed milk. They bought a can of Eagle Brand and gave her a feeding. It was the first meal Cecil had digested in weeks. After that they bought Eagle Brand by the case, for it became her regular mainstay.

Today, three-year-old Cecil is as healthy and vital as she is charming. Straight and graceful, with strong muscles and good bones, she is an untiring little athlete.

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CECIL WOODMAN
Daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Henry Staunton Woodman
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TEA IS SERVED

And trays are lovelier than ever

By Mary Harrod Northend

But trays can be used for more things than tea. They make artistic and colorful decorations for your hall, your living-room and dining-room. And in their strictly utilitarian sphere, they are one of the most practical articles a housewife can have about for clearing the table, bringing jellies from the cellar, or caring for an invalid. Mrs. Sanders, Head of our Department of House Decoration, will be glad to advise you on the various uses of trays, small or large, old or new. Address her, care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and please don't forget to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for her reply.

THE present vogue of the friendly afternoon tea has brought about a revival of interest in great-grandmother's trays. Quaint bits are these old ones, varying in shape, material and tone, but wholly adaptable to the usages of to-day.

At the present time the shops are showing trays that range from the imported ones of yesteryear to modern types made of raffia, wood and even papier-maché. Adequate in size to hold the lovely tea-sets that are to be placed upon them, they offer a choice that enables a selection to fit into any background.



A beautiful tray of black lacquer inlaid with mother-of-pearl

Particularly fine in a Colonial atmosphere are Oriental trays. These come in any size you may desire. For ornamentation they show gilt filigree on a black ground, with quaint little mandarins, or a Chinese pagoda reached by crossing a golden bridge. Sometimes these ideas are worked out in mother-of-pearl insets.

Then there is the old-time English tray, painted dull red and showing for picture a hunting scene. This type is being reproduced to-day with such exactness that it is almost an impossibility to tell the old from the new. It is particularly attractive if set with old Spode, for the black and white of the china contrasts admirably with the gay notes of the tray decoration.

Wooden trays painted an ivory hue, outlined with jade green and decorated with pink or red roses, make pleasing backgrounds for gorgeous tea-sets of Italian design.

If one has inherited old Lowestoft, there need be no hesitation in using it in rooms that breathe an old-time atmosphere. This is likewise true of blue Canton china, thin at the edges and heavy to handle. The old pieces transport us in imagination to the shade of the vine-clad arbor, where the Colonial dame sipped her tea amid the fragrance of lavender and mignonette; and as we linger a bit in the shadow of the great tree that wafts a breeze across our living-porch, we dream in retrospect, listening to the hum of the bee or watching the golden-winged butterfly flit from flower to flower among the posy-beds. In the Winter, when Jack Frost lays his icy fingers on the flower world, we sip our tea by firelight. Indoors or out, Summer or Winter, the fragile old china bits are potently romantic. Just to handle them thrills one with their charm.

Many old trays that have become battered and worn through long usage can be done over charmingly and made serviceable again. True, the golden filigree work has to be sacrificed, for only artisans of foreign lands understand its fashioning. But the trays are no less lovely in their fresh ornamentation.

Raffia for a tray is particularly practical in that it lends itself to many tones. Thus if we become tired of our raffia tray stained gray, we can scrape it and stain it again to suit our fancy.

When one is fortunate enough to have an extra tray that can be spared for decorative embellishment, it may be hung as a picture against a tinted wall, or placed in the center of a panel above a fireplace, sometimes with a background of fabric.

So the tray, simple or decorative, fills a unique place in interior decoration. And though lovely old great-grandmother trays are few and far between, there are adequate substitutes to be found in delightful replicas or in very attractive modern trays which the shops are showing in limitless array, and old or new each tray has its use.



No matter whether it be simple or elaborate, old or new, a tray, besides being useful for many purposes, fills a unique place in interior decoration



6 Minutes *from package to table*

Tempting, golden-brown pancakes while the coffee steeps . . . with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour.

First put on your griddle or pan. While it heats, add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour and your batter is done. Pour cakes of this creamy batter on the griddle, let the heat puff them to a delicate brown, and they're ready to serve.

Pillsbury's Pancakes are so quickly made, and so digestible, because the powder fineness of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour insures instant, thorough cooking.

Highest grade flours make fluffy, golden-brown Pillsbury's Pancakes both sustaining and delicious.

Just a postcard request will bring "Better Pancakes and How to Make Them," a little book of helpful recipes.

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Rye Flour Graham Flour Farina

Make This Test Yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand. Note the creamy-white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. Rub it with your finger—see how smooth it is—its fine, velvety texture. Now you know why Pillsbury's makes such perfect pancakes.



Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

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PRINCESS YEDIGAROVA of Russia

Mrs. FRITZ KREISLER and her famous collection



PRINCESS YEDIGAROVA OF RUSSIA

PRESIDENT HARDING

"Official Washington was on its way to a formal White House reception. Motors drew up at the West Gate in rapid succession. Finally one of the proudest of the old world's ambassadors descended from his limousine, his military accoutrements shining, his creamy broad cloth uniform spotless.

"Just then Laddie Boy, fresh from burying a bone, dashed past the diplomat and in a frenzy of high spirits leaped against him leaving the prints of two dirty paws. A footman hurried to the rescue and made matters worse by brushing. Embarrassed aides were escorting the unfortunate gentleman to a dressing room when President Harding passed along the corridor.

"Now, President Harding was one of the most correct and perfectly groomed of our Presidents. White flannels and linens were his joy.

"'My dear sir, please let my valet repair the damage for you. I am sure he can take it out at once with Lux as he uses it successfully for me. I am sure we can make this right.'

"The cordial sympathy of the President restored the somewhat ruffled diplomat to good humor and he appeared in the East Room later as spotless as before Laddie Boy's assault."

MARY MEADER, Massachusetts





PRINCESS MARIA YEDIGAROVA

"Most of you in America have no conception of the intense, penetrating cold of my Russia. Winters are long—snow everywhere. We must wear woolens else we would suffer. It wasn't always easy to keep these garments soft—comfortable. That is why I feel we owe a debt of gratitude to your Lux. With it, all the woolens so important to our comfort are kept soft and elastic."

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MRS. FRITZ KREISLER

"The number of uses that are found for Lux in my household—not only in New York but in Vienna! It keeps my collection of old Bohemian glass clean and sparkling. It is used, too, for the rare old pieces of Viennese porcelain that form part of my collection."

MRS. FRITZ KREISLER

It is not an accident that Lux is so constantly linked with famous people—all over the world precious possessions are trusted to it. Lux will not hurt anything pure water alone won't harm.

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.





PARIS *forecasts for Spring*

The ensemble is the important costume of the season: A simple frock to match the coat or coat lining. A tunic blouse over a slip, its lower part matching the coat. A composé frock matching both coat and lining.... The new sleeves are long and snug for general wear.... Skirts are extremely short.... When they wear belts at all Parisiennes wear them about the hips— lower than ever.... The straight silhouette varies by means of circular effects, godets and side draperies.

SOMEWHERE beside the blue of the Mediterranean the first smart frocks of the Spring are walking about in southern sunshine. Boxes of new costumes hasten on the expresses bound south from Paris—costumes with the unmistakable stamp of the French dressmaker.

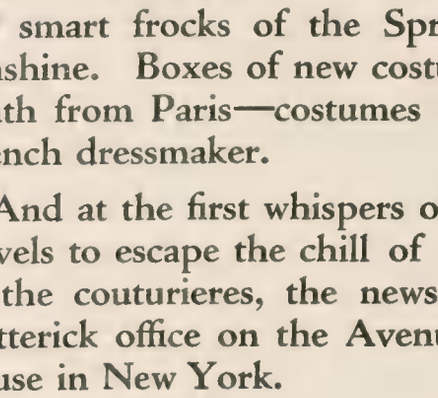
And at the first whispers of the Spring fashions, whether Paris travels to escape the chill of March or returns for the openings of the couturieres, the news is being cabled straight from the Butterick office on the Avenue de l'Opéra to their great fashion house in New York.

IMMEDIATELY Butterick fashions reflect these new and vastly important modifications.

Fortunately you, yourself, can give your things the look of effortless perfection simply by following the Deltor, even if you've never sewed before.

It isn't hard, with the aid of the Deltor. Take, for instance, the delightfully slim frock with the cape back—Pattern No. 5788. You can cut this frock out of an unbelievably small amount of material because the Deltor gives you an individual layout for your size, planned for the precise width you want—something which other patterns fail to give you.

Then the Deltor makes it easy to put the frock together so it will have that all-important smartness of line. The long sleeve—a nice bit of tailoring—will offer no difficulties with the Deltor. Seams, finishing, other details are so carefully described that they can be done with the exquisite perfection of a Paris frock. The Deltor is furnished free with every Butterick Pattern. Butterick of New York, of Paris and of London.



The flower on the shoulder is the latest fad of Paris. These are two of twelve sketches you get in the Deltor showing how to make this smart detail



Pattern No. 5781 Pattern No. 5749

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR

DATES, CURRANTS AND RAISINS

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

DATES, raisins or currants have such a wide sphere of usefulness that it is an easy thing to make sure that this valuable supply of minerals finds its way into the menu. All three may be used in cooked breakfast cereals, in corn, wheat or Graham muffin mixtures, in cakes and cookies, in cake fillings, steamed breads and nut puddings. They combine well with such things as oranges and celery, nuts and pears, apples and celery, cream cheese or Cheddar cheese for salads. With plum jelly and cream cheese or with nuts, any of them will make a good sandwich.

This group of fruits should never be stewed as other fruits are. They require steaming and are greatly improved if they always have their moisture restored in this manner before they are used in any way. Since they are not stewed, they should not be soaked, as much of their value would be lost in this way.

Some confusion still exists over seeded and seedless raisins. The latter come from a variety of grape that grows without seeds; the others have the seeds removed. The seeded raisins are slightly richer in flavor and are sweeter than the seedless variety.

DATE-BRAN BREAD

2 cups bran
2 cups white flour
1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar
4 teaspoons baking-powder
⅔ cup dates cut in small pieces
1½ cups milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons melted fat

Sift the dry ingredients together, add the dates, toss lightly together and add the milk. Mix well and add beaten egg and melted fat. Turn into a greased pan or mold and cover with oiled paper. Steam for three hours.

ROAST PORK WITH APPLE-AND-DATE STUFFING

1 pint bread-crums
1 cup tart chopped apple
1 cup dates cut in small pieces
1 tablespoon minced onion
⅓ cup celery cut in small pieces
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper
3 tablespoons melted butter
Hot water to moisten

Mix the ingredients well together. Dredge the pork with flour, place it on a rack on a roasting-pan, arrange the stuffing around it and place in a hot oven. When it has browned, add one and one-half cups of hot water and baste about every twenty minutes.

CABBAGE-AND-DATE SALAD

1 pint thinly sliced cabbage
1 cup dates cut in small pieces
1 cup celery cut in small pieces

Marinate with French dressing and serve on lettuce.

SNAPPY FRUIT SALAD

Select tart apples, wash but do not pare and cut in dice. Chop an equal quantity of sweet green peppers and add one-third the quantity of steamed currants. Mix with mayonnaise dressing. Have ready green-pepper cases. Fill the cases with the mixture and serve each case on a lettuce leaf.

CELERY-AND-RAISIN BREAD

⅔ cup seedless raisins, steamed until soft
1 cup shredded cabbage
1 pint crisp diced celery
Salt, paprika

Mix well and serve with French dressing in lettuce cups.

CHEESE-AND-RAISIN DREAMS

1 package cream cheese
½ cup chopped raisins
1 tablespoon lemon-juice
Salt, paprika

Mix well and spread on a slice of bread cut one-quarter inch thick. Cover with another slice, pressing together. Cut sandwiches in triangular halves. To one beaten egg add one-half cup of milk. Mix well and dip the bread triangles in the mixture. Sauté a golden brown in fat, preferably butter. Serve very hot.

CURRANT-PUMPKIN PUDDING

2 cups steamed and strained pumpkin
⅜ cup steamed currants
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup molasses
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 beaten eggs
1½ cups milk
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon mace
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter

Mix well, pour into small buttered molds, set in a pan of hot water and bake until firm. Serve with whipped cream.

SULTANA BREAD

2 cups corn-meal
1 cup Graham flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
1 cup Sultana raisins
1½ cups sour milk
1 egg
½ cup molasses
3 teaspoons baking-powder

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add the raisins and toss lightly together. Add the other ingredients. Mix thoroughly and steam for two and three-quarter hours.

RAISIN FLOAT

1 cup raisins
1¼ cups boiling water
1 tablespoon flour
1 egg-yolk
⅔ cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter
Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon

Mix the flour and sugar; add the boiling water and other ingredients. Cook until clear. Serve on thin slices of toasted bread.

DATE SURPRISE

Bake any good plain cake mixture in a cake-tin with a center tube or remove the centers from cup cakes. Cover the outside with plain white icing and fill the centers with the following mixture:

1 cup steamed and chopped dates
½ cup chopped English walnuts
½ teaspoon vanilla
6 marshmallows cut in small pieces
1 cup sweetened whipped cream

Garnish with whipped cream and candied cherries.

DATE FRUIT CUP

1 cup sugar
1 cup grape-juice
⅓ cup lemon-juice
⅓ cup cherries
½ cup water
1 cup pineapple
1 cup dates

Mix sugar, fruit-juice and water together, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Remove pits from the cherries, cut the pineapple in small pieces, stone the dates and cut in small pieces. Mix the fruit, place it in service glasses, pour the juice over it, chill and serve very cold.

RAISIN ACORNS

Select small clusters of large raisins. With a pair of scissors make an incision in the blossom end of each raisin and remove the seeds. In each slit push a blanched almond, leaving at least half of the nut exposed. Serve as dessert.

DATE FUDGE

2 cups sugar
1 tablespoon white sirup
2 tablespoons cocoa
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter
Salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup dates, stoned and cut in small pieces

Mix the sugar, sirup, cocoa and milk together. Cook until a little dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Remove from the fire and add butter, salt, vanilla and dates. Let stand until cool, beat until thick and creamy and turn into a buttered plate. Cut in small squares.



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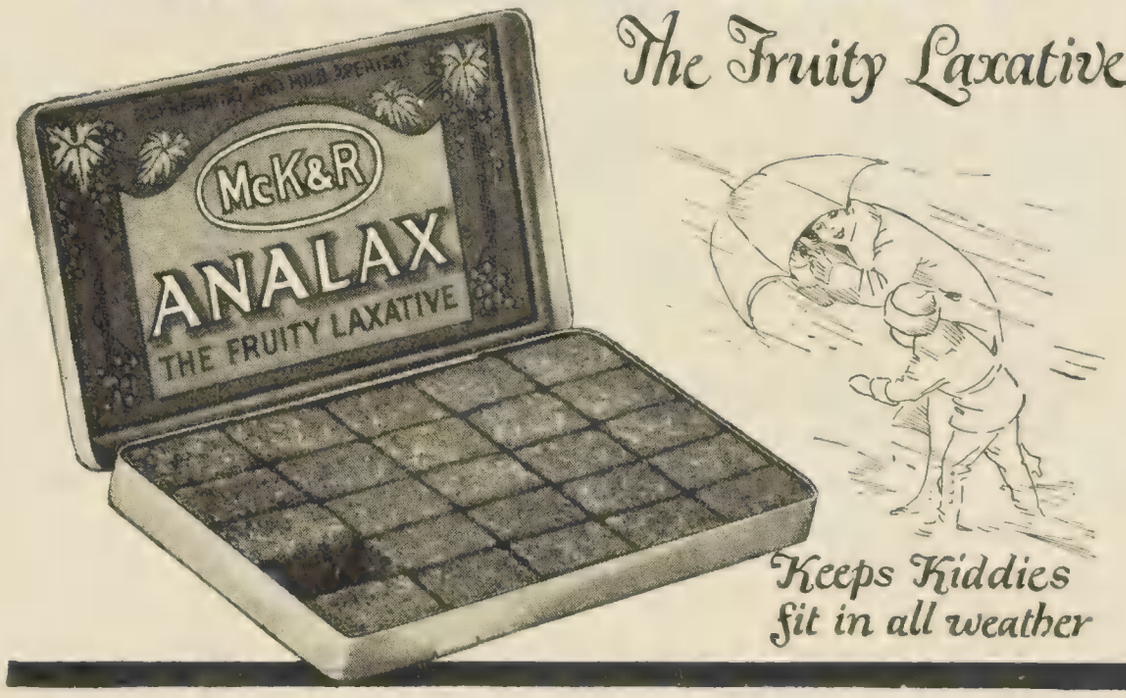
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Look, mother, for film on your child's teeth

That's often a danger sign. If the dentifrice you now use doesn't combat it successfully, it's inadequate. How to combat it without harmful grit—*the new way in child's tooth care specialists recommend.*



FOREMOST dental authorities now advise a new way in caring for a child's teeth. A way different in formula, action and effect from any other method.

As a nation-wide hygienic movement, a 10-day test is offered mothers free. You are urged to make it. To see what modern science is doing for the better protection of children's teeth and health. Simply use the coupon.

What film indicates. Why it must be fought several times daily

Look at your child's teeth. If cloudy, dull, discolored, there's a film. And that film is often a danger sign. The child can feel it by running his tongue across his teeth.

Ordinary tooth pastes won't combat it successfully. Try the one you use now. See if the film does not still remain. To fight it constantly is essential to tooth health and general health. The teeth must be clean—any children's doctor, any dentist will tell you this.

* * * *

Film is a viscous coat that clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It makes pearly teeth ugly, discolored—dingy. Many a naturally pretty child is handicapped in this way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now a new way

Now modern science has found a safe way to combat film. Supergritty substances are judged dangerous to the teeth. Soap and chalk methods are inadequate.

This new method, embodied in the tooth paste called Pepsodent, provides the scientifically proved combatants that is being adopted by the people of some 50 nations. Their action is to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it.

To millions this new way has proved the folly of dull and dingy teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles and all that may accompany them, when scientific prevention is so simple.

Don't you think it worth while, in justice to your children, and in fairness to yourself, to try it for ten days? The test will cost you nothing. What it will do for your children, it will do for you, for every member of your family.

Start today

Use the coupon for a free 10-day tube.

THAT fifty per cent—half the total—of our twenty-four million school children have tooth infections and decay which court the so-called communicable diseases and even mental deficiencies, is the amazing statement of world's hygienic authorities.

Where correct oral hygiene and dental care are practised, children have shown amazing improvement in health, mental activity and immunity to disease.

This tells the most recent and widely accepted method of oral hygiene—the safe combating of the insidious, germ-breeding film where most tooth troubles start.

As part of a nation-wide hygienic movement a 10-day test will be sent free to parents upon receipt of the coupon below.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

1695

FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube to Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 469, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family.

ASK US

Ask us anything you want to know about housekeeping and we will answer it personally. From our recent correspondence we publish the following questions and answers as being of general interest to all home-makers

QUESTION—I never know what to do with cold mashed potatoes. Potato cakes seem so dry and uninteresting.

Answer—There are many other things besides potato cakes for which cold mashed potatoes are useful. However, potato cakes may be made very appetizing if the potatoes are carefully prepared, well seasoned and beaten with egg until light and fluffy. A favorite use of mashed potatoes is in cream soup with onion and celery. Rub the boiled onion and celery and potato through a sieve or strainer, and add to this mixture a thin white sauce made with part creamy milk and part of the water in which the vegetables were cooked. Why not have fish cakes for breakfast some morning? You will find that both your husband and your children will consider them a welcome treat. Any left-over fresh salmon, haddock, halibut or mackerel may be used as well as codfish. And a shepherd's pie will use up both left-over meat and potatoes.

Question—When is the best time to preserve eggs and is the process simple enough so that I can do it and be sure of success? Eggs have been very high this winter and I feel that another year I must have some in storage for cooking.

Answer—You may be sure of success in preserving eggs if you use water-glass. Buy eggs in the Spring, when they are cheapest. Be sure they are absolutely fresh and, if possible, unfertilized. Mix thoroughly one and one-half quarts of water-glass with eighteen quarts of boiled water. A stone jar is the most suitable vessel in which to preserve eggs in water-glass. Two six-gallon or three four-gallon jars are sufficient for thirty dozen eggs, using the amount of solution prescribed. After thoroughly cleaning the jars, place the eggs in them and pour in the water-glass solution. The eggs at the top should be covered by at least two inches of the liquid. Cover the jars in order to prevent the water-glass from evaporating, and put them in a cool place where they will not be disturbed during the year. If the solution evaporates or becomes thick and jelly-like, add water.

Question—What is a soup bag, and how is it used in making soups?

Answer—A soup bag is used for adding seasoning to soups. A collection of spices, sweet herbs and seeds are tied in a tiny, round cheese-cloth. There should not be a great abundance of any one kind of spice in a single bag. Three cloves, six peppercorns, four mustard seeds, three branches each of dried parsley, basil, Summer savory and thyme, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of celery seed will make a fairly good bag.

Question—How often should floors which receive moderate wear be waxed? A friend of mine told me that I used too much wax on mine, and I do not wish to use more than necessary to preserve the floor as wax is expensive and it takes considerable effort to apply it.

Answer—Under moderate use a floor needs rewaxing only two or three times a year. Applying too much wax is a common mistake; the surplus simply lies on the surface in a soft coat that collects dust and is easily marred. Parts of the floor that have the hardest wear may need to be waxed as often as once a month. Clean them thoroughly using a moist cloth, or if the spots are very dirty use a cloth moistened with gasoline or turpentine. Apply a thin coat of wax and polish well. Waxed floors should be cleaned with a soft brush. Do not use an oil-mop as oil will soften the wax.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—In its Happy Child Department, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the medical advice of nationally known baby and child specialists.

The following pamphlets, which are reprints of articles that have appeared in THE DELINEATOR, may be had for ten cents each: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood" (four separate booklets), by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas; "The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart; "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park), Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt), Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)," and "Play, Eyes and Movies," by Dr. Ward A. Holden and Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw. There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Housekeeping—The Home-Making Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—Ask us about any dinner, dance, shower or entertainment that you may be planning This department has some very interesting suggestions to offer you this month, especially a St. Patrick's Party, with appropriate games, An Affair of Forgotten Fads, and a Cross-word Party. Two cents will cover return postage.



Costume by Frances Clyne.
Photograph by Steichen.
Undergarment: Elastic Step-in, from Gossard Line of Beauty.

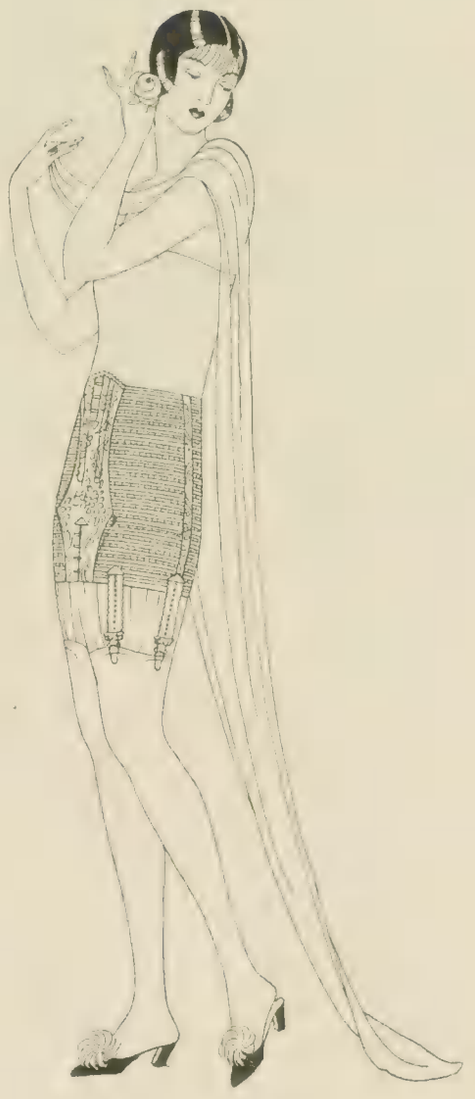


FIGURE . . . is Fashion's Foundation

If you want your clothes to look as beautiful, as smart, as those in the photograph, select one of the delightful garments from

The Gossard Line of Beauty—

Elastic Step-ins *Girdles* *Clasp-arounds*
Combinations *Reducing Garments* *Brassieres*
Gossard Front-lacing Corsets

Your Corsetiere will know which garment to recommend for immediate improvement.

And Yet . . . You Can't Tell You Wear One

Jean Patou, Paris couturier, says: "... the American woman ... her figure is ideal for current fashions. She is beautifully limbed, (her ankles are long and slim) and it is needless to mention her beauty and her charm..."

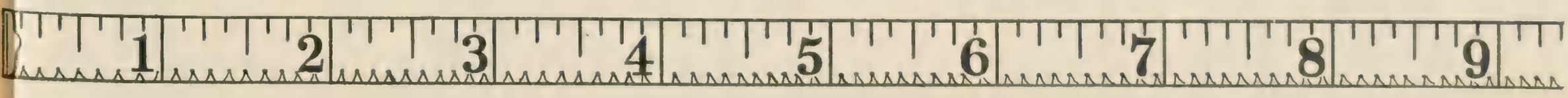
J. Knowles Hare, artist, and judge in national beauty contests, supplies the following interesting average measurements for American girls of 5 feet, 4 inches in height: Neck, 12½ inches; shoulders, 36 inches; upper arm, 12½ inches; chest, 34 inches; waist, 26 inches; hips, 35 inches.

Ask your corsetiere what garments from The Gossard Line of Beauty she would recommend to bring your figure immediately into harmony with the ideal of your type.

Measure Yourself Now— Use this 9-Inch Rule

Take any convenient piece of ribbon, string or tape, and lay it alongside this rule to determine how many inches you measure.

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When the Matron of Honor Outshone the Bride



WHEN Angela French asked me to be matron of honor at her wedding, I felt I positively couldn't. No one can know how it hurt me to refuse. We had been roommates at school. She had been my maid of honor. But since Baby came my face had grown so thin and so sallow and blotched I just couldn't think of taking such a conspicuous part.

Angela continued to plead, "It isn't your looks I want, dear—it's *you*." So I finally gave in, for I knew she had her heart set on it. But the more I thought of a big church wedding, the more I dreaded it. At last I went to our doctor.

"Doctor," I said, "look at me. My dearest friend is to be married next month and I'm her matron of honor. My skin is so bad that I am ashamed to go anywhere, let alone take part in a wedding. Can't you do something to help me?"

HE was all sympathy. Just a few questions and then he said, "Your trouble can be summed up in two words—'*faulty elimination*.' Intestinal poisons, carried in the blood all through your body, are responsible for your sallowness, the dullness of your eyes and this skin trouble. Women, especially mothers, suffer these results of faulty elimination much more than men. The way to get rid of them is always to keep clean inside as well as out. Don't you know that a lovely skin comes only from within?"

After some advice about diet and exercise, he told me to take Nujol regularly. "Nujol will help you maintain internal cleanliness *all the time*," he said. "Nujol is not a laxative nor a cathartic. Continued use of such things gives only temporary relief at the risk of permanent injury. So doctors nowadays are prescribing regular lubrication for *permanent* internal cleanliness. Nujol lubricates and softens the food waste. Take it every night and you'll soon return to regular and thorough elimination. Then your trouble will all clear up."

I DID everything he told me. The results were simply wonderful. A lovely color came back to my face. My eyes lost their yellowish tinge and grew bright and sparkling. My hair took on a new, soft lustre. My feet, which had felt like lead, began to take me everywhere without tiring. I was a brand new woman.

At last the wedding day came. A woman always knows when she looks well and I felt confident and sure of my appearance. As I slipped into Angela's room to help with the finishing touches to her dress, she started up with surprise and delight.

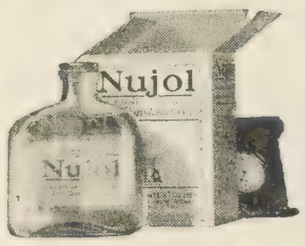
"GRACE, my darling, you are positively beautiful," she cried, eagerly taking me in, new Paris frock and all. "Why, the matron of honor is going to outshine the bride!"

Nonsense, of course, but that day began a wonderful new life for me. I felt more than ever like going out and Jack seemed proud to take me. We made new friends we were awfully pleased to know. Baby has been better and Jack all the more devoted. In fact, since I learned the Nujol way to health, everything seems to have come my way all at once, and I'm absolutely happy.

What Women Should Know

IF you are subject to complexion troubles, listlessness, headache, etc., you should correct faulty elimination. Don't wait. Even now intestinal poisons may be damaging your good looks and impairing your health. Take Nujol. Nujol is not a medicine—it is simply a lubricant. Like pure water, Nujol is harmless. Hospitals use it. Physicians all over the world recommend it for infants and children and people of all ages. Nujol should be taken as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. For sale by all druggists. Made by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health



"Regular as Clockwork"

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Internal Cleanliness

4-DAY TRIAL FREE!

Nujol, Room 802-T, 7 Hanover Sq., N.Y.

For this coupon and 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage, send trial bottle and 16 page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness". (For booklet only, check ☐ here and send without money.)

Name..... .....

Address.....

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

SAVE TIME GRATING CHEESE

When cheese is too soft to be grated successfully, cut it into small pieces and press it through a potato-ricer. —MRS. O. P., Kelliher, Minn.

SAVE DELINEATOR COVERS FOR PICTURES

A spot in our living-room needed a small bright picture to cheer it up. But, I just couldn't afford to pay the price of a good picture, and I knew a very cheap one would be worse than none at all.

Now, however, I have the much desired effect. I took the front cover of the October DELINEATOR, a beautiful picture of a mass of gay blooms. I touched up the high lights with oil paints, shellacked the whole surface, and placed it in a dark polychrome frame which I purchased at a sale last week.

With cords and all, the total cost was less than three dollars, and I have a picture as pretty as any I saw at the price of seven dollars or so. N. N., Kansas City, Mo.



Delineator covers make fine pictures

SAVE TIME IN MAKING SALAD DRESSING

Adding the oil when making mayonnaise dressing is rather a laborious process if one has no mixer. I make two openings in the top of the can of salad oil—one opening smaller than the other. I then place the mixing bowl in the sink and the can on the drain-board in such a way that the oil runs slowly from the smaller opening into the bowl. When the dressing is well started and the oil may be added in larger quantities I turn the can so that the oil runs from the larger opening.—MRS. A. A. S., Oleum, Calif.

SAVE TROUBLE COVERING YOUR IRONING-BOARD

I have found it very useful to pad both sides of my ironing-board. I make a bag of the cover, which fits the board closely and then fasten it with a few tacks at the wide end. These few tacks keep the cover in place perfectly. If the board is covered in this way both sides can be used and recovering will be necessary only half as many times as when the old system is used. If desired, one side can be padded more thickly than the other, using the thick side for articles that are embroidered or on which there is a pattern.—MRS. F. E. S., Randolph, Va.

SAVE YOUR MIRRORS

Mirrors should never be hung where the sun shines directly on them for any considerable length of time. A mirror exposed to direct sunlight for some time becomes cloudy.—MRS. M. B. K., Leavenworth, Wash.

SAVE EFFORT CLEANING YOUR BROILER-PAN

The broiler-pan is one of the most difficult utensils to clean, as frequently the juice of the meat or other food cooked in it burns on very thoroughly. If the pan is greased before the broiler is used, it will be much easier to clean afterward. The pan is thus protected from the juice of the meat by a coating of fat.—MRS. A. O., Sandusky, O.

THE OIL-CAN AT CLEANING TIME SAVES FUTURE TROUBLE

One morning as I was collecting the necessary implements for the up-stairs cleaning, I slipped an oil-can into the pocket of my house-dress. Before turning on the vacuum cleaner I dropped a little oil into the oil-hole of the cleaner. The casters on one of the beds had refused to work properly for some time and were marring the floor. I put a drop or two of oil on each caster and was delighted with the result. As I opened the door of a clothes-room, the hinge gave a protesting squeak. It was the work of only a moment to apply a few drops of the oil to the hinge and silence it. The oil-heater in the bathroom was beginning to rust. I rubbed the rust spots with oil and off they came. (Needless to say I did not use the oil on the heater while the heater was hot.) Every housekeeper should have a handy oil-can. She will find it useful on many occasions.—MRS. J. A. H., Kitchener, Ont., Can.

SAVE TROUBLE GRATING CHOCOLATE

I need a considerable amount of grated chocolate. I find it much easier to put the chocolate through the food chopper rather than to use the grater. Much less time is required and the hands are not scratched as they often are on the grater.—MRS. W. W. S., Burlington, Ia.

SHIRTS SAVE LAUNDRY BAGS

Men's shirts make rather unique but very satisfactory laundry bags. The shirt should be sewed together at the bottom and more than half way up the front. The body of the shirt then becomes a receptacle for the larger garments and the sleeves may be used for smaller articles such as handkerchiefs, collars and hose. I have one of these improvised bags in every bedroom closet, and each member of the family keeps his soiled clothes in his own particular laundry bag.—MRS. B. E., Riverdale, Md.

SAVE ON THE PLUMBER'S BILL

When the drain-pipe of the sink or bowl threatens to become clogged, attach the garden hose to the nearest faucet, remove the drain-plate and insert the nozzle into the drain, packing cloths firmly around it. Then hold the hose in place while the water is turned on. Any ordinary obstruction can be removed in this way.—MRS. C. L. H., Sigourney, Ia.



The moment he enters the house his health is in your hands

OUT in the world your husband and your children must fight their own battle against germ-infection. But you can make the home their "castle of health." Keep it a *health-clean* place for their hours of relaxation, and they will be largely protected against the invasion of disease.

Health-cleanliness is as different from mere soap-and-water cleanliness as radiant sunshine from moon-light. Yet health-cleanliness—the modern method of cleaning—is so easy to obtain.

A few magic drops put in your cleaning water purify all surfaces and crevices, where disease germs may lurk. Health authorities will tell you that if the danger of illness is to be reduced, your home must be free of these germs that abound everywhere—on door-knobs, door-jambs, chair-arms, tables, bannisters, a hundred danger-places where hands, big or little, may rest.

"Lysol" in your cleaning water does these three important things

SOAP and water is powerless to kill germs. But the drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant in your cleaning water *do* kill them. Your home is freed from hidden menace as well as surface dirt; it is left sweet, clean and *safe*.

"Lysol" is now used everywhere for modern cleaning because it has three valuable properties:

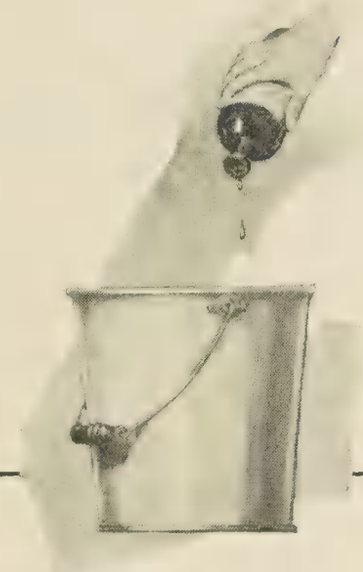
1. It deodorizes
2. It purifies
3. Its soapy nature helps to clean as it disinfects

NEVER be without it for your daily cleaning. Put a few drops in the water every time you clean. Dip your cloth, your broom, your mop, in this solution. It will not hurt the most sensitive hands.

Continue to disinfect with a stronger "Lysol" solution the familiar germ-breeding spots—garbage pail, toilet bowl, drain pipes. Your home is then made health-clean to safeguard your family.

Be sure you get the genuine "Lysol." It is the standard disinfectant used by hospitals and recommended by physicians. Your druggist has it.

free
a set of the
Library of Health
See below



THE MAGIC DROPS

JUST *a few drops of "Lysol" in the water whenever you clean, transform mere surface cleaning to health-cleaning. No extra work or trouble.*

New facts

about your health in this "Lysol" Health Library

—send for free set

THE span of life has increased fifteen years, within the last generation, through our new scientific methods for the prevention of disease.

The makers of "Lysol" have compiled a library of three booklets, which will give you the facts that scientists have learned about the preservation of health.

You will want these books for every day use and for reference. One, filled with practical methods, is entitled "Health Safeguards in the Home." A second, "The Scientific Side of Youth and Beauty" is written by a woman, for women, on the care of their charm and vitality. The third, "When Baby Comes," should be in the hands of every prospective mother.

This Health set will be gladly sent to you, without charge. Fill out the coupon below, and mail it today.

Manufactured only by LYSOL, INC.,
635 Greenwich Street, New York City

Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC.,
New York

Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.,
10 McCaul Street, Toronto



Lysol
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Disinfectant

LEHN & FINK, INC., *Sole Distributors*
Dept. J-24, 635 Greenwich Street
New York City

I should like to know all the scientific facts about health protection contained in your Library of Health. Please mail me a free set.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....



A baby's tender skin needs a very special care *against chafing*

Read what Dr. Holt says about the importance of powder in preventing chafing . . .

NO one can fail to be impressed with the deep seriousness with which young mothers today regard *every detail* of the preparation for their babies, and every detail of their rearing.

Few today have not learned that the care of the baby's skin is one of the most important factors in maintaining his ease and health.

Chafing and other eruptions easily occur. Fretfulness results. And the nineteen hours a day that a young baby should spend in sleep are at the outset pitiably reduced.

"*To prevent chafing*," says Dr. L. Emmett Holt, America's great child doctor, "*special care must be exercised. The main things to be secured are cleanliness and the free use of toilet powder.*"

To be safe for a baby's tender skin, the powder must be beyond any possibility of reproach. It must be exquisitely fine — absolutely pure — healing—and safe as only a laboratory devoted to the preparation of antiseptically safe articles for the medical profession can make it.

THE ONLY baby powder that has this authority behind it is, as everybody knows, Johnson's Baby Powder.

Because there was no such *safe* baby powder to be had, physicians asked the house they knew was equipped to prepare surgically clean products, to make it. According to the physicians' formula, Johnson & Johnson prepare this powder in their marvelous laboratories—the largest of their kind.

The function of Johnson's Baby Powder is to prevent the infections that are caused by the moisture that lurks in the creases of baby's skin, or that come from perspiration or the dampness of wet diapers.

It is prescribed for use after the baby's bath, after the tender body has been dried with soft towels with as little friction as possible. Also for use after every changing of the diaper, the dampened skin being first cleansed, then carefully dried. This final gentle dusting and rubbing with the soothing, healing and absorbent "Johnson's" comes as an incalculable relief where there is any tendency to irritation.

Already Johnson's Baby Powder is being used by more mothers than any other. Get a can for baby as you pass your own drug store today.

But Johnson and Johnson will never be content till *all* mothers know the goodness and purity of this beneficent powder. They are now offering *free*, a small can of it together with the concise little book on the care of baby's skin, "The Faith of a Baby."

You have only to send us your name and address on the coupon below and the book and the powder will be sent you immediately.



In creature comforts— his happiness

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me free, the small can of the baby powder made in your famous laboratories, and the little book—"The Faith of a Baby."

Your druggist is more than a merchant E



TRANSFORM YOUR BACK YARD

Concluded from page 19

will visit her when the cherries are ripe, and blackberry blossoms which are as lovely in flower as any clematis. There is real poetry in pies when one has watched the progress of bud and flower through to the luscious fruit—a poetry unknown to the housewife who must buy from the greengrocer.

If annuals were used the first season and the perennials grown from seed, such a garden as this of Mrs. Winegar's could be made at very slight cost. In fact the entire planting expense could come inside of fifty dollars, while the cost of the vegetable-garden, of course, would vary as the housewife wished.

One of the most blessed facts of gardening is that its success is not necessarily in proportion to the amount of money spent on it, but in proportion to the love, the intelligence, the skill, and the exercise of the gardener's special virtues—patience and foresight. It is perfectly possible to spoil a place with a million dollars, and it is possible to make a home and back yard charming with fifty dollars—or less.

Such a little garden, where beauty and utility are met, is a delightful expression of the home-maker's art. The man of the house will take joy in plucking fresh strawberries, in cutting asparagus and in tending roses. A garden will mean something more than a biweekly pushing of the lawn-mower. A backyard garden makes very definitely for happiness, and it gives to little children that priceless heritage—a host of happy memories—a childhood linked with fragrant, towering lilacs, tall hollyhocks with humming-birds about them and all the lovely succession of garden beauty not seen in parks, but that "grew in our back yard at home."

Here follows the Planting List:

TREES

1 Crab-Apple Tree
2 Peach Trees (Rochester)
2 Cherry Trees
2 Plum Trees
1 Maple Tree
1 Elm Tree
2 Walnut Trees

HOUSE PLANTING

5 Tall Evergreens
9 Low Evergreens
3 Hall's Honeysuckle
2 Clematis
7 Japanese Barberry
5 Deutzia Lemoinii
2 Althea
1 Hydrangea
2 Spirea Van Houttei

BORDER BETWEEN THE FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDENS

9 Clumps Delphinium Tall English Hybrids
4 Chrysanthemums
6 Shasta Daisies
6 Clumps Delphinium Chinense
5 Phlox
1 Iris
Snapdragon

SOUTH BORDER PLANTING

9 Hybrid Lilacs
2 Spirea Van Houttei
Deutzia Lemoinii
7 Clumps Phlox
50 Darwin Tulips (about)
Snapdragon
1 Iris Dalmatica

FOOT OF THE YARD

6 Climbing Roses — Tausendschon, Pink and White Dorothy Perkins, American Pillar
4 Clumps Delphinium (Pale Blue)
3 Clumps Phlox
Snapdragon

SHRUBS FLANKING THE ARBOR

2 Spirea Van Houttei
1 Rugosa Rose
2 Blueberries

SHRUBS NEXT TO THE GARAGE

3 Rugosa Roses
2 Spirea Van Houttei

VEGETABLE GARDEN

6 Blackberries
9 Everbearing Raspberries
3 Gooseberries
3 Currants
Horse adish (6 roots)
Mint
150 Strawberries (everbearing)
100 Asparagus Roots
12 Tomato Plants
2 Rows of Brussels Sprouts
24 Celery
½ Pound of Peas
1 Packet each of Onions, Beets, Bush Limas, String-Beans, Carrots, Spinach, Endive, Radish, early and late
2 Packages of Late and Early Lettuce
Cucumbers
2 Dorothy Perkins Roses for arched gate
6 Hollyhocks beside garage



WATCH OUT FOR MEASLES

Concluded from page 16

the appearance of the first case of measles. It may be used also in smaller schools or in certain classes of larger schools and under numerous circumstances which may be thought of where an attack of measles at a certain time would be a misfortune, if not a grave danger to life and health.

If your child has been exposed to measles, consult your family physician in regard to the use of convalescent measles serum.

When measles has developed, nothing can be done to modify or shorten its normal course, but very much can be done to add to the patient's comfort and lessen the chances of dangerous complications. To make over an old adage, measles is a case in which not "three" but "two" is a crowd, and patients should, wherever possible, have rooms to themselves. Protection of the eyes from light should not be carried out at the expense of good ventilation.

Although there may be difference of opinion as to the value of cold air as affecting the course of measles, experience has shown that a temperature not much below 70 degrees, and certainly not above that point, has a favorable effect on the nagging cough which always accompanies the disease. Under no circumstances should the patients be allowed to become chilled by drafts or cold bathing during the acute stage of the illness.

Local applications to the eyes and mouth should be given under the physician's direction. A sudden rise of temperature after the eruption has fully developed may mean that bronchitis—which may cause pneumonia—is developing, or it may mean inflammation of one or both middle ears. There should be no delay in seeking medical advice in such cases.

Finally, the patient should be kept in bed until convalescence is fully established. Many serious consequences have followed the neglect of this precaution.

DELINEATOR SERVICE DEPARTMENTS AT YOUR COMMAND

The Home-Making Department

The Happy Child Department

The Department of House Decoration

The Department of Health and Beauty

The Department of Entertainment and Etiquette

If you have a question about cookery or furnishing your home, a query in regard to your child's health or keeping fit yourself, or if you are perplexed by some little matter of etiquette, THE DELINEATOR stands ready and willing to help you. Our various Service Departments are always at your command.

Just write to them, care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for their reply.

WHEN IT RAINS – *it Pours*

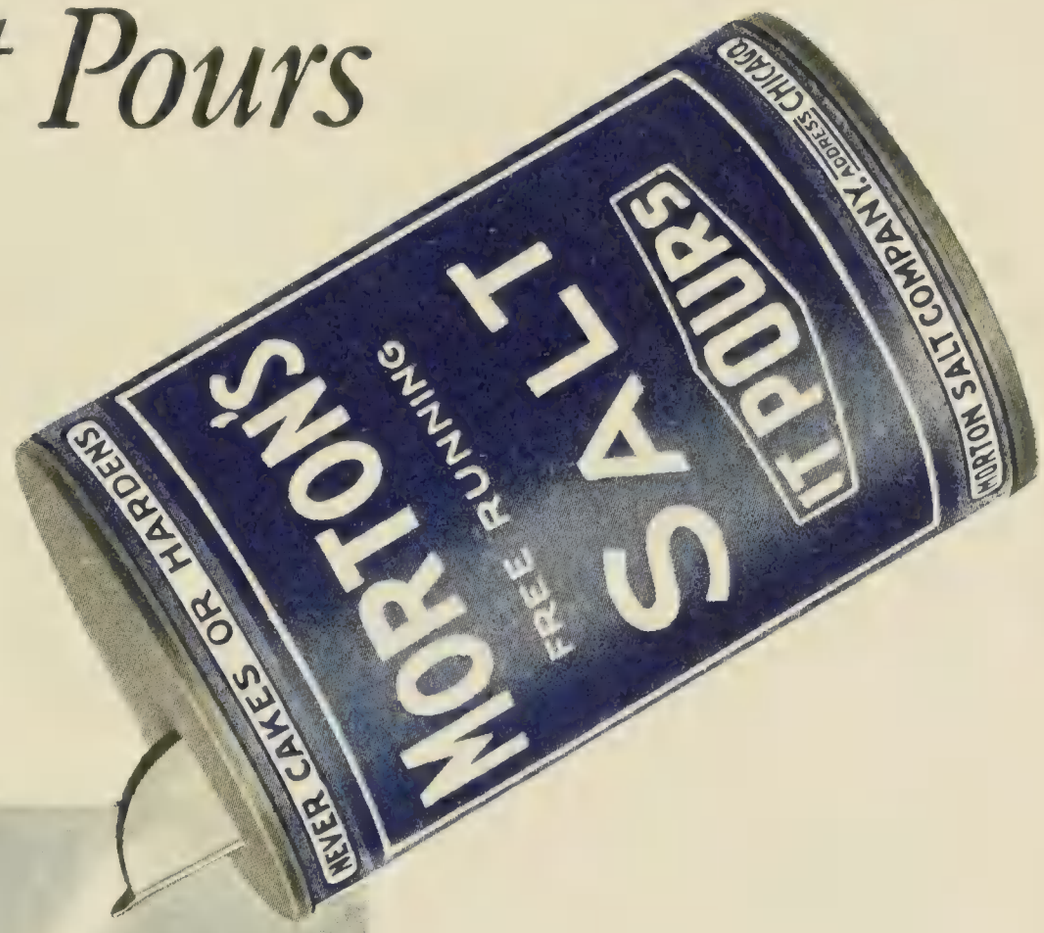
Women who know values know that purity, flavor, convenience and economy combined make Morton's the outstanding leader in salts.

Pour a little into your hand; see the snowy crystals tumble one off another. They're all salt, pure salt, with nothing added. And their brisk vigorous flavor is inimitable.

In Morton's you will find no lumps. Hence there is no waste. All of the salt is usable. And for convenience there is nothing like it. No matter what the weather, it always pours.

Your kitchen and your table deserve the best. Give them the nation's favorite—Morton's. You'll find it a sensible habit.

MORTON SALT COMPANY CHICAGO





MORTON'S SALT



To the woman who is not afraid to be frank —*in her thinking*

FRANKNESS of speech is one thing. Frankness of thought is quite another. And a wholesome thing it is. Nothing more surely gives a woman poise and confidence than the habit of frank, straight thinking about her own physical well-being.

To know the facts about feminine hygiene—that is not indelicacy. It is *enlightenment*. To know the dangers that come from the use of poisonous compounds—that too is enlightenment.

Throw out the "skull and crossbones"

Women have long been victims of the failure of science to provide a non-poisonous antiseptic which had enough germicidal power to be of practical use. Compounds containing carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury held sway simply because there was nothing to take their place. And both of these are dangerous poisons.

Now all this is changed. Science at last *has* solved the problem. And the result is the great antiseptic, Zonite, which has proved its value in hundreds of thousands of homes. Mothers need no longer worry that deadly poisons may fall into the hands of their children. In this way, Zonite has proved itself a blessing many times multiplied.

Zonite combines remarkable germ-killing power with complete safety in use. It is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and it is *fifty times* as strong as peroxide of hydrogen.

Zonite endorsed by hospitals and specialists



Many members of the medical profession, though endorsing the practice of feminine hygiene as a health measure, have long deplored the use of poisonous, caustic fluids for the purpose. No wonder, then, that Zonite has been hailed with satisfaction.

For Zonite, notwithstanding its great germicidal power is, in its many uses, absolutely harmless to delicate membranes and tissues. In fact, its action is beneficial and mildly stimulating. Dental authorities are recommending it highly as a mouth-wash and for oral hygiene generally.

This free booklet offered by the Women's Division

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet expressly for the use and convenience of women. Thoroughly and frankly it discusses feminine hygiene and other affairs of the toilette — mouth, scalp, complexion, etc., and its scientific, impersonal treatment of these matters enhances its value in the eyes of the intelligent reader.



Every woman with a sense of responsibility to herself will want to have a copy or to pass a copy along to her friends. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter. A copy will be mailed in dainty "social correspondence" envelope. Use the coupon below. *Zonite Products Co., Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York City.*

In Canada, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.

Women's Division

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO.
Postum Building
250 Park Avenue
New York City

I should like to have a free copy of the illustrated booklet you have prepared. (N-5)

Name.....

Address.....

A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs.

That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

For use as a deodorant.

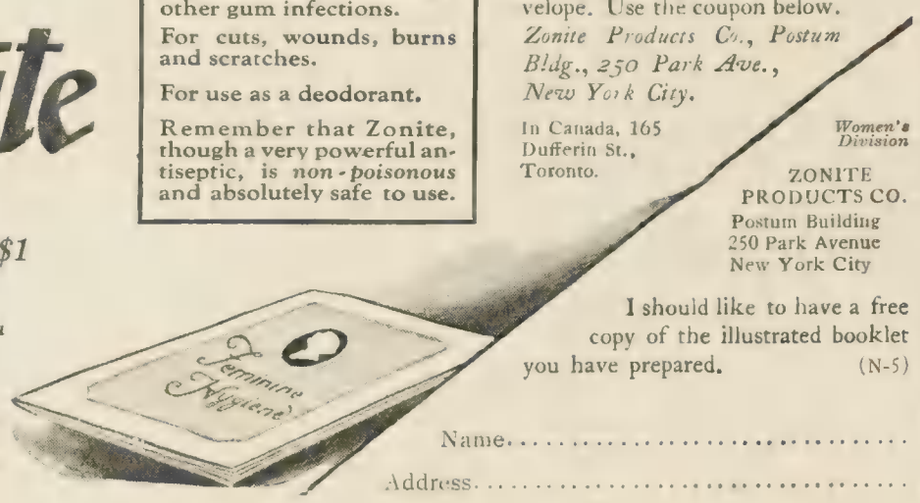
Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.

Zonite

In bottles 50c and $1 at drug stores

Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.





THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 7

common sense for me and the children to come here, don't it?"

Mr. Jenkins looked at Mrs. Jenkins and she looked at him. He was speechless, but she was not. She had much to say and said it. The saying took time and her remarks were personal and pointed. Her tirade omitted few phases of their landlord's character. Eliphalet listened unruffled.

She concluded, husky but still defiant, with a declaration of absolute refusal.

"We won't go," she screamed. "We won't go! Why don't you tell him we won't go, Eben? Haven't you got any self-respect at all?"

Mr. Jenkins tried his best to look as defiant as his wife.

"No," he vowed. "That is, I mean—well, we won't go, 'Liph Peel. You—you can't make us."

Captain Eliphalet pulled at his beard.

"Haven't got a lease, have you, Eben?" he inquired. "No, I thought not. That's where you made a mistake. Always take a lease when you hire a place to live. That's the sensible thing to do. It saves trouble But, bein' as you haven't got any, I guess you'll go. I'll see you again in a day or two. By the way, Gus Mullett's mother-in-law's house is empty, I understand. Maybe you could get that."

The reference to the absence of a lease had wilted Mr. Jenkins as the July sun wilts a plucked water-lily. But Marietta had not wilted—yet.

"*We* get it!" she sneered. "*We* get it! If it's empty, why don't you go and live in it yourself?"

Their caller paused at the open door, his foot upon the step.

"Because there'd be no sense in my doin' it, Marietta," he replied calmly. "I own this one and I like it better of the two."

THE Jenkinses moved out of the Coleman cottage and the Peels moved in. Then, after the community had decided that he did not intend doing so, Captain Eliphalet began building upon the site of his and his father's home. But, instead of building one large house upon the strip of land dividing the Back Road and Duck Lane, he built three small ones. He built the A B C houses. In the years to come every one called them that—"the A B C houses."

It was the Reverend James Bodeby, at that time and for long afterward pastor of the Wapatomac Baptist Church, who first gave them that name. Captain Eliphalet built the houses to rent, and rented they were almost immediately. Doctor A. Thacher Atkins, the homeopath, occupied the first one. Israel Bee, teacher of dancing and music, lived in the second, and Mrs. Rebecca Cahoon, widow of Sylvanus Cahoon, in the third. The Reverend Bodeby, who when he first came to Wapatomac was something of a wit (later he recovered from the disease), noted the sequence of initials.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed. "Atkins and Bee—and er—Cahoon. A, B and C, I declare! One might call them the Alphabet Houses."

One might, but few did. In Wapatomac schools of that period we learned our A B C's, not our alphabet. The Peel houses became and remained the A B C houses. And, when Israel Bee died, Captain Eliphalet himself moved into the middle one (the B house) and made it his home. The Coleman cottage he sold at a good price.

WAPATOMAC learned of his intended move at the same time it learned of his second marriage. Margaret Holway was teaching the "downstairs school"—that is, the primary grades—in Denboro, the village next Wapatomac to the east. She was young and pretty and an orphan. She came to Denboro from the academy at Middleboro. She had many masculine admirers and might have married one of them if she and Eliphalet Peel had not met at the county fair in Ostable one October afternoon.

Captain Eliphalet had bought another schooner, the *Blue Water*, and had been spending a month in Boston, superintending her overhauling, rerigging and painting. The *Gloria* was on her way to Charlestown, in charge of another skipper. Eliphalet, having come down to the Cape to spend a few days with his children, drove over to the fair to witness the trotting races. Margaret Holway was there also, under escort of a young Denboro gallant named Ryder. Ryder and Miss Holway happened to be standing at the rail next to where Eliphalet had planted himself and Ryder introduced the young lady to the captain. It was a mistake on his part. During the rest of that afternoon he played second fiddle to the masterful mariner from Wapatomac.

Just how deeply Eliphalet was smitten at that first meeting is a question. It may be that he was merely amusing himself at young Ryder's expense. To gain possession of something which another person considered his own was always fun for Eliphalet, whether he actually desired that something or not. The harder the gaining might be the keener the enjoyment. At all events he, figuratively speaking, shouldered the young man out of the way and devoted the hours before sunset to impressing his personality upon Margaret Holway.

She was impressed—there is little doubt of that—but she was no easy victim. She was not a Susanna Coleman, a walking echo, answering yes or no according to the utterance of a stronger will, even one as strong as Eliphalet Peel's. She said no very often. When the captain announced that the trio would drive back to Denboro in his two-seater—the obvious inference being that Mr. Ryder would be sole occupant of the back seat—she flatly refused. She and that gentleman, she said, would return to Denboro, as they had come, on the train. If she imagined that she had squelched the Peel presumptions by that declaration and its fulfilment, she was in error; they merely made her more attractive to Eliphalet. Fruit that was easy picking and thornless was not worth gathering, he considered. He drove home alone that evening, but the following evening he drove out again—and Denboro was his destination. It was a long siege, he was obliged to extend his shore leave by another month, but in the end he won. Margaret Holway became Mrs. Eliphalet Peel, and the Peel family, including Amarias, ten years old, and Susanna, nine, moved into the B house to live.

The year which followed was, in all probability, the happiest of Captain Eliphalet's life. He spent at least half of it at home with his bride. His feelings toward her were as near to unselfish love and devotion as it was possible for a man of his make-up to experience. For Susanna Coleman, after he had won her from Christopher Dadgett, he cherished little more than a kindly toleration, a sort of lukewarm, semi-indulgent affection such as he might have felt toward a well-behaved, obedient dog. She was a necessary part of his household, the mother of his children, and she kept them and him fed and comfortable. When she died, he was genuinely sorry, but his grief was not deep-seated. The housekeeper whom he hired to take her place was adequate and obeyed orders. If he had not met Margaret Holway, he might have lived the remainder of his days a widower and contented to remain so.

BUT Margaret was not Susanna. She was vastly superior to the first Mrs. Peel. In many respects she was superior to her husband. She was educated and refined and he was not. She had book learning, whereas, aside from his eight years in the Wapatomac public schools, he had been taught only in the hard, rough college of out-of-doors. She had a will of her own and, at times, when she deemed it necessary, asserted that will. Her advice, even in business matters, was almost always good, and he learned to recognize that fact, even to the extent of confiding in her and asking counsel. He indulged her, liked to see her well dressed, brought her presents when he came home. For the first time Eliphalet Peel was in love with some one other than himself and found the experience as pleasant as it was novel.

If she had lived, his after life might have been far different. But she did not live. A year after their marriage she bore him a baby girl, Lettice. The baby lived, but the mother died, and once more Captain Eliphalet was a widower.

Lettice Peel is the heroine of this story. She did not count for much when she was born. Her mother's death overshadowed

Continued on page 88



"A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"—*Painted by Guy Hoff*

Begin TODAY- to free your skin from complexion troubles

Each day your skin is *changing—You can make the new skin what you will*

A SMOOTH fine skin, free from blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous pores—you can gain it by the right care!

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will.

Begin today the right Woodbury treatment for your skin, and see what an improvement will follow. Day by day your complexion will grow smoother, clearer, lovelier!

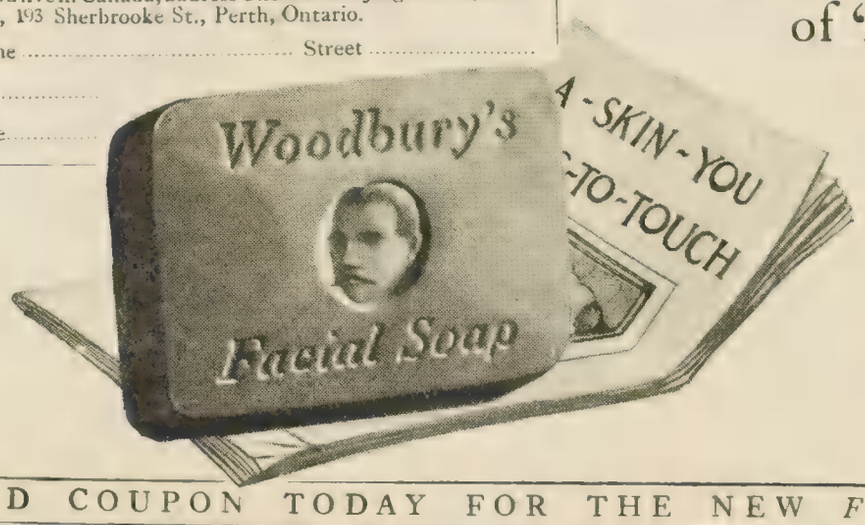
The famous Woodbury treatments for each type of skin and its needs are given in the booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch*", which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter! A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Or for convenience—buy Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.



FREE! A guest-size set of three Woodbury skin preparations, with *new, large-size* trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., 193 Spring Grove Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio Please send me *free*
The new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch.*"
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 193 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.
Name ..... Street .....
City .....
State .....



To give your skin the charm of "*A Skin You Love to Touch*"

Use this famous treatment to free your skin from blackheads and to keep it smooth and clear:

Each night before retiring, apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a slightly rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Whenever possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

Begin, tonight, the special Woodbury treatment your skin needs, and see how quickly the whole tone of your complexion will improve.

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SEND COUPON TODAY FOR THE NEW *FREE* GUEST-SIZE SET OF WOODBURY SKIN PREPARATIONS



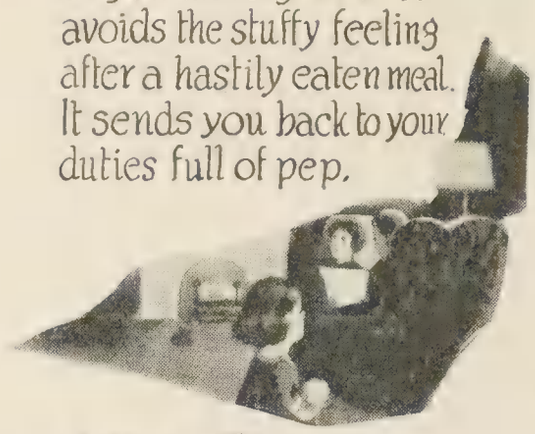
After Breakfast

Now before we start the day's work, let us digest our breakfast, sweeten the mouth, soothe the throat and cleanse the teeth with WRIGLEY'S- It will help to start the day right and a good start is half the battle.



After Luncheon

In the middle of the day when possibly time is limited and we may eat too fast, then is when WRIGLEY'S is of greatest help. It makes your food do you more good. It avoids the stuffy feeling after a hastily eaten meal. It sends you back to your duties full of pep.



After Dinner

In the evening, around the lamp, after dinner, with games and books, or before going out to the theater, let WRIGLEY'S sweeten the mouth, remove the odors of food and help your stomach in its work.



"After Every Meal"

F26

WRIGLEY'S



THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 86

her arrival, and her father, when the nurse brought her to him to look at, scarcely gave her a glance. For months thereafter he would not look at her. She had been the cause of Margaret's death, and Eliphalet, stricken and gloomy, cherished resentment toward that cause. He made no fuss over his bereavement. His closest acquaintances—he had scarcely any intimate friends—did not see him shed a tear. During the funeral he sat alone in the little bedroom off the sitting-room, and when the service at the cemetery was over came back to that room to sit alone for hours, smoking and nursing his grief.

Mrs. Olinda Didlow, the nurse—she was Noah Didlow's aunt—came to knock at the bedroom door.

"Are you all right, Cap'n Peel?" she queried nervously.

"Um-hum," was the answer, in the form of a gruff grunt.

"You ain't et a mouthful since yesterday. Don't you want me to fetch you some toast and tea or somethin'?"

"No."

"Can't I do nothin' for you?"

"Yes. You can clear out and leave me alone."

"But—but wouldn't it kind of comfort you to hold the baby just a little spell?"

"No, it wouldn't."

"But she's a real pretty baby and you ain't hardly seen her."

"I don't want to see her. Clear out about your business."

Mrs. Didlow cleared out. A fortnight later she cleared out for good. Eliphalet reengaged his former housekeeper, Sarah Sears, and leaving his three children and his home in her charge, went to Boston and from thence to Buenos Aires in the *Blue Water*, a voyage which, out and back, occupied many months. When he again made the home port, he came to Wapatomac for eight days only, and then put to sea again. The following ten years he spent, for the most part, on salt water. At the end of that time he retired from active service and settled down in the B house to live on his income. Just how big that income was every one in Wapatomac could have told you, but no two would have agreed as to its total.

MEANWHILE the three Peel children had grown up. Amarias was at work. He was apprenticed to, and likely to become a partner of, Solomon Snow, who bought the remains of the Dadgett business after Christopher went into bankruptcy. Every one said that Amarias was just like his father. This was not entirely true. He was shrewd and keen at a bargain, close-mouthed and inclined to be dictatorial. But there was a taint of Coleman in him, a taint which caused his shrewdness to lean toward stinginess and his Peel abruptness of speech to be tempered with a smooth suavity which might or might not be sincere. When he was twenty-five he married Emeline Newcomb. Emeline had fifteen hundred dollars of her own in the bank and would have more when her grandfather, who lived in Bayport, died.

Susanna Peel was exactly like her brother, two-thirds Peel and the rest Coleman. They looked alike and acted alike and were outwardly affectionate and inwardly jealous of each other. She married when twenty-two. Abner Crusit was her husband. He was much older than she and had inherited from his father, Elkanah Crusit, the Wapatomac general store. The store did a good business, and Abner made money. Susanna took care of the money. She also took care of Abner, when she could spare time from her labors in the Methodist Woman's League, the sewing-circle and the Shakespeare Reading Society. The Crusits were Republicans and Methodists, the Amarias Peels were Democrats and Baptists. Amarias and Susanna publicly agreed in everything. Privately they differed in most matters. They did, however, agree that their half-sister Lettice was being spoiled by Captain Eliphalet, who ought to know better. As time passed and Lettice grew from a quiet, pretty little girl to a pretty and capable young woman, this last point of agreement strengthened.

Lettice, since her sixteenth birthday, had kept house for her father. And she kept it well. Eliphalet came to depend upon her more and more. After Susanna's marriage, the captain and his youngest daughter were alone in the B house. The prejudice which he felt against her when she was a baby had long ago vanished, and as she grew up and the resemblance to Margaret Holway became so striking that people remarked upon it, he began to idolize her. Not that his affection was ever demonstrative. Being Eliphalet Peel, he never permitted his feelings to get the better of the common sense upon which he prided himself. He ruled her as he had been accustomed to rule his crews and issued orders at home as he had issued them aboard the *Gloria* and the *Blue Water*. Lettice obeyed these orders, generally speaking, but she was sufficiently like both her parents to have a mind of her own.

On one occasion—she was eighteen then—Captain Eliphalet had had a violent disagreement with Orrin Hart, the local fish-pedler. The captain, as he grew older and his voice in town affairs became more influential, was inclined to quarrel with any one whose opinions did not coincide with his, and to extend those quarrels to matters having no connection with the original cause of difference. There had been a change in the national administration and Wapatomac was in the throes of securing a new postmaster. Orrin Hart's brother-in-law, Ezekiel Foster, was a leading candidate, and the signatures to his petition were numerous. Eliphalet was the chief backer of the other nominee, Henry Fuller, and when Orrin called at the Peel house to sell fish he and the captain proceeded to argue, an argument which ended at the front gate.

"You can take your spiled mackerel and get out," commanded Eliphalet. "Don't you ever come inside this yard again. You hear me?"

Mr. Hart suffered from an affliction of stammering, but, as Ziba Bangs said, he was like an old-fashioned shotgun, he generally managed to shoot, even if he did scatter consider'ble.

"I—I—hear ye," he stuttered, "and so can everybody else in the d-d-district. What do you think you be, a f-f-foghorn? If a mackerel wasn't spiled afore it got here it would be as s-soon as you smelt of it. And Ezekiel is goin' to be pup-pup-postmaster. Don't you forget that."

"Go to the devil," roared the captain. Orrin shook his head.

"I'm goin' away from him f-fast as I can," he retorted. "Whoa, Major," addressing his horse, who had started to move. "Take it easy. Ain't scared of a high wind with n-nothin' behind it, be ye?"

Eliphalet started to open the gate. Then he changed his mind, stooped and picked up a stone.

"Git dap!" he shouted, and threw the stone at the horse. Major departed up the road at a trot, his owner galloping in pursuit, stuttering "Whoas" and profanity. The captain, grinning in triumph, entered the house. Lettice was dusting the dining-room.

"Don't you never let that swab set foot on my premises," he commanded. "He's a fool."

"He is the only fish-pedler that comes around nowadays, father," said Lettice quietly.

"Don't care if he's the only one from here to Boston. Don't you let him on this place. Mind."

BUT fish was Eliphalet Peel's favorite food, and after a week of ham and eggs and corned beef he expressed his yearning.

"They're catchin' a lot of striped bass down off Wellmouth, I understand," he observed, at the dinner-table. "I'd rather eat baked striped bass than turkey any day. Why don't you try to get hold of one, Lettice? You like it, too, don't you?"

"Yes, very much. Mrs. Bassett told me that Orrin Hart had his cart full of them yesterday."

The captain exploded. "Don't you let that fellow into this yard," he ordered. "Don't you buy a pound of fish of him. Understand?"

"I won't, father. But you will have to do without your bass."

"Eh? Why will I? I guess a body with any gumption could get one without buyin'

Continued on page 90

Bouillon in a moment -a cube makes a cup

More tempting than ever and no trouble at all to fix

By
MRS. JANE STARR GRANT



IF everything could be prepared as quickly as bouillon, how easy cooking would be! Yet there was a time when it took hours to prepare. Contrast that with what you do today. You go to the kitchen cabinet and get a STEERO bouillon cube. You unwrap it, drop it into a cup. You pour on boiling water and your bouillon is ready for you. Do you know anything else equally delicious that can be made with equal speed?

There is usually a slight element of risk in preparing food. How often have you followed the recipe ever so carefully and been disappointed by the result! But bouillon—delicious, tempting—can be made without the slightest risk. Just drop a STEERO bouillon cube into a cup and pour boiling water on it. Not a chance for anything to go wrong.

Does bouillon made with STEERO bouillon cubes taste good? There are hundreds of thousands of families where it is one of the favorite items on the menu. The piquancy of its flavor, I believe, is what makes it so popular. This flavor is a wonderful blend of just the right kind of beef, fresh vegetables, and spices, prepared according to the formula of expert chefs. So appetizing and refreshing is STEERO bouillon that many families place a standing order at the store to have a certain number of cubes sent them regularly.

The unexpected luncheon or dinner guest is a problem that every woman has to face. You may not feel as I do about it, but nothing pleases me more than to give my guests the impression that I am entertaining all the time—that their unexpected call doesn't faze me a bit—and put before them easily and quickly a meal with just a wee bit more to it than they thought I could get ready. In doing this, STEERO bouillon cubes are a big help. They make possible an extra course which is a little more unusual than a canned soup, and in these days of small, compact kitchens a reserve supply of cubes can be tucked away in a corner of the cabinet.

***free*—STEERO bouillon and flavoring cubes.** I want you to try STEERO bouillon and flavoring cubes. I want you to taste the delicious bouillon they make. I want you to see for yourself what a wonderful flavoring agent they are in dozens of different dishes. I want to send you a sample package. Mail me the coupon and I will personally see that you get the free sample. If you wish the 64-page STEERO Cook Book, send ten cents with the coupon.



Mrs. Jane Starr Grant
American Kitchen Products Co.
Dept. D 3-28, 281 Water St., New York City

☐ Send me the free sample package of STEERO bouillon and flavoring cubes.

☐ Sixty-four-page Cook Book (enclosed 10c).

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Scalding water · · a tender little hand

Save those hours of needless pain!

Today you can have *in your own home* the remarkable remedy thousands of hospitals are using for burns, scalds and skin injuries!

No surgical dressing has ever approached its amazing power. It has prevented infinite suffering—saved hundreds of lives!

No injury is too serious for its healing properties—no wound too slight to need its safeguarding from infection. If you have never used Unguentine, a free tube is yours for the asking.



Children and injuries —they're inseparable!

INJURIES where the pain is often torturing—where life itself has often hung in the balance—these are among the cases for which Unguentine is used today by leading hospitals and surgeons in the country.

No wonder those who have used it for smaller burns and skin injuries at home are astonished at its effectiveness!

At the rapidity with which it relieves pain—at the quick healing of injured tissues!

For Unguentine is not simply a salve or ointment. It is a surgical dressing whose remarkable power has won for it constant use where the most intense suffering must be relieved!

Its effect, even in serious cases, seems almost miraculous. Relief begins so soon. In smaller injuries the pain in a short time is *completely forgotten.*

Prevents infection

Unguentine not only stops the pain of burns, scalds, cuts, blisters and similar injuries—it also prevents infection—the danger we are coming more and more to dread even in the most minor injuries.

Yet—although Unguentine is a powerful antiseptic—it has not the slightest harsh or irritating results. Its effect on an open wound is immediately soothing.

Unguentine keeps the wound free from germ life during the entire healing process. It stimulates the quick healing of the tissues and often prevents the formation of a scar.

Keep Unguentine where you can use it quickly!

To save hours of pain, burns or skin injuries of any sort should be treated quickly. *To prevent infection* the wound should be immediately disinfected.

Unguentine does both.

Keep Unguentine where you can use it as soon as the accident happens! Simply spread it lightly over the injured part, and bandage lightly if necessary.

There is nothing like Unguentine made today. No medicine cabinet should be without it. 50 cents at your druggist's. Or the coupon below will bring you a trial tube free of all charge. Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y.

Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Are minor skin injuries becoming more dangerous?

Has 20th Century living reduced the resistance of our bodies to the germs of infection?

Almost daily we read of minor cuts, blisters, scratches, and similar injuries becoming infected—leading to blood poisoning—often ending in the loss of life or limb!

Today Unguentine makes unnecessary the slightest risk of infection in such cases. Unguentine not only kills all germs, but it keeps the wound free from infection during the entire healing process. Because of its soothing effect it can be used on open wounds when many antiseptics would be harsh or irritating.

This baby is well and unscarred—thanks to Unguentine

"One Sunday evening our only child (then less than two years old) set her clothes on fire. I succeeded in extinguishing the fire by wrapping my coat around her tortured little body. But I was too late to save her little face and arms. At last the doctor arrived.

"He bandaged up the horrible burns and gave the baby an opiate. He would not commit himself by saying she would outgrow her burns. He used Unguentine liberally; the first time I had ever heard of it. Her little arms were badly scarred, and so were her right cheek, her neck and behind her ears.

"Inside of one year not a trace of the burns was visible except on cold days when the affected parts showed up red. Today baby is four and a half years old and well. We carry a tube of Unguentine ever since."

——, *Kansas City, Mo.*

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Norwich, New York

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

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The kind of ASPARAGUS you are proud to serve!

—yet one of the simplest dishes you can have

What a difference it makes—the kind of asparagus you serve!

If you want to be sure, in advance, of its tenderness and flavor, it will pay you well to insist on DEL MONTE.

All DEL MONTE Asparagus is thoroughbred stock—grown in the rich delta lands of California—cut at the moment of perfection and canned at once, before its fibre can toughen or its flavor vanish.

Different sizes of spears, too—Giant, Colossal, Mammoth, where extra large spears are wanted; Large, Medium and Small where a greater number of portions are necessary.

Long spears in large cans; tender tips in smaller cans.

But no matter what the size of spear or can—you will find in each the same uniform tenderness and delicacy of flavor that you naturally expect under the DEL MONTE label.

Be sure you say

DEL MONTE



CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco



THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 88

it of him. Get it somewhere somehow. I'll bet *I* could!"

"Why don't you?"

"Because I've got other things to do. I ain't runnin' this house and this table."

"Oh, aren't you? I know you told me to run them and you wouldn't interfere, but I thought you must have changed your mind. If you leave it to me, you shall have your bass."

"Yes, I guess so! And you'll buy it of Orrin Hart, I suppose?"

"Of course."

"You'd buy it of a fellow that's trying to shanghai his good-for-nothin' brother-in-law aboard this town for postmaster? Use your common sense."

"I am using it. And it didn't make me see any reason why the matter of a Wapatomac postmaster should spoil our dinner."

Captain Peel pulled at his beard. "See here, Lettice," he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm too busy electioneerin' for that postmaster appointment to go chasin' from Dan to Beersheba after striped bass, but you can do it, if you've a mind to. I'll give you five dollars to put with the money you've saved to make the price of that new sewin'-machine you've wanted so long, provided you have a baked bass for to-morrow's dinner. Only you mustn't buy it of Orrin Hart. What do you say?"

Lettice looked at him. "That doesn't sound very sensible, father," she said. "You could send to Wellmouth yourself for less than five dollars."

"I could, but I won't. Is it a bargain?"

"It is seven dollars, not five, I need for the sewing-machine."

"Humph! You're pretty sharp after the money, I should say. It is plaguey foolishness, but when I want a thing I want it. I'll make it seven."

His daughter reflected. "All right," she agreed. "I'll do my best to give you a baked bass to-morrow noon, and I won't buy it of Mr. Hart."

THE following noon a seven-pound bass, in a bath of drawn butter was placed upon the table. Eliphalet smacked his lips in anticipation.

"Good girl!" he exclaimed. "Where'd you get it?"

Lettice smiled, but did not answer the question. "Eat it first," she said. "It may not be good."

It was and the captain said so more than once. When the meal was over, he again demanded information concerning the attaining of the bass.

"Well," replied Lettice demurely, "I don't see why you are so anxious. I didn't buy it of Orrin Hart. That is all you cared about, wasn't it?"

"Who did you buy it of?"

"I bought it of Mrs. Cahoon."

Her father stared. "What Cahoon?" he demanded. "Not Becky Cahoon?"

Mrs. Rebecca Cahoon was the next-door neighbor of the Peels. She lived, at that time, in the C house.

"Yes."

"You bought that bass of Becky Cahoon? Where on earth did she get it?"

Lettice shook her head. "I don't know, I am sure," she said. "I saw it on her kitchen table when I went in there to return some sugar I borrowed. I offered her three dollars for it and she took my offer. I didn't ask where she got it."

"You didn't ask? Didn't she tell you?"

"I think she would have, but I told her I didn't want to know."

Captain Eliphalet's fist struck the table. "I see Orrin's fish-cart outside her front gate when I headed down street this very mornin'," he cried. "She bought that bass of him."

Lettice began clearing away the dishes.

"I don't know where she got it," she repeated. "But I bought it of her. If you give me the seven dollars now, father, I think Abner will send up the sewing-machine this afternoon."

Eliphalet's eyes flashed and his mouth opened, but in the very act of speaking he seemed to change his mind. The flash became a twinkle and his lips closed and tightened in a grim smile.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Well, it's my own fault for not bein' more careful when I made the offer. Here's your seven dollars. But don't make the mistake of thinkin' you can lick the old man so easy next time, because you won't do it. Next time I'll recollect I'm dealin' with a Peel. You're more of one than I thought you was, young woman."

He bore no grudge against his daughter for taking advantage of his lapse in driving the bargain, quite the contrary. It was the very manner by which he had got the better of Christopher Dadgett and Eben Jenkins and so many others, the shrewd, common-sense sharpness by which he eventually defeated Orrin Hart and his party and made Henry Fuller postmaster of Wapatomac. He admired Lettice for it, and told the yarn with gusto that evening to the group in the Crusit general store. But he took care that she did not repeat it.

"You're a Peel all right," he told her. "But so am I. After this I'm standin' watch, don't forget it."

CAPTAIN ELIPHALET'S watchfulness extended to his daughter's masculine admirers. These became rather numerous, for Lettice was good-looking and attractive. The majority of those who came to call at the B house or who invited the young housekeeper to dances or parties were Wapatomac youths whose attentions were not meant to be, nor were, taken seriously. But as time went on out of the running emerged two, and these two obviously meant more than philandering. One was David Booker, thirty years old, owner and proprietor of the local livery-stable. He was a keen Yankee, enterprising, pushing, and believed to be a coming man in the community. In his early twenties he had been rather wild, fond of horses, cards, the girls and a good time generally. But of late he had settled down and was attending to business—and Lettice Peel.

The other was Farley Crowell, twenty-one, son of Ezra Crowell, who, as commander of the Baltimore steamer *Bay City*, was drowned when his ship was lost in the great gale of '98. Farley was an orphan and boarded with his aunt, Miss Sylvia Perry, in a little rented house on the Upper Road. He was clerk in the New York Store on the Main Road, but he did not intend to remain there. He had some talent for painting, and his aunt said that he hoped to be an artist and do "hand-painted pictures and things" some day.

Farley Crowell and Dave Booker were absolute contrasts, except in their feeling toward Lettice. Booker was a trader, quick in his ways, a money-maker, and a practical man. Crowell seemed to care nothing for money, almost any one could get the better of him in a trade, and he was dreamy and moderate. He was well liked and a good fellow, but stories of his absent-mindedness and mistakes as a salesman were numerous about the village, and the knowing ones prophesied that he would never amount to a whole lot. One of these Jeremiahs was Captain Eliphalet Peel.

"What's that young Crowell sprout wastin' his time cruisin' in your wake for, Lettice?" he demanded one evening after the "sprout" had called at the B house. The call this time was a short one. It might have been longer if the captain had shown the least symptom of vacating the sitting-room and leaving that apartment to the young people. This he had not done, but remained planted in the rocker, reading the Cape Cod *Item* and puffing at his pipe.

Lettice was crocheting a tidy for the rocker. She smiled slightly as she answered.

"Perhaps he doesn't think he is wasting it, father," she observed.

Eliphalet put down the *Item*.

"Eh?" he queried. "What's that? Not wastin' it? Well, he is, ain't he? You don't mean to tell me that you've given him any encouragement to hang around here?"

His daughter, busily crocheting, did not raise her eyes from her work.

"I don't know what you mean by encouragement," she said. "I like him. He's a nice fellow."

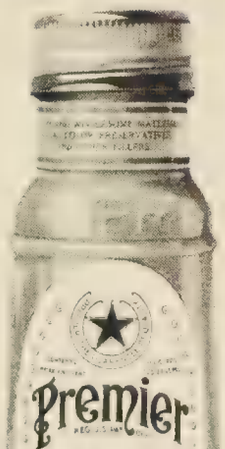
The captain straightened in the rocker. "Nice fellow!" he snorted. "He's a nice sissy, that's what he is. Spends his evenin's and spare time, when he ain't chasin' up

Continued on page 92



63 ways *to use* PREMIER

Before you have your next party, send for the Premier book. It costs you nothing, and thousands of women have found it the most useful recipe book they ever had. Premier is the salad dressing that goes well with meats, vegetables, fruits, and many other delicacies, and can be used in cream sauces, rarebits, and egg dishes to improve their flavor. Always ready to use. You will like it. Get a bottle from your grocer today.



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ONLY ONE WAY to keep teeth both white and safe

Restore the natural protective fluids of the Mouth Glands

WE brush our teeth more often than any other nation in the world—yet they mysteriously decay.

Dentists now know that this is due to an abnormal mouth condition—unsuspected but practically universal—which inevitably leads to decay.

It is known as Dry Mouth—the natural result, they say, of our modern, soft cooked foods, which require no real chewing.

The mouth glands, which nature intended to flow continuously, now dry up from sheer lack of exercise. And your teeth, no longer washed by their alkaline fluids, are inevitably eaten by the acids of decay.



UNSUSPECTED—*Dry Mouth is the real cause of tooth decay. Use the tooth paste that increases the action of your mouth glands and protects your teeth from decay.*

After ordinary cleaning —no safer than before

You can remove the acids of decay temporarily by scouring with gritty pastes which endanger the unreplaceable enamel; by washing with soapy substances that damage gums and delicate mouth lining.



By such harsh methods thousands of people succeed in making their teeth white—*but not safe*. Five minutes after they stop brushing, acids begin to form again—the insidious process of decay goes on.

The only way to prevent decay, it is now known, is to remove the unsuspected, underlying cause—Dry Mouth.

Recently, physicians and dentists have recognized that the mouth glands can be successfully stimulated. Today you can protect your teeth naturally and permanently from the acids of decay by a tooth paste that restores the normal alkaline flow of the mouth glands.

The basic ingredient used in Pebeco was first employed by physicians years ago in the treatment of serious mouth conditions, where the teeth were already badly affected. It proved so remarkable in its effects on the teeth and the entire mouth, yet so gentle in its action, that it was made available in tooth paste form—Pebeco.

Pebeco gently stimulates the glands

Pebeco is the simple, natural way to prevent tooth decay. It acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form. And the deadly mucin and tartar deposits are gently softened and removed. Pebeco leaves your gums clean and soothed—your whole mouth, normal and healthy. *And in this healthy mouth, your teeth are kept not only white and shining, but safe.*

Start today to overcome Dry Mouth and stop tooth decay. Send for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc., New York. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto. All druggists.



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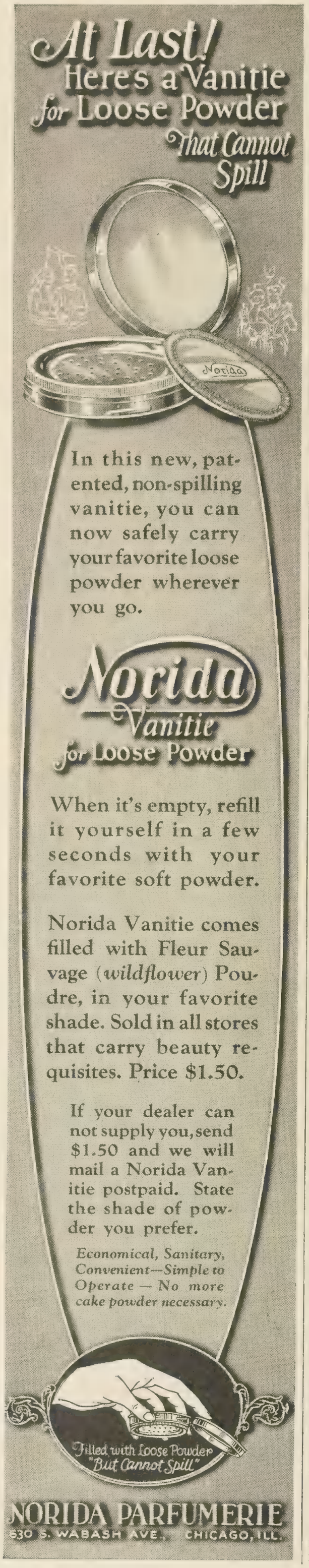
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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 90

here, paintin' pictures of flowers and windmills and stone walls and the Lord knows what. Good job for a grown man, that is! When I was his age, I was first mate of the *Gloria* and could lick three spindlin' critters like him with my left hand."

"He isn't spindling, father."

Her parent ignored the remark. "Why don't he paint a house or a fence, if he's got to paint somethin'?" he demanded. "I'd enough sight rather see him daubin' whitewash on a henhouse than I would squatted in front of what he calls a weasel—or easel, or whatever 'tis—makin' a tintype of a passel of cows, the way I saw him Sunday afternoon over in Ezra Taylor's pasture lot. Bah! Don't you have anything more to do with him, Lettice."

His daughter did not answer. The captain's brows drew together.

"Did you hear what I said?" he asked sharply. "The next time he comes here, you give him his clearance papers. You understand?"

Still there was no answer. Eliphalet leaned back in the rocker and grunted.

"By godfreys!" he exclaimed. "I guess it *is* about time I took a hand in this thing. Amarias gave me a hint yesterday, but I didn't pay much attention. And when Susanna came this mornin' she had somethin' to say about it, too. She said the whole town was talkin' and——"

Lettice stopped crocheting. She looked her father straight in the eye.

"Amarias and Susanna—yes, and the rest of Wapatomac—had better attend to their own affairs," she said. "They can't say a word that is true against Farley Crowell. He does paint pictures and he wants to be an artist, but that isn't wicked, so far as I ever heard. And that Mr. Crawford who was here last Summer, and is a *real* artist, told Farley he had talent and ought to cultivate it."

"Cultivate it! He'd be cultivatin' his aunt's garden if he had sense enough to handle a hoe. Look here, girl! Don't you talk back to me like that. The next time that Farley Crowell comes to this house you tell him to clear out. If you don't, I will."

The young woman's glance did not waver.

"If you do," she said, "I shall meet him at other places."

Eliphalet's red face was redder than ever. He gasped and lifted his hand. But the look upon his daughter's face was sufficiently Peel-like to cause him to check the outburst before it was uttered. Instead he groaned in consternation.

"Good heavens above, Lettice!" he cried. "You—you ain't cal'latin' to *marry* that Crowell thing, are you?"

She colored slightly. "I haven't said that I was planning to marry anybody yet awhile, father," she declared. "I like Farley and—and I won't have Amarias and Susanna putting you up to treating him like a tramp, that's all. If I ever feel that he ought to stop coming to see me, I'll tell him so myself. They sha'n't—and you mustn't."

Captain Eliphalet said no more that evening. He went up to bed—"going aloft to turn in," he would have called it—but he did not sleep for some time. It had been forced upon his attention, the fact that his only unmarried daughter was reaching the marriageable age and that, unless he steered his course with care and cunning, she might marry whom she pleased even in spite of him. Well, he had handled ticklish situations before, and had, in the end, got what he wanted from them. In this case he did not know precisely what he wanted. But he did know what he did not want.

Continued in the April DELINEATOR.



GLYCERINE TEARS

Continued from page 9

on his case? If there had been one man on that jury with an unprejudiced view-point, I might have had justice. Mr. Carewe says that the men who think they can't afford time to serve on a jury are the very men who can't afford not to. What chance had I with twelve men all sure in advance that this was a case of a rich girl grinding down a poor man? Mr. Carewe says——"

"Damn Carewe!" Blake ground between his teeth. "I suppose it was that lean and hungry Cassius who told you I was planning to get excused from jury duty. I was. There are two Australians due and I wanted to nail their custom. They can go to the dickens. You may tell the Youth's Companion from me that I'll report to-morrow and serve on a jury. Meantime, get on your tennis togs. You ought to be practising."

Constance's shrug was intended to be maddening. By the answering blaze in Blake's eyes she concluded that it had been a perfect thing of its kind.

"Don't worry about my game. I shall not enter the tournament. My attorney and I will cheer you and *Nathalie* from the stands." With a smile which touched only her lips she entered the cool dimness of the living-room.

The three men gazed reflectively after her. Peter prepared to fill his pipe as with a beatific smile he observed:

"Aren't girls the dickens and all, though?"

Billy's brow wrinkled.

"She must have picked up your conversation with Nathalie by radio, Stan. It isn't fifteen minutes since you made the arrangement. I warned you that only straight-from-the-shoulder methods would get by with Connie. I know her. She is furious to think that you have turned her down for another girl."

"For another girl? You know better, Billy." Blake's face was white under its tan. The scar stood out with cruel, raw distinctness. "If Connie wins this tournament, she will be acknowledged the best woman player in the country. She can win with Carewe, not against him. She would play with me just through loyalty. I won't have it. I'm sorry the case went against her."

Peter made experimental passes with his racket.

"Glycerine tears, boy, but Con is right. Most of us howl about the miscarriage of justice, but we wriggle out of jury duty if we can. Do you really intend to qualify as juror, Stan?"

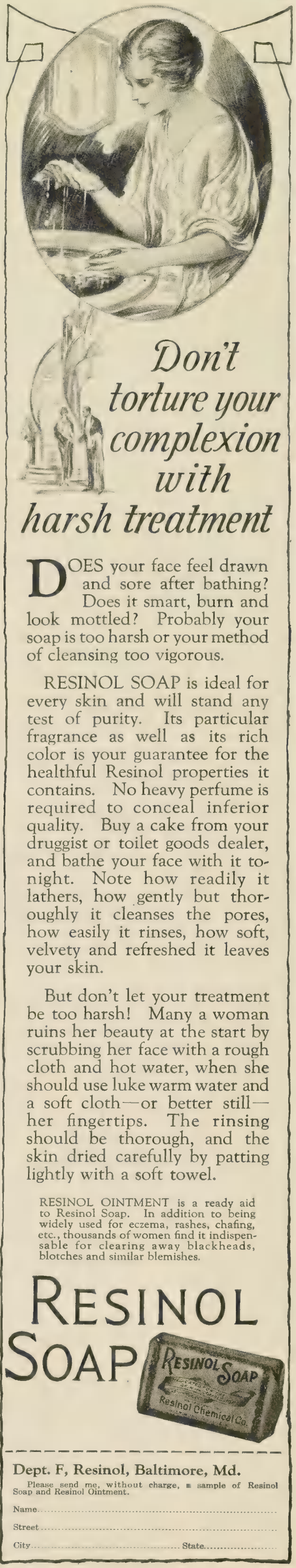
"Yes. I can better afford to lose the business of the Australians than Con's respect." He cleared his voice of huskiness. "Let's have a set while we are waiting for her. She'll play in that tournament. I'll suggest to Carewe that he ask her again. Connie's a good sport. She'll play. Come on."

And she *had* played. Good Lord, *how* she had played, Blake thought three weeks later, as at midnight he paced the beach which was common to the Weld place and his own. Constance and Carewe had won the championship by the narrow margin of one game. He and Nathalie Shaw were better than ever. It looked now as though the lank attorney would win in a bigger game than tennis.

Blake stopped to light his pipe. He had dined at Stony Brook Farm, but on reaching home had been too restless to remain in the house. The flame between his hands set shadows flickering on his face, lighted his somber eyes. He dropped the match and walked on. His thoughts kept pace with his footsteps. Since their victory the Youth's Companion seemed always with Con, and her manner to her old pal had held the faintest tinkle of ice.

Well, what was he grumbling about? Was he a dog in the manger? Hadn't he vowed, the first time he looked in a mirror after his wound had healed, that never would he ask the girl he had loved since she

Continued on page 94



"Don't worry, my dear"

IT was an important social occasion the younger girl had been planning on for a long time.

And now, just a week or so before the big event, that old throat irritation came back again and threatened to ruin her party.

She was completely upset over it all.

Her older friend knew what to do, however. And everything turned out all right.

* * *

It isn't necessary to let sore throat throw you out of step with work or play.

Guard against this trouble by taking the simple precaution of using Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a preventive for throat irritations and the more serious ills that so often follow.

Have Listerine handy always in your bathroom. It is the ideal, safe antiseptic. Its dozens of different uses are fully described in the circular that comes around each bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

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LISTERINE Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available. While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—
25 cents



The only superfluous hair remedy which has the distinction of having been "officially decided to be effective."

(New York World—Oct. 28, 1924)

"By simply applying ZIP and easily removing it, the ***roots are eliminated*** as by magic, and in this way the growth is destroyed." "These statements are not false," says Hon. Edward M. Averill, Trial Examiner for the Federal Trade Commission, who heard the testimony in the official investigation of ZIP.

Quick as a Wink

you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember, you are not merely removing surface hair—you actually lift out the roots with the hairs, gently and painlessly and in this way ***destroy the growth.*** The process seems almost miraculous, but my eighteen years of success in giving treatments with ZIP and the thousands of women who are now using it prove that ZIP is the ***scientifically*** correct way to destroy the growth.

Lasting Results

Mere surface hair removers give only temporary relief and any method which burns away or rubs away surface hair is very apt to irritate the skin and promote heavier growths. Such methods have the same action as singeing or shaving, throwing the strength back into the roots. Use ZIP once, and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

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GLYCERINE TEARS

Continued from page 92

was a baby to face that scar every day? He wouldn't be accepted out of pity.

What a night! Too fine to go indoors to sleep. Sleep! Not a chance for him. Always before the eyes of his mind was the picture of Con in her delicate blue gown, her rose-leaf skin, the enchanting curve of her lips. He looked up at the sky. Hundreds of stars seemed like peep-holes through which one might glimpse the glory of the heavens behind the dark curtain of night. He looked off to sea. Never had he seen the tide so low. It was still receding. The float which seemed miles out when one was swimming toward it at high tide now rested in a few inches of water. The air was balmy. Who would believe that it was the middle of October? The month was half over and he hadn't a chance at those Australians. The jury on which he was serving had been requested by the judge to keep out of all places where they would be likely to hear the case discussed. He had written to the visitors explaining his position and had let it go at that. Doubtless some lucky devil had nailed their business while he had been doing his duty.

Duty? Blake felt his face redden. It had been Con's contemptuous "Glycerine tears"—not a sense of duty—which had made him accept the responsibility so inconveniently thrust upon him. Into the limbo of lost opportunities he had flung all chance of establishing the *entente cordiale* with the Australians and had qualified as juror on the panel drawn to sit on the case of two men being tried for pay-roll robbery. He had welcomed the chance to prove to Constance that he was not a duty-dodger.

BLAKE lighted his pipe again. Hat pulled low, he paced the hard white beach. The judge was to charge the jury at the opening of court in the morning. He went over the evidence. He suspected that witnesses had been intimidated—suddenly he wheeled—he had a vague sense of being watched. He listened. The night was still save for the swish of the tide and the distant eerie wail of a motor-horn. There was no one in sight. He looked seaward. The float was quite aground now.

Hands thrust into coat pockets, he resumed his thoughtful pacing. Not only was he sure that witnesses had been intimidated, he suspected that certain members of the jury had been fixed. He sensed their covert appraisal of him. If he were not mistaken, three men at least on that jury would put up a stiff fight to acquit the prisoners. Let them. The accused men were guilty and he would hold out against acquittal if he were locked up till doomsday. Blake stopped, jaw set, hands clenched, as he mentally addressed the foreman of the jury.

He relaxed with a chuckle at his own expense. Good Lord, but he was taking this thing seriously. The smile on his lips faded. Suppose, just suppose he were not taking it seriously enough? He was certain that he had been shadowed this last week. There had been a fish-eyed man who had bobbed up—was that a step behind him?—he turned——

Blake's next conscious thought was that he had been transported up and up behind the indigo curtain with its innumerable peep-holes. The blaze of light was unbearable. He closed his eyes and shivered. There was no heat in that infernal glare. Then he sensed a gentle rocking. Had he made his ascent in an airplane? He moved a hand. His fingers touched smooth boards. His head, which had felt like an inflated moon, began to shrink with pain. He could think.

He kept his eyes closed to shut out the light. Where had he been when he had shot upward into space? Haltingly his thoughts groped back. He had dined at Stony Brook Farm—Con had been there—Con with the Youth's Companion hovering devotedly—that was all right—Carewe was worthy of her—he had made sure of that himself.

The sensation as of his heart being squeezed to pulp helped clear Blake's mind. He couldn't be far from earth if he could feel pain like that, he decided. He had left the Welds' and had entered his own house—he remembered that—had been too restless to remain indoors—he remembered that—he had paced back and forth on the beach weighing the evidence on the pay-roll case—there had been a step——

A DASH of water in his face shocked Blake's eyes wide open. That was salt on his lips. With the superhuman effort exerted in nightmares he forced himself to his knees. Instantly he dropped flat. Good Lord, he was on the bobbing float fifty yards from shore. The light was sunshine. The tide was on the ebb again. The sea was rough with whitecaps. How long had he been there? With unsteady fingers he pulled out his watch. Eight o'clock. What the dickens had happened? The step behind him! Now he remembered. The crash on his head—had the motive been robbery—his watch was in his pocket. He groped for his roll of bills; that was intact. The figure of the fish-eyed man mocked his blurred vision. The pay-roll case! Of course. Some one had tried to get him out of the way before the opening of court—should one juror default there were nine chances out of ten that the case would go over—there had been nine chances out of ten that he would roll off that float—it might have been days before his disappearance could be explained—a neat job—only he had not rolled off——

The judge was to give the case to the jury this morning—that is, if it were still *this* morning. Blake consulted his watch. He had wasted fifteen fool minutes getting his bearings when every second counted—court opened at ten——

Resentment burned the last wisp of fog from his mind. He struggled to his feet. His head felt as though it might go bobbing off like a stray balloon on the rippling water. His shiver was one part excitement and nine parts cold. With the turn of the tide Summer had stolen away to be succeeded by a young, swashbuckling October wind which thrust and parried with sword-point of frost. For a second Blake hesitated. Ordinarily that fifty-yard swim to shore would be nothing to him, but he was stiff with cold. Could he make it?

He must. He balanced precariously on the bobbing float as he stripped to his underclothing. He grinned as he looked toward the silver shore and confided to the universe:

"Here's hoping that no female of the species is doing her daily dozen on the beach when I come out of the water. Here goes!"

For one horrible moment after he came to the surface Blake feared that he had lost the use of legs and arms. But was that crooked bunch to win out because he could not make these infernal sticks dangling from his body move? They should obey. They were moving. Feebly—but they were moving. They felt more like arms and legs now—that stroke was better—he had them going. He floated for a moment, then swam steadily for shore.

Ten minutes later he dashed into his room. He bumped into his Japanese servant. The man's face, usually as expressionless as that of a wooden idol, crackled into a hundred interrogation points of laughter. It was the last straw. Blake growled:

"*Stop* that imbecile grinning, Saki. Get out my clothes. Bring me coffee, then get the roadster. You're going to town with me. If I don't get out of here in twenty minutes, you lose your job."

IT WAS five minutes after ten when Stanley Blake dashed into the court-room. Counsel were gathered in front of the judge's bench. Eleven jurors were in their seats. His honor looked up. His eyes met Blake's eyes blazing in a white face. Their glances held for an instant. The judge settled back in his chair and announced:

"Gentlemen, as the missing juror has arrived, we will proceed with the case."

Blake looked around the crowded room. The two prisoners scowled at him as with one pair of eyes. Their counsel had the stunned expression of one who with a parole almost within his grasp sees it spirited away. Blake grinned at him, but the smile stiffened on his lips as his fish-eyed shadow of the past week slipped into the court-room. The man's face was lined with worry. He met Blake's accusing glance and stood as though petrified. His eyes flew to the district attorney. Blake was puzzled. He was sure that this man was his assailant; but if so, why should he cast apologetic eyes at the counsel for the prosecution? Could that



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official be crooked, Blake thought before he forced his attention to the judge, who had begun to review the evidence. In closing his honor rose and turned to the jury:

"The case is yours, gentlemen. Consider every phase of it. Do not let fear of man nor institutions influence your verdict. The person or persons who attempt to intimidate jurors will be punished to the full extent of the law. Mete out justice as you see it. The State has invested you with that power; use it wisely. You have a grave responsibility to God and your fellow citizens. Remember that the honor of this Commonwealth is in your hands."

AN HOUR later through a haze of smoke Stanley Blake regarded the jury in counsel assembled as reflected in a long spotty mirror on the opposite wall. At the beginning of the conference he had suspected that quite half of the twelve were in sympathy with the accused. The first ballot called by the foreman at the end of thirty minutes of discussion had confirmed that opinion. Six had voted for acquittal; six for conviction. Argument had been hotly resumed.

The mirror photographically reflected the foreman, his dynamic personality, his immense figure, his red face and wide nostrils, the row of fountain pens in all stages of gold and mother-of-pearl inlay lined up across his broad chest; it reflected a teamster with too much nose for facial symmetry; a type-setter with colorless eyes; a sign-painter with paint-stained hands; a keen-faced Jew; it reflected the pinched face of a shoemaker whose glances gave the impression that he sensed a penniless old age creeping upon him; reflected a Syrian apron-manufacturer beside a janitor whose glance roamed from face to face as though in dumb search for truth. These last three would be easily swayed by stronger wills than their own, Blake decided.

Would the trio who had argued hotly for acquittal win them over? These three men were registered under the term "clerk," and sat with chairs tilted back against the wall. The mirror reflected undertones of loose living in their too ruddy faces, too much assurance in the fingers tapping their waistcoats, too much aggressiveness in the posture of thumbs thrust in armpits.

From outside the room came the distant sound of elevator doors clanging, the pat-pat of hurrying footsteps. On the ledges of the windows pigeons strutted and preened in the sunshine. Inside discussion raged on. Impatience cut sharp lines between Blake's eyebrows as he listened. It was all so futile. Quite suddenly through his mind echoed Constance Weld's passionate protest:

"Had there been one man on that jury with an unprejudiced view-point I might have had justice."

Was it up to him to clarify the present situation in the minds of the jurors? He had entered the case unprejudiced, now he had convictions. Would those three with oily heads against the wall hold out? At least he could test them.

He rose and thrust his hands hard into his coat pockets. He fixed a disconcertingly direct gaze on the Knight of the Order of the Fountain Pens. Unconsciously into his voice crept a tinge of the tone in which he had commanded men in the trenches of France.

"Mr. Foreman, before we ballot again I have something to say which may—or may not—have a bearing on this case. Last night I was sandbagged. I was thrown on a float to die or drown. Robbery was not the motive. What was? When it becomes known—it is probably known even now—that attempt was made to make way with one of this jury the night before it was to render verdict on a criminal case, the strong hand of the law will reach out and clutch somebody's collar. The record of every man here will be put under a microscope. Justice will be meted out good and plenty to any member of this jury who is proved to be in league with the prisoners—who, you *know* from the evidence submitted, are guilty. I am accusing no man present. I am stating facts. I was sandbagged. Only by luck, I reached court in time to prevent the adjournment of this case. You may draw your own conclusions. I call for a second balloting."

The fore legs of one chair after another of the three tipped against the wall thudded to the floor. Blake caught the flash of consternation in their eyes. Indignation sputtered from the foreman like sparks from a newly ignited rocket. Then he went off with a roar:

"Gentlemen, I heard what Mr. Blake said and I believe him. There's been something crooked. Now there ain't goin' to be no dirty work at the cross-roads while I'm boss. We'll ballot now. Them in favor of acquittal *stand*."

Not an eyelash moved in defense of the accused.

"Them in favor of conviction *stand*."

The uprising had the effect of a convention blown to its feet by concealed mechanism. The foreman glowered at his judicial family-cleared his throat portentously, and announced: "The vote is unanimous for conviction. Be seated. I'll ring for sheriff." As the brass-buttoned official thrust his cheery face into the room, he said: "We've decided——"

"You have! Well, I'll say you're some little speedsters, you are. The last jury I had out took three days, and then disagreed. Fix up your paper while I go tell the judge you're ready. He's opened a new case, but I guess he'll sidetrack it to let this express jury through."

He departed chuckling. With a nice sense of importance the foreman detached his most resplendent fountain pen. He breathed stormily through his great nostrils as he painstakingly wrote the word "Guilty" and signed his name. The room settled into the silence of a house in which some one lies dead. No one spoke. No one smoked. The promenading pigeons shone with iridescence. Their monotonous cooing was pierced by a child's high-pitched voice, singing a kindergarten ditty in the corridor outside:

"And every little wavelet had a white-cap on,
Night-cap on——"

Some one checked the happy song. The words swept Blake's thoughts back to the morning, to the white-caps upon which his blurred eyes had rested when he sensed his predicament. Thank God that he had not been too dazed to realize what depended upon his getting to shore Never before had he shed his clothes with such dexterity.

HIS clothes. He had forgotten them until this moment. Unless some one had retrieved them they were bobbing up and down on that float. Suppose some crazy loon found them and spread the alarm that he had disappeared? No one could be such a darn fool until inquiry had been made at his house—but there was no one there to answer questions—Saki had driven him to town. Billy and Peter Weld would keep their heads—he would telephone them as soon as he was free—Con would be worried, even if she were in love with the Youth's Companion—he must reach her—the door swung wide. "Come on," said the sheriff.

The jurors filed to the court-room. The place was crowded to the doors. The news that the verdict was to be handed in had spread. Court, prisoners, attorneys and officers looked as if they had been there, spellbound, for days—so identical were their positions with those assumed at the opening of the case. The judge with the fingers of one hand tapping the bench in front of him nodded to the clerk. That functionary addressed the foreman of the jury, and the transfer of the written verdict pursued its slow and formal course. The clerk faced the prisoners. His voice was non-committal as he announced· "The defendants will rise."

The accused men rose with cocky assurance. The clerk intoned evenly.

"Gentlemen of the jury, hearken unto your verdict. On your oath you find the defendants' guilty of assault and robbery? So say you all?"

"We do."

The judge rose and addressed the jurors.

"Gentlemen, your verdict is just and in accordance with the evidence. I commend your judgment, the courage with which you have defied consequences. Justice must and shall prevail in this Commonwealth."

He pronounced sentence and dismissed the jury. In the corridor the fish-eyed shadow caught Blake by the lapel of his coat. His whispered words were hoarse with sincerity:

"Your friends had one horrible hour, Blake. Your clothing was found on the beach—there was no one at your cottage. The Welds were wild with anxiety. I feared some dirty work of the defense in this case. When Billy and Peter located you here soon after the opening of court. Miss Weld started for town. She insisted upon seeing you. She's in that room——"

He turned away. With heart and pulses racing Blake entered a room where a girl stood at the window. Sunlight outlined her slender figure in gold.

"Con!"

She turned. He had a glimpse of eyes

Concluded on page 96

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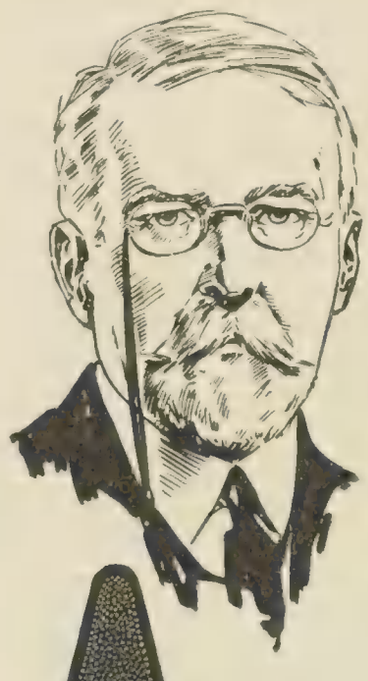
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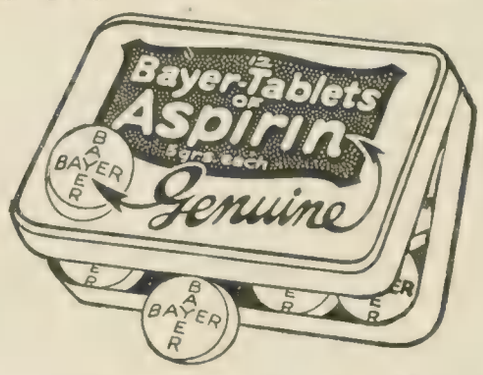


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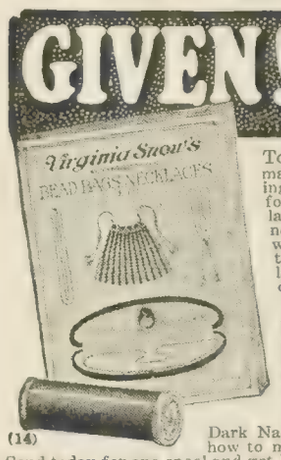


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GLYCERINE TEARS

Concluded from page 95

turbulent with emotion, lovely tremulous lips before she flung both arms about his neck and pressed her head against his shoulder. Hard little sobs caught at her whispered words:

"Stan, they said that you had been drowned because you were on this jury—I—I have been hateful to you these last weeks—" The sentence trailed off in a shudder.

Blake held the girl close. Not daring yet to believe in what seemed a miracle, he demanded, with an unsteady attempt at raillery:

"Are those real or glycerine tears, Connie?"

She twisted herself free. Her eyes blazed.

"Your question shows how little you care, Stanley Blake." Angrily she brushed away the telltale tears and started for the door. Blake skilfully kicked it shut as he caught her hands, soft and warm and slim. The throb of the pink finger-tips beat against his heart. His voice was husky as he said:

"We'll have this out now, dearest. Don't you *know* that I love you? Don't you *know* that never has there been any girl but you in all my life? Don't you *know* that I have suffered the tortures of the damned these last weeks? Look at my face! You must. Can you endure seeing *that* for the rest of your life?"

A light glowed in brown eyes which met his steadily. With sudden passion the girl pressed her soft lips to the disfigured cheek. Her voice shook as she tried to protest gaily:

"Silly! Don't you *know* that when I notice it—which isn't once in a blue moon—I'm as proud as I feel when you wear your *croix de guerre?* Don't you *know* that I think you the best-looking—" Blake crushed her close as he stopped her words with compelling lips.

The door-knob rattled. The sheriff poked his head into the room and retreated with an explosive: "Well, I'll be ——"

The girl's cheeks were crimson as she adjusted her hat before the mirror. Blake laughed when his eyes met her defiantly radiant eyes in the glass.

"Don't mind him; he's a sympathetic old scout. He had our jury in charge. This is the very room in which we fought to a finish this morning. I remember sizing the bunch up in that mirror."

"Mark Carewe says——"

"I thought that you cared for him, Con."

Her long lashes hid sudden tears.

"I liked him, but when I heard that you—" right off he knew——

"You needn't tell me any more, dear. But what did Carewe say?"

"That you must have been a deciding force on that jury. If you were, I am glad that I lost my case, glad that Brown won. If he hadn't, perhaps I shouldn't have goaded you into serving. I hated myself for it after I cooled down."

Blake frowned. "I wonder if I was the deciding force on that jury."

For the first time in years the buoyancy of a boy flooded him. With a swift look at the open door he caught the girl close and kissed her before he laughed:

"Good Lord, I wonder—I wonder if by any chance I could be accused of having intimidated those jurors?"



NIGHT WATCH

Concluded from page 11

seemed to approach her slowly. Suddenly she knew what he was doing. He was going into every pew, not waiting for the lightning, to feel about for her. He was looking for her, then—she had heard that he sometimes followed young girls, thinking they were his "lost Annie." If he caught them, he held them with one hand and stroked hair and face fondly with the other, mumbling foolish, senile endearments. He had never harmed any one, but he had never let one go until rescued by some other person. It was said that Mary Paxton had never been quite the same again; her nerves had never recovered from the shock.

Emily knew that it was only a question of time before he would reach the pew where she crouched—feeling about with those hands. All that kept her senses in her frozen body was the thought that if she lost consciousness those hands would touch her—hold her—caress her. The next lightning-flash showed him entering the adjoining pew. Emily sprang up and out and rushed to the other side of the church. She hid again. He would search her out, but she could again elude him. This might go on all night; a madman's strength would outlast hers; at last she might fall exhausted and he would pounce on her.

For what seemed hours to Emily this mad game of hide and seek lasted. In reality it was about half an hour. She was hardly a rational creature at all, any more than her demented pursuer. She was merely a crouching, springing, shrieking thing of horror. Time after time he hunted her out with his implacable patience. The last time she was near one of the porch doors and in desperation she sprang through it and slammed it in his face. With the last ounce of her strength she tried to hold the knob and gave a despairing cry as she felt it turning in his grasp.

And then—was she dreaming?—she heard Teddy Kent's voice calling to her from the steps outside the outer door.

"Emily—Emily—is that you?"

She did not know how he had come—she did not wonder—she only knew that Teddy Kent was there.

"I'm locked in the church, Teddy," she shrieked. "And Mad Mr. Morrison is here—oh, quick—quick—save me!"

"The key of the door is hanging up there on a nail at the right side," shouted Teddy. "Can you get it and unlock the door? If you can't, I'll smash the porch window."

THE clouds broke at that moment and the porch was filled with moonlight. In it she saw plainly the big key hanging beside the door. She dashed at it and caught it as Mad Mr. Morrison wrenched open the door and sprang into the porch, his dog behind him. Emily unlocked the outer door and stumbled out into Teddy's arms just in time to escape that outstretched blood-red hand. She heard Mad Mr. Morrison give an eerie groan of despair as she escaped him.

Sobbing, shaking, she clung to Teddy.

"Oh, Teddy, take me away—quick—oh, don't let him touch me, Teddy—don't let him touch me!"

Teddy swung her behind him and faced Mad Mr. Morrison on the stone step.

"How dare you frighten her so?" he demanded angrily.

Mad Mr. Morrison smiled in the moonlight. All at once he was not wild or violent—only a heart-broken old man who sought his own.

"I want Annie," he mumbled. "Where is Annie? I thought I had found her in there. I only wanted to find my beautiful Annie."

"Annie isn't here," said Teddy, tightening his hold on Emily's cold hand.

"Can you tell me where Annie is?" entreated Mad Mr. Morrison wistfully. "Can you tell me where my dark-haired Annie is?"

Teddy was furious with Mad Mr. Morrison for frightening Emily, but he was touched by the piteous entreaty of the old man with the ageless quest in his sunken eyes.

"No, no, I don't know where she is," he said gently, "but I think you will find her sometime."

Mad Mr. Morrison sighed.

"Oh, yes! Sometime I will overtake her. Come, my dog, we will seek her."

Followed by his old black dog he went down the steps, across the green and down the long, wet, tree-shadowed road. Emily looked after him understandingly and forgave

him. To himself he was not the repulsive old man he seemed to her; he was a gallant young lover seeking his lost and lovely bride. The pitiful beauty of his quest intrigued her, even in the shaking reaction from her time of agony.

"Poor Mr. Morrison," she sobbed, as Teddy half led, half carried her to one of the old flat gravestones at the side of the church.

They sat there until Emily recovered composure and managed to tell her tale—or the outlines of it. She felt she could never tell—perhaps not even write in a Jimmy-book—the whole of its racking horror. That was beyond words.

"And to think," she sobbed, "that the key was there all the time! I never knew it."

"Old Jacob Banks always locks the front door on the inside and hangs it on that nail," said Teddy. "Then he locks the choir door with a little key, which he takes home. He's always done that since the time when he lost the big key and was weeks before he found it."

"How in the world did you happen to come, Teddy?"

"I went home with Jim Walters after meeting to borrow a book he said he'd lend me. I stayed till the storm was over and was just on my way home. I heard a scream in the church—I thought it sounded like your voice—I ran up the steps just as you called out again. I'm glad I got here in time. If I hadn't, that crazy old man might have frightened you to death."

EMILY shivered. Teddy thought she was cold, and having nothing else to put around her he put his arm—somewhat tentatively, since Murray pride and Murray dignity had to be reckoned with.

They sat so for a few minutes in silence. Everything seemed very wonderful and beautiful—and a little unreal. Emily thought she must be in a dream or in one of her own wonder tales. The storm was over and the moon was shining clearly. The cool fresh air was threaded with beguiling voices—the fitful voice of raindrops falling from the shaking boughs of the maple woods behind them—the soft voice of the Wind Woman around the white church—the far-off voice of the sea—and, still finer and rarer, the little, remote, detached voices of the night. Emily heard them all, more it seemed with the ears of her spirit than of her body, as she had never heard them before. Beyond were fields and groves and roads, elusive, as if brooding over selfish secrets in the moonlight. Silver-white daisies were nodding and swaying all over the graveyard above graves remembered and graves forgotten. An owl laughed delightedly to itself in an old pine. At the magical sound Emily's mystical "flash" swept over her, swaying her like a strong wind—that fleeting moment when her soul seemed to see all the unsung beauty of the universe. She felt as if she and Teddy were all alone in a wonderful new world created for them only out of youth and mystery and delight. They seemed a part of the faint, cool fragrance of the night, of the owl's laughter, of the daisies blowing in the shadowy air.

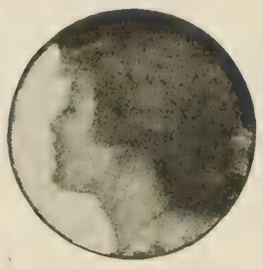
As for Teddy, he was thinking that Emily Starr looked very sweet in the pale moonshine, with her fringed mysterious eyes and the little dark love-curls clinging to her ivory neck. He tightened his arm a little more—and still Murray pride and Murray dignity made not a particle of protest.

"Emily," whispered Teddy, "you are the sweetest girl in the world."

THE words have been said so often, by so many millions of lads to so many millions of lasses, that they ought to be worn to tatters. But when you hear them for the first time, in some magic hour of your teens, they are as new and fresh and wondrous as if they had just drifted over the hedges of Eden. Madam, whoever you are and however old you are, be honest, and admit that the first time you heard those words on the lips of some shy sweetheart was the great moment of your life.

Emily slipped into New Moon and up to her room without waking any one. Time enough for a horrified Aunt Elizabeth in the morning. As she drifted off to sleep she recalled the events of that bewildering night—her imprisonment in the church—the horror of touching the dog—the worse horror of Mad Mr. Morrison's pursuit—her rapture of relief at Teddy's voice—the brief little moonlit idyl in the graveyard—of all places for an idyl!

"I feel as if I'd grown up all at once tonight," she thought drowsily. "Yesterday seems years away. What a chapter this will make for my Jimmy-book. I'll write it all out—all but what Teddy said. That's too dear to write. I'll—just—*remember* it."



NINE RAHS FOR THE MOTHERS

Concluded from page 14

Food generates energy, which is expended by action. This brings the need for rest and sleep. Food, work or play and rest should be so coordinated that the child will maintain his body in what is known as equilibrium.

Next in importance to food comes exercise. I say exercise is second because the growing child is bound to get *some* exercise. Otherwise it would rank with food in importance. Exercise develops the body along lines that make it handsome, graceful, healthy and efficient. Every child should do some work every day and should have a liberal time for play. Regularity in the schedule is important as regards eating, sleeping, work and play. It cultivates good bodily habits. Too much food, too much sleep or too much play are alike injurious. The program for each child should be selected to suit that child's individual needs.

Out of the play life come most of the habits and permanent traits of character of the child. Success, mediocrity or total failure is usually determined by slight differences in education and character rather than by any remarkable inherent variation in individuals. The things that will make a child a success in adult life not only *can* be, but *must* be, taught early.

The qualities and habits that make up the character must be cultivated in the cradle itself. It is only a short step from the spoiled "tempery" baby to the spoiled headstrong child, and an even shorter one from the spoiled child to the selfish, ill-natured and indolent man or woman.

Almost every mother hopes that her child will be the best man or woman that she has ever known. But dreams that are to mature in the future seldom come true unless there is some effort in the present. It may be that there is something of an accidental nature about a man's becoming President, but there is absolutely nothing accidental about his developing himself in character and attainments so that he can be considered as presidential timber if opportunity ever knocks at his door.

WE COME into the world without habits. We have predilections and inclinations, perhaps, but these become habits only when they are indulged. We acquire habits just as we acquire physical growth. A group of habits constitutes our life. If we leave the formation of habits to chance, they may be good or they may be bad. Each kind has about an even chance. The mother's business, therefore, is to eliminate the element of chance and to see that as many habits as possible are good ones—good for society and good for the individual.

Good habits may be cultivated by insisting that the child dress quickly and carefully instead of slowly and in a slovenly manner; that he eat the right things properly instead of the wrong things improperly; that he speak correctly and pleasingly; that he play fairly and with good spirit, instead of half-heartedly or with the desire to get the better of his playmates; that he think logically and with due consideration for the rights and feelings of others, instead of whimsically and with the prejudiced point of view that the world revolves around him alone. In short, the constant repetition of doing things in the right way means the formation of good habits, and good habits develop good character.

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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 13

he liked, "but catch me doing it," wrote Tom, in his large, sprawling hand—and the travelers had gone into Mexico.

Then they were in San Francisco again, and David, with a muffled hammering going on steadily in his heart when he thought of seeing Gay again, had been expectant of a wire saying that any day might find them turning eastward. But no, for Tom had caught sight of all the huddled masts in the San Francisco harbor, the mysterious thrilling hulls that say "Marseilles," and "Sydney," and "Rio de Janeiro," and he had been all for Australia—all for South America—had compromised finally upon Panama.

That was two months ago. Now, perhaps still feeling that the late New England Spring would be chilly, they were apparently off for Guatemala and Honduras.

The mail to David, nowadays, meant either nothing or everything. Usually it was nothing. Once a month, perhaps, it glowed and sparkled with one of those disreputable and miscellaneous little envelopes that Gabrielle affected: sometimes a hotel sheet, sometimes a lined, shiny page torn from an account-book—but always exquisite to David because of the fine square crowded writing and the delicious freedom and cleverness of the phrases.

For two or three days a letter would make him exquisitely happy. He always put off the work of answering for a fortnight if possible, to savor more fully the privilege he felt it to be and to lessen the interval before the next letter from her.

WHAT David suffered during these crowded months that were yet so empty without her only David knew. He knew now that whatever his feeling was, it was the only emotion of any importance that he had ever known in his life. The departure for the war-front, five years ago, somewhat reminded him of it, but, after all, those feelings had been faint and vague compared to these.

This other thing was the realest in the world—the devouring need of a man for the one woman, the beautiful, inaccessible, wonderful woman who could never again—lost or won—be put out of his life.

He felt that nothing about him was suitable or desirable. No woman could possibly contemplate marriage with him with any enthusiasm; least of all this beautiful woman of twenty, whose wealth was the smallest of her advantages.

Wastewater was all hers now, for Tom did not care to live there, even if it had been the wisest thing in the world for him to do. He had deeded it all to her, and she and Rucker had held a casual correspondence regarding the new barns and John's house, and the prospect of a new Wastewater. It must be "rambly and irregular," Gabrielle had stipulated; "perhaps a little like one of those French farmhouses of creamy white brick, with the red roofs." It must have "one long nice room, with an open fireplace at the end, where supper or breakfast could be brought in, if it was snowing." And she "would love a hall with glass doors and fanlights at the front and back, so that, when you stood at the front door on a hot Summer day, you could see wallflowers and gillies and things all growing in the back yard, right straight through the house."

Rucker, who did a great deal of this sort of thing, had been immensely interested; indeed he and his wife and the tiny baby were established at Keyport with David now, so that his Summer holidays and week-ends might be spent in the neighborhood. He had submitted certain plans to Gabrielle in Los Angeles, and Gabrielle had wired her approval from Mexico City. Now they were to commence building.

"THERE'S Mr. Rucker now," Etta said disconsolately, as a Ford came in the service-gate and turned toward the barns. "No, it isn't," she added, peering.

They all looked in that direction as the car stopped and a young woman jumped out, dismissed it and came toward them with a beaming face. She was tall and wearing a dark-blue suit under a belted brown coat, a loose rich sable-skin about her shoulders and a blue hat, bright with corn-flowers, pressed down over her sunny hair.

David's heart gave a great plunge, raced, stopped short and began to plunge again. It was really Gabrielle.

But she was so beautiful, she was so graceful and swift and young and radiant as she came toward them, that David was incapable of speech, bereft of all emotion except the overpowering realization of what she meant to him.

The day became incredibly glorious, became Spring indeed, when she put both her warm hands in his and held him at arm's length and looked at him and then at the reconstruction and the young green about her with a great sigh of relief and joy that was half a sob.

Perhaps her own emotions were also unexpectedly overwhelming, for even while she laughed and greeted Etta and John and the dog with quite her usual gaiety David noticed an occasional break in her eager voice and a film of tears in her shining eyes.

"Oh, David—Wastewater again!" she said. "If you knew—if you knew how hungry I've been for the old place! Oh, David—what a wonderful barn—but isn't it *delicious!* And that's your house, Etta, and it looks so comfortable, like a little English inn—and the arch—David, it's all so wonderful! Oh, do tell me everything, every one! I'm so glad to get home!"

He had known that he loved her, but David had never dreamed that he could love her like this. To see her take off the heavy brown coat and consign it and the fur to Etta, and to have her straighten the little white frills at throat and wrists of the trim little dark-blue suit in just her old busy way, and to have her fairly dance along at his side, excitedly inspecting all that had happened and that was to happen, was to be transported—for David—straight into a country of no laws and no precedents. Gay, sweet and blue-eyed and husky of voice; Gay, slender and eager and responsive; Gay—home again!

"But let me tell Etta and John my news before we leave them," she had said in the first rush of greetings. "Who do you think has just gotten married?"

"Not you, Miss Gabrielle, although goodness knows you look happy enough for anything," Etta had said.

"Not I—do you hear her, David? No, I'm to be next," Gabrielle had answered with a gaiety that stabbed David to the heart. "No, but Miss Sylvia and Mr. Tom were married a month ago, before we ever left San Francisco."

"Good grief!" Etta said in a hushed voice. David only fixed astonished and suddenly enlightened eyes upon the girl's face.

"Married in San Francisco," Gabrielle repeated, nodding triumphantly. "You're not one bit more surprised than I am. Well, yes, for I did suspect it," she added more moderately. "I knew that they were falling in love with each other, of course. But I never dreamed that they had *done* it, until we were three days out. Then Sylvia wouldn't let me wireless, because she said everybody on the boat would know. So we went to Panama, and then she and Tom wanted to go on farther, and Margaret and I wanted to come home—and here I am."

ETTA was by this time sufficiently recovered to ask for further details, and David, watching Gabrielle as she half-laughingly and half-seriously gave them, had time to appreciate how the girl had grown to womanhood in this time of absence. With a sort of negligent readiness and yet with a certain dignity, too, she satisfied the eager questions of the older man and woman, all the while reserving, he could see, the more intimate narrative for his ears alone.

They were not to be alone immediately, however, for Etta and John accompanied them through the barns.

"I had breakfast with Mrs. Rucker—isn't she always the nicest person?" Gabrielle said. "And what a ducky baby! We got in to New York yesterday morning, you know, and came up on the night train. I went straight to your Keyport house, hoping to find you, but you'd just gone. I left all my things there, and of course I'm to stay there to-night——"

"You won't be going away again, Miss Gabrielle?" John asked.



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"Why, that depends—" she looked at David in a little confusion, looked back into the sweet open spaces of the barn. "I may go to England—" she began.

"Looks like you might be surprising us, too, one of these days," Etta said, shrewd and curious.

David glanced quickly at the girl; she was walking beside Etta, and although she immediately changed the subject by speaking of the kitchen yard of the new house, he was certain that he saw the color creep up under her clear skin and the hint of a mysterious smile.

"Don't shock us with too many surprises in one morning, Gabrielle," he warned her, trying to smile naturally.

"Ah, no! I shall save something and let things appear by degrees." she answered. "Brick wall here, David."

"Brick wall here, joining the stable wall in a long line, with the poplars back of it," he agreed, with a suddenly cold, heavy heart.

"And the dining-room windows looking out here where all the lilacs are——"

"With a sort of portico—an open court, tiled, here on the north front—where it will be cool in the afternoon."

"David, it's so much more wonderful than I dreamed it would be. Imagine a new Wastewater, all sunshine and happiness, instead of that terrible old barrack full of jealousy and secrets and plots. Isn't it like a fairy-tale? To think that life can be so sweet——"

"Gay, there's no sweetness that you don't deserve," David said suddenly as they followed the others. "After that defrauded childhood and all the shocks and sorrows you had when you first came home two years ago, *nothing* could be too much."

"I feel now," the girl answered seriously, "as if, on that last night of fire and horror and bewilderment, the whole dreadful thing had been burned out—cauterized, made clean once and for all, and that now we start with a new order."

"Etta," Gabrielle said suddenly, "have you some chops? David and I are going to have our lunch down on the shore. And will you make us some coffee, Etta, and give us matches and butter and all the rest of it? It's half-past eleven now, and we'll want to start about one—now, show me everything, David, and tell me ten thousand things about everything."

"John, have those blue-prints—?" David, out of whose sky the sun had dropped, leaving everything dark and gray, asked the foreman.

"The plans for the house that looks sorter slumped down, with the roof two stories deep?" John asked, as one anxious to cooperate intelligently.

"Certainly. The only ones we have—" David answered impatiently. Gabrielle bent suddenly down over the dog, but when she and David were strolling away through the perfumed warmth of the sweet young green of the garden, she asked, with her old wide-eyed delighted smile:

"John and Etta don't approve of Mr. Rucker's plans?"

But David's heart was too sick for laughter.

"You really may be following Sylvia's example one of these days, Gabrielle?"

Instantly the clear warm skin was flooded with color, and an oddly troubled look came into her beautiful eyes.

"Well, I suppose so——"

"You got over—you forgot—the man of whom you told me more than two years ago?"

"No," she answered briefly.

"You mean that you have seen him again?"

"Oh, yes."

"Ah," David said, blindly trying to say something that should avert her too-close scrutiny, "I see."

He felt his heart leaden. It was with an actual sort of physical difficulty that he guided her through the new Wastewater that was yet in so many ways the old.

SO MUCH was his anyway, he told himself. This day of her dear companionship, this luncheon on the rocks, this monopoly of her husky and wonderful voice, her earnest, quick glances, her laughter, were his for a little while. Even over the utter desolation of his spirit he was won to an exquisite and yet agonizing happiness by this nearness of all her sweetness and charm again.

First, she must see the plans. They sat down upon a pile of clear lumber in the trembling green shade of overhanging maple branches and pegged the fluttering blue sheets with bits of rock and bent over them.

And now, as she eagerly identified the placing of casement windows and bricked terraces, she was so close that David got the actual flowery fragrance of her, and her warm, satin-smooth hand occasionally touched his. She had laid aside her big coat and looked a little less impressive in the plain little suit and delicate white frills—and somehow all the more her own wonderful self, the eager, busy, interested little Gay of years ago.

"David, see here, dear—" she added the little word so unconsciously, he thought with a pang: "See here, dear, these two rooms up-stairs will be almost empty—this with a north light, in case my smart cousin should want to do some painting——"

"Do you mean that you and Tom and Sylvia really plan to make your home here?" David asked.

"As for Tom, I can't say—he and Sylvia will surely spend their Summers here. But this will always be home, headquarters, for me," Gay said. And she laid her beautiful hand upon the blue-prints almost with a caress. "My little house," she said lovingly, "with its chimney-seats and casement windows—we must have roses and hollyhocks jammed up against them in Summer—and with its darling white woodwork and pink-and-blue papers, and with its little breakfast-room looking over the sea——"

"Not so little," David warned her. "You will have a dozen rooms, you know, besides the servants' quarters, in that high roof that John dislikes so heartily——"

"Little, beside all those high brick walls and wings and windows of the old Wastewater," she countered. "Poor unhappy Wastewater!" she said more than once, as they walked slowly about in the increasing warmth of the day. The late morning was so still that they could hear an occasional distant cock-crow. Silence, fragrance and the sweetness of expanding life lay upon the world like a spell.

"Do you see that angle of land there," the girl asked presently, when with their lunch-basket they were going toward the shore; "there just beyond the spit, with its own little curve of bay? That never seemed quite to belong to the rest of the place."

"You could sell it," David suggested, catching her firm hand in his as she cautiously followed him down the rocky path.

"Oh, no! I don't mean that. But you see what a cunning little homestead it would make all by itself," Gabrielle said, making her way to their old favorite spot and beginning the preparations for a little driftwood fire.

"It has good trees and that line of silver birches, and it has dogwoods. I was wondering if Tom and Sylvia wouldn't like a house there all their own—a place they could shut up and leave when they wanted to wander——"

"Then they are not going to live with her," David thought with his heart sinking again.

SHE had been talking about them in a desultory fashion all morning, but when the coffee was boiling and the buns toasted and the chops dripping and sizzling, she settled herself back comfortably against the rocks and gave him the story consecutively.

"Sylvia is a changed person in lots of ways," said Gay with relish. "And in other ways she is exactly what she always was and always will be. She has the—she has the family pride. Only it takes a rather nice form with her, the form of self-respect. Sylvia must—she simply *must* respect herself. And after poor Aunt Flora died, what with having lost her fortune and then having to bear what she considered—and what really was—a terrible blow to her pride, poor Sylvia really suffered terribly. She kept trying to analyze how she felt and convince me about it, and I know that's what made her ill. She couldn't quite get used to not being—what shall I call it?—admirable, superb, superior—that was always my old word for her.

"She talked about college courses, and I think she must have written the dean about it, but perhaps she wasn't much encouraged. After all, Sylvia's only twenty-two, and perhaps professors have to be a little older.

"So we drifted down to southern California, Sylvia in mourning of course, and not taking any interest in anything, and Tom worse. But when we got to La Crescenta, suddenly we all felt better. Tom began to eat and sleep, Sylvia and I took long walks, we even went into Los Angeles to concerts.

"And in no time she found that she could still be—superior with Tom. He began to admire her tremendously—he thought she

Continued on page 100



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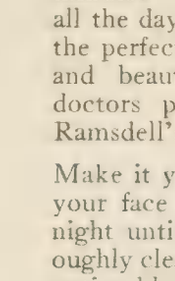
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 99

knew everything! But never in my life have I seen Sylvia so—well, so gentle with anybody as she was with Tom. She began to make much of what *he* knew—regularly draw him out: he speaks very good Spanish, you know, and you can use Spanish a good deal there. Sylvia talked to him about boats. navigation, places he had been and we hadn't, and all the time—" and Gabrielle's eyes danced—"all the time it was just as if she was afraid of breaking the spell she had put on herself—if you know what I mean, David?"

"I think I do."

"Meanwhile," the girl resumed with keen enjoyment, "Tom was changing too. He's gotten—*finer* in a funny sort of way. His voice has grown finer, and he—he just stares at Sylvia whatever she does and smiles at whatever she says, and he is like a lion on a string."

Her joyous laugh was infectious, and David laughed in spite of himself.

"About—this is April. About Christmas time," Gay resumed, "I began to notice it. Tom was funny and humble and quiet with Sylvia, and Sylvia was bent upon making much of Tom; she'd quote him—I don't know whether I can convey this to you—but she'd say to me so seriously, 'Tom says the rain isn't over. Tom doesn't like Doctor Madison—he thinks his manner with us is a little too assured'—that sort of thing.

"Well, we went to San Francisco, and there I really did have the best time I ever had in my life," Gabrielle said. "The Montallen girls were there with their brother, and we had some wonderful parties—we went through Chinatown, and out to the beach, and up the mountain and everywhere. And I suppose I hadn't been noticing Sylvia very closely, because, after the Montallens left——"

"Oh, they left, did they?" David, interested in the brother, asked.

"Yes, they came straight home. It's the Montallens," Gabrielle said parenthetically, "that want me to go abroad with them in June."

"I see. Will the brother go?"

"Oh, I think so."

"I see. But go on—about Sylvia."

"WELL, when they left, Sylvia suddenly seemed so odd. She cried a good deal, and she was quite cranky—not a bit like herself. By this time we were all getting ready for the Panama trip. Margaret thought that perhaps it was young Bart Montallen, who is a perfectly stunning fellow—in diplomacy—" Gabrielle elaborated.

"I remember him," David said briefly.

"But one day Sylvia broke down and cried for an hour," Gabrielle said. "It was the day before we sailed, and we were at the Fairmont. I coaxed Sylvia, and finally she told me that it was Tom who had asked her to marry him—and there I made my first mistake," Gay added, widening her eyes so innocently at David that he laughed aloud. "I said—trying to be sympathetic, you know—'And of course you wouldn't,' and she got rather red and looked straight at me and said, 'Why shouldn't I?' I said, rather feebly, 'Well, I didn't know you cared about him,' and she said, 'I don't. But I consider him in every way one of the finest men I ever knew.' Of course I said I did, too.

"Then she began to cry again, and said that she was entirely alone in the world—all that," Gay resumed, "and she said that any woman would be proud to marry Tom, but that she was afraid every one would think she was influenced by the thought of his money."

"And what did you say to that?" David asked, diverted.

Gabrielle gave him her gravely wise look, and the beautiful face, flushed with the warmth of the day and shaded by the blue hat, was so near that David lost the thread of her words for a few seconds in sheer marveling at her beauty.

"I said I did not think that should be a consideration. I said that no one had thought that of *you*, when you were engaged to her," she added with a sudden smile.

David, who was leaning back against a rock and had his arms folded, flushed a little in his turn.

"I don't think that was ever, really, an engagement."

And remembering suddenly that he had terminated what had been a rather definite understanding with Sylvia simply that he might offer Gabrielle his name and his protection, he had an instant of being hardly able to believe himself the same man.

"SO THEN we all left the next morning. That was fun," the girl went on. "The ship was delightful, and nobody was sick, and it was a January day as warm and green as June—and Tom was just wild with high spirits; I never saw him so gay. And well he might be, for he and Sylvia had been married that morning.

"Sylvia, on the other hand, acted very queerly, cried a good deal—stuck close to me—seemed cross. She would hardly speak to Tom—and I can tell you, David," the girl interrupted herself to say, "I didn't anticipate a particularly pleasant trip to Panama.

"I remembered afterward that Sylvia talked a good deal about the annulment of marriages on those first few days. She kept telling me that for a woman an annulment had no value, because any 'honorable' woman would feel herself just as much bound after it as before, but it would at least set the man free. That was two days after we sailed and it was that very night that I was playing cribbage with the old captain—who was a perfect old Scotch darling—and afterward went up on the bridge with him. And when I was slipping down to my room I passed a man and a woman at the rail.

"It was midnight, and there was no moon, but as I went by I heard the man's voice, and it was Tom. And then I saw that the woman was Sylvia and that she was crying. Tom was sort of growling—you know how he talks when he is a little angry and a little ill at ease—and I heard Sylvia say the word 'annulment.' 'I can't stand it, Tom, it was all a silly mistake,' she said. 'You can't talk like that, Sylvia,' Tom said, in a sort of shocked voice.

"Suddenly the whole thing came to me," Gabrielle said, with all a child's wondering, delighted stare fixed upon David, "and I went straight up to them, and put my arm about them from behind, and said, 'Tell me about it. I *know* you're married——'

"Of course I was delighted—much more so than you can believe—I didn't have to pretend that! Because I had had a sort of fear that once they both got back to their natural surroundings Sylvia would get proud and collegy—and you know what I mean?—again," the girl went on, "and that Tom would begin to feel awkward and nothing would come of their affair. So I made a great fuss—cried, really I was so excited. And just then Margaret came along the deck, afraid I'd gone overboard or something, and we told her—and *she* laughed and cried. And Sylvia began to seem more normal, especially when we went to our cabin, and I said what a dear old fellow Tom was, and how he adored her. She began to smile—the way she does, you know, when she really doesn't want to smile—and began to talk pityingly about a very pretty English girl on board who had taken an immense fancy to him——

"Well, after *that*—" and Gay's laugh was delicious to hear—"you should have seen Sylvia. She—*glowed!* I never saw her so handsome, and so happy, and so—well, you know her—so superb. She was *all* the proud wife. Everything Tom did was mysteriously perfect, and everything he said she listened to with as much attention as if it were his dying words.

"It seems as if Sylvia must be a little superior on some count or other to be happy!" Gay commented, affectionately and amusedly. "Now she's infinitely happy. She is Mrs. Tom Fleming, and she has a handsome, rich husband who adores her, and presently they'll have the most superior children—and believe me," the girl finished laughing, "Sylvia will feel that just what those children do is the astonishing thing; if any other child is taller, she'll say it is weedy and has outgrown its strength, and if any child is smarter, she'll say it is unpleasantly precocious."

"So you got to Panama—?" David prompted.

"So we got to Panama, and by this time Mr. and Mrs. Tom Fleming only wanted to be left alone," Gay resumed, raising her blue



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eyes to smile to him. "They didn't want to wire you because such a wire is very apt to be noticed, and they didn't quite want to come home—in fact, they planned this southern trip as a sort of supplementary honeymoon. So, as there was a charming navy woman, a Mrs. Stephens, coming all the way up, I was delighted to put myself and Margaret in her care. And that's all."

"You've told me everything—except your own affair, Gabrielle," David presently prompted, when they were making their way up the cliff path to the garden.

"My—own affair?" Perhaps she had not understood, for although she turned scarlet suddenly, she made no further admission.

"There is—somebody, you told me once?" continued David.

"Oh, yes," she dismissed it with a shrug.

She added no more at the time. The enchanted hours of the day moved to three o'clock. But when David, knowing her to be tired from the long trip and probably confused with all the changes and impressions, suggested their return to Keyport she showed a reluctance as definite as his own.

GABRIELLE had given him, on this Spring day of lingering lights and soft fragrance, such a revelation of her own sweetness, her own personality as made all his other recollections of her seem pale and dim. Every turn of her head, every movement, every direct look from her star-sapphire eyes, had deepened the old impression that there was nobody quite like her in the world.

They talked of the old Wastewater as they went to and fro busied with problems of the proportions and the placing of the new—of the family, with its passion and hates, its jealousies and weaknesses.

"The new house," Gabrielle said whimsically, "will stand as much for the new order as the old one did for the stupidities and affectations of the old. It's all to be simple, no affectations, no great big gloomy basement regions for the servants—they'll have their own sections as comfortable, as sunshiny as the other. There will be open fires instead of the old hideous grates, and rugs and clean floors instead of the old dirty, hard-and-fast carpets, and bathrooms full of tiles and sunshine, and sleeping-porches instead of all that horrible rep curtaining, and there'll be——"

Her voice lowered. "There'll be people loving each other," she said. "After all, isn't that the answer to the whole problem? Women being loyal and generous, instead of jealous and watching all the time, men thinking of other people's happiness, instead of having themselves painted in picturesque attitudes——"

SHE finished laughing, but her face was presently serious again. They were idly wandering through the ruins of the garden now, Gabrielle a little flushed and tumbled from the efforts of raising a bent rose-bush or straightening, with a little air of anxiety and concentration that David thought somehow touchingly motherlike, a sheaf of timidly budded whips that would some day be sweet with white syringa bloom.

She stopped at the old sun-dial and cleared the fallen packed damp leaves from its face with a stick and busied herself so earnestly about it that David thought her more like an adorable child and more like a responsible little housewife than ever. He thought of the wife she would make some man some day, and felt suddenly that he must get away—out of the country—anywhere—before that time came.

"You can't tell me your plans yet, Gabrielle, dear?" he said with a rather dry throat when they were beside the dial.

The girl's color deepened a little under the creamy skin, and for a moment she did not answer. Then she said with a look straight into his eyes:

"I could tell you—as far as they have gone."

"Not unless you want to," David answered from the other side of the dial, which he gripped with fingers that were suddenly shaking.

"The man of whom I spoke to you, so long ago," Gabrielle said presently, "I saw again—this Spring."

"I see," David said, with a nod, as she paused. "He did not marry the other woman, then?"

"What other woman?" the girl demanded, amazed.

"I thought you said that he had cared for another woman?"

"Ah—? Ah, yes, so he had. No, he didn't marry her. He is—quite free," said Gabrielle, working busily.

"You're very sure you care for him, dear?" David asked, already relegated in his own mind to the sphere of the advisory, loving older brother.

"Yes," she said with another upraised look. "I am sure. I have never felt to anybody else what I do to him, and I know now I never will. When I first saw him—more than two years ago——"

"You saw him first then?"

"Well, I had seen him as a child. But after I got home from Paris I saw him again," the girl offered lucidly.

"I see." She was so radiant, she was so wonderful! If he should be some utter good-for-naught, David thought.

"Then I did not see him, except occasionally," Gabrielle resumed. "And when I did not see him, then I knew that logically, actually, he was everything I could love; a gentleman, kind, wise, admirable, in every way——"

"Rich?" David asked, in a silence and with a faint frown.

"No. Not—exactly poor, either."

"But does he know that you are rich, Gabrielle?"

"I don't think that it makes any difference to him," the girl said thoughtfully, after a moment.

"I don't suppose, of course, that it would," David agreed immediately.

"No. So that when I was away from him, I had time to think it out logically and dispassionately, and I knew he was—the one," the girl resumed. "And when I saw him, whenever we were together, although I couldn't think logically, or indeed think at all," she said laughing and flushed, and meeting his eyes with a sort of defiant courage, "I knew, from the way I felt, that there never could be and never would be any one else."

"I see, of course," David said slowly.

"Both ways," Gabrielle went on, smiling a little anxiously, "I feel safe. When I'm not with him I can reason about it, I can look forward to all the years, thinking of myself as older, as the mother of children," the girl went on seriously, her voice lowered to the essence of itself, her eyes upon the softly heaving and shining sea, "thinking of the books, the tramps, the friendships we will share. There is no moment of life that he will not make wonderful to me, poverty, change, sorrow, travel—everything," she finished, looking up smilingly, yet with the glitter of tears in her beautiful eyes.

"I—" David cleared his throat. "I am so glad you can tell me, Gay," he said gruffly.

"I love to tell you," the girl said with an illuminated look.

"It—is settled, Gabrielle?"

"No. Not exactly. That is—" She colored violently, laughed, and grew suddenly pale. "No, it's not settled," she answered confusedly.

"You can't tell me anything more?" David asked, after a pause.

"Not—now, very well. At least, I think I can soon," Gay said, laughing and flushed, yet oddly near, he could see, to tears, too. "I know that he—cares for me," she added, after another brief silence.

"He has told you?"

"Well, no. Or yes, he has, too—in a way But all that—" she broke off appealingly.

"Yes, I know," David reassured her. "You shall tell me when you're ready."

"David, I suppose we should be going back," the girl said reluctantly. But she did not change her comfortable position, resting against the dial and looking alternately at its blackened old stone surface and across the shining sea.

"Presently. I hate to end—to-day," David answered simply.

"So do I. Hasn't it been a wonderful day? Doesn't it seem like the beginning of heavenly times?"

"One of the happiest of my life," David said, trying to lighten the words with his old friendly smile and failing.

GABRIELLE was silent, and in the stillness all the sweet sounds of a Spring afternoon made themselves heard. The sun was sending long slanting rays down across the torn earth and the old garden and the piled bricks. John's and Etta's house, joined by the simple curve of the arch to the long, low roofs of the barn, looked everything that was homelike and comfortable in the sinking glow.

"I see Summer supper here in the court," Gabrielle said presently in a low voice as if

Concluded on page 102



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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Concluded from page 101

to herself. "Guest-rooms all fresh and airy, Sylvia's children and my children drawing others here for picnics on the shore—white dresses and the harvest moon coming up there across the sea—as we have seen it rise so many hundreds of times. I don't know which will be more wonderful, David, the long Summers with the hollyhocks and the twilights or the Winters with big fires and snow and company coming in, all cold and laughing——"

"Think of going abroad," she added, as for sheer pain David was silent. "I found myself thinking most often of getting home again, with all the trunks and excitement, to settle again in Wastewater."

"You really are going abroad, Gabrielle?" David asked, and to himself he added: "Honeymoon."

"Why, I don't know. To-night I don't feel as if I ever wanted to go outside these gates again; I feel as if I wanted to stay right here watching them put every brick into place. But—you would like to go abroad again some day, wouldn't you, David?" she continued.

"Oh, I? Yes, but that's different," the man answered, bringing himself into the conversation with a little self-consciousness. "Yes," David said slowly, frowning into space with narrowed eyes. "I think I may go, one of these days. I would like to do some painting in Florence——"

ANOTHER silence, so exquisitely painful, so poignantly sweet, that David felt he might stand so forever, watching her leaning in all her beauty and her fragrant youth against the grim old dial, looking sometimes at him and sometimes off to sea, with her glorious and thoughtful eyes.

"David, I got your message," she said, suddenly, in a voice oddly compounded of amusement and daring and a sort of fear.

"I'm glad," David answered mechanically. And then rousing himself he added in surprise, "What message?"

"On the little draft of the house-plans," Gabrielle answered serenely.

"Which plans were those, dear? The ones Jim sent to San Francisco?"

"He sent them to San Francisco too late, but they sent them on and we got them in Panama."

"Did I send a message with them?" David asked, not remembering it.

"Scribbled on the margin of one of them," Gabrielle nodded.

"A message—to *you?*" David said in surprise.

"Well, I read it so." The girl fell silent, and a robin with a warmly stained breast and a cocked head hopped near and nearer to them.

"I don't remember," David admitted after thought. It was obvious that she wanted him to remember it, but stupidly enough he seemed to have no recollection of it whatever.

"I think it must really have been to Jim Rucker," Gabrielle added innocently. "It began 'Dear Jim——'"

The blood rushed to David's face, and he laughed confusedly.

"I—did I scribble something to Jim on the margin? I remember that we sent the plans back and forth a good deal," he said, in a sort of helpless appeal.

"I'll show it to you," Gabrielle answered suddenly. She put her hand into her pocket and brought out a curled slip of paper that had been cut from the stiff oiled sheet of an architect's plans. "Here, David," she invited him. "Read it with me——"

And she flattened it upon the old dial and glanced at him over her shoulder.

David, hardly knowing what he did, let his eyes fall upon the penciled words.

"Dear Jim," he read. "No letter, but a message of her in one from Sylvia. Tell Mary I'm sorry I cut her dinner-party."

It was signed with David's own square, firm unmistakable "D."

"When I read that," said Gabrielle, looking up with her face close to his as he leaned at her shoulder, "I knew that the man I loved loved me. And after that I couldn't get home fast enough——"

"Gabrielle!" David said, trembling—and now she was in his arms. "Is it really so, dear? Dearest and loveliest of women, do you mean what you say?—do you know what you are doing? I'm not the brilliant sort of man that you might marry, dear—I'll never be rich, perhaps I'll never be successful——"

"Ah, David," the girl answered, facing him now with both hands upon his shoulders, as he held her with his arms lightly linked about her, "do let's not have any more misunderstandings and silences and half-said things at Wastewater. Tell me that you love me."

THERE was a milky Spring twilight in the old garden now; the sea had mysteriously blended itself with the sky and a mild great moon was rising before the last of the sun's radiance had fairly faded from the west. As the enervating warmth of the day died, delicious odors began to creep abroad in the dusk, and the plum-tree that had burst prematurely into bloom shone like a great pale bouquet against the gathering shadows.

There were smells of grass and earth, the sweet breathing of a world wearied after the unwonted hours of sunshine; there was the clean smell of new paint from the regions back of the farmhouse and barn. The birds were still now, and the very sea seemed hushed.

And to both David and Gabrielle, as they dreamed of the days to come, the golden days of responsibilities and joys unthinkable now, it seemed that no hour would eclipse this hour, when they two, children of the old place, found love among its ruins and planned there for a better future.

All the terrors, all the whispers, voices, fears and hates, all the secrets and conspiracies that had shadowed Wastewater in its old and arrogant days were gone. Roger with his vanity and arrogance was gone, Lily with her tears, Cecily frightened and saddened in her youth, Flora with her dark repression and thwarted love.

The old Sylvia was gone, too, and in her place was the much more human Mrs. Tom Fleming. And David was gone; never again would he be only the dreamy, detached painter, the amused older brother and audience for the younger folks, the philosopher who looked at love dispassionately. David was a man now, and the thought of having this woman for his wife, the thought of the future, when they two would make a home together, forever and forever, as long as life should last, made him feel as shaken, as awkward, as humble and ignorant as the boy he had never really been.

ALL gone. But there remained, steadfast, blue-eyed, sometimes all a mother, sometimes all a child, always simple, direct, loving, anxious for peace and harmony, this tawny-headed waif who had drifted in among the black Flemings so mysteriously; who had flourished upon neglect and injustice; who had borne sorrow and shame courageously and unfalteringly; and who was now, of them all, left to be mistress here, to begin the new history and the new line.

"David, we will go to Florence together in the Fall—if we can tear ourselves away from our new house, and you shall copy little Dizianis and Guardis!

"But we'll come back for a house-warming at Christmas time, David, and not miss one instant of the Spring!"

"Yes, my darling," David said.

"And we will have days in the city, David, buying towels and muffin-rings," the girl said rejoicingly, "and then you'll have an exhibition in April, and won't you be proud of your nice, furry wife, walking about among the pictures and listening to what people say!"

"I can hardly be prouder of her than I have always been, Gay."

Silence. Her right hand was upon his shoulder and his arm was strong and warm about her. David had only to bend his head to kiss the crown of her tawny, uncovered hair; the whole gracious fragrant woman was in his arms. Their left hands, clasped, rested upon the dial.

So resting, they obscured the blackened old face that had serenely marked the hours under thin Scotch suns, under more than a hundred passionate years of the hotter suns of the new world. They hid the old legend:

"Turn, Flemynge, spin agayne,
The crossit line's the kenter skein."

THE END

it means less work



SANI-FLUSH has made cleaning the toilet bowl easier than any other household task. Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. Then watch how quickly and thoroughly it does its wonderful work. The bowl is white and shining.

Sani-Flush removes every mark, stain and incrustation. It cleans the hidden, unhealthful trap. It destroys all foul odors. It leaves the entire toilet clean and sanitary.

Sani-Flush will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

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8 Iris, or 100 Gladioli, or 3 Roses, or 5 Phlox, or 10 Blackberries, or 12 Concord Grapes, or 20 Red or Black Raspberries. Choice of any for $1, any six for $5.



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Try my new collection of Petunias. Handsome sweet-scented flowers, delicate and gorgeous colors. Bloom all summer until frost.

For 10c I will send 5 liberal packages: white, pink, striped, blue, red. Makes a beautiful, attractive Flower Garden.



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Order today, send 10c to help pay postage and packing and receive the **5 new varieties of Petunias** and my bargain Seed Book.

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HOPE AHEAD FOR RURAL HOMES

Continued from page 20

"As one goes around the island he can not help but see the great number of improvements that have been made," reported one of the canvassers. "On fourteen plantations visited, there were twenty-six new homes, one hundred and seventy-one families who had made improvements of some kind since 1923, and nine hundred and ninety-eight improvements made."

A scale for judging improvements was worked out, giving fifty points for a new house complete, ten for a garden, ten for whitewashing, ten for a fence, ten for fruit-trees planted, and ten for new furniture. A prize of three dollars was given to the family which had made the greatest number of improvements, and this went to a former student of Penn School. A fifth-grade girl got a second prize, and a local doctor set the island a good example by screening his porch, and coming to report that he had built "a mosquito house."

The Better Home built from the plans drawn by the chairman was a six-room cottage, the third building in a model rural unit of schoolhouse, industrial shop, teachers' cottage and girls' practise house, adjoining the Penn School grounds. The boys who built the Better Home, under the supervision of their instructors in carpentry, proudly used some of the old lumber originally used in the first school for negroes in the South. The boys also planted the grounds, setting out not only Cherokee roses and flower beds, but eleven kinds of vegetables, a fig-tree and a pecan tree. Most of the furniture and all of the hangings, bed linen and towels were made by the students, as were the rag rugs, and the layette in the pretty nursery.

"To have just what Island housewives could afford," was the rule in furnishing the house.

Surely no demonstration evoked more voluble expressions of admiration than were voiced by the negro citizens of St. Helena Island, who came eagerly and with shining faces up the flower-bordered walk, past the Cherokee roses at each side of the porch, through the hospitable door of the Better Home.

"Sho, dis is a sight fo' eyes ter see," cried an Island grandmother in the bathroom, as her eyes rested for the first time upon a white porcelain tub.

The convenient kitchen, very cheery with its canary-colored walls and its blue linoleum, drew exclamations from the woman, as did the sunny nursery with its yellow geese all but quacking on the unbleached muslin curtains. But the men were interested most of all in the barrel chairs and the cretonne-covered packing-boxes that served as bureaus. Men and women alike were interested in the house budget, showing the low price for which the home and its furnishings had been obtained.

"We'll have a home like this ourselves some day," was a sentence often heard among the departing guests.

"ARE the people of the rural sections and the villages really interested in the subject of better homes?"

"They are," comes the answer from Conway, Arkansas, winner of a third prize in the demonstration of communities of ten thousand or under.

They proved it by making the demonstration their own, doing all they could to aid the plans of the chairman, Mrs. C. D. Turner, the home demonstration agent, and her committee.

"This demonstration will show that a person of small means can live in a well-built, well-equipped, beautiful home," was the high promise set for it ahead of time.

And it did show just that. The Conway Better Home deserved every letter of the three adjectives promised for it. It was well built, it was well equipped and it was

Concluded on page 105

For all wood finishes



O-Cedar Polish

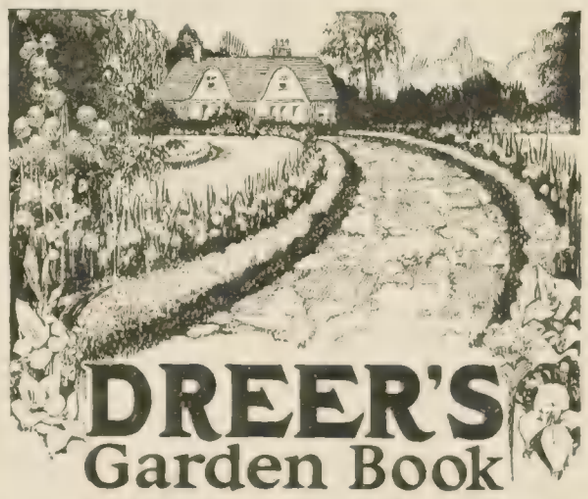
It cleans as it polishes

COLOR IT NEW WITH "DIAMOND DYES"



Beautiful home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.



DREER'S Garden Book

ANY woman can make her garden the envy of the neighborhood if she has Dreer's 1925 Garden Book for a guide. It contains explicit cultural directions as well as a complete list of the best Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Lawn Grass, Roses, Hardy Perennials, Dahlias, etc.

A copy mailed free if you mention this publication

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SPECIAL OFFER of TESTED SEEDS



If you write now for our 1925 Catalogue we will send the famous HENDERSON Collection of seeds—one packet each of **Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, White Tipped Scarlet Radish, Henderson's Invincible Asters, Henderson's Brilliant Mixture Poppies, Giant Waved Spencer Sweet Peas.**

HOW TO GET THEM

Simply state where you saw this advertisement, enclose ten cents for mailing the Catalogue, "Everything for the Garden," and the seeds will be sent without extra charge.

EMPTY ENVELOPE COUNTS FOR CASH

These tested seeds come in a coupon envelope which, emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to $1.00 or more. Don't delay; write at once.

1925 Catalogue Now Ready

Bigger and better than ever, the most beautiful and complete horticultural publication of the year, a book of

208 Pages

16 color pages, 72 pages in Rotogravure and over 1000 half-tone illustrations direct from photographs of results from Henderson's seeds—the finest Catalogue we have ever issued.

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Are You Keeping Up With Other Women

—or letting gray hair make you look old?

Thoughtful women always keep themselves looking years younger than they really are!

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age.

We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance.

Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When your hair fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks rely upon this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly.

You simply moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

WYETH'S
Sage and Sulphur

Are You Clever Enough To Save This Money?

Clever women have learned to redecorate their homes now—in the off-season—before the spring rush begins. You will be surprised to find how much money can be saved this way. Just ask your decorator to show you the exact figures.

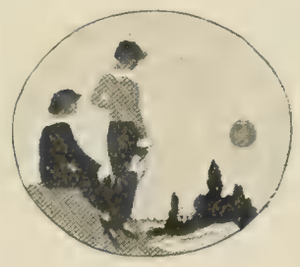
* * *

If you are interested in a comprehensive resume of the great historical periods of decoration, send ten cents in currency or stamps for "Walls and their Decorations" by Major Arthur de Bles, international authority on decorations.

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At any store that displays this sign you will find good wallpapers, competent workmanship and fair prices.





TOURISTS ACCOMODATED

Concluded from page 15

for remedial legislation before very long.

Meantime the situation presents unlimited opportunities to the clean, honest home woman. From flower-garden and clean front steps to sanitary back yard, from shining front hall with bright linoleum on the floor to the daintiest top bedroom, she can make her house an oasis. Her little home may be tiny, but if it offers fresh air and clean bedcovers, plenty of towels and hot water, neat rugs on shining floors, spotless curtains, a glistening bathroom, a bright garden, and—above all things—the flower of true hospitality, the average tourist will gladly pay hotel rates and will depart blessing his hostess.

There are dozens of little kindnesses a woman can show her guests which they will never forget. And it is thus that a thriving business is built up in this friendliest of all industries.

The pitcher of ice-water or cold well water, for instance, in the dog days; the offer of a cool sitting-room down-stairs on hot evenings; the little open fire in chill weather; the extra towel or bedcover brought to the door with good wishes for a comfortable night; even the hot broth and crackers carried to the room at bedtime—these are the inexpensive, motherly little attentions which all travelers delight in, and which enable a hostess to charge more for her rooms with perfect satisfaction on the part of her guests.

BUT—enough for the moderate-priced lodging. We are ready now to consider the third branch of this teething young industry—that which feeds the motorist under the same roof that shelters him.

This undertaking, because it involves the complicated problem of supplying meals to a transient public, should be approached with caution. And it must be placed on an "order-in-advance" basis. Only in very large inns or small hotels with refrigerating plants can a proprietor safely cater to the "drop-in" motorist. For the home woman to attempt it is to court disaster.

The order-in-advance plan, however, has made and is making this branch of the industry a very profitable one for numbers of women with large country homes. One of the most remarkable examples of success is that of two charming, conservative women (a widow and her spinster sister) living in their luxurious old home near a famous battle-field. These women one Summer threw open their house to a few friends, motorists from a near-by city, who needed accommodations for a day and night while visiting the battle-field.

That first experiment proved so successful and these paying guests clamored so for permission to send others that the two women never gave up the work. To-day their home is crowded to capacity whenever they wish it to be.

No weekly rates are ever given there. Everything is on a strictly transient basis, two dollars and fifty cents a plate being charged for dinner without lodging, and thirteen dollars a night being the rate for two persons in one room, with dinner and breakfast. The house is a very large one, with three floors, and there are seven bedrooms which can be rented.

To run this establishment no regular servant is employed; first, because good men servants are very difficult to get in that section; second, because the State law limits the number of hours a day a woman servant can be on duty. Catering to a transient trade means irregularity of hours. It means working fourteen hours one day and eight the next. So these sisters have no regular servant except a cleaning-woman who comes every day and works by the hour. One sister does all the cooking and the other does all the serving, except when the house is crowded, when they engage a neighbor to help serve and wash the dishes.

We come now to the fourth and most elaborate phase of the business of roadside hospitality—that of providing de luxe accommodations for the wealthy motorist in a setting so picturesque, so rich with historic memories, that it is an adventure even to stop there overnight. One woman, whose inn in a New England college town is famous to-day, had the vision—years ago—to detect the sentimental streak that exists in the average motorist and to believe she could cater to it. She moved to an old college town and leased the most famous house in the locality, a beautiful place, hoary with tradition. At first she took the overflow from the college and an occasional tourist, charging only five dollars a night for lodgings and breakfast for two persons. But she soon became dissatisfied with this, and then it was that she conceived the idea of providing de luxe accommodations.

Borrowing some money, she procured a few fine pieces of antique mahogany. She succeeded in persuading a dealer to lend her a number of other pieces in exchange for free storage. With this start she began to convert her simple rooms, one by one, into luxurious ones, as she did so advancing her prices to twenty dollars a night for two.

She concentrated first on a certain famous room known as the Governor's Room. This was to be her leader, her drawing card, and she spared no pains in restoring to it the flavor of the Colonial period when its first famous occupant was helping to create American history. The effect of the room was almost startling. Stepping into that beautiful, stately old chamber was like stepping back through the centuries.

SUCH was the adventure this hostess had to offer the wealthy, jaded tourists motoring past. And though for a few days she held her breath for fear she had laid too much stress on historical atmosphere, the results soon justified her experiment. The room was more than a success—it was a sensation.

After this, naturally, the transformation of the rest of the house followed quickly. Every one of her rooms was made reminiscent of the romantic past and every one was given a striking name. In all, her house when full to capacity brought her—and is bringing her to-day—a nightly income of from one hundred and fifteen dollars to one hundred and twenty dollars.

These rates may seem exorbitant. But for the money she gives accommodations unique in the history of inn management. What she offers is all of the very best, regardless of cost. Her sheets are extra large, so that they tuck in at the foot of the bed and turn over at the top. She furnishes extra-heavy bath-towels—these spell luxury to most men—and quantities of other towels. There is always plenty of covering on the beds and extra coverings available. She uses only the finest of hair mattresses, down quilts and pillows, with four pillows on each bed, two hard and two soft. She is gradually replacing all her beds with four-posters, as these are, in her opinion, the greatest drawing card any inn can have. The breakfast is served always in the guest's room, on a Colonial table, with a linen spread thrown across it. It is brought in on a handsome tray fitted with attractive china. And she sends her guests away with a carefully planned box lunch.

A bowl of flowers is always standing on the table in each room, and as these flowers come from her garden they cost her practically nothing. Yet guests comment on them with delight.

Any woman, this successful proprietor declares, who will give the public de luxe accommodations in a right location and setting can fill her house. But the choice of a locality for its historical interest or because of a large college or other attraction for wealthy travelers, the choice of an adequate house and of an attractive name for it are most important. The location should be romantic, the house old and picturesque (though an attractive modern house can be used) and the name easy to remember.

All over the United States inns and taverns are springing up, one by one, along our motor highways. On all our California motor roads are appearing taverns reminiscent of Spanish and Indian days. And throughout the South, wherever the soft-voiced touring car can make its way, newer and better roadside inns are becoming the rule. Many an old plantation home, long closed, is now opened and restored to the splendor of its antebellum days, for the benefit of history-loving, luxury-seeking motorists—motorists armed with cameras, eager imaginations, and real zest for the adventures of the road.



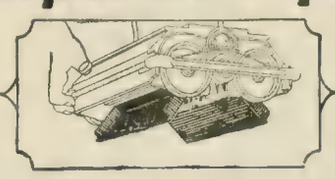
Clean Rugs and Carpets

WOMEN who take pride in keeping their homes immaculate are devoted users of Bissell sweepers. There is no substitute for a Bissell for the everyday sweeping. A few minutes' use and the rugs and carpets are speckless. Crumbs, lint, threads, litter, that accumulates every day in the best kept house, vanish like magic before it.

The Bissell saves work and time. It does not rough the hands or strain the back. It runs quietly, efficiently on its perfected "Cyco" Ball Bearings. And it lasts. Ten to fifteen years is the average life of a Bissell. Often longer.

"Cyco" Ball Bearing Bissells at around $6. Other grades for less. Play-size (toy) Bissells for a few dimes. At furniture, hardware, housefurnishing and department stores. Booklet on request.

BISSELL
CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
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Empties with a *thumb pressure*

Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole,* the new and milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for use on babies and small children.

In the dead of night, when they are awakened by the warning, croupy cough, they rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest and then go back to bed.

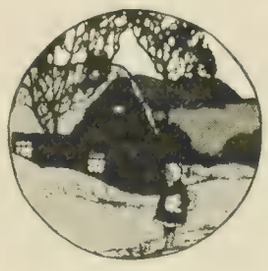
Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds. In jars, 35c.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
MILD
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



HOPE AHEAD FOR RURAL HOMES

Concluded from page 103

beautiful—and three thousand eight hundred dollars covered the cost of the house and its furnishings.

"But could a person do any work in such a pretty place as this?" demanded one sadly cynical housewife, who had the fixed belief that the atmosphere of labor must necessarily be ugly.

"Could she!" exclaimed the committee, and led her in triumph to the kitchen with its built-in cabinets and ironing-board, and its wise juxtaposition of table, sink, cupboards and stove. "Of course, she couldn't do as much work here as in an old-fashioned, inconvenient house," admitted the committee, "because there isn't as much work to do."

"The influence of this demonstration in home owning and building will be far-reaching," Mrs. Turner reported to the national headquarters of Better Homes in America.

YOU couldn't really call Coxton, Kentucky, another third prize-winner, a rural community. As a matter of fact, it is only a coal camp, with a population of one thousand, fifty per cent. negro. All the property is owned by the Melcroft Coal Company, but the women's club didn't consider that any reason why better homes shouldn't prevail.

"We want to give a Better Home demonstration in one of your houses," Miss Flora Williams, the chairman, informed the company.

"Go ahead!" said the company cordially, "we are heartily in favor of it."

"Then you'll fix up the house for us?" asked Miss Williams.

So the company, acting upon suggestions from the women's club, had the exterior of the Better Home painted white, and the interior repaired, plastered and painted a light fawn color, with white woodwork. The committee did the rest. The four-room cottage was furnished and equipped according to the Better Home rules of comfort, convenience and beauty, from its front porch, with its big oak swing, straight through to its back stoop. Women in coal camps sometimes get a bit discouraged in their efforts to beautify their homes, and not without reason. But none in Coxton could remain discouraged when they saw the transformation that had been wrought in the Better Home.

"NOW guess what the repairs and the furnishings cost," said the committee.

An electric iron was given the "guesser" who came within a reasonable distance of the correct price of $1,398.55. Almost every one guessed far too high. The real value of the guessing contest, as the committee cleverly judged, was in the fact that it drove home the truth that comfort, convenience and beauty within the home are in the reach of all.

This account might go on and on, through all the pages of THE DELINEATOR. All over the country, in every State in the Union, rural communities and villages and little towns held Better Homes demonstrations similar to those recorded here. In spite of all the difficulties that confronted them they went quietly and mightily to work to prove that no part of the United States exists, no matter how remote or how small, in which American families, whatever their incomes, can not have homes that are convenient, comfortable and beautiful. The rural home, the village home, the home in the little town, has waked up to its own possibilities.

And so the simple story of their Better Homes in America demonstrations and their far-reaching effects becomes a mighty epic not yet complete.

And what one farm woman wistfully wrote to the headquarters of Better Homes in America becomes a prophetic fact for the nation:

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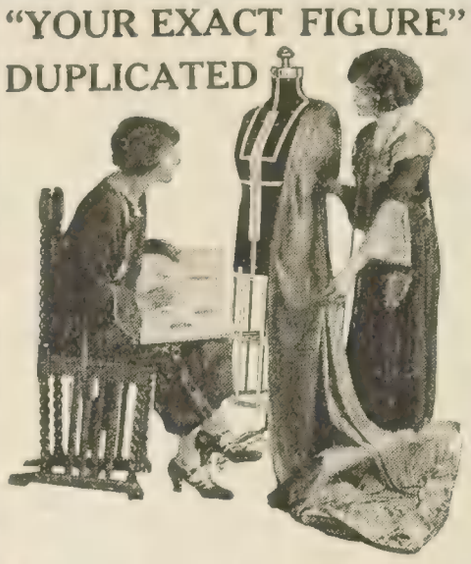
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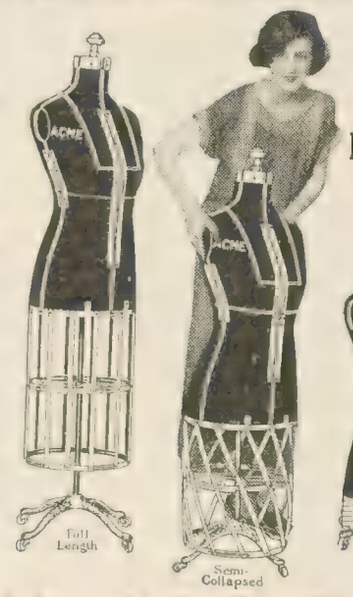
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WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5915—5878—For this coat, which may have a frock of the lining silk to make an ensemble costume or be worn separately, use soft twills, light-weight short-nap fabrics, heavy silk crêpe or crêpe satin. It has a straight lower edge, a novelty tucked collar and cuffs, a pocket on the lining and a choice of a tucked band at the bottom. The one-piece slip-over frock has a detachable collar and cuffs. Lower edge of coat 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch soft twills and 3 yards 39-inch printed silk crêpe. Costume for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5918—Striped wash silks, pongee, cotton crêpe or cotton broadcloth with plain to match make a smart slip-over dress. The straight skirt is joined to a long body. One may use printed silk crêpe with plain to match, plain silk Canton crêpe, wash silks, light-weight flannel with same material in contrast, etc.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 32 or 35 inch soft striped wash silk. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5917—5800—10138—Use twills, cashmere suitings or kasha for the coat and two-piece lower part, and heavy silk Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine for the long upper part of this narrow slip-over frock. The coat, which can be worn in wrap-around or straight-line style, may have puffed or plain sleeves. The dress has a close-fitting hipline. The embroidery is effective.



5917 5800

19 years or 36 bust requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch satin (including lower part of dress, etc.) and 2 yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

Coat is for ladies 36 and 38 bust, also misses 16 to 20 years; dress for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses

5865—5498—5873—Use tweeds, mannish suitings, etc., for this coat, which fits snugly at the hipline, and the two-piece skirt with an inverted plait at the center front and back. The slip-over blouse of silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc., may have a detachable collar and cuffs and a shoulder yoke. Lower edge, plaits out, 1¾ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅜ yards 54-inch tweed and 2⅜ yards 35-inch silk.

Coat and skirt are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, and 35 to 49½ hip, coat also for misses; blouse for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses.

5916—5880—Use ribbed wools, etc., for the three-quarter-length coat and the straight wrap-around lower part of this slip-over dress. The long upper part is of plain silk crêpe. The coat may have a set-in pocket or a pocket on the lining. The dress has a close-fitting hipline. Lower edge 43 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch soft twill and 1¾ yard 39-inch silk crêpe.

Coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

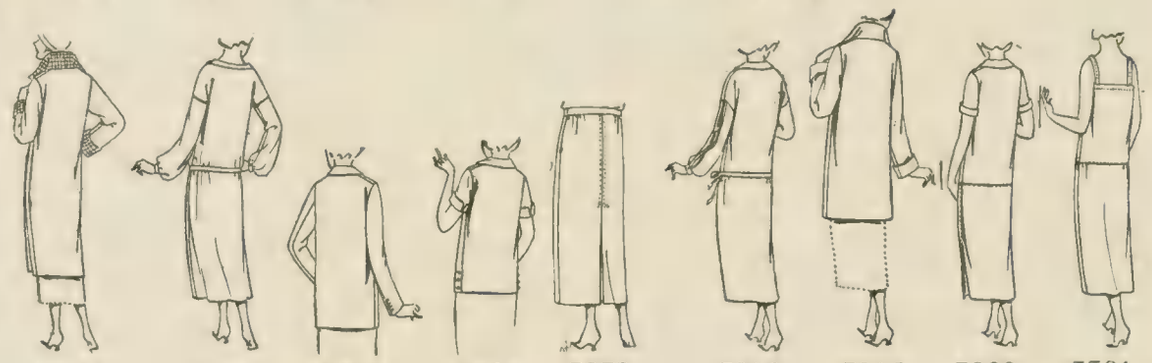
5913—5508—5581—You may use homespun, kasha, etc., for this double-breasted coat and the step-in three-piece skirt of the wrap-around type. The coat is new and can be used as a separate coat, has an inverted plait at the back. The slip-over blouse of heavy crêpe de Chine or tub silks, has an attached or detachable collar and cuffs.



5913 5508

36 bust and 38 hip require 4½ yards 54-inch homespun and 2¼ yards 35-inch silk. Lower edge of coat, plait out, 54 inches; of skirt 43½ inches.

Coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; blouse and skirt for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.



5915 5878 5865 5498 5873 5918 5916 5880 5581

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

5818—For an ensemble wardrobe you can use the same coat with different silk or wool frocks planned to go with it. For this one-piece slip-over dress you may use soft twills, cashmere dress goods, wool rep matching the coat and trimmed with faille silk matching the lining in color.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch kasha. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5863—5724—10318—A tunic blouse and a costume slip faced with the same wool as the coat make a second frock for the ensemble wardrobe. This slip-over tunic blouse may be shorter and has inverted dart tucks or shirrings at the shoulders. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. The embroidery is effective.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin, 2⅝ yards 32 to 35 inch material for slip, and ½ yard 54-inch ribbed wool for facing slip. Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5843—5880—Use ribbed wool, etc., for the coat and the straight wrap-around lower part, etc., of the slip-over dress. The long upper part is of plain silk crêpe in a lighter shade of the same color or contrasting or self color. The hipline is close fitting.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 54-inch ribbed wool (including lower part of dress, etc.), 1¾ yard 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 43 ins.

Coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5871—5862—A long-body dress with a wrap-around lower part of the coat-fabric makes a third frock for the ensemble wardrobe. The coat collar and front facing of the lining fabric are detachable. The narrow slip-over dress is close-fitting at the hipline. Lower edge of coat 45½ inches; of dress 44 inches.

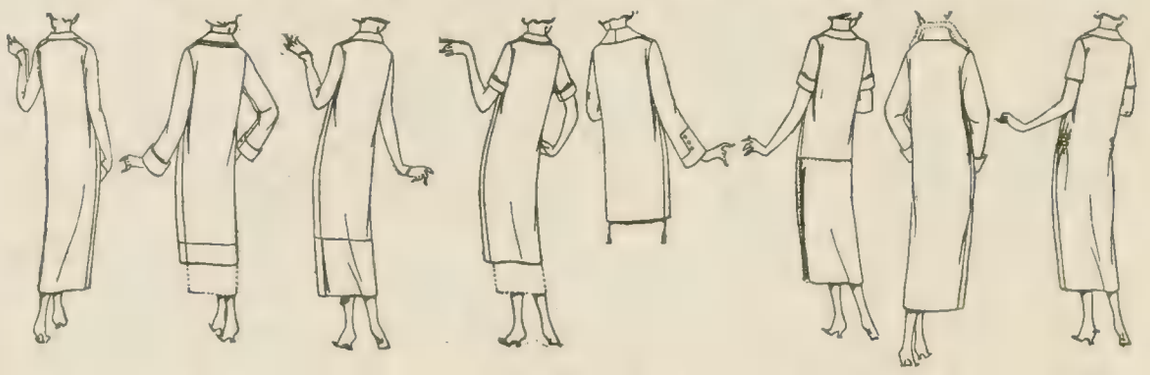
36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch ribbed wool (including lower part of dress, etc.) and 2¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (including facing and collar).

Coat is for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses; dress for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5846—5882—This full-length coat of cashmere coatings, twills, ribbed wools, ribbed silks or kasha trimmed with narrow fur banding and novelty braid is lined with the same printed silk as the frock. For the one-piece slip-over dress use printed heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe or broché crêpe satin with plain.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch soft twill and 3⅛ yards 39-inch printed silk. Lower edge of coat 49½ inches; of dress 46 inches.

Coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5818 5871 5862 5863 5843 5880 5846 5882

To Be Prettier Than Your Picture



By Mme. Maree

Your artist photographer has his chemicals and retouching brush to take off all the wrinkles, lines, spots and blemishes and thus work up a portrait that is perfect. But you can do even better than that by making yourself naturally just as beautiful or even more so than the artist can make you. And here are some beauty secrets to enable you to do so.

First the Hair

To make each hair alive, to stand out alone, and collectively to make all your hair look like a crown of glory you can get an ounce of beta-quinol from the drug store, mix it with a pint of water and half a pint of rubbing alcohol. Rub this mixture into your scalp and your hair will fairly gleam with beauty.

If there is much dandruff wash it out once a week with eggol crystals. The beta-quinol will cost 65 cents and the eggol 25 cents, but they will last several months.

For a Perfect Complexion

Each night and morning you should rub into your face all over as much of some simple creamy mixture as the skin will absorb. I would suggest that you get two ounces of eptol for 65 cents at the drug store, mix it with two tablespoons glycerine and a pint of water. It makes a thick, heavy cream of satiny feel and wonderful perfume. It fills up the skin cells, plumps it out, smooths the wrinkles and tightens the pores. Your skin looks as smooth and delicate as an infant's. It is marvelous and acts as a skin food.

Rub Off Blackheads

On a cloth dipped in hot water sprinkle some neroxin powder. Rub this over the blackheads and they instantly dissolve, not a trace left. Your druggist will sell you an ounce of neroxin for 65 cents and it will last a long time. You thus won't be tempted to squeeze out the blackheads. It is a dangerous practice.

Remove the Blemishes

The best way to bleach out muddiness, redness, blue and red lines, or oily skin is with an application of zintone. This you can get at the drug store for 65 cents an ounce. Mix one ounce with two tablespoons glycerine. It makes a large bottleful. Put it on liberally over the face, neck, arms and hands and you will soon have a lovely skin all of one shade of natural flesh color. It is a beautiful effect.

The Call of Spring

That you may be sure to look your prettiest when the warmth and sunshine of summer arrive, if your druggist cannot supply you, send the price of what you want to me and I will have it mailed postpaid direct from the makers. Address Madame Maree, 752 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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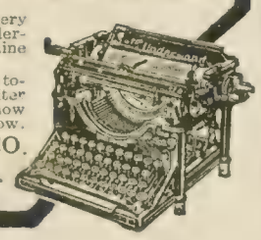
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

5859—Light-weight flannel or wool jersey with detachable or attached collar and cuffs of same material in contrast or white piqué, rep or linen, makes a smart two-piece frock. It has a slip-over blouse and a straight skirt plaited in clusters, joined to an underbody.

12 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch plain flannel, ⅞ yard 54-inch novelty flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5817—5557—The one-piece slip-over dress of her ensemble costume has a yoke and short sleeve cut in one piece, and a cluster of plaits at each side of front and back. Her hat of corded silk, satin, etc., has a four-gored crown.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for dress.

Dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5861—5817—5557—You may use kasha, broadcloth or twills with braid, or soft pile fabrics or cashmere coatings with stitching for this coat. For an ensemble, line it with the silk to match the dress (described above). Her hat has a four-gored crown.

12 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch kasha and 4⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for coat-lining and dress.

Coat and dress are for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5853—10312—Embroidery is an attractive trimming for this one-piece slip-over frock. Use soft twills, serge, wool crêpe, flannel or wool poplin with same material in a color to harmonize with embroidery for the bound buttonholes and sleeve-trimmings.

12 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch soft twill.

Dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5857—Light-weight twills, serge, light-weight flannel or wool crêpe with the same material in contrast are suitable for this two-piece dress with a tunic and one-piece slip. Or use heavy silk crêpe, or plaid or checked wool with plain to match.

12 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch soft twill.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5837—For this slip-over dress and separate bloomers use pin-check gingham or light-weight cotton prints with plain colored cotton to match or white cotton poplin or linen; or use colored fine cotton crêpe with white, etc. It has a straight lower edge and the collar and cuffs may be detachable.

5 years requires 2½ yards 32-inch gingham.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5867—This suit has a jacket with detachable vest and cuffs, and straight trousers. Use satin, pongee, velveteen, chambray, linen, linen-fihished cottons, crash, gabardine or tweeds with piqué or rep vest and collar.

5 years requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch linen and ⅝ yard 35-inch piqué.

The suit is for boys 3 to 10 years.

5855—The yoke with a square neck and frills make this one-piece slip-over dress very dainty for parties. It has a straight lower edge. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, net, taffeta, organdy or cotton voile with ends and loops of ribbon in contrast and ribbon flowers the same color as the dress.

7 years requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for girls 2 to 12 years.

5869—10870—This adorable slip-over frock with a straight lower edge has the epaulet shoulder and attached or detachable collar and cuffs. The bloomers are separate. One may omit smocking. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee, light-weight wool jersey, chambray, cotton pongee with contrasting color, etc.

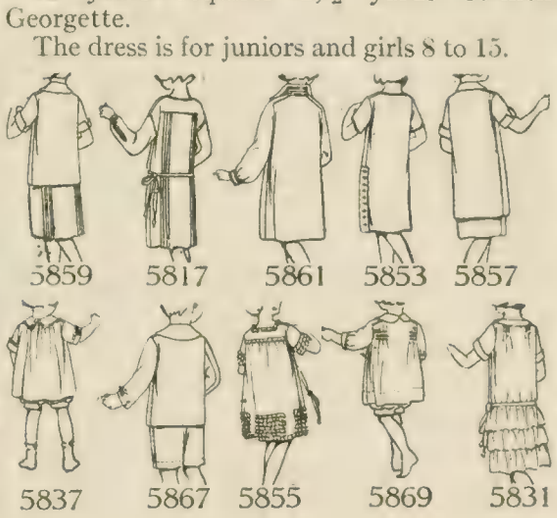
5 years requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5831—Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, chiffon, cotton voile, cotton Georgette or organdy with a ribbon girdle and flower for this slip-over frock. It has a ruffled straight skirt joined at a low waistline and the collar and cuffs may be detachable.

13 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

5872—5218—This one-piece slip-over dress is plaited at the sides and has a straight lower edge. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use plain wash silks with same material in contrast, printed silk crêpes or wash silks with plain, and plaid silk for hat and scarf.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge, plaits out, 58 inches.

Dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women; hat and scarf for misses and ladies.

5866—With the coat (described below) she may wear a one-piece wool frock to match. It has the close-fitting hipline and slips on over the head. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Kasha, cashmere, soft twills, etc., are suitable. Lower edge 44 inches.

17 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch kasha and ½ yard 35-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5807—5726—The same coat (described below) a tunic b ouse and slip make this ensemble costume. The blouse has a convertible collar and may be longer. It is worn over a slip with a straight lower edge faced with the coat fabric. Lower edge 43 inches.

34 bust or 17 years requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha (including coat and facing for slip), 2¼ yards 39-inch faille silk and ⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse, 2⅜ yards 32 to 35-inch material for slip.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5821—5870—10138—The coat has a straight lower edge and is smart in kasha, cashmere, soft twills, ribbed wools, etc. If you carry out the lining to the edge of the coat, the coat may be reversible (i. e. worn with either the silk or the wool fabric outside). It may be worn with a narrow slip-over frock with a wrap-around lower part to match the coat-fabric. The long upper part of the dress is of Canton crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine. The embroidery carries out the two-color scheme of this ensemble costume.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch kasha for coat and lower part of dress, etc., and 1⅞ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge of coat 44 inches; of dress 41 inches.

Coat is for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 35 bust, also ladies; dress for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5790—This frock has a tunic blouse with inserted plaits at the front and side seams and a narrow one-piece slip. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use soft twills, kasha, wool crêpe or light-weight cashmere with lower part of slip, tie, etc., of black satin.

16 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch kasha and 1 yard 35-inch satin. Lower edge of slip 41 inches.

Dress is for misses 16 to 20 years and ladies 38 to 40 bust.

5876—This slip-over frock has a yoke and short sleeve cut in one and a straight lower edge lengthened by a straight band. Use printed Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, chiffon, chiffon voile, etc., with plain to match, etc. Lower edge 51 inches.

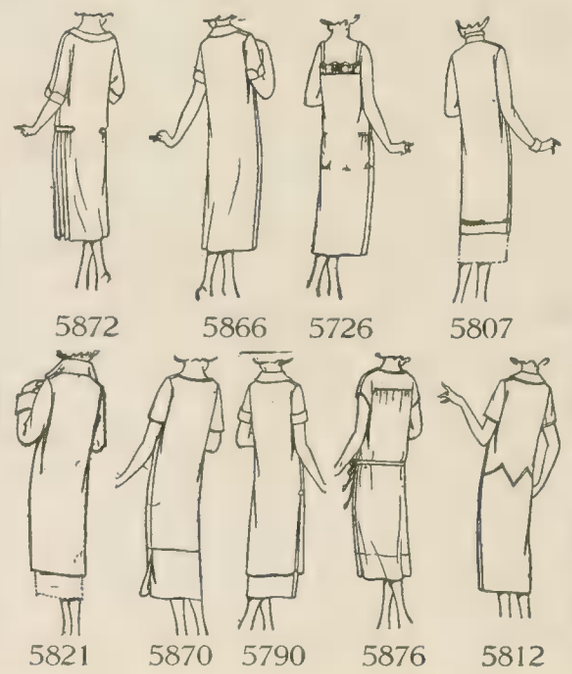
17 years requires 1⅞ yard 35-inch printed and 1⅝ yard 35-inch plain silk.

It is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5812—Use cashmere dress goods for the wrap-around straight skirt, etc., of this slip-over dress and satin or silk Canton crêpe to match or in a lighter shade for upper part. Use the same silk bound with self for the attached or detachable collar. The skirt is joined at a low waistline. Lower edge 42 inches.

17 years requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1⅛ yard 54-inch cashmere.

Dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, and ladies 38 bust.





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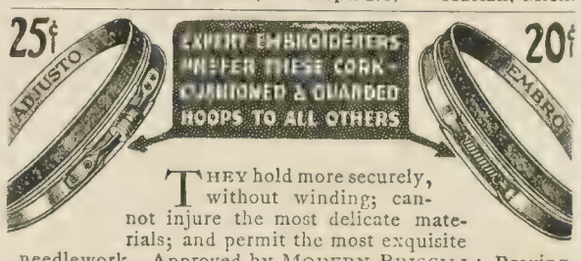
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THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
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An Elizabeth Arden Treatment



Says ELIZABETH ARDEN

Next time you want your skin to be quite lovely, give yourself this little afternoon Treatment at home. Cleanse the skin gently but thoroughly. Pat with *Skin Tonic*, to awaken circulation. Then apply *Anti-Wrinkle Cream* and leave it on the skin for fifteen minutes. This cream, a mellow blend of fresh eggs, nourishing oils and astringents, fills out lines, tightens the skin and leaves it smooth and velvety. Remove with *Skin Tonic*.

Arden Venetian Cleansing Cream. Removes impurities from the pores. $1, $2, $3, $6
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Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair pleasantly without discomfort to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a mild and dainty cream. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable hair-removing cream which is the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. 50c at Drug and Department stores or by mail. Money back if it fails to please you. Buy now.
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DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN, obtainable in solid cake form or waterproof liquid. 75c *at your dealer's* or direct postpaid.
MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5888—The shiny side of crêpe satin is a smart trimming for a slip-over dress made of the dull side. It has a one-piece back, a tunic and skirt joined across the front at a low waistline. One may use printed heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe of not too pronounced a design. With embroidery use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe or crêpe faille.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 46½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5842—A draped tunic worn over a one-piece slip makes a very distinguished two-piece frock of the slip-over type. Use crêpe satin, silk Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, flat crêpe or crêpe faille with the upper part of the slip of lining silk to match and flowers of self-material. For evening one may omit sleeves and use lace with a slip of satin to match and flowers of metallic ribbon, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe satin (including lower part of slip). Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

The dress is very distinctive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5890—This one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge and a yoke and short sleeves cut in one piece. Make it of flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with lace; of printed heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with plain to match, etc.; of crêpe satin with the reverse side.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe, ⅝ yard 32-inch lace for yoke and 1⅜ yard 9-inch banding. Lower edge 46½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5864—10253—The flared frock is exceedingly graceful and is a change from the narrow dress. Circular side pieces give the flare to this one-piece slip-over dress. Use crêpe satin, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, crêpe faille, flat crêpe or soft satin with Georgette in contrasting color, or the two sides of crêpe satin, etc. The beading is an effective trimming. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch satin crêpe, ¾ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5856—10258—It is very new to embroider the front of your silk frock. The design on this slip-over dress is very easily done. The dress has a shirred or gathered straight skirt joined to a long body. Use crêpe satin, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, crêpe faille or flat crêpe with same material in a color to harmonize with embroidery and buttons to match contrast. One may use printed heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with plain to match.

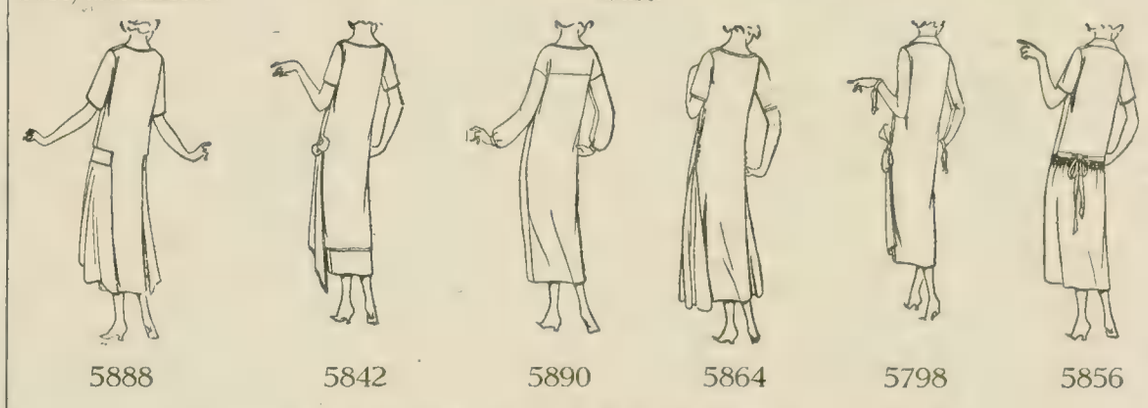
36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5798—Heavy silk crêpe or silk moire makes a distinctive draped gown on wrap-around lines. It is the one-piece type and may have a body lining. One may use light-weight twills or cashmere with moire, satin or corded silks, faille silk or crêpe satin all one material.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge measures 43½ inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5888 5842 5890 5864 5798 5856

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5908—5827—This slip-over tunic blouse has a convertible neck worn in Chinese effect, or open. Use crêpe faille, crêpe satin, Canton crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine with novelty braid and metal buttons, wool rep or soft twills with silk braid, etc. For the costume slip, which may have a deep shadow-proof or a three-inch hem, use satin, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch corded silk and 2⅜ yards 35-inch satin. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5909—5724—For this slip-over tunic blouse and the costume slip use crêpe satin with trimming bands on the blouse of the reverse side. One may use silk crêpe or faille silk with satin bands, heavy crêpe de Chine with a darker shade. The blouse may be shorter. The slip has a straight lower edge with either a three-inch or a deep shadow-proof hem.

36 bust requires 5½ yards 39-inch crêpe satin, including slip (using the dull and shiny sides). Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

The blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5862—10233—The long upper part and the wrap-around lower part in contrast gives the tunic blouse effect to this narrow slip-over dress. It has a close-fitting hipline. Use ribbed wools, cashmere suitings, fine twills, kasha, ribbed silk or satin with silk Canton crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine. The embroidery is effective in color.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅝ yard 54-inch kasha. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5895—5631—Use bordered silks or faille silk, crêpe satin, silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine with same material in contrast, for this slip-over tunic blouse. It has a straight lower edge and may be longer. One should wear it over this costume slip of crêpe meteor, etc., with inverted plaits at each side below the low waistline.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 40-inch bordered silk and 2⅝ yards 35 or 39 inch crêpe meteor. Lower edge of slip, plaits out, 54½ inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5893—5638—This slip-over tunic blouse is smart in heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe satin or faille silk with printed silk crêpe or contrasting-color plain silk crêpe in contrast, or of printed silk crêpe, etc., with plain. It may be longer. For the costume slip use crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor.

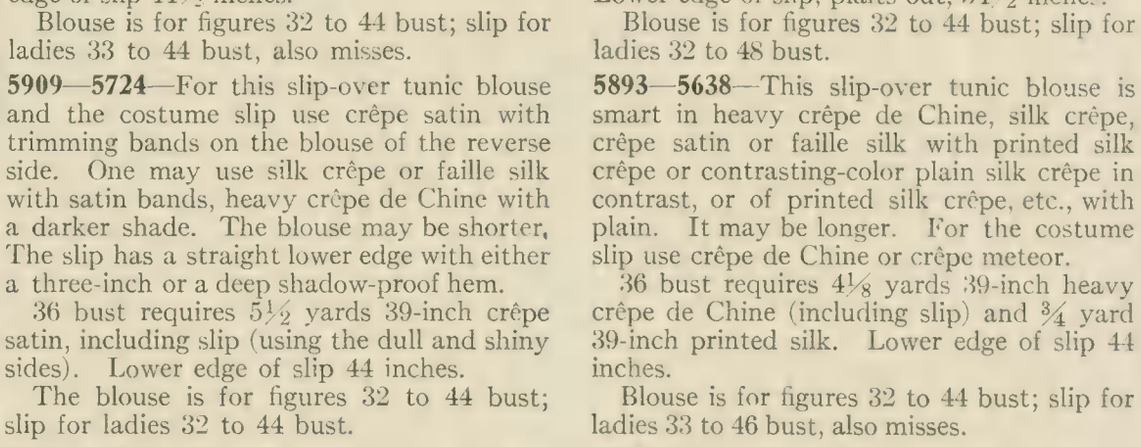
36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch heavy crêpe de Chine (including slip) and ¾ yard 39-inch printed silk. Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5863—5631—One may have inverted dart tucks or shirrings at the shoulders to give a perfect fit to this slip-over tunic blouse. It may be shorter. Use crêpe satin, heavy crêpe de Chine or Canton crêpe with crêpe de Chine in contrast for the detachable or attached collar and cuffs. The slip has inverted plaits at each side below a low waistline.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 2⅝ yards 35 or 39 inch material for slip. Lower edge, plaits out, 54½ inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



5908 5827 5909 5724 5862 5895 5638 5893 5863 5631



Fame and Glory

came to me, through these beauty aids

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I MADE myself a famous beauty and the rage. I have lived for 40 years a glorious career.

Now I remain at my height—as young and beautiful as ever. The envy of thousands who see me daily on the stage.

All that because I searched the world for aids to youth and beauty. I found the best that science offered. Then all the later, better helps.

Now those supreme helps are at every woman's call. All toilet counters have them. In four preparations are combined 52 matchless ingredients.

Learn what these helps do for women. You owe that to yourself.

My Youth Cream

My Youth Cream is a remarkable creation, combining many factors. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best helps science gave me to foster and protect the skin.

It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. I use it as a night cream, also daytimes as a powder base. Never is my skin without it. My velvet complexion shows what that cream can do.

The cost is 60c per jar. Also in 35c tubes.

My Facial Youth

Is a liquid cleanser which I also owe to France. Great beauty experts the world over now advise this formula, but their price is too high for most women.

It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. The skin cannot absorb it. So it cleans to the depths, then departs. My Facial Youth will bring you new conceptions of what a clean skin means. The cost is 75c.

White Youth Clay

A new-type clay, white, refined and dainty. Vastly different from the crude and muddy clays so many have employed.

It purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. Removes the causes of blackheads and blemishes. Brings a rosy afterglow which amazes and delights. Combats all lines and wrinkles, reduces enlarged pores.

No girl or woman can afford to omit it. It multiplies beauty. My White Youth Clay costs 50c and $1.

My Hair Youth

The cause of my luxuriant hair, thick and silky, finer far than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair, dandruff or a touch of gray.

A concentrated product combining many ingredients. I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. It tones and stimulates. No man or woman will omit it when they see what Hair Youth does. The cost is 50c and $1 with eyedropper.

My Face Powders

They are supreme creations. No face powders you have used can compare. Any face powder branded Edna Wallace Hopper is exquisite. They come in two types. One is a heavy, clinging, cold cream powder, in square box, $1.00. That is the type I like best. The other is light and fluffy, in round box, 50c.

All toilet counters supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty helps. If you send the coupon I will mail you a sample of any one you choose. Also my Beauty Book. Clip coupon now.

Your Choice Free

Insert your name and address. Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 719A-BC

White Youth Clay Youth Cream
Facial Youth Hair Youth

Name.....

Address.....

THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

We Are Honored by Proxy

A graceful tribute to the editor of THE DELINEATOR and a most satisfying recognition of one of this magazine's greatest contributions to public service were incidents of the official observance of Armistice Day in France last November. President Herriot conferred upon Mrs. William Brown Meloney the French Medal for State Service in appreciation of her years of work in developing the Better Homes in America movement. It will be recalled that this important national campaign for better homes, house furnishings and household equipment was originally a DELINEATOR editorial idea, then a service department of the magazine, finally growing to such proportions that only a specially organized public service institution could realize its full possibilities. Such an organization was perfected, with Herbert Hoover as President, Dr. James Ford of Harvard University as Executive Director, and with Mrs. Meloney carrying on as a member of the Advisory Council. Over in France, where unprecedented housing problems have had to be solved since the war, the Better Homes in America movement has been closely watched and many of its most successful features adopted by the French Government officials in charge of reconstruction. A characteristically courteous acknowledgment of Mrs. Meloney's contribution followed when the President of the Republic honored her publicly on his country's most sacred holiday.

Lincoln's Seafarin' Folks

If there is one American who is thoroughly identified with all the quaint charm of the New England seacoast community, typified by Cape Cod, it is Joseph C. Lincoln. Thanks to more than a score of novels preceding "The Peel Trait," which begins in this issue, Mr. Lincoln's Cape Cod folks are known the length and breadth of the land. Their drawling turns of speech, homely wisdom and whimsical individuality have become part of our universal knowledge of a sturdy strain of pioneer stock that has given much to shape and color our national character. Ask any American at random for his conception of the seafaring Down East Yankee and his answer will almost invariably be traceable to the same source—one or more of Mr. Lincoln's books. No other author we know of is so wholly at one in feeling and spirit with the character he draws, or so wholly saturated with the atmosphere and traditions of the one locality that provides an inexhaustible supply of material for his pen. All the reading world knows that the author is a native of the Cape and descendant of a long line of seagoing New Englanders, so his knowledge of their hearts and minds is obtained at first hand by a sympathetic observer who has the tremendous advantage of also being "an old-timer." A characteristic quality that marks all his work and that has a special appeal for the reader tired of cynical and "superior" fiction about small-time life is appreciatively recognized in the following comment by Hamlin Garland: "Joseph Lincoln is not only a novelist of wide reputation, he is a public benefactor. His success has in it something heartening and corrective. In the midst of work which appeals to the base and cynical in human life (American city life) his clean, wholesome, humorous stories of Cape Cod sea captains and their neighbors give evidence of the fact that there is a huge public for decent and homely fiction. His books can be read aloud in the family circle with joy to all the members of it—I know, for I have myself read eight or ten of them to my wife and daughters. They make no pretense of being profound, or new, or 'smart.' They are filled with the characters and the humor which are native to the Cape. Lincoln knows these Cape towns and their inhabitants as Irving Bacheller knows his men of the North Woods, for he was raised among them and lives in their neighborhood several months of each year. He looks like one of them, like an old skipper, hearty, unassuming and kindly. The task which he has set himself is one which calls for a keen sense of character, democracy of sentiment and a fancy which never—or very seldom—loses its hold on the solid ground of experience."

Personality in the Nursery

What is personality? Dr. Arnold Gesell, about whom more later, tells us in next month's issue that it is a compound of countless impressions and habits, likes and dislikes, of prejudices good and bad, of more or less conscious motives and compunctions, of wishes and striving and above all of habits of feeling. Having defined personality as it is understood by the psychologist, Doctor Gesell discusses its growth and direction in young children, pointing out that marked differentiation in personalities may be observed in infants before they are a year old. To a parent the problem is how to develop a child's personality to the best advantage, and Doctor Gesell's advice is explicit and authoritative. Doctor Gesell is Professor of Child Hygiene at Yale University and Director of the Yale Psycho-Clinic. His contribution to the "Happy Child" series has an important bearing on physical as well as mental health, for in childhood many of the traits that will be marked in later life depend on habits of eating, sleeping, rest, toilet and play.

And He Isn't the Only Man!

Our thanks are due to the anonymous reader who sent in the following anecdote in the form of a clipping, evidently taken from a Buffalo, N. Y., newspaper.

"Buffalo folk who were on a motor tour found themselves one evening in a rather sparsely settled farming country with the nearest village some twenty miles away. They were weary from having driven all day, and as the shades of night were falling fast, they determined to seek rest in the first available place that looked all right. Down the road a bit they came upon a farmhouse in front of which was a sign announcing that tourists might find lodging there. The farmer's wife said she could take them in if the young man—the party consisted of father, mother and son—would sleep on a couch in the parlor. He said he would. At the supper-table they discovered that the farmer's family was caring for another traveler, a tall, sad-looking gent who seemed to be touring alone. When the youth got ready to retire, he made his way to the parlor. He found the tall, sad-looking gent had preceded him to that room and was reading. The young man took a turn down the road and smoked three or four cigarets while waiting for the tall, sad-looking gent to vacate the parlor. When the youth returned, the farmer's wife encountered him and said cheerily: "Well, haven't you gone to bed yet?"

"No," said he, "I'd like to but I can't. That tall, solemn-looking guy is in my room. He's been in there for two hours reading THE DELINEATOR."

Reducing in Spots

In a letter written recently to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, head of THE DELINEATOR's Department of Home Decoration, a Charleston, West Virginia, woman wrote: "I am beginning to realize that I have not used my DELINEATOR as much as I should have." The writer of the letter was acknowledging assistance received from Mrs. Sanders's department by mail and had reference to her neglect of the supplementary service offered to readers aside from and in addition to the articles that appear in these pages. An excellent example of a service feature that will be of permanent value long after the article describing it has been lost or forgotten will appear in next month's issue, when Mr. Yost will write about "Reducing in Spots." There is now in preparation a pamphlet that will be offered to readers interested in the article who will take the trouble to write for it. Dr. Lillian E. Shaw, a woman doctor who has specialized in physical training for women, prepared a special set of reducing exercises for this pamphlet. The exercises have the indorsement of Mr. Yost and of Dr. George A. May, director of the Waterman Gymnasium at the University of Michigan, and are designed to reduce fat, safely and quickly, in the following specific places—with a separate exercise for each:

Lower Legs and Ankles
Abdomen and Waist
Hips and Thighs
Double Chin and "the Dowager's Cushion," *i.e.*, the pad of fat at the back of the neck
Upper Arms and Shoulders

The exercises are illustrated and explained in detailed description that would require a disproportionate amount of space in Mr. Yost's article. When you read it next month and find a note referring to the service pamphlet, remember that to those interested it is an important supplementary feature and only one of the hundreds on special subjects available to any reader of THE DELINEATOR.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

ONE of the largest *Chicago* mail-order houses has discontinued the sale of firearms in the interest of decreasing crime and protecting the public. Our personally compiled statistics show that *solitaire diamonds* start more trouble than all the shooting hardware in Christendom, so we stand by ready to applaud the first public-spirited diamond merchant who discontinues selling them ◈◈◈ The tottering tradition of chivalry has received two black eyes since the last gathering of our fair pew-holders. An obliging *New York City* young man offered his assistance to a young lady whose waist had become unfastened on the street. She had him arrested, and the judge nicked the young man's roll for twenty-five green certificates. Another knightly gallant, this time a conservative business man of *Pratt, Kansas*, took a suburban lady home in his automobile following an entertainment that concluded at 1 A.M. Our latest report indicated that he was expected to recover from the gunshot wounds inflicted by her unappreciative husband ◈◈◈ Our sympathy goes out to the *Jersey City, New Jersey*, salesman who became so moved at a motion-picture show that he reached out and squeezed the nearest hand. Unfortunately, the hand was attached to the arm of a sturdy policewoman who did her duty as she saw it, and the young man got ninety days in the hoosegow ◈◈◈ A native *Hindu* student, who prided himself on his familiarity with the idiomatic usage of English, lost his mother. His English-speaking friends thereupon received the following telegraphic report of her demise: "The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket" ◈◈◈ Little *Miss Doris Emma Foss*, age twelve, of *Tooting, England*, won first prize of 10 guineas in the 1924 "Safety First" Essay competition participated in by 183,000 children in the elementary schools of *London*. Here are some excerpts from her essay: "Women are far more careless than men in stepping off the pavement. A woman sees perhaps a hat in a shop-window on the other side. It is the right colour and the right price. Eagerly she steps into the road, straight in front of a cyclist perhaps. She goes home a sadder, but, we hope, a much wiser woman. If, however, it is a motor lorry she meets, she has no longer any use for hats. . . . I saw a man severely injured in his haste to greet a friend whom he had passed while in the bus. Instead of a pleasant conversation his friend gave details to the ambulance men. . . . Children, too, are often careless in crossing the road. They are very, very careful sometimes, but there comes a day when their ball or hoop rolls into the road, and after it they dash all in the midst of the traffic. Many parents have deeply regretted the day they bought the toy and did not warn their children to risk losing their plaything rather than their life. Children, especially boys, are persistent in that extremely dangerous game of hanging on the back of carts. Warning after warning has fallen on deaf ears—and it would be interesting to know exactly how many of the 6,000 children who were injured in London were so through this very game" ◈◈◈ During the last hotly contested parliamentary elections in *England*, politicians adopted the American custom of sending automobiles for tardy and incapacitated voters. A London newspaper reports that a woman voter at *Woking*, hearing that free rides were obtainable, went twice by omnibus to the polling-place to ask that a motor car be sent to fetch her ◈◈◈ Of late we have been making some scientific investigation in the direction of applying labor-saving efficiency methods in the home. As a result we find that a great deal of energy is wasted in stirring tea and coffee beyond the point necessary to dissolve the sugar. We find that the average person makes 17 complete circuits of the cup per two lumps of sugar, whereas 7½ are all that are necessary. Besides the unnecessary wear and tear on spoon and cup, it is estimated that this amounts to 3,467 lost motions per cup per annum ◈◈◈ A *New Bedford, Massachusetts*, woman has applied for a divorce after waiting 41 years for the return of her husband. After three days of married life the man shipped on a whaling vessel and has never been heard from since ◈◈◈ A farmer of *Ebersbach, Bohemia*, enjoyed smoking so much that in his will he requested that his pipe and tobacco pouch be buried with him. When he died, his wife not only honored his wishes but generously contributed a box of matches.



If about to build or remodel write for 64-page catalogue "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home.



"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
Pittsburgh



Her face,...her hands,...her hair...

this simple care safeguards their beauty

THE girls of the present generation have been accused of a willingness to try any kind of beauty treatment, preparation, or method that anyone is ingenious enough to devise.

We can't help thinking, "Well, why shouldn't they try them?" For that is how the spirit of youth works—it learns by trying, it grows by adventure. The scientific fact that a girlish complexion ordinarily needs nothing but pure soap and water to keep it glowing with health is too simple an idea for youth —there's no fun in it.

Probably little permanent harm will often come of these youthful experiments because young skin has marvelous powers of recuperation. The real risk is run by the woman who has passed early youth.

As one grows older, the skin gradually loses its ability to resist damage. Proper care will preserve its beauty, but dermatologists agree that constant strenuous treatments and the use of "foods" and "revivers" enlarge the pores, stretch the tissues, and make the skin tender and supersensitive.

These same authorities say that if all these artificial efforts are supplanted by daily face baths with warm water and a pure soap, the skin has been given as fine a treatment as it can have. Proper rinsing, a dash of cold water, thorough drying, and a bit of pure cold cream complete the simple operation. If Ivory is used, you are sure of thorough, yet safe and gentle cleansing, for Ivory is pure—as fine a soap as can be had at any price.

For youth, maturity and age; for face, hands, hair and bath, Ivory Soap offers all that you can rightfully expect from any soap. Yet its cost is negligible.

Procter & Gamble

The scientific basis *for the use of* SOAP

The following set of principles has been endorsed by 1169 physicians of highest standing and is offered as an authoritative guide to women in their use of soap for the skin:

1 The function of soap for the skin is to cleanse, not to cure or transform.

2 Soap performs a very useful function for normal skins by keeping the skin clean.

3 If there is any disease of the skin which soap irritates, a physician should be seen.

4 To be suitable for general daily use, a soap should be pure, mild and neutral.

5 If the medicinal content of a soap is sufficient to have an effect upon the skin, the soap should be used only upon the advice of a physician.

6 In all cases of real trouble, a physician's advice should be obtained before treatment is attempted.

PHYSICIANS *consider these principles fundamental:*

"In my opinion the platform to present the essential information about soap and its use for the skin is correct. The facts therein should be given to the public."

"This sort of education is sorely needed and ought to do much good."

"This is a timely presentation of the case."

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % PURE IT FLOATS

New Size

Guest IVORY

the dainty new cake of Ivory, made especially for face and hands, costs but 5 cents. 5¢

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THE DELINEATOR

APRIL 1925



FROM A PAINTING BY FLORENCE GARDINER

HERBERT HOOVER JOSEPH C. LINCOLN SOPHIE KERR

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EASTER FASHIONS

TWENTY CENTS THE COPY

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

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Bon Ami

It's fun to clean with it!

"Isn't that fun, darling? That's just the way your grandma taught me to use Bon Ami when I was a little girl like you!"

With a damp rag, cover the glass with the soft, filmy Bon Ami lather. In a minute it dries. A whisk with a clean, dry cloth, and away goes all the dirt and Bon Ami. And see how clear and sparkling the window is—you really have to look twice to see if it's still there.

"*White Magic*"—that's what Bon Ami truly is! It blots up dust and grime without hard rubbing, never scratches, nor does it redden or roughen the hands. For over thirty years women have used Bon Ami to clean and polish many things about the house. See the list at the right.

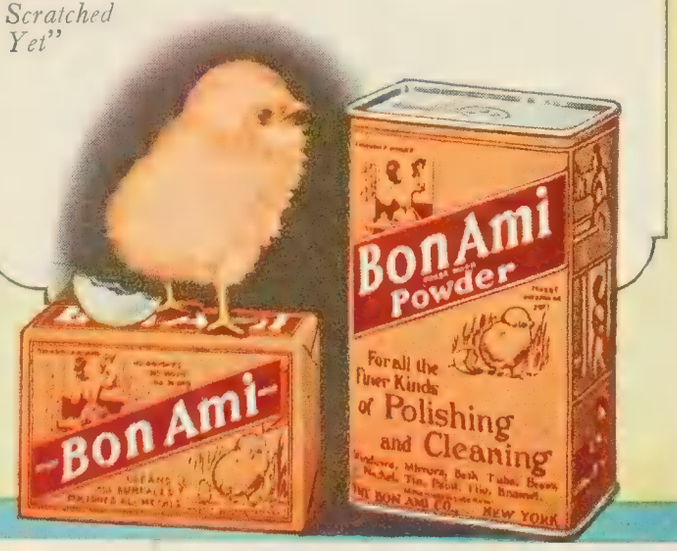
THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs, Tiling	Windows
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
Glass Baking Dishes	White Shoes
White Woodwork	The Hands
Aluminum, Brass, Copper and Nickel	Linoleum and Congoleum

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"





THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director



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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

THE WOMAN'S WORLD FAIR

ON THE eighteenth of April" in—not "seventy-five" but—nineteen twenty-five there will be a commemoration of the famous ride of Paul Revere—with changes. Chicago will be the place, instead of Boston and its environs. The rider will be a woman, one of America's daredevil rodeo champions. And the occasion will be the opening of an exposition dedicated entirely to woman and her work, and called "The Woman's World Fair."

This is the first time that woman has held the stage exclusively in a national exposition. Every exhibit will be about her, showing what she does, what she uses, and what she achieves.

Prominent women from all corners of the country who have achieved eminence in specific activities—political, executive, literary, professional—will be present themselves as living exemplars of feminine progress. There will be many eyes opened and brows lifted to see how far they have forged ahead in their specialized endeavors.

What the less spectacular group of farm women has done is of particular interest. One of them has established a delivery of goat's milk for babies. Mothers whose children have ever been put on a diet of this milk will appreciate this service, for they know how difficult it is to obtain in pure, good condition.

Another woman produces certified cows' milk that has a record of keeping sweet for twenty-two days. A quantity of it which was shipped to a sick baby in London was used and found fresh on its seventeenth day. Sixteen hundred quarts leave this woman-managed dairy daily, to carry their weight in nourishment and health to infants within a radius of many hundred miles.

Women who are in banking will stage an exhibit of their activities, including a budget section to give expert advice on the necessary financial regulation of household expenditures.

Well-known department stores will show the part that women employees have in running their businesses, not only in buying and selling, but in actual store management.

Clubs will exhibit their activities: social, educational and political. And philanthropic societies will demonstrate the good work that they are doing to lighten the sum of human misfortune.

From the ends of the country during that week of April eighteenth to twenty-fifth, inclusive, women will be flocking to Chicago to see their very own show. For it is planned to have every State in the Union represented, so that the Fair may be as inclusively national as it is intensively feminine. It promises great results: a complete demonstration of a multitude of facts, every one of which is essentially interesting to women; an education to the whole world of what women are using, what they are thinking, what they are doing. It should be of interest to manufacturers as well as to individuals. It should point the way to progress in little things as well as in big things.

THE GIRL WHO WON A HOUSE

ONE of the most constructive forces in American democracy is the public-service spirit which has grown up in our great industries.

During the past year all of the lighting associations of the country combined to establish an educational commission to teach the principles of correct lighting. This commission found that the eyesight of America was being damaged by the wrong use of artificial illumination. It set up, therefore, at the cost of a large fortune, a national headquarters in New York City and a laboratory for research work in Cleveland, Ohio, where scientists were brought together to study lighting problems.

Then a campaign was planned among the children in our public schools, and a primer was prepared to show the simple truths about correct lighting. Prizes of a fifteen-thousand-dollar house and of ten separate scholarships were offered to those children who wrote the best essays on home lighting and filled out information sheets reporting the correction of lighting facilities in their own homes and in the home of one neighbor. Finally, educators and engineers from various parts of the country met in New York City to make the final awards.

The first prize was won by Julia Groo, of Portland, Oregon. This schoolgirl's essay will be printed in newspapers over the country and will be the subject of comment by Dr. Matthew Luckiesh, an eminent lighting specialist whose articles have appeared in THE DELINEATOR.

There were, in all, 45,000 district prize compositions submitted from 4,784 cities and communities. One million primers were filled out and submitted by interested school children. It took months for a corps of lighting specialists and teachers to sift these entries, which finally were brought down to forty-eight. The choice of the first winner was a difficult task.

The good accomplished by The Lighting Educational Committee can not be estimated. At least one million school children have learned that light on their reading and study books should fall over the left shoulder, that a certain strength of light should be used for a given space, and that no electric-light bulb should ever be left unshaded. They know also that a light at the cellar steps saves many a fatal fall; and they can tell you where the hall light should hang in order to make the use of the stairs safe. They know that father has two sides to his face and that a double light is needed in the bathroom where he shaves. They know that a closet light which automatically shuts off by the closing of the door costs very little to install and practically nothing to maintain. They can tell their mothers where the kitchen light should be so that she may work safely and comfortably at both stove and sink. And they know how many inches the dining-room light should hang above the table.

These are just a few of the important lessons that school children have learned from The Lighting Educational Committee. The public owes a vote of thanks to the industry which has made this contribution to education.



SPRING SONG

Who, walking in the world, shall see
New green upon a white birch tree—
Let him look up as he passes by,
For there is beauty to his eye.

And who walks where a brook is flowing
And comes upon wild iris growing—
Let him be stopped, and let him stand,
For there is beauty to his hand.

But who, in the drawn dusk, shall hear
A wood-thrush singing, lone and sheer—
Let him be healed, let him be whole,
For there is beauty to his soul.

DANA BURNET

FROM AN OHIO KITCHEN

EVERY honest effort bears fruit. We do not always live to see the maturity of our dreams, but if we have dreamed honestly and worked earnestly, there is left behind us some monument in stone or wood or that divine spark, the human soul.

So it was with a little group of women in a small Ohio town five years ago, who worked against obstacles and with little support toward the unpretentious exhibit of a model kitchen. At the end of their campaign they at least had the compensation of the approval of a few local people and praise from their distinguished visitor, the President of the United States. And now——

"And now that is over," said one of the weary women.

But it was only the beginning. Out of the earnest efforts of that small group striving to better their own little community grew an idea which became an international movement—Better Homes in America. This work is now four years old. It has spread into every State of the Union and into foreign countries. It was organized with exhibits in two thousand seven hundred communities last year. It has brought about a change in public-school education in many cities. It has put the teaching of home-making on an equal footing with the teaching of chemistry, carpentry, stenography or any other occupation.

This work, begun in an Ohio kitchen, was launched in 1921 by THE DELINEATOR and grew until it was necessary to incorporate it as a public-service organization, with Herbert Hoover as its president. Harvard University has loaned Dr. James Ford for National Director.

If there has never been a Better Homes campaign in your town, write to Doctor Ford at 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. And read "What Men Should Know About Homes," by Herbert Hoover, on page eleven of this issue of THE DELINEATOR. It has a message for you and your husband and your son.

HEALTH AND POUNDS

EVERY little while some woman drops dead on a tennis-court, or dies of tuberculosis or some other wasting disease, and she and the family doctor know that death began when somebody said to her, "Why don't you reduce?" or "Have you heard about the new diet that will make you thin?"

Too much weight can be as dangerous as too little—but that is no reason why you should take the advice of an amateur about your diet. Surely you wouldn't get a carpenter to take out your appendix!

Life depends upon food. The intelligent use of it can preserve health, and in many cases cure those who are ill.

But perhaps you have too much weight. Perhaps you are worrying because the scales register another added pound.

THE DELINEATOR has asked Dr. Lillian E. Shaw, a woman physician who has specialized in physical education, to prepare a book for its readers on how to reduce pounds and increase health. Turn to page fourteen of this issue and read the article entitled "Reducing in Spots," by Fielding H. Yost.

Next month, Mr. Yost begins a series of articles on health clubs; why you should join one or organize one, and how to do it.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 108

Taking Boarders

By

VERA L. CONNOLLY

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



THE DESK IN MY ROOM IS THE ACTUAL HEADQUARTERS OF MY BUSINESS



CAREFUL MARKETING IS MOST IMPORTANT IN RUNNING A BOARDING-HOUSE

Are you a landlady—or a mere boarder—or neither? You'll want to hear what Vera Connolly says about the modern variations of that ancient institution, the boarding-house



Drawing by Courtney Allen

THE HANDY BUFFET STOCKED WITH GOODIES IS ONE OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE OUR BOARDERS FEEL AT HOME

"OH, DON'T live in a boarding-house! Take a furnished room and cook on a gas-jet. Do anything! You know what boarding-houses are!" Thus, twenty years ago, one's friends received the news that one intended to board.

To-day all that is changed. Indeed, one might say it is comically different.

"Yes, I know of a lovely boarding-place, my dear," a fashionably gowned silver-haired woman was heard lamenting to her niece in a city tea-room one day last Fall; "but you'll never be able to get in there. They always have a waiting-list. It's a big farmhouse two miles out on the Rosedale trolley. One family has lived there for generations. The service is perfectly remarkable. They use their own old silver and mahogany. And, my dear, they serve dinner with tall white candles in candlesticks that have been in the family for a hundred and fifty years."

Boarding-house? Tall white candles? Has the world gone mad?

That was what the writer of this article—who had shamelessly eavesdropped—asked herself as the two ladies rose and departed. It had been fifteen years since she had had occasion to board. And meantime, apparently, the industry had undergone an amazing transformation.

Consumed with curiosity and friendly interest, the eavesdropper rose, left the tea-room and caught the next trolley for Rosedale. She would see some of these newfangled boarding-houses. White candles and mahogany! It seemed incredible. Or, if all that loveliness, what of the food?

She stepped from the trolley and looked around her. All about lay the beauty of hills and fields. No house was near except the one she had come to visit: a big green-shuttered white farmhouse with an upper and lower gallery across the front and a big ell at the side. It stood in stately dignity on a rise of ground partly screened from the road by old trees.

The visitor strolled up the path, crossed the lower gallery, with its comfortable rockers and rugs and tip-top tables, and rapped on the open front door, peeping meantime into a wide Colonial hall and two parlors furnished in rare old mahogany.

Presently a little colored maid appeared, seated the stranger in the left-hand parlor, and departed with the assurance that her mistress would be in in a moment.

The visitor looked about her, spellbound. Where, oh where, was the mustiness, the dingy carpet, the smell of last week's food, the nasal gramophone, the "joshing" drummer, the raucous din and clatter of the boarding-house of a past day? Gone!

"You wanted to see me?"

The hostess had entered; a charming woman of middle age, with her white hair in a quaint braid around her head.

The visitor explained her errand. For the sake of other women who might wish to enter the work, she had come to see this most modern of all boarding-houses and to get the facts about it. She also wished to learn whether this house was an exception, or only one of many up-to-date boarding-houses which were, in one way or another, smashing the gloomy old traditions of the past.

"You know what boarding-houses used to be," concluded the visitor. "Stew, dark halls, dirty rooms, bad food, worse tempers."

The proprietor smiled and nodded. She knew.

"But that kind has almost passed out of existence. Nowadays the proprietors keep up to date. They buy the best and charge enough to maintain decent standards. Besides, most of them specialize. Specializing—that's the newest trend in this business."

When asked what she meant by "specialize," she explained that in a community near by there was an attractive boarding place where only elderly folk were taken. To get accommodations, one had to be over sixty and of such social status as to be acceptable to the others. As a result, the place was full of distinguished old people, some of them former celebrities. The rates ranged from fourteen dollars to twenty-five dollars a week for one person.

"Then I know of a boarding place that caters particularly to people with stomach disorders," she went on. "And one that has a tea-room connected with it, and serves meals to seventy-five government clerks a day. And one where there isn't any dining-room, but the meals are sent up on trays. And one where the bedrooms are all furnished like living-rooms, so business girls can receive their beaus—if they leave the door open. And still another that caters to bachelors only. Then there are the quiet country places like this."

Questioned as to when she began to take paying guests, she replied that she had begun it thirty years before, when she wanted money of her own to spend on improvements which her husband, a successful farmer, considered non-essential. At first he had opposed her plan, but she finally won out. She and her husband and son moved into a cottage on the place, she inserted an advertisement in the newspapers of a near-by city, and as a result she had the big house filled all Summer.

For fifteen years the family made this move each Summer, and she ran her business in the big house. As fast as the profits came in, she began to renovate the shabby interior of the old house and then to improve the grounds. Finally she helped build the ell which the family has had as a permanent house for fifteen years.

"Now," she concluded, "I keep the big house and the cottage full of guests all Summer, and the house full all Winter as well. I charge from twelve dollars to eighteen dollars a week for room and board for one person, and from twenty-four dollars to thirty-two dollars a week for two in one room. The guests eat here; and usually I have about twelve at table. I do all my own cooking. The little maid you saw does the serving. I wash the dishes and she dries them. And we both clean the house."

She added that, as a result of her work, she and her husband now own a home beautiful outside and in, property which will some day fetch a big price; and besides she has a comfortable bank account of her own.

"You'll stay for dinner, of course!" she insisted.

And the visitor accepted, curious to know what sort of food was served in this quaint, artistic substitute for the stodgy boarding-house of a past day.

The question was answered two hours later, when she found herself seated at the oval table, lighted only by the white candles, listening to the chat of a group of cultivated, traveled people, and sampling course after course of the delicious dinner brought in by the little maid.

As she hastened trolleyward later with some addresses of other up-to-date boarding-houses in her pocket, she thought of that perfect establishment, and marveled.

The next day the spinster proprietor of one of the most successful boarding-houses in a near-by city—the place which caters particularly to people with stomach ills—said to the visitor: "I think people need plenty of fresh air, properly cooked food, and a cheerful atmosphere. And though this isn't a sanitarium—it's just a boarding-house—still I do try to keep the healthy people healthy and to help those who have ruined their stomachs with wrong eating."

She declared that the opportunity she offered her guests to eat properly was so appreciated that some of them had been with her since the dining-room had opened, many of them having been cured of serious stomach ills.

This proprietor has one cook who comes to help get breakfast, goes away and returns to help with dinner. No lunch is served. The proprietor has carefully trained this woman to cook and combine foods digestibly. But she never fails to supervise the preparation of the meals herself. A colored boy serves the tables. The proprietor does all the up-stairs work.

She caters to about forty table-boarders: fourteen of whom live there in the house, sixteen of whom live near by in two four-room apartments she rents for the purpose, and ten of whom come in from the neighborhood. She charges from six dollars to twelve dollars a week for table-board (two meals a day) for one person. A separate dinner is sixty cents on week days, seventy-five cents on Sunday. No special rates are made for children.

"Men are usually the most difficult to please, aren't they?" inquired the visitor.

"Oh, no! Quite the reverse. I much prefer catering to men. In the morning they hurry up and get out. And in the dining-room they don't talk personalities. They discuss the big subjects of the day, and I love to listen to them. I always ask my guests when they come to help us keep the dinner-hour cheerful by entering into the friendly discussions we have. We avoid personalities

Continued on page 102

The thrill of a home *health-cleaned* this modern way



THE MAGIC DROPS

JUST *a few drops of "Lysol" in the water whenever you clean, transform mere surface cleaning to health-cleaning. No extra work or trouble.*



A great satisfaction that may be yours without effort

EVERY woman knows the joy and relief of a house just cleaned and in order. But this satisfaction is twice as keen to the modern housewife whose work is not a mere surface soap-and-water removal of dust, but a *health-cleaning* that purifies her home of the invisible germs which daily threaten the health and safety of her family.

This highly important health-cleaning entails no additional work or trouble, requires no extra energy. One very simple operation is sufficient to accomplish it. Just put a few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant in your cleaning water *every time you clean.*

It protects your family from disease

HEALTH authorities will tell you that to reduce the danger of illness, your home must be kept purified of the myriad of tiny germs that abound everywhere. These germs do not linger long in the air. They alight on *all surfaces.* They are to be found on your tables, chair arms, door knobs, door jambs, bannisters—a hundred danger-spots where hands, big and little, may rest.

You must destroy these germs if you would protect your family from them. Soap-and-water is insufficient to kill them, but the magic drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant destroy them instantly.

"Lysol's" three valuable properties

"LYSOL" has three valuable properties that make it indispensable to the modern housewife. 1. *It deodorizes.* Your home is left sweet and fresh. 2. *It purifies.* 3. *Its soapy nature helps to clean as it disinfects.*

You will be surprised to find how the "Lysol" solution helps you in cleaning white woodwork. Finger spots are disinfected and removed like lightning. Floors are cleaned, nickel and white tiling are polished. Your home is cleaned better and more quickly by the added help of these magic drops.

Never be without "Lysol" for your daily cleaning. Put it in your cleaning water—a tablespoonful to a quart—every time you clean. Thus your home is kept safe to guard the precious health of your family.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., 635 Greenwich Street, New York City. Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC., New York. Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

New facts

about protecting your health in this "Lysol" Health Library

—send for free set

THE span of life has increased fifteen years within the last generation, through the new methods scientists have learned for the prevention of disease.

The "Lysol" Health Library is a set of three pocket booklets, containing the latest suggestions of health authorities for protecting the health and prolonging the lives of yourself and your family.

The first book, "Health Safeguards in the Home," is filled with simple practical suggestions. The second is for wives themselves, "The Scientific Side of Youth and Beauty," while the third, "When Baby Comes," should be in the hands of every prospective mother.

A free set of this Health Library is waiting for you. Fill out the coupon and we will send it by return mail.

CONTINUE—*as you have always done—to disinfect with a stronger "Lysol" solution the familiar germ-breeding spots, garbage pail, toilet bowl, drain pipes.*



Lysol Disinfectant
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LEHN & FINK, INC., *Sole Distributors*
Dept. J-25, 635 Greenwich Street
New York City

I should like to have a free set of your Library of Health. Please send it to me by return mail.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....



OHIO

"I am so impressed by the many good qualities of P and G The White Naphtha Soap, that I am moved to send this note of commendation. The use of this soap not only makes clothes whiter but at the same time lends such a clean odor and makes cleaning so easy, that I am sure there is no soap quite so good for the general household. P and G means 'perfectly great' to me."

Mrs. W. J. S.,
Dayton, Ohio

OHIO *and* ARIZONA

2,000 *miles apart, but neighbors in their choice of this* white *laundry soap*

IF you should travel from Cleveland, say, across Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas to Tucson, you would scarcely expect to find the women in Arizona enthusiastically using exactly the same laundry soap as those in Ohio used.

Nevertheless, as you looked out upon the lines of glistening white clothes, you could be sure that the majority of them had been washed with P and G The White Naphtha Soap, because P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in Ohio and Arizona, just as it is in most of the other states covered by your trip, and in the country at large.

What a recommendation for a soap! And how much it really means to you!

For it is clear that such wide favor must be based upon good reasons.

And it is. Here are the outstanding ones, as given to us by women themselves—women who have used all kinds of soaps and have decided for P and G.

P and G is *white*, and women who are careful and discriminating seem instinctively to prefer a white soap.

P and G keeps *clothes* white and colors fresh, because it washes clean.

P and G washes clean with less labor because it gives a fine, rich suds—in any kind of water, and in water of any temperature.

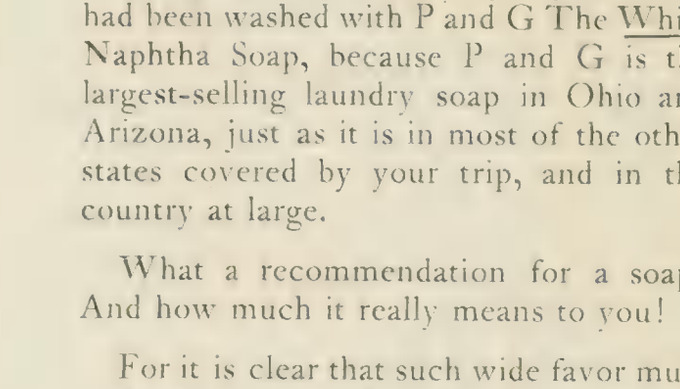
P and G requires much less hard rubbing, much less frequent boiling. Yet it is *safe*—it acts on dirt, not on fabrics or colors.

Finally, P and G rinses out thoroughly, thus preventing all grayness and soap odors.

Just try P and G for a few weeks and watch your clothes regain their fresh, new look. See how much time and labor it saves. Use it for all your household cleaning, too.

There is no mystery about the national supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



ARIZONA

"When I first began to keep house, laundering and dishwashing were two of my biggest worries. Finally someone suggested that I try P and G Naphtha Soap. I did and found it entirely satisfactory as my using it for the past three years will testify. It cleans the clothing with less rubbing and does not injure delicate fabrics; it makes a suds in the hardest of water without the additional use of washing powders; and it does not hurt the hands."

Mrs. L. D. S.,
Globe, Arizona



© 1925, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati



Drawing by Joseph Simont

DAWN

The tale of a radiant Easter faith

By

MONTANYE PERRY

"PHILIP! Awake now, my boy, I have news for thee."

Sleepily the boy turned, stretched his slim figure to full length on the narrow mat that was his bed, opened his dark eyes and lay for a moment smiling up at his mother. She was moving with quiet briskness about the small room, neatly rolling the mat on which she had slept, bending to stir the porridge which bubbled over a fire of charcoal, placing wooden bowls, goblets and a jar of milk on the low bench close to the open door.

"It must be good news, my mother. Hast found a bag of gold with which to pay the tax?" he asked mischievously

"A way has been opened to earn a sufficient sum," she answered. "Last evening, after you slept, came a servant from the great house of Abidan. He, with his family, will start this morning for Jerusalem. He can not take his mother, who is old and of little strength, and he would have me stay in his house and care for her until his return."

"It will be pleasant there in the big house, with the green gardens and fountains inside. I am glad for thee," said the boy quickly, "and I can care for little Rhoda. Thou knowest I will let no harm come near her."

The woman's eyes filled with quick tears. "I know thou art always thoughtful and kind to our poor little blind one," she said. "But it is a long time to leave two children alone. Still thou knowest how to bathe and dress thy sister, and how to cook the porridge and the eggs and to cut the bread and fruits. Should there be any need, our neighbor Anna will advise thee. Bring water from the spring to-day that there may be no need to go from our gate after the sunset brings the Sabbath."

"I will be faithful, my mother," the boy promised.

He had risen now, rolled his sleeping-mat, placed it on the shelf beside his mother's and donned a long blouse of linen, the color of his bare tanned legs. A scarlet belt caught the blouse at the waist. His cheeks were flushed with the adventure of this new trust

At a bench by the open door they ate, seated on cushions placed on the rush-strewn floor. The tiny cottage stood near the city of Jericho, facing eastward, and they could see now the blue and gold of the morning sky, and the Jordan, a silver splinter through the green forests.

"Next year thy uncle will take thee up to the Holy City to the feast," the mother said.

Quick color sprang again to the boy's cheeks. His eyes darkened, as if even now he looked on splendid walls, and snowy terraces and roofs of gleaming gold. His lips shaped themselves to the words of one of the pilgrim songs, and as he rose with his mother to clear away their simple meal he sang:

"Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!
For there are set thrones of judgment,
The thrones of the House of David!"

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NO MAN'S GIFT

If love be not given, shall it be snatched?

Don't miss this absorbing answer to a big human problem

By
SOPHIE KERR



Drawings by S. George Phillips.

"WHY—WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?" HE ASKED HIMSELF. BUT HE DIDN'T TAKE HIS EYES OFF THE GIRL

THE taste of his success was honey in Alec Bard's mouth. He held his back straight as a ram-rod, he looked at the crops of the men round about—his neighbors and good farmers, too—with mingled pity and insolence. Try as they would they could not reach his abundance. Their corn was not so tall nor its ears so heavy and full-ringed. Their oats made a lighter stand. The heads of their wheat did not hang down, as did his, with the weight of the grain. Their clover-fields were not so deep and thick with the rich green and rose which would presently be transmuted by knife and sun into a dried and perfumed food for his placid blooded cattle. No, the other men were good—but not so good as Bard. He was the live one, he was the clever one, he knew how.

Looking at these things, thinking of these things, Alec Bard was intensely happy. "There's not a thing in the world I want," he told himself as he rode one day across the farm.

When a man says that there is nothing in the world he wants, he is tempting the gods, the high ironic gods that find something very mirthful in disproving all positive statements. Toward Alec Bard and his boast they turned their darkling laughter. Here was a man who avowed he wanted nothing! Ho, ho—a jest indeed!

Alec Bard then entered his house—his good, clean brick house, set among trees and flowering bushes. When she heard his step, his housekeeper, a spare and dignified colored woman, her head bound with a scarlet-and-gold handkerchief tied in a voodoo knot, hastened to bring his dinner.

Having dined and rung the one-o'clock bell that called his hired men back to work, Alec Bard went up-stairs to his bare, clean room, shaved and put on a white shirt and ready-made suit and his town hat. It was Saturday afternoon and he was going to town for money to pay his help and for such supplies as Elvira needed. He would not ride, but would go in his little car, though he hated it and only used it because it meant real economy of time and afforded a carrier for his purchases.

Elvira said briefly: "Soap, couple cans lye, new broom, sugar, coffee, sirup, hominy and salt herrin'," and gave her voodoo knot a still higher pitch over her placid brow. By thus warding off evil influences Elvira helped to maintain the prosperity of her employer.

UNAWARE of Elvira's easy magic, unaware of the ironic gods leaning to take up his challenge of the morning, Alec Bard wrote down the list of groceries and started his car.

Other cars were on the road, but they were mostly going townward, too, and he met few people.

He did not mind being alone, but thought again of his clean, smart farm, his house, his orchards, his cattle, his money in the bank, his riding-horse, his plentiful good food, and he knew that he himself had wrought these solid satisfactions. No one had helped him. He had worked—Lord, how he had worked, but who minds working when it gets you what you want? And now he'd got everything! And he was thirty-five.

Ten years ago he had come through this peaceful long-settled country. He'd had a few hundred dollars in his pocket, and the old Tabler place was for sale. No one wanted it. The crowd at the auction agreed that it was worn out. Still, it was a real bargain, for the heirs to the old farm would take most anything.

Alec Bard listened to all the idle chatter at the town auction-rooms and, moved by an impulse he did not try to check, had bid on the place and bought it, sight unseen.

"No Man's Gift." Maybe it was that name, relic of the day of the Cecils, that touched his imagination, his pride. He, Alec Bard, wanted no man's gift. "No Man's Gift." It was a fine name, a name to pull every cent out of a man's pocket and harness him to labor.

In the store there was the usual Saturday afternoon crowd, and he had to wait. And, as he waited, a girl entered and brushed against him, a girl in a blue dress that matched her eyes, a slim girl, a sweet girl, a serious girl and quite unconscious of Alec Bard. And something made a quick, confused clamor in his bosom, and his head seemed to be whirring round madly like a paper windmill. "Why—what's the matter with me?" he asked himself, amazed at these phenomena. But he didn't take his eyes off the girl.

She walked past him and stood beside a farmer's wife who was buying gingham and, as that good lady took her parcel, the girl gave her order to Tom Willets, the second clerk. Alec Bard knew that he would remember to his dying day every word she said.

"A pint bottle of vinegar, please, Tom, and half a pound of butter, and—well—I suppose I'll have to have a pound of sugar."

Alec Bard stared at her. She was delicately made. Her colors were flowers' colors. Even her hair, reddish brown, suggested the tones of the scented wallflowers that grew in clumps along his back fence. But who was she? He waited, breathing impatience until she had gone.

"Who was that lady you just waited on, Tom?"

Tom welcomed a space of conversation to break the rush of Saturday trade.

"That was Miss Kitty Pratt, Mr. Bard—old Judge Pratt's daughter. You know—judge died couple years ago." He lowered his voice to confidence. "Between you and me, I reckon Miss Kitty and her mother are havin' a right hard time to get along. Judge didn't leave much. Miss Kitty's tryin' to get a school to teach come Fall. Now, what's your order, Mr. Bard?"

"I tell you what, Tom. You put up an order of everything you think maybe Mrs. Pratt might need and send it up to the house and charge it to me. Old Judge Pratt was mighty kind to me once when I needed it—I don't like to think of his wife and daughter being scrimped."

But Tom knew better. "My Lord, Mr. Bard, I wouldn't dast do it. They'd fly right in my face. You can't send them two ladies food—no, sir. They're real

blue-bloods. I'd love to do as you say—but it'd only mean carting the stuff out there and cartin' it back."

ALEC BARD was disappointed, yet he liked the thought of those two women, hungry perhaps, but not objects of charity. He understood.

Instead of going to see about a tractor, after he had finished at the grocery store, he walked out to the residence end of the town and presently neared the Pratt place. He knew it, its white columns beginning to rot, its old-fashioned wooden-gate with ball-topped posts falling in decay. The grass was not cut, the shrubbery was untrimmed, but through a thicket of spirea he saw a flash of blue, and he went in.

She was trying to nail a broken step together and she rose, hammer in hand. The composed, questioning gaze of her eyes embarrassed him. He did not know how to speak to her.

"Let me do that, miss," he said. "It won't hold that way."

She surrendered the hammer. "Oh, but—why should you trouble—it's very kind——"

He did not answer until the step was sound again. "Nobody'll trip on that," he assured her, still oddly eager and tremulous and uncertain.

"But who *are* you?" asked Kitty Pratt. "Do let me thank you. Did you want to see—mother, perhaps?"

"I'm Alec Bard," he said awkwardly. She made him feel ignorant and common. "I've got a farm seven miles out Tuckahoe way. I heard that your mother'd like to sell this place, and I thought I'd drop by and find out."

"I only wish mother would sell!" She put her case frankly before him. "But she won't." Her blue eyes sheeted with thin tears, but she winked them away. "Mother can't bear to leave this place—but we can't keep it up—it's all falling to rack and ruin—" she made a gesture of hopelessness with her slender hands. "Who said we wanted to sell?" she asked.

"I overheard some people talking in the post-office. You don't think, maybe, if she got a good price——"

"No, she wouldn't. Women live on sentiment, you know."

"I don't know. I don't know any women."

"You don't know any women—you're not a native here, then."

"No, I'm not. But I've lived here ten years. I've got a farm out Tuckahoe way—" he stopped, confused. He had said that before.

"I believe I've heard of you," said Kitty Pratt. "You're the Mr. Bard who takes all the prizes at the fair, aren't you?"

"I get a good share," admitted Alec, with unusual humility.

"And grows the enormous corn and sweet potatoes, I've read about you in the *Weekly*. Well, if you've got such a place, what do you want to buy a home in town for?"

"It was more—more as a kind of speculation," he improvised. "Besides, I hate to see good property go down."

"So do I. And I did try to cut the grass. But the mower's broken, and there's nothing but an old sickle that wouldn't cut jelly."

"Let me see the mower—maybe there's just a screw loose or something." Any excuse to stay in her presence, to look at her, to hear her speak.

"Why—" She hesitated, amused. This strange man who wanted to buy the house, who nailed the steps, who demanded to see the lawn-mower, was something outside of Kitty Pratt's experience, though it had not been narrow.

"I'm used to tools and machines," he went on, and the pressure of his will, his eager, uncertain will, forced her to turn and lead the way round the house to the tumble-down shed where the lawn-mower lay rusted, disconsolate. Alec Bard lifted it to the light, turned the creaking knives, tested the wheels. He seized a nail from the floor and scraped at various spots, shook the handle. It was rusty and dusty, but it was sound.

"You got any oil?" he asked. "Machine-oil?"

"I really don't know—old Unc' Zeb always took care of things—the best old darky—but he died last Winter—and I've not had any one else——"

Hadn't been able to pay any one else, he knew it. He glanced about, and there on the beam sat the oil-can, unmistakable. He lifted it down, shook it, tilted it here and there expertly. The knives began to revolve with unwilling ease.

"It just needed oiling," he said. "Lawn-mowers have got to be oiled a lot." He was conscious of her near him, the blue skirt almost touched his shoulder. "I'll just try it, if you don't mind."

HE BEGAN to cut the grass where it was worst. Up and down he went, and the sound brought a frail old lady to the veranda.

"Kitty," she asked, "who is it—who's cutting the grass?"

Kitty resolved herself into firmness, still tinged with that flicker of amusement. She nodded to her mother and approached the lawn-mower and its attendant. "You really mustn't go on—I can't let you," she said. "Come and meet my mother. No, you must not—" she planted herself directly before the machine and stopped it. He hesitated, smiled sheepishly, and followed her toward the veranda.

"This is Mr. Bard, mother," said Kitty. "He came in on business and has been staying to take pity on my ignorance of the lawn-mower. He lives down in Tuckahoe."

The old lady's eyes were as blue as Kitty's, but cold. Under their criticism Alec Bard felt his big hands sticking out from his sleeves, was conscious that his suit did not fit, that he needed a hair-cut.

"That's very nice of him, I'm sure," said Mrs. Pratt, as if she were speaking of a servant. "Very nice and kind. And what business did you come on, Mr. Bard, if you please?"

And he, Alec Bard, let this little old half-fed aristocrat awe and confuse him. There wasn't a trace of his dominance, his boasting, left in him. She had something he hadn't, that he never had, that he couldn't get. The ironic gods had begun their work well.

Then his native confidence reasserted itself. He had something they hadn't, too. He had money, food, warmth, proper shelter. They were two helpless women in a crumbling house. "I came to see if you wanted to sell your place here, ma'am," he said. "I heard you did."

"You have been misinformed," said old Mrs. Pratt. "I have no intention of selling." She turned from him toward Kitty, answering an unspoken accusation. "No, not if it tumbles down on my head," she said vehemently.

Alec Bard was afraid of her. "I've got to be going."

Kitty Pratt followed his retreat toward the gate. "Mother feels so badly about selling," she said. "The house is all she's got left, you see, of the old life."

Her kindness, her wish that he would not be hurt or offended, touched him, helped him. "She's got you, Miss Kitty," he blurted out.

"But I'm not much," she said, with a little spice of gaiety. "I didn't even know the lawn-mower needed oiling. Thank you ever so much for fixing it, and for mowing such a huge place. It was awfully good of you."

SHE held out her hand. To touch it was like touching a flower. That was it. She looked like a flower, she felt like a flower, as fragile, as easily broken. He could hardly say a decent farewell, but he managed to get off his hat again and stammer something. And then he was out on the street, mopping his forehead, trying to pull himself together. Something had happened to him, and he was not yet sure of its identity.

Others, however, were not so ignorant. Kitty Pratt, returning to the house, met her mother's sardonic gaze. "I congratulate you on your conquest of one of nature's noblemen," said the old lady sourly. "And he wants to buy Anna Pratt's house."

"He wasn't so bad, mother. Anyway, he got the lawn-mower to going. After supper to-night I'm going to mow the back yard."

If she had thought to soothe or divert her mother, she was deceived. The old lady went on, working herself into a flame of anger. "That you should do things like that, because we can't pay a nigger! But it's your own fault. You don't care. I know what you're up to, sneaking in that sewing from Tillie Jenkins, and sitting up working on it after I'm in bed to make a couple of dollars a week. And all you'd need to do would be to marry James Carter. You're undutiful, ungrateful!"

Kitty came up on the porch and put her arm around her mother. "Let's don't," she said gently. "It's no good, mother. I simply can't stand Jimmy, and you

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SO SHE WENT HAPPILY TO WORK. THE COST RAN UP AND UP, BUT SHE PAID NO ATTENTION

The story of an American Singer

By

MADAME LOUISE HOMER

A prima donna who finds that motherhood does not conflict with an artistic career



THE YOUNG PRIMA DONNA MOTHER WITH LITTLE LOUISE



OFTEN THE WHOLE FAMILY GATHER ABOUT THE PIANO FOR AN EVENING OF SONG



THE HOMERS LOVE THE SIMPLE JOYS OF OUTDOOR LIFE

FROM my earliest days I was passionately fond of music. There was, however, not the slightest consciousness on my part that I should ever become a singer. It was just a natural devotion to music—a devotion shared by all my brothers and sisters.

On my mother's side I am descended from a long line of Presbyterian clergymen. One of my earlier ancestors, Elisha McCurdy, was a preacher of great force, and it is told of him that when he went through the country in an evangelistic effort to "gather in the Lord's harvest," his eloquence so moved his hearers that he brought about marvelous conversions. My own father, William Trimble Beatty, was himself a Presbyterian minister of Pennsylvania, and founded the Pittsburgh College for Women, one of the first institutions of its kind in this country. It was while he was pastor of the Shady Side Church in Pittsburgh that I was born.

My early home life was, therefore, in its trend and purpose, scarcely one from which an operatic career would be thought to come. It was happy and intimate in its surroundings, just as my married life has been. And just as I found that my early life was of immeasurable help in my work, so now I have found that there is nothing in an artistic career which should conflict with the united life of a happy home the upbringing of children—I have six of my own—or that privacy and protection so dear to every woman, which is popularly supposed to be unattainable when she enters professional life.

My father and mother were very fond of music. We children were always singing and playing. We even had a family orchestra of our own. We sang together a great deal, and I had a natural second, which was a source of great pride and joy to me. There was scarcely a moment that the piano-stool was empty. We would often gather around the open fire, my sister at the piano, my father with his flute, one of my brothers with the "bones," and I with the triangle. Many were the evenings we spent in this way.

We moved to Minneapolis for my father's health, and here it was that I first sang outside the four walls of my own home. In our church some song services were held after prayer-meeting in order that we might give closer study to the hymns. I was promised that if I prepared my school lessons promptly I might remain for what to me were regular song festivals.

But my own first public appearance just happened, without any forewarning. Our church people came to my mother and asked if I would sing the part of *Ruth* in the cantata of "Ruth and Naomi," which they were planning to give. My family were very much amused at the offer, for while I had sung in duets, trios, quartets and choruses at home, I had never before sung alone, nor did I ever dream of doing so. I told them that, if they really wanted me, I would try. This was in West Chester, Pennsylvania, after my father's death. There had never been a professional singer or musician in our family. But my mother's mother had possessed a rare voice noted for its beauty, and she had been the one to "raise the tune" in my father's church at a time when the Scotch Presbyterians thought to have an organ was a sinful thing. My father too, was known for the charm of his speaking voice.

I threw myself into the rehearsals with zest and loved the performance. I not only sang *Ruth*, but also the bassoprofundo part of *Boaz*. That came about through accident. When I arrived at the church on the evening for the cantata, I was met with intense excitement. *Boaz* had missed his train! "Oh!" I said calmly, "I'll sing his part, too." Such is the self-confidence of fourteen!

Thus, for the first time, I learned that I had what was termed a "voice." Every one hastened to assure my mother that my voice was extraordinary and should be cultivated. We had no visions of big achievement. I was a schoolgirl still busy with my studies. I lived an hour away from Philadelphia, which was far from being then the musical center that it is to-day. And at that moment there must have been some conflicting doubts in my mother's mind; for up to the time that she came to the Academy of Music in Philadelphia to hear me sing she had herself never entered a theater. She was always happy about my work, even though I believe that she felt somehow that her pride in my singing was something that should be forgiven. I doubt whether I myself would ever have dreamed of going beyond the realms of the oratorio had I not been assured repeatedly that I possessed a theater voice.



AN AMERICAN WOMAN WHO HAS COMBINED A CAREER WITH MOTHERHOOD AND A DAUGHTER WHO IS FOLLOWING IN HER FOOTSTEPS

I WAS fifteen when I began to study singing, though I invariably advise young singers to wait until at least seventeen before using the voice. Later I studied in Philadelphia, and also sang there in a church. Then it was that I made the most momentous decision of my life. I determined to go to Boston to study. There I could have fine teachers; there I could hear great music. I became possessed of a longing to study music deeply. I lived with my married sister, and to her I tried to explain what it was I craved—something that would help me to understand music itself—something that was greater than the voice or the piano. She understood. "Why it is harmony and composition you want," she said, "and I know the best teacher here; his people have a home near me." So it was that that very afternoon, so eager was I to enter on my new experience, she took me to the studio of Sidney Homer.

Opera was far from my thought during the time I studied in Boston. I devoted my entire time to harmony, counterpoint and score reading with Mr. Homer. I attended his lectures on the symphonies and the Wagner operas, and in addition continued my singing. A busy life it was, and at the same time a happy one, for Mr. Homer and I were soon married and began to plan together a trip to France. He wanted me to have the privileges which he had had abroad, and I was most anxious that he should have time to devote to his composition. It is from his



"HOMELAND," THE HOMERS' BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY PLACE ON LAKE GEORGE

songs that I have always made the third group on my concert programs—not because he is my husband, but because the songs appeal. You see, no matter how much a singer thinks of her husband, the songs she sings must please her audience. And Mr. Homer's do.

It was during this time that a memorable thing occurred. Mr. Homer took me to hear my first grand opera. It was "Faust," with Emma Eames, Jean and Edouard de Reszke. What a revelation—what an existence wholly apart from life as I then knew it! I seemed to be in a dream: these great singers before me were beings of another world. Yet—to show how swiftly move some of the currents of life—I was singing with these very artists within five years.

When we finally went to Paris, our little daughter Louise was but seven months old. We found a cozy apartment in the Trocadero quarter, furnished it simply and made a real American home for ourselves. Here we could do what we wanted, compass five years' study into two, but at the same time live sensibly. Never was there such intensive living: study, study, study from morning to night, lessons in French, lessons in diction, lessons in acting and lessons in singing. Being always under the supervision of teachers, I escaped the evils which befall the student who practises too much alone. It speaks well for the method we pursued that within two years of our arrival in Paris I was able to make my début in big contralto rôles.

In the Summer, however, we cast work aside and went to the mountains. It was thus that I learned to stop singing altogether for three or four months every year, to give myself up to the big outdoors, and breathe in the health which is so essential to the singer. We all love the country and turn with the regularity of migratory birds to our "Homeland," on Lake George, New York, where from early Spring to late Fall we are free to do as we please. Sometimes this vacation stretches into a jolly country Christmas, with greens gathered from our own place, with the crackling birch fires, and with the happy consciousness that we are far removed from any neighborhood shops for last-minute hurried purchases to distract from the fun and cheer. As Mr. Homer so often exclaims, "We are a great crowd when we get together."

DURING the Winter of my second season in Paris my teacher, M. Fidèle Koenig, one of the truly great masters for the voice, told me that Maurice Grau, who was then impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York and managing director of Covent Garden, was passing through the city. "I will arrange to have him hear you sing," he exclaimed.

This was one of the great moments of my life. When I stood alone upon the stage of one of the largest concert halls in Paris, with the lone figure of the great Grau seated by my husband in the orchestra, I was as one in an unreal, remote and romantic world. "It will be all over after I have sung two arias," I thought. M. Koenig was at the piano. But when I was through Mr. Grau asked for other songs, and the minutes slipped by into the second hour.



MADAME HOMER AS AMNERIS IN "AÏDA"

Mr. Grau was very encouraging, but he made no promises of any kind. "Of course," he said, "we never bring out débutantes at the Metropolitan. You must have at least one year's experience over here. If you go to the Paris Grand Opera, you will have to sign a three-years'-contract. Your best plan would be to sing in one of the French provincial theaters. You may not find it very agreeable, but it is the only way for you to get experience."

I followed Mr. Grau's counsel to the letter. "From time to time, I would like to hear from you," he said to my husband. And to me he said, "Learn your rôles at once." It was thus that my first ordeal came to an end.

M. Koenig did not allow more than a few weeks to elapse before I had a hearing at the most important operatic agency in Paris. The grand aria from the fourth act of "The Prophet" is the traditional test in France for the contralto voice: it has tremendous range and difficulties. While I was singing this aria, a gray-haired man stepped into the room. He stood there listening. "He is only a member of the agency," I thought. But to my amazement he came to me when I was through, and asked: "How would you like an engagement for the Summer season at Vichy?"

M. Koenig was more elated than I. Excitement and joy were written on his face, for he knew—as I did not at the time—that the Summer season at Vichy was second only to that of the Grand Opera at Paris. For to Vichy came the cultured audiences from the capitals of Europe.

Within three days the contract was signed. "You will prepare eight rôles," said M. Bussac, the director of the Vichy Opera. Among these were *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin," *Venus* in "Tannhauser," *Dalila* in "Samson et Dalila," *Leonore* in "La Favorita" and *Margared* in "Le Roi d'Ys."

This, of course, meant a tremendous amount of work. It also meant that I might not sing all these rôles, as M. Bussac did not know at that time how many of these operas he would produce; but he must be able to choose and feel sure that I would be ready with all of them. I think he did say that I should make my début in "La Favorita," which is, perhaps, the most difficult vocally of all the rôles in this list.

WHAT a thrilling sensation it was to know that the contract was signed and that I was surely going to sing in some great operatic parts! The disadvantage, almost paralyzing in its effect, which confronts most girls in studying these great rôles, is the uncertainty as to whether they will ever have an opportunity to sing them.

It was then January, and I was to make *my début in June*. We plunged into the preparation of these eight operatic rôles. M. Koenig was a past master in the vocal interpretation of them, and Paul Lehrie, my teacher in dramatic action, was generally spoken of as the greatest singing actor in France.

We went to Vichy in May with the comforting knowledge that I could go on the stage and feel at home in any of my rôles. We found a furnished home in the lower half of the "Villa Violette," where there was an attractive garden in which baby Louise could romp and play. Our surroundings were charming. But there was one disquieting feature. This was the year of the Spanish-American war. An arena for bull-fights had been built in the town, and in the house directly opposite us lived the matadors, picadors and all. On the days when there were no bull-fights, they would sit in front of

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HER DOG DAY

But evening brings to Emily a message in the stars

By L. M. MONTGOMERY



Drawing by Joseph M. Clement

THERE SHE SAT, A STATELY, ALOOF FIGURE. CHU-CHIN PERCHED ON THE PLUSH DAVENPORT, COCKILY LOOKING FROM ONE TO THE OTHER

SHREWSBURY had a mild sensation in May when Janet Royal came home to Prince Edward Island from "the States," with her wonderful dresses, her brilliant reputation and her chow dog. She was the literary editor of a big woman's magazine, published in New York.

Emily Byrd Starr, who was in her third year in the Shrewsbury high school and had literary ambitions, held her breath when she heard of Miss Royal's arrival. Oh, if she could only have a talk with her! When Mr. Towers, of the *Times*, for whom Emily had done odd reporting, told her to interview Miss Royal, Emily trembled between terror and delight.

"We both worship at the same altar, but she is high priestess and I am only the humblest acolyte," wrote Emily in her journal.

But Miss Royal sent back a charming letter in answer to Emily's timid note of request. Emily has that letter to this day.

Emily thrilled to the ends of her toes over this letter. "Yours fraternally" it had ended—oh, heavenly! And on Friday she was bidden to see and talk intimately with her high priestess.

Mrs. Angela Royal, who called that evening to see Aunt Ruth, with whom Emily was living during term-time, didn't exactly seem to think Janet Royal a high priestess or a wonder; but then, of course, a prophetess is apt to have scant honor in her own country, and Mrs. Royal had brought Janet up.

"I don't say but what she's got on well," she confided to Aunt Ruth, while Emily listened in secret indignation. "She gets a big salary. But she's full of foreign notions. And it really makes me sick the fuss she makes over that dog of hers—Chu-Chin, she calls him. *He* rules the house. My poor cat can't call her soul her own. And Janet is so touchy about him. When I complained about him sleeping on my plush davenport, she was so vexed she wouldn't speak for a day. That's a thing I don't like about Janet. She gets so high and mighty when she is offended, and when she's offended with one she's offended with everybody. I hope nothing will upset her before you come on Friday, Emily. But for pity's sake, keep on good terms with that chow. If you offend him, Janet wouldn't have anything to do with you, supposing you were Shakespeare himself."

EMILY awoke Friday morning with the conviction that this was to be one of the crucial days of her life. She had had a terrible dream of sitting spellbound before Miss Royal, unable to utter one word except "Chu-Chin," which she repeated, parrot-like, whenever Miss Royal asked her a question. It poured rain all the forenoon, much to her dismay, but at noon it cleared up brilliantly. Emily, pale with the solemnity of the occasion, made of her toilet an important rite. It was so necessary that she look her best. How glad she was that she had a new hat! And it was very becoming, with its cascade of purple violets that fell from it over her lovely unbroken waves of black hair, just touching the milk-whiteness of her neck.

Emily went up the gravel walk of Ashburn as a worshiper approaching a sacred shrine. A fairly large, fluffy, white dog was sitting half-way up the walk. Emily looked at him curiously. She decided that Chu-Chin was handsome but not clean. He had evidently been having a glorious time in some mud-puddle. Emily hoped he would approve of her, but keep his distance. Probably he approved of her, for he trotted up the walk with her, amiably waving a tail that would have been plumy had it not been wet and muddy. He stood expectantly beside her while she rang the bell, and as soon as the door was opened he made a joyous bound on the woman who stood within, almost knocking her down.

It was Miss Royal herself. She had, as Emily saw at once, no beauty but unmistakable distinction, from the crown of her gold-bronze hair to the toes of her satin slippers. She was arrayed in a marvelous dress of mauve velvet.

Chu-Chin gave one rapturous slobbery wipe at her face with his tongue, then rushed on into Mrs. Royal's parlor. The beautiful mauve dress was spotted from collar to hem with muddy paw marks. Emily thought that Chu-Chin fully deserved Mrs. Royal's bad opinion, and mentally remarked that if he were *her* dog he should behave better. But Miss Royal did not reprove him in any way, and perhaps Emily's secret criticism was subconsciously prompted by her instant perception that Miss Royal's greeting, while perfectly courteous, was very cold. Emily had somehow, from her letter, expected a warmer reception.

"Won't you come in and sit down?" said Miss Royal. She ushered Emily in, waved to a comfortable chair, and sat down on a stiff and uncompromising Chippendale. Somehow, Emily, sensitive at all times, and abnormally so just now, felt that Miss Royal's selection of a chair was ominous. Why hadn't she sunk chummily into the depths of the big velvet Morris? But there she sat, a stately, aloof figure, paying not the slightest attention to the mud-stains on her beautiful dress. Chu-Chin perched on the plush davenport, cockily looking from one to the other. It was all too evident that something had "upset" Miss Royal, and Emily's heart suddenly sank like lead.

"It's—a lovely day," she faltered. She knew it was an incredibly stupid thing to say, but she had to say something when Miss Royal wouldn't say anything. The silence was too awful.

"Very lovely," agreed Miss Royal, not looking at Emily at all, but at Chu-Chin, who was thumping a beautiful silk-and-lace cushion with his wet tail. Emily hated Chu-Chin. It was a relief to hate him since as yet she did not dare to hate Miss Royal. But she wished herself a thousand miles away. Oh, if she only hadn't that little bundle of manuscripts on her lap! She would

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"Her Dog Day," copyright, 1925, by L. M. Macdonald

What Men should Know about Homes

By

HERBERT HOOVER

Secretary of Commerce of the United States

THE discovery that human happiness hinges upon many prosaic factors is not a new one. But the prosperity and contentment of the American family to-day depend largely on the realization of this very truth.

Nowhere is this fact better demonstrated than in the conduct of the home and in the business affairs of the family. It is the human and spiritual fruit of home life that must be accepted as the final measure of a home's success. If as a business institution the home is inefficiently managed and perpetually in financial difficulties, there is little about it that is conducive to a happy family life.

It is probably easier to-day than ever before for a family of America to have a comfortable, attractive and sanitary home, and to operate it with less drudgery. But many a family is failing to take advantage of this opportunity. Every year American families lose heavily because they fail to understand the simple principles of family economics. For some families these losses mean a foregoing of luxuries; for others they mean inability to educate the children properly, dependency in old age, actual want and privation. Poor budgeting, inexperience in shopping, lack of thrift, and failure to participate in civic affairs are some of the causes of this.

TOO often our young people expect to build a secure marriage on high hopes and dreams alone. Splendid as this is, their chances for happiness are small unless sooner or later they learn the every-day business of living.

The highest type of family life has the best chance of developing, it seems to me, in a home in which the wife and the children have suitable material comfort, in which all members of the family enjoy good health and plenty of wholesome recreation, and in which the father, after he has provided his children with an adequate education, has saved enough to be able to contribute his share to charity and public service. No family can achieve all these things without intelligent planning and without careful management on the part of both the husband and the wife.

Men and women who have studied the home life of the American people believe that frequently too much of the responsibility rests upon the wife alone and that the husband has not been adequately prepared to shoulder his share of the duties of the home. If the husband were better equipped to care for the problems of home management, the wife would be relieved of continuous and often unshared worry over financial matters, and she would be better able to exert the spiritual influence which is so great a part of the woman's contribution to home life.

WITH a few exceptions, the boys of America are not trained in the subjects which the head of every family should understand. The young husband learns them by experience—often a costly process for himself and his family. The average couple start in married life by spending their funds as their immediate wants seem to demand. But unless they both completely understand the principles of household and family expenditures, the wife soon finds too little money left for housekeeping, or they find themselves confronted with a deficit. It is greatly to the advantage of both young people if they share their financial responsibility from the start. Neither should be kept in ignorance of how much money there is or where it goes.

Every boy, before he marries, should have some idea of budgeting and of properly accounting for the expenses of the home. He should know something of the various types of insurance; the precautions and steps involved in acquiring and financing a home; how to make a will; and how to plan, furnish, equip and repair the home.

This is one place where our educational system stops too short. The aim of high schools, colleges and universities is to equip a man for life—and life to the normal boy means eventually a home and family. Great numbers of young men marry during their early twenties, and yet there has been no training to fit them for this most important job.



When Herbert Hoover speaks, thousands of people all over the country stop to listen, because they know his wise foresighted advice is based on fundamentals. His remarkable experience as Food Administrator in Europe, his duties as Secretary of Commerce, and his extraordinary understanding of human nature enable him to view the economic status of the American family to-day with unusual perception and sympathy. This month he cuts deep into the stubborn roots from which spring unhappiness in the home and discontent in the nation. THE DELINEATOR *is proud to announce that Mr. Hoover has written two other equally penetrating articles for later issues*

IT WAS not until twenty-five years ago that we began systematic school training of our girls in the method of running a home. How long will it be before we start with our boys?

It should be done at once. It would be entirely possible to start this training in a simple way in the grammar or high school. The fundamental principles of family economics would then become an integral part of the boy's equipment for life. The training might be given in a separate course or might be linked with other studies, such as civics, or with the new courses developing in social science.

A college course in domestic, community and civic relations might be given jointly under the departments of political science, economics, sociology or social ethics, hygiene, and pedagogy, or under some one of them. Its object would be to prepare men students for practical life and responsibilities in a systematic, not a hit-or-miss, way.

Recently the dean of a famous old college in New England was asked his opinion on the addition of a course in family economics to the curriculum of his institution.

"It could be done, of course," he said, "and it would be a splendid departure. But before such a radical step could be taken, some name for it other than 'home economics' would have to be determined upon. Otherwise the undergraduate would laugh at it and cynically pass it by."

Yet this same college official told of the unhappy experience of his own son who came to grief through lack of just this sort of training. The boy married immediately after he graduated, when he was fortunate enough to be earning fifty dollars a week. This was in June, and despite the fact that both the young man and his bride had enough clothes to last them for a year and although their apartment had been given to them, in October they were eight hundred dollars in debt. Neither the man nor his wife had the faintest idea how to budget their expenses. They did not know what they could do with or what they should do without on fifty dollars a week.

IT IS gratifying to learn that such a prominent institution as Cornell University now has a home-economics course for men students. When this course was opened, there were thirty-four enrolments. The men studied budgeting the home, family nutrition, and the scale of rents and mortgages safe to carry on a given income. They also obtained practical information on zoning and its relation to the home, on town assessments, and on social conditions affecting property. Not a man dropped the course, an evidence of genuine interest.

No boy who actually faces the problem will think that a course in family economics is beneath his dignity or his interest. On the other hand, many a young man is aware of his uncertainty about the details of homemaking. Sometimes this very lack of confidence goes so far as to make him avoid marriage. When a young man has learned just what are the responsibilities of a family and home, he can proceed intelligently to equip himself for the task of assuming them.

The reasons for the maintenance of good schools, of adequate parks and playgrounds, and other responsibilities of the local government, often seem intangible to a young man until he finds himself face to face with the problem of educating his children and of finding a home with the right kind of surroundings. Then he feels in them vital personal interest, but finds it difficult to cope with them effectively because neither he nor others like himself have studied the means of influencing public action.

THE happiness of our people rests upon the happiness in each individual home, and happiness in the home depends to a great extent upon the absence of worry. If good management lessens financial difficulties, provides comfortably for both parents and children and permits regular savings, it reduces the occasions for discord and so tends to reduce the number of domestic disagreements and unsuccessful marriages.

Training young men as well as young women in family economics will also undoubtedly lessen the divorce evil. Young people who begin life together adequately trained and equipped are surely more likely to become useful citizens and achieve real happiness and contentment.

There is also this special consideration. We have dilated for years on the superior value of farm life for the development of character and health. Yet our civilization is steadily transforming us from an agricultural to a town people. One hundred years ago we needed fifty per cent. of our people to be on the farms in order to supply the nation with food. To-day, due to the improvements in agricultural skill, we need only thirty per cent. So seventy per cent. of our people are town-dwellers. If we are to build up character and health in the towns, we have got to do it through the home, for the home is the unit of the nation, its moral and its spiritual foundation.

THE PEEL TRAIT

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Love and heredity at war in a Cape Cod fishing village

THE STORY SO FAR

CAPTAIN ELIPHALET PEEL was sartin-sure to get what he went after—and the natives of Wapatomac knew it! He snatched his first wife (later the mother of Amarias and Susanna Peel) from under the nose of her avowed fiancé. After her death he snatched at love again, winning a young school-teacher, who bore him a daughter, Lettice. Cap'n Peel sailed always bows-on to victory by means of a single watchword—common sense. It brought him ships, wealth, retirement from the sea. He then lived serenely for a time in Wapatomac with Lettice, who was now motherless. His older children, grown up and married, felt bitterly jealous. As time went on, two suitors came to the captain's cottage—David Booker, the sporty young hotel-keeper, and Farley Crowell, an artist—and Lettice loved the latter. Storm clouds began to pile up in her bright sky, for her father, used to ruling above and below decks on sea and land, intended that she should marry Dave Booker, whom he viewed as a good investment. Vaguely he felt mutiny in the air. So he set about, with guile, to apply his old-time common sense.

PART II

SO CAPTAIN PEEL changed his tactics utterly. He said not another word in Crowell's disfavor and, when the young man called the next evening but one, greeted him in a manner which was not so pleasant as to excite suspicion on his daughter's part, but was, on the other hand, not so rude as to arouse resentment. Farley called many times thereafter, but never once did Eliphalet offer an objection. Lettice wondered, of course; but she was forced to believe that her declaration of independence had had the effect she hoped for. Which was precisely the belief her father wished her to have.

David Booker was calling, also. The captain did not say a word against Dave, but, profiting by experience, neither did he say a word for him. Booker was years older than Lettice and was clever and a man of the world, even if that world was pretty exclusively enclosed within the borders of Ostable County. He sensed the situation in regard to his rival, and was always good-natured and friendly when they met, particularly when the meetings were in the presence of the object of that rivalry. Crowell was not always as diplomatic, for he did not like Dave Booker. When he ventured to refer to some well-known incidents in Booker's history, incidents in which other girls had figured, she turned upon him and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself. A quarrel which lasted three days began then and there. It ended, naturally, by Farley's begging her pardon, and, through her, that of his rival, Dave Booker.

Amarias Peel and Susanna Crusit were growing anxious concerning Crowell's intimacy with their half-sister and held conferences. When they approached their father with the result of those conferences, he shut them up in a hurry.

"You leave the handlin' of the cruise to me," he told them. "I ain't so old yet but what I can see ten feet ahead of the jib-boom."

"But, father" protested Amarias, "you're lettin' it go too far altogether. This Farley Crowell is good lookin' and—and what the books call romantic, and the first thing you know—the very first thing that's goin' to happen—"

"That'll do. It ain't the first thing that counts. It's the last thing that does the trick in the long run. You leave this to me, I tell you. And stop talkin', you and Susanna. Keep your hands off the wheel."

Mrs. Crusit put in a word. She was vice-president of the Methodist County League by this time, and was not easily silenced.

"Father," she snapped, "you make me cross. You let Lettice wind you around her finger. Can't you see what that Crowell is after? He's after your money—Lettice's share of it, anyhow."

Captain Eliphalet smiled. He nodded with deliberation

"YOU and Amarias are mighty anxious about my money, ain't you?" he observed. "Well, it *is* mine and I'm pretty average healthy, so far as I know. As for Farley Crowell marryin' Lettice—well, I say he shan't. I'm skipper of my own ship yet a while, and so far I've generally managed to make the port I set out for. I don't need you two to take observations and keep me from runnin' ashore."

"But, father, what are you going to do?"

"Do? I'll do same as I've always done—keep my eyes open and use common sense."

Crowell continued to call and so did Booker, and, as far as Wapatomac could see, the race was neck and neck. What determined the winner was an offer which came to Farley from a Boston business house, a chance brought about through the influence of a Summer visitor who had taken a fancy to the young fellow and was trying to help him get on in the world. Crowell told Lettice about it the very morning of the day when the letter came. The pair had reached a more definite understanding than even Captain Eliphalet realized, although he suspected and feared almost as much.

Lettice was above all things practical. Being a Peel she could not help it. The offer impressed her.

"It is a splendid chance for you, Farley," she said. "It would mean—why, it might mean almost anything."

Farley was doubtful. "If I was a business man," he said, "I couldn't ask anything better. They'll take me into the office up there and, if I make good, they'll push me ahead as fast as I'm fit to go. But I'm not a business man at all, Lettice, and you know it."

"I don't know anything of the kind. I know you don't like office work, accounts, and that sort of thing——"

"Don't like 'em! I hate 'em. I'd rather die than keep books."

Lettice ignored the interruption. She finished her sentence.

"But in time you might learn to like them better," she went on. "You might force yourself to like them. People can force themselves to



Drawings by Charles R. Chickering.

BEFORE THEY SAID GOOD NIGHT HE VOWED THAT HE WOULD ACCEPT THIS CHANCE OF EARNING MONEY WHICH SHOULD BRING THEM TOGETHER IN A LITTLE HOUSE OF THEIR OWN, WHERE SHE COULD BE HIS COMPANION AND COMFORT WHILE HE PAINTED HIS WAY TO FAME



MISS SYLVIA TOLD HIM ALL ABOUT IT. WHEN SHE FINISHED HE SHOOK HIS HEAD. "A MAN CAN'T CAP'N TWO VESSELS IN THE SAME RACE," HE SAID. "HE CAN'T FISH AND CUT BAIT AT THE SAME TIME. NOT AND DO EITHER JOB WELL, HE CAN'T"

like things they don't like at first. Father says the first voyage he made he hated the sea and everything connected with it. But, after a while, he learned to like it better than anything else. It might be the same way with you in business."

"No, it wouldn't. Besides, I don't want to be a business man. I wouldn't give a cent to be boss of the biggest store in Boston. I want to paint pictures. You know I do. And Mr. Frazier told me——"

"He told you he thought you had some talent. But he said he couldn't tell yet how much you had, and that, unless you had a lot, a picture painter always had a hard struggle to get along on what he earned. And, even at the best, it was a long, long fight. He said you may turn out to be the kind that makes a living from his painting. Or you may be like so many others, just the quarter-way kind. And they never get anywhere."

FARLEY'S eyes flashed. "*I'm* going to get somewhere," he declared. "You bet I am!"

"I am betting on it. I'm betting as much as you are, it seems to me."

"Look here, Lettice. You believe in me, don't you?"

"Of course I believe in you. If I didn't, do you think I should—should say what I have said to you?"

He was conscience-stricken and penitent.

"I'm sorry, dear," he exclaimed. "I know you're forty times smarter than I am and a hundred times too good for me. And it is because you do believe in me—and—and care for me—that I am so anxious to make good. It may take time. Mr. Frazier said I should have to study and study. You would have to wait. But you've told me you were willing to wait."

"So I am. But as long as you stay down here you can't do much more than you are doing now, just keep practising on your own hook. And I don't see how you can afford to give up work altogether and go to Boston and study. That would cost money. And, besides——"

"Well? What besides?"

"Besides, you *might* not succeed—not succeed enough, I mean."

"Lettice, you *don't* believe in me."

"I do. Please don't say that. What I mean is this: Here is a chance, a good chance, for you to get to Boston and earn money enough to pay your way and for your painting lessons. You could try hard at the office—you must do that. But I'm sure there are places where you could study at night, study painting, I mean. And in that way we—we might not have to wait so long."

He took her in his arms. Before they said good night he had vowed that he would write acceptance of the Boston offer the very next day. It was to be accepted, not as a finality, of course—he was to be a great artist in the end—but as a means of earning money, money which should bring them together in a little home of their own, where she could be his companion and comfort while he painted his way to fame and fortune.

Much of this was said in the dining-room on the way to the side door. Captain Eliphalet's bedroom was at the top of a flight of stairs opening off that dining-room. The door at the foot of the stairs was ajar and that of the captain's room open. Eliphalet happened to be awake, and, although he did no deliberate eavesdropping, he could not help hearing. He heard enough to make him realize that the crisis was upon him, and that if he wished to succeed in his accustomed and boasted habit of getting what he started after he must start immediately and work fast. But he also realized that here was a case when his usual straight-ahead methods must be modified.

The following forenoon he dropped in—casually, of course—upon Miss Sylvia Perry, Farley Crowell's spinster aunt. Miss Perry was forty-one, librarian at the Wapatomac public library, prominent in the Shakespeare Reading Society, and romantic. She idolized her nephew and in her day-dreams saw him classed with Rembrandt and C. D. Gibson and the man who painted the "flower pictures" which came as colored supplements with the *Christian Templar's Monthly*. Captain Eliphalet was quite aware of her tastes and failings, and had more than once referred to her as a "soft-headed old maid." But no trace of this estimate was apparent in his manner on this particular morning. Miss Sylvia, arrayed in a gingham gown and a very youthful garden hat—trimmed in accordance with instructions printed in the *Christian Templar's Monthly*—was pruning her double row of sweet peas. Eliphalet, pausing at the gate, commented favorably upon the weather. Miss Sylvia agreed that it was a lovely day. He praised the sweet peas. She admitted that they did look sort of pretty and Summery. She invited him to inspect the rest of the flower-garden. He accepted the invitation.

THE conversation moved, with the conversers, about the garden, and after a time centered upon Farley Crowell. Miss Perry, always delighted to sound her nephew's praises, sounded them now. The captain spoke of the young man's talent for painting. It ought to be developed, he said, or words to that effect.

Miss Sylvia agreed. It was precisely what she had always said. "Farley *is* gifted," she declared, "real, right up-and-down gifted, and those who have gifts given 'em are duty bound, it seems to me, to cultivate 'em. I tell him so. But he gets kind of discouraged sometimes. He is anxious to make money, of course. He——"

She paused. The name of Lettice Peel was at the tip of her tongue, but she discreetly kept it there. "He wants to make money," she hurried on, "and learning to paint is, of course, a long and painstaking work. 'But think of the reward when you have learned,' I tell him. He says, 'Yes, but perhaps I never can really learn.' 'Nonsense!' I said——"

Her visitor broke in here. "Nonsense is what I say, too," he announced. "Learn! Why, he is as good as learned already. Look at that signboard he painted for the New York Store. That's the best sign in Ostable County. A boy that can paint a sign like that hadn't ought to think of doin' anything else. No, he hadn't."

The lady's eyes shone. "I'm so glad to hear you say so, Cap'n Peel," she exclaimed. "And just now, especially, when poor Farley is so troubled, not knowing what is the right thing for him to do. Cap'n Peel," she added, lowering her voice, "if I was to tell you something that was a great secret, would you promise not to tell a soul? Of course I know you won't— Well, Farley has had an offer from a big wholesale firm in Boston to be a clerk with them. He is thinking of taking the offer. Do you think he ought to take it and give up his painting? *I* don't."

CAPTAIN ELIPHALET was shocked at the idea. Only diplomatically shocked at first. Before expressing a definite opinion, he said, he thought maybe he ought to hear a little more about the offer. Miss Sylvia told him all about it. When she had finished, he shook his head.

"The way I look at a thing like that is just this way," he said. "A man can't cap'n two vessels in the same race. He can't fish and cut bait at the same time. Not and do either job well, he can't. That's sense. If Farley's goin' into trade, let him go and drop his picture paintin' altogether. If he wants to and means to paint for a livin', let him do that. If I was he, I'd—well, but I couldn't paint a hen so's anybody could tell it from a horse. If I could, I'd keep on paintin' and nobody should stop me."

Miss Sylvia beamed. "There! I hoped you'd feel

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Drawing by J. Scott Williams

Reducing in Spots

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

A TENDENCY to accumulate superfluous flesh is the *bête noire* of so many women that it might almost be called one of our national troubles. It is hardly diplomatic to tell a woman that she is "fat," but if you call her adipose tissue by some gentler name she is usually willing to listen to any kind of a "cure," no matter how fantastic it may be.

There seems to be an idea that fat is a mysterious disease, mysterious as to cause and as to cure. The result is that any kind of a reducing method, no matter how absurd, dangerous or disagreeable, will find somebody who will "try it once." As a matter of fact, fat is just the natural result of a cause or a combination of causes, and the way to actually get rid of the fat is to fight the cause.

Fat in excessive quantities is due to overnutrition, underoxidation, or both. In plain blunt terms, this means that if you are too fat you eat too much and exercise too little. Obviously you will have to make a change in your eating and your exercise program if you wish to get rid of your excess weight and to avoid piling up a fresh store. There is no secret about reducing. A woman who is really in earnest can take off practically any amount of flesh down to the point where nature has fixed a minimum consistent with good health. Of course she could actually starve herself to death if she had the moral courage to do so.

Nature intended the body to be kept in a state of physiological equilibrium. That formidable sounding term means simply that the amount of food absorbed should just balance the amount of energy expended. Bear in mind that it is the amount of food absorbed that counts toward maintaining this equilibrium, not the amount eaten. When the building process and the wearing-away process just balance, the body is in equilibrium, and assuming that the individual has attained full growth she neither gains nor loses weight.

I have known healthy, active persons to maintain the same weight, without variation of more than a pound or two, for years at a time. I do not mean that every time they were weighed they would be the same to the ounce. But if their weight were taken every week under the same conditions, there would be practically no difference in the reading of the scales.

Now, if we have been in a state of approximate equilibrium and then suddenly increase the building process without increasing the wearing-away process to a corresponding degree, we naturally gain in weight. Conversely, if we increase the "burning up" without supplying more fuel, we lose weight. In other words, excessive fat means that you eat too much and exercise too little, the two terms being relative to each other. One might eat tremendously and yet work off so much tissue by exercise that one would grow thin. Or one might eat moderately and by avoiding all wearing away—physically and mentally—put on flesh.

Having settled the causes for the accumulation of fat, it ought to be easy enough for any one to put an end to the distasteful process. However, one should remember that in order to do so it is necessary to follow out a program of self-denial and conscientious work.

There is no short cut to getting thin and staying thin. Massage, special soaps, baths and other artificial methods that are held up as "painless processes" are about ninety per cent. buncombe, while some of them are actually dangerous. Undoubtedly, special treatments of various kinds will serve to remove fat from some portions of the body, but unless one goes right to the roots of the trouble and regulates diet and exercise, the fat is bound to come back.

In general, when the body's building process is faster than the wearing-away process the surplus fat is stored in those tissues that are least active. This accounts for the fact that adipose deposits are generally first seen in the region of the abdomen, the hips, the neck, the chin and the lower part of the back. In some cases the fat is accumulated in a general, evenly distributed layer throughout the subcutaneous tissue. In the latter case the reducing treatment must be entirely general in nature, while in the former the stopping of the supply of tissue-building foods and local treatments will usually bring about the desired result.

A writer has divided obesity into three classes—the enviable, the comical and the pitiable. The first is a pleasing rotundity; the second, a jovial embonpoint of the Falstaffian type; and the third, a sad and unsightly deformity.

Many women who picture themselves as fat—though they wouldn't like to hear any one else say so—are in the enviable stage. All that they need to do is to watch their diet and take enough wholesome exercise to prevent putting on more weight. In other words, if they can maintain the status quo, they have nothing to worry about.

In the second or comical stage, which always reminds me of a pug-dog, and in the third stage, also, drastic methods are necessary. Obesity has then passed from a threat to an actuality, and it is time to regard it as an affliction that must be cured. A radical reduction of diet and as great an increase in the exercise program as the health of the person will permit are in order.

Reducing "courses" may be divided into three classes, measured by the rapidly of reduction desired. In the first, or "easy stage," the individual loses two or three pounds a month. This requires no great sacrifice. The woman merely alters her diet by the reduction of fat and starchy foods and of sugar, substituting for these things foods of smaller caloric value. An increase in the exercise program must accompany the altered diet.

In the second class, where a loss of from five to ten pounds a month is expected, the diet is more strict and the exercises are more varied. This class is recommended for strong, plethoric persons. It is also especially valuable for those of the very heavy type in whom disorders of the heart, arteries, bronchi or digestive apparatus would render it dangerous to undertake the more strenuous program of the third class.

In the third class, careful supervision is necessary, and the "cure" can best be taken at an institution. As much as thirty pounds a month can be lost with safety, but the course should not be extended beyond five or six weeks. Strict dieting and strenuous exercise longer than that will often prove injurious. When the desired amount of flesh can not be lost in one "dose," a rest of a month or two with less exercise and a little more liberal diet is prescribed. Then the severe program can be resumed and the process repeated until the subject is "down to weight."

It is an easy matter for any one to obtain an authoritative dietetic table to be followed in connection with a reducing program. In general, the rules call for a substitution of foods of low caloric value for those previously used as staple articles of diet. It is entirely possible for a person to "get enough to eat"—that is, to feel satisfied—without taking more calories than are consistent with a reducing process. Vegetables that grow above the ground, except in the pod, are valuable because they are bulky in comparison with their caloric value. They fill the stomach and produce a sensation of satiety, and also act favorably upon the digestive tract. With the exception of bananas, sweet grapes, figs, dates and raisins, fruits may be eaten without reserve.

Since the weight of an obese body is rapidly reduced by restricting the intake of liquids to a minimum, any reduction program should provide for a sparing use of water, milk and other beverages. When pugilists want to "make" a certain weight, they "dry out" on the last few days of the training course, and thus are able to get within the desired poundage without sacrificing too much strength. It is a fact, too, that one is inclined to eat less when the amount of liquids taken into the stomach is restricted.

The foregoing statements deal with the subject of general reducing. For the purpose of removing fat that has accumulated only on certain portions of the body, without having spread to other parts to an appreciable extent, there are numerous special exercises. These are to

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THE BOOK THAT WOMEN HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR

Are You Too Plump in Spots?

Does a too fat arm, a double chin, a thickened ankle—or some other plump spot mar your beauty? THE DELINEATOR is offering you a means to reduce, not by harmful, dangerous drugs, but by healthful, easy and effective exercise, the one way to achieve really permanent results. Doctor Lillian E. Shaw, a woman doctor who is also a specialist in physical education, has written a booklet on "Reducing in Spots" that every women will want to own and use. Its price is ridiculously low—only twenty-five cents. Send for it today to the Health Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

GOOD SPORTS

A father and mother who fought their fights instead of each other

By

CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER



"RUN ALONG, KIDS, AND ENJOY YOURSELVES, IF THOSE STICKY DRUG STORE MIXTURES ARE WHAT YOU CRAVE. BUT DON'T PITY US"

Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

DON CARTER was but a three-months' bridegroom when he began to wonder if his hasty marriage had been a mistake. In three years he acknowledged, with a sense of shame and disloyalty, that it *was;* but three years more had passed before he faced the question squarely, and asked himself: "What are you going to do about it?"

This question was forced upon him by a disagreement that began at breakfast, a trivial enough thing in itself, but he had spoken angrily, and Elizabeth had answered in the same tone. It was Mary, their sensitive little daughter, who brought about the climax by bursting into a storm of tears at sight of her beloved parents quarreling. Elizabeth had caught the child to her in an agony of self-reproach, and Don had knelt by her chair, kissing the small hand and assuring the child that he and Mother were "only playing." Mary, her tears dried at last, had demanded that he "kiss Mother, too," and Don had obeyed, thinking afterward that more real feeling had gone into that kiss than in any he had given his wife for years.

Peace was restored when he left for his train half-an-hour later. He had kissed Elizabeth again at parting, and apologized with a hasty: "Sorry, dear. It was all my fault." Yet he knew, even as he made it, that the statement was far from true, and wondered, wearily, if Elizabeth realized it herself.

This was on a Saturday, and Don was booked for an afternoon of golf. Usually on these occasions he went straight to the country club from the train, and sometimes Elizabeth came out later in the car and picked him up. Often she brought the children with her, and Don never failed to experience a thrill of pride in his two sturdy youngsters and their undeniably pretty mother. For, whatever her shortcomings, Elizabeth had managed to "keep her looks," Don once said boastfully, and "without the aid of a paint-box, either!" She appeared very little older than the girl who had taken his heart by storm at a senior prom, and whom he had married only a month after his graduation. There were times when he was conscious of a feeling of resentment toward the uncle whose generous legacy had made this early marriage possible.

Don did not play golf that afternoon. He took a boat down the harbor, and going ashore at the last landing, tramped up the beach till he lost the Saturday crowd, and found a deserted sand dune. All day the question he had asked himself: "What are you going to do about it?" had been hammering for an answer. It was not to be side-tracked longer.

He settled down comfortably on the sand dune, and looked off thoughtfully at the restless sea. Once, in the days of their brief engagement, he had come here with Elizabeth. They had brought a picnic supper—toasted sandwiches over a bonfire—planned the rosy future that was to be theirs. Gosh! How long ago that was! he thought, a bitter look creeping into his honest eyes. It came to him clearly that he hadn't known the real Elizabeth at all—until he married her. Possibly no man knew the girl he married—till it was too late! Don pulled himself together impatiently. That line of thought wouldn't get him anywhere. And all marriages weren't failures. His father and mother——

Don choked up a little. They were gone now, but their memories would be forever green in the hearts of their children. What a home they had made together! *Together!* That was the gist of the whole thing. If a team were forever pulling in different directions, how could it expect to get along without a wreck eventually?

As if in an effort to gather strength, Don drew a deep breath of the refreshing air. What were they going to do, Elizabeth and he? There was nothing vitally wrong with either of them. The trouble lay in an utter lack of congeniality. Don loved music. A symphony concert bored Elizabeth to tears. She frankly adored the movies—the sort of movie that drove Don to profanity! She could dance all night and never tire. Well, Don didn't object to dancing, but a little of it went a good way, and he had to take an early train every morning. He liked to read aloud. Elizabeth didn't object to the reading, but her taste in literature was a far cry from his. What had they in common, anyhow? Was there anything on which to build? Any one thing that they *both* loved?

SUDDENLY Don laughed, a dreary laugh with a hint of tears behind it. He had forgotten the children! It was safe to say that however uncongenial they might be, both he and Elizabeth would oppose divorce because of the unhappiness it would bring to the little son and daughter. Don *knew*. His chum at Exeter had been the child of divorced parents. Poor little Ted! Six months with a mother whom he adored—another six with a father whom he worshipped—not knowing whom to believe—not even understanding——

"No," vowed Don grimly, his eyes fixed on the far horizon, "my boy shall never go through what Ted did; but that's not the whole thing, either. It's something bigger—the reason why I'll fight to keep my home together. I was pretty young when I made my marriage vows, and Elizabeth, poor girl, was younger still. Perhaps we didn't know what we were doing; but I want my kids to remember the sort of home that I remember, and unless I love their mother—and she loves me . . ."

It was after seven o'clock when Don reached home. Elizabeth met him at the door, accompanied by the children who were in their nighties.

"You were late," said little Mary reproachfully, "and we had a shortcake!"

Don kissed her; lifted his two-year-old son to his shoulder, and would have saluted his wife as well, but she moved away.

"Didn't Ted phone you I'd be late?" he questioned. "I asked him to let you know."

"He forgot till supper time. The children were disappointed, so I let them wait for you. Have you had anything to eat? I saved some shortcake."

"Good girl!" said Don approvingly. "I had a sandwich, but I've room for a bit more. Let the kids stay up until I swallow something, and then I'll help tuck 'em in."

Later, when the children were safe in bed, Don sought

Continued on page 88

Moulding your Child's Character



"The world is mine!"

By ARNOLD GESELL, PH.D., M.D.

Director of the Yale Psycho-Clinic and Professor of Child Hygiene, Yale University

WHEN a psychologist uses the term *personality*, he means something real, not a mysterious psychic force which is completely beyond our comprehension and control. He thinks of that actual living web of impulses, feelings and motives which make a child what he is. Although we can not photograph that web or even draw a diagram of it, we can trace some of its important strands, and perhaps we can also prove that the pattern for the web is not woven by blind fate.

Parents sometimes take a rather hopeless attitude toward the personality faults of their child. "He acts as though he were possessed," "He is beyond me," "There is no reason whatever why he should behave that way," "He has brains enough to do better," we hear them say.

True—there may be faults of personality even in tiny children which are vexatious enough to tax the most patient parent, but they never justify a fatalistic despair. We must get away altogether from those primitive notions of the spirit which regard it as implanted and foreordained. From the standpoint of child training we must take the rational view that the personality traits of a child are at least no more predetermined than is his physical health. Just as his physique can be modified by proper care, so does his personality respond to hygiene.

The statement "He has brains enough to do better" reveals a wrong point of view. A child's intelligence is not something altogether apart from his personality, nor is his personality apart from his brains. The child's brain or nervous system is the basis of all his behavior, emotional as well as intellectual. The nervous tissue in some way or other has registered all his previous experience and prompts him in his present behavior. His conduct is not lawless, it is the logical outcome and product of his training. The child in the very nature of things, therefore, can not act either better or worse than his brains. After all, is it not comforting to reflect that even personality is not beyond the domain of natural law?

The personality of a child is plastic for the simple reason that it grows. If it simply unfolded like a complicated jack-knife or expanded from small to large like a toy balloon, it would be outside of those influences which we call training. But it grows like an organic structure which reflects in a marvelous manner the impress of the home and the social environment. Original nature, so called, provides certain tendencies or materials, but the final patterns of personality are the result of education or experience. Take the matter of fear, for example. Nature fortunately supplies every individual with a certain general tendency to fear. But what the child shall fear, how intensely and how wisely he shall fear, depends upon all sorts of regulations both from within and without. So it is with all the many traits of personality. They are not altogether premade.

And of what is personality made? This is a fair question, because the psychologist himself uses the expression *personality make-up*. Well, it is made up of countless impressions, habituations, likes and dislikes, of prejudices good and bad, of more or less conscious motives and compunctions, of wishes and strivings, and above all of habits of feeling. Personality is compounded out of the child's every-day experience. Personality is always in the making. And in the early stage of childhood it is peculiarly responsive to wise training.

WHAT FORMS A BABY'S PERSONALITY?

THE formation of personality begins at birth. Even the newborn babe is not an absolutely vegetative being. He has a remarkable capacity for learning and for making associations. First these associations gather about the fundamentals of life, such as feeding, sleeping, dressing, shelter and bathing. Mother and nurse give him constant care. Every ministration for his comfort and protection leaves its impression, and out of these impressions emerge certain expectations or tendencies of behavior. At first he may cry indiscriminately at every ministration. In two weeks, however, he may cry "in order" to be picked up, and then subside abruptly into silence the moment he is held. We need not ascribe any self-conscious personality sense to him in order to recognize the important fact that he is being conditioned to certain modes of behavior by the kind of treatment he is receiving.

Due to this ceaseless conditioning process he grows as rapidly in mind as in body. At the end of the first month he is much less of a little unreasoning animal than he was at birth; he is more of an individual.

At four months he is beginning to raise his back from his pillow, to take notice of people, to follow objects with his eyes, and to make struggling gestures toward them.

In two more months—that is, when he is half a year old—he can sit up and his head no longer wobbles. He can grasp an object, lift a cup, bang, crumple and tear things. He can hold a bottle while nursing and, if it slips, restore it to his mouth. This is the beginning of self-help. And it is apparent that his numerous reactions are suffused and bound together by emotional attitudes. Personality is in the making.

At twelve months he has made many gains. He can stand up. He can articulate and scribble with a crayon. He can unwrap a box from its paper wrapping. He even tries to put on his shoes. Emotionally he is indeed a little person. He has fears, reluctances, inhibitions; he has his tempers and his tantrums; he is assertive, self-preservative. He may be jealous; he has his affections, preferences and prejudices. He tries to do what he sees others doing; he even pretends to do what he can't do—to read or to comb his hair. He may show imitative sympathy. He may hold his breath and turn blue when something is taken away from him.

Even at the tender age of one year a child may be the victim of fictitious habits and of vicious up-bringing. On the other hand, we have seen any number of year-old babies at our clinic whose personalities could only be described by such adjectives as good-natured, poised, executive, independent, wholesome, amiable or alert.

WHAT ARE BAD PERSONALITY HABITS?

EVEN very fine babies may be spoiled in a few years if the influences which make for the healthy development of personality do not prevail. Recently we made a study of fifty four-year-old children—ordinary, "normal" children from moderately prosperous homes. In every case a careful interview was conducted with the mother to learn how well her child was behaving, not in the moral sense but in the broader, psychological or mental-hygiene sense of the term behavior.

What did we find among these fifty normal children? We found many delightful and promising personalities, to be sure, but we also found the following cases of faulty behavior:

A girl who had to be coaxed to eat.

A boy who sucked his thumb.

A girl who vomited if forced to eat anything she did not like.

A boy who always protested against going to bed. (He had always been rocked to sleep when a baby.)

A girl who was curiously afraid of feathers and pieces of cotton.

A boy who was excessively shy before strangers. He refused to go into other children's houses.

A girl who would not touch potatoes. She had tantrums regularly. "You can't reason with her until they are over," said her mother.

A boy who ate and slept whenever he wanted to. He lived on a very irregular schedule. He had tantrums, too, and he would wet himself during the day as well as at night. He talked in his sleep, and had to have a light in his room to sleep by. He had also formed the habit of grinding his teeth.

A boy who dominated his mother by fussing. He showed jealousy by biting his father.

All these children were just four years of age when these behavior records were made. Do we need further proof that the parents' vigilance must begin early—that the growth of personality must be protected even in the nursery?

It is interesting to note that most of the behavior problems listed above relate to such simply "physical" matters as eating, sleeping and elimination. Yet these are not purely physical matters after all—it would be just as true to say that they are personality matters. Take the case of the little girl who would not touch potatoes. She ate them later when she went to the hospital. She really had no physical intolerance for potatoes, but rather a personality intolerance for them. She was "mentally" conditioned by some previous experience to resist potatoes at home. A child like that should be and could be reconditioned—that is, given a new set of personality habits.

I am always much interested in the common case of the child who will not eat vegetables at home, but will eat them readily when away from home. It must mean that there are some mental factors in the family situation which reach the boy's personality make-up and cause him to be different and difficult at home.

We also often see the child who "simply won't drink milk," but who will do so after a few days or weeks of training in a good nursery school where his personality pattern is literally reconditioned.

Then take the child who wets his bed. Now there may be medical factors which must always be considered in such a case; but often a child can be promptly reconditioned by a simple process of suggestion, such as offering him a little "gold star" reward for each successful control. By this simple method of approach he will take a new attitude and acquire a new set of habits. He will be reeducated. Personality faults frequently yield to such reeducation if we apply the simple rules of habit training and awaken a favorable attitude. Still better, many bad personality faults will not develop at all if we keep the one-year-old baby in good psychological trim by preserving wholesome habits of eating, sleeping, elimination, rest and play.

HOW CAN CHILDISH PERSONALITY FAULTS BE MANAGED?

WE HAVE discussed the early growth of personality traits because in the recognition of the importance of these early stages lie the practical keys to prevention and to cure. Prevention is, of course, the easier and the wiser of the two.

Therefore the first rule is to begin right. Don't try to make a paragon of your child. Don't try to instil obedience and self-control and good nature as so many special virtues, but let these be gradually built up as the by-products of wholesome habits of every-day living.

Continued on page 86

THE HAPPY CHILD DEPARTMENT

Directed by

DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

ARE YOU A "HAPPY CHILD" MOTHER?

That's to say are you a member of "The Happy Child Clubs," and do you get Doctor Shaw's monthly letters?

They're letters from this eminent child specialist, warning of seasonal epidemics, discussing important problems of hygiene, and helping you bring your little one up in health and strength. Every month four different letters go out according to the ages of the children: one for Expectant Mothers, one for New Babies, a third concerning little Runabouts, and a fourth about School Children. Four clubs - four letters!

Membership in a single club is only fifty cents a year, and in all four the special price of one dollar. Send your dues to "The Happy Child Clubs," THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., stating which membership you wish, and your first letter will go to you at once.*

MY LITTLE PAGE

DEAR EASTER FLOWERS: Well, one Easter I called you chick-chick-chick-a-dees, and you didn't mind; so this time, I'll call you Easter flowers, and I hope the boys don't mind! You boys can pretend you're Johnny jump-ups and Bachelors' Buttons, Ragged Robins, Jacks-in-the-Pulpit and Sweet Williams, while the girls may be Roses, Hyacinths, Violets, Daisies, Marigolds and Black-eyed Susans.

Your Easter editor (who loves flowers),

HARRIET IDE EAGER.



HERE IS AN EASY EASTER CARD TO TRACE OR COPY. YOUR EDITOR WOULD LOVE TO GET ONE FROM YOU

The Deli-Club



New readers, come and join! Just send a two-cent stamp, to pay for your blue D. C. badge. And both new and old members, send also a stamped envelope, addressed to yourself, for the April Club-Secret Letter. Address Deli-Club, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.



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A BIG BUNNY PICTURE LIKE THIS, FRAMED, IS SECOND PRIZE IN THE RAINY DAY CONTEST ON PAGE SIX

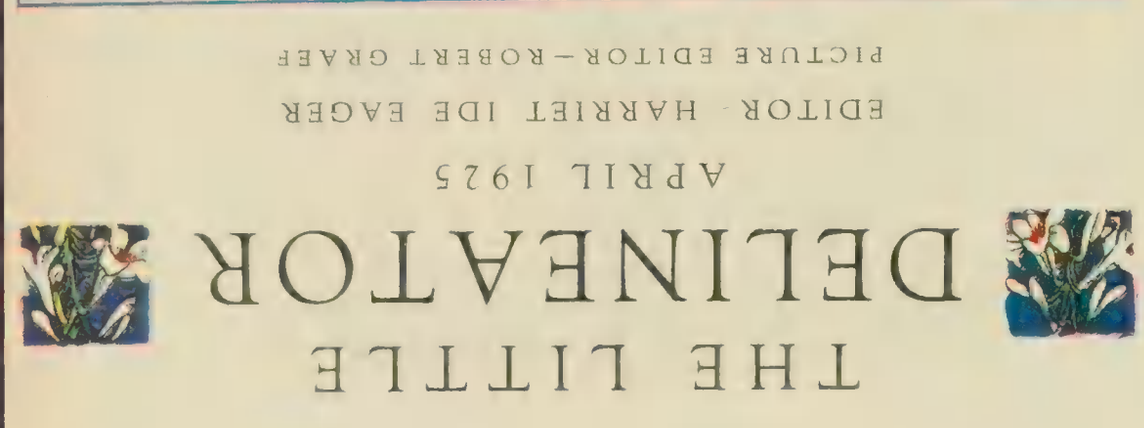


THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

APRIL 1925

EDITOR · HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF





Hello, four-legged insect! Don't you let her fool you! (*Imitates* MISS DRAGON-FLY'S *voice*): I was bor-rn on a r-rainbow and I have always been bee-yoo-tiful, bee-yoo-tiful, bee—Haw! Haw! Haw! I know something about your past, young lady!

TOMMY TIPTOE: Who are you?



MR. WATER-SKATER (*still racing all over the water*): Me! Excuse me, I should say, I? Mr. Water-skater, at your service. Shall I catch you a nice bug for your lunch? No? Well, sir, I'm Mr. Water-skater. And I've got eight little hearts a-pumpin' inside of me, sir——

MISS DRAGON-FLY (*haughtily*): So have I!

MR. WATER-SKATER (*paying no attention*): And I breathe through little openings in my sides, like buttonholes——

MISS DRAGON-FLY (*angrily*): So do I!

MR. WATER-SKATER: And my body's made in hard rings with skin between, so my skeleton's my skin and my skin's my skeleton——

MISS DRAGON-FLY (*almost crying*): So—so's mine!

MR. WATER-SKATER (*paying no attention and skating in zig-zags as he chants to himself*): My skeleton is my skin and my skin's my skeleton and my skeleton's my skin and my skin's my skeleton and——

MISS DRAGON-FLY (*crying to* TOMMY): So's mine! So's mine! All insects are made that way! He needn't act so stuck up.

MR. WATER-SKATER (*skating past and nudging her with his elbow*): Who's stuck up! (*Imitates her again*): 'I'm the Lovely Lady of the Pond! *I* was born on the rainbow and' —(*to* TOMMY): Boy, she was the ugliest baby! Big gray head and bull-dog false-face with a sharp tongue hidden away, and a little gray body like a spider's——

TOMMY TIPTOE (*putting his arm around* MISS DRAGON-FLY, *who has fluttered to his side*): How do *you* know?

MR. WATER-SKATER (*cheerfully*): Saw her at the bottom of the pond, of course, in the slime and mud. Her dear (*he sniffs*) mother dropped her there with four hundred and ninety-nine other eggs before (*he draws a big red handkerchief out of his pocket, wipes his eyes and blows his nose very loud*) before she—(*he sniffs*) she died. I watched her crawling about on all fours, ugly little gray wretch, fooling water bugs with that false-face of hers and gobbling 'em up for dinner. Oh, I know her!

TOMMY TIPTOE: How could *you* get under the water?

MR. WATER-SKATER: Me? Excuse me, I mean *I?* I've little extra breathing gills, like fish, so I can dive down easy. I know lots of people at the bottom of the pond.

Voice of LITTLE GRAY DRAGON (*wailing far away*): My time has come! My time has come! My time has co-o-o-me!

TOMMY TIPTOE (*excited*): What's that? (*He nearly falls off the leaf looking over the edge down into the water.*)

(MISS DRAGON-FLY *clasps her heart, frightened and darts about, peering down.*)

MR. WATER-SKATER: Sh-h!

Voice of LITTLE GRAY DRAGON: I'm climbing up, I'm climbing up, I'm climbing u-up—a water we-ee-eed!

TOMMY TIPTOE: What——

MR. WATER-SKATER: Sh-h!

Voice of LITTLE GRAY DRAGON: I'm almost there! I'm almost there! I'm almost there—at the top of the pond!

(*The ugly head of* LITTLE GRAY DRAGON *appears above the stone.*)

MISS DRAGON-FLY (*starting back with her nose in the air*): Ugh! You ugly thing!

MR. WATER-SKATER: Better be polite, young lady!

(MISS DRAGON-FLY *shakes herself indignantly and flutters away.*)

TOMMY TIPTOE: Oh, look! look! What's it doing?

LITTLE GRAY DRAGON: I'm shedding my last skin! I'm shedding my last sk-i-n!

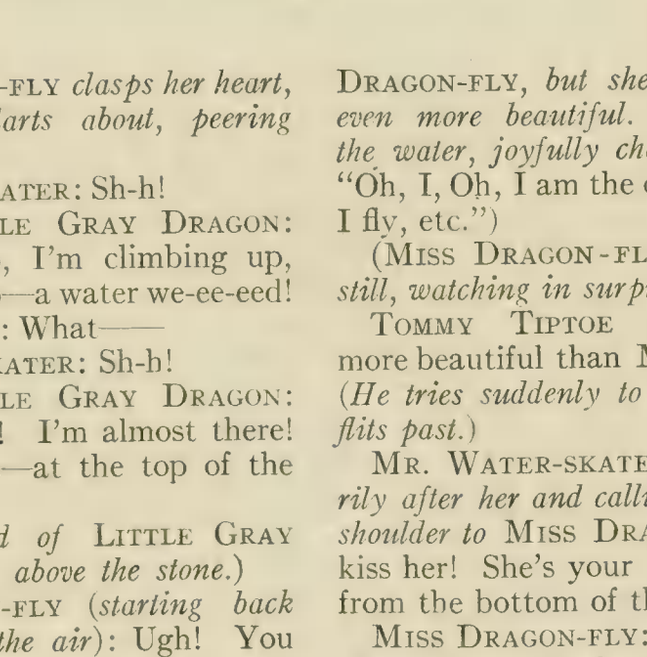
(*It wriggles out of its old gray suit, and crouches behind the stone. Suddenly as music begins to play,* LITTLE GRAY DRAGON *leaps up. She is dressed exactly like* MISS DRAGON-FLY, *but she is smaller and even more beautiful. She flits about the water, joyfully chanting the song:* "Oh, I, Oh, I am the dragon-fly, Here I fly, etc.")

(MISS DRAGON-FLY *stands stock still, watching in surprise.*)

TOMMY TIPTOE (*excited*): She's more beautiful than Miss Dragon-fly! (*He tries suddenly to grab her as she flits past.*)

MR. WATER-SKATER (*chasing merrily after her and calling back over his shoulder to* MISS DRAGON-FLY): Go kiss her! She's your own little sister from the bottom of the pond.

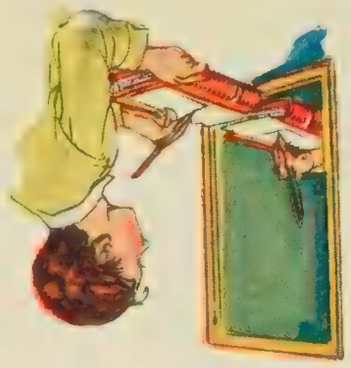
MISS DRAGON-FLY: My own little sister! From the bottom of the pond! (*She stands hesitating, then suddenly she smiles, holds out her arms, flies to her sister and kisses her lightly. Then hand in hand the two flutter and dance about on the water, chanting:* "Oh, I, Oh, I am the dragon-fly, Here I fly," *while* MR. WATER-SKATER *skates comically after, imitating them, and* TOMMY TIPTOE *keeps time to the music with his feet. As they all flutter off the stage* TOMMY *jumps upon his tiptoes and across to the bank with a leap in the air.*)



TOMMY TIPTOE: Isn't it fun to be one inch high! (*He runs off as the curtain falls.*)

For a special Easter program of recitations for school or Sunday school, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Easter Program" THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N.Y.

How do you while away a rainy day? Your editor will give a first prize of two dollars for the most interesting, different, simple idea for something pleasant to do or make on a rainy day. Second prize—a big picture like this month's Easter Bunny cover, framed. Contest closes April 20th. Address Rainy Day contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.



DEAR MISS EAGER: I am sending a drawing trick. Stand in front of a looking-glass with a board or book in front to make it level. Place a paper on the book and try to draw a square and its diagonals on the paper, looking only in the glass. It really is very hard. FREDERICK WHEELER.



Here is a bean-bag game for a rainy day indoors

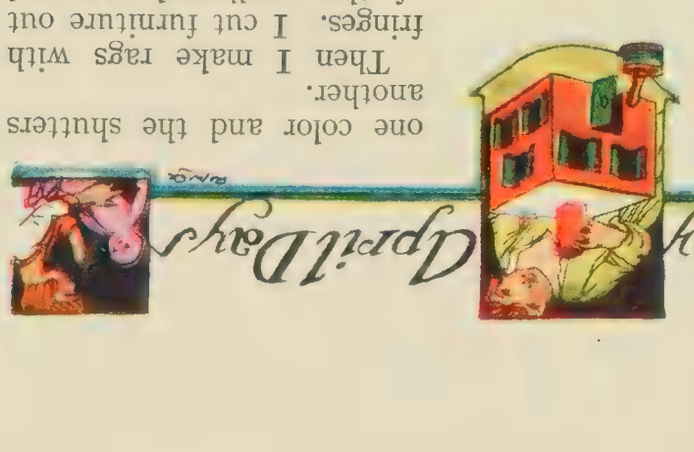
DEAR MISS EAGER: On rainy days I light my candles and make sealing-wax baskets. Sometimes on rainy days I take a cardboard box and cut windows in it. I bend back the two cardboard pieces and make shutters. I cut doors so that they can open and shut. Then I stick a small tack in the door, leaving the head sticking out for the knob, and I color the house one color and the shutters another.

Then I make rags with fringes. I cut furniture out of the cardboard too and cover it with some material. After it's finished it makes a very cute doll house.

BETTY MISHLER.

DEAR EDITOR: Here is something to do on a rainy day. Take a piece of chalk and make two circles. Take a bean-bag and with your eyes shut, try to throw the bag in a ring, keeping track of the circle that gets the most. The one that gets the most, wins. When I play this game alone I color the house and name the circles. One I name Joan and the other Fred.

HELEN KUBOLINO.



DEAR MISS EAGER: On rainy days I light my candles and make sealing-wax baskets. Sometimes on rainy days I take a cardboard box and cut windows in it. I bend back the two cardboard pieces and make shutters. I cut doors so that they can open and shut. Then I stick a small tack in the door, leaving the head sticking out for the knob, and I color the house one color and the shutters another.

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HELEN KUBOLINO.



DRAGON-FLY

The Third Insect Play in Tommy Tiptoe's Theater

CHARACTERS

TOMMY TIPTOE
MISS DRAGON-FLY
MR. WATER-SKATER
LITTLE GRAY DRAGON

(*If you need more parts, have as many other dragon-flies as you like flitting about on the pond, and let them repeat the words of* MISS DRAGON-FLY *after her.*)

DIRECTIONS

This is supposed to be the top of the pond. Spread greenish-blue cheesecloth over the floor, and for the shore, pile big stones along at the back, or lay brown-and-green rugs over sofa cushions. Cut leaves two and three feet long from big sheets of brown paper, paint some green, leaving others brown, curl up the edges and scatter them over the "water." TOMMY TIPTOE *sits on a leaf at the left.*

Set a very big stone in the water, at the left (three big sofa cushions covered with something gray will do), and let LITTLE GRAY DRAGON *hide behind it until time to come up. Choose your own dance tunes, but if you need help with music or costumes, write to "Dragon-fly Play,* THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, *New York, N. Y."*

THE PLAY

When the play begins, TOMMY TIPTOE *is sitting on a big dried leaf, hugging his knees and looking about frightened.*

TOMMY TIPTOE: It's magic! Why, why, I'm sitting on a LEAF! I—I must have turned one inch high. Am I really Tommy Tiptoe? (*He pinches himself.*) Ouch! Yes!

Enter MISS DRAGON-FLY. *She is slender and graceful but haughty. She darts here and there about the water on airy wings, dancing to soft music behind the scenes. As she flits by the leaf,* TOMMY *grabs her wing.*

MISS DRAGON-FLY (*angrily*): Oh! Oh! Let me go! Let me go! Insect, don't you realize who I *am?*

TOMMY TIPTOE: No, but please come sit on my leaf. It's so lonesome being one inch high.

MISS DRAGON-FLY (*sneering and trying to pull away*): How high do you expect to be, silly bug?

TOMMY TIPTOE (*crossly*): I'm not a bug, I'm a boy and I'm three feet—seven in—er, usually. Only, well, I was watching the dragon-flies on the pond and wishing I could turn one inch high, and *bing*!—I did!

Enter MISS DRAGON-FLY. *She is slender and graceful but haughty. She darts here and there about the water on airy wings, dancing to soft music behind the scenes. As she flits by the leaf,* TOMMY *grabs her wing.*

MISS DRAGON-FLY (*angrily*): Oh! Oh! Let me go! Let me go! Insect, don't you realize who I *am?*

TOMMY TIPTOE: Please, pretty, pretty lady!

(MISS DRAGON-FLY *smiles a little and sits down, but seems ready to fly away at any moment.*)

TOMMY TIPTOE (*stroking her wings*): Who are you? Where did you come from?

MISS DRAGON-FLY (*proudly*): I? I am the beautiful Miss Dragon-fly. I am the Lovely Lady of the Pond. I was born in the rainbow, and my mother was a soap bubble, and I have always been beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!

(*She flits off the leaf and flutters about over the water, chanting, while music plays*):

Oh, I, Oh, I am the dragon-fly,
Here I fly, there I fly, very high, very high;
See me flit, see me flutter to the sky, sky, sky.

Voice of the WATER-SKATER (*outside, very loud and funny*): Haw! Haw! Haw, Haw! That's a good one! Haw! Haw! Haw! Haw!

(*Enter* MR. WATER-SKATER, *running very fast with bent knees, in comical zig-zags over the water*). TOMMY *shrinks away frightened as he passes and starts to jump off the leaf, but thinks better of it.* MISS DRAGON-FLY *stops angrily, hands on her hips.*)

MR. WATER-SKATER (*moving fast all the time he talks*): Haw! Haw! Haw! Haw! That was a good one! (*To* TOMMY):



Sky, sky, sky,
Oh, I, Oh, I am the dragon-fly,
Watch me fly, watch me fly, very high, very high,
Watch me flitter, flutter, flutter, to the sky, sky, sky.

Voice of the WATER-SKATER (*outside, very loud and funny*): Haw! Haw! Haw, Haw! That's a good one! Haw! Haw! Haw! Haw!

(*Enter* MR. WATER-SKATER, *running very fast with bent knees, in comical zig-zags over the water*). TOMMY *shrinks away frightened as he passes and starts to jump off the leaf, but thinks better of it.* MISS DRAGON-FLY *stops angrily, hands on her hips.*)

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Watch me flitter, flutter, flutter, to the sky, sky, sky.

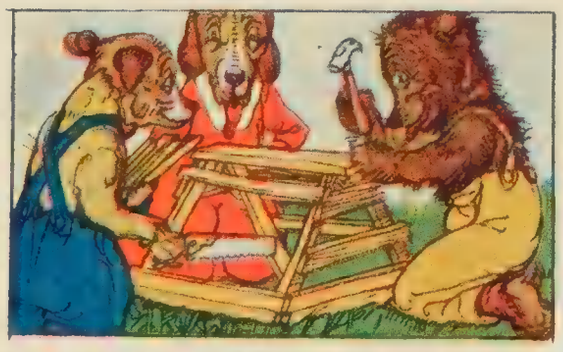
DELI-BEAR'S EASTER BUNNIES



"Oh, Deli-dear," says Mother Bear, "run, mail this note for me."
And Deli gives his solemn word—forget it? No, not he!



"Hey! Come on out!" call Deli-dogs and Deli runs to play,
And brag about the bunnies he will get on Easter Day.



So Deli-dogs and Deli-bear are helping one another
To build a coop to hold the rabbits promised by his mother.



Alas! What's this? It's Easter Day, and not a rabbit's there!
Nor hair nor hide of one can Del discover anywhere!



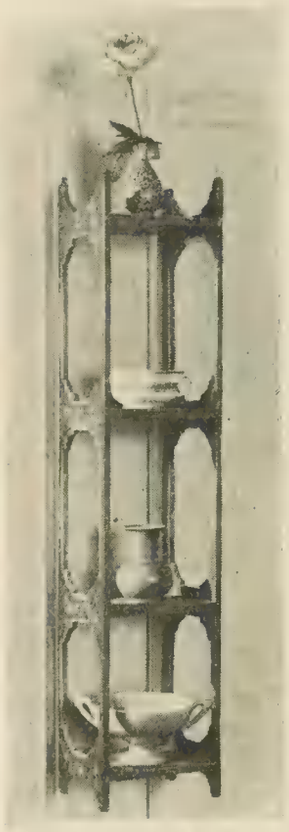
"I'm sorry, dear," says Mother Bear. "I wrote two weeks ago,
To order you the rabbit pair. I don't—Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"



Oh, Deli-bear, what's this? The note you promised her to post.
It pays to keep your promises! It doesn't pay to boast!

The Charm of Painted Furniture

By
MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS
Head of the Department of House Decoration



A COLORFUL WALL RACK

"IS PAINTED furniture just a fad, or has it come to stay?" people often ask. Unquestionably painted furniture is popular in these modern days; and it can hardly be said to be of passing favor, for it has been widely used ever since the eleventh century. Not only the famous English cabinetmakers, but the French, Dutch and Chinese masters as well, helped to develop the ancient art. Since color and its application is an important influence in our lives, it can be easily understood how men came to decorate the drab woods with pleasing tints.

A generous amount of painted furniture was made in England and France during the eighteenth century. Quantities of lacquered articles had been imported by the East India Company, and these served as inspiration for the Adam brothers, Heppelwhite, Sheraton and some of the French cabinetmakers. These craftsmen made no pretense of doing real lacquer work, however. They simply applied paint and artistic motifs to their furniture.

In England, during the nineteenth century, the vogue for painted furniture fell off somewhat, but interest in it increased in France earlier in the same century under the influence of a famous coach-painter named Martin. Commodes, beds, tables, chairs, bookcases, needle-cases and snuff-boxes were painted an exquisite soft green. These pieces were sometimes decorated with dainty garlands of gay flowers, and sometimes they were treated in a solid color only. Original pieces signed by Martin are especially prized to-day and may be seen in museums here and abroad.

Chippendale, the Adam brothers, Heppelwhite and Sheraton allowed themselves more variety in coloring their furniture, and used shades of gray, green, rose and soft reds. Many examples of the work of these men were brought to America during the eighteenth century.

Chests, hutches, boxes and chairs were among the first examples of American painted furniture. These, for the most part, were done by New England cabinetmakers, and were more simple in construction and decoration than their English and French originals. The body of each piece was generally a solid color simply adorned with some conventional design of flowers, fruit or baskets. Often the decoration consisted of a stencil painted in black or gilt across the wide top rail of a chair or on the vertical slats of a settee.

The modern home-maker should be sure to include in her scheme of furnishing some articles of modern painted furniture. But she should be careful not to stress the bizarre or the crude by using furniture painted in cheap, harsh colors. She should choose carefully from some reputable manufacturer, or else paint furniture of good lines herself. She can then select a soft shade of gray, green, blue, mulberry or rose which will blend with her room.

There is no charm more permanent than that of a satisfying color scheme, and painted furniture serves as a practical means to this end. It fills too deep a need to be ever considered a fad. Of course, as in all things, the cheap and gaudy will pall and be discarded, but the really beautiful will last, giving service and pleasure to the home-maker and her family.

If among the large assortment of painted furniture on the market the home-maker can not find a color to blend with the individual scheme of decoration, manufacturers are always glad to paint furniture any shade which may be desired. Also there is a large quantity of unpainted furniture being manufactured just now. This comes in a wide assortment of designs, from which one may choose individual pieces. It is much less expensive than already painted furniture, and it is not a difficult process to paint these pieces at home.

PAINT YOUR OWN FURNITURE

There's your old porch furniture, the worn set in your guest-room, the charming but battered antique you relegated to the garret. They are still good—and with a coat of bright paint, you can give them new life and usefulness. Paint them yourself—entertainingly, easily. Just follow the directions in THE DELINEATOR'S *new booklet, "Paint Your Own Furniture," and you can't go wrong. If you have a longing to wield a paint-brush, send twenty-five cents to the Department of House Decoration,* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and the booklet will be mailed to you directly*



PAINTED BEDROOM FURNITURE IS APPROPRIATE IN HOUSE OR APARTMENT



THERE IS FRESHNESS AND CHARM IN THIS CREAM-WHITE DINING-ROOM



Photo by courtesy of Metropolitan Museum

THIS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHAIR IS AS ATTRACTIVE AS WHEN FIRST DECORATED

Any furniture worth painting at all is worth painting well, whether it be previously painted or varnished, old unpainted or new unpainted. The amateur will be more than repaid if she uses only good paint and brushes and gives each coat plenty of time to dry. She will find it easier if she elevates the articles she is planning to paint on a board or table.

A good grade of paint-remover or varnish remover should be applied to all previously varnished or painted furniture. Follow the directions printed on the can. Varnish-remover is very strong and should not be allowed to touch the clothing, draperies, any other furniture, or a painted or varnished floor. As it is "messy" work to remove paint or varnish it should, if possible, be done outdoors or in a shed or cellar. A painter's scraper costs but a few cents and saves energy and time in removing the gummy mass made by the varnish-remover.

After the first coat of varnish-remover has been scraped off, apply another coat of it to take off any especially stubborn spots, scraping the surface gently as before. The next step is to wash the furniture thoroughly with a strong soap and water. Washing-soda added to the water assists in removing all traces of the old finish as well as the paint-remover. It is most important that none of the liquid remover be left on, for it will burn through and destroy the new finish when it is applied.

After the article has thoroughly dried, proceed with the first step toward beauty. If the wood is of open grain, such as oak or maple, a paste filler should be rubbed in across the grain of the wood with a soft cloth. This insures a perfectly smooth foundation for future operations. After the filler has dried—and this takes about forty-eight hours—sandpaper it lightly with sandpaper. Dust the furniture carefully and apply the first coat of paint.

Remember that the first coat of paint should be put on as carefully as the last. In order to apply a smooth, even coat, take only a little paint on your brush at a time. Work with long, even strokes, brushing the paint well into the wood. Even the best brush is apt to drop a hair when it is new. Watch out for this and remove the hair by raising it with the tip of a knife and then lifting it off with the fingers. Paint over the place where the hair has been taken out.

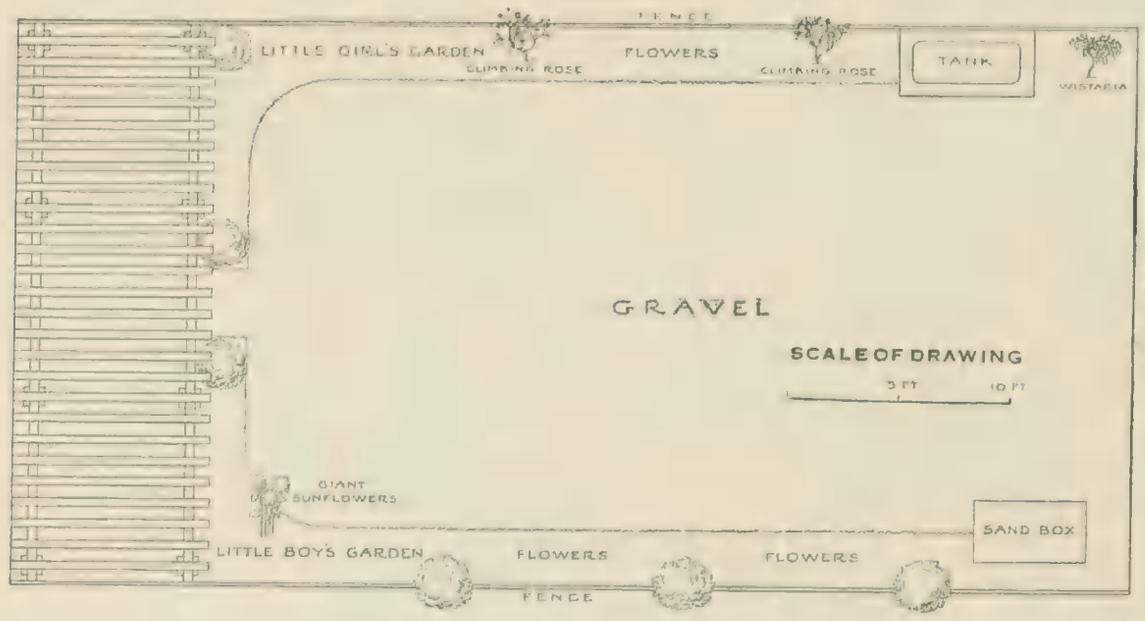
Give each coat a sufficient time to dry. Test the surface by placing the hand firmly down on the painted article. If it does not feel sticky, it is ready to be painted again. When the last coat has dried, brush a thin coat of varnish over the surface. And when this has dried, rub down the furniture with a piece of felt dipped in powdered pumice moistened with oil.

Because of lack of space these directions have been made most general. Before beginning the actual work, a housewife should have explicit and expert directions concerning the selection of paints or colors, the kinds of finishes, stencil and decalcomania decorations, as well as the actual painting.

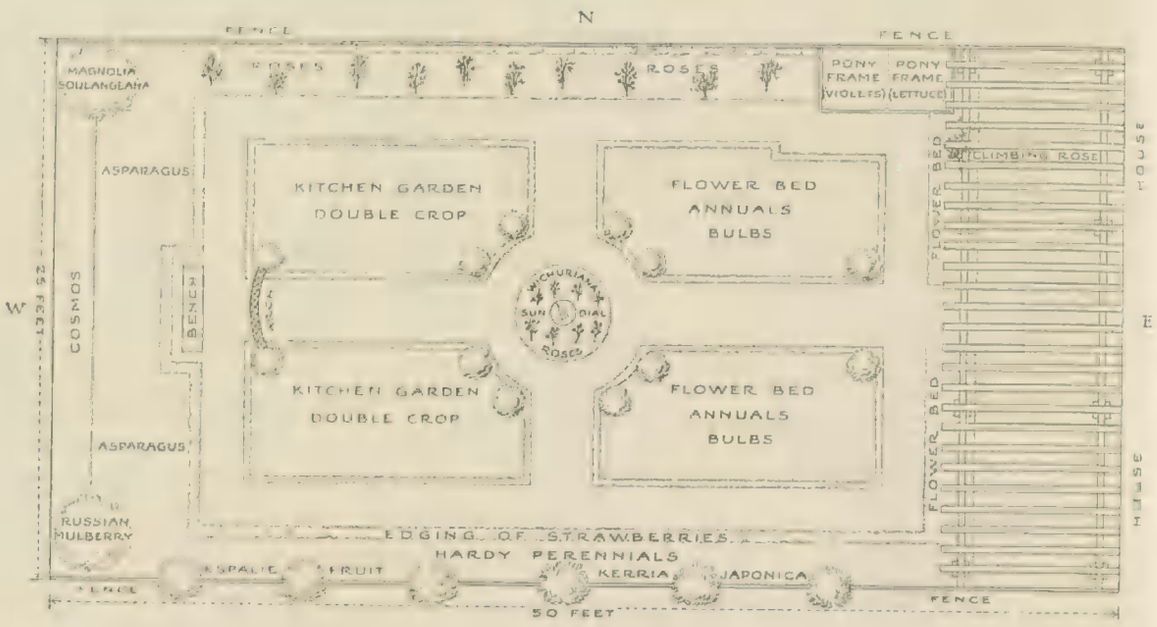
Two Gardens

One owner had children — the other had none

By FRANCES DUNCAN



THIS BACK-YARD GARDEN LEAVES ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN TO PLAY



WHILE THIS PLOT UTILIZES EVERY FOOT OF SPACE FOR PLANTING

A GARDEN is not like—well, measles, for instance, which comes in a certain definite way; or jelly, for example, which hardens in a set shape. No, indeed; a garden is a fairy thing which can be changed and altered like magic. A dreary Cinderella back yard can be transformed into a smiling Princess garden. The same small plot can be a waste spot, or a flowery place for children to play, or a nook luxuriant with fruits and vegetables to delight the heart of the housewife. And the proof of this magic is right on this page!

Prosaically speaking, suburbanites and other folks who have tiny yards at their disposal may be divided into two classes. There are those who have children to consider, and whose back yards must be playground as well as garden. And there are those who have no children or whose youngsters are old enough to take a grown-up interest in flowers and have no desire to see-saw into the hollyhocks or to make mud pies in the freshly turned earth. Of course, the same arrangement will not suit both gardens. What shall be done about it?

A GARDEN FOR THOSE WHO HAVE LITTLE FOLKS

When there are little children in the family, the back-yard garden, however small, must meet the following requirements:

1. It must be interesting to the child in order that he or she will prefer it to the dangerous street.
2. The planting must be such that the "Don'ts" are reduced to a minimum. This will make the garden a happy place for both mother and children.
3. It must afford space for drying clothes.
4. It must afford play-space—as much as possible. There must even be some room for play when the drying of clothes is in progress.
5. It must be attractive to look upon. The devastation which sometimes follows in the wake of children's play is unnecessary if the yard space is adapted to the needs of the children.
6. It must have shade. Then the children may play and the baby may have an out-of-doors nap in the hottest part of the day without being exposed to the sun.

The first spot to show symptoms of the children's use of the yard is the grass-plot. Therefore dispense with it. Take but a narrow strip next to the fence for planting and defend this border from heedless little feet by a caging or stout board. Gravel mixed with sand will pack into a smooth surface and give far less opportunity for tumbles than the usual flagged path with its sharp-cornered coping-stones. If the whole space is on a single level, many a tumble will be avoided. Such a play yard is drier for little feet, and the fine gravel is less destructive to clothes than is the earth of a worn grass-plot.

At the foot of the yard have a rough arbor, strong enough to support a swing, if the children are little. A discarded automobile tire slung from a cross-beam makes an admirable exercising-ring for older youngsters. A horizontal ladder, arranged so it can be hauled up when not in use, may also be hung from the arbor, or it can serve as a platform for a slide. In fact a strongly built pergola will suggest endless possibilities to an energetic small boy. And covered with vines, it makes a pleasant place for the baby's nap and for small daughter's tea-parties.

At one end of the arbor a heavily built low table which can be used as a work-bench should be placed. At the other end a hinged wooden box, the width of the arbor, serves as a seat and as a place for toys and tools. The heavy cross-beam of the pergola does away with the need of separate clothes-posts, for lines can be stretched from it to the house or to a parallel beam near the house. If an opening be left through the festoons of clothes, even on washday the children can amuse themselves in their out-of-doors play-room, undisturbed and undisturbing.

And what about the planting? Against the fence is a two-foot-wide garden-bed. A six-inch board, sunk to the depth of three inches, will be found to be a more secure guard than a wire protection, which is not easily seen. Close against the fence are planted early-flowering trees, dogwood, crimson peach, hawthorn, red-bud, or Judas tree. Neither cat nor dog nor child is likely to disturb these.

For the first season, gourds are planted to grow over the arbor. In front of it is the children's garden consisting of Russian sunflower, which gives seclusion to their play-room, cornflower, morning-glory and other easily grown annuals. In the long garden beds are German iris, hollyhocks, chrysanthemums—all set close against the fence—and zinnias, in shades of pale rose, deep rose and maroon.

In the Autumn, plant crocuses, snowdrops and daffodils in abundance. For bulbs, which are always a peculiar delight to children, will be joyously awaited in the Spring. Each youngster should have his or her small section of the flower-bed to plant therein what he or she chooses.

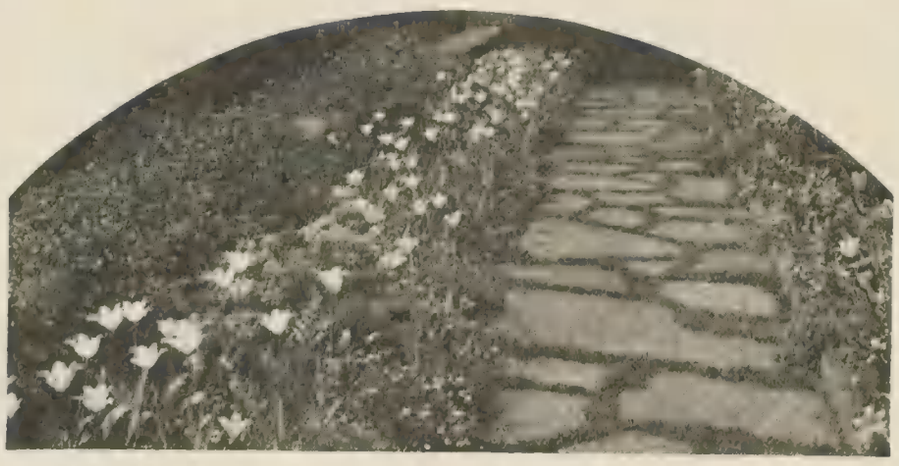
An additional joy, not difficult to compass, is a tub sunk close to the fence near the house where it will be convenient to the water-supply. Here turtles will thrive and tiny boats may be sailed. Playing with water, which in the house causes disorder and inconvenience, may here be enjoyed with no trouble whatever. The tub may be boxed in by a wooden caging with a five or six inch space between it and the "pool," and by planting primroses or forget-me-nots in this little space the tub may be attractively flower-encircled.

Such an arrangement of a back yard will be found of real service to busy mothers. It will be especially lovely in the Spring, a comfortable shady place in the Summer, and a boon to the little folk throughout the entire season.

WHICH GARDEN DO YOU WANT?

Have you children? Then choose the left garden and give them a place to play. No children? Then choose the right one, and have for your own enjoyment its secluded terrace and sweet-smelling blooms.

THE DELINEATOR garden pattern will tell you all you need to know about keeping either of these gardens. It's laid out with every foot of space accounted for and with directions for all the plantings. You couldn't have a garden any easier way—and think of the endless pleasure it will mean to you and your family. Twenty-five cents, sent to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., will bring you your "garden on paper" in just a few days



FLORAL CHARM LIES IN THIS TULIP-BORDERED WALK

A GARDEN FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NO CHILDREN

Let us imagine that the owner of the second little yard is a person very fond of gardening, one who likes to spend time with her flowers as well as on them. Therefore the garden has been arranged so that many a household duty can be performed in it. A valuable feature of this yard is the lattice-enclosed-flagged terrace or porch, which can make either an outdoor kitchen or dining-room for the housewife. The lattice with its roses gives as much seclusion to the place as if it were indoors. Here washing can be done or vegetables can be prepared. Here also is a delightful place for breakfast on a warm Summer morning, and a quiet nook for the man of the house to take his pipe and his paper in the cool of the evening.

In the small flower-bed under the roses on the sunny side are the earliest bulbs, also Winter aconite, Christmas rose, and a few plants of evergreen candytuft. These will give a bit of cheer in the Winter and will bloom in the Spring at the earliest possible moment. Just inside, shaded by the lattice, are primroses and violets.

A very prominent feature of any yard, especially of a small yard, is the fence. Flowers come and flowers go, but the fence remains quite as plain as the walls of an undecorated room. There are various ways of treating this eyesore. One very satisfactory method of camouflaging

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A Model Bungalow of Stucco

A second small house with the virtues of a big one



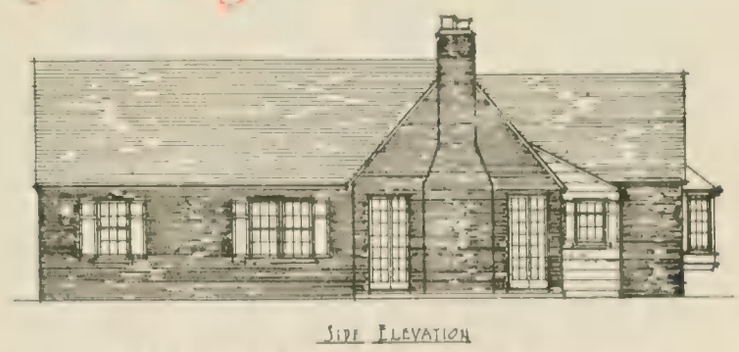
FRONT ELEVATION

A BAY WINDOW MAKES A PLEASANT NOOK

Designed by

DONN BARBER

Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, and Architect of the New York Cotton Exchange

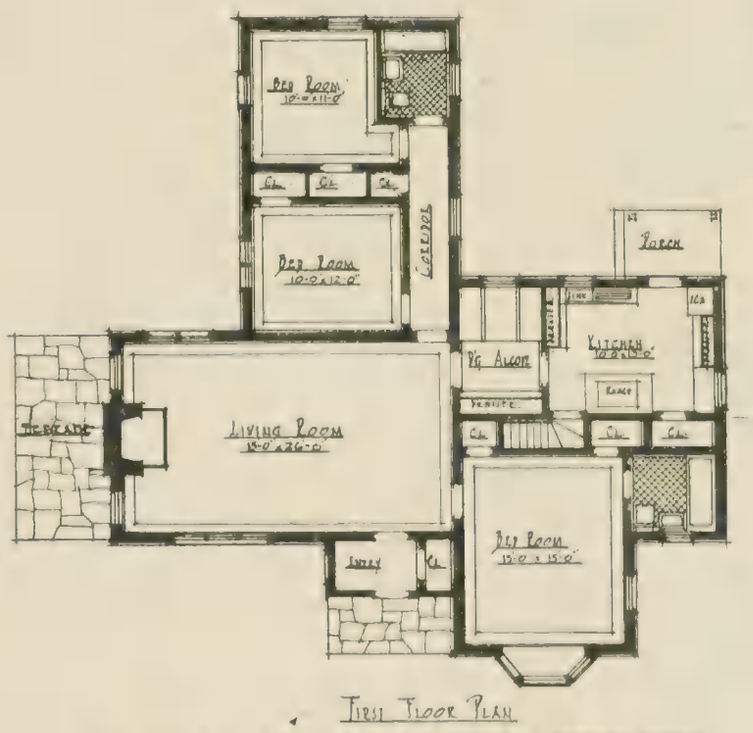


SIDE ELEVATION

FRENCH WINDOWS OPEN ON A TERRACE

IF YOU LIKE THIS BUNGALOW

This stucco bungalow, so quaint and attractive on the outside, so cozy and practical within, is planned to simplify the business of living and yet not sacrifice any of the comforts of a large home. Would you like to own it? You can build from a workable blue-print with floor-plans and elevations — which will cost you only one dollar if you write to the Home-Building Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and ask for* DELINEATOR *House Plan Number 12. Or, if before you buy the blue-print you want to see* THE DELINEATOR'S *entire selection of model houses, ask for the special sheet that pictures them all; this costs you nothing but a stamped return envelope*



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

THE CLEVER DIVISION OF THIS HOUSE INTO THREE UNITS INSURES PRIVACY AND QUIET

"WHAT I really want," said the woman dubiously, "is a little house with all the advantages of a big one. But I suppose that's impossible."

"I don't think so," said the contractor. "What about a bungalow?"

"One of those little cramped affairs with no closet-space, rooms too small for ordinary-sized furniture—a place where no one has any privacy whatsoever? No, thank you."

"Just you glance at this plan for a minute," persuaded the contractor, as he spread before his client the blue-print of DELINEATOR House Plan number twelve. "It's what I should call a model bungalow."

"Why, it's a darling," she cried enthusiastically, "but—but are you sure it is as good as it looks? Tell me about the plan itself and all its advantages."

"This home will be warm in Winter and cool in Summer, because it's intended to be built of stucco," began the man.

"Stucco—that sounds attractive. But can stucco be painted? I do love color."

"Certainly it can," replied the contractor: "there's a specially prepared stucco coating or paint which is excellent. It's moisture-proof and comes in ten different shades. Or, if you like, the stucco itself can be tinted with pigments or colored sands. Then there's a new method that's proved most successful. Colored chips or pebbles are thrown against the moist wall, then lightly pressed in with a wooden float, which firmly embeds them in the stucco. Now for the roof——"

"Wait, a minute, please," interrupted the woman. "Will these colorings stand wind and weather?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply; "all these methods are absolutely permanent."

"Good—and what were you going to say about the roof?"

"You'd like a shingled one, I suppose, of wood or asbestos."

"Which do you advise?" asked the woman with a perplexed look.

"Well," replied the contractor, "asbestos shingles are most appropriate, and they come in any number of colors. A conglomerate shade is good, because it blends with any tone. It comes in two finishes, also—smooth, which brings out the color of the shingle; or rough, which gives an especially pleasing texture to the roof."

"Are wood shingles any less expensive?" inquired the woman. "I must be thrifty."

"The initial cost of asbestos shingles is considerably higher than wood: yes. But figured on the cost-per-year basis, the asbestos shingles are cheaper, since they require almost no maintenance charges. The older the roof the tougher this kind of material becomes. It never needs paint and seldom repairs."

"It seems to me—" began the woman—"but, no, before I decide all these important outside details let's see the inside of the little house. After all, the interior is what counts most of all. And, remember, I want roominess, compactness, closet-space and privacy. Has this house all those virtues?"

"Just you wait," beamed the contractor. "Do you see how it is built? In three parts, you might say. The living-room is one unit, the back wing with the two bedrooms is another, and the side wing is another. Each part can be absolutely shut off by itself, which insures perfect privacy, you see. Then, too, if the family should grow larger, the front bedroom can easily be made into a dining-room and other bedrooms can be added to the rear wing."

"What a splendid arrangement!" said the woman eagerly; "and I do like that feeling of 'separateness' each room has. Yet I don't see a bit of wasted space."

"There isn't any," responded the contractor. "And just look here. There's a closet out of your entryway for coats and rubbers and umbrellas. And there are five other closets besides—ample room for clothes, for linen, for brooms, the vacuum cleaner, mops and the like. There's a place for everything of that sort to be put away out of sight in this house."

"I'm beginning to be enthusiastic," said the home-builder, smiling. "Plenty of closet-space is one of my hobbies. Let's attack the kitchen now. Is it big enough to be practical? I don't want a little cramped kitchenette."

"You won't have a 'little cramped kitchenette' in this house. But you'll have an ample, light, airy workroom, practical and step-saving down to the last detail. The work-table is near the stove. The refrigerator over in one corner can be reached by the iceman from the porch. Then there is a table for soiled dishes under the window, and to the left of that is the sink. Farther on to the left is a dresser for the clean dishes."

"Oh, I see!" said the woman. "You work right around in one direction. Why, think of the thousands of criss-crossing steps I'd save! And the little dining-alcove conveniently near, too. I'd love working in a kitchen like this."

"The living-room is pretty nice, too, I think you'll find—and a man would heartily approve it. It's big, yet comfortable and cozy with its open fireplace."

"That will be a good place for my big divan under those windows there at the front. Oh, and a terrace! I didn't notice that before."

"Yes, you see the living-room opens out on it, through French windows. It's an attractive room Winter and Summer. Then please notice that the bedrooms are all good-sized with plenty of window-space to allow for light and sun. The front chamber is really a wonder."

"It's a jewel of a place, and I'm convinced that it fulfils all my requirements. It's a big little house, quaint and attractive on the outside, cozy and practical within. You were quite right to call it a model bungalow.

"But I must ask you one more question. Is a bungalow hard to heat?"

"No, indeed," replied the contractor: "but did you know that about one-fourth of all the coal burned in all our homes is wasted? The heat escapes through the plaster ceilings to the attic-space under the roof, so I would advise placing

Continued on page 72



THE PROMISE OF THE CHARMING EXTERIOR OF THIS BUNGALOW IS ADEQUATELY FULFILLED BY THE SPLENDID ARRANGEMENT OF ROOMS WITHIN



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

The Two of You

By

CELIA CAROLINE COLE

RAIN! And dozens of girls, slanted against the rain, blowing along the street and disappearing into big buildings. "Thin rain, leaning on the wind." April in the air. Girls young, gay-hearted, confident, being swallowed up for the day in offices. And we, high up above them, nibbling the end of our pen, and thinking, thinking ever so hard.

How many of those girls—secretaries and stenographers and all the other women with "jobs"—how many of them think beauty is only skin deep? They *know!* Because they are right on the front line of the funny old war between the sexes that has been going on ever since Eve bit the apple and Adam told on her.

They know that you can get a "job" because you are pleasing externally. You soothe the impressionable soul of a man—though he doesn't realize that, because, not being a woman, he doesn't analyze all his emotions. He just knows that he feels nicer and happier when he looks at you, and so you get the "job."

And maybe you don't get it, because you don't make him feel that way. You are too negative to start any pleasant vibrations. Or you're the "doll-baby" type, and on no condition does he want you around. Or you are attractive (in a way), but too artificial. A man parts with his illusions with pain; he doesn't like the lip-stick look.

As the maw of each building opposite swallowed up girls, we saw something. Each girl as she went in left outside on the street a self that didn't belong in the office—the self that dreams about love, a husband, and a home.

It's like Lilith and Eve. Lilith—the lovely, legendary first woman, elder sister or other self of Eve—had nothing to do with apples and commands, but only to be witty and alluring and wise where men and serpents were concerned. But Eve, patting busily around the garden, had heaps to do because she knew so little and wanted to know so much in order to be independent and a person.

And every woman of us is a Lilith-and-Eve—but business girls are most of all.

The girl in the office needs charm, but not the kind that distracts nor even attracts, so that an employer is conscious of being attracted.

We asked heaps and heaps of men if they liked them pretty, and all of them said: "Sure! The prettier the better, if they have brains enough to attend to their jobs and not let men call them up on the telephone all the time."

One of the things we discovered, talking with girls in offices here in New York, is that they either wash with water at noon or don't cleanse their faces at all, but just powder freshly. Both bad habits! Water coarsens the pores and dries the skin. Warm water is especially bad; it's relaxing to the muscles and tissues. And cold water won't cleanse thoroughly.

It does seem as if every girl could have a little place for a jar of cold-cream and a small roll of absorbent cotton and a box of the new, soft, inexpensive cold-cream removers that have just been put on the market. It's taken three years of experimenting to perfect them so that there is no lint and no grain.

Wet a piece of cotton about four inches square in cold water, squeeze it out, rub it over with the cleansing cold-cream and wash the face with it. Then take several layers of the tissue remover and wipe one side of the face with an up-and-out stroke. Then turn the tissue pad over, and wipe the other side of the face. Separate the layers of tissue, put the used sides together, which gives a clean new pad, and wipe the face once more, making sure that not a trace of cream is left.

TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL?

Whether you are an Eve-in-the-Office, or an after-five Lilith or a busy, busy home-maker, don't "let yourself go!" If you want to look trim, alive and lovely, write Celia Caroline Cole and ask her for exercises to beautify your body—for preparations to gladden your skin—for advice on any personal beauty problem you may have. She is eager to help you. Tell her all about it at her DELINEATOR address, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. And don't forget a stamped envelope for her reply

If you need rouge—if you are colorless and look drab and unaccented and a touch of rouge gives you a come-alive, happy look—there is a delightful little thin celluloid tube of very good rouge which you can buy for thirty-five cents. It lasts a long time and is exceedingly easy to carry in your purse. Then a fluff of powder of your particular shade—cream, or flesh, or white, or a delicate pink if you are a blonde—and never, never heavily scented.

And while we are on this matter of scent, girls in offices shouldn't have any scent except that of a freshly tubbed, freshly shampooed, freshly "underclad" human. Perfume belongs to Lilith, the after-five self, not to Eve.

Which brings us to soap. Have your own soap in your office, delicately scented if scented at all. Use it for hands and neck and ears. And never, never, *never* use anybody else's soap.

Hands impeccable as to cleanliness, beautifully groomed as to nails are so frightfully important in an office. Happily for most of us, hands that are not beautifully shaped can be made charming and expressive. It is much more a matter of color, texture and movement than of shape and size.

The first need of almost all American hands is oil. Brittle nails come from lack of oil. Chapped and reddened and wrinkled hands can be gloriously improved by oil. Pure olive-oil or either of the two beautiful oils on the market that have been especially evolved for hands should be rubbed in well and worked in carefully around the cuticles. Dry cuticles should have cold-cream or oil rubbed into them every night. You've no idea, until you try it, how quickly and generously hands respond to care.

Never wash them in hot water. Use lukewarm—you'll like it after a while—and never wash them halfway. Wrinkles and a grimy tone of skin result from such carelessness. Wash them thoroughly in a pure vegetable-oil soap and dry them thoroughly. Then a lotion—there is one that we think the Goddess of Beauty made herself—and there are many others that are also good.

Then if you want your hands softly white, use a good bleach. We know a delightful one that is nice and reasonable, too. And there is always the lemon, the beloved and redeeming lemon. Keep one in the bathroom at home. Squeeze some juice in your two glasses of cold water before breakfast. Squeeze some more in the water you wash hands and neck in. It has fine cleansing properties. And put some on your hands at night to whiten them.

If you can, go to a good manicurist once a week. And the night before you go, soak your hands for ten minutes in hot oil, and then don't wipe it off too rigidly. Leave a little on. Having wicked cuticles ourself, we know quite a lot about that evil and how difficult it makes a home manicure. But with the aid of many a wise manicurist we have evolved a home manicure in between the once-a-week one, which includes a really good cuticle cream every night, and a system of manicuring. We would like to give it to you here only there isn't space; but we'll send it to you if you want us to.

No manicure should ever be done with a stiff file. Nor should the fingers ever be soaked longer than five minutes in the lukewarm soapy water. Nor should the pointed end of an orange stick ever be used, but always the rounded end, except when wrapped in cotton and used to put the peroxid and pumice powder under the nails to remove stains. Nor should cuticles *ever* be cut. Like children they should be gently but firmly trained and not half destroyed with violence. Nor should they be pushed back with a knife, but with a flat orange stick. And 'ware, oh beware, of liquid polishes! There are two good ones, only, that we know about. Powder is safer, only always put on a little paste or cream first.

Bare arms should be mostly left at home when it comes to offices. The little dark-blue serge with its long sleeves and young, crisp, becoming, enchanting white collars and cuffs is the perfect note in the office. Remember, too, that bracelets belong to Lilith, not to Eve. Lilith can clank and gleam all she wants to after five o'clock, but Eve-in-the-Office is quiet and deft.

If any girl who works in an office is too fat, she is a little lazy or not quite intelligent *enough!* With all these wonderful rubber reducing corsets—and they do do the work, and rollers for local fat—and they do do the work, and reducing creams and lotions—and lots of them do the work, and books on calories and books on reducing in spots—how *can* any self-respecting Eve let herself be too fat?

And now my starry-eyed, starry-dreamed Eves, all shut up in offices, what have we got? Simplicity, sincerity. Make men know that we aren't always taking the personal view-point, imagining injuries and slights and flatteries; that they can make a remark about humans in general, and we'll take it as such with no relation to us in particular. Make them know that we have other ambitions in life besides marriage; that we can stick to a job like a man.

Make men know that you are an honest, responsible, efficient, big-dreamed human, just like them—plus that something that the Great and Glad Creator of Man gave you when He made you after He did man because His first work didn't quite satisfy Him. Shall we call it charm, little Eve-in-the-Office? You and Lilith—the two of you!

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT SHOW THE CIRCULAR FLARE, THE NEW ENSEMBLES AND OTHER IMPORTANT MODES



The French idea of the suspender skirt with shoulder-straps is made of white crêpe de Chine with a blouse and front tunic of printed crêpe. From Blanche Lebouvier



A suggestion of 1870 is to be seen in the lifted apron drapery and bustle bow of a dinner gown by Rolande. It is of black satin over violine with crystal and violine embroidery



Beer places the new circular flare at the hip and ends it above the hem on an afternoon frock of chamois-yellow crêpe de Chine embroidered sparingly in gold. It is part of an ensemble



To the Prince of Wales coat Béchoff adds a feather collar and wristlets. The double-breasted coat is made of a beige and brown mixture



To the frock at the left Beer adds a coat of chamois-colored cloth embroidered in a plaid design and trimmed with bands of the plain cloth

Margaine Lacroix slashes a tunic of blue serge to the hip, disclosing a second tunic of jade-green Georgette. Both the green and blue are trimmed with a wool tissue of yellow, beige and brick stripes with an over design in dark brown



Martial et Armand make an ensemble costume of beige kasha cut and trimmed on straight lines with insertions of brown kasha and edges of copper color. The frock is of copper-colored kasha with collar and cuffs of ivory embroidery



Goupy uses the sweater neck and the effect of the kick plait in a frock of nut-brown crêpe de Chine with the collar, facing and under skirt of beige

Chavériat takes thought of the coming Summer with a frock of white Georgette with the hem, panel and collar of rose-pink Georgette. The rose embroidery is worked in shaded ribbon and follows a trellis of drawn-work

Kasha is the material of the hour and the ensemble costume the most important of the Spring models. Alice Bernard uses both in a coat and frock of yellow wool with a body of white kasha embroidered in rust



THE NEW IN NEW YORK

The Bride Takes the White Veil and Gown of Tradition, or Turns to Silver or Palest Pink

By Evelyn Dodge

(See page 33)

AFTER you have decided that you will love, honor and use your own judgment about obeying, the next, almost equally important question concerns your wedding-gown and trousseau. Will you go to the altar white and nun-like in the demure virginal white of tradition? Will a glint of silver or gold show through the cloudy loveliness of your tulle veil? Or will you give them something to talk about by following the new vogue of pale shell or flesh pink for your veil and gown? The modern girl even at this romantic moment is clear-thinking and long-headed and the new idea of pale pink appeals to her for a frock that she will wear later for dinners and dances. The white gown is lovely for the actual ceremony, but it has deadly broadcasting powers afterward, and for that reason the apparent frivolity of pale pink has its practical side.

The conventions which govern the modern wedding and the trousseau and which vary a little each year have been tabulated for your guidance.

THE WEDDING-GOWN—An afternoon frock of the more formal type or an evening gown not too décolleté, and that provides for a temporary sleeve, is the customary wedding-dress. The straight, unbroken lines of the slim, narrow sheath frock or tunic are quite wonderful for lace, brocade or a beaded gown. The sheath flared below the knee is new and very smart. For the very young bride the bouffant *robe de style* makes a lovely picture. Draperies are suited to the stately wedding-gown of white satin or brocade of tradition.

Sleeves are usually considered obligatory; but they may be as short as one likes and can be removed when the frock is worn for evening. The great French dressmakers use the long, close sleeve, usually of lace.

The neck outline may be square, rounded, V or bateau shape, but must not be cut too low (see page 33).

The material for the wedding-gown depends on the formality of the wedding and to a certain extent on the age of the bride. For a formal church wedding lace, moire or brocade, satin, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe faille, broché silk crêpe, Georgette, chiffon or chiffon voile trimmed with lace, with great roses outlined in pearls, with crystal or silver embroideries, are used. Silver cloth and silver brocade are suitable, but you would have very little use for such a formal gown during the Spring and Summer. The very young bride may use taffeta or moire, taffeta, or if she is to have a small home wedding late in the Spring she may use organdy trimmed with lace.

THE VEIL—Real lace for the veil is very beautiful, but nothing has ever been devised that is lovelier than a cloud of tulle illusion. It is sometimes edged with lace and it may be draped to the head forming a cap caught up with orange-blossoms, or it may be draped from a coronet of lace or pearl beads, or caught to the back of the head by a bandeau of flowers or twisted ribbon.

Trains are used quite generally for formal church weddings. The train should be detachable so that it can be removed when the dress is worn later.

Slippers may be the opera pump or a sandal and should be white or silver or a pale pink to match the gown. White satin slippers are frequently embroidered with pearls or trimmed with a very tiny spray of orange-blossoms. The sheer silk stocking should match the slipper.

The Bouquet—The conventional round bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley is always lovely, but many brides carry a sheaf of madonna lilies or a great bouquet of white lilac. The quaint, old-fashioned paper-frilled bouquet is in keeping with the bouffant *robe de style*.

THE ATTENDANTS—A bride may have a matron or maid of honor, as many bridesmaids as she likes and a small page and flower girl. The maid or matron of honor may be dressed like the bridesmaids but in a different color, or her dress may be of a different style as well as color.

Like the bride, the attendants may wear any formal afternoon or evening style with sleeves, made in any material that is suited to the style. Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile, tulle and taffeta and lace are light and diaphanous, and are the materials most used.

The attendants may all be dressed in the same color or colors, or a different sweet-pea or snapdragon color may be used for each pair. It is very new to have each pair dressed in a graduating shade of the same color, the palest shades coming next to the bride. When the bride wears pale flesh or shell pink, the deepening shades of pink for the bridesmaids make a very lovely picture..

Combinations of colors frequently used in the attendants' dresses are hydrangea pink and blue, hyacinth blue and lavender, powder blue with rose, silver, apple green or yellow, pale yellow with pale green or silver, blue and orchid, the ombre or graded shades of rose, green, yellow or violet, salmon or peach with Nattier blue or silver. If the bride's gown is embroidered with silver, it is very lovely to use silver on the attendants' dresses.

For a church wedding, the bridesmaids' heads must be covered. Abroad they sometimes wear veils instead of hats and the effect is delightful. The slippers should be of satin matching the dress or of silver.

THE TROUSSEAU will depend entirely on where and how you are going to live. A little flat in the Fifties and a ranch in Montana require totally different outfits.

The ensemble wardrobe would provide a suitable daytime wardrobe for a town or city bride, with its coat and two or three allied frocks. For general wear there should be a simple wool frock of the coat material or of a harmonizing plaid, check or striped fabric. For afternoon, a frock with a tunic or upper part matching the lining silk or crêpe, with the lower part of the dress of the coat material, will answer for luncheons, bridge, tea, etc. Or, if your coat is full length, you can have a silk frock of the gay lining.

For the wool part of your ensemble you can use lightweight, short-nap materials, soft twills, ribbed wools, cashmere suitings, kasha or broadcloth. If you prefer a silk ensemble, you can have a coat of heavy silk crêpe, crêpe satin or satin. The silk, of course, is very elegant, but not as generally useful as the more practical woolens.

The coat can be lined with flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or a bordered silk in a contrasting color, or with a printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or silk. The lining silk should match the ensemble frock or the tunic blouse or upper part of the dresses worn with the coat.

As you will use your ensemble coat and one of its frocks for your going-away costume, choose a lovely color for it. Green in the new *amande*, meadow and cedar shades, a soft rose shade or natural color for kasha, the soft grayish blue known as porcelain, brick, copper or terra-cotta, French gray, the beige shades, mustard and suède color, as well as the more sober shades of dark blue, brown and black, are smart this Spring. Before choosing your ensemble wardrobe turn back to the March DELINEATOR in which different types of ensemble coats and frocks are illustrated and described as to materials, colors, trimmings and accessories.

EVENING CLOTHES—Your wedding-dress without its sleeves will take care of formal dinners, dances, etc. For the theater and informal dances you will need a second frock of Georgette, chiffon, silk voile or crêpe de Chine. The new handkerchief and cascade draperies make self-trimmed frocks that are as smart as they are inexpensive. The Spring evening colors are the rose shades from pale tea-rose pink to a clear jack-rose red, yellow, orchid, lilac, fuchsia, cyclamen, the greens from pale water green to jade, periwinkle, royal and powder blue, and white. Pale beige, blond, string color and brown are considered very smart in Paris.

For an evening wrap you can have either a coat or cape. Black satin lined with silver, gray or white satin makes a smart wrap that can be worn with any frock. Colors are gay and pretty, but you must be sure that they harmonize with all your frocks. It is very elegant, but also quite extravagant, to have your frock and wrap match in color or material and color. Duvetyn and broadcloth in brilliant colors make inexpensive but satisfactory wraps.

LINGERIE (see page 32)—A *dishabille* or tea-gown of Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, satin, etc., in a delicate color will be very useful when your score or more best girl friends come for tea or lunch, or when you dine alone at home with your bridegroom. Pajamas are very comfortable for lounging purposes and some girls like them for sleeping garments, though for a trousseau nightgowns are daintier.

Slips, combinations, envelope chemises and step-ins should be cut on the new narrow lines to give the right silhouette under sheath dresses. Slips that are worn under tunic blouses are made of silk crêpe, soft satin, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine. Under non-transparent dresses one can use the same materials or the less expensive radium silk, habutai silk, glove silk, silk jersey or sateen.

For nightgowns, step-ins, etc., the most popular material is crêpe de Chine. Washable satin, Georgette, wash silk are also used, and underwear mull, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, batiste and dimity come in sweet colors. Long-cloth and nainsook are substantial and practical.

The prettiest lingerie colors are flesh pink, rose, geranium, peach, maize, baby blue, water green, canary and orchid. Trousseau lingerie should be trimmed daintily with Val., binche, filet or Irish crochet lace, hand-embroidery, ribbon bows and flowers, contrasting bindings.

HIGH HATTING THE SPRING MODE IN NEW MILLINERY

















HATS are high in the crown, narrow in the brim, and round, pointed, flat-topped or helmet-shaped.

The small hat trimmed on top with an artichoke bow, pompoms, gardenias, roses, water lilies, violets or quills is very popular.

Hats for general wear remain head-size. The large hat is seen occasionally with afternoon gowns and will be worn with the more formal Summer frocks.

Silk, satin, Georgette, moire, duvetyn, velours, flannel, faille, bengaline, ribbon and fine kasha are used alone or with straw. The new straws are Milan, Milan hemp, straw and hair braids, bleached panama, bangkok, and cellophane cloth. Felt is very becoming and popular.

The smartest colors are black and brown, the color of an ensemble, its lining or its trimming. "High" shades of purple, fuchsia, brick, biscuit, powder blue and green are new and hydrangea pinks and blues, fuchsia, rose, ocher yellow, *chair* pink and pastel shades will be used for Summer hats.

The new trimmings are flowers, feather fancies, grosgrain ribbon, ornaments of crystal, marcasite or rhinestones.

In choosing a hat be sure the head size is exactly right. It must be large enough to pull well down on the head, but it must not stand away from it. Consider your height and the shape and length of your face in relation to the shape and height of the crown and the position of the trimming.



A JABOT FROCK, A SUSPENDER SKIRT, COATS WITH A FLARE OR CAPE, AND A TAILORED SUIT

Blouse 5903
Skirt 5979

Dress 5983

Box-coat 5982
Blouse 5956
Skirt 5873

Dress 5980





Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 104

Coat 5981
Blouse 5228
Skirt 5964
Hat 5952

Coat 5957

Coat 5961

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INVERTED PLAITS, FLOUNCES, CIRCULAR PIECES, LOOSE PANELS AND BORDERED EFFECTS APPEAR BELOW THE HIPLINE



Dress 5927
Embroidery
design 10303



Dress 5953



Dress 5975
Embroidery
design 10268





Dress 5959

Dress 5971

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 104

Dress 5967

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Coat 5899
Dress and bloomers 5875
Hat 5601

Dress and
bloomers 5879
Embroidery design
10954

Dress 5920

Tucked
dress 5930

Coat 5845
Dress 5924
Hat 5904

Toy animals
10302

Brother and Sister Costume

Coat 5946
Dress 5938

Dress 5926
Tam-o'-shanter 5402

Reefer 5841
Sailor tam 5815
Embroidery design 10939

Reefer coat 5907
Tam-o'-shanter 5416
Embroidery design 10939

Suit 5922
Hat 5966

Other views and descriptions are on page 105

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ENSEMBLE COSTUMES, A CIRCULAR FLARE, PLAITS, ETC., FOR YOUNG GIRLS

Dress 5929
Hat 5966

Tunic blouse 5863
Slip 5827

Dress 5935

Dress 5945

Dress 5963
Embroidery design
10263

Ensemble costume 5969
Embroidery design
10277

Dress of ensemble
costume 5969

Dress 5973

Other views and descriptions are on page 106

Box coat 5829
Dress 5931

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A FULL-LENGTH OR THREE-QUARTER COAT OR A SEPARATE CAPE MAY TOP THE ENSEMBLE COSTUME

Dress of ensemble costume 5965

Ensemble costume 5965
Embroidery design
10191

Dress 5939
Embroidery design
10135

Dress 5923

Dress 5949

Coat 5916
Dress 5951

Ensemble costume
5934

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 107

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Dress 5978
Embroidery design 10233

Dress 5933

Dress 5976

Dress 5955
Embroidery
design 10223

Dress 5941
Embroidery
design 10263

Dress 5943

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 107

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THE SUCCESS OF THE TROUSSEAU IS FOUNDED ON THE SLIM LINES OF WELL-CUT LINGERIE

(See page 24)

Nightgown 5936
Boudoir cap 4830
Embroidery design 10677

Nightgown 5284

French chemise and drawers 5567

Combination 4112
Embroidery design 10677

Nightgown 4646

Pajamas 5948

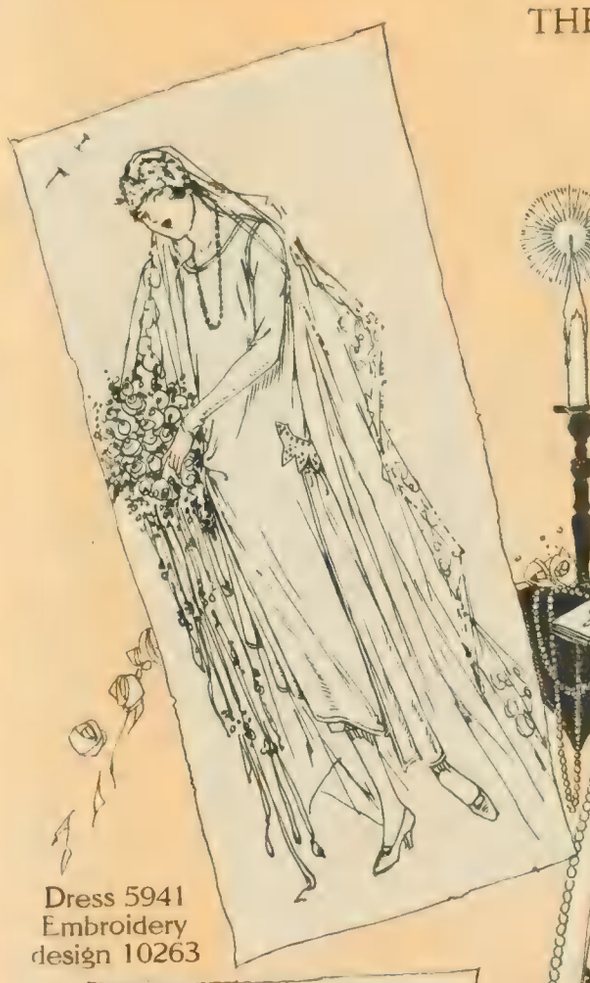
Costume slip 5827

Negligée 5324
Embroidery design 10243

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THE EASTER BRIDE TAKES THE WHITE VEIL AND GOWN OF TRADITION OR TURNS TO SILVER OR FAINT PINK

(See page 24)



Dress 5941
Embroidery design 10263



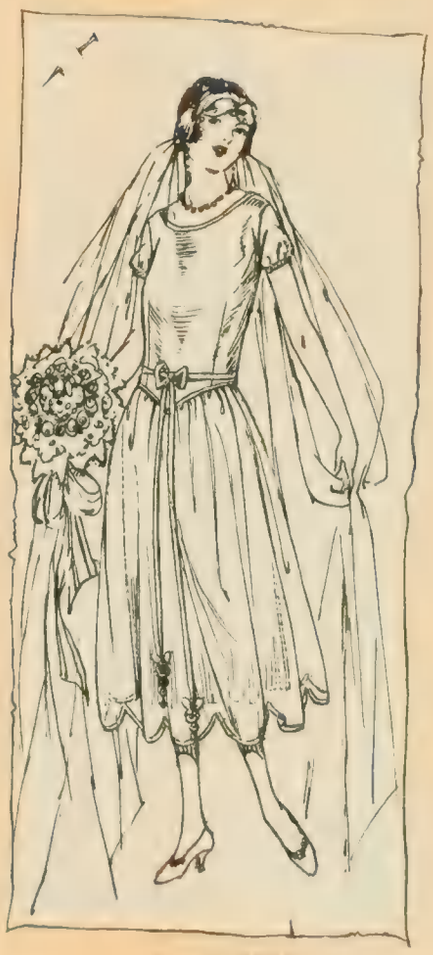
Dress 5786
Embroidery design 10324



Dress 5719



Dress 5935



Dress 5755



Dress 5963



Dress 5960
Embroidery design 10331

Dress 5447

THE wiseacres who say that brides are not what they once were, are sometimes right. Instead of following the tradition of dead white for veil, gown and slippers many brides choose white and silver and more occasionally gold, or pale pink with a veil of flesh-pink tulle. A famous French dressmaker advocates the gown of very delicate blush-rose pink with a tulle veil of the same shade and it has been used for a number of important wedding.



TUNIC BLOUSE COSTUMES, THE NEWEST TWO-PIECE FROCK AND DRESSES

5937—5952—Straight plaited sections inserted at each side give an easy line to a one-piece slip-over frock. Use soft twills, cashmere dress goods, silk crêpe or satin with silk crêpe or faille silk in contrast, wool crêpe with silk crêpe in contrast, flannel with same material in contrast, etc. For the hat with a six-gored crown use faille silk with the cords running in the opposite direction in the alternate gores and a bow of grosgrain or satin ribbon.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch cashmere for dress. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust; hat for ladies, misses, girls from 20½ to 22½ inches head measure.

5925—This one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge and is especially designed for wide borders, half-and-half materials, novelty or plain fabrics. One may use novelty crêpe satin, novelty faille or satin, half-and-half crêpe satin, wide borders in heavy silks or cottons; or use printed bayadere designs, satin, heavy silk crêpe or shantung with plain to match; or crêpe satin, heavy silk crêpe or corded silks with same material in contrast, etc.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 56-inch half-and-half material. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5970—5631—10233—If your coat matches this slip-over tunic blouse and slip of satin or heavy crêpe de Chine, you will have a smart ensemble costume. You may use Canton crêpe or faille silk all one material or with same material in contrast for the blouse. The slip has an inverted plait at each side below the low waistline. Work the embroidery in silk braiding or outline.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine, 2⅝ yards 35 to 39 inch crêpe de Chine for slip. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 54½ inches.

Blouse is for 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5956—5715—Use plain flannel or wool jersey of one material or the blouse trimmed with the same material in contrast for this slip-over blouse and the closed wrap-around, straight skirt. The blouse has a straight lower edge and the skirt has a cluster of plaits at the closing. You may use plain silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, radium, satin, with a kasha skirt.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch flannel (including skirt on a camisole top). Lower edge of skirt, plaits drawn out, 52½ inches.

The blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; skirt for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

5968—5638—10336—This slip-over tunic blouse is in peasant style and trimmed with a real peasant embroidery. Work the design in chain-stitch, etc. Plain crêpe de Chine or soft satin makes a smart costume; or use plain Georgette, printed crêpe de Chine, etc., with a slip of crêpe meteor, etc. The side seams of the slip are placed where they will not show between the open edges of the blouse.

36 bust requires 5⅜ yards 39-inch satin crêpe (including slip). Lower edge 44 inches.

The blouse is for figures 32 to 40 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5944—5827—This slip-over tunic blouse is exceedingly easy to make of printed crêpe de Chine, radium or Georgette, or of plaids with frill of self material and bindings of plain to match. It has a straight lower edge and may be shorter. Or use printed Canton crêpe with plain Georgette etc. Wear it over a costume slip of silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch printed silk, 2⅜ yards 32 to 39 inch material for slip. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

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OUTFITS FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION



5962—5631—5952—For this slip-over tunic blouse with the new puff sleeve, slip-through tab and straight lower edge, use satin with silk crêpe or faille silk with satin, etc. The costume slip is of crêpe meteor, soft satin or crêpe de Chine, and the hat with a six-gored crown is of faille silk, crêpe satin, etc.

19 years or 36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch material, 2⅝ yards 39-inch silk (including dress trimming). Lower edge of slip, plaits out 54½ ins.

Blouse is for ladies 38 to 40 bust, also misses 16 to 20; slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust; hat for ladies, misses, girls from 20½ to 22½ inches head measure.

5866—5549—Use soft twills, corded wools, cashmere dress goods, wool crêpe, kasha, ribbed silk, heavy silk crêpe or satin with silk crêpe in contrast, etc., for this one-piece slip-over dress. It is close fitting at the hipline and the collar and puffs may be detachable. For the hat with a four-gored crown use satin or faille silk. Lower edge 42½ inches.

16 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch cashmere and ½ yard 35-inch silk for dress.

Dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women; hat for misses and ladies.

5887—4926—10961—Embroidery and bands trim a one-piece slip-over dress of flannel with a contrasting color, white linen, rep or piqué, soft twills with white linen, rep or piqué, striped wash silks with plain, etc. Use duvetyn, etc., for the hat with a gored crown. Work embroidery in colors.

13 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch flannel, ¼ yard 54-inch contrasting flannel for dress.

Dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5872—Printed silk crêpes or wash silks with plain to match, or plain wash silks with contrasting color make an attractive one-piece slip-over dress. It is plaited at the sides and has a straight lower edge. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. You may use flat crêpe, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 59 inches.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch printed silk.

Dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

5903—5964—5966—A blouse in peasant style of crêpe de Chine or cotton voile worn with a two-piece skirt with shoulder-straps make a smart Spring outfit. For the skirt use flannel, kasha, camel's-hair twills, twills, plaids, stripes or tweeds. The blouse may omit smocking or shirring. For the hat use corded silks, etc. Lower edge 51½ inches.

36 bust or 38 hip requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch cotton voile, 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel for skirt.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 40 bust; skirt for ladies 38 and 40 bust, also misses 15 to 20 years; hat for ladies, misses, girls 20½ to 22½ inches head measure.

5946—5952—The junior's Easter is made complete with a coat of checks, small plaids, broadcloth, twills, ribbed wools or ribbed silks, with braid or soft pile fabrics, camel's-hair or cashmere coatings with floss stitching. The cape may be omitted. For her hat with its six-gored crown use flannel or duvetyn with silk pompons, etc.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool check.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls 20½ to 21¼ head measure, also misses and ladies 21½ to 22½ inches head measure.

5972—Make her Easter coat on the newest lines with the epaulet shoulder, a notched collar and cuffs, etc. Soft pile fabrics, checks, cheviots, camel's-hair twills, tweed, homespun or mixtures are suitable materials to use for this coat which has the smart straight silhouette.

8 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch material for the coat.

The coat is good style for girls 4 to 12 years.

5974—This adorable slip-over frock has a straight lower edge and a separate bloomer slip. Use crêpe de Chine, taffeta, Georgette, net, organdy or cotton voile, Georgette or net with ribbon frills, organdy with contrasting-color frills, cotton voile with organdy frills. Without frills use pin-dot swiss or voile with organdy or fine lawn to match dot.

4 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 94.

HANDKERCHIEF DRAPERIES, YOKES AND CIRCULAR SKIRTS FOR EASTER FROCKS



5890—Flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with lace for the yoke and short sleeves cut in one, or printed heavy crêpe de Chine with plain, etc., are suitable for this one-piece frock. It has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine, ½ yard 32-inch lace. Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5954—10900—Dainty flowers trim this exquisite slip-over frock with a straight lower edge. Use crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, lawn, batiste, or nainsook with Val lace; without embroidery use pin-dot swiss or voile with plain to match dot, dimity with plain material in contrast, etc. The embroidery is smart.

5 years requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch material.

Dress is for little girls 2 to 8 years.

5889—For this one-piece slip-over dress trimmed with tiers, and collar and cuffs which may be detachable, use silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine with crêpe de Chine in contrast, pongee with contrasting color, soft twills or light-weight flannel with pongee, etc.

7 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch material.

Dress is for girls 4 to 10 years.

5942—10744—Chambray or pin-check gingham with smocking and stitches in matching colors and white rep or linen collar and cuffs, make a quaint slip-over frock and separate bloomers. Or use cotton pongee, light-weight cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine or pongee all one material, etc. Work smocking in colors.

5 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch chambray.

Dress for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5928—5402—Use striped challis, light-weight flannel or wash silks with plain to match for this one-piece slip-over frock. It has a yoke front and a collar which may be detachable. Or, use silk crêpe, etc. Her satin tam-o'-shanter is smart.

12 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch striped wool and ½ yard 35-inch material for collar and puffs.

Dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; tam for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5919—A hand-made ribbon or metal gauze flower trims this one-piece slip-over frock with handkerchief draperies. Use Georgette, chiffon or chiffon voile over a separate one-piece slip of satin, silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine in flesh color or to match dress. For day wear the slip may have sleeves.

17 years requires 3½ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 44 inches.

Dress is for misses 16 to 20 years.

5960—This slip-over taffeta frock closes under the left arm, has a full straight skirt joined to a basque and a choice of two types of neckline and armholes.

17 years requires 3¼ yards 36-inch taffeta. Lower edge of drop skirt 46 inches, of skirt 3 yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; and for ladies 38, 40 bust.

5897—Use plain Georgette, chiffon or chiffon voile for the slip-over dress with a camisole and narrow drop skirt of satin to match. The dress closes under the left arm, has a two-piece circular skirt, a higher neck, etc.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch Georgette, 1⅜ yard 35 or 39-inch satin. Lower edge drop skirt 45 inches, skirt 3 yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

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A MIDDY BLOUSE, FROCKS ON STRAIGHT LINES AND NEW SUITS FOR BOYS



5932

Dress and bloomers 5932





Dress 5900



5900



Blouse 5947
Embroidery design 10939

5932—For this dress with separate bloomers and a straight lower edge, use pin-check gingham with white rep or poplin collar and cuffs, cotton prints with plain to match, or chambray, cotton pongee, cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine or pongee with same material in contrast, light-weight wool jersey with contrasting color or white rep or poplin for collar and cuffs, etc.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch novelty print.

Dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5886—10179—Cross-stitch and a collar and cuffs of the dress material in a color to harmonize with the embroidery is smart trimming for a slip-over frock. It may have a shirred or gathered straight skirt joined to a long body. Use crêpe satin, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, crêpe faille or flat crêpe.

17 years requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5900—This slip-over dress has a one-piece upper part with a straight lower edge lengthened by a straight band. Use striped wash silks, cotton broadcloth or cotton crêpe with plain to match and a black crêpe de Chine tie, plain wash silks in two colors, etc.

16 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch material, ½ yard 39-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5868—10223—Use soft satin, silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine, etc., for the one-piece slip-over dress and a contrasting color or lace for the attached or detachable collar and cuffs. The dress has a straight lower edge. Work embroidery in colors.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 35 to 39 inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 51½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

Dress 5886
Embroidery design 10179



5886

Dress 5868
Embroidery design 10223



5868



Suit 5958

Blouse 5406
Knickers 5950



Suit 5940
Embroidery design 10954

5406—5950—Make your boy a blouse of flannel, madras, khaki, galatea, percale or shantung to wear with golf knickers of tweeds, homespun, mixtures, wool khaki, cheviot, serge, corduroy, linen, crash or cotton khaki. The blouse may have a one-piece convertible collar or a neckband.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch madras, 1 yard 54-inch tweed.

Blouse is for boys 4 to 16 years; knickers for 8 to 17 years.

5958—The collar and cuffs on the blouse of this suit may be detachable. The straight trousers are well cut. Use linen, chambray, rep, linen-finished cottons, madras, poplin, pongee, soft serge or wool jersey. This suit is very easy to make.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is attractive for little boys 2 to 6 years.

5940—10954—This suit is composed of a waist and straight trousers. Dimity or rep with chambray trousers, or dimity with linen or poplin trousers are smart; or use madras or crêpe de Chine with silk poplin or shantung, pongee with corduroy or velveteen, poplin with serge. Work embroidery on the collar and sleeves.

3 years requires ⅞ yard 35-inch linen, ¾ yard 35-inch contrasting for trousers.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.



5958



5406



5950



5940



5947

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FRENCH HATS, SIMPLE FROCKS, PAJAMAS AND LINGERIE FOR HOME SEWERS



Dress 5977





Nightgown 5936



Pajamas 5948



Costume slip 5631



Chemise 5623

5977 5921 Dress 5921 5936 5948 5631 5623

5977—Striped cotton or silk broadcloth, pongee or heavy crêpe de Chine makes a becoming one-piece dress trimmed with plain to match. You may use cotton prints, gingham, novelty cottons with plain to match; or make it of plain cotton broadcloth, linen, linen-finished cottons, plain heavy cotton crêpe, cotton poplin, chambray, etc., with the same material in contrast. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 32-inch striped gingham.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

5921—In this slip-over dress the straight lower part of check gingham or cotton crêpe, or novelty check cottons, is joined to a long body of plain material trimmed with the checked fabric. One may use plain cotton crêpe or plain pongee with print to match, colored light-weight linen-finished cottons, etc., with same material in white.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yards 32-inch chambray for body, 3⅛ yards 32-inch gingham. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5936—The new style slip-over French nightgown has a becoming neck and a deep armhole. Use crêpe de Chine, wash silks, wash satins, Georgette, underwear mull, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, long-cloth or nainsook, or one material, with lace or the same material in contrast. It can be made without the tucks. Without tucks use dimity with bands of plain material.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35 or 39 inch satin.

The nightgown is very lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5966—The Spring hats have smart crowns and narrow turned-up brims. For this hat use duvetyn, velours or flannel with grosgrain ribbon around crown; or make it of corded silks or satin with self-binding and a satin ribbon around the crown.

22 inches or medium head measure requires ¾ yard 35-inch corded silk (cut crosswise), ½ yard 35-inch satin, etc.

The hat is for ladies and misses 21½ to 22½ inches head measure; also for girls 20½ to 21¼ inches head measure.



Hat 5966



Hat 5952

5623—This step-in chemise is especially designed to wear under the present-day styles. It may be made of crêpe de Chine or Georgette crêpe, or of fine nainsook, fine long-cloth, fine batiste or fine cotton voile. This chemise is very easy to make. The hand fagoting and flowers are a French trimming.

36 bust requires 1½ yards 35 or 39 inch crêpe de Chine for this garment.

The chemise is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5631—An inverted plait at each side below the low waistline of this costume slip, gives ease in walking and still retains the slender silhouette. Use crêpe meteor, soft satin or crêpe de Chine; or under non-transparent dresses use these materials or radium silk, habutai silk, silk jersey, glove silk or sateen.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 35 or 39 inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge plaits drawn out, 54½ inches.

The costume slip is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5948—Pajamas are smart for sleeping garments, lounging robes, or for the southern beaches. Use cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, mull, mercerized fabrics, crêpe de Chine, wash silks, wash satin, pongee, with same material in contrast. A cretonne jacket with plain trousers, or printed crêpe de Chine, pongee, cotton crêpe or cotton voile with plain is effective.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 32-inch tub silk.

The pajamas are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5952—This hat with its six-gored crown offers several trimming possibilities. You may use faille silk trimmed with a bow of grosgrain or satin ribbon and with the cords in all the gores running in the same direction or with cords in alternate gores running in opposite direction; crêpe satin using the shiny side and a bow of grosgrain ribbon or with alternate dull and shiny gores and satin ribbon bow, etc.

The hat is for ladies and misses 21½ to 22½ inches head measure and for girls 20½ to 21¼ inches head measure.

The two most popular hearty soups in America! *Read how they differ*

Vegetable-Beef

A masterpiece of fine soup blending! Nourishing pieces of beef—a lot of it. Puree of vegetables, tomatoes, diced carrots and white potatoes, little peas, onion and blanched pearl barley. Rich beef broth gives its vigor to the whole blend.

Heat Campbell's Vegetable-Beef, too, just as it comes from the can and serve it on toast for breakfast. Make a lunch or supper of this substantial and filling soup. Have it often for dinner.

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You will choose Campbell's Vegetable whenever you wish a substantial soup that combines the largest number of different vegetables—diced, sliced or whole.

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Both the Vegetable Soup and the Vegetable-Beef taste best when the water is added cold, the soup brought to a boil, allowed to simmer and then served hot.

12 cents a can



How I make good

IF you have not yet learned how to make them you can do so very easily. I remember well my first pie. So hard and tough it was likened to a cart wheel. For a long time pie was my bugbear and I have heard many others say the same thing. I wanted to make good pies but dreaded to start because I was always worried and wondered how it was coming out. Would the crust be tough and hard, or perhaps so greasy it would leave an unpleasant stickiness in the mouth? And would the filling run out, all over the bottom of the oven and burn and fill the kitchen with smoke and make the pie taste smoky? And would the bottom crust be soaked and uneatable? If an apple pie, would the apples be still hard and uncooked when the pie looked as if it were thoroughly baked?

I am going to tell you how I learned to make perfect pies with a tender, flaky, digestible crust.

The first pie I ever made with which I was perfectly satisfied, I made with Crisco, a wholesome vegetable shortening. I have found that Crisco makes perfect pastry of every description, not only delicious to eat and look at but digestible as well.



But I started to tell you how to make a perfect pie.

*The surest way I know to make a good pie crust**

For a medium size pie I use 2½ cups flour, ¾ cup Crisco, 1 teaspoon of salt. To measure ¾ of a cup of Crisco I take a measuring cup, put in ¼ cup of cold water, then add enough Crisco to bring the water to the top of the cup, pour it off and I have an exact ¾ cup of Crisco. Then I cut the Crisco into the flour with two knives, criss-cross fashion. (If I used my fingers the heat from them would soften the Crisco and blend it with the flour too closely to make a flaky crust.) As the Crisco is cut into small particles each one becomes covered with flour, and when enough cold water is added (4 to 6 tablespoons) the dough will then be composed of these small particles, which when rolled become layers of flour and Crisco. Then if baking is started in a very hot oven to set the mixture before the Crisco has time to melt, the result will be a tender, flaky pastry.



Be careful about water

Have the water cold and use only enough to make a paste which will easily clear the bowl and is soft enough so it will not break at the edges when rolled. It is easier to tell when you have just the right amount of water if you use your fingers to mix it. Now take half the dough, dust the board with flour, using as little as possible, and roll the pastry very lightly from the center outward, each motion of the rolling pin ending in the air, not on the board. It should be about an eighth of an inch thick. Fold it over one half, lay over a Criscoed plate, fold back over the plate, smooth into shape with the fingers and trim the edges.

To prevent the filling from soaking into the bottom crust

Brush it over with melted Crisco, dust a little flour over that, then add the filling prepared according to the recipe you are using. Moisten the edge with water, then roll the other half of the dough, fold it over one half, make slits with a knife in the center of the fold for steam



Chocolate Meringue Pie*



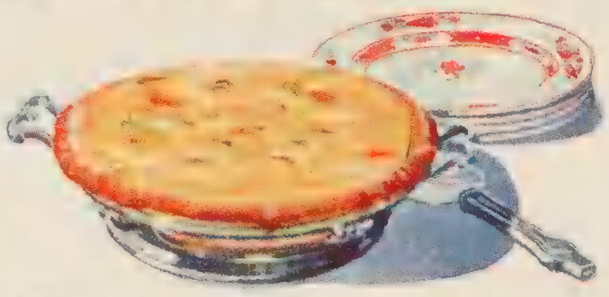
Make the pastry with Crisco and your pie shell will slip off the outside of the plate into the inside without breaking, and be tender and flaky, too.

Cover an inverted pie plate with pastry; turn back the edges to make it firm. Prick well with a fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in a hot oven, 450 degrees F. about 15 minutes. Then fill with Chocolate Cream made as follows:

2 squares from ½ lb. cake of chocolate	¼ cup corn starch	3 egg yolks	1 tablespoon vanilla
	2 cups milk	¾ cup sugar	1 teaspoon Crisco

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Blend sugar, salt and corn starch. Add milk. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add beaten egg yolks, melted chocolate and Crisco. Continue cooking a minute or two. Pour into the baked shell, cover with meringue made by beating the 3 egg whites until stiff and dry, and add 6 tablespoons granulated sugar. Return to slow oven, 300 degrees F. for 15 minutes or until brown. Serve when thoroughly cold. Makes one medium sized pie.

Rhubarb Pie*



4 cups rhubarb, cut fine	1 cup sugar	
	3 tablespoons flour	
	½ teaspoon salt	

Wash, peel and cut the rhubarb. Mix together the sugar, flour and salt and then mix with the rhubarb. Bake between two crusts in a hot oven, 450 degrees F. until it starts to brown; then reduce heat to moderate, 350 degrees F. and finish cooking (about half an hour). Makes one medium sized pie.

Crisco is the ideal shortening for pie crust. It makes a tender, flaky crust which is light and dainty, not greasy. A little cinnamon—or nutmeg if you prefer it—gives pleasant flavor to rhubarb.

Butterscotch Tartlets*



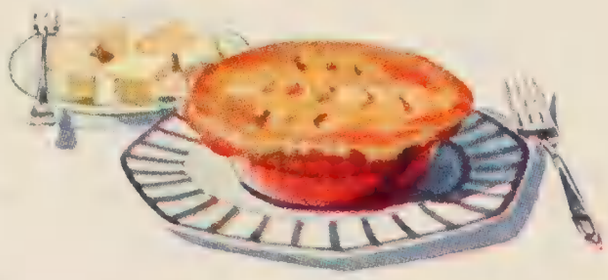
Use Crisco in making the pastry for these tarts and the tender, flaky crust, blended with the delicious filling and fluffy meringue will fairly melt in your mouth.

Take bits of dough about the size of an egg. Roll; cover the bottom of inverted muffin pans which have been greased with Crisco. Prick well with a fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in a hot oven, 450 degrees F. about 15 minutes. When baked, slip shells off, turn pan over and put in a muffin tin. Fill with the following Butterscotch filling.

1 cup brown sugar	2 egg yolks	1 cup milk	1 teaspoon vanilla
3 tablespoons flour	1 teaspoon Crisco	3 tablespoons water	¼ teaspoon salt

Mix sugar, salt and flour. Add water. Cool until thick, stirring constantly. Just before removing from stove, stir in beaten egg. Add Crisco and vanilla. Cool slightly and fill the tart shells. Cover with a meringue made by beating 2 egg whites stiff and dry; add 2 tablespoons granulated sugar; cover tarts, return to slow oven 300 degrees F. for 15 minutes or until brown. This amount will fill 12 tarts.

Deep Dish Apple Pie*



(*a pie without an undercrust*)

Serve in dishes they are baked in. Or when they are baked, turn them upside down on plates, cover with sweetened whipped cream, sprinkled with chopped nuts and call them Apple Crow's Nest.

Prepare 3 cups of sliced apples, then mix in 1 cup of sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Divide into 4 or 5 individual baking dishes. Add ⅛ teaspoon salt to each. Dot with bits of Crisco. Cover with the pastry, making slits in the center for steam to escape. Bake in hot oven, 450 degrees F. until pastry starts to brown. Then reduce heat to moderate, 350 degrees F. until apples are done. (About one-half hour.)

pies every time



to escape. Lay over the pie, with the fold in the center, turn back to cover it, press edges together with thumb and finger, trim, then press together again.

To keep the juice in

Take a strip of plain cloth about 3 inches wide, wet it in cold water and put around the edge of the plate, letting one half lie on top of the edge of the pie crust and the other half just under the pie plate. Have the strip long enough so that the ends will lap over each other two or three inches. For very juicy fillings, make a little funnel of paper or take pieces of macaroni and stick into 2 or 3 of the slits you have made. The juices will bubble up into these and return to the pie as it cools.



When pie is partly cool remove cloth and funnels.

When juices run out they will burn on the bottom of the oven, causing a smudge which is likely to add a smoky taste to the pie and leaving the oven hard to clean.

To make a nice brown

Wet the top crust with milk; or for a rich brown glaze brush over with a slightly beaten egg white or an egg yolk mixed with 1 teaspoon of water. Start baking in a very hot oven, 450°, until the pie begins to brown. Then reduce the heat to moderate, 350°.

If the pie should be browned before the filling is soft enough, take out the macaroni and cover with another pie plate until the filling is baked.

A special Crisco help

Every pie I make in this way is perfect when I use Crisco. And for several years I have used nothing else. You can mix a large quantity of Crisco, salt and flour and keep it in the ice box. Simply add the water whenever you want a pie. You can do this with Crisco as it keeps a long time without becoming rancid. This mixture will, of course, be thoroughly chilled and this chilling helps to make a flaky pie crust which will still be tender and light.



Lots of other good things

I make all my cakes with Crisco because it is easier. Crisco doesn't have to be kept on ice, so it is always ready for instant use. It makes perfect cakes and so much more economical. When I grease my pans with Crisco my loaves and layers come out whole, which makes them as good to look at as they are delicious to eat. I use it for all my frying because I can fry without smoke, either in the frying pan or the deep kettle. I use both and I never had such beautiful looking food as comes out of my Crisco kettle. It is never greasy, because Crisco does not soak into the food. It simply cooks it. I use Crisco for every purpose which requires shortening and find it always the same, giving uniform results.

W. S. C.



Custard Pie*



Crisco pastry will not soak the custard if you follow the directions below.

Line a Criscoed pie plate with pastry, building up the edges to make it deep enough. Scallop the edges by pressing the edge between the thumb and finger of the left hand with the first finger of the right hand. To prevent the custard soaking into the pastry, brush with melted Crisco and dust with flour. Prepare the custard as follows: Beat three eggs until light; add ¾ cup granulated sugar; ½ teaspoon salt; ½ teaspoon ground nutmeg. Beat together thoroughly and add one pint of milk. Pour into shell. Bake in hot oven 450 degrees F. for 10 minutes until the custard begins to brown on the top, then reduce the heat to moderate, 325 degrees F. until the custard is set, about 30 minutes.

Apple Dumplings*



A well seasoned apple baked in Crisco pastry is a delicious, digestible dessert; crisp, tender and flaky.

Roll pastry, cut in 4-inch squares. Moisten the edges with cold water. In the center of each square set a small apple which has been peeled and cored and the hole filled with sugar and cinnamon. Bring the corners of the paste together over the top of the apple. Press closely together; prick with a fork; bake in a hot oven 450 degrees F., until it starts to brown. Then reduce heat to moderate, 350 degrees F., and bake until the apple is soft, about 30 minutes. Serve with hard or hot sauce.

Individual Chicken Pie*



An attractive way to serve Chicken Pie. The standard Crisco pastry recipe makes a crust which is just right.

Stew until tender a large fat fowl. Cool and remove meat from the bones. Thicken the gravy with flour. Fill small earthen baking dishes half full of chicken meat. Add a few slices of boiled carrot and two or three boiled button onions. Pour over enough gravy to almost cover the chicken. Roll pie crust, spread over top of each dish, letting it come just over the edge. Make a slit in the center to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven, 450 degrees F. until done, about 20 minutes. One large fowl will make six pies.



*ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL

Use the proportions of flour and Crisco and follow the method given on the opposite page for making the pastry for all these pies.

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200 TESTED RECIPES

The cook book illustrated above contains 200 recipes gathered by Miss Olive S. Allen from the whole wide world. It contains a great many unusual recipes not to be found in any other cook book. To receive this book, free, simply fill in and mail the coupon.

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RAISIN COOKERY LESSONS BY FAMOUS COOKS

Three unusual cakes from simple recipes

By Caroline B. King

NUMBER FIVE  OF THE SERIES

CAROLINE B. KING, nutrition specialist and dietitian. Woman's Editor of THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN; *writer, lecturer, home economics teacher. Author: "Caroline King's Cook Book" and "Caroline King's Cake Book"*

Most persons, I believe, when they think of a cake containing raisins, picture at once, one of those great plummy black loaves that are so very good and so popular at Christmas time. And because these cakes are so closely associated with snow and cold weather, the many other delicious and tempting raisin cakes, appropriate for all the year round serving, are often overlooked.

In my experiments in cake making, I have found that the addition of raisins to many of my formulas not only adds largely to the nutritive qualities of the finished cakes, but that they are wonderfully enhanced as to their palatability and attractiveness as well.

Raisins add interest and fuel value also to many of my fillings and icings, and often the combination of one of these delectable accessories with the simplest of cakes produces a very attractive finished product.

A cup of raisins added to the plain little Everyday cake that I can recommend because it is so easily put together and so very satisfactory in every way, increases its food value by 352 calories. I add raisins to a favorite gingerbread, bake the batter in layer cake pans, put the finished cakes together with a delicious raisin filling, and the result, I think you will agree, is a most unusual and delicate cake.

But the best of the raisin cakes, to my way of thinking, and one which should prove very popular with the housewife, for it will keep a long time, is the Golden Fruit Cake which in my own household has long since taken the place of the richer and less digestible fruit cake as it is generally known. Golden Fruit Cake is very delicate and dainty as to texture and flavor.

But it is also a substantial cake, a desirable one at any season of the year and for serving upon any occasion. —*Caroline B. King*

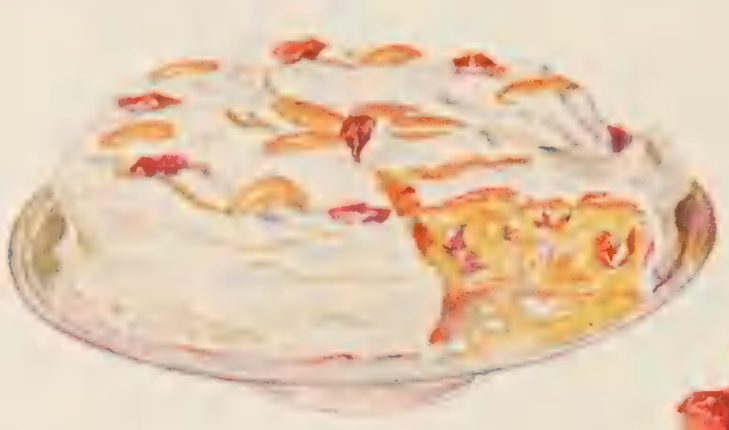
There IS *a difference in raisins*

There is a difference in flavor, sweetness, size, color and cleanliness. To make certain of the finest results, be sure that the raisins you use are Sun-Maids.

For Sun-Maids are made from the tenderest and sweetest grapes, grown where they reach perfection—in the beautiful San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys of California.

They come to you in sanitary packages,—raisins large, plump, juicy, with an inimitable delicacy of flavor. Thoroughly cleaned and sterilized, they do not require washing before use.

You can use these perfect raisins freely, for they are inexpensive now—cheaper than they have been in years. Buy a package of Sun-Maid Raisins today and try them in the simple and interesting cake recipes which Mrs. Caroline B. King has given you on this page.



Golden Fruit Cake

¾ cupful butter
1 cupful sugar
4 eggs
2 cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful lemon extract
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract
1 cupful Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins
½ cupful blanched almonds
¼ cupful shredded citron
1 tablespoonful orange juice
1 tablespoonful lemon juice

Chop the raisins and dredge them with a tablespoonful of the flour; shred the almonds and citron and marinate the latter in the orange and lemon juice for an hour. Cream the butter, adding the sugar gradually, also the extracts. Sift the flour and add to the butter and sugar alternately with the well beaten egg yolks. Whip vigorously, then add the raisins, nuts, and citron with the fruit juices. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, pour into well buttered paper lined pan and bake in a moderate oven, 300 degrees, about an hour. When cool, ice with boiled or Royal icing as preferred. Garnish with halved raisins and blanched almonds

Boiled Frosting

Boil 2 cups sugar with ½ cup water until the syrup threads when poured from a spoon. Pour over 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and continue beating until the frosting will hold its shape. Spread over sides and top of the cake



Everyday Raisin Loaf Cake

2 tablespoonfuls butter
1 cupful sugar
2 eggs
½ cupful milk
1½ cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful baking powder
¼ teaspoonful cinnamon
1 cupful chopped Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins

Slightly melt the butter and cream with the sugar, add the eggs beaten together. Sift the flour and baking powder together, and add alternately with the milk. Stir in the floured raisins and the cinnamon and bake in a loaf cake pan in a temperature of 350 degrees. When nearly finished, sprinkle the surface of the cake with granulated sugar and cinnamon, and return to oven to partially glaze



Tutti Frutti Gingerbread

2 cupfuls flour
½ teaspoonful soda
½ teaspoonful ginger
½ teaspoonful cinnamon
½ teaspoonful baking powder
¼ teaspoonful cloves
2 eggs
½ cupful softened shortening
½ cupful sour milk or buttermilk
½ cupful sugar
¾ cupful molasses
1 cupful chopped Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins

Mix and sift all the dry ingredients together, mix the sour milk and molasses, combine the two mixtures, add the eggs without beating them, and stir in the chopped and slightly floured raisins. Finally beat in the partially melted shortening. Beat all well. Bake in two deep layer cake pans. When finished put the layers together and ice the top of the cake with the following:

Tutti Frutti Filling

1½ cupfuls granulated sugar
1 tablespoonful cocoa
1 tablespoonful butter
½ cupful milk
¼ cupful Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
¼ cupful chopped nut meats
½ teaspoonful vanilla

Mix together all the ingredients but the raisins and nuts and cook rapidly for five minutes, then add the nuts and raisins (chopped fine) and cook to the soft ball stage. Beat until thick enough to spread

[*FREE* *The new Sun-Maid cook book, 130 unusual and practical recipes, suggestions for afternoon teas, luncheons, children's dishes. Compiled and tested by Mrs. Belle De Graf. Just mail the coupon*]

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA, FRESNO, CALIF.

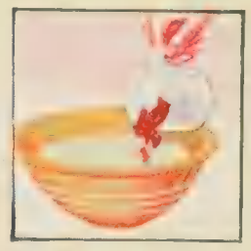


Sun-Maid Raisins

THIS is the Sun-Maid Girl—an insigne of quality the world over. Look for her on products of the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California



Paste this chart in your cook book



JUST ADD SUN-MAID RAISINS *to* YOUR

Biscuit Dough

Raisin biscuits
Raisin roll (roll out, spread with raisins, sugar and cinnamon, roll and bake)
Cinnamon twists
Steamed Raisin Dumpling

Breakfast Breads

Raisin muffins
Raisin doughnuts
Raisin cornbread
Sally Lunn
Cinnamon buns

Breakfast Cereals

Oatmeal
Cream of Wheat
Cornmeal mush

Pies

Apple, rhubarb, pumpkin, lemon, butterscotch, peach, cranberry, cocoanut

Simple Puddings

Rice, custard, bread, tapioca, cornstarch, brown betty

Cakes

Layer, tea, drop, spice, loaf. (Flour raisins slightly before adding to batter)

Candies

Raisin and nut balls (ground raisins and nuts made into balls and rolled in sugar)

Raisin fudge, panoche, caramels

Raisins dipped in sweet chocolate

NOTE: *Practical recipes for these and many other delightful foods can be had by mailing the coupon below*

COUPON

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California
Dept. A-204, Fresno, California
Please send me "Recipes with Raisins."



NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

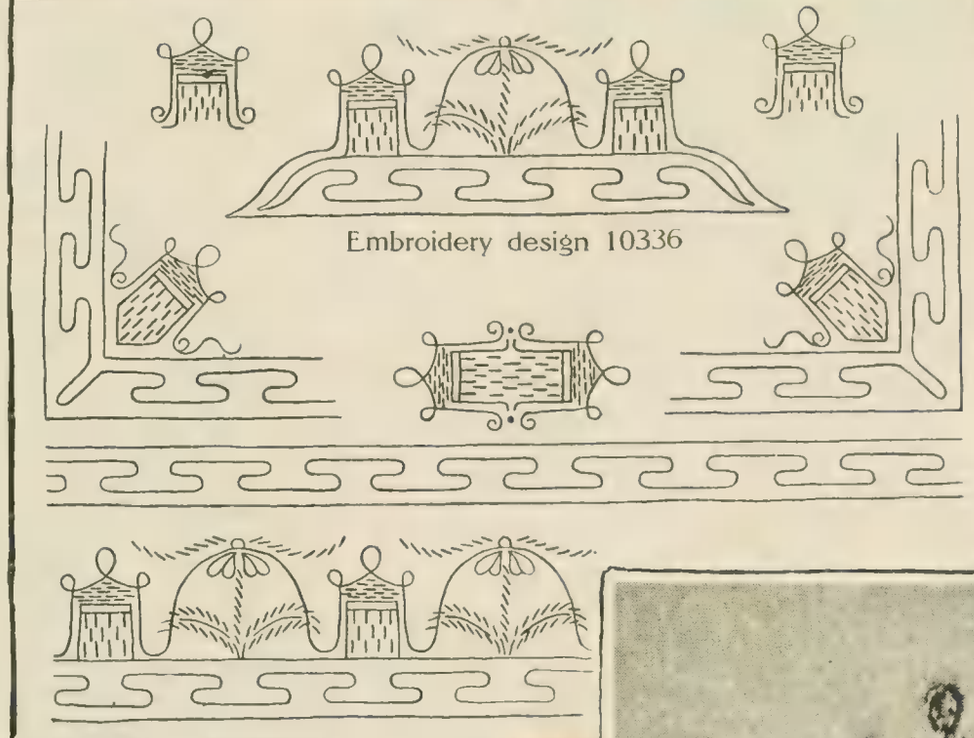
A PEASANT DESIGN, MOTIFS FOR WOOLS, CUT-WORK AND FLOWERS





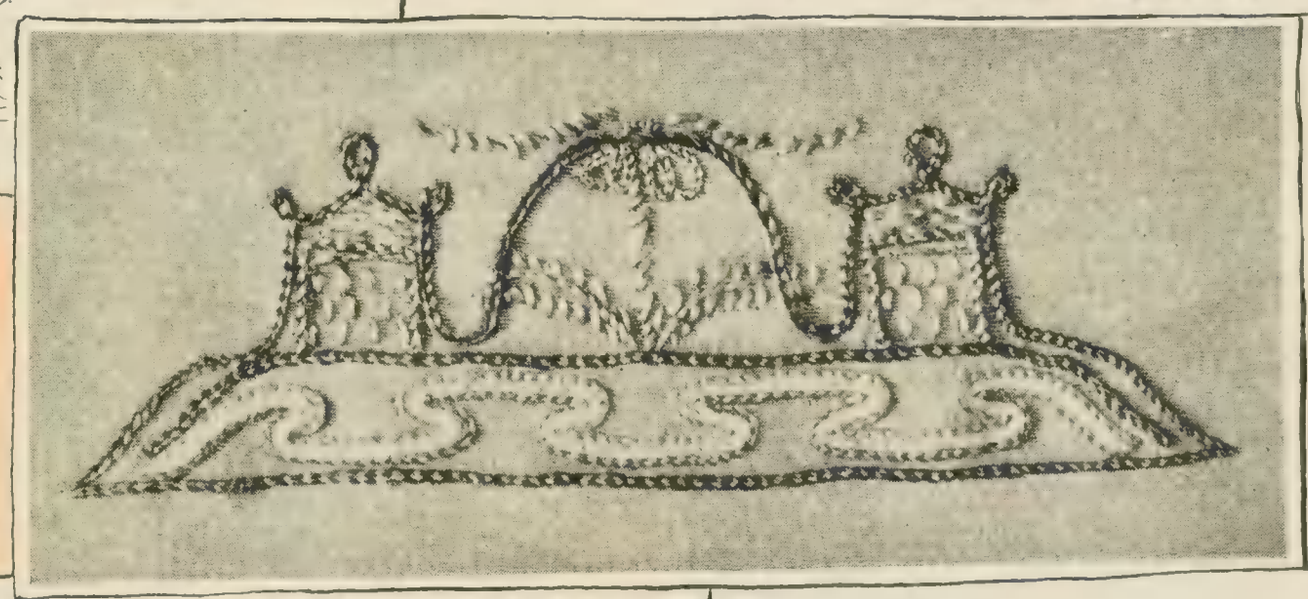


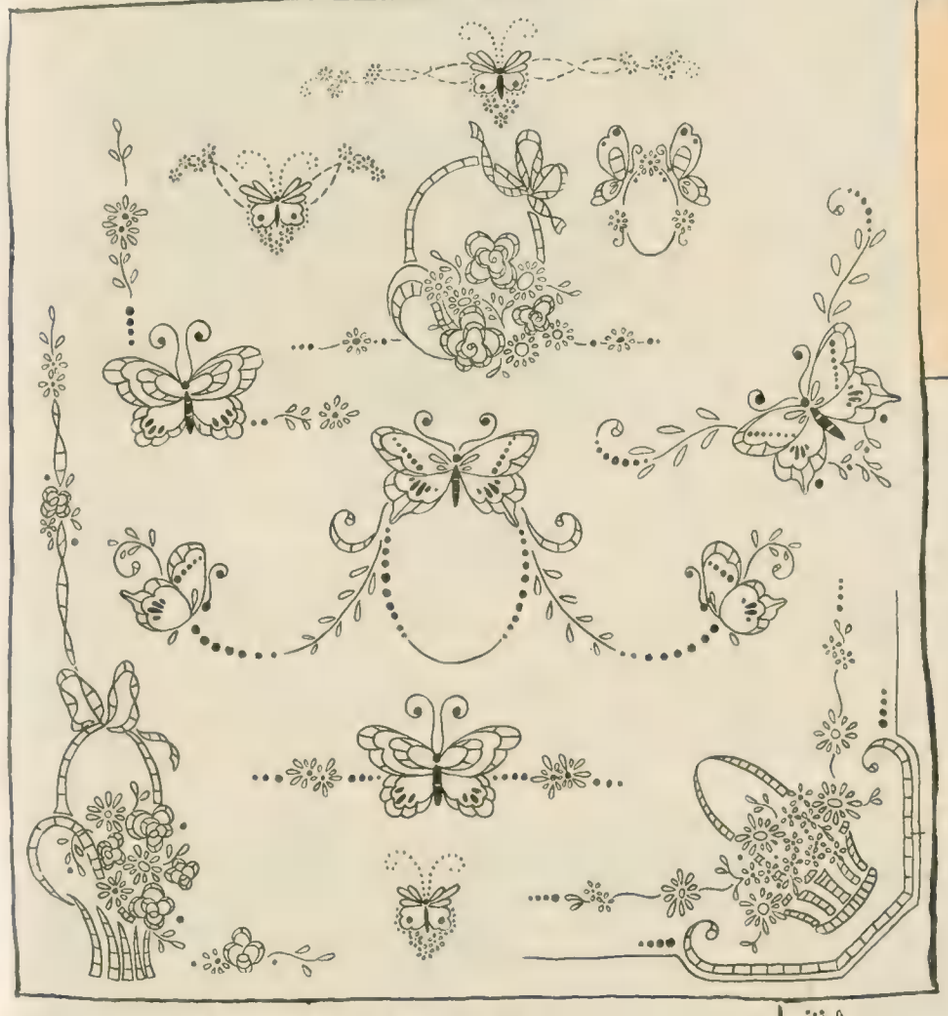
Embroidery design 10334



Embroidery design 10336

10336—If you want to be consistently smart, put this new peasant embroidery on your cotton voile or crêpe de Chine peasant blouses and frocks. It is also suitable for tunics and puffed sleeves. The edging may be done in single chain-stitch or, as illustrated in the detail at the right, in three chain-stitches combining three colors. The banding and motifs of this embroidery may be worked in a combination of one-stitch and outline, chain-stitch or braiding. The design can be adapted to 5⅛ yards of banding 3 inches wide, 3⅜ yards of edging 1 inch wide and 30 motifs in 4 assorted styles.





Embroidery design 10330

10330—And while we are thinking of brides—give a thought to her linen trousseau. The Spring bride of your acquaintance is doubtless counting on your offering of new linens for her chest. A scarf decorated with a butterfly in cut-work will make an exquisite shower-gift. The motifs and corners of this design are also suitable for tea-cloths and napkins or for household linens. You should use cut-work, eyelet and satin-stitch in working this new embroidery. The design can be adapted to 42 motifs; 4 of each large corner and 6 of each small corner.



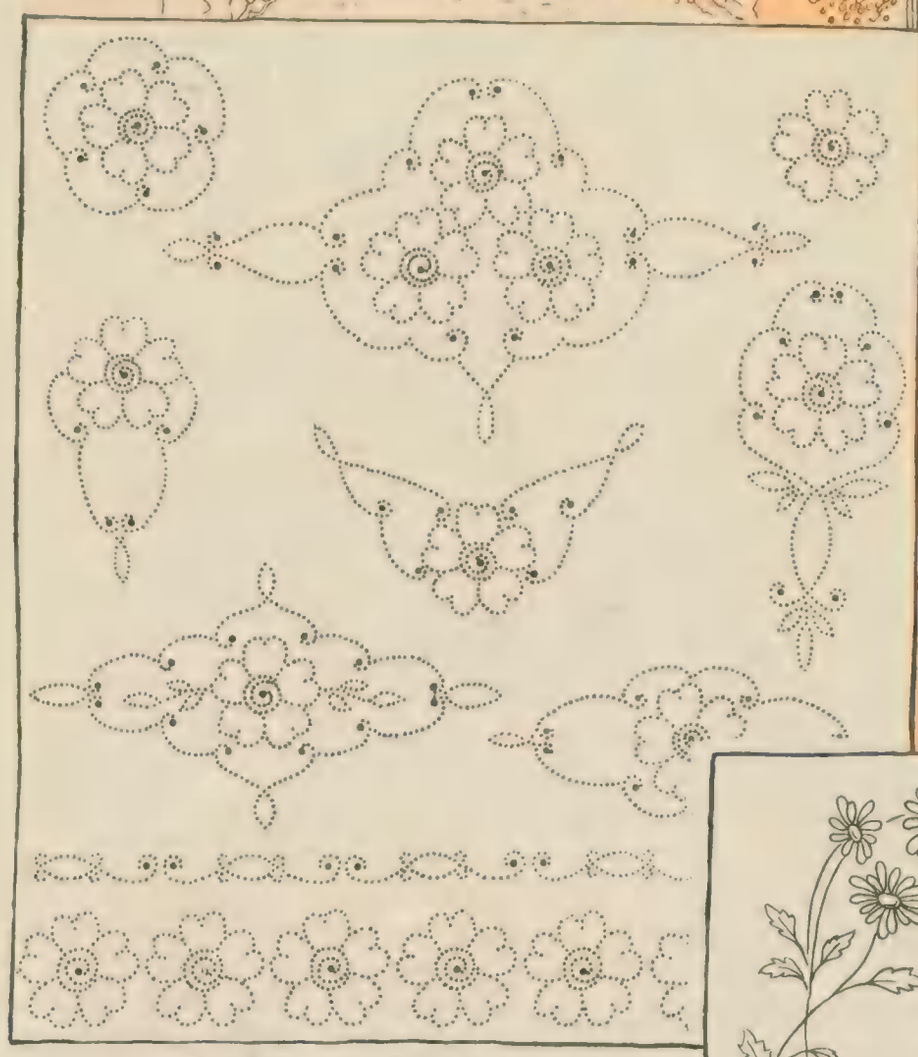
Embroidery design 10335

10334—When April showers you may embroider the flowers for your household linen. In this design there is a blossom for every preference, hollyhocks for those who love New England gardens, water-lilies and other flowers. If you like, you may work one of these motifs on a hand-bag. Use outline, satin-stitch, French knots, Kensington stitch and one-stitch in this embroidery. The design can be adapted to two hollyhock motifs 11½ by 10 inches, two water-lily motifs 12½ by 6 inches and 56 motifs in 6 assorted styles.

10335—Any one of these motifs is delightful worked in wools on a wool jersey frock. On the lingerie frocks for Spring use bright-colored cottons in outline, satin-stitch, lazy-daisy stitch and French-knot embroidery. This design is suitable for trimming dresses, blouses, children's clothes, household linen, etc. It can be adapted to 3¼ yards of banding 2¼ inches wide, 3⅜ yards of scalloped banding 1¼ inch wide, 3¼ yards of edging ⅝ of an inch wide, a neck motif and 24 motifs.

BEADING, CROSS-STITCH AND FLOWER TRIMMINGS



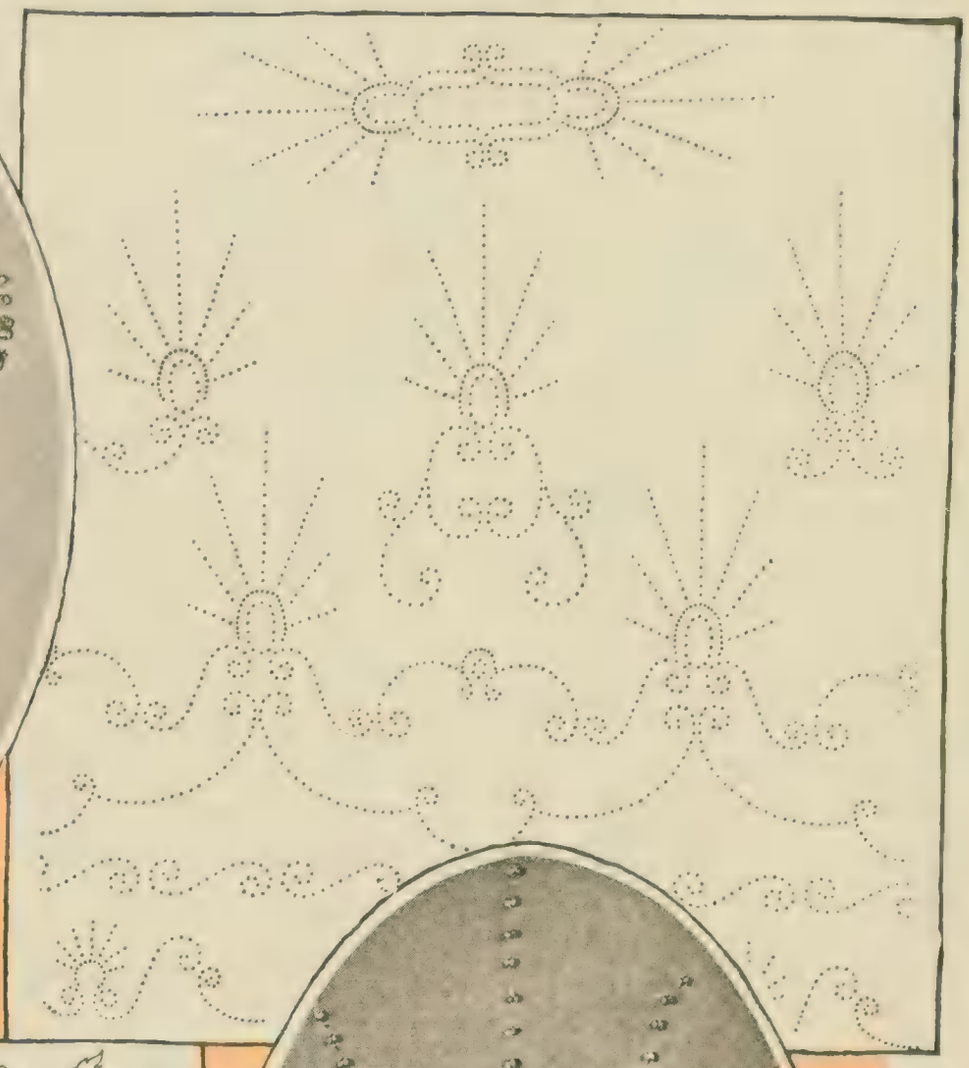


Embroidery design 10331

10331—Beading is a fashionable trimming for tunic blouses and dresses. A rather wide banding, an edging not so wide and several sizes of motifs make this a very useful design for trimming one's dresses and blouses. It may be worked either in beading or French-knot embroidery. The design can be adapted to 2⅞ yards of banding 2¾ inches wide, 3½ yards of edging ¾ inch wide, and 24 motifs in 8 assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10333





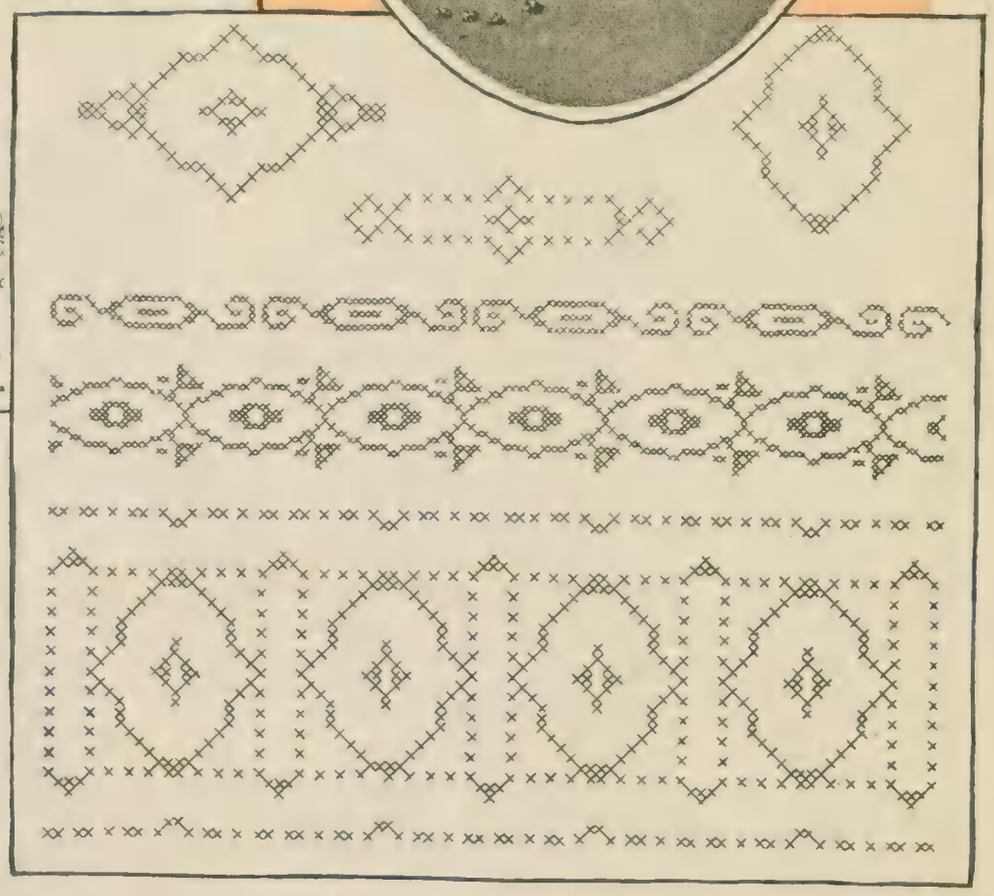
Embroidery design 10332





10332—Nothing is lovelier than satin-stitch embroidery on white linens or lingerie. This design is also delightful worked in lazy-daisy. The motifs are suitable to use as dress trimming. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard each of bandings 4¼ and 1¾ inches wide, 3½ yards of scallops and 30 assorted motifs.

10333—The sunburst effect is always attractive in beading. Both the sunburst motifs and the banding can be used on dresses, blouses, scarfs, etc. The design may be worked in French-knot embroidery. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards each of banding 9½, ¾ and 2½ inches wide and 21 motifs in 4 assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10329

10329—Peasant blouses, frocks, skirts and hats are the brighter for this cross-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards each of banding 8 inches wide, for large crosses, and 2½ inches wide for medium-size crosses, 5¼ yards of medium-size crosses ¾ of an inch wide and 22 motifs in assorted styles to match the large cross banding.



"My real trouble was chronic constipation, which had caused pimples, acne and frequent headaches . . . Skeptical, I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Then—after a little over a month—the miracle became an established fact: pimples gone, headaches gone, acne fast going, and no more constipation."
E. H. Howard, Santa Fe, N. M.

The PRICE *of* HEALTH

For a few cents a day thousands have found again the freshness, the vigor of youth



NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy . . . All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! Eat two or three cakes a day on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-15, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington Street, New York.



(BELOW)

"As a speaker for my party in 1920, I rushed heedlessly from state to state until an outraged nature exacted retribution . . . I sought out a famous specialist for some magic. Here it was! '*Fleischmann's Yeast; three cakes a day.*' In two weeks my appetite had returned; in six, I dared to face my mirror again with clear eyes. I no longer know what anemia and skin troubles mean. My daily cake of yeast has become a rite and a symbol of a more vital existence."
Miss Alma B. Sasse, Brunswick, Mo.

(LEFT)

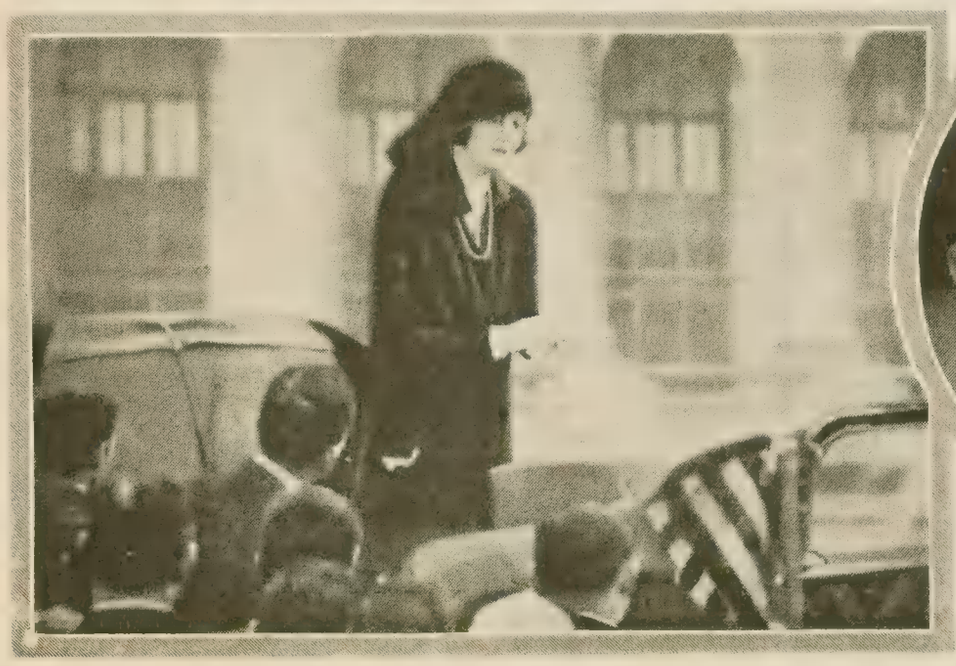
"After years of suffering from a disfigured face, due to chronic acne, and after prolonged treatment, I was persuaded to use Fleischmann's Yeast. I started with two cakes every day. To my great joy there was an immediate improvement. Continued daily use of yeast overcame the unsightly condition of my face and it is now clear of blemishes."
Miss Helen W. Young,
Philadelphia, Pa.

(RIGHT)

"I am a professional man, and suffered many years from indigestion. I could eat only certain foods and had constant pain in my stomach. Three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day for three weeks, brought such incredible improvement that I persisted in the practice. At the present time my digestion is perfect and I am in as perfect health as any man of my age in New Haven."
Irving J. Keyes,
New Haven, Conn

(BELOW)

"For years I fought a chronic constipation. I began eating Yeast merely to satisfy a friend. At the end of two weeks, my chronic constipation and dull headaches had begun to disappear. In one month I was feeling better than I had for ten years. Now I am absolutely normal. As supervising nurse in the health department of a large utility company I find constipation one of the most common ailments. I consider yeast the best remedy I can advise for it."
Miss Gayle Pond, R N., Chicago, Ill.





This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders.





Keep your teeth shining and safe—with Pebeco

WHEN your Mouth Glands dry up teeth *inevitably* decay

The only way to protect the teeth successfully is to keep the mouth glands flowing normally

DENTISTS say that practically no mouth today is normally moist and safe for teeth.

Modern cooked foods, too soft, too quickly swallowed, do not require enough chewing. From sheer lack of exercise your mouth glands dry up. Instead of protecting your teeth with their alkaline fluids as nature intended, these glands leave your whole mouth dry—your teeth defenseless against the acids that cause decay.



By harsh scouring thousands of men and women today succeed in keeping their teeth white. *But never safe from decay.* Five minutes after ordinary brushing the acids form again.

Dentists now recognize that there is only one way to keep teeth both white and safe. Today you can successfully counteract the acids of decay with a tooth-paste that restores the normal flow of the mouth glands.

* * *

Pebeco is the simple natural way to prevent tooth decay. It acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.



Pebeco leaves your gums clean and soothed—your whole mouth normal and healthy. *And in this healthy mouth your teeth are kept not only white and shining, but safe.*

Start today. Send for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc., New York. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont. At all druggists.

Free Offer



Send coupon for Free Generous Tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. B-23
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Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

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YOUR POTS AND PANS

A lesson in kitchen equipment

By Ruth M. Kellogg

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

Kitchen necessities—how many and what kind—that's a problem! If you are replenishing your equipment, buying a complete new set, or giving a shower to some happy housewife-to-be, THE DELINEATOR'S complete list of what to have in the kitchen may save you time, trouble and expense. This list was prepared by the equipment experts at Cornell University, and a copy of it is yours for the asking. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



All new cast-iron ware should be well rubbed with unsalted fat and this burned off in the oven before the utensil is used

HAVE you an intimate acquaintance with your pots and pans? Do you know what they are actually made of and how they should be cared for to give you the best service? There is a reason for using iron for Scotch kettles, aluminum for saucepans, enamel over steel for certain purposes, and glass and earthenware for still others.

Have you ever been disappointed with a new iron skillet which turned your food dark and gave it an unpleasant taste, although the one that you had used for years always behaved quite properly? The reason for this is that all new cast-iron utensils—griddles, waffle-irons, Dutch ovens and skillets—are not immediately ready for use. They must be well oiled before being used for cooking purposes. This should always be done with unsalted fat, as salt tends to encourage rust on iron. Go over the entire inside of the utensil with the fat or oil, rubbing it in well, then either let the article stand aside for several days or put it in an oven at a low temperature (300 degrees Fahrenheit) and bake it for an hour or so. Then wash the utensil, rubbing it briskly, in hot, soapy water in which some washing-soda or other alkaline washing-powder has been dissolved. Rinse it in clear, hot water and rub it dry.

Cast iron is so hard that you do not need to be afraid of scratching it when you clean it, and consequently you may scour it with harsh abrasives or coarse steel wool as well as with milder cleansers. But remember to dry it thoroughly each time before it is put away. If it is a utensil that will not be used for some time, it is wise to rub it over with unsalted oil or fat and put it away in this condition. The oil prevents the air from coming into direct contact with the iron and prevents rust. The article must then be thoroughly washed before being used again, as the fat may become rancid. All cast-iron ware improves with age if well cared for and grows smoother with use.

Cast iron is very durable and, because of the thickness of the material, an even heat is obtained when it is used. Also it is inexpensive. Against these advantages one must balance the ease with which it rusts, its heavy weight and the fact that it is not adapted to cooking acid foods.

For cutlery it pays to buy only good steel. Do not look for so-called bargains in such things as steel knives. The best "buy" is high-grade tempered steel, as it will hold an edge as poor steel never will. Stainless steel in knives of reliable brands is proving a great boon to the housekeeper. To have knives untarnished so that no scouring is necessary and to be able to pare acid fruits without getting your hands discolored is indeed a great convenience.

The coated forms of steel—enameled, tinned, japanned and galvanized ware—are rust proof as long as the coating remains intact and the steel background is not exposed. Enamel ware is adapted to the cooking of all kinds of foods. The term granite is often applied to the gray mottled enameled ware, agate to the kind that has big splotches of color, and enameled to the plain colored or white ware. All are enameled utensils. Enamel ware is really a form of glass. Naturally it chips and reacts unfavorably when dropped or banged. If your utensil is very cold, do not suddenly put it over an intense heat, nor if it is very hot place it on something very cold, such as ice or snow. After the enamel has once been chipped the steel foundation becomes exposed and is subject to rust and wear.

It is better to use only mild abrasives in cleaning articles of this material when something more vigorous than soap and hot water is necessary. Harsh abrasives may scratch the fine glaze.

TINNED ware is, as the same indicates, steel coated with tin. Cheap tinware is stamped from sheets of steel coated with tin. The more expensive redipped or twice-dipped variety has several advantages over it. It has greater weight and durability than the cheap ware, it is smoother and has fewer crevices in which dirt may lodge. Avoid vigorous scraping of tin with sharp knives or the use of harsh abrasives in cleaning it. Ordinary tinware is not well adapted to the cooking of acid foods, but it may give good service in cooking bread, pies, cakes and muffins or in serving as a dish-pan. A good weight retinned dish-pan is very durable. It is well to let baking-tins become darkened, as they are more satisfactory in this condition and take up the heat more readily than when bright and shiny.

Aluminum is a metal possessed of many advantages for the cooking of any or all food products. It has lightness of weight, strength, durability, and does not rust. Aluminum utensils have the further advantage of being seamless.

Many housewives have hesitated to cook acid foods in aluminum because of an unfortunate rumor that the acid dissolved the metal and brought about results harmful to

Concluded on page 48

What the most beautiful Queen in Europe says about the care of the skin

"NO woman is so highly placed that she can afford to neglect her beauty. Personal appearance is vital to her success—she cannot allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show in her face. I believe that her beauty can be thoroughly guarded by a daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Marie
Queen of Roumania

POINT to another woman in the world today whose beauty, power and vibrant personality are equal to those of Marie, Queen of Roumania!

"A tall, majestic figure, hair of red-gold, a round white throat, flashing violet eyes and long lashes sweeping demurely the rose-leaf of her lovely cheeks." One who knows her well describes her thus.

Granddaughter of Queen Victoria, cousin to the King of England, to the Queen of Spain and to the late Czar Nicholas of Russia, she has lived from birth in the midst of the great affairs of Europe.

At sixteen she became the bride of the fortunate heir to the Roumanian throne and entered upon the vivid, flashing life of the Balkans.

Today no queen in Europe has such influence in state and international affairs. Queen Marie matches her skill in state-craft and the prestige of her position with the magnetism of her personality to achieve victories for Roumania that astonish nations many times its size.

Even after her crowded years in Roumania, Queen Marie is still extraordinarily beautiful, beloved of her people and human to the core. When she wears the national dress and mingles with the simple peasant folk she is just as lovely as when she wears her gorgeous robes of state and her magnificent crown jewels. She is known as the queenliest queen in Europe just as her daughters were called the prettiest princesses—before they married kings.

A womanly woman as well as a queen—and one to whom many things have come because of her own beauty—Queen Marie feels that "No woman is so highly placed that she can afford to neglect her beauty. Personal appearance is vital to her success—she cannot allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show in her face."

More and more, women are realizing this. They have found that the woman who is careless of her personal appearance is practically never the woman who is a success. Yet it is so easy to look one's best! A few thoughtfully chosen toilet preparations and a little regular care every day—this is all one needs to keep the skin fresh, clear and youthful.

YEARS ago one manufacturer devoted his laboratories to perfecting the two creams that would answer the vital needs of the skin. Today the famous Pond's method of cleansing and protecting the skin is used everywhere by women who, because of their high position or their social prominence, tax their skins the most and yet *must* keep them loveliest.

Every day, and especially after any exposure, the thorough cleansing that keeps the skin clear and fresh. For this use Pond's Cold Cream. With the tips of your fingers or a piece of moistened cotton, smooth a generous quantity on your face and neck. The pure cream works deeply into the pores, cleansing them of all impurities. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. It will bring with it the excess oil, the powder, the dust, and dirt your skin has been collecting all day. *Repeat the process.* Now notice how fresh and clear your skin feels—and looks—how smooth and relaxed. And, above all, *how youthful.* Finish by dashing your face with cold water or rubbing it with a piece of ice.

If your skin is very dry, use Pond's Cold Cream at night, too, patting it in around the corners of your eyes and mouth, where—unless you are wary—wrinkles will begin to form. Let it stay on until morning—you will find the little lines all smoothed away.

And then, to protect your skin and as a foundation for powder, use Pond's Vanishing Cream, light, greaseless, and deliciously refreshing. Smooth in just a light film, enough for your skin to absorb. Now notice the limpid freshness of your skin; how soft and smooth it is to the touch, how captivatingly lovely to the eye. The delicate Vanishing Cream protects your skin, keeping it fresh and untired. No amount of wind or sun will roughen it now. After you have smoothed in the Vanishing Cream, you are ready to rouge and powder. And you will be delighted with the smoothness with which they go on and blend—and stay—for hours! No more horrid nose-shine to worry you now.

MOST skins need a Pond's cleansing only once a day, but after exposure of any kind, such as a dusty train trip or a long motor ride, you will find there is nothing more refreshing or relaxing to your skin than a thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Finish up, as always, with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives you just that last touch of brilliancy and smoothness that—to be absolutely perfect—your complexion requires before you powder!

Take care of your lovely skin. Begin today, to follow the method the beautiful Queen of Roumania so heartily commends. Your beauty like hers, can be, as she says, "thoroughly guarded by a daily use of Pond's Two Creams." Buy your own Pond's Creams in jars or tubes and use them faithfully every day. You will be enchanted to see how quickly your skin looks fresher, more youthful—with a freshness and youthfulness you can *keep*. The Pond's Extract Company.



HER MAJESTY, MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

A recent portrait by Philip A. de Laszlo, eminent European artist. Queen Marie, a writer of distinction, has done much to foster the Roumanian national arts. She is called "the mother-in-law of the Balkans," having married her two eldest daughters to the Kings of Greece and Jugoslavia.

Below, a pair of silver boxes from Tiffany and Company, bearing the Queen's crest and filled with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, sent by the Pond's Extract Company as a gift to Her Majesty. They are reproductions of a pair of early American silver boxes made about 1750, now in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.



FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon today for free tubes of these two famous creams and a little folder telling you how to use them and what famous beauties and society leaders think of them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. D
149 Hudson Street, New York.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....



Physical vigor and mental driving power—in adults and children alike —are built day by day with the food they eat. And this power rests largely in the hands of the woman who plans the meals.

Food can tire him out—
or keep him fresh and vigorous

Why this delicious food makes such a difference in the way you feel

WE are beginning to realize that our choice of food on any one day determines more or less the way we feel on that particular day.

But what we do not realize is that our choice of food day in and day out makes a profound and lasting difference to our health.

Authorities now agree that the lack of vigor that leads gradually to failure, ill-health, actual disease—is due largely to:

Foods that place too great a burden on our digestive system and fail to supply our bodies with the nourishment they need.

In Grape-Nuts you get the rich nourishment of whole wheat and barley in its most digestible form.

Baked 22 hours Grape-Nuts is ready for the body to use almost immediately. What is more, it actually hastens the digestion of various other foods.

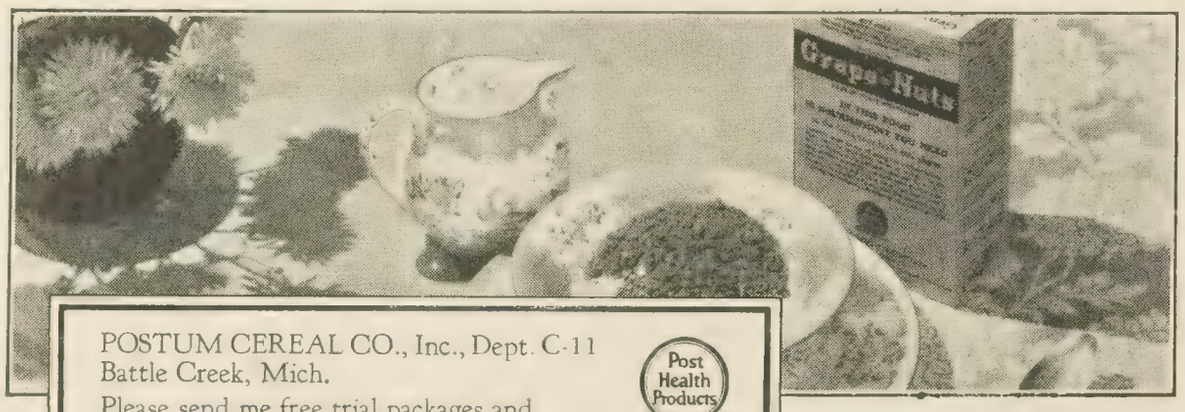
Women who plan the family meals for health and efficiency find Grape-Nuts an ideal food. It supplies perfectly the needs of grown-ups, and of children who use up so much vitality in the strenuous business of growing.

For children especially—who always will bolt soft foods—Grape-Nuts fills a real need. It teaches them to chew their food properly, helps to develop healthy teeth and gums, and aids digestion.

Grape-Nuts is deliciously different. Its crisp, crunchy kernels—its rich, full flavor—stimulate your appetite and add a zest to the whole meal.

The Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. Makers of Post Health Products: Grape-Nuts, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Post's Bran Flakes and Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes).

Baked 22 hours—your body quickly turns it into nourishment



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Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me free trial packages and booklet.
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Post Health Products

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FREE—*send coupon for sample packages—enough for 4 servings*

YOUR POTS AND PANS

Concluded from page 46

health. Careful tests made by chemists, government experts and food authorities have proved that any kind of food may be cooked in aluminum vessels with perfect safety. Acids have little, if any, effect on this metal.

When heat is applied to any part of aluminum ware, it quickly spreads or is carried to other parts of the utensil. This means an even heat and that foods cook or brown evenly, and is the reason aluminum handles should not be used on aluminum utensils.

TWO kinds of aluminum utensils may be purchased—cast or stamped. The cast variety is thicker, hence heavier, than the stamped. Cast aluminum is made up into such articles as pressure cookers, griddles, skillets, double boilers, Dutch ovens, tea-kettles, tea and coffee pots and some kettles. Aluminum skillets are now obtainable in good weights of stamped as well as of cast aluminum. It pays to buy stamped aluminum of standard weight; the thin, cheap pieces get out of shape quickly and, though they, as well as the heavier pieces, may be pounded back into shape by using a wooden mallet and block, it is a safer investment in general to buy the better quality.

Aluminum may be cleaned with mild or very fine scouring-powders, fine-grade steel wool or copper-wire dish-mops. The one thing to avoid with aluminum is the use of strong alkalies such as washing-soda, as these, if strong enough and if applied often, attack the metal.

The discoloration which appears on aluminum from some waters or from cooking some foods is not at all harmful. The easiest way to remove this is to cook some acid fruit or vegetable in the discolored utensil. This is entirely safe.

Utensils of this material must not be allowed to boil dry, for although aluminum melts at a very high temperature, dry aluminum if left over heat for some time will melt and the article will be ruined.

NICKEL-PLATED utensils, such as tea or coffee pots and various electrical devices, may be cleaned by using whiting mixed to a paste with ammonia. Rub this on briskly, then rub it off with a soft, dry cloth.

Utensils of earthenware and glass are not designed for use on top of the stove, but they are splendid for baking, as they give an even heat and retain heat well. Food baked in either of these materials may be served directly from them at the table, so that no extra dishes are involved. Glass has an additional advantage in that you may watch your baking process and see when the food is browned to suit your taste With care, glass or pottery may give service for a long time. Glassware is difficult to handle when it becomes hot in the oven. But wire racks can be bought for any size baking-dish, and the dish may be placed on one of these before it is placed in the oven. This offers you an easy means of handling the hot glass.

Glass or earthen ware may be cleaned with any of the standard abrasives. However, if such dishes are put to soak as soon as the food is removed, they are very easily cleaned. No one questions the safety of cooking any kind of food in these.

Galvanized ware has a steel foundation coated with zinc. Galvanized utensils should never be used for cooking purposes, as harmful products develop when foods are cooked in them. Galvanized ware is extremely satisfactory for garbage pails, ash-cans, water-pails and similar articles, however. As long as the zinc covering remains intact it is rust-proof. Clean galvanized ware with soap and water plus a good brush. Kerosene can also be used.

Japanned steel (papier-maché is also sometimes japanned) is steel coated with a special paint or varnish. It, too, is not suitable for cooking utensils, but it is widely used for such utensils as bread-boxes, canisters and trays. It is very satisfactory for such purposes, is relatively inexpensive and very attractive. Warm water and soap are used in cleaning a japanned finish.

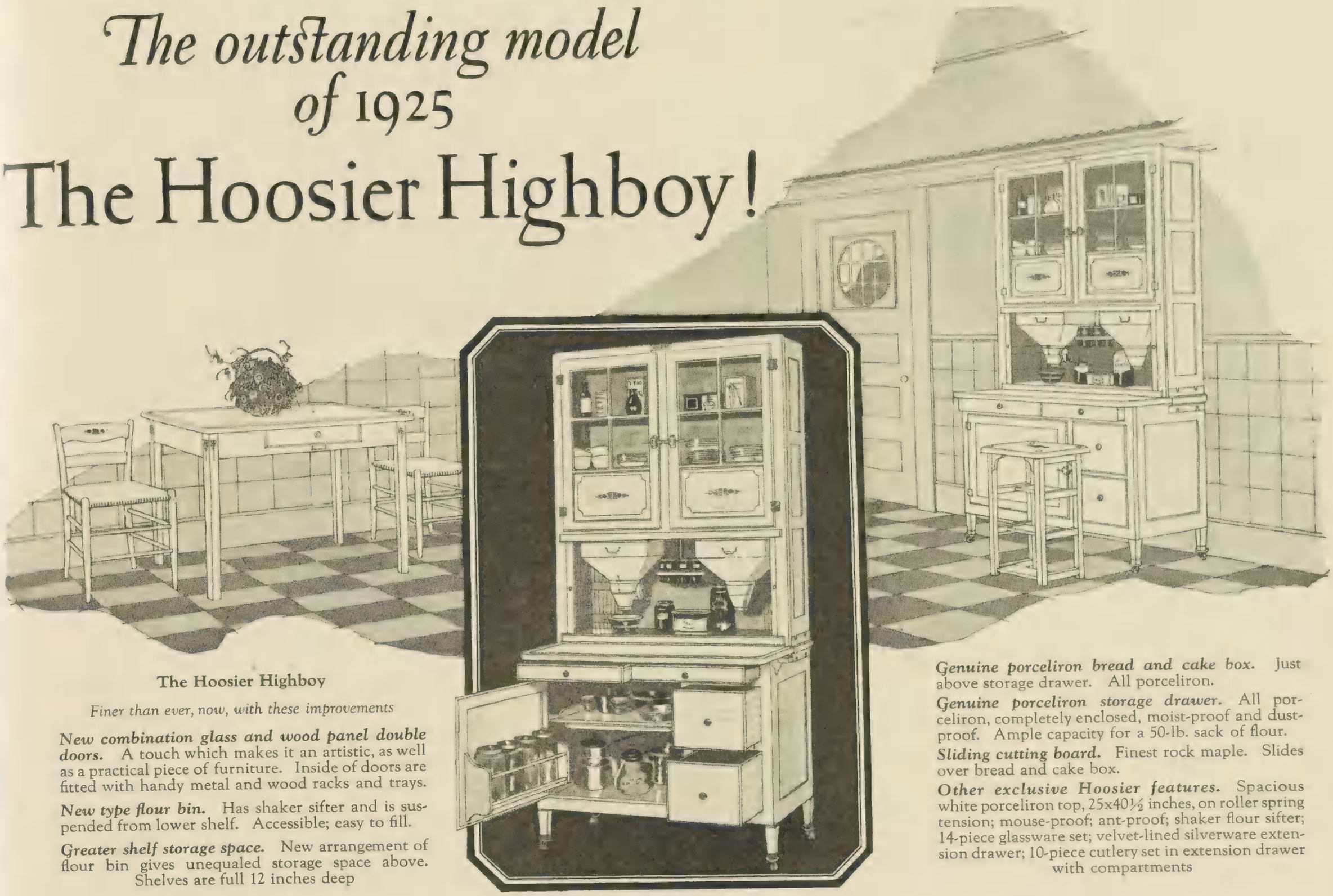
Aside from deciding the kind of material desired for new utensils there are several other points to be considered. Is the handle a convenient one? Is the utensil well balanced, so that it stays in the correct position? Is it the size and shape that can be used for more than one purpose? Is it free from seams and corners that would be difficult to clean? Is it smooth and well built in general? Will it be used often enough to justify its cost and the storage space it requires? If it is a set or a combination device, will you really use the set or will you use only a piece or two? And, if so, would it be cheaper to buy these pieces separately?



Above—Wire lifters or racks for holding glass baking-dishes make this popular oven-ware easier to handle. *Below*—When you shine up your aluminum, use a fine mineral wool. A diluted household acid used for a laundry bleach will remove the stains

The outstanding model of 1925

The Hoosier Highboy!



The Hoosier Highboy

Finer than ever, now, with these improvements

New combination glass and wood panel double doors. A touch which makes it an artistic, as well as a practical piece of furniture. Inside of doors are fitted with handy metal and wood racks and trays.

New type flour bin. Has shaker sifter and is suspended from lower shelf. Accessible; easy to fill.

Greater shelf storage space. New arrangement of flour bin gives unequaled storage space above. Shelves are full 12 inches deep

Genuine porceliron bread and cake box. Just above storage drawer. All porceliron.

Genuine porceliron storage drawer. All porceliron, completely enclosed, moist-proof and dust-proof. Ample capacity for a 50-lb. sack of flour.

Sliding cutting board. Finest rock maple. Slides over bread and cake box.

Other exclusive Hoosier features. Spacious white porceliron top, 25x40½ inches, on roller spring tension; mouse-proof; ant-proof; shaker flour sifter; 14-piece glassware set; velvet-lined silverware extension drawer; 10-piece cutlery set in extension drawer with compartments

Offering beauty, convenience, value never before combined in one model

Time was, when the kitchen was the "ugly duckling" of the house. That was before women realized how vastly much difference our surroundings make in the way we do our work.

No longer is the kitchen thought of as just a place to work. In its way it should be as cheerful and charming as your living room; completely, efficiently furnished.

One all-inclusive piece of furniture has revolutionized kitchens—the kitchen cabinet! And one splendid model now brings a greater efficiency and new beauty to this room—the Hoosier Highboy!

Planned scientifically in every exclusive detail, the improved 1925 Highboy offers an unequaled storage capacity arranged in convenient drawer and shelf space; a score of helpful devices which could not possibly be assembled separately in such efficient working order.

The Hoosier Units for extra storage space

To provide ample cupboard space in addition to what the cabinet affords, Hoosier Domestic Science experts have designed handy cupboard units; one for brooms, mops, etc.; another for pots, pans and supplies. These supplant the old distant butler's pantry, giving storage space right *in* the kitchen. Like the Hoosier cabinets, they come in white or French grey enamel or golden oak.

Another convenience, both useful and ornamental, is the dainty little Hoosier Breakfast Set of table and chairs. With this, you can have a charming nook in your kitchen and the extra table space is always welcome. The table has a fine white porceliron top; the chairs have cane seats.

Your kitchen may be old but it does not need to be old fashioned. Hoosier equipment will bring it up to date with no fuss or expense of remodeling. For that new kitchen, ask your architect about installing Hoosier furniture. With it you can have greater convenience than with any of your own devising and building.

The Hoosier Easy Purchase Plan!
Small down payment—easy terms

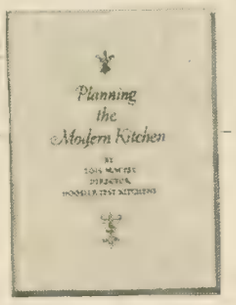
Best of all, Hoosier Kitchen Equipment is not extravagant in cost; it is quite within reach of the most modest purse. The Hoosier Company has an Easy Payment Plan whereby you may select the units you need and enjoy them in your own kitchen *at once*. Just a small down payment brings them; take your time about paying the balance! The Hoosier store in your town will gladly explain the details and help you select the units you need for your kitchen.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO.

425 Delaware Street — Newcastle, Indiana

A new book on modern kitchens—free

You will find this book full of artistic and practical suggestions which you can apply to your kitchen. Mail coupon for it



The Hoosier Manufacturing Co.
425 Delaware St., Newcastle, Indiana
British Address:
Ideal Furniture Equipment
9 Preston Street, Liverpool

Please send me, free, your new booklet: "Planning the Modern Kitchen."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



© 1925, The H. M. Co.

Hoosier cupboard units are in two styles; a broom closet designed to hold all cleaning accessories and a roomy shelf cupboard for pots, pans and supplies



Because it is soothing and without the slightest harsh or irritating effect —Unguentine is the ideal antiseptic dressing.



Burns and scalds are the lot of every woman who does housework. But Unguentine puts a quick stop to the pain they cause.

Burns - Accidents - Injuries!

Save hours of needless suffering

Today a remarkable remedy prevents hours of suffering. It is now being used by thousands of hospitals and by physicians everywhere.

No injury is too serious for its healing properties—no wound so slight as not to need its safeguarding from infection.

It has relieved untold pain—saved hundreds of lives.

Keep it in your medicine cabinet!

UNGUENTINE marks the greatest advance in medical science in the treatment of burns and skin injuries.

It is used today in cases where the most intense suffering must be relieved—by hospitals and physicians throughout the country.

No wonder those who have used it for smaller burns and skin injuries at home are astonished at its effectiveness—at the rapidity with which it takes away the pain!

Prevents infection

Unguentine does more than prevent suffering. It prevents infection also. And—though highly antiseptic—it can be applied to an open wound without the slightest irritating effect.

Furthermore, Unguentine keeps the wound free from germ life during the entire healing process. It stimulates the quick healing of the tissues and often prevents the formation of ugly "scar tissue."

There is nothing like Unguentine made today. No medicine cabinet should be without it. 50 cents at your druggist's. Or the coupon below will bring you a trial tube free of all charge.

Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York.

Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

* * *

Iowa doctor reports remarkable case

"I know you will be interested in a case that came under my personal observation.

"On Nov. 20, in response to a call I found this situation: Mrs. F——— had just filled the wash tub with boiling water. Her small child by some means pulled the plug out of the tub, and the scalding water struck the side of his face, ran down his shoulder, arm and hand, then on down to his leg and foot. The face, shoulder, arm and leg were a solid blister.

"The child was suffering terrible agony. I dressed the wound with Unguentine at once, which gave almost immediate relief. I attended this case for 10 days using only Unguentine as a dressing. At this writing, 20 days after the accident, the patient has quite recovered and to my surprise, *not a scar.*"

———— ————, *M.D.*

FREE—a generous tube

Norwich — *a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations*

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. B-4.
Norwich, New York

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

EAT MORE FISH

By Lucile Brewer

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



Disconnect the backbone of the fish and lift out the framework

If you're fond of fish, we have something you'll like—and if you aren't, we have something that will convert you. It's a leaflet which tells the best kinds of fish to bake, boil or fry, and just the right sauces and garnishes to serve with them. It will tell you more about fish than you ever knew before. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to our Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

THERE are altogether too many people who don't like fish — or at least who think they don't. A taste for fish should be cultivated, for sea-fish contains iodin, which is essential to human growth and health. Indeed the increased prevalence of goitre in inland places is said to be an indication that people need to eat more iodin foods.

The lack of popularity of fish as an American food is due to one or all of three things. Either good fish is difficult to get, and inferior fish is therefore bought and served, or troublesome bones make the eating of fish unpleasant, or the fish itself lacks savoriness and flavor because it is improperly cooked.

If you want your family to like fish, be sure to select a good quality, whether it be fresh, frozen or salted. Then remove the bones before serving, and use plenty of fat and seasoning in the cooking. If you will also serve a variety of fish in as many different ways as you can devise, you will have the pleasure of watching your family's appetite change.

TO SELECT GOOD FISH

In selecting fish, make sure that it is fresh and of good quality. Here are the points to look for: the eyes should be bright, bulging and clear; the gills should be bright red in color; the flesh firm and elastic; the skin should be bright and shiny; the mouth and gills of the fish should be closed and practically free from slime; and the fish should sink when put in water.

TO BONE FISH

To bone fish, work from the inside. Slip the knife under the rib bones near the head and slit down the entire length of the body cavity. Then cut down to the ridge of the backbone, taking care not to cut through the skin. Treat both sides of the fish in the same manner. Disconnect the backbone at the head and lift the bony framework out of the fish.

The bone is left in the tail to help keep the shape. The head, which may be left on or removed according to preference, aids in keeping the stuffing in the fish.

TO BAKE FISH

Dust the inside of the fish with salt and fill it with the stuffing. Bring the cut edges of the body together, slipping steel skewers through both edges, at intervals of one and one-half inch. Put the center of a long piece of cord around the head, crossing it underneath. Then lace the cord around skewers and fasten it. Place slices of salt pork around the tail and back fins and across the back. Lay the fish in a shallow roasting-pan or on a fish-cloth covered with thin slices of salt pork.



Dust the inside of the fish with salt and fill it with stuffing

Do not add water. Bake forty-five minutes (for a fish weighing three to four pounds) in a hot oven (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit).

TO BOIL FISH

Either a steamer, a fish-kettle with a strainer, or a large kettle with a wire frying-basket is needed for boiling a large fish whole. A plate held in a fish-cloth (a piece of coarse muslin or cheese-cloth kept for this purpose) may be used for fish cut into small pieces. Clean the fish, rub a little salt over it, wrap it in a cloth, and place it in the steamer.

The fish must not be put into cold water, as that extracts the flavor; nor into boiling water either, as that breaks the skin. It should be put into hot water, which may

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The best spring tonic is—PROPER FOOD

Watch your diet—that's the way to get ahead of lazy spring



Not so many years ago it was the custom to take a tonic in the spring to "thin the blood" and thus combat that "tired feeling."

Now nutrition authorities have discovered that the best spring medicine is a wise diet; that springtime laziness is largely due to overworked digestions.

In the winter your diet naturally includes a high proportion of heavy, heating food. With warm spring days, you do not need so much. In fact it throws an undue burden upon digestion.



You know how slow and sluggish, how unfit for work you feel when you have eaten too much rich food.

The kind of breakfast you need

Take breakfast, for instance. The first meal of the day should set you up with ample energy for a brisk morning's work. And it will, if you eat wisely.

But if you eat a too heavy, hearty breakfast, you will find yourself yawning, half asleep by the middle of the morning.

What you need at the start of the day is simple food, full of energy; food that is easily and quickly digested. You can find no food which will more perfectly fill these needs than good old Cream of Wheat!

Try it for three mornings

As a test, try Cream of Wheat for breakfast for just three mornings, served as suggested here. You will be surprised how fit you feel.

Cream of Wheat, made of the best hard wheat, is exceptionally high in energy value or carbohydrates. But equally as valuable is its easy digestibility.

You get all the rich energy of Cream of Wheat because it is digested so easily and quickly none is wasted in extra work imposed upon the stomach.

It has all the satisfying nourishment you could possibly want yet is simple enough in form for a baby to digest. In this splendid food find energy to meet the languid moods of spring.

Try this—3 mornings for a better day's work



FIRST MORNING

Cream of Wheat

¾ cup CREAM OF WHEAT
½ teaspoon salt 4 cups boiling water

Pour Cream of Wheat slowly into rapidly boiling salted water; stirring constantly. Place over boiling water and continue cooking fifteen minutes or longer if desired. Serve with cream and sugar, or Southern Style with butter and salt



SECOND MORNING

Cream of Wheat with Dates

¾ cup CREAM OF WHEAT
4 cups boiling water ½ teaspoon salt
½ cup dates

Pour Cream of Wheat slowly into rapidly boiling salted water, stirring constantly; add dates and cook fifteen minutes in a double boiler

Also with Figs, Raisins or Prunes

Follow recipe above, using instead of dates ½ cup figs, raisins or prunes cut in small pieces



THIRD MORNING

Cream of Wheat with Poached Egg

¾ cup CREAM OF WHEAT
4 cups boiling water ½ teaspoon salt
Butter, salt and paprika Poached eggs

Cook Cream of Wheat in rapidly boiling salted water fifteen minutes, mix well with butter. Serve 2 heaping tablespoons cooked Cream of Wheat, make a depression in the center with the back of the spoon and place in this a poached egg. Season with butter, salt and paprika

Send for this free booklet and sample

"50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat"



There are so many delightful ways to serve Cream of Wheat—not only as a cereal but in tempting desserts, vegetables and meat dishes. We will gladly send you our new recipe book which gives 50 ways. We also have a helpful book on children's diet. If you care for a sample box of Cream of Wheat, enough to make any recipe or for 4 full servings check coupon below.

Cream of Wheat Company
Dept. 124, Minneapolis, Minnesota

- ☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."
- ☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."
- ☐ Please send me sample box of Cream of Wheat.

Name .....

Address .....

Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

© 1925, C. of W.

WESSON OIL AND AN EGG
MAKE MAYONNAISE

WESSON OIL and a fresh egg—beaten together and seasoned to taste—make the most delicious mayonnaise you ever put in your mouth.

The quickest results are obtained if the oil and egg are not too cold. The ordinary temperature of your kitchen is just right.

Break the egg in the bowl, add about a tablespoon of Wesson Oil and beat vigorously with an egg beater or a fork —until the oil and egg are thoroughly mixed. How long will that take? Perhaps while you count fifty—not as fast as you can count but as fast as you can beat. Add another tablespoon of oil and beat again—vigorously.

Two tablespoons and beat again.

Two or three more and beat again. Your mayonnaise will begin to thicken a little.

Then add Wesson Oil four or five tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition —until your mayonnaise is as thick and stiff as you want it. The more oil you beat into it the thicker your mayonnaise will be. About two cupfuls is the usual amount, but never add more than a quarter cupful of oil at one time.

After your mayonnaise is made, season it.

Mix a half teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon each of sugar and mustard, a generous pinch each of paprika and red pepper—add a tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar and stir until the salt and sugar are dissolved



It's easier to do than to say!

—then pour into the mayonnaise and beat well.

This makes a mild mayonnaise. You can change the seasoning to suit yourself, of course.

There is really nothing easier to make than a good mayonnaise—and you know how good it is because you know that it is made of Wesson Oil, a fresh egg and pure spices.

Why wouldn't today be a good time to try it? This Wesson Oil mayonnaise is the beginning of many delicious fancy salad dressings—for instance, Thousand Island dressing or Russian dressing.

RUSSIAN DRESSING

To make *Russian Dressing* you add to three-quarters of a cupful of mayonnaise one-half of a hard boiled egg that is chopped very fine, two chopped pimentoes, one tablespoon of chopped chives or one-half tablespoon of grated onion, one-third of a cupful of chili sauce, two teaspoons of chow chow and the juice from one-quarter of a lemon. If you like it, you might add the meat from an anchovy or sardine flaked fine.

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

Thousand Island Dressing is even simpler. To a cupful of mayonnaise you add a third of a cupful of chili sauce, a third of a cupful of whipped cream, two tablespoons of chopped sour or sweet pickles or chow chow and one chopped pimento.

TEA ROOM MAYONNAISE FOR FRUIT SALADS

To one cupful of Wesson Oil mayonnaise add one-quarter cupful of cream, whipped stiff, one-half tablespoon of lemon juice and a little paprika. Stir well.

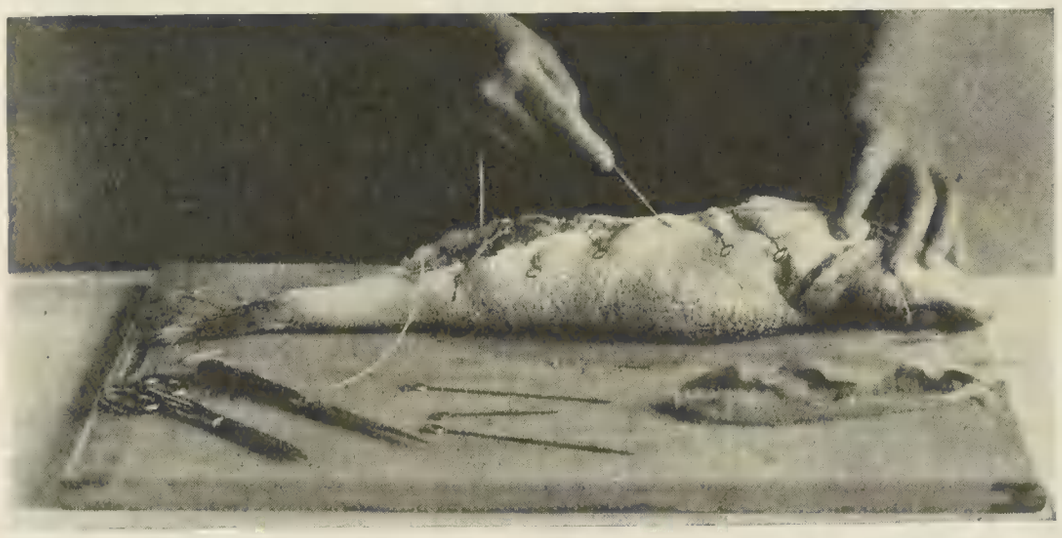
EAT MORE FISH

Concluded from page 50

then be quickly brought to the boiling-point. After the water boils, draw the kettle to the side of the range where it will simmer.

Cover the fish with water, and add one teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of vinegar or lemon-juice to every two quarts of the water. After the water begins to simmer, allow ten minutes to the pound for white fish, fifteen minutes to the pound for medium fat fish, and twenty minutes to the pound for fat fish.

In steaming, place the fish on a plate in the upper part of the steamer, allowing the same time as for boiling.



Fasten the fish securely together with steel skewers and a stout cord

TO BROIL FISH

Split the fish down the back, dry it thoroughly, and sprinkle it with salt, pepper and lemon-juice. Place the fish, flesh side down, on a well-greased wire broiler. When it is cooked, turn it and broil it on the skin side until crisp. Large fish may be cut into slices one inch thick, and broiled on both sides evenly.

TO FRY FISH

After cleaning, dry the fish, sprinkle it with salt and pepper, dip it in fine bread-crums, flour or corn-meal, in egg, and then in the crums, flour or corn-meal again. Fry it in deep fat.

FISH LOAF

1 cup fish
2 cups bread-crums
2 eggs, beaten
2 tablespoons finely minced bacon
Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 tablespoon minced parsley
Milk, enough for moistening

Mix the ingredients well and form a loaf on a flat, slightly greased pan. Brush with melted fat. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for thirty minutes. Serve with pepper sauce.

GREEN PEPPERS STUFFED WITH FISH

4 medium-sized green peppers
1 cup bread-crums
⅔ cup shredded fish
2 small slices bacon
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon minced onion
Salt and pepper
Tomato-juice, meat-stock, or milk to moisten

Cut a slice from the stem end of the peppers, remove the seeds and plunge the peppers into boiling water. Cook them for ten minutes and drain them.



Attractively garnished with cucumber, lemon and pimiento, the fish is brought to the table

TO PREPARE PANNED FISH

Clean, wash and dry the fish, rub it in flour which has been seasoned with salt and pepper, or dip it in egg and crums and fry it in a saucepan in a small amount of fat.

TO MAKE FISH STOCK

Place the head, bones and trimmings from the fish in a kettle. Add one small onion, one small carrot, celery leaves or the coarse outside stalks, parsley, green pepper, two cloves, a small piece of bay-leaf, and salt. Cover with cold water. Simmer until the meat drops from the bones. Strain. The shredded meat may be used in creamed dishes and chowders.

IMPERIAL CREAM OF FISH SOUP

1 medium carrot
1 small onion
1 medium potato
4 stalks of celery
2 tablespoons butter
1 pint thin white sauce
1 cup fish-stock
½ cup finely shredded fish.

Cut the carrot and the potato into thin match-like pieces one inch long. Cut the celery crosswise and mince the onion. Melt the butter and fry the vegetables in it until they are yellow. Cover them with boiling water and cook until tender. Add the hot white sauce, shredded fish, stock, salt and pepper. Serve with a dash of paprika on top.

To make the stuffing, cut the bacon into bits, try out the fat and add the butter and crums. Fry until the crums are slightly browned. Add the other ingredients, using just enough liquid to moisten them. Fill the peppers, cover them with crums and bake (350 degrees Fahrenheit) until tender, or about thirty minutes.

FISH CUTLETS

1 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
1 cup shredded fish
Salt and pepper
Onion-juice
Lemon-juice

Make a white sauce of the milk, flour and butter. When this is thick and smooth, add the shredded fish and the seasoning. Spread the mixture on a plate to cool, and set aside for an hour. Shape the mixture into flat cutlets, roll them in crums, in beaten egg to which has been added one tablespoon of milk, and then in the crums again.

Place them on a baking-tin and brush them over with melted butter. Brown the cutlets in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit).



"Mother says she wants FELS-NAPTHA!"

Any woman who really knows Fels-Naptha will tell you why she uses it regularly—why nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha.

She wants its *extra* helpfulness. Not only on wash day, but every day.

She wants, too, the deep, sweet cleanliness in her clothes that Fels-Naptha gives—a deep, thorough cleanliness she gets so easily and safely.

Many mothers say they wouldn't be without Fels-Naptha just for those little daily washings of children's clothes—that it cleans them so quickly and so gently.

There's a reason for this *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha. There's a reason why it has an extra washing value that you cannot get in any other way.

Fels-Naptha is more than just "soap." It is splendid soap and naptha—***two great cleaners in one golden bar.*** Naptha loosens the dirt. Soapy water flushes it out. Simple as A-B-C.

Give Fels-Naptha a trial in your home. Let it prove its *extra* helpfulness. Use it for everything—from sheets and shirts to your finest things. Order a bar or two from your grocer today!

TEST Fels-Naptha's extra washing value. Send 2 cents in stamps for a sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



The original and genuine naptha soap comes in the familiar red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.



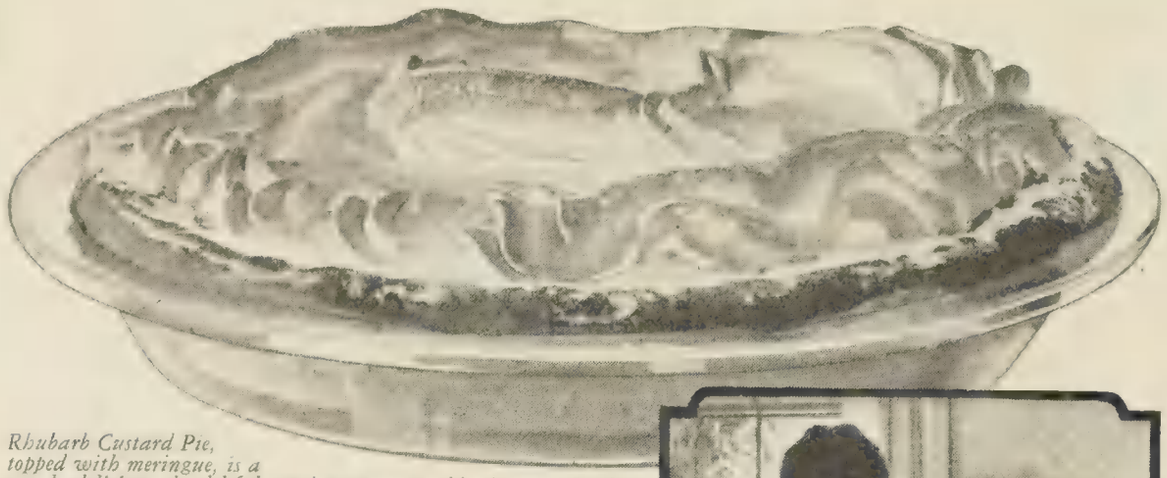
Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell

What temperature for wash water?

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you wish. You are bound to get good results. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR ©Fels & Co. Philadelphia



Rhubarb Custard Pie, topped with meringue, is a novel, delicious, healthful, and most seasonable dessert. Send in the coupon below for a free copy of Lorain "Time and Temperature" Pie Recipes. The folder contains infallible directions for making seven kinds of delicious pies.

If at first you don't succeed—

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!" It was by following this maxim that your grandmother, and maybe your mother, learned how to cook those delicious dishes, the memory of which lingers somewhere near the roof of your mouth.

BUT this rule-of-thumb method of cooking requires years of costly disappointing experiment even to approach the successful results that modern science makes possible *the first time.*



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

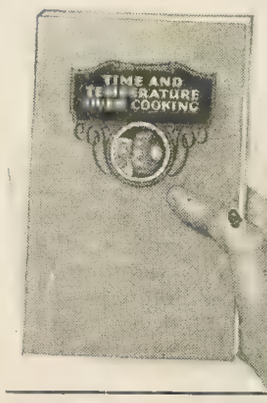
Unless the Regulator has a Red Wheel it is NOT a LORAIN

The bride of a week can now achieve perfect cooking-results with her first "try," if she uses a Time and Temperature Recipe and a Gas Range equipped with the famous Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.*

Women who own Gas Ranges with Lorain Self-regulating Ovens *never* hesitate to use a new recipe, provided it gives *exact* measurements of Time, Temperature and Ingredients.

Thousands of Lorain owners will send in the coupon below for a copy of our "Pie" folder which contains infallible Time and Temperature Recipes for making seven kinds of pies, including Rhubarb Custard Pie, a novel, delicious, healthful and most seasonable dessert.

We invite *every* woman to send for one of these free folders, or to call upon her local gas company, department store, hardware, furniture or stove dealer that sells Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges and ask for a demonstration of these marvelous stoves.



Introductory Price 50c

The Lorain Time and Temperature CookBook contains 128 pages of recipes for oven-cooked foods, including Whole Meals and Oven Canning, also Time and Temperature Chart. Bound in cloth, attractively illustrated. Issued by the Research Kitchens of American Stove Company. Price fifty cents, postpaid, stamps accepted. Mark, sign and mail the coupon.

And don't forget to ask the dealer about the unique Lorain Oven Method of Canning, and about cooking Whole Meals in the oven while you're miles away.

** A Time and Temperature Recipe is one that tells the exact temperature to use when cooking or baking food in the oven, and the exact length of time to bake it. The Lorain Oven Heat Regulator is a device that enables you to "set" the heat of your oven at any specified temperature, and thereafter Lorain automatically maintains that temperature.*

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these.



Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

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DANGLER - - - Dangler Stove Company, Div., Cleveland, Ohio
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Del-4-25

WHAT TO DO WITH RHUBARB

By Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



Frozen rhubarb desserts—ices, sherbets and frappés—offer a refreshing change in the Spring menu

Have you ever tried the sweet-tart flavor of juicy pink rhubarb for giving a tang to preserves? We have recipes for luscious jams, conserves and marmalades, all of which use rhubarb. Our Home-Making Department will send them to you if you'll address your request to THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope*

IT IS a curious fact that perfectly good foods are often the victims of their own reputations. This is true in the case of rhubarb. Every housewife knows that her family enjoys its succulent flavor and its juiciness bubbling under a flakey crust, and that they find a dish of stewed rhubarb for breakfast most welcome. Yet no one ever seems to think of using this delicious fruit-vegetable except in a pie or for sauce. The modern home-maker should realize what a friend she has in rhubarb. For rhubarb comes early in the season and stays throughout the Summer. It is easily grown in the tiniest back-yard garden, it is always cheap in market, it has a lovely color, and a pleasantly-sharp flavor. Also it has better food value than many fruits.

Why shouldn't it be one of the most useful foods?

Frozen desserts—ices, sherbets and frappés—are excellent when made with rhubarb-juice. It is delicious in hot puddings as well as in cold gelatin puddings. And baked rhubarb has a flavor and color all its own.

Here are a number of common recipes in which rhubarb has been substituted for the more ordinary fruits.

RHUBARB SHERBET

1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
¼ cup cold water
4 cups rhubarb juice
2 cups sugar
Juice of 2 lemons

Soak the gelatin in the cold water until it is soft. Make a sirup by boiling the rhubarb-juice and the sugar for five minutes. Pour the hot sirup over the gelatin, add the lemon-juice, and stir the mixture well. Strain it, allow it to cool and freeze it.

RHUBARB JELLY

2 tablespoons granulated gelatin
½ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
¾ cup sugar
3 cups rhubarb-juice

RHUBARB BAVARIAN

1½ pints milk
Lemon-peel
½ cup rice
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon flavoring
2 tablespoons granulated gelatin
½ cup cold water
1 cup heavy cream
Rhubarb

Put the milk and a few thin slices of lemon-peel into a double boiler. When the milk is hot, stir in the well-washed rice and salt, and cook until the rice is perfectly tender. The milk should be nearly absorbed, leaving the rice very moist. Add to the hot cooked rice the flavoring, the sugar and the gelatin, which has been soaked in the cold water, and mix carefully. When the mixture is beginning to set, fold in the cream, whipped until stiff. Pour the whole into a mold. Serve it with well-sweetened rhubarb sauce. The white mold with the red sauce makes a charming color combination.

RHUBARB WHIP

1 cup sweetened cooked rhubarb
Sugar
3 egg-whites
Salt

Rub the fruit-pulp through a sieve, add a pinch of salt, sweeten if necessary, and heat. Fold the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs into the hot fruit-pulp. Fill a greased baking-dish or small molds three-fourths full, set in a pan of hot water and bake until firm. Serve with whipped cream or a soft custard.

STEAMED RHUBARB PUDDING

2 cups rhubarb
½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2½ cups flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup milk

Cream the fat and sugar and add the beaten eggs. Sift the flour and baking-powder together and add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. The rhubarb, which has been sweetened, cooked and has the juice drained from it, is stirred into the dough. Turn this mixture into greased individual molds and steam for one hour. Serve with a sauce made from the thickened rhubarb-juice.

RHUBARB BETTY

1 pint cut rhubarb
4 tablespoons butter
⅔ cup rhubarb-juice
½ cup fine bread or cake crums
¾ cup sugar

Place the rhubarb in a baking-dish and add bits of butter. Pour half of the fruit-juice over the rhubarb, sprinkle with crums and sugar. Arrange a second layer in the same way and bake, basting occasionally with the remaining juice. Serve in a hot baking-dish.

RHUBARB AND MACAROON PUDDING

⅓ pound almond macaroons
1 pint rhubarb-juice
4 eggs
½ cup sugar
1 orange

Soak the almond macaroons in the rhubarb-juice until soft. Beat the eggs and add to them the sugar and the grated rind of one orange. Stir the mixture carefully into the macaroons and add the juice of the orange. Pour the whole into a greased mold and set on a stand or ring in a kettle of boiling water. Simmer steadily for an hour. Serve hot with orange or rhubarb sauce.

BAKED RHUBARB

Prepare as for stewing, using the same proportion of sugar and rhubarb, and bake in a slow oven until the rhubarb is reduced to a soft, red pulp.



For those rosy cheeks, *try hot breakfasts*

QUICK QUAKER—luscious and strength building—cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

FOR sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks—"hot oats and milk," say authorities on child feeding.

Because of limited cooking time, many mothers were serving less nourishing breakfasts, so Quaker Oats experts perfected Quick Quaker.

Savory, flavory and delicious, it's cooked and ready in 3 to 5 minutes. That's quicker than toast, quicker than coffee! Why not have richer, more nourishing breakfasts then? Ask your grocer for Quick Quaker. You will be delighted with it.

All that rich Quaker flavor; all its smooth deliciousness, are retained. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference.

Your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and Quick Quaker.



Quaker Oats
The kind you have always known

Quick Quaker
Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

Standard full size and weight packages—Medium: 1 and ¼ pounds; *Large:* 3 pounds, 7 oz.



On the floor is shown Pattern No. 534. In the 6 x 9-foot size, it costs only $9.00.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Warning!

Remember that there is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on every pattern. If you want "Congoleum" ask for it by name and look for the Gold Seal.



Pattern No. 556

Pattern No. 518

Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 552

Pattern No. 544

For the Children— a sanitary playground

You never saw a child that didn't love to play on the floor. But you've seen lots of floors covered with rugs that were "too good"—or too dusty—for the children to play on! To be sure, those rugs weren't Congoleum!

Easily Cleaned—Flat-Lying

You can see for yourself how pretty this rug is. What you *can't* see are still more important points. A *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug saves time and work. The lightest of moppings removes every speck of dust and leaves the smooth, waterproof surface fresh and spotless. Then, too, it is seamless and lies perfectly flat without any fastening.

Count up all the advantages of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs—charming patterns for every room in the house, labor-saving and sanitary qualities, durability and guaranteed satisfaction—then add economy. For these rugs come at amazingly low prices.

Note These Very Low Prices

6	x 9	ft. $ 9.00	Pattern No. 386, illustrated, is made in all sizes. The other patterns shown are made in the five large sizes only	1½	x 3 ft. $ .60
7½	x 9	ft. 11.25		3	x 3 ft. 1.40
9	x 9	ft. 13.50		3	x 4½ ft. 1.95
9	x 10½	ft. 15.75		3	x 6 ft. 2.50
9	x 12	ft. 18.00			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

"*Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs*," an interesting, illustrated new folder, by Anne Lewis Pierce, shows all the beautiful patterns in their actual rich colors. Our nearest office will send you a free copy upon request.

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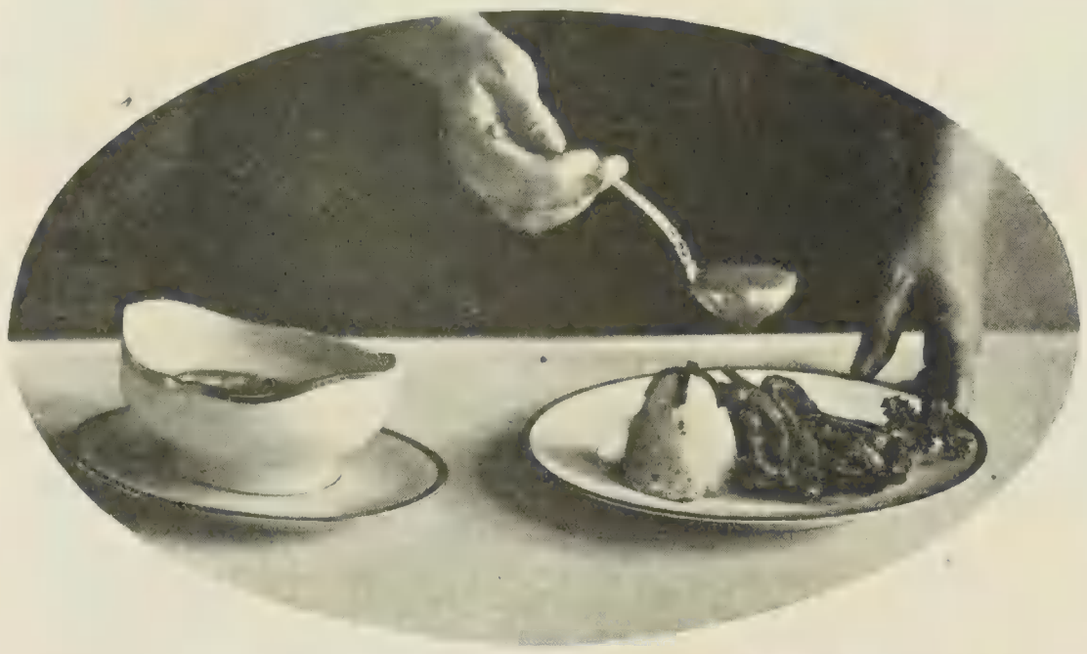
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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

WHAT'S IN A SAUCE?

By Jane E. C. Emmons

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



The right sauce, piquantly seasoned, brings out the flavor of meat or fish

MORE SAUCES!

Yes, we have more of them—ten, to be exact—as savory and appetizing as those given here. "Sauce Piquante" is one of them — it lives up to its name, too—and each has a delicious flavor all its own. We'll gladly send them to you without charge if you'll write to our Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope

"Always have lobster sauce with salmon,
And put mint sauce your roast lamb on."

THE difference between good and bad cookery can hardly be more strikingly shown than in the preparation and serving of sauces. The making of excellent sauces should be carefully studied by American women, for foreigners often make the sweeping assertion that we have but one sauce for all occasions. A well-made sauce, smooth as velvet and seasoned exactly right, will add much to the menu.

WHITE SAUCE

Melt two tablespoons of butter, add two tablespoons of flour, and, when these two ingredients are thoroughly blended, pour on gradually, stirring constantly, one cup of milk. Beat this mixture until smooth and glossy, and season with one-fourth of a teaspoon of salt and a dash of pepper. A wire whisk is a very good utensil to use in making white sauce.

LOBSTER SAUCE

Make the white sauce as directed, and add to it a cup of lobster cut in small dice, a blade of mace, a very little Cayenne and a tablespoon of lemon-juice. This sauce is not only good with salmon, but it is excellent for baked bluefish.

PARSLEY SAUCE

To the white sauce add one tablespoon each of chopped parsley and lemon-juice, a dash of Cayenne, and you have an excellent sauce for boiled fish.

OLIVE SAUCE

Mix together one tablespoon each of melted butter and flour, and one-half a cup of good stock. Stir until smooth and thick. Add a scant tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce and one dozen finely chopped olives. Season with a little salt and pepper. Let the mixture simmer gently for three minutes.

MINT SAUCE

The mint should be fresh and young. Strip the leaves from the stems of half a dozen stalks. Wash these well and chop them very fine. To three tablespoons of the chopped mint allow two tablespoons of powdered sugar. Mix in the sauce-boat and add gradually six tablespoons of good vinegar. While this sauce is, *par excellence*, for lamb and mutton, it may also be used for other meats when they are served cold, and is delicious with new potatoes.

ONION SAUCE

Melt two tablespoons of butter in a frying-pan, stir in an ounce of flour and two of finely chopped onion. Cook until a light brown, then add one-half a cup of good stock, stirring constantly. Mix together one teaspoon each of sugar, French mustard and tarragon vinegar and stir in while the sauce is boiling.

GERMAN SAUCE

Put three tablespoons of butter into a stew-pan with a sprig of parsley chopped fine, the juice and rind of one small lemon and four good-sized tomatoes which have been skinned and nearly all the seeds removed. Season with salt and pepper. Add a quarter of a pint of water and set the mixture over the fire. Bring the mixture to boiling-point. Serve this sauce with roast meats.

DUTCH SAUCE

Put the yolks of two eggs into a small bowl with two ounces of fresh butter (about four tablespoons), one-half a cup of water, a little salt, a grating of nutmeg, and mix thoroughly. Place the bowl in a saucepan of simmering water and stir the mixture inside until it is thick. Do not let it boil. Remove the jar from the fire and add a dessertspoon of lemon-juice or a few drops of strong white vinegar. This is a good sauce for fish or calves' head.

EGG SAUCE

"Egg sauce: few make it right, alas!
It's good with bluefish and with bass."

No. 1. Mash the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs and mix with an ounce (two tablespoons) of butter, one tablespoon of cream or rich milk and two tablespoons of lemon-juice.

No. 2. Make a good plain white sauce and add to it the whites and yolks of two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine and seasoned to taste with salt and pepper. Allow two eggs to each pint of white sauce. This is an excellent sauce to serve with cauliflower or other vegetables.

CELERY SAUCE

Mix together two tablespoons of flour and one-half a cup of butter. When well blended, stir the mixture into a pint of boiling milk. Chop very fine three heads of celery and boil for a few minutes in water; strain and add the celery to the sauce, stirring over the fire for five minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper; and a bit of mace may be added if desired. Serve with boiled or roast fowl. It is a thin, very rich sauce. It brings out the flavor of fish, meat and game.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

To each cup of stock add the juice of one can of mushrooms. Thicken with two tablespoons of flour and two tablespoons of butter rubbed together. Season with salt, pepper and a little lemon-juice. Add the mushrooms and let the whole simmer a few minutes. This is an excellent sauce to serve with fillet of beef.

Why no other syrup can give you this wonderful flavor



The largest selling high grade syrup in the United States

IT'S WHEN the steaming waffles lie golden-brown on the plate before you, that syrup becomes for the moment the most important thing in life. How you long for that one perfect flavor in your syrup—for the taste of maple at its best.

Like other precious gifts of nature—the finest coffee or chocolate—maple sugar is at its best only when skillfully blended.

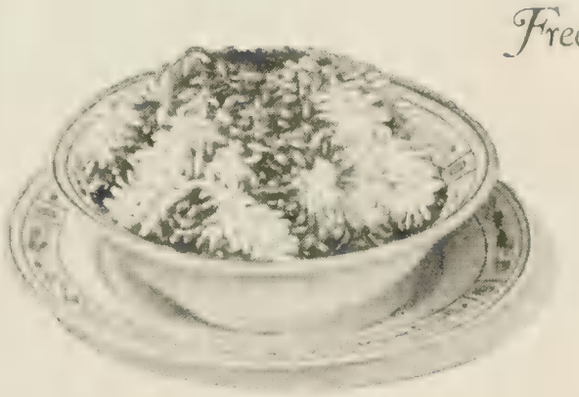
It is through the Towle Process of blending, known only to the makers of Log Cabin, that maple is brought to you in its most delicious form. Choice maple sugar from Canada and Vermont is combined with granulated cane sugar in Log Cabin, in a way that mellows and enhances the richness of the maple. No other syrup can give you just that same delicate flavor.

You will see happier faces around the table when you first serve your family Pancakes or Waffles with Towle's Log Cabin Syrup. Use it on Hot Breads, French Toast and Fried Mush, too.

A pleasant surprise lies ahead of you, if you have never tasted rice with Log Cabin Syrup. It is a delightful dessert. Just follow the simple instructions given below. To get the set of 24 recipe cards telling how to prepare many other tempting dishes, such as Maple Puff, Log Cabin Fudge and Candied Grapefruit, fill out the coupon below and mail it to us today.

Towle's Log Cabin Syrup comes only in the Log-Cabin-Shaped cans—in three sizes. Ask your grocer for a can today.

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
St. Paul, Minnesota—*the center of North America*



Here's a new dessert that your family will insist on having again and again. And it's so easy to make! Just boiled rice with plenty of Log Cabin Syrup. Chill the rice thoroughly in the ice-box and serve with hot syrup or use hot rice with cold syrup. Either way, this dessert is unusually tempting

Free—*A set of 24 recipe cards giving delightful ways, both new and old, of using Log Cabin Syrup*

LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
Dept. G-4, St. Paul, Minnesota

Please send me the 24 recipe cards as described above.

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EACH DAY *your skin is changing. Give the new skin, as it forms, the right care, and see how wonderfully you can improve your complexion.*



Laughter, grace and the charm of "*A Skin You Love to Touch*"

YOUR skin was meant to be bright and beautiful! If you haven't a complexion you can be proud of—clear, smooth, flawless—begin today to make it so!

Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Give this new skin, as it forms, the right care, and you can transform your complexion. Blackheads, blemishes, will vanish. Your skin will have a fresh, clear color, instead of looking sallow and faded. The texture will become smooth, firm, velvety.

Do you know just the right method of taking care of your particular type of skin?

Look in the booklet that comes around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and there you will find the famous Woodbury skin treatments for each different skin need. These treatments are based on the best scientific knowledge of the day.

Get a cake of Woodbury's and begin tonight the right treatment for *your* skin. You will be surprised and delighted at the improvement that will follow. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

FREE! **A guest-size set of three Woodbury skin preparations, with *new, large-size* trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.**

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DAINTY DRESSING-TABLES

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

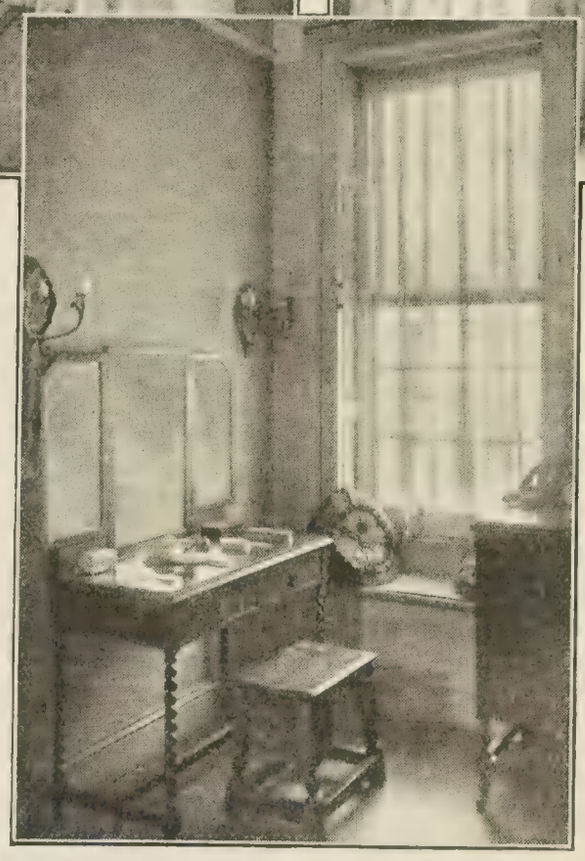
Mrs. Sanders says: "I shall be glad to answer any reader's questions about anything from the making of a dressing-table to the assembling of a toilet-set." This is a very cordial invitation—and all Mrs. Sanders asks is that you send a stamped envelope for her reply. Address her at THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

ONE of the many things that modern house decoration has done for the woman of to-day is to gratify her desire for a pretty and practical dressing-table.

Besides the style, which of course should be chosen to combine with the other types of furniture in the room, the matter of the dressing-table's correct height to fit the person who uses it is most important. Care should be taken to guard against a high chest with a towering mirror for a short person, or a low, broad table for a tall lady.







Besides the flat-top dressing-table with the three-sided mirror, old chests, wash-stands and tables painted and flounced make attractive toilet-tables

After a careful selection of the piece itself, the next thing of importance is to place it in the path of good light. To get the best daylight, if one's dressing-table can not be placed between two windows, see to it that whatever light is available shines on the face instead of the mirror.

The matter of artificial lighting is still another problem which, to gain the happiest results, should be considered carefully. If an overhead drop-light is to be reckoned with, it should be at least seventy-two inches from the floor and hung just over the mirror and not too far in front of it. If, on the other hand, side brackets or plugs for a pair of lamps are considered, these should be at a height slightly above the head of the person at the mirror and shaded with down-turned flaring shades.

In the country where no electricity is available, candlesticks with stout wax candles give an excellent bright light and have an advantage over lamps in that they throw less heat and may be placed closer to the mirror.

Glass tops have never been more successfully used than for dressing-tables. With a glass top, no longer do powders, lotions and cold-creams mar beautiful woods or soil dainty dressing-table covers. Runners of muslin, embroidered linen, cretonne and lace are often placed under the glass and are just as lovely when seen through the protecting slab as when used on top.

All dressing-tables should contain enough drawers or compartments to enable their owners to keep neatly under cover and out of sight brushes, combs, small cloths, cotton and other toilet necessities. An array of patented hair tonics, pastes and powders can hardly be considered interesting decorations for a lady's dressing-table. Too, it is wise to keep one drawer for clutter. Quick dressing often necessitates careless placing, and this one sinful drawer will help to keep the others neat.

Dainty bottles of silver or glass, pretty cold-cream jars and powder-boxes, a pair of crystal or porcelain lamps, silver candlesticks, a small, slim vase for the single rose and a pincushion covered with silk or with a dainty washable cover are pleasing and feminine articles which are indeed more than mere ornaments.

And now the all-important and necessary toilet-set! Never before have the shops had so much to offer in assortments of materials and colors—silver, tortoise, ivory in natural or dainty colors, wood and clear amber sets. They bewilder one with their variety.

The most necessary pieces in such a set are the brush, comb, hand-mirror, powder-box, button-hook, nail-scissors, shoe-horn, jewel-box and pin-tray. Besides these, hair-receivers, containers for fresh cotton, an extra comb and plenty of hairpins should be added, as the occasional guest often adjusts a stray lock before milady's dressing-table, and the last-mentioned articles should be ever present for her convenience and comfort.



—But her Husband didn't get a Divorce!

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of a Nation. No. 7



THEY had been engaged during their last two years at Northwestern University. Shortly after their commencement they were married and settled down in Chicago to live.

Their's had been a romantic courtship. They had a "perfect background" of wonderful times together—so many things to "talk about." They would be *so* happy!

She had been a leader in social affairs at the university, a sorority girl, and a good student. He had been an athlete and one of the best known men on the campus.

Therefore, they were popular in Chicago. They soon found many friends among the Northwestern alumni. Business started off well, too. In fact, from every view-point their new life was fine.

Then followed a trip abroad, a new home—and a young son. They had been married three years. And it would have seemed logical to expect them to be happier than ever before.

But, as a matter of fact, they were miserably unhappy—at the breaking point.

She had become nervous, impatient, incapable of enthusiasm. Trips were abandoned; entertaining was almost entirely dispensed with; they had very few good times together. She seldom played golf; never played tennis; didn't care to walk; had little energy for dancing.

And yet to her husband she appeared healthy, and he settled down into a feeling of genuine dissatisfaction.

"I'm getting sick and tired of your everlasting whining," he declared one morning, and he slammed out of the house.

What happened next is perhaps best told in her own words. She wrote: "I was face to face with ruin. I could well understand that the end of our married life was in sight. Yet it seemed so hopeless. I couldn't be my old self. I couldn't do the things I knew I ought to do, simply couldn't. I felt like a helpless old woman.

"My husband didn't come home for dinner that evening and for hours I sat sobbing, fingering through magazines, seeing nothing. I had no thought for stories of other people. Tragedy was in my own home at that moment.

"But my eye caught the phrase 'It's so wonderful to *feel* like doing things!' in one of your advertisements. To *feel* like doing things. That was what I needed. I read the advertisement, and was cynical. I couldn't conceive how a pair of shoes could make such a difference.



"The next day, however, I decided I'd try these shoes. I had to do something. I was in such a desperate mental condition that I would have tried almost anything then.

"I got the Arch Preserver Shoes. I wore them a few days. I didn't feel like climbing trees, but I did begin to feel more capable. I somehow managed to quit scolding, and my husband acquired a tolerant attitude that enabled me to wait for developments.

"Six months have passed since I purchased my first pair of Arch Preserver Shoes. I have changed into another woman. I feel so differently; and I don't see anything worth complaining about.

"I guess I've solved my problem. My husband came home this afternoon and we played a game of tennis. I won. He laughed and called me 'Freshman'—the first time I'd heard that word since our 'bride and groom days.'

"I feel like walking and being on my feet. I have no aches. I don't feel drudgy. My nerves are calm and steady. These are the reasons why I felt enough gratitude to write you about my experience. To think that a pair of shoes would have prevented all the mental agony that I suffered! I wish other women could understand."

Other women are understanding. Thousands and thousands of them. They have learned by similar experiences, that the concealed, built-in arch bridge does provide a natural support for the foot arch, that the shoe bends freely with the foot at the "ball," the only place the foot itself bends. They also have realized the wonders of the flat inner sole which permits the nerves, bones, and blood-vessels of the forepart of the foot to function normally.

In this shoe your feet are so comfortable, so vigorous, so downright healthy that you have unbelievable capacity to do things which require walking and standing.

There can be no sagging, no cramping, no burning sensation, no aching. The foot can carry the weight of the body all day long and never have the slightest strain.

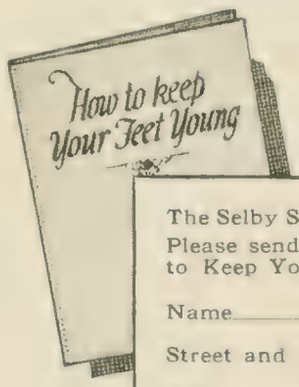
This means a free, unhindered feeling—real youthfulness in your feet.

Besides, you have the smartest of style for all occasions. It's so wonderful, Arch Preserver Shoe women are saying, to have the energy to enjoy all the occasions as well as the fashionable footwear to finish off your costumes.

A different shoe, with an entirely different effect on the foot—yet in appearance it is like any high-grade shoe.

Won't you write us for our little booklet, "How to Keep Your Feet Young"? It will tell you all about this more desirable shoe.

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ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—bends where the foot bends


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Look for trade-mark on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E.

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No. 96

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Mothers!

Only the *purest* unflavored unsweetened *Gelatine* combined with real fruit juices [*not extracts*] will yield you the remarkable health properties found in

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

The recipe below is not only delicious, but is easily digested and supplies the valuable vitamins of the fruits.

ORANGE JELLY

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water — 1 cup sugar
2 cups boiling water — 1 cup orange juice
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Cut a piece of peel from stem end of oranges. Remove pulp and juice. Strain juice from pulp and use in making jelly. Soak gelatine in cold water ten minutes; dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar; stir until dissolved; add fruit juices. Fill orange cups with the mixture. Serve, garnished with whipped cream and glaced cherries. Or, mold in small cups. May be served as a salad on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

Mothers should read our book—"The Health Value of Gelatine." Free for 4c postage and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.





Any of the dried fruits are delicious in bread, cookies and cake if cooked and steamed until tender. Prunes are especially good in sandwich bread

SPRING USES OF DRIED FRUITS

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

If you look down on prunes as prosaic and unimaginative, we're willing to wager you've never tasted the sour-sweet combination of prune-and-pine-apple conserve or the luscious smoothness of apricot sherbet. Don't you want us to send you these recipes and some other tempting ones that use dried fruits? Write to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped envelope

KEEP up the fruit habit now Spring has come. Now is the time to take advantage of the dried fruits that you will pass by when fresh fruit becomes more abundant. Dried prunes and figs vie with the citrous fruits in healthful properties, offering an excellent supply of iron and calcium. Apricots, though lacking iron, offer phosphorus as a substitute and have in addition an enticing flavor. These fruits are all-the-year standbys with a Summer as well as a Winter usefulness.

Since these fruits have been dried, they must have their water content restored to them. They should first be washed, then allowed to soak in tepid water overnight. They are cooked in the same water in which they are soaked in order not to lose their mineral salts, and should be boiled slowly and gently. Cooking in a double boiler or a fireless cooker is an ideal method for dried fruits. These fruits are rich in a natural concentrated supply of sugar, but if more sweetening is desired, it should be added just before the cooking is finished. For recipes where the pulp is desired the fruit may be steamed until tender and then rubbed through a strainer. The pulp is much used in soufflés, sponges and ice-creams. These fruits are also used in pastries and in salads, as well as in the form of sauce. The steamed fruit may be cut and used in fruit cakes, cookies or puddings.

APRICOT DUMPLINGS

Wash, soak and stew dried apricots and sweeten to taste.

Make a plain pastry dough. Roll the pastry into a sheet and cut in rounds large enough to enclose a medium-sized apple. Place two tablespoons of the stewed apricots on each round. Add a small piece of butter, and press the edges of the dough together.

Brush over the top with milk and dredge with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) fifteen to twenty minutes. Serve with thin cream.

PRUNE COFFEE CAKE

⅓ cup fat
½ cup sugar
¼ cup molasses
1 egg
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
Grated rind and juice ½ lemon
2½ cups flour
5 teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup prunes
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon soda

Blend the sugar and fat together and add the beaten egg, molasses and milk. Sift the dry ingredients and add the prunes, soaked and cooked until soft. Combine the two mixtures, beat well and pour into a shallow pan. Sprinkle with a mixture of three tablespoons of sugar and one teaspoon of cinnamon. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty minutes. If served hot, cut with a fork.

PRUNE BREAD

2 cups whole-wheat flour
2 cups Graham flour
2 cups white flour
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
1 compressed yeast-cake
1 cup steamed prunes cut in pieces
½ cup chopped English walnuts
Tepid water to make stiff batter

Mix the dry ingredients and the prunes, add the yeast dissolved in one-half cup of tepid water, and enough more tepid water to make a stiff batter. Beat thoroughly. Let rise until double its bulk. Stir well and turn into greased bread-tins. Let rise until it is again double in bulk and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for one hour.

PRUNE MUFFINS

Bake the mixture in greased muffin-pans for twenty-five minutes and serve hot. These muffins may be used as a dessert by doubling the sugar and serving with any fruit sauce.

PRUNE SAUCE TO SERVE WITH BAKED HAM

¼ cup butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup boiling water
½ teaspoon salt
1 bouillon cube
Cayenne pepper
Grated rind and juice 1 lemon
Grated rind and juice 1 orange
1 cup thin prune-pulp

Brown the butter carefully and add the flour, salt and a few grains of Cayenne pepper. Stir until thoroughly brown. Dissolve the bouillon cube in the boiling water and add gradually to the mixture. Cook thoroughly. Just before serving add fruit-juices and pulp. Pour the sauce over hot baked ham and garnish with watercress or parsley.

FIG PUDDING

1 cup sugar
⅓ cup fat
½ cup milk
2 egg-yolks
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking-powder
2 egg-whites

Cream the fat and sugar. Add the beaten egg-yolks. Add the milk alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Beat thoroughly. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn the mixture into a greased shallow pan and bake in a quick oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit).

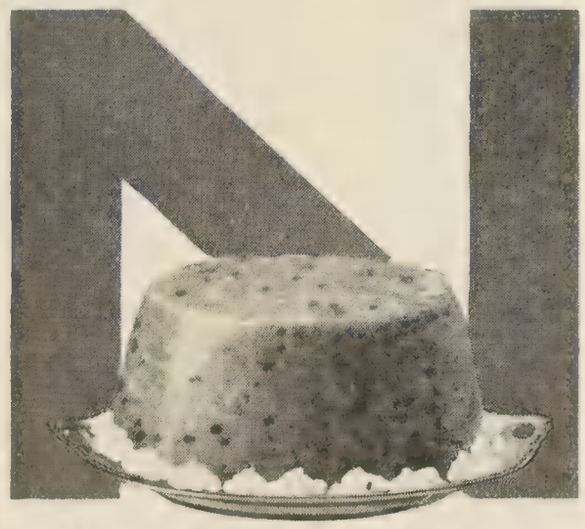
Cut in oblong pieces and place a spoon of whipped cream on top. In the center of the cream place a stewed fig. Serve with fig or lemon sauce.

"The Highest Quality for Health"



ONE package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine will make four different desserts or salads—each sufficient for a family of six.

Treat your family to the following delicious dessert. It is economical and easy to make.



Butter Scotch Rice Pudding

Wash ⅛ cup rice; cook in double boiler, with two cups scalded milk and ¼ teaspoon salt, until nearly tender. Meanwhile cook together in shallow pan one cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons butter until it gets dark brown, but not burnt. Add this to the rice and milk, and finish cooking until rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak ½ envelope Knox Gelatine in ½ cup cold water 10 minutes; dissolve in one cup hot milk. Strain this into cooked rice mixture and turn into cold wet mold. One cup chopped nuts or Grape-Nuts may be added.



This "Perfection Salad" will tempt *any* appetite. It's a particular favorite with men and it's good for the children, too. This salad makes an ideal "company" dish. Write for the recipe.

Because of its health value, economy, and many delightful uses, a plain, unflavored, unsweetened gelatine like Knox Gelatine should be served to your family daily.



FREE—

Recipes for every occasion

Solve your table problems by writing for Mrs. Knox's recipe books today. They offer new ways of making meals attractive and wholesome. Free—for your grocer's name and 4c for postage.

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)
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Del. 4-25

Every Bean
HAND SELECTED



57

Millions of cans of HEINZ BAKED BEANS are produced each year.

And every individual bean is hand selected!

Heinz uses only the choicest hand-picked beans, but even these are not choice enough.

Each bean, before it is baked in the Heinz ovens, is re-inspected by clean, sharp-eyed, quick-fingered girls—hundreds of them working before an endless carrier. Long practice makes them perfect; they rarely miss a single defective bean.

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The Heinz label on any one of the 57 Varieties is a seal of quality, and no process necessary to the maintenance of that quality is considered too slow or too costly for the house of Heinz to adopt and follow. * * * *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY*

When you come to Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens

MENUS FOR EASTER TIME

By Jessie A. Boys

These menus were planned to provide correct nutritional values within the budget of an average household. They were edited by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

It is often a problem for the housewife to find just the right dish to serve at a company meal—a savory soup, a dainty dessert or some especially tasty way of roasting meat. If you want some simple but attractive dish to serve when you entertain, look over this list of menus and see if any of the starred recipes strike your fancy. Then read the note at the bottom of this page.

IN OLD English times many days during Lent were celebrated because they had some special significance.

The long Lenten fast was ushered in by a feast of pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, when a pancake bell was rung from the church at noontide, and the children cried:

"Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter,"

or

"Pan on, pan on,
Pull the big one off, put the little one on;
Pan on, pan on!"

In the middle of Lent came a Sunday called Mothering Sunday, because on that day it was the custom for young married couples to visit their parents. In many parts of England a dinner of roast loin of veal was served to the assembled family. A "laid pudding," which consisted of layers of raisins and currants alternating with delicious custard-soaked tea-cakes, was eaten with it.

On Palm Sunday, and in some parts of the country on the previous Sunday, which was known as "Carling Sunday," it was customary to eat carling, consisting of gray peas, steeped all night in water and fried the next day in butter.

Care Sunday, care away
Palm Sunday and Easter Day,

says the old rhyme.

A soup made of gray peas and bacon was formerly given away to customers by all Black Country innkeepers on Shrove Tuesday, or "Fasten's E'en," as it was called. Shrove Monday was called Collop Monday because on that day people ate flesh, both fresh and salted, for the last time in forty days. The collops were sometimes large slices of bacon. The Saturday before Collop Monday was sometimes called Egg Saturday because on that day eggs were eaten for the last time before the long fast.

The custom of eating Hot-Cross Buns on Good Friday has continued down to the present day. In ancient times, these buns, if properly made, were supposed to keep for years. They probably took the place of a pagan sweetmeat eaten in honor of Eastre, a Saxon Goddess of the East, whose feast was celebrated in the Spring. The sign of the Cross on the buns made it a Christian cake. Often the housewife used to make the sign of the Cross on a loaf of bread to prevent the devil from interfering with her baking, and as Good Friday was supposed to be the most unlucky day of the year, she naturally took every precaution to guard against evil influences and to make her baking a success.

Most of these holidays with their quaint old customs have lost their original meanings nowadays. We have not set aside special dishes to be served during Lent, and entertaining presents few difficulties for us at this time, for the markets offer the housewife a wide variety of fresh fruits and vegetables.

Following are a few menus for party luncheons and dinners which the hostess may find helpful.

MENU I

YELLOW AND WHITE LUNCHEON

Fresh Pineapple Cocktail
*Eggs à la King in Timbale Cases**
Mashed Potatoes
Celery Stalks Stuffed with Yellow Cheese
Hot Biscuit (made yellow with egg-yolk)
Orange Marmalade
Yellow Ice-Cream *Marshmallow Sauce*
Sponge-Cake
Coffee

MENU II

ANOTHER YELLOW AND WHITE LUNCHEON

Fillet of Flounder (steamed)
Normandy Sauce
Mashed Potatoes *Buttered Carrots*
Corn-Meal Muffins *Quince or Guava Jelly*
Pineapple-and-Yellow-Cheese Salad
Bread-and-Egg-Yolk Sandwiches
Orange Ice-Cream *Angel-Cake*
Salted Almonds
Coffee

MENU III

FOR A DINNER PARTY

Selected Strawberries
Fried Fillets of Halibut *Yellow Fish Sauce**
New Potatoes *Maître d'Hôtel Butter*
Spinach *Sliced Cucumbers*
Parker House Rolls *Jelly*
Lettuce-and-Cress Salad
Fruit French Dressing *Wafers*
*Chocolate-Gelatin Pudding** *Whipped Cream*
White Cake *Coffee*

MENU IV

FOR LUNCHEON OR DINNER

*Cream of Spinach Soup** *Cheese Croutons*
Baked Chicken *Brown Mushroom Sauce*
Mashed Potatoes *Buttered New Peas*
Spiced Peaches *Hot Rolls*
Pineapple Salad *Roquefort Dressing*
Finger Sandwiches
*Vanilla Ice-Cream with Maple Sauce**
Nut-Cake *Coffee*

MENU V

FOR AN AFTERNOON TEA

Chicken-and-Celery Salad
Olive Sandwiches *Lettuce Sandwiches*
Orange Ice-Cream *Sponge-Cake* *Macaroons*
Green Mints *Salted Mixed Nuts*
Coffee *Tea*

MENU VI

FOR ANOTHER AFTERNOON TEA

Shrimp and Cucumber Salad
Pimento-Cheese Sandwiches
Strawberry Ice-Cream *Angel-Cake*
*Rose Mints** *Salted Pecans* *Coffee*

MENU VII

FOR A DINNER

Tomato Bouillon
Olives *Wafers* *Celery*
*Roast Veal** *Brown Sauce*
Boiled New Potatoes *Radishes*
Dressed Lettuce *Graham Rolls*
Individual Mince Pies
Milk *Coffee*

In the olden days in England, roast veal was considered the proper thing for Easter Sunday, and in some parts of the country part of the Christmas mince-meat was saved and used on Easter day for "the last of the mince pies."

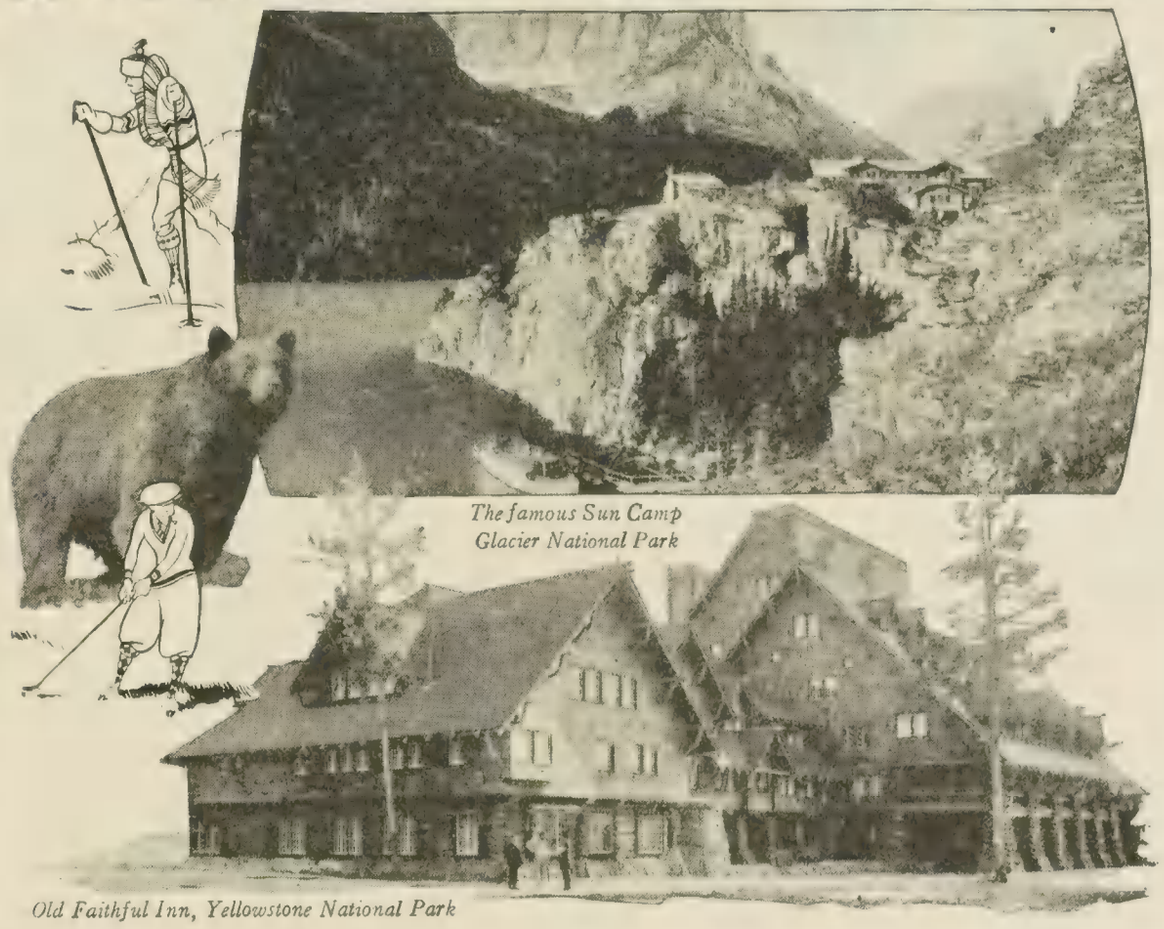
MENU VIII

FOR A LUNCHEON OR DINNER

*Vegetable Consommé** *Crisp Wafers*
Salmon Steaks *Tartar Sauce*
Parsley *Buttered Potatoes*
Creamed Asparagus
Cucumber-and-Cress Salad
French Dressing
Grape Jelly *Hot Rolls*
Coffee *Custard Soufflé*

Every month we offer to send you certain of the recipes contained in these well-planned menus. These dishes—*the ones that are starred*—are selected because they are seasonable and a little out of the ordinary, because they are nourishing and delicious. We cordially invite you to write us for them. Just tell us the ones you want and send a stamped return envelope to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

Pacific Northwest



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Climb aboard a train this summer—*headed west!* Let the world of every day roll away behind you. Then step off into a wonderland like *this:*

Mountain grandeur that equals the Alps. Sunny beaches down beside the blue Pacific. Flowers overrunning everything. Cool, sparkling days and refreshing nights—a perfect summer climate. Sports of every kind—golf, motoring, mountain climbing, surf bathing, fishing, boating. Splendid cities and excellent hotels.

Come this summer. Know the thrill of these great scenic features:

Yellowstone National Park
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Rainier National Park
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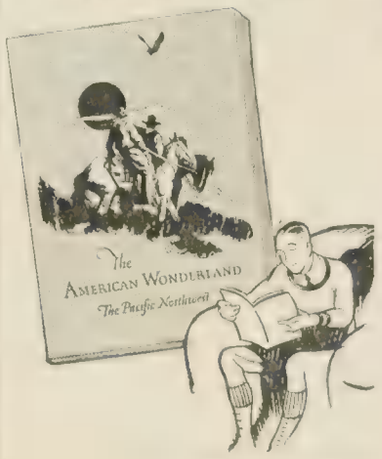
You can visit Yellowstone or Glacier on the way out or back. You can include the Puget Sound country, the famous Columbia River Drive, the Cody Road through the Buffalo Bill country, the Oregon beaches, the Spokane country—or any of hundreds of other fascinating vacation haunts.

Low round trip excursion rates this summer. Through trains providing service which anticipates your every travel wish. You can go one way, return another. (Through scenic Colorado at no extra transportation cost.) Stop off where you wish along the way.

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FREE HOUSE-CLEANING HELP



...Is Yours for the Asking

Eureka's Great National Educational Offer—Made to End Spring Housecleaning Drudgery

Resolve right now that this year's housecleaning will be *different.*

Let the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner show you the new, the easy and speedy way to clean house this spring.

Eureka's cleaning help is freely offered to you. Accept it as freely—without a penny of cost or the slightest obligation.

The marvelous efficiency that has won for the Grand Prize Eureka a place of daily usefulness in more than a million American homes will work wonders during your spring housecleaning. It is this same amazing ability to clean so deeply and thoroughly that has made the Eureka the repeated first choice of world authorities for the highest honors obtainable.

You can whisk dust and dirt out of carpets and rugs, renovate mattresses right on the beds, thoroughly clean shelves, cupboards, pictures, hangings, upholstery and hidden corners—all so quickly and easily that each task is done almost before you realize it.

Should you then decide, as so many women do, that the helpfulness of the Grand Prize Eureka is something you can no longer afford to do without, a special low $4.75 down payment and unusually easy terms are available to you.

To accept this generous offer of free housecleaning help, simply notify the Eureka dealer near you, or sign and mail the coupon. A Eureka will be delivered to your door, and called for after you are through using it.

But accept quickly, so there will be no delay in supplying you.

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D

WELCOME SPRING SALADS

By Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



Rings of green pepper or lemon add color to a fresh asparagus salad

Don't you sometimes find it hard to know just the right kind of dainty to serve with a salad? THE DELINEATOR *has a whole sheaf of suggestions—sandwiches, biscuits and crackers—that are toothsome and original. Just drop a line and a stamped return envelope and our Home-Making Department,* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., will send them to you at once*

THERE is nothing like the fresh crispness of a salad to tempt a jaded appetite in the Spring. Tender young dandelions, crisp water or Winter cress, sorrel and chickory make many a pungent, satisfying "appetizer" of this sort.

Such a salad should be served crisp and cold with a dash of well-seasoned French dressing. Or sometimes a salted cream dressing is a welcome variation. This last is made of three tablespoons of thick cream beaten into the yolk of one egg. A teaspoon of salt and a tablespoon of lemon-juice is added at the end and the whole thing is chilled.

A dinner salad should be light and simple, and for this the crisp green things are best. The luncheon salad may consist of cooked greens chilled with eggs, or may combine several vegetables. Always keep the salad as crisp, sharp and tasty as possible.

In mixing a salad it is important to have all the ingredients chilled and crisp. Use a chilled earthenware bowl and a silver or wooden fork or spoon. Lift and fold the ingredients together, taking care not to crush them. No appetite is tempted by a salad which is mashed. Always serve on a cold plate.

Chives, mint, chervil, parsley and other small greens finely minced and sprinkled over Spring salads make effective garnishes.

For molding individual salads use aluminum or tin molds, earthen or glass ramekins. Gelatin salads may be placed in pans and cut in squares or any other desired shape after hardening.

CUCUMBER JELLY SALAD

From the first early cucumbers a very tasty jelly salad can be made. You will need

1 pint of grated cucumber
Salt and paprika
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon oil
1 teaspoon gelatin
2 teaspoons cold water
6 halves of walnut-meats
Mayonnaise
Lettuce leaves

Peel several cucumbers, removing most of the white pulp as well as the green skin. Grate enough to give one pint, and season with salt, paprika, vinegar and oil. Add the gelatin mixed with cold water. Place over the fire until warm and well mixed, but do not boil. In the bottom of individual molds put half a walnut-meat; then pour in the cucumber mixture and set on the ice to cool. When ready to serve, turn each mold onto a nest of young lettuce leaves and top with a spoonful of mayonnaise.

FROZEN ASPARAGUS SALAD

Fresh asparagus is a treat at this time of year, and a frozen asparagus salad would be most delicious. Cook a small bunch of asparagus in the smallest possible amount of water until tender. Remove the tips and rub the stalks through a strainer to make a purée. Season well with salt, pepper and a bit of lemon-juice. Cool and add a cup of cream and one of mayonnaise dressing. Fold in the asparagus tips, pack in molds and freeze.

RADISH-ROSE SALAD

2 cups shredded lettuce
French dressing
1 tablespoon grated cheese
Mayonnaise
12 radishes sliced thin
Garnish of whole radishes

Mix the shredded lettuce well with the French dressing to which the grated cheese has been added. Form a nest of this, filling it with thin slices of radish which have been mixed with mayonnaise dressing. Garnish each portion with one whole radish cut to form a rose.

CRESS SALAD

1 pint watercress
1 onion
French dressing

Pick over the watercress carefully, removing all bruised or wilted leaves. With the fingers break the crisp ones into two-inch lengths. Put the cress in a salad-bowl. Chop the onion very fine; sprinkle it over the cress. Add French dressing and serve.

CRESS-AND-DANDELION SALAD

1 cup watercress
1 cup dandelion greens
French dressing
6 thin slices raw onion

The dandelion greens should be fresh and young. Wash the leaves carefully and drain them well. Arrange them in a salad-bowl with the cress. Add the slices of onion and the French dressing.

CRESS-AND-WALNUT SALAD

½ cup walnut-meats
1 lemon
1 pint watercress
French dressing

Crack the walnuts and remove their meats as nearly as possible in halves. Squeeze over them the juice of the lemon and let them stand for a short time. Just before dinner pick over the watercress, wash it carefully and drain it in a napkin. At the last moment drench the cress with French dressing and sprinkle with the nuts.

ASPARAGUS SALAD

6 rings cut from green pepper or lemon
24 stalks cold boiled asparagus, fresh or canned
Lettuce leaves
French dressing
½ tablespoon tomato catchup

Cut the rings of pepper or lemon about one-third of an inch wide. If lemon is used, remove the pulp, leaving only the peel. Slip four stalks of cold asparagus through each ring and arrange on crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with French dressing to which tomato catchup has been added.





Dentists Now Prescribe Them

Oranges *for* The Teeth

Facts About Tooth Troubles That All Mothers Should Know

To Combat Tartar and Decay

We asked this question of two thousand dentists—"Are oranges good for the teeth and why?"

Here is their composite answer, accurately and conservatively stated:

For Alkaline Saliva

Orange juice used after any meal is a good solvent of the starchy material left between the teeth and around the gums, which, if it stays, results in tartar and decay.



For Sound Tooth Structure

Oranges, although known as "acid" fruit have an alkaline reaction in the blood, and also stimulate the flow of alkaline saliva—the one best natural mouth wash.

Oranges and orange juice contain the essential phosphates and several other minerals necessary to a sound tooth structure. Growing children whose teeth are in the formative period are in daily need of the bone and tooth-building mineral salts of oranges.

To Check Pyorrhea

Acid condition of the blood is often the great obstacle in the way of proper pyorrhea treatment. Oranges, helping as they do to alkalinize the blood and saliva, thus tend to relieve the dentist of that interference with this most important work in saving teeth.

Four Important Reasons

So here are four reasons for the frequent use of oranges given by men who have made life studies of the proper growth, the care and preservation of the teeth.

Four reasons for "the bed-time orange"—to protect the teeth at night.

Four reasons for the use of oranges with starchy meals particularly—to remove the starch that starts decay if it remains.

Four reasons for the presence in the diet of at least one orange salad or fresh orange dessert each day.

A Most Pleasant Benefit

Here are facts about a fruit that practically all children like which surely every mother will be glad to know, because the orange method simplifies, in a most attractive way, the daily problem of the children's teeth.

Fresh The Year 'Round

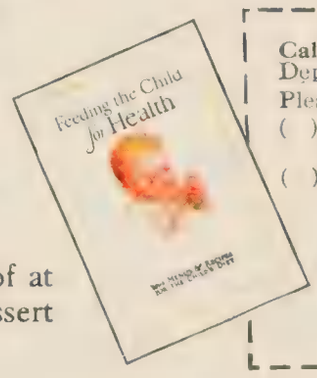
You may buy fresh oranges the year round if you ask for Sunkist. They are rich in the organic salts and acids which are so good for the teeth. Being in the market always you can use them every day.

Free Diet Book

To help in the diet we will send you, free, a valuable new book including, among many others, recipes for orange salads *designed especially to appeal to little folk*. Just mail coupon below.

We also issue a valuable booklet entitled, "Feeding the Child for Health," which we will send free on request.

Place check mark in coupon to indicate the book you want. Check both if you want the two.



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CITY..... STATE.....

The only "Cabinet Babies" – the washing of their clothes Mark Twain and his famous white suits –



JEAN, JOAN, JANE *and* JIMMY
– and their dainty clothes

"YOU'VE heard of many kinds of babies, but 'Lux babies' are quite a new thing, especially famous ones. Of course, they are not fed on Lux, but they have all their dainty dresses and soft flannels and cuddly woolens *washed in Lux*.

"Two of these famous Lux babies are Jean and Joan, the only Cabinet babies in Washington, daughters of the Secretary of Labor and Mrs. James J. Davis.

"Jean and Joan have a four-year-old sister Jane. She refuses to put on any dress unless the sleeves are 'pasted,' which is the way she tells whether the dress is freshly laundered or not! And seven-year-old brother Jimmy has all his play suits and silk blouses washed in Lux. So you can see how such a family of four lively children increases the output of Lux! Their mother says: 'With two babies and a constant demand for "pasted" sleeves and Jimmy's innumerable shirts, we give thanks daily for Lux. I buy it by the case of one hundred boxes!'"

Elizabeth H. Shaw, Washington, D. C.



Mark Twain's sure method

"MARK TWAIN had a 'battery' of about twelve white serge suits, and would wear one for about two days, and then it would be 'French cleaned.' One day he said he had heard of a wonderful new laundry material. He had forgotten its name, but said it rhymed with 'swans,' and he insisted that one of his suits be washed with it.

"Grocery stores were 'scoured'! However, the name suggested some sort of domestic bird—chickens, roosters, ducks. 'Ducks' it must be! Lux rhymed with 'ducks.' 'Yes,' he said, 'that's the name.'

"One of his suits was washed in Lux. He inspected it—smelt it and felt it. 'I knew it!' he drawled, 'I knew they'd made a mistake in the name. This is as white, and clean, and pure, and soft as swan's down'."

R. W. Ashcroft, Brooklyn, N. Y.

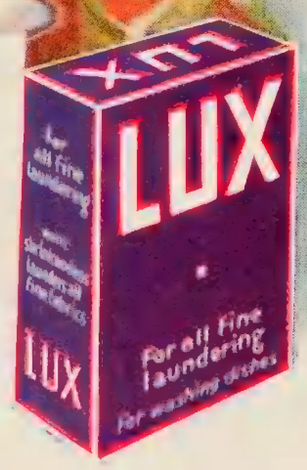
IMPORTANT USES FOR LUX
that women themselves have discovered

THEIR finest fabrics—lovely silks, sheer cottons and linens—Lux cared for them so gently that women everywhere began using it for everything they washed with their own hands.

Dishes—All the ugly traces of dishwashing vanish from your hands when you wash your dishes with Lux. Lux leaves your hands so soft and fresh—and the dishes with such shining faces. Just one teaspoonful is enough for dishwashing.

The family laundry — Clothes and household linens are too expensive these days to trust to soap that is hard on them! For everything that is washed in the house use Lux! Those foamy Lux suds leave things so sweet and clean without wear and tear on your laundry. You can do the washing with your own pretty hands when you use Lux — it is so kind to them. A little goes so far it's a real economy to use it.

Babies' milk bottles, linoleum, paint, porcelain, rugs, shampoo — Women love Lux for every one of them. It does the work so safely and keeps your busy hands so white and smooth. Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Now the Big New Package too!

Lux won't hurt anything that water alone won't injure

ASK US

Ask us anything you want to know about housekeeping and we will answer it personally. From our recent correspondence we publish the following questions and answers as being of general interest to all home-makers

QUESTION—What is meant by a service-plate and how is it used?

Answer—In serving formal meals a plate is placed in the center of each person's place at the table. This is called a service-plate and is usually of the hostess's most cherished china. Upon this plate the first courses of the meal—fruit, oysters and soup—are placed. The plate is not removed until the first hot course after the soup is served. Thus in formal service the cover-place is never left without a plate.

QUESTION—How should baked potatoes be served? Is it enough to take them directly from the oven to the table?

Answer—Baking is the best method of cooking potatoes. It does not matter how they are served if they are well baked and mealy. The skin of each potato should be broken before serving, for this lets the steam escape and keeps the potato from becoming soggy. It may be broken open or a cross may be cut on one side of each potato and the four triangles of the skin tipped up. In this opening butter and a dash of paprika may be placed. Tartar sauce or *maître-d'hôtel* butter may also be used.

Stuffed baked potatoes are both delicious and decorative. Cut the upper portion from the flat side of each baked potato, leaving it boat-shaped. Scoop out the potato, leaving the shell. Mash the potato thoroughly and beat well with butter, salt, hot milk and cream. Pile the potato lightly in the shell and brown in a quick oven.

Baked potatoes are served with a serving-spoon and fork.

QUESTION—In canning I never seem to be able to estimate how much fruit or vegetables will be required to fill my cans. Are there any rules or measurements that would help in this?

Answer—The quality of the food to be canned, the method of preparation and the actual canning itself cause variation in the number of cans to be obtained from a given quantity of food. The average quantities have been found to be about as follows:

1½ pound of spinach will make 1 pint can
1 pound of chard will make 1 pint can
12 to 15 baby beets will make 1 pint can
20 carrots will make 1 pint can
¾ of a pound of string-beans will make 1 pint can
2 quarts of peas will make 1 pint can
4 small ears of corn will make 1 pint can
1 bushel of peaches will give about 25 quart cans
1 bushel of plums will give about 28 quart cans
1 bushel of red raspberries will give about 24 quart cans
1 bushel of cherries will give about 20 quart cans
1 bushel of tomatoes will give about 18 quart cans

THE PRODIGAL SUN

By Flora Rose

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

"OPEN up your doors and your windows wide and let a little sunshine in"—the prodigal sun has at last come into its own! If we wish to thrive, we must throw open the house and go forth and welcome the sun with open arms and bare. We must literally bathe in its beneficial rays—children and adults alike.

It will not do to let the ordinary pane of glass stand between us and this prodigal wanderer, because it is only when the sun's rays come in direct contact with our bodies or with the air that surrounds us that we get the full effect of the radiant energy it has to bestow.

Clothes, too, shut us away from its effects. Let us therefore seek a vacation at the seashore or the lakeside where we can, in the modern frank bathing-suit, alternately bathe in water and in sun and store up in our bodies a supply of sunshine to help tide us over the Winter's shortage. If this is not possible, let us find some protected sunny spot where we and our children can receive the benefits of a daily sun-bath during the warm months at least. Let us arrange our houses and our lives so that they will include as much direct sunshine or sun-warmed air as possible.

As soon as the days are warm enough to permit it, put the children in short socks. Let them wear little short frocks or panties. Make the tiny sleeves short or roll them up and have the necks low or the collars turned down. And except in very hot weather send the youngsters out to play during the sunny part of every day.

Whenever the sun shines, Winter or Summer, open up all the doors and windows as wide as possible and fill the house with sun-kissed air. Never mind if the best rugs and draperies fade. Strong, vigorous bodies, straight bones and clear minds count more than household possessions.

Hang pillows and bedding to air in the open so that when night comes they will be delightfully freshened and thus contribute to the family health.

All of ths means that if we are house-hunting or home-building we should surely give some thought to the location, the number and the size of the windows and the possibilities of establishing a protected place for a sun-bath for the children, at least. We should build and live in houses where those rooms which are used most frequently are the sunniest.

The time will come when those great unused roof areas in our large cities will be as much sought after as sites on the seashore and the lakeside. We believe our new conception of the benefits of direct sunshine or at least of sun-warmed air will change some of our methods of regulating the ventilation and lighting of our schools. We believe that windows will be opened more often in the schoolroom and a new kind of glass will be used for windows—a glass recently perfected which does not shut out the radiant energy of the sun.

But there will still be those who must shake their heads sadly and say: "This is not for me, for I have nothing to offer the prodigal sun. My windows will not welcome him. The canyon of a street in which I live is too deep to receive him. I have neither roof nor sleeping-porch, nor the opportunity to seek the seashore or the lakeside. What am I to do?" But there is hope, even for this person. For sun energy may be found stored up in at least a few of our foods. So if for some reason we find ourselves shut away from the sun, or if the Winter is a dark one because the sun has shut itself away from us, then we may turn to those foods which we know will help us. Pure cod-liver oil is the most potent of these—three or four teaspoons a day for the children and adults, three to fifteen drops in each bottle for the babies. It is a disagreeable dose for some people until a taste for its special flavor has been cultivated, but it is well worth any temporary unpleasantness. An egg or an egg-yolk a day for older children and adults and a half an egg-yolk a day for the babies will also give them some stored-up sun energy.

Babies often have rickets because they lack the properties that the sun supplies. Treatment with violet rays is one method of helping them. Or the food which such children are to eat may be subjected to the rays, thus indirectly giving the child the power necessary for healthy tissue growth.

It is the sun itself, however, which should supply protection to the majority of us, and if we give it a cordial open-house welcome it will come and abide with us.



For his Sake —*and yours* Mother!

Dress Baby the safe way —*without a pin or button*

SAFETY pins in Baby's clothes. They never did belong there! For they *do* become unfastened—so mysteriously. Sharp, jabbing points exposed!

And hard buttons standing edgewise are almost as painful to Baby's sensitive little body, so easily bruised.

If Baby could only talk he'd tell you that these make him cry more often than colic or "temper."

The Safe Way

The Vanta way of dressing Baby now eliminates both pins and buttons. Instead dainty little bows of twistless tape fasten Vanta Baby garments. You can dress your Baby without once turning him over. And the tapes are instantly adjustable for a perfect fit. No buttons to break in the wringer. No loose pins for Baby to put in his mouth.

Recommended by 20,000 Doctors and Nurses

More than 20,000 leading doctors and nurses recommend this safe way to dress your Baby. Vanta garments are all non-shrinkable, *guaranteed*. Twice sterilized in the making—once just before packing—so they come to you, mother, antiseptically clean.

For Baby's comfort and safety you'll be glad many times to have him dressed the Vanta way.

Most stores carry Vanta Baby Garments. If your dealer should not, just write direct to the EARNSHAW SALES CO., INC., Dept. 24, 325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Note: Vanta Twistless Tape, patented, is different from any other tape. It will not kink, twist, curl or ravel. If tape had not been improved in this way, this method of fastening would not have been practical.

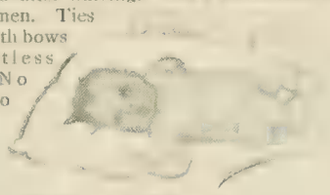
Vanta "K" Band
For Summer



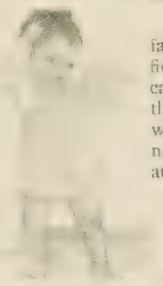
Many babies cannot wear wool over the chest and back, especially in warm weather, yet need that "touch of wool" over the abdomen. The Vanta "K" Band meets this need, the upper part being of cotton, while the lower portion is of fine merino, the two fabrics being skillfully joined in the knitting without a seam.

Vanta Abdominal Binders

Replaces the old-fashioned, inelastic strip of flannel used to hold the navel dressing in place. A knit fabric, firm enough, yet sufficiently elastic to permit the little "tummy" to expand after nursing. Goes twice around the abdomen. Ties at side with bows of twistless tape. No pins—no sewing.



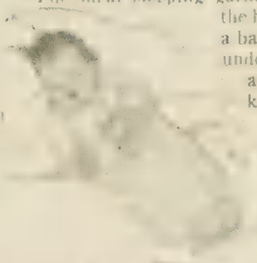
Vanta Vest



"The shirt without a fault," has won the unqualified approval of the medical profession. Double over the chest and abdomen, just where constant protection is needed. Cannot possibly gape at the neck. And it can't "work up" because the last little bow fastens it securely just below the curve of the abdomen.

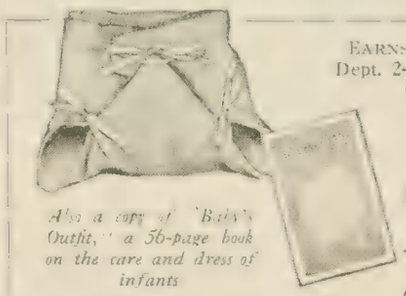
Vanta Knit Knitie

The ideal sleeping garment. The tape at the bottom closes it like a bag, keeping the feet under cover. The tapes at ends of sleeves keep hands covered and prevent thumb-sucking and infection of the eyes by rubbing with the fists.



Vanta
Baby Garments

FREE OFFER



Also a copy of "Baby's Outfit," a 56-page book on the care and dress of infants

EARNSHAW SALES CO., INC.
Dept. 24, 325 W. Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Illinois

Nothing to pay, now or later!

A pattern with full instructions for making a Vanta Pinless Diaper, and enough Vanta Twistless Tape for the fastenings. Mailed in a plain package. No cost or obligation. Mail coupon today while this offer is open.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

VAN RAALTE
Silk Gloves



A style that lends real distinction to the appearance.

A smart dot-embroidered cut effect.

Paris is responsible for this style—with the flower-petal cuff effect. Most attractive color combinations.

A long glove of exceptional charm.

A style designed by Paris.

A charming novelty cuff with a pocket for a tiny fancy handkerchief. Very stylish!

—because you love nice things!

NEVER were there such beautiful silk gloves as the new Van Raalte creations. Never was there such a variety of *such* pretty styles. Paris has contributed her best ideas. America has fairly outdone herself. Again the style supremacy of Van Raalte Silk Gloves is established—and no one can doubt it.

Ask your dealer to show you the new Van Raalte styles. They're all so pretty you'll have difficulty in making a choice. And be assured, the styles you finally select, will wash splendidly and outlast the season—because they are made only of the purest silk.

VAN RAALTE CO., *Makers of Silk Underwear, Silk Stockings and Veils*

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—In its Happy Child Department, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the medical advice of nationally known baby and child specialists.

The following pamphlets, which are reprints of articles that have appeared in THE DELINEATOR, may be had for ten cents each: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood" (four separate booklets), by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas; "The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart; "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park), Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt), Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)," and "Play, Eyes and Movies," by Dr. Ward A. Holden and Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw. There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Housekeeping—The Home-Making Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—Ask us about any dinner, dance, shower or entertainment that you may be planning. This department has some interesting suggestions for a simple Historical Carnival and Pageant, which may be adapted to any community; a Cranford Party; and Musical Readings, suitable for various occasions. Two cents will cover return postage.



REDUCING IN SPOTS

Concluded from page 14

be taken in connection with a general régime of food curtailment. Since local accumulations are the result of too little muscular activity, the most effective exercises are those that bring into play the particular parts of the body that are too fat. If followed faithfully, in connection with an intelligent diet and exercise program, they may be depended upon to serve the desired purpose. They are not, however, a set of instructions for working miracles. They entail some work, but no results can be accomplished in reducing without effort. The various things that are advertised to melt fat by merely saying "presto" and rubbing on some lotion not only fail in their purpose but, as I have said before, may work actual harm. They should be strictly avoided.

The woman is indeed fortunate whose tendency to "get fat" is local. An otherwise trim and attractive figure that is marred by huge arms, thick ankles, a series of chins, or a waistline of aldermanic dimensions can be improved by following a sane and healthful program of exercise. Results are certain, and the program entails no exercises so strenuous as to be injurious. Nor are there very severe demands on one's time. The principal requisites are regularity and punctuality. Furthermore, a woman must not look for results if after exercising for a few minutes she sits down and devours a pound box of candy. The body is going to build up faster than any exercise course will wear down if she insists on supplying it with rich material.

During any of the reduction cures of a more or less drastic nature the heart should be frequently examined and the work decreased if there are signs of trouble. Another thing to remember is that when the weight is reduced by drugs or dieting alone without a corresponding effort to improve the general muscular tone serious complications are apt to arise. Among these are displacements of the organs, often leading to more serious troubles than was obesity itself. This all goes to prove that there is no such thing as an overnight cure.

The success or failure of a reducing course is primarily a matter of one's will and mental condition. One must have the determination to enforce the strictest discipline upon oneself. Follow your program to the letter. Do not guess at anything, but measure your food and do your exercises exactly as prescribed by the guide you are following. If you do, success is assured.

I am convinced, after many years in athletics, that a trim, well-poised body is the finest possession that any one can have. It is an advertisement that one is healthy and that one has the strength of character to avoid certain excesses and to do certain definite things that are requisite to maintain good health.

IT MUST be remembered, however, that some persons are naturally slender and others are plump. Some of the healthiest and most conscientiously abstemious and energetic women that I have ever known are much heavier than the willowy creatures one sees in the fashion books. Nature has cast such women in a generous mold. They are not "fat in spots," but have a liberal supply of firm, healthy flesh on their bones. On the other hand, I have seen some fashionably slender ones who to me seemed the victims of malnutrition or vitally in need of proper rest and sleep.

The safest plan to follow is to adjust your diet with regard to your tendency to grow fat or slender, take exercise enough to keep the bodily functions in order, fight off local fat deposits by special exercises, and stop worrying. If you are perfectly healthy, physically and mentally, you probably will be proportioned just as nature intended that you should be.



Bon Ton
Round-U
Style 909
$5





Bon Ton
Back Lace
Style 871
$5



Bon Ton
Mysteria
Back Lace
Style 5052
$5



Bon Ton
Round-U
Style 5055
$5

Putting Your Birthday on Your Back

"IT is true, Madame, women put their birthdays on their backs when they become careless about their figures. Then they come to me and expect a miracle of dressmaking — that I shall make straight lines of rounding curves.

"With the right corset, yes! Without it, positively no! For one cannot be correctly gowned unless one is first correctly corseted."

Your dressmaker is right. True fashion foundation depends upon correctly fitted corsets.

And she knows there is a Bon Ton corset or brassiere for every need of the human figure — models scientifically designed to put the pounds in their place and prevent straight lines from curving prematurely.

For the lovely Easter frock you cannot be satisfied with just *any* corset. Insist upon a Bon Ton fitting for a corset of undeniable comfort one that will not fail to give you proper support and line in the right place.

Of particular interest to all women planning their Spring and Summer wardrobe is the exceptional offering of Bon Ton FIVE DOLLAR corsets now being shown by leading department stores and specialty shops. These are a quality corset of finest materials and workmanship that will outhold their shape and outwear far more expensive models.

There is a Bon Ton dealer in your town. Ask to be shown this unusual corset value at $5.00.

Send for clever style booklet written by one of the foremost fashion authorities of the day

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO WORCESTER SAN FRANCISCO LONDON



Bon Ton
Brassiere
Cor-Set
Style 2511
$5



Bon Ton
Front Lace
Style 1028
$5

Bon Ton CORSETS

TRADE MARK



When 5,000,000 Women

turn to a new way in personal hygiene, surely you owe it to yourself, at least to try that way

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Graduate Nurse*

If you believe the testimony of five million American women, you too will want to know about this new way in personal hygiene. At least will want to try it, for yourself.

Today countless thousands of women are learning for the first time, what these millions know. Everywhere, they are finding new personal immaculacy, new freedom, relief from embarrassment. Today this amazing new way has been adopted by 8 in 10 women in the better walks of life.

This new way is Kotex, and doctors, nurses everywhere advise its use. It is Science's solution of woman's oldest problem, supplanting the old-fashioned sanitary napkin and other dangerous makeshift methods.

These scientific features

Many discomforts common to women are directly traceable to makeshift sanitary methods. Much of the loss of charm, of the feminine immaculacy expected at *all* times, is chiefly due to the same reason. Every woman knows this to be true.

Kotex is a sanitary pad made of Cellucotton, the world's super-absorbent. It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton.

Each Kotex pad is impregnated with a new secret deodorant which our scientists recently discovered. It is the result of years of laboratory experiment and research.

Another important advantage of Kotex is that it can be discarded simply, without the least bother or embarrassment—just like a piece of tissue.

Kotex is germ-proof, packed in sanitary sealed packages of 12. In two sizes, the regular and Kotex-Super.

All drug and department stores have Kotex—ready-wrapped in plain paper. There are no questions to ask or answer, no needless conversation. Simply pay the clerk and walk out, that is all.

Easy to get—anywhere

Today, get Kotex, deodorized. Learn what it has come to mean to the millions of women who have adopted it. Or if you will write to me, I will send you free a sample of the new deodorized Kotex, and an interesting booklet, written by an eminent doctor on this important subject. Your letter will be treated confidentially, of course, and the sample will come in plain, unmarked wrapper. Just address me

ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G. N.
Care of Cellucotton Laboratories
166 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

KOTEX



DEODORIZED

Kotex-Regular, now 60c
Kotex-Super, now 90c

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

It you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope)



Silk lamp-shades can be washed most successfully in warm sudsy water

SAVE YOUR LAMP-SHADES BY WASHING THEM

SOMETIMES housekeepers think that when silk lamp-shades become dingy and soiled they must be discarded and the frames recovered. However, I have washed several very successfully. Any metal fringe or braid should be removed. Then the lamp-shade should stand for a few minutes in a tub of warm sudsy water. After the shade has stood in the water for several minutes raise it up and down so the suds will be forced through the material. The shade should then be rinsed in clear warm water. If the silk is faded or a different tint is desired, a dye may be added to the rinsing-water. The shade should be hung to dry in the same position it will have when placed on the lamp, and it should be dried in a shady place. I have washed successfully yellow taffeta and China silk shades made of three layers of material.—E. J., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

SAVE YOUR SUITCASE

In these days of long motor drives suitcases which must be packed on the running-board or even in the rear of the car often become marred and must be refinished. They may be protected by making a case of duck or linen which may be slipped over the suitcase with a piece of cardboard or several thicknesses of paper placed between the case and the cloth cover. Suitcases protected in this way may be taken on many a long motor trip without the slightest damage.—M. H. G., Pilot Mound, Manitoba, Can.

SAVE WORK IN REMOVING PAINT FROM WINDOWS

It is sometimes very difficult to prevent paint from getting on window-panes when the house is being painted. But I have found a very good way that goes far toward preventing this nuisance: Before the house is painted, coat the windows thickly with any cleaning-powder commonly used for window-washing. When the house is finished, both paint and cleaning-powder can be washed off the glass together, thus saving time, temper and money. If paint has been allowed to dry on the windows, a sharpened putty-knife will remove it very easily.—A. M. H., San José, Calif.

SAVE MONEY ON LEMONS

By purchasing several dozen lemons during the season when they are cheapest the housewife can save considerable money. All the juice should be squeezed from the lemons, strained through a cloth and placed in glass jars. To one part of juice two parts of sugar are added. Lemon-juice stored in this way is all ready to use for puddings, ices or fruit-drinks.—MRS. J. L. E., Shawnee, Okla.

SAVE MISTAKES IN BUYING WALL-PAPER

By getting samples of wall-papers and submitting half of each sample to the direct sunlight for a week and by then comparing the two pieces of each sample one can determine the relative fading quality of the paper.—MISS G. S., North Stonington, Conn.

SAVE DIFFICULTY IN CLEANING CEILINGS

The ceilings of my kitchen and two other rooms on the same floor are painted and must be washed at least twice a year. Any woman who has ever washed a ceiling knows what a back-breaking undertaking it is. I now plan to wash the ceilings on the day I do the weekly washing and shorten the labor by boiling the clothes on the kitchen range instead of in the laundry, thus producing steam in the room in which the ceilings are to be washed. As soon as the laundry is finished, I start the work on the ceiling. The dirt comes off very easily, and this difficult but necessary work does not take more than one-quarter the time that was required before I chanced upon this method.—MRS. J. MACD., Schenectady, N. Y.

SAVE TIME IRONING NAPKINS

Very good results are possible when napkins are ironed in the following manner. Do not sprinkle all the napkins, but dip every third napkin into clear warm water. Place this between two dry napkins, fold and roll the three together tightly. In twenty minutes they will be ready to iron and will be evenly dampened from hem to center. Next fold each napkin right side out with the hems together and iron double until dry. In this way the corners are easily kept square. If the napkins are embroidered, that part of the napkin must be pressed on the wrong side first.—MRS. T. R., Chicago, Ill.



Are your rugs *safe* playgrounds?

The rugs upon which children romp are safe playgrounds only when they are clean *to the very bottom of their deep, soft nap.* For danger lurks where dirt hides—*the danger of disease!* And dirt hides in every rug that is not beaten regularly. You can prove this* .... Because The Hoover BEATS, it keeps rugs free from embedded germ-laden dirt. The Hoover Sweeps and Air-cleans, too—three kinds of cleaning, which make rugs safe playgrounds, *and keep them safe!* The Hoover dusts, as well, *dustlessly*; its *swivel-jointed, tightly connected* tools reach everywhere. And powerful suction draws all dirt safely into the dust-tight Hoover bag. Why not be *sure* your rugs are clean? Any Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver your Hoover, complete with attachments, for *$6.25 down.*

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

* **TO PROVE RUGS NEED BEATING:** Turn over a corner of a rug; with the handle of an ordinary table-knife, or something of equal weight, give the under or warp side 15 to 25 sharp *taps* and watch the dirt dance out from the nap depths onto a piece of paper. Feel the destructive character of this grit. *This is the dirt only beating will dislodge.* Correct use of The Hoover causes this embedded dirt to be *vibrated* to the surface by the rapid, gentle *tapping* of the Hoover brush, as powerful suction *lifts* the rug from the floor and draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag



THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO • *The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners* • *The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*



Your Hair is Twice as Beautiful *Shampooed this way*

Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use.
See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.
Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color.
See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

* * * *

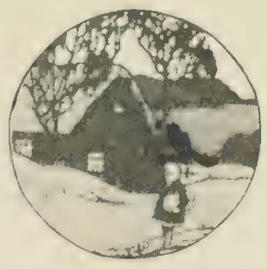
If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children —Fine for men.



Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



A MODEL BUNGALOW OF STUCCO

Concluded from page 21

an insulating material between your shingles and rafters. There is manufactured material which can be used as a substitute for the wood sheathing which is necessary under a clapboard, stucco or brick side wall and which thoroughly insulates a house. This material is put up in large square sheets over the studding, on the floors, walls and ceiling. It is somewhat more costly than the wood sheathing, but it is cheap if you consider how much heat it saves. Insulating a house keeps it cooler in Summer, too, and assists in deadening sounds.

"And now let me give you a word of good general advice: If you want a well-built, durable house, you must face the fact that there is no economy in cheap materials or construction. Unfortunately there has been, especially since the war period, a tendency to erect cheap houses and to scrimp in many of the fundamental details of good construction. Building homes has been done by the block instead of by the house, and the house which has sprung up like a mushroom is really the most expensive kind of home to own.

"Unless the foundation, framework, masonry, plumbing and lighting equipment of a house are properly constructed and installed, the cost of maintenance is out of all proportion to what it should be. If you want to save in building, cut out the non-essentials. These can be added later. The idea in building a house is to have a permanent home, not a cheaply built shack that must be constantly repaired and made over. Remember these points and you'll have the best of luck with number twelve."



DAWN

Continued from page 5

A little sleepy cry from a corner sent him hastening toward a child who sat up now in her white robe, a tangle of soft dark curls framing her rosy face, two dimpled arms stretched out toward her brother.

"So, my beauty! Awake at last!" he murmured, bending to lift her from the mat. "Such a sleepy little sister! And now she shall be dressed and sit in the doorway beside her big brother and have a fine dish of porridge. And to-day mother goes away, and we keep the house alone. Such fun we shall have!"

She laughed and clasped her round arms closely about his neck, while he carried her over to a low seat and proceeded deftly to dress her. The mother, watching them, smiled, though her eyes were heavy with the pain which had never quite died since she knew that her little daughter was blind from her birth.

But the child herself was happy. In her little blue tunic with its many-colored sash, her hair all smooth and shining, she ran lightly across the floor for a good-by kiss, and stood beside Philip, waving her hands as gaily as if she could see her mother turning at the crook of the road for a backward look at them.

"Now thou shalt have breakfast. Next we shall feed the pigeons, and later thou shalt stay with our neighbor while I go to the spring," Philip told her, and she nodded contentedly. A silent child was little Rhoda, sweetly docile, speaking mostly by smiles and nods and little winsome gestures. When, after their midday meal, he left her with the kindly Anna, he knew she would give no trouble.

THE boy walked swiftly, down a path that skirted the city, through a thickly-built suburb, along a wider path toward Elisha's spring, sweetened so long ago by the ancient prophet, and still the only source of pure water for the city.

As he neared the spring, the sight and sound of unwonted crowds came to him. He hastened his steps until he came up to a group of women, waiting to fill their water-jugs.

"He is a Nazarene, but some call him the Messiah," a woman said as Philip came up. "He doth marvelous deeds. I have a kinsman who hath a friend in Galilee who hath followed him for months. This friend declares that the Nazarene hath healed lepers and——"

"'Tis so with all of them," interrupted another impatiently. "They all have friends or kinsmen who beheld great wonders. But where is the man or the woman who hath actually seen one of these things? It is all hearsay—tales carried on the wings of foolishness."

"Well, he is here now," said the first speaker. "Maybe we shall see some great deed ere he leaves us."

"Who is this ye speak of?" Philip asked, edging closer to the women. "Some new healer?"

"Hast not heard of the Nazarene?"

"I have heard rumors. But he worketh in distant places."

"No, he is here, in Jericho. Yesterday, toward the evening, he came into the city. Last night he stayed in the house of Zaccheus, the publican. Strange company for a Messiah! 'Tis said he will go on to Jerusalem to-day, there to await the Feast. But be not excited."

In the boy's eyes she had read the flash of longing. "Let not thyself be deceived by false hopes, child," she added gently. "This man is but a poor peasant, with a band of rough-looking followers."

"Nevertheless," declared a bold-looking woman who stood near, "my uncle, who lives in Jerusalem, saw at the Feast of the Tabernacles a beggar healed as he sat by the Temple gate crying for alms. A beggar who had been born blind! For years had my uncle known this blind beggar, and now he sees!"

"Oh!" cried the lad, his dark eyes flaming with excitement now, "where will he pass? Tell me quickly!"

"Where all the pilgrims pass. Along the caravan road. It is the one road to Jerusalem, and to-day it is crowded with those who would reach the Holy City before the Sabbath day sets in. But thou shouldst not——"

But the boy waited for nothing more.

It was less than half an hour later that Philip, his little sister in his arms, came out on the highway where a great crowd was banked solidly. A roar of voices reached him, and he broke into a run, stumbling a little under the child's weight.

"Is he passing?" he half sobbed. "Are we too late?"

As if in answer, the solid mass broke, swayed, dissolved into fragments, and became little groups of men, women and children going off toward their homes, laughing and calling to one another in careless enjoyment. Philip caught at the robe of one who came near.

"The Nazarene! Hath he passed?"

"Passed? Yes. But a moment ago. Not much of a sight——"

A mighty roar drowned his words. It came from farther down the road. Women's voices raised in hysterical outcry. Men's deeper voices, no less excited. Philip ran forward, hope giving him new strength, darting through the tiniest openings of the crowd which had closed in again, until he came to a man, his face uplifted to heaven, tears streaming from his eyes as he cried over and over:

"I see! I see! I see!"

"'Tis Bartimæus! The blind beggar! *Is* he healed?" Philip demanded, catching at the arm of a man beside him.

"He *says* he sees. There, 'tis proven! Can a blind man see thus?"

For as they looked the man had whirled, made his way through the crowd, which opened at his gesture, and was off, lost amid the caravans which were passing swiftly down the road, his voice coming back:

"I see! I see! Master, I follow!"

Continued on page 73

"Hath the Nazarene gone? Oh, am I too late?" Philip cried out, such longing in his voice that many turned to look at him.

"He is far down the road by this time, poor lad," a woman spoke kindly. "He passed swiftly, stopping but an instant at the blind man's cry. And thy little sister is blind? Ah, the pity! If thou couldst overtake him – Hast no one to take thee up to Jerusalem?"

"My uncle, if he hath not gone," Philip faltered. His eyes scanned the passing groups piteously. Pious Jews, going devoutly to their Feast. Romans, Greeks, even Ethiopians, going for trade or for curiosity.

Suddenly he darted forward, under the nose of a passing camel, evaded the advance of a smartly cantering group, caught at the bridle-rein of a donkey whereon sat a tall, severe-looking man who stared with a frown at this unprecedented boldness.

"Uncle!" sobbed Philip. "Wilt thou take us up to the city? That Rhoda may be healed by the Nazarene? Thou *wilt* take us?"

"What foolishness is this?" stormed the man. "Why art thou here on the road with thy sister, like a little beggar? Screaming at thy elders! I am ashamed of thee!"

"But the Nazarene hath passed. He healed Bartimæus."

"Thou speakest of things which thou knowest nothing about," thundered Philip's uncle. "The Nazarene is an impostor."

"But he *hath* healed the blind," persisted Philip. "Here, but a few minutes ago."

"Enough of this. He hath healed beggars, because they were never blind. Now, be done with unseemly behavior."

Never had the boy received rebuke so sharp. Slowly, with misty eyes, he turned and made his way back, his heart torn with despair and hot rebellion.

ALL night and all day the boy stayed quietly at home, neglecting no observance of the holy day. All night and all day he pondered. And when the last banner of the Sabbath sunset had been furled in the west, when, with little Rhoda's head devoutly bowed beside his own, he had said the prayer of the closing day, he began, quietly and steadily, to make preparation for a journey.

"The leathern bottles of milk for thee, my beauty," he said, hanging them with a thong about his neck. "The cakes of wheaten bread for us both. Ripe figs and dates. Ah, it is *not* wrong! Did not my father bid me, as he was about to die, 'Be a strong man, and do all things for thy mother and sister'?"

Twilight was graying the pastures, purpling the mountains and filling the valleys with mists of pale lavender as the pair stepped out on the old caravan road. The boy had chosen this hour wisely. Few from Jericho would make their start to-night, and pilgrim bands would remain encamped until the morning. Once away from the city there was little likelihood of his being recognized or halted. He knew the journey was counted as four hours by camel, six by the slower-footed donkeys. Surely then, by going very carefully, by treasuring his strength, he might reach the beautiful city.

They were less than a mile out on the highway when night shut down, blotting out everything but the yellow thread of dusty road. Little Rhoda began to whimper with weariness and he sat with her until she sank into a sound sleep, curly head nestled on his shoulder. Then he trudged on, bravely fighting his own fatigue, now resting, now marching, now drawing aside in the shelter of bushes as an occasional group of travelers passed, now on once more.

He knew that he must be drawing near to the thief-infested road of which he had often heard—a desolate stretch, flanked by bare limestone hills whose caves were the hiding-places of cruel bands that crept out to prey upon travelers. He must find a sheltered place to hide until morning. He moved forward silently, straining his eyes for some friendly clump of bushes, when suddenly, a little way back from the road, a wild plum tree in full blossom stood white against the blackness. He made his way to it and found, as he had hoped, a tangle of low shoots at its base. There he made a place for little Rhoda and tucked his cloak warmly around her. Even in this land of Summer the night winds were cool. Then, cross-legged, he sat and watched the sky, where the clouds were scattering and stars beginning to prick through. When his eyes drooped, he rose and began to pace up and down.

"I must not sleep. Not until I know no one is near——"

Suddenly the boy started, and crept swiftly to shelter beside the sleeping child. His ear had caught voices, and as he peered, down the highway came a cavalcade of loud-voiced men, each on a loping camel, flaring torches lighting up here a turbaned head, there a bale of bright silk, yonder a shining spear or a glistening helmet.

"I say 'tis time to camp," one declared lustily. "When the morn breaks, three hours will take us into the city. In the meantime, a camp fire and food and sleep."

"Traders," Philip whispered to himself, "going down to sell their wares to the crowds at the Feast." He felt no fear of them, and their nearness brought a heartening sense of companionship.

PHILIP, too, slept now, unable longer to fight off an overpowering fatigue and drowsiness. But the winds grew colder as the night advanced; his blouse was thin and the ground hard and chill. He awoke and sat up shivering.

The skies had cleared, and a million stars threw their white light down over the hills, the ribbon of dusty yellow road, the camp where the torches had burned out, where traders and beasts lay sleeping.

And as Philip looked, out of a pass came filing small dark ponies, with riders lying low against their necks, moving down toward the road with swift, sinister purpose.

"Robbers!" the boy gasped.

There was no time for thought. Quick as a flash he sped down the hillside, and stood among the sleepers.

"Awake! Be quick!" he cried. "Robbers!"

Startled, the traders sprang to their feet, seizing spears, lances, arrows with cries of defiance. And the dark ponies, so nearly upon them, whirled and were off, swift as the winds, to the cover of their caves.

"By all the gods, a close call!" roared the leader. "And how comes it that a slip of a lad is abroad at night, watching, while careless sluggards sleep? Speak up, boy. Who art thou?"

"My name is Philip," said the boy. "Jericho is my home. I am on my way to Jerusalem."

"Alone?"

"Nay," hesitating for an instant, then going on. "With my sister, who is but a babe—a blind babe. I take her to the Holy City, to be healed by the Nazarene."

A shout of derision greeted this speech.

"The Nazarene! Thou hast faith in him, then. But where is thy father that he looks not after his children, but lets them out on the road alone?"

"My father is dead, and my uncle believes not in the Nazarene. But I shall take my little sister and I shall find him and she shall see," declared Philip.

It was a bold speech, but it caught the fancy of the men and again the night rang with their laughter. "By Zeus, a fine lad, and a clever one!" spoke the leader. "What say, men? Shall he ride with us on his holy pilgrimage?"

"Let him come. A fair exchange for his service," they chorused.

"Then bring thy sister, boy. Though we be what thy pious kinsmen call heathens, we will do better by their lad than they have done."

IT WAS a marvelous journey, along the road where camps were awaking to life, where fires burned, and men and women, boys and girls tramped and sang, where every one was bent on hastening to Jerusalem. A pageant of wonder and delight. Yet not for an instant did Philip lose sight of his quest—to find the Nazarene. When they came out at last on a slope overlooking the Holy City, the Temple, the stream of pilgrims all making their way up to the gates, he asked but one question, looking up trustfully at the dark, bold face above him. "Dost think he will be among those who go up there?"

"What should I know of thy Nazarene?" scoffed the man. Yet his keen eyes searched the crowd until he bent and shouted to a motherly-looking woman who stood at the edge of the road. "Dost know one called the Nazarene? Here is a lad of thy race who searches for him with such zeal as few men display. Canst help him with his little blind sister?"

His shrewd eyes had chosen wisely, for the woman answered: "Yes, I know where the Master abides this week. Let the lad down, and I will show him where he may see him."

"Then down with thee, my boy, and may all thy gods be with thee," said the man, bringing his camel to its knees.

Concluded on page 74



4 out of 5
now lose

The law of averages is immutable. Dental statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are marred by Pyorrhea. Do you want to escape?

It takes healthy gums to keep healthy teeth

If you neglect your gums—let them get in a "run-down" condition—you may soon be numbered among Pyorrhea's countless victims.

Bleeding gums are Nature's first warning. Then the gums begin to recede, lose that rich, healthy pink color. Poisons collect in pus pockets and often drain through the entire system, causing indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism and other serious diseases of mid-life. In the final stages the teeth loosen and fall out.

Take no chances—use Forhan's

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea, or check its progress—something ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to do. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea). It is safe, efficient and pleasant tasting. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea



Sliced PEACHES make so many other good dishes better

Why let the old favorites lose their appeal for want of tasty variations?

DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches, canned with all their fresh flavor and delicacy, offer many tempting adventures among the dishes you like so well.

For instance, they're delightful on French toast these cold mornings. They make a perfect filling for shortcake. To a jelly roll they add new variety. Left-over sponge cake becomes a royal dish, when covered with the tender slices, topped with whipped cream.

But for the best treat of all, serve them just as they come from the can, in their own rich syrup!

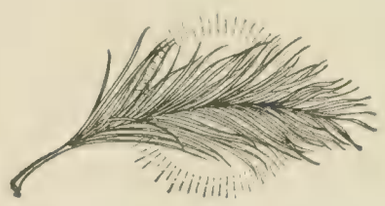
Only be sure of your fruit. Insist on DEL MONTE—and make certain of the uniform high quality which this label guarantees.

"The DEL MONTE Fruit Book," in addition to suggesting many new ways to serve peaches, contains scores of fruit dishes personally selected by America's best known cooking authorities. For your free copy, address Department 28G, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

Be sure you say

DEL MONTE





DAWN

Concluded from page 73

"There is no God, save one, and He is Jehovah," answered Philip. "But with all my heart do I thank thee, and in my prayers will I never forget thee."

"Then to my credit there is one good deed," declared the man, and the band rode on, leaving Philip staring at the strange scene about him, with his heart madly beating.

"My little sister hath been blind from birth," he faltered. "But he *can* heal her, it I can but find him, and get near enough so that he may see us."

"He heeds the smallest child," said the woman. "There hath never been another like unto him. He is the Messiah, of that my heart is sure. Come with me out on the road toward Bethany, where the crowd is less dense."

A little way they walked, picking their steps among a seething mass, until they came out on a road where there was less confusion and they could walk easily, though even here the way was lined with those who seemed to await something.

"'Tis the Nazarene they look for," the woman said. "Every day, wherever he goes, they seek him. But what means this?"

For the sound of music came up from the road behind them. A mass of singers was advancing, waving green branches and chanting:

"Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Peace in Heaven and glory in the highest!"

On they came and the chant grew into a roar. All along the way the people joined them, stripping branches from the trees, leaping and laughing and shouting:

"Hosanna! Hosanna! Blessed be the son of David!"

"Look!" cried the woman with Philip. "He comes. Yonder on the white colt."

She caught the boy's hand in her own, and they ran up the road where the crowd was closing in on every hand, jostled and pushed and shoved here and there, yet managing somehow to keep in the center of the smooth road, down which the snow-white colt was coming. Philip's eyes were smarting, his heart pounding, a feeling of suffocation tore at his throat, almost his courage failed. Yet still he ran, and still the child in his arms clasped his neck tightly and laughed at his running.

"Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!" The cries grew louder. Branches flew through the air now. Palms and sweet-scented balsams. Roses, too, and lilies. The air was full of them. Philip caught at a great red blossom and thrust it into Rhoda's hand.

"Hold it tightly, my beauty. Wave it, high up. Wave it again! He may see and heed thee."

PHILIP was swept to the side of the road as the crowd parted and a man on a snow-white colt rode among them while flowers rained at his feet and shouts rent the air. A man with a sad, patient, tender face; a man who smiled with a pathos greater than any sob, who rode with a kingly dignity which was yet humble and infinitely meek. And in the heart of Philip, as he gazed upon him, grew a great longing, a great love, a great passion of faith.

"Master," his voice rang out in an agony of supplication, "Master, wilt only look?"

There was a hush as the Master lifted his hand and looked over the heads of those who pressed closest, straight down into the eyes of the boy, who held his little sister high and spoke no word save with his trustful pleading gaze.

For an instant they stood thus, the slim, straight lad, the laughing child, waving the huge red rose, the Master. Then, while the crowd fell back, he beckoned the children near, bent, took the baby's offered rose, laid a caressing hand on her soft curls and rode on again, the crowd breaking forth in new hosannas.

On trailed the throng, their shouts growing fainter, fainter, the noise of their passing fading into the distance. But in the dust of the yellow road knelt a little lad who laughed and sobbed and hugged to his heart a child—a child with round, wondering, seeing eyes, as clear and sparkling as the morning stars.



NO MAN'S GIFT

Continued from page 7

know it. I'm sorry you found out about the sewing, if it worries you, but it'll keep us along till I can get a school. After I get a school everything will be all right."

"James Carter is a good man. Your father liked him."

Kitty sighed. "Yes, but he's got clammy hands, and he's always giving that little affected cough, and he's careful of his health—I can't *stand* him!"

"Perhaps you prefer this country jay who just left us. All you'd need to do would be to encourage him."

"Perhaps I would. Anyway, he didn't have clammy hands, and he's rather good-looking in a hard, dark way. And he *was* kind. Jim never would have mowed that much grass for me. He'd have been afraid of getting overheated out in the sun and perhaps catching cold."

"You're a wicked girl. You take nothing seriously."

"I don't dare take things seriously. Come in, mother, and I'll make your tea."

AS KITTY made the tea her thoughts followed Alec Bard. She was aware of her effect on him even before her mother defined it, and it flattered her, made a slight amused distraction in her tense privations. She had had plenty of beaus in those old days of peace and plenty, had dressed and danced and flirted, but her father's sudden death, her mother's weakness, the overwhelming revelation of their poverty loosed her desire to keep men dangling. Only Jimmy Carter—she shrugged him out of her thoughts. That straight, dark, embarrassed farmer was better than Jimmy. At least he was strong. How he had made the old lawn-mower go! She felt a rush of gratitude well up within her.

It would have pleased and heartened him mightily if he had known how he figured in her thoughts. She was in his—nay, she *was*—his thoughts. He did not bother with the tractor, nor with his other town errands. He climbed into his car and went home in a numb mood, part bewilderment, part longing. He had discovered that there was something still to want, something to need, to strive for—and with no assurance of getting it. Always before he knew that he would be successful. He knew that he was land-wise, market-wise. He knew that he had a way with cattle, a way with trees. But he did not know that he had a way with women.

His mood made him slight Elvira's supper, and the negress watched him shrewdly. "Yo' feelin' po'ly, Mist' Alec?" she asked.

"No—I'm all right." He was restless under her eyes. So she was silent.

He looked at his house and found it bare and rough, unsuited to a gentle lady with a blue dress and blue eyes, white hands and soft laughter. Hitherto he had thought if very good indeed. He wondered what was in that tumbling Pratt mansion. Gleam of silver, dark, stately old chairs fit for ladies and gentlemen, portraits of ladies and gentlemen on the walls. Of course he could refurnish, he could buy fine things in the Baltimore shops—but they would not be the same as the Pratt treasures.

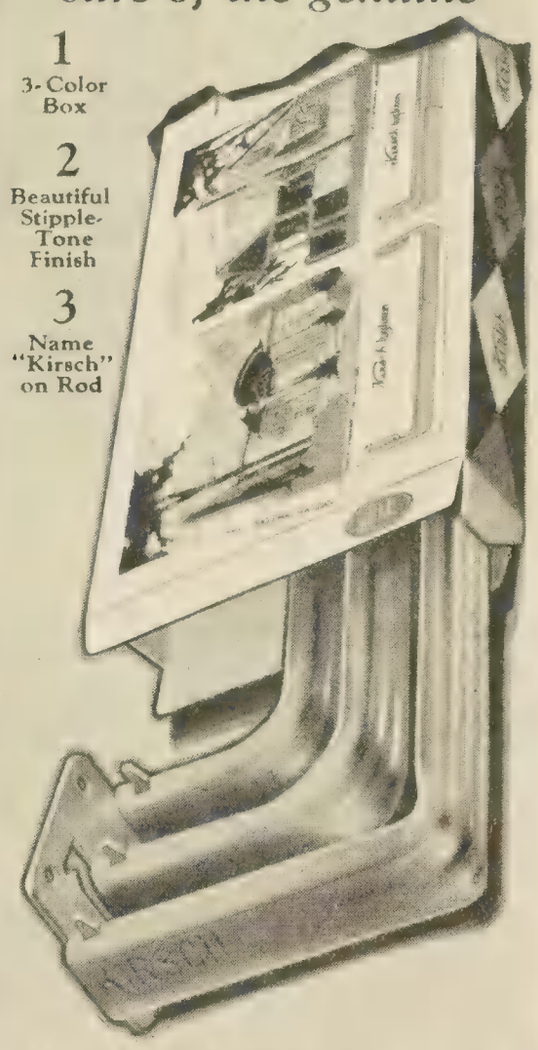
As the week advanced, he grew more impatient, short-tempered. On Wednesday he could not endure the farm work any more. He picked a quart of the biggest, reddest strawberries and put green leaves at the corners. Then he dressed himself in his best and went to town, and straight to the Pratts. But he did not go to the front door, because he was afraid of seeing Mrs. Pratt again, with her sharp, condescending glance, her assured superiority. No, he went straight around to the back and met, by the greatest of good

Continued on page 77

Kirsch Announces Superior Flat Curtain Rods at no Higher Price

And three ways to be sure of the genuine

1 3-Color Box
2 Beautiful Stipple-Tone Finish
3 Name "Kirsch" on Rod

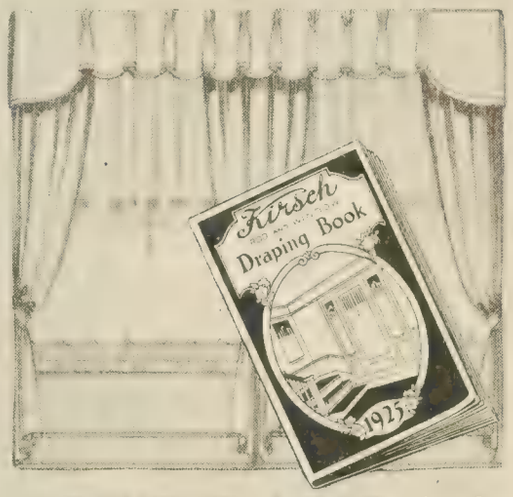


No possible chance of an imitation being mistaken for genuine Kirsch Curtain Rods. You instantly recognize the beautiful StippleTone finish. So distinctly different! So rich, silk-like and artistic! Also the name "Kirsch" is on the box and on the rod.

Kirsch Curtain Rods provide the utmost help in window draping; fit every window; give every effect; easy to put up, easy to take down, due to the patented Kirsch Snug-fit brackets.

"There is no substitute for Kirsch Quality and Service"

Look for—The 3-color box—The StippleTone finish—The name "Kirsch" on the rod.



FREE Wonderful Book of Window Draping Helps

A 32-page book packed with practical aid for window draping. Ideas for every room and every kind of window—single, double, triple, casement, bay, odd shaped windows and doors, French Doors, etc. 24 color schemes for living rooms, dining rooms, bed rooms, sun rooms, etc. Instructions for measuring windows, making valances, headings etc.; how to sew on Kirsch hooks and rings; how to put up draw curtains on Kirsch Rods. Our 9th annual book—a book of real service.

If booklet doesn't give all needed help write Kirsch Interior Decoration Service Bureau.

KIRSCH MFG. COMPANY
141 Prospect Ave., Sturgis, Mich., U. S. A.

Kirsch Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
202 Buller St., Woodstock, Ont.

Beautiful new floor designs that will last a lifetime

They offer a real opportunity to the woman who needs new floors

HERE are four new floor designs — the same kind that interior decorators are using in planning modern color schemes.

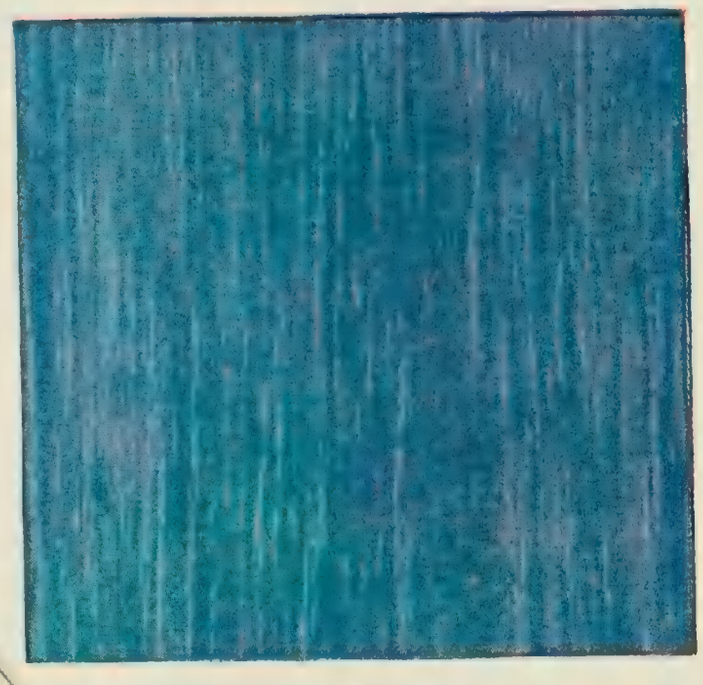
In design and color these are striking examples of the present trend toward charm and vivacity in floors. The picture in the center shows how a decorator has used color in the floor to give spaciousness and dignity to the entrance hall, and to give a more tasteful background for the living-room rug.

Yet floors like these may be laid in old homes as readily as in new ones. Instead of refinishing or repainting an old wooden floor, a new floor of color and charm can be selected and laid in any home quickly and without dust, litter, or great expense.

And it will last as long as the house itself.



While this is a small entrance hall the tile floor gives it a fine dignity. The design is Armstrong's Marble Inlaid No. 71, laid with a border of black linoleum. Looking through into the living-room you see a floor of Armstrong's gray Jaspé No. 15.



One of the famous Armstrong Jaspés, or two tone patterns. This one (No. 18) is a rippling soft blue effect that makes a beautiful floor for any room. Can be laid with or without a border or can be used as a border for a pattern floor.

See these new designs at good stores

Have you an old floor that must be relaid? You really should see the new patterns and colors of Armstrong's Linoleum which good merchants can show you. If you are planning to redecorate any room in your house, or if you have old floors that you would like to make over into lovely new ones, be sure to write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration. Your letter will be answered by an experienced decorator who will suggest color schemes for any room or group of rooms you will describe. No charge.

Why these floors are so satisfactory

The idea of using Armstrong's Linoleum as a fine floor for fine rooms came about this way: Many years ago it was discovered that inlaid linoleum *does not wear out.*

But tacking linoleum directly to wood is not a permanent or artistic way to lay it. A better way to lay linoleum was needed.

It was found that the best way to lay a linoleum floor was to cement it in place over a lining of heavy builders' deadening felt. This way the seams were closely joined, and by using waterproof cement along all seams and around the edges a smooth, permanent, warm, dust-proof floor resulted.

Next came the idea of prettier linoleum designs Many new and beautiful effects were brought out in Armstrong's Linoleum.

Decorators saw that a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum was a better background for fine fabric rugs Using the color of the floor as a basis for their color schemes they were able to work out color harmonies in which the floor was actually a part of the room and not the one place where so many decorative plans stopped short.

The floor of linoleum never needs refinishing It should be waxed occasionally, and under this treatment it actually gets better-looking.



One of the new designs in Armstrong's Moulded Inlaid No. 5431. The colors go clear through to the burlap back.

Armstrong's Marble Inlaid No 70, an interesting alternative for the design in the illustration. For formal rooms. The blocks in the design are 6 inches square.

A new book on the art of furnishing and decorating homes

By Agnes Foster Wright

Mrs. Wright is a contributor to House and Garden and other magazines you read. She is an authority on home furnishing and decoration. Her new book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color," will be sent to anyone in the United States for 25 cents. Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 865 West Walnut St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

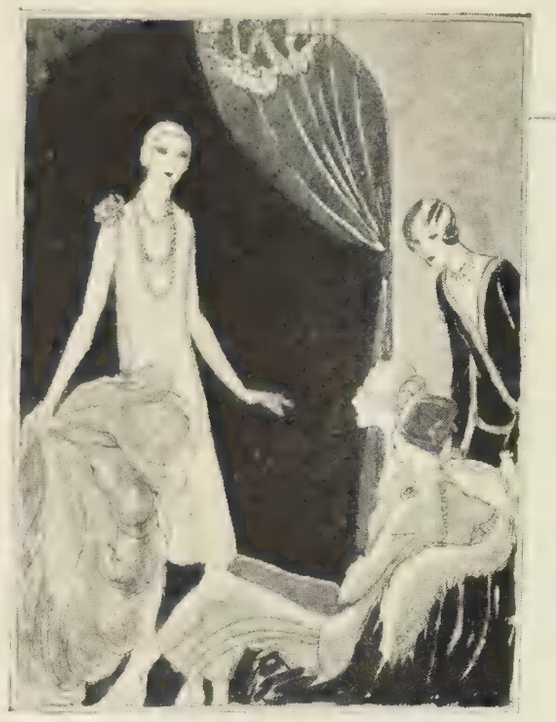
Look for the CIRCLE A trademark on the burlap back



This is a printed linoleum—the most inexpensive grade of linoleum, yet beautiful, as you can see. It will give very satisfactory service. The pattern is No. 8287. Your merchant can show you many others.



Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*





From the Paris Openings of the great couturiers

experts are hurrying the news to your very sewing-table



Coat Pattern No. 5871
Frock Pattern No. 5862

Blouse Pattern No. 5863
Slip Pattern No. 5827

THIS is the time of year when the whole world turns to Paris. Eager to see—to discuss—to report—the openings which will dictate for the next six months what women are going to wear!

Behind the doors of the dressmakers months of preparation have come to a climax.

Models have posed for hours—designers have built and destroyed, draped and redraped, worked in the frenzy of creation until the collections were complete.

Now those famous doors that face the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opéra, are opening to the select who have been invited to view the new styles.

On the Avenue de l'Opéra itself is the Paris branch of the fashion house which brings this news to your very sewing-table.

Butterick's fashion experts have the entrée to the couturiers and attend all the important openings—they hurry the latest sketches, photographs and fashion news to the house of Butterick in New York.

From Paris, they go *everywhere*—they see what is being worn in the south—they visit fashion centers like Biarritz and the Riviera.

Fresh over the cables comes the news to this great New York house—to the array of Butterick artists and designers who incorporate each fresh development in their designs.

And with this wealth of style authority also comes a unique pattern service—the Deltor. From the very first step it explains how to make your frock.

First, the Deltor shows you how to cut from an amazingly small amount of material because it gives an individual layout for your size pattern, laid out on your actual width of material—something other patterns fail to give you. Even the smartest fabrics and color combinations are suggested.

Then you will find the Deltor illustrations show you step by step how to put your frock together. And each detail of finishing is so fully illustrated and described that you can achieve the meticulous finish of a real French model. With every Butterick Pattern the Deltor—the only pattern service that gives all this to you—is enclosed. Butterick of New York, Paris and London.



Pattern No. 5898 Pattern No. 5864

Butterick is the Only Pattern which gives you—

1 **Complete list of the smartest materials and combinations of materials suitable for the design.**

2 **Complete cutting layouts, for your size pattern and the view you have selected, from your identical width of goods.**

3 **Complete illustrated directions showing you how to put your frock together.**

4 **Complete illustrated directions for the details of finishing and trimming which give your frock the authentic French touch.**



Coat Pattern No. 5843 Frock Pattern No. 5880

Leading Paris vogues as exemplified in these frocks are—

The simple sheath styles share honors with a more feminine silhouette . . . Slender as ever, frocks gain movement from handkerchief draperies, plaits and the circular cut developed in a soft fabric . . . The ensemble wardrobe with several frocks related by color or fabric to a single coat, forming ensemble costumes, is the most important fashion of the Spring.



Pattern No. 5870 Pattern No. 5882

The eight models on this page were selected by the Butterick staff from their Spring collection as most interesting examples of new modes

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR



NO MAN'S GIFT

Continued from page 74

luck, Kitty Pratt coming from the kitchen door, a bundle of sewing in her hand. She, too, was avoiding her mother, taking the work she had finished back to the dressmaker, Tillie Jenkins.

He snatched off his hat. "I reckon you're surprised to see me again," he said hurriedly, "but I couldn't get you out of my mind, you've got it so hard here. Isn't there something I could do for you?—maybe repairs around the house—anything, anything at all. I'd be pleased—and proud"—he was trembling and could hardly control his voice—"and look—will you accept this—please—" He held out to her the box of strawberries.

"Why—how very kind—" It was difficult to maintain a conventional tone, to pretend that there was nothing unusual in his speech, his manner. "Of course I'll accept them—you must have known how fond I am of strawberries. It was good of you to think of me——"

"And you—you'll let me do something—anything?"

"Now, Mr. Bard, of course I won't. I couldn't think of it. It would be too ridiculous. But I do thank you——"

He waved that aside. "I don't want thanks. I want—I want to do something for you."

Again she put the situation away from her. "I'll tell you what I wish you'd do," she said. "That's your car out there, isn't it? I wish you'd take me over to Second Street with this parcel. Would that be too much trouble?"

He managed to convey to her that he and his car were everlastingly at her service, he followed her out to it, he helped her in and knew the ecstasy of sitting beside her, with her arm almost touching his. Out of the corner of his eye he could see her clear profile, her fringing lashes. It was glorious. If only his car was not such a dirty old rattletrap! He would have washed it if he had known.

DURING the moment or two she spent at Tillie Jenkins' he conjured a daring scheme. "I'll take you back home if you want," he said, "but it's such a nice day—why don't you come for a little ride in the country?"

Kitty Pratt had been doing buttonholes in linen sports dresses for two solid weeks in such times as she did not have to cook and wait on her mother. Her eyes and her spirit were worn and tired. All that she had had to look forward to, at the moment, was another two weeks of fine hemstitching, more trying than buttonholes. And here was an offered respite of leisure and sunshine and the sight of woods and fields.

"I'd love it!" she exclaimed. Then, with a return of caution, "but it must be a very short ride—I can't leave mother alone very long, you know."

They ran swiftly down the street, out and away. If only he could think of something to say to her, the right things, the things that would interest her! But he was tongue-tied and wretched. Happy, too, intensely, madly happy—but wretched. And he dared not say a word of either feeling.

The silence was oppressive. Kitty began to feel that she had been stupid to have jumped at this chance for a ride.

"Oh dear," she said at last, "this is Quaker meeting, isn't it! But it's so heavenly sweet to see the country again that I can't talk. I haven't been out all this Spring."

Alec Bard thought of her as a prisoner to that sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued old mother, and it distressed him. "I'd be pleased to take you riding every"—he had started to say every day, but checked himself—"every time I come to town, if you'd go," he said.

Kitty was sure now that she had been stupid. "Oh, that's awfully good of you, but I can't be away from mother so much."

At this Alec Bard was moved to reality. "I reckon she wouldn't want you to be out with me," he said. "She'd feel it was beneath you. And at that she'd be right. I'm not anything, I haven't got any grandfathers or blue blood or anything like that. I was born in a poorhouse, and there's no telling who my mother or my father was. My mother come there, sick, from tramping the roads, and she never did rouse up to say even so much as her name. She died the day I was born. I lived in the poorhouse till I was eight or nine, and then I run off with a dog and pony show. And then—I did most everything. I got with a circus, after a while. And then, because I was handy with my fists, I was in the ring a while. But always I kept hankering to get out on the land. My mother must've been a farm girl, for she marked me with the craving for it. Most every Spring I'd go tramping through the country, and it was one of them times that I come through here. I'd done pretty well in the ring that Winter and saved some money, and it was with that money I paid the first cash on my farm. There—I never told as much as that to any living human before. And you know me now. I'm nothing, from nowhere. Even my name's just something the poorhouse people stuck on me."

There was a harsh, passionate silence. "Why did you tell me all this?" asked Kitty Pratt at last gently.

"I wanted you to know it. I wanted you to know exactly what I am."

She did not know how best to answer his autobiography, but she knew that the conversation had better be taken away from the personal at once.

"Look at the pink honeysuckle," she said, seizing the first excuse. "Do stop and let me get some. I love it."

"I'll get it for you," he said instantly, and was out of the car and up the bank in a moment.

When he brought the flowers back to her, she thanked him prettily and declared that they must turn back. "Mother won't know what's become of me."

"A little farther on there's a patch of bird's-foot violets."

"Don't tempt me, for I ought to go home now. I'm sorry."

Alec Bard made no further demur, but turned the car. She talked with determined casualness all the way home, for she felt that if she paused for a moment—well—there was no telling what this strange creature would say. At her gate she dismissed him easily.

"You've given me a delightful hour," she assured him; and was relieved when he said good-by and shook hands naturally and made no reference to coming again.

"I certainly was a ninny to go," she told herself, as she went in the house. "And yet—he tickled my vanity. I'm pleased because he's so taken with me. Well, I am. Any woman would be. Only—I mustn't let it go too far."

IN THE meantime Alec Bard was downtown buying a new car, a smart sedan, dark-blue lined with gray, cushioned, fitted. If Kitty Pratt ever rode with him again, he need not be ashamed. Now no one in town had a better-looking car—or a more expensive. Even that sour old mother of hers couldn't look down her nose at his car.

He went home elated. She had accepted his gift, she had ridden beside him, she had heard his story and she had not been scornful or pitying.

Three days later when he went to town he took a cluster of bird's-foot violets, droll and sweet in their two colors, their mocking little yellow tongues. And he picked another basket of strawberries, scarlet, perfect.

This time he was not fortunate. She was sitting on the veranda between her mother and a young man. Alec Bard saw this bodyguard, stopped dismayed, angry.

Kitty was somewhat dismayed herself, but she was friendly as before. "Come up and sit down," she said hospitably, and then, noting his gift: "You brought these for me? Why, that was good of you." She turned to the others. "Mother, I think you've met Mr. Bard. And perhaps you know Mr. Carter."

James Carter proffered a flabby hand, and winced under the fierce grip Alec Bard gave it. The movement gave Alec courage enough to sit down.

"Are you still buying town houses, Mr. Bard?" asked old Mrs. Pratt with malice. "I've not changed my mind about keeping ours."

She thus deliberately spat upon him, wiped her feet on him, tried to blot him out, but she failed. "I've not bought anything yet," Alec Bard answered deliberately. "I'm waiting till you do change your mind."

James Carter, quite unaware of the stabs that had been exchanged, began to tell an aimless story of a purchaser who waited two

Continued on page 78

Cool and smooth . . with graceful finger tips



With this simple manicure, their shapely grooming is assured

These hands can be Yours

When your hands are cool and smooth with finger tips graceful from a perfect manicure—you actually love them. They are so pretty and respond so flatteringly to every need, every fleeting thought.

Thousands of women know it is easy to keep them that way. For the maker of Cutex has foreseen every need for the perfect grooming of the finger tips.

If the cuticle is not properly cared for the nails never can be lovely. Dry or coarsened cuticle, little red hangnails, make an ugly rim that cannot be disguised.

* * *

Never cut the cuticle. First wash the hands and dip the end of a Cutex orange stick in the bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover. Twist a bit of cotton about the end; dip it in the bottle again and gently shape the base of each nail, working under the cuticle edge. Every little white shred of hard skin is loosened and the cuticle rim freed from the nail. Rinse the fingers and wipe each nail. All the old dead skin and the ugly little shreds wipe away.

What lovely fresh cuticle is left—how soft and evenly it outlines the nail base! A touch of the orange stick still wet with Cutex under each nail tip leaves it white and stainless, ready for the polish.

As a finish for this manicure, the deep rose petal coloring, the jewel-like brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish will delight you, or if you prefer, Cutex has equally good Powder, Cake and Paste Polishes.



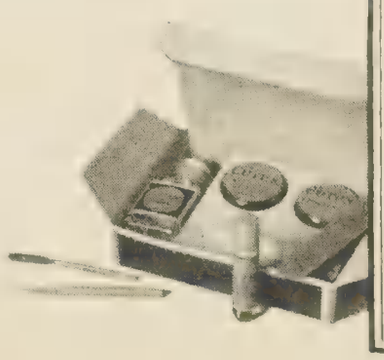
Glance at your watch! This exquisite Cutex manicure has taken hardly more than five minutes. What a feeling of added poise and security you have when you finish it. You are proud to display your hands—they look so graceful and the nails are positively bewitching.

Complete Cutex manicure sets from 60c to $5.00 at any drug or department store in the United States or Canada or at chemist shops in England. Each separate item is 35c.

6 Complete Manicures for 10c

This Introductory Set contains enough for 6 manicures. Cutex Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, orange stick, emery board. Send coupon with 10c for it and the booklet, "How to Have Lovely Nails." If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. B-4, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

Mail this Coupon with 10c Today



Northam Warren, Dept. B-4
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name _____

Street _____
(or P. O. Box)

City _____ State _____

Is this the End of Falling Hair and Baldness?



Hollow nipples feed the lotion directly to the hair follicles as you massage

4 in 7 Bald at 40

—91% needlessly, Investigation Shows!

Our experience shows falling hair and baldness most always due to Infected Scalp Oil (Sebum). Now usually overcome. Hair actually grown on 91 heads in 100.

Written Guarantee to Grow Hair

This is a direct offer to grow hair on your head. An offer backed by written guarantee, *given by your own drug or department store.* If we fail, it costs you nothing. Over 600,000 women have made this test in the last three years.

Science has recently made amazing discoveries in hair treatment. We have proven that while 4 in 7 are either bald or partly bald, at 40, only about nine in a hundred need ever be bald. Hair roots seldom die from natural causes. They can be revived. We have proved this by regrowing hair on 91 heads in 100.

Highest authorities approve this new way.

Remember, it is guaranteed.

The guarantee is positive, and promptly met. You are the judge. Your own drug or department store gives it with each 3-bottle purchase. Go today to any drug or department store, ask for the Van Ess Treatment.

Orders from outside U. S. A. will be filled direct from Van Ess Laboratories, 144 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ills. Foreign orders must enclose postal money order at rate of $1.50 per bottle.



Note This New Way—

It Massages the Treatment Directly into the Follicles of the Hair

You can see from illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic." You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just rub your head, and the nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.

VAN ESS
Liquid Scalp Massage



NO MAN'S GIFT

Continued from page 77

years to buy a profitable corner, and then was taken sick with influenza and couldn't go to the sale. While he was talking Alec Bard had been looking at him, taking in every detail of his easy flannels, his silk shirt, his well-made, polished brown shoes and clocked stockings. Even his hair-cut—hating him, but not ashamed to learn from him— But Kitty was speaking to him.

"That's not the same car you had the other day."

"No, I got a new one. I'd like to show it to you."

"You chaps on the land, you get everything," said James Carter, in humorous complaint. "I don't believe there's a farmer in the county who hasn't got his car, and maybe two. As for us poor lawyers—we've got to depend on shank's mare."

Kitty was amused to see that Alec Bard paid no attention to James. He kept his eyes on her, expectant. Would she go out and look at his car? He was waiting.

"We'll all go," she said, and rose.

James went willingly, but Mrs. Pratt delicately adjusted her lace shawl. "I prefer to remain seated," she remarked cuttingly. "I'm not interested in automobiles."

While James Carter exclaimed over the car, Alec watched Kitty. Did she know he had bought it for her to ride in? Did she guess? He could not tell, but silently he informed her of it, with all the power of his mind and will. "This is yours, I got it for you, and you alone," he kept thinking to her. "I would get you everything. I would take you out of this decay and poverty and underpaid work. I would give you everything I have."

Even when he had to say good-by and see her stroll up toward the house beside James's unheroic figure he could not be sure that she had understood. There was a glint in those blue eyes of hers, amused, wise. But she hadn't made a sign.

The new car sprang down the street, and Alec suddenly laughed aloud. It was his first mirth since he had met her. Why, this was a game—a game to play, win or lose. Now, when he got some new clothes— Damn that barber for shaving his neck!

He spent the next three days and much money in Baltimore, and returned so metamorphosed that Elvira had difficulty in recognizing him.

"Yo' sure puttin' on style, Mist' Alec," she commented dryly. "Who goin' wash dem silk shirts, hey? Too fine foh my rough ole hands."

"I reckon you can do it if you put your mind on it," answered Alec, as dryly as she. He knew Elvira perfectly.

He hoped that there would be no one at the Pratt home when he called in his new finery, no one except Kitty. To his amazement the quiet street was filled with cars and carriages, black, dismal. A hearse stood before the entrance and for one cold moment he thought Kitty might have died. The undertaker's driver enlightened him. "It's the old lady—yes, she went three days ago. They're just starting the service now. Go right along in."

So his first entrance inside Kitty's home was for her mother's funeral.

AFTER the funeral and burial Alec Bard went at once to the undertaker's. The business there was soon settled. "I'll pay for everything," he said. "Miss Pratt wishes me to do so." The man was surprised, but relieved. There are no prying questions to be asked of ready cash.

Later he went to the Pratt house and waited to see Kitty in the dreary parlor. He had intended to come to her so grandly, to show himself as a man of the world, a man of her world. But he had forgotten all about his new clothes, his style.

She came in slowly, still holding up her head, but with defeat and daze in her eyes.

"If every one would only go and leave me alone," she said. "I only want to be alone. They keep staying, they think they're kind."

"I'll only stay a moment."

"I didn't mean you. Mother's friends"—she nodded back toward the rooms behind. "They didn't come when she was alive—they might better leave me alone now. They talk—and talk."

"I've paid the undertaker for you. You haven't got that to worry you."

"I'll pay it back as soon as I can, Mr. Bard. Oh, I must get to work now. I couldn't do much while mother—she hated it so. It was so quick, Mr. Bard. She was sitting looking at me, and—her head fell back—and that was all." The strain was breaking.

"You needn't ever pay it back. All I want is to do something for you."

The feeling of death and decay in the room was beaten down before his love.

Kitty Pratt stared at him and tried to collect her thoughts. It had been such a hideous three days, and she had been so desperately alone. But now there was some one with her.

"I love you," said Alec Bard desperately. "I love you more than any man ever loved any woman. I'm crazy with loving you. Let me take care of you. I can do it."

Kitty Pratt stared at him still. "Why, yes, I believe you can," she said half to herself, realizing him, his strength, his power.

"You marry me, not that flabby Carter. He's no kind of a man or he'd never have let things come to such a bad pass with you. You marry me. It's not just love I can give you—I'd understand you, I'd look out for you, there'd be easy ways and plenty for you. Whatever you wanted I'd see that you got it."

"That's a queer way to make love," said Kitty Pratt.

"My love's not like other men's. Look—if you marry me, and don't like it, if I don't do what I've said, I'll set you free. I swear it to you by God above."

"Do you mean that? Or is it just big talk?"

"You know it's not. You know I mean it."

"But it's all so strange—why you should fall in love with me," began Kitty Pratt wearily. And by that Alec Bard knew he had won her.

He took her hands, both her hands, and kissed them. He had seen the gesture in the films, and it had seemed to him ridiculous. But now he found it sublime.

SO THE thing was settled, in spite of the nine days wonder, the protests of friends. She was not at all sure that she wanted to marry him when she searched her heart, but all her life she had done the accepted thing, and some spark within her, legacy of some daredevil Pratt ancestor, flared urgently at the prospect of yielding for once to the unexpected. Moreover, there was the compulsion that Bard put upon her with his affection. It drew her more than she knew.

They were married three weeks and two days after her mother's funeral, in the great parlor, with no one present save the minister and his wife and a sniffling old woman who had been a friend of Mrs. Pratt's. Kitty took off her black and wore a thin white dress. She could not, she felt, be married in stifling folds of crêpe. Her white dress was old, but at least it had about it something of the air of a bride. Alec had sent to Baltimore for the most incongruous elaborate bouquet—a round monster of wired roses and lilies-of-the-valley, with bow and streaming flower-decked ends of silvery gauze. And he brought her two rings, a diamond that had cost him a thousand dollars and a platinum band starred with tiny diamonds for a wedding-ring. His lavishness amused and dismayed her, but he would not be denied of it.

"The house out on the farm," he told her, "is very plain and poor. You can change it any way you want. I would do it myself, but perhaps you'd rather not. I hate to have you come into it the way it is."

"I don't mind—anything," she said. "I'm so tired."

Instead of tired, she meant terrified. Now that she had made her decision, she was conscious that it was a far swing to the unknown, a distance that chilled and frightened her. So she was still and aloof from him, and that, in turn, terrified him.

But once the wedding was over and she was established in the farmhouse, she was reassured. The quiet, the peace, the ordered lavish growth about her pleased her, and between her and Elvira there was a quick understanding.

Kitty had taken with her—her only dowry—part of the furnishings of the old house in town, and these she placed and arranged, made curtains, hung pictures. And because there was sunshine in the rooms, the old mahogany and silver, even the old portraits,

Continued on page 79





Are you trying to acquire someone's else type of beauty?



IT is one of the commonest mistakes in the whole matter of skin beauty—this attempt to imitate some other woman's attractiveness—some woman of perhaps an entirely different type.

It simply cannot be done, and thousands of permanently ruined complexions are witness to the damage women can do their skin by treatments that promise too much. The skin needs not cosmetics and complicated preparations but merely a mild cleansing agent that will release and preserve its own normal health and glow.

Resinol Soap *is* ideally cleansing and refreshing. Its gentle action thoroughly rids the pores of dust, soot, germs, etc., which interfere with their normal activity, and mean ruin for the complexion.

Its rich color and distinctive fragrance come naturally from the healthful Resinol properties it contains—those properties which are causing Resinol Soap more and more to take the place of the ordinary, highly perfumed soap whose strong odor is only too often a cloak for mediocre quality and harmful ingredients. Buy a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist, and *begin today to give your skin a chance to restore its own natural beauty.*

If your complexion is now marred by blackheads, blotches, roughnesses, etc., apply Resinol and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment has been successfully prescribed for years for skin disorders. Itching rashes, slight or serious, chafings, or the smart of a burn, cut or sore quickly respond to its first application. No home should be without it.

RESINOL SOAP



Dept. G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

——— and threw her razor away!



IN THIS WAY the New York World summarizes the recent excellent comment given ZIP by the Federal Trade Commission's Trial Examiner:

"Uncle Sam Pronounces HAIR REMOVER (ZIP) O.K."

"Gone To Stay Gone!"

"The climax came," says the New York World, "when one woman, described as a 'prominent Long Island society matron' took the stand and testified she had been afflicted with such a heavy beard that she had to shave four times a week. Then she tried the preparation *(ZIP) and threw her razor away.* These fair witnesses offered their complexions to the judge in proof of their assertions. They said they testified simply out of gratitude."

Thousands of other women today are grateful for what *ZIP* has done for them.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

is absolutely unnecessary and is as uncleanly as it is odious. In earlier years, it was difficult to overcome. Today, the sight of superfluous hair marks one as careless and untidy for it is such a simple matter to destroy it—completely—*with the roots.*

"ZIPPED"—not clipped—is the secret of the perfect hair line and the beautiful neck. When you have your hair trimmed, demand a *ZIP* treatment back of the neck.

Make yourself more beautiful. Don't delay. If you have never used ZIP, you will marvel in its magic. Fragrant, painless, harmless and easy to use at home, it is pronounced by experts as the *scientifically correct* method.

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Name.....
Please print your name
Address.....
City or State.....

CREATIONS JORDEAU NEW YORK



NO MAN'S GIFT

Continued from page 78

lost their look of gloom and formed an interior of dignified cheerfulness. It all made Alec comfortable—and yet uncomfortable. And he could hardly realize that Kitty was his wife.

He redoubled his efforts to please her. She must have a riding-horse. She must go to Baltimore and have a habit made and buy a saddle of the finest. She must order silk dresses, hats and coats from the city, too. The new car was hers, and hers alone. Would she like a veranda built to the south, an enclosed veranda, a sort of sun-room? He had Elvira bring her niece to be Kitty's maid, against Kitty's own protest.

"But I don't need a maid. I've not got enough to do now. Elvira won't let me help her with the chickens or the milk, and as for cooking, she hasn't let me poke my nose into the kitchen."

"I didn't marry you to have you cook and do farm work," said Alec Bard.

"I sometimes wonder," said Kitty, "what you did marry me for. Was it just to make me an idle do-nothing? Be careful—I'm getting frightfully fat and lazy."

He could not meet this lightness. His love for her was pitiably dumb before the constant light of amusement in her eyes. He was almost afraid to speak before her, because he felt his speech shamed her.

"If you want to ask your friends out to supper—or anything," he suggested wistfully.

"Maybe—after a while," she said. "But in my mourning, Alec, and to tell the truth it's so good to have nothing to do, no anxiety, I'd like to bask in it a while."

All very well, but did she mean that? Wasn't it rather that she couldn't face her friends beside him, belonging to him?

YET now and then her friends did come, and he listened to them dumbly, quite outside their casual familiarity, with nothing to say to them. They made him uneasy—and he made them uneasy, too, with his silence, his dark, straight, well-dressed presence. They found there was nothing to laugh at about him, but he thought they ridiculed him secretly. While they were there and after they were gone he was achingly unhappy.

He cast about in his mind for something to do that would make her admire him, force her gratitude, and to this end he bought up the mortgages on her old home and deeded it to her.

He gave the deed to her carelessly. "Some time you might want this place," he said. "How would it be if you fixed it up and rented it, to a good tenant, who'd take care of it?"

"You shouldn't have done it!" she cried. "I didn't really care about it." Yet she was pleased and touched. It gave her another interest, for now she could consult carpenters, plumbers, painters, bring order and repair to the old shell. She asked Alec about how much she should spend.

"I'll do just enough to make it habitable and weather-tight," she said. "That oughtn't to cost so much."

"You go ahead and fix it right," he commanded magnificently. "Make it like it used to be, and add all the modern improvements. Then it'll be worth something. A lick and promise don't do property any real good that'll last."

So she went happily to work, driving in and out of town in the new car, finding the importance of the occupation exceedingly pleasant. The cost ran up and up, but she paid no attention. Perfectly simple and truthful herself about money, it did not occur to her that Alec's resources were less than he let them appear. She was serene under an avalanche of bills. She handed them over to Alec with the confidence of a child—only he did not see it as confidence. To him it was an almost malicious indifference.

She didn't love him, he thought. She took this way of showing him that she she didn't. She was going to get everything she could out of him, and then remind him of his

Concluded on page 80

Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving



THE Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit does its work quickly, safely and comfortably wherever it goes.

Sent Everywhere on THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL



IT is thrilling to see your straight hair, whether long or bobbed, transformed quickly into charming, soft waves, curls and ringlets that curl of themselves! ***Send for our free, interesting booklet.***

An Outstanding Success

LET your straight hair be permanently wavy this Spring. Enjoy the relief and confidence which natural waves, curls and ringlets alone can give you. Sign your *own* Declaration of Independence from lifelong slavery to nightly crimpers and hot curling-irons. In other words, in your own home, let the eminent Mr. Charles Nestle's famous invention transform your hair—no matter how straight or stubborn—into waves, curls and ringlets that last ALL THE TIME, and look even prettier under the influence of perspiration, shampoos, bathing, dampness, etc.

Mr. Nestle's Wonderful LANOIL Discovery

has enthusiastic endorsement from the world's leading scientists, hairdressers and beauty editors. In his two New York establishments several hundred women daily enjoy LANOIL waves. Professional LANOIL-wavers elsewhere give many thousands this wonderful treatment. But in private homes, even more than this is done by means of the dainty, reasonably-priced Outfit illustrated above, which works so *simply*, so *quickly* and so *comfortably* that mothers take pleasure in waving their children's hair, children their mother's; school girls, nurses and teachers club together to do this work, and even husbands have been known to take a hand in it!

Interesting, Simple and Safe

is the Nestle LANOIL permanent waving process. You merely wet the hair with the sympathetic LANOIL lotion, wind it, strand by strand, on the Nestle mechanical curlers, slip the little heater over each curler for just seven minutes, remove, unwind and shampoo. And now the wonder *grows*—for the harder you rub, comb, wash or brush your waves and curls, the prettier do they become, because the gentle LANOIL steam has made your hair *naturally wavy*.

Each Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit Contains Free Trial Supplies

You may have our free, interesting booklet of further particulars if you like, but a trial of the Outfit itself is also *free*. Send a postal, letter or the coupon below, enclosing its $15 purchase price (or let us forward your Outfit C.O.D. and pay the postman when it arrives). Wave your hair with the *free trial supplies*, following the simple, clear directions. Then, if you are not delighted with your results and satisfied that the Outfit does ALL we represent, return it within thirty days—and we guarantee to refund immediately every cent of the $15 with absolutely *no* deduction for postage, packing, free trial materials or use of the Outfit.

Many thousands of Outfits have been sold on this liberal trial basis since September, 1922. They bring happiness wherever they go. So do not delay. Send for yours today, that you may the sooner know the joy, pride and comfort of waves, curls and ringlets that last ALL THE TIME.

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12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City
Just off Fifth Avenue

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Please send me the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of $15.

[ ] I enclose $15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.

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OR, check HERE.....if only FREE booklet of further particulars is desired. If your hair is white or *very* ash blond, mention it here.....

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What could be more tempting or healthful at this season than spinach?

No dish that we know of!

Spinach supplies us with almost every mineral salt that our bodies require. No other vegetable provides more healthful elements—none offers a finer spring tonic.

But DEL MONTE Spinach is not only good *for* us—it is good *to eat*—savory and full-flavored—for it's canned that way, with all its tenderness and fresh flavor preserved.

And what a delight to serve! Ready-cooked and free from grit—no tiresome washing—no slow preparation. The work has all been done.

You'll want spinach often this spring. But you'll want it at its best! Insist on DEL MONTE. Then you're always sure of the flavor and goodness you like.

California Packing Corporation
San Francisco, California

Be sure you say

DEL MONTE





NO MAN'S GIFT

Concluded from page 79

promise that, if she didn't want to stay married to him, she needn't. Again he had no defense no barrier to shield himself.

He borrowed money at the bank, as much as he could. Some of the creditors he satisfied with notes—they knew his farm was good for it. He turned desperately to his crops—and now that it was too late he saw that they wouldn't be the record-breaking yields he had counted on. Everywhere, everything conspired to pull him down. He might—he might have put a mortgage on "No Man's Gift!" But this he would not do unless in the last ditch, for Kitty's signature, as his wife, would be required, and then she would know. That would be the final humiliation.

"MISS KITTY—Mist' Alec looks poo'ly," said Elvira warningly.

"I think so too, Elvira. He doesn't eat properly, he doesn't sleep. I've been after him to go to the doctor, but he won't."

"He got somep'n on his mind an' drug-sto' stuff ain't do him no good. He got somep'n after him, an' it gwine ketch him if he ain' keerful."

Kitty and Elvira exchanged a long, understanding look. Elvira lifted a lean hand and adjusted her turban. It was again tied in a voodoo knot. "You might do a little projeckin' 'roun', keerless like," she said in a tone of utter disengagement. "He'll never tell, no, not if he drop down dead. He's got a close mouf."

But she conveyed silently what every woman knows—that no man can hide anything from his wife that she wants to find out.

Slowly, and with patience, she unraveled his coil. Without a scruple she first went through his desk and then paid a visit to the bank. Patrick Hall, the president, had been a beau of her mother's, and remembered it gallantly. At every step of the way through the tangle something new and very sweet came to Kitty Bard. This queer, strange, silent man, who had seemed so strong, so assured, so sufficient and powerful, was after all capable of overwhelming folly. The more she saw the extent of his folly the more she wondered at it. And yet she divined its reason.

She said not one word to him until her final move was made. She was waiting for him on the new veranda—to the south—as he came from a final round of the stables.

"Here is something for you," she said, and exactly as he had handed her the deed to her old home she handed him a package—his canceled notes, his bills (all she could find) receipted, his bank loans marked paid.

He looked at them and did not understand, could not comprehend. He would not ask her, he would not even lift his head and look at her. "I suppose," he said at last, "you want to be free of me."

"And what made you suppose that?"

He fingered the papers in his hand and did not answer.

"You know, Alec," said Kitty quietly, "for a clever man you are such a silly! Why do you think I married you? For a place to go, for food, for clothes, for an automobile? Do you really set me down as cheap as that?"

"No, no—but I wanted to give you everything."

"You—you wanted to give me everything and take nothing. You've let me spend money hand over fist and not said a word when it was worrying you nearly to death. I've sold the house in town and that's done with. I got a good price for it, too—and everything's paid. And never, never, never do you do this again—it's not fair! 'No Man's Gift'—the very name of our farm—is you yourself, Alec. You pride yourself on it. Very well, so far as the rest of the world is concerned. But oh, not with me—not with your wife! What am I, if I can't give something, too, to you?"

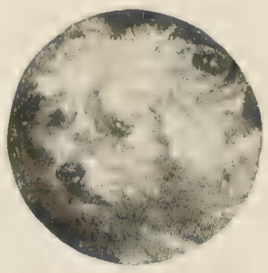
There was something in her voice that he had never heard there, and it pierced him through with an almost painful joy.

"Kitty—Kitty, do you *want* to give me something?" he asked. For the first time he spoke to her as to an equal.

"Do I want to give you something! But how else can we live? Don't you see—don't you understand? Love can't be one-sided!"

"Love!" Then she loved him—she actually loved him. He looked up now, and saw that it was true—incredibly, perfectly true.

"HO-HUM," sighed one of the ironic gods to another, "I never did take much interest in that Bard case. I said from the first it would all turn out in the old-fashioned way. Now we've got to look around for somebody else to play with."



HER DOG DAY

Continued from page 10

never dare to show one of them to Miss Royal. Was this outraged empress the writer of that friendly letter? It was impossible to believe it. She felt crude and bread-and-buttery and ignorant—and young! Oh, so horribly young!

In her misery she squirmed in her chair, and her little packet of manuscripts slipped to the floor. Emily stooped to retrieve it. At the same moment Chu-Chin made a flying leap at it. He caught the spray of violets hanging from Emily's hat and tore it loose. Emily let go of her packet and clutched her hat. Chu-Chin let go of the violets and pounced on the packet. Then, holding it in his mouth, he bolted out of the open glass door leading to the garden.

"Oh, what a relief it would be to tear my hair!" thought Emily violently.

That diabolical chow had carried off her latest and best story and a number of her choicest poems. Heaven knew what he would do with them. She supposed she would never see him again. But at least there was fortunately now no question of showing them to Miss Royal.

Emily no longer cared whether Miss Royal was in a bad humor or not. She was no longer desirous of pleasing her—a woman who would let her dog behave so to an invited guest and never reprove him! She even seemed to be amused at his antics. Emily was sure she had detected a fleeting smile on Miss Royal's arrogant face as she looked at the ruined violets scattered over the floor. There suddenly popped into Emily's mind a story she had heard of an old Blair Water Irishman who was in the habit of telling his wife, "When people do be after snubbing you, Bridget, pull up your lip, Bridget, pull up your lip."

Emily pulled up her lip. "A very playful dog," she said sarcastically.

"Very playful, indeed," agreed Miss Royal composedly.

"Don't you think a little discipline would improve him?" asked Emily.

"No, I do not think so," said Miss Royal meditatively.

Chu-Chin returned at this moment, capered about the room, knocked a small glass vase off a taboret with a whisk of his tail, sniffed at the ensuing fragments, then bounded up on the davenport again, where he sat panting, "Oh, what a good dog am I!"

Emily picked up note-book and pencil. "Mr. Towers sent me to interview you," she said.

"So I understand," said Miss Royal, never taking her eyes off her worshiped chow.

"May I trouble you to answer a few questions?"

"Charmed," said Miss Royal, with exaggerated amiability.

Chu-Chin, having saved enough breath, sprang from the davenport and rushed through the half-open folding doors of the dining-room. Emily consulted her note-book and recklessly asked the first question jotted therein. "What do you think will be the result of the presidential election this Fall?"

Continued on page 81



Mother Knows

that the "regular" child is the healthy child.

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Every child loves to take Analax, the fruity laxative.

Analax cannot disturb the stomach as it acts only in the intestines.

Analax is a laxative—not a purgative.

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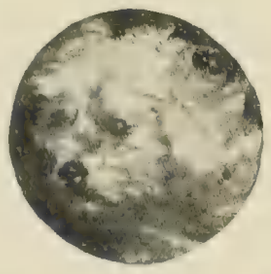


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Please send me my free copies of *What Other Mothers Say* and *Baby's Welfare*.

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HER DOG DAY

Continued from page 80

"I never think about it," answered Miss Royal.

Emily with compressed lips wrote this down. Chu-Chin now reappeared, darted through the parlor and out into the garden, carrying a roast chicken in his mouth.

"There goes my supper," said Miss Royal dreamily.

"Is there any likelihood," demanded Emily, "that the United States Congress will look favorably on the reciprocity proposals of the Canadian Government?"

"*Is* the Canadian Government making reciprocity proposals?" asked Miss Royal absently. "I never heard of the reciprocity proposals."

Emily wrote, "She never heard of them."

Next she said: "Is it your opinion that the historical novel has had its day?"

"I always leave my opinions home when I take a holiday," replied Miss Royal languidly.

As Emily wrote this down, literally and savagely, Chu-Chin reentered, helped himself to one of Mrs. Royal's crocheted tidies, crawled under the piano with it, and fell to chewing rapturously.

"Dear dog!" said Miss Royal fervently.

"What do you think of chow dogs?" demanded Emily in sudden inspiration.

"The most adorable creatures in the world," said Miss Royal.

"So you've brought one opinion with you," thought Emily. Aloud—"I do not admire them."

Miss Royal smiled icily. "It is evident that your taste in dogs must be quite different from mine."

A large gray cat passed across the doorstep outside. Chu-Chin bolted out from under the piano, shot between the legs of a tall plant stand, and pursued the flying cat. The stand went over with a crash and a beautiful begonia lay in ruins on the floor.

"Poor Aunt Angela! Her heart will be broken," said Miss Royal.

"But that doesn't matter, does it?" said Emily.

"Oh, no, not at all," said Miss Royal.

Emily again consulted her note-book. "Do you find many changes in Shrewsbury?"

"I find a good many changes in the people. The younger generation does not impress me favorably," said Miss Royal.

Emily grimly wrote this down. Chu-Chin reappeared, evidently having chased the cat through a fresh puddle, and resumed his repast of the tidy.

EMILY shut her note-book and rose. Not for any number of Mr. Towers would she prolong the interview.

"Thank you, that will be all," she said, with a haughtiness quite equal to Miss Royal's. "I am sorry to have taken so much of your time. Good afternoon."

She bowed slightly and went out to the hall. Miss Royal followed her to the parlor door.

"Hadn't you better take your dog, Miss Starr?" she asked sweetly.

Emily paused in the act of shutting the outer door and looked at Miss Royal. "Pardon me?"

"I said hadn't you better take your dog?"

"*My dog?*"

"Yes. He hasn't quite finished the tidy, to be sure, but you might just as well take it along. It won't be much good to Aunt Angela now."

"He—he—isn't *my* dog," gasped Emily.

"Not your dog! Whose dog is he then?" asked Miss Royal.

"I thought he was yours your chow," said Emily.

Miss Royal looked at Emily for a moment. Then she seized her wrist, shut the door, drew her back to the parlor, and firmly pushed her down into the Morris chair. This done, Miss Royal threw herself on the muddy davenport and began to laugh—long and helplessly. Once or twice she rocked herself forward, gave Emily's knee two wild whacks, then rocked back and

Continued on page 82

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it . . . you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.



"Off Color" Teeth

how to overcome them —*give them dazzling whiteness*

This simple, NEW method, removes the stubborn film that hides the natural beauty of your teeth

TEN years ago dull and dingy teeth were seen on every side. Today they are becoming a rarity. Note the gleaming smiles you see now wherever your eyes turn.

Please don't believe your teeth are "different"; that they are naturally off-color and dull. You can correct that condition remarkably in even a few days.

Modern science has discovered new methods of tooth protection and tooth beauty. Millions now employ them. Leading dentists advise them. In fairness to yourself, make the test offered here.

DO THIS—Remove that dingy film; it invites tooth troubles and ugliness

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film.

That film is an enemy to your teeth. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles and decay now are traced to this film. Old-time methods could not successfully combat it. That's why tooth troubles were on the increase, and ugly teeth the order of the day.

3 times daily— then note the difference

In Pepsodent dental science has discovered two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle the film, then remove it.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the clearness and whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

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Old methods of cleansing fail in these results.

Harsh gritty substances are judged dangerous to enamel.

Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method. It marks the latest findings in modern scientific research.

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It will give you the lustrous teeth you wonder *how* other people get. It will give you better protection against tooth troubles. And, too, against gum troubles; for it firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Use it three times daily—morning, evening, at bed time—then note the remarkable difference in your teeth.

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A leading dentist states that chewing gum not only cleans the teeth and aids digestion, but acts as a mild antiseptic in the mouth at the same time that it refreshes.

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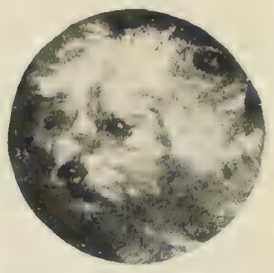
"after every meal"



SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

THE FLAVOR L-A-S-T-S

F25



HER DOG DAY

Continued from page 81

continued to laugh. Emily sat, smiling faintly. Her feelings had been too deeply harrowed to permit of Miss Royal's convulsions of mirth. Meanwhile, the white dog spied the cat again, and again rushed after her.

Finally Miss Royal sat erect and wiped her eyes. "Oh, this is priceless, Emily Byrd Starr—priceless. When I'm eighty, I'll howl over this. But *who* does own that brute?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Emily demurely. "I never saw the creature in all my life before."

"Well, let's shut the door before he can return. And now, dear girl, sit here beside me—there's one clean spot here under the cushion. We're going to have a real talk now. Oh, I was so beastly to you when you were trying to ask me questions. I was *trying* to be beastly. But to think you took that horrid, curly, white creature for my glorious red-gold chow! I'll take you up to my room before you go, and you shall apologize to him. He is asleep on my bed. When I saw you coming up the walk with that dog frisking around you, of course I concluded he was yours. I had put on my favorite dress because it really makes me look almost beautiful, and I wanted you to love me. And when the beast muddied it all over and you never said a word of rebuke or apology I simply went into one of my cold rages. I *do* go into them—I can't help it. But I soon thaw out if no fresh aggravation occurs. In this case fresh aggravation occurred every minute. I vowed to myself that if you did not even try to make your dog behave I would not suggest that you should. And I suppose *you* were indignant because I calmly let *my* dog spoil your violets and eat your manuscripts? And your questions! Emily, you were too delicious. Did you really write down my answers?"

"Word for word. I meant to print them just so, too. Mr. Towers has given me a list of questions for you, but of course I didn't mean to fire them off point blank like that. I meant to weave them artfully into our conversation."

"But here is my aunt."

Mrs. Royal came in, smiling. Her face changed as she saw her begonia. Miss Royal interposed quickly.

"Dearest Aunty, don't weep or faint—at least not before you've told me who around here owns a white, curly, utterly mannerless, devilish dog."

"Lily Bates," said Mrs. Royal in a tone of despair. "Oh, has she let that creature out again? I had a most terrible time with him before you came. He's really just a big puppy, and he *can't* behave. I told her finally if I caught him over here again I'd poison him. She's kept him shut up since then. But now—oh, my lovely begonia!"

"I'll get you a new plant, Aunty darling. Think of all the fun you'll have coaxing it along."

"I'll settle Lilly Bates," said Mrs. Royal, marching out to look for a dust-pan.

"NOW, Emily dear, let's gab," said Miss Royal, snuggling down beside her. *This* was the Miss Royal of the letter. Emily found no difficulty in talking to her. They had a jolly hour, and at the end of it Miss Royal made a proposition that took away Emily's breath.

"Emily, I want you to come back to New York with me. There's a vacancy on the staff of our magazine. No great thing in itself—you'll be sort of general handy man, and all odd jobs will be turned over to you. But you'll have a chance to work up. And you'll be in the center of things. You can write—I realized that the moment I read your story in *Roche's*. You mustn't waste your life here. You must have a chance to grow and develop and be yourself. You must have the stimulus of association with great minds—the training that only a great city can give. Come with me."

Emily sat in a maze of bewilderment, too confused and dazzled to think clearly. She had never dreamed of this. It was as if Miss Royal had suddenly put into her hands a key to unlock the door into the world of all her dreams and hopes and imaginings.

"Oh, Miss Royal—I'd love to go—but I don't know if Aunt Elizabeth will let me. I live with her and Aunt Laura, you know—out at New Moon Farm. I'm only boarding with Aunt Ruth while I go to school. I'm afraid—I'm sure—Aunt Elizabeth will think I'm too young."

"Tell her you will live with me and I'll look after you. I never saw a young girl before that I wanted to live with. You have a sort of luminous personality, Emily Starr. You'll give off light in dull places and brighten drab spots. Come with me, my dear, and I will do all I can to help you."

"Thank you—thank you," was all Emily could say. Tears of gratitude for this ungrudging help and sympathy were in her eyes. She had not received too much of sympathy or encouragement in her life. It touched her deeply. She went away feeling that she *must* turn the key and open the magic door beyond which now seemed to lie all the beauty and allurement of life. If only Aunt Elizabeth would consent! But Emily was wofully sure she wouldn't.

Half-way home she suddenly stopped and laughed. After all, Miss Royal had forgotten to show her Chu-Chin.

"But it doesn't matter," she thought. "I'll see him often enough if I go to New York with Miss Royal."

Would she go to New York with Miss Royal? That was the question Emily had now to answer. Or rather, the question Aunt Elizabeth Murray of New Moon must answer.

And she had no real hope that Aunt Elizabeth would let her go. Emily might look longingly toward those pleasant, far-off green pastures pictured by Miss Royal, but she was quite sure she could never browse in them.

EMILY told Aunt Elizabeth Murray of Miss Royal's scheme when she went home to Blair Water that night. And Aunt Elizabeth surprized Emily.

"Would you like to go, Emily?"

"Yes—I think so—if you don't mind," faltered Emily.

"Well, you may decide for yourself," said Aunt Elizabeth. "We shall miss you—we would rather have you with us for a few years yet. I know nothing about New York. I am told it is a wicked city. But you have been carefully brought up. I leave the decision in your own hands. Laura, what are you crying about?"

Emily felt as if she wanted to cry herself. To her amazement she felt something that was *not* delight or pleasure. It was one thing to long after forbidden pastures. It seemed to be quite another thing when the bars were flung down and you were told to enter if you would. Emily thought very hard, all Saturday and Sunday. She continued to think hard all the following week, wondering why she did not at once write a joyous letter to Miss Royal, who had gone to visit friends in Charlottetown. Of course she would go. Wouldn't it be terribly foolish not to? She would never have such a chance again. It *was* such a splendid chance—everything made easy — success certain, speedy, brilliant. Why, then, did she have to keep telling herself all this? Why was she driven to ask Mr. Carpenter's advice the next week-end? Mr. Carpenter was the district school-teacher, and he did not help her much. He was rheumatic and cranky—told her to go—"it was an excellent chance to get Yankeefied." On her way home she met another special friend of hers—old Jock Kelly, the tin-pedler. She told him all about the matter—not without a full realization of Aunt Elizabeth's horror at the thought of a Murray—or half-Murray—asking old Jock Kelly's advice. She herself was a little ashamed of doing it. Old Kelly shook his head.

"What do the b'ys around here be thinking? But what does the ould lady say?"

"Aunt Elizabeth says I can do as I like."

"Then I guess we'll be laving it at that," said old Kelly—and drove off. Plainly no help was to be had in old Kelly.

"WHAT has got into me that I can't make up my own mind?" thought Emily desperately. "Why can't I *say* I'll go. Of course I'll go. I *must* go."

She said it fiercely, as if arguing against some invisible opponent. When she reached home in the twilight, no one was there and she went restlessly all over the house What charm and dignity and fineness the old rooms had, with their candles and their ladder-

Concluded on page 83



Dangers of Constipation in Advancing Years

ELDERLY people are especially subject to constipation—with its train of headaches, sleeplessness, bilious attacks, etc. But at this period of life constipation presents an added danger—it brings on those diseases to which elderly people are liable. Kidney trouble, high blood pressure and heart disease, all are aggravated by constipation. Says a noted medical writer: "There is now a vast accumulation of evidence to show that the poisons produced in a constipated intestine are the cause of a multitude of destructive changes in the body, involving practically every organ, as well as being the cause of premature old age."

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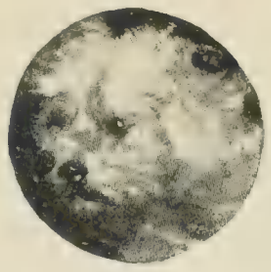
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HER DOG DAY

Concluded from page 82

backed chairs and their braided rugs! How dear and entreating was her own little room with its diamond paper, its fat black rose-jar, and its funny kinky window-pane. Would Miss Royal's apartment be half so wonderful?

"Of course I'll go," she said again, feeling that if she could only have left out the "of course" the thing would have been settled at once.

She went out into the garden, lying in the remote passionless beauty of early Spring moonlight. From afar came the whistle of the Shrewsbury train—like a call from the alluring world beyond—a world full of interest, charm, drama. Should she not "take the current when it serves?"

How beautiful was this old garden! How beautiful was old New Moon Farm! Its beauty had a subtly romantic quality all its own. There was enchantment in the curve of the dark-red, dew-wet road beyond—remote, spiritual allurement in the lombardy poplars—magic in the orchard—a hint of intriguing devilment in the fir wood. How could she leave this old house that had sheltered and loved her—never tell me houses do not love!—the wide fields and haunted woods where her childhood dreams had been dreamed? All at once she knew she could not leave them—she knew she had never really wanted to leave them. That was why she had gone about desperately asking advice of impossible outsiders. She had really been hoping they would tell her not to go.

"I belong to New Moon—I stay among my own people," she said.

MISS Royal stared at Emily—realized in a moment that it was not the slightest use to plead or argue—but began to plead and argue just the same.

"Emily, you can't mean it? Why won't you come?"

"I can't leave New Moon—I love it too much. Don't think me foolish or ungrateful, Miss Royal."

"Of course I don't think you ungrateful," said Miss Royal helplessly, "but I do—yes, I do think you're awfully foolish. What can you ever do here that is worth while? You've no idea of the difficulties in your path. You can't get material here—there's no atmosphere—no——"

"I'll create my own atmosphere," said Emily with a trifle of spirit. "And as for material—people *live* here just the same as anywhere else—suffer and enjoy and sin and aspire just as they do in New York."

"You don't know a thing about it," said Miss Royal, rather pettishly. "You'll never be able to write anything really worth while here—no big thing. There's no inspiration—you'll be hampered in every way. You're commiting literary suicide—and you'll realize that at three o'clock some white night, Emily. You'll be smothered by the pettiness of these small-town places where people can't see beyond their noses."

"I can see farther than that," said Emily, putting up her chin. "I can see the stars."

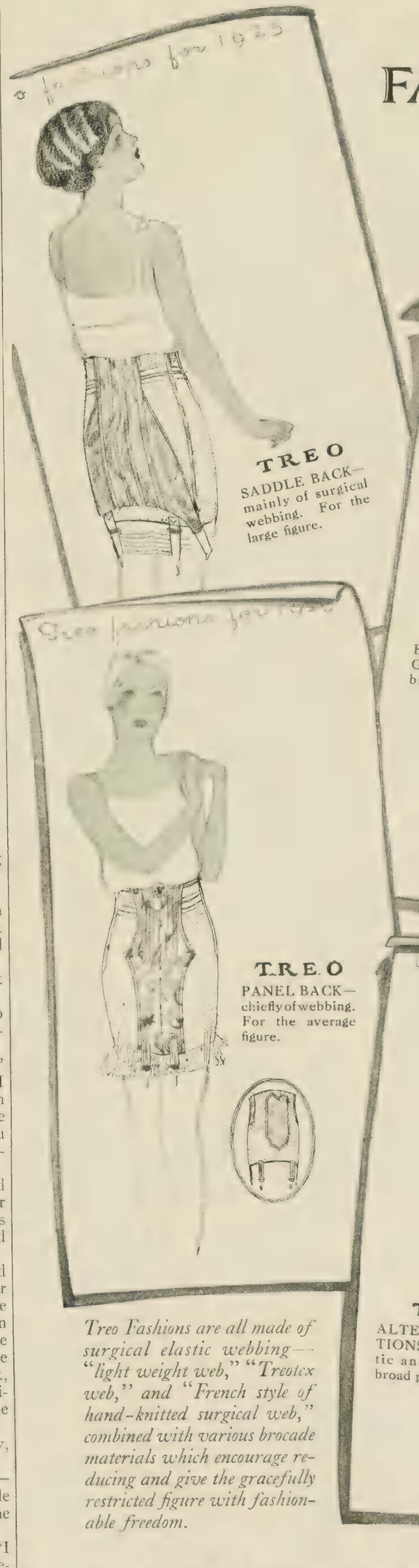
"Well"—Miss Royal threw out her hands—"I give up. I think you're making a terrible mistake, Emily. But you'll always find me ready to help you in any way I can."

"Miss Royal," said Emily earnestly, "I know I'll have difficulties and discouragements here. But if I can't succeed here, I wouldn't succeed in New York either. Some fountain of living water would dry up in my soul if I left the land I love. And you believe—don't you?—that I appreciate your kindness?" Your sympathy and encouragement have meant more to me than you can ever dream.

Miss Royal put her hands on Emily's shoulders and kissed her.

"All the good wishes in the world go with you," she said. "And I think it would be—nice—if any place could ever mean to me what it is evident New Moon means to you."

AT THREE o'clock that night a wakeful but contented Emily remembered that she had never seen Chu-Chin.



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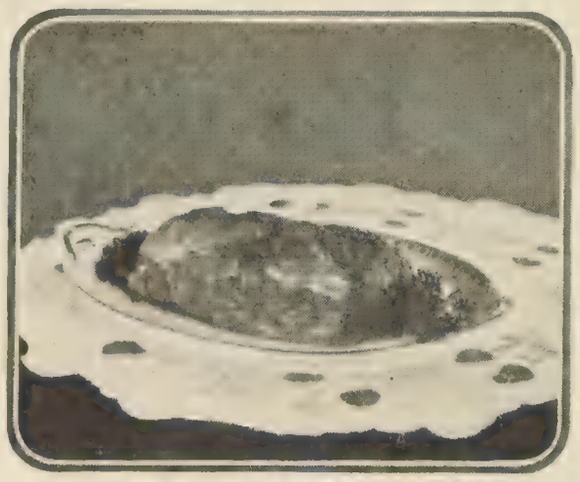
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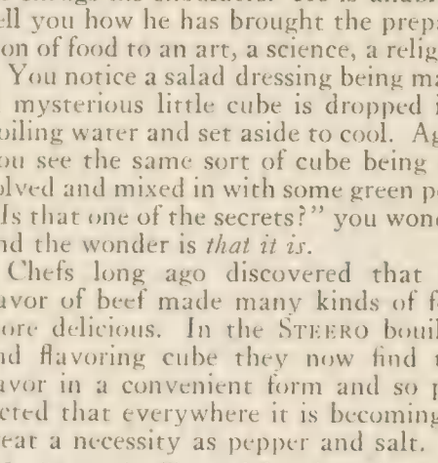
LET me take you with me to the kitchens of a famous hotel. Meet my friend the chef—he of the fabulous salary. Watch his lieutenants at work on dishes that bring captains of finance, well-known professional people, epicures of all sorts, miles out of their way to taste. "What is the secret?" you ask him. But he shrugs his shoulders. He is unable to tell you how he has brought the preparation of food to an art, a science, a religion.

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THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN SINGER

Continued from page 9

their house, gaily caparisoned in their Spanish dress. As the news came to us from the war, many were the anxious glances cast by Mr. Homer and myself across the street; with little Louise in the garden, we were anxious. But the men never paid the slightest attention to us. I do not think they even knew that we were Americans.

M. Bussac welcomed me to Vichy with every courtesy, and in order to introduce me to his public before my début he was tactful in having me sing at two symphony concerts. After this I was immersed in rehearsals. The artists who came to Vichy were all well-known singers; to them this Summer engagement was in the nature of a vacation.

Perhaps they knew then, as we did not, that great excitement was shown over my début. I was the first débutante Vichy had had in fifteen years. And the camps were divided. Some scored M. Bussac heavily for engaging me. "How do we know," they exclaimed, "that in her inexperience this débutante, however promising, might not compromise the entire season? This is contrary to our tradition." Each citizen felt that, inasmuch as the Opera House was subsidized, he had a voice in the matter, an official right to his opinion. I knew nothing of all this furor, and it was not until toward the close of the season that I was told.

At last the evening of the début came! The theater was packed to hear "La Favorita," and there seemed to be unusual interest. My first duet with the tenor was greeted with prolonged applause, and the conductor made us repeat it, a very undramatic thing to do. But it helped to put me entirely at ease.

AT THE close of the season when the company scattered, each to his own opera house, we took with us the memory of a happy Summer, new friendships and a feeling of artistic achievement. We then hurried to Brittany for a two-weeks' rest by the sea before the opening of my Winter season at the Angers Opera, for which I had signed a contract in Paris before my début at Vichy.

The Opera House at Angers was controlled by a group of music-lovers who had organized a series of symphony concerts and a season of opera. Such leading composers as Vincent d'Indy, Widor, Dubois and Leroux were asked to conduct the symphonies. It was here that for the first time I sang in "Aïda."

It was while at Angers that I was asked to go once more to the Paris agency to sing for M. Calabrési, the director of La Monnaie, at Brussels. He was a genius in discovering new singers, and had been the first to bring out Calvé, Melba, Renaud, Plançon, Victor Maurel and others. Altogether he was a very remarkable man, and quite old at the time I met him. I can see him now as he sat listening to me with his whimsical fat face and his twinkling eyes. He was so round and short that his feet did not touch the floor.

He was very appreciative of my singing, but did not offer me a contract. "Madame Homer," he said, "you must sing another season at Angers, and then come to us." I was completely dismayed, but there flashed into my mind the fact that he was an intimate friend of my director at Angers, who wanted me for another season. I turned to M. Calabrési and said: "I am very sorry, monsieur, that you do not care to have me. But I assure you I am not going to sing another year at Angers." The little man roared with laughter. "*Très bien*, madame," he exclaimed, "then we will sign the contract for the coming Winter."

In the meantime Mr. Homer carried out his promise to write Mr. Grau describing the progress we had made. The result of this was that very soon I heard from Covent Garden in London asking if I would consider an engagement in the Spring. Lord de Grey, one of the directors, was to be in Paris, and an audition was arranged by M. Koenig.

No other place of meeting would suit him but the Paris Grand Opera stage, and so another series of exciting experiences was faced, with the result that I signed a contract with the understanding that I was to make my début in "Aïda," and among other rôles to sing *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin." Lord and Lady de Grey rose to go. "Of course you understand," Lady de Grey remarked casually, "that you will sing *Aïda* in Italian and *Ortrud* in German." "Certainly," I replied, with all the *sang-froid* of an American girl. I did not know a word of either German or Italian, but had studied these two parts in French. The prospect was staggering, but I did not let them see it. Not a moment was to be lost. I engaged an Italian lady and a German coach, and began to study. No parrot was more zealous in reproducing sound than I was while I went through my rôles word for word, sound for sound.

IN MY experience I have always found the really great artists to be unaffected and without superiority or condescension. It is a great pity the public can not be brought closer to them and learn to know their fine human qualities. Any one who had watched carefully the lone American girl when she went to La Monnaie at Brussels, would have seen how continually the helping hand was held out to her.

It is always a joy to me to emphasize these aspects of the opera, which show its human warmth. I can remember a performance of "La Gioconda" at the Metropolitan, when I had a bad cold. No one could take my place, and I did not want to cause a change of performance. So I said I would do my best. Most of my singing was with Caruso. He saw my condition, and reduced his tone so that the weakness of my voice would not be noticeable. This was characteristic of him.

The mention of "La Gioconda" recalls an incident which happened in Cincinnati. At six-thirty in the evening I reached the theater to dress. I found my trunk had been left in Pittsburgh. I was a Venetian lady of high degree, and something had to be done to dress me. Every one came to the rescue—Nordica lent me her jewels, Plançon sent me his make-up box, Edyth Walker, who played the blind mother, rushed into my room as soon as she came off stage and helped my maid sew and fit me. And just as I was about to go on, Caruso waylaid me. "If only my shoe-box were here, I would lend you the proper footgear," he declared. But that night the Venetian lady of high degree stood singing in modern American shoes.

The Covent Garden season ended in July and we went to Brussels the following September. Here I had eight months of varied and wonderful advantages. The season had no more than begun when the company was thrown into breathless excitement by the sudden appearance of Mr. Grau, who had come over from London for a few days. He did not come behind the scenes; but we could see him sitting in one of the most conspicuous boxes—a formidable judge. We all wanted to go to the Metropolitan; and, as a matter of fact, four of us were engaged for the following season: Imbert de la Tour, Gilibert, Journet and myself.

Before we reached New York, however, I was to have a second season at Covent Garden, and then it was that I received a "royal command" from Queen Victoria to sing at a court concert. This festivity at Buckingham Palace is one of the highest functions of the season. I had never seen a more impressive sight than the court dresses, the scarlet uniforms, the beautiful robes of the Indian potentates, ablaze with jewels and weighted with ropes of diamonds. The Queen lived in retirement at Windsor, but the Prince and Princess of Wales represented her. I had been warned beforehand about the dictates of court etiquette: I was to courtesy in response to royalty, but I wasn't to say a thing. But after the concert the Prince and Princess descended from their dais and made a stately progress through rows of bowed heads until they stopped before me. They were very gracious in their warm praise of my singing. I did not fail to sweep my skirts in the deep courtesy I had practised before my mirror, but, alas! I did fail to keep silent. I murmured, "Thank you."

AS THE time approached for my début at the Metropolitan Opera House, I may have had a feeling that there was something to be proved merely because I happened to be an American girl. And it may be that the times have changed since then, that we Americans of the Metropolitan Opera—Nordica, Eames, Bispham and myself—were perhaps conscious that it was necessary to prove or to emphasize

Continued on page 85



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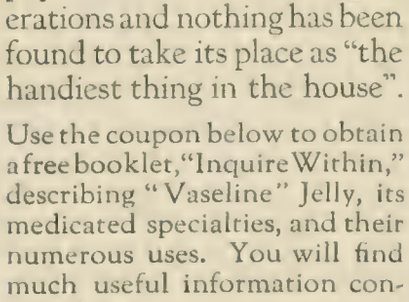
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THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN SINGER

Continued from page 84

to the American public that American singers could take their positions with foreign artists. It is just as difficult for any American singer to reach prominence to-day as it was then, perhaps more difficult, because there are more singers than ever before. But the prejudice against singers merely because they are Americans, which was sometimes felt in the past, has entirely disappeared. At the Chicago Opera, where I have greatly enjoyed singing "guest performances" these past three years, it is quite evident that the public is really anxious to welcome the American singer. All they ask in addition to the voice is that the singer have dramatic talent and sufficient imagination to sink any provincial or local Americanism in the atmosphere of the work being sung.

I came back to America—after my foreign experiences—quite as much an American as ever, so far as my personal life was concerned. And when I faced the vast Metropolitan audience on my début in "Aïda," it was with great happiness that I was at last singing to my own people. But there must have been another feeling—that it was perhaps one of the most critical audiences in the world, used to an exceptional gathering of the world's best singers brought together through the assiduous labors of the impresarios entrusted with the New York Opera seasons. Under Grau and Conried I came to understand what elation it was to feel oneself being taken into the whole-hearted acceptance of such audiences.

MY CONNECTION with the Metropolitan Opera enabled us to have a permanent home in New York and to be with our children all the time, just like families all over the world. We sometimes took them to the opera, but not too often. And we never forced the study of music upon them. We have seen too many children develop a distaste for that which they should have learned to love. But we gave them every opportunity for study. We did not insist that our little son of three years should sit through the long hours of the entire performance of "Parsifal." We took him to hear the first act, but when we suggested going home, he would not budge. To go home before the very end was to him a tragedy.

Naturally all the children felt identified with our life in music. I remember a friend once asking one of the twins at the early age of four what she was going to be when she grew up. "Why," scornfully, "don't you know, I'm going to be an opera-singer." But a few years later this same twin, when she was asked, "Are you going to be an opera-singer?" exclaimed, "No, indeed; I don't want to be the slave of the public." And, as it happens, it is the other twin, Katherine, who has the voice. It is she who, during the past Summer, has urged me to give her lessons and to take her once a week to study with Madame Sembrich, who has a home near us at Lake George. But it was for her to choose thus to break into her vacation.

However, from the very first, our little Louise took it for granted that because we were artists so was she. I remember when she was four, an organ-grinder stopping beneath our window in Paris. As we stood looking out at him, "What would he think," she exclaimed, "if he knew he was playing to three artists?" That was all in her babyhood; but to-day she is really before the public as Louise Homer Stires, singing both with me and alone.

The children have always taken the deepest interest in my career, and they make a very inspiring and partial audience in their box at the opera or at the concert, applauding me violently and embarrassingly long.

THE years that now passed were filled with constant work—the adding of new rôles, the reaching of new audiences through my concerts. The latter is most inspiring work, bringing one in close contact with people

Concluded on page 86

Wakeful nerves *at night?*



How to get the sound natural sleep that keeps you young in looks and spirit

More than 20,000 physicians approve this simple way—see what 3 days will do. Make this test

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up! Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your morning logy, your energies drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a *natural* means to overcome this: a way to restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new woman. You are fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. Youthful in looks and spirit. And you have the energy to carry you right through the day and the evening's social activities.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Luxurious Sleep That Restores

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound restful sleep, quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building up food essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has *more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.*



Second—Ovaltine has the power actually *to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods* which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

There is quick restoration for your tired mind and body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Restful sleep comes. In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being for a new day. You are alive with energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. It has been used in Switzerland for 30 years and is now in universal use in England and its colonies. During the great war Ovaltine was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today it is used in hundreds of hospitals. More than 20,000 doctors know and recommend it not only as a restorative but also for nursing mothers, convalescents, invalids, backward children and the aged.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick-up" drink.



Energy to meet the evening's social demands.

A 3-day Test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send in the coupon with 10 cents in stamps.

OVALTINE

Builds Brain, Nerves and Body

"Ovaltine was recommended to me by my physician. Both my husband and myself are taking it. We enjoy it so much before retiring. We both notice the existence of better sleep, appetite and more ambition during the day."
Letter from
MRS. W. C. SHULL.
Westmont, N. J.



"I find that Ovaltine has cured my sleeplessness almost entirely and seems to quiet my nerves if I get tired or nervous over anything. Have recommended it to a friend and her husband who suffer from sleeplessness and nerves." Letter from MRS. E. L. STAATS. *Philadelphia, Pa.*



Mail coupon today

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37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

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Street .....
City ..... *State* .....
(One package to a person. Write plainly.)

It's the DESSERT *that they* REMEMBER



After all, grown-ups are just children all over again when meal-time comes.

They may *enjoy* the soup and the salad and the meat, but it's the dessert—the last course—that makes the lasting impression.

Particularly is this true if the dessert is an Hawaiian Pineapple *creation.*

Make Hawaiian Pineapple your frequent culinary aid. Keep *both kinds* on hand! And send the coupon below for free recipe book, which tells how to make the dishes illustrated here—and many others equally delicious.



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THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN SINGER

Concluded from page 85

who, as the opera is now organized in this country, can never hope to hear the Metropolitan away from New York and in such removed places. There is no limit to the joy that such engagements in concert singing bring. One penetrates all corners of the United States, reaching all sorts of people craving good music. It is a veritable joy to watch their faces and to realize how deeply they feel every note and word.

I shall never forget the time I sang at one of my concerts the setting my husband made for Thomas Hood's "The Song of the Shirt." It made an immense appeal, and when I ended, much to my astonishment, a clergyman arose in the balcony. With hands uplifted, he cried out, "Let us pray." We all bowed our heads, and he uttered a prayer aloud.

Such responses fill one with gratitude. When I go to a college town to sing, the unaffected youthful enthusiasm of the students is the pleasantest reward one can ask. How eager they are, wholly unconscious that they might by their crowding around the stage door and their urgent demands for autographs be making you lose your train! But they are so joyous and full of youth and vigor that I am confident our country is safe in the hands of the younger generation.

"HOMELAND," on Lake George, is our dearest home, planned after our own needs and desires. Here it is that in a studio built on the lake Mr. Homer can compose his songs in peace. I placed my studio deep in the pines, but later built a second one on the lake. Indeed we all have studios, for our twins are studying, and since none of us wishes to hear the others practise, we are well scattered. We all sing, down to our baby girl, Joy. Sometimes our neighbors come in on Sundays—and we gather around the piano and join in hymns. It is then, as Mr. Homer and I glance at the six children—two of them now married—that there comes to my mind another group: my sister at the piano, my father with his flute, my brother with his "bones," and the girl that I was, tapping away at the triangle.

And so life goes on with its rich inheritances and its loving histories that repeat themselves.



YOUR CHILD'S CHARACTER

Continued from page 16

Mothers, you have these habits under your direct control in the very first year of your baby's life. Keep them in hand through vigilance and training, rather than through tense discipline. Keep the atmosphere of the home wholesome and quiet, so that the child will not be exposed to unfortunate emotional suggestions, and the preschool personality of the child will almost take care of itself.

Zealous parents frequently try to do too much. They make a fetish of obedience or of neatness or unselfishness, or even of honesty; and in this pursuit of the higher perfections they neglect the fundamentals of meal-time, playtime, bedtime, dressing and toilet. The kernel of the child's make-up is penetrated and influenced by these every-day essentials of life, but it will be years before he is ready for a rational ethical approach to the business of living.

Premature and excessive zeal on the part of the parent leads to scenes, to rebelliousness and to domination. If the mother herse f is nervous, her tenseness and injudiciousness aggravate the very traits which she is trying to manage.

She becomes oversensitive in regard to her child's behavior. She injects herself into the situation and fails to look at her little one's behavior problem in an objective, philosophic way. In her restless perplexity she does not think out a sound policy, and unfortunately she often does the wrong thing. So matters grow worse for her nerves and for the child's. It is better to do nothing at all to correct the faults in your child's personality than to attempt the wrong thing. Children have an insidious yet powerful knack of drawing attention to themselves for punishment as well as for protection. The simplest, but, one should never forget, almost the hardest, rule to apply at times is "*learn to let the child alone.*"

A child, even in infancy, must achieve his own health and strength of personality. Nobody can provide them for him directly. We can only furnish the best conditions for natural mental growth. The basis of that growth, we repeat, lies in the every-day habits of living.

If these are wholesome, and if the child is stimulated by influences of encouragement and good cheer, he steadily acquires a trust in life and a confidence in himself, and escapes those corroding feelings of inferiority which lie at the basis of so many personality difficulties.

The great secret of success in personality training, then, is to achieve a balance in which one gives the child neither too much nor too little attention. If he gets too much attention, he may exploit the household and become a spoiled monarch. If he gets too little, he may become overdependent and overcompliant. The great art is to put him on his own resources, even in infancy, and to keep him there as he grows up. There is always the danger of spoiling him either through overindulgence or through misplaced zeal. Intelligent neglect is much to be preferred to oversolicitous interference. The parents should give the child an opportunity to acquire his own morale.

HOW IS EARLY TRAINING IMPORTANT?

AT EVERY age within the limits of his capacity a child should be taught to be self-reliant. He should learn to go to sleep by himself. In due time he should learn to take off his shoes, to put them on, to dress, wash and feed himself. It is a good sign if he wants to eat with a spoon at the age of one, a splendid one if by the age of two he uses it independently. It is a bad token if he is still being spoon-fed by his mother when he is four years old.

He must learn to play by himself and to remain alone in a room while his mother goes out to the yard. In countless ways in the every-day situations of life he must lay the foundations for that fortitude which some day will make him a truly independent person, with what Emerson called self-reliance, and what we nowadays are accustomed to call morale.

Health of personality is chiefly a matter of morale. And the wise parent gives her child progressive opportunities to acquire it, even as early as in the nursery.

We will sum up, then, by giving a few suggestions for the cultivation of morale in the young child:

Regular, sensible habits of eating, sleeping, rest, toilet and play—these will make not only for physical health, but for mental stability.

Poise and good cheer in the home life will seep into the child's mental constitution through unconscious imitation.

Generous encouragement, frequent well-timed praise and discerning affection will help him to build up trust in life, in those around him and in himself.

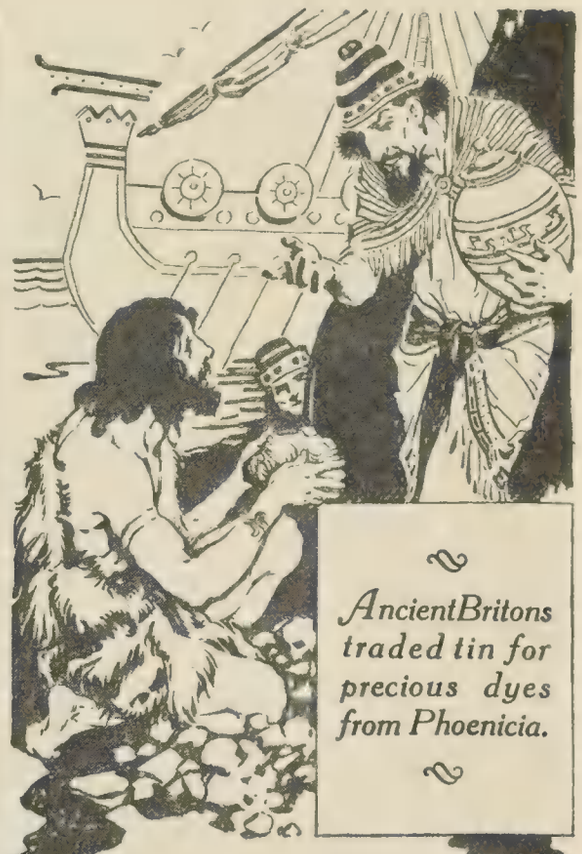
Repeated experiences in success in the accomplishment of simple tasks, with commendation, will build up self-confidence.

Do not kindle jealousy. Overcome it by giving him ample evidence of affection and security.

Respect his fears and shynesses, but counteract them tactfully and circumvent them by a process of gradual training.

Ignore tantrums or prevent them by diversion. Do not allow them to become the instrument of domination.

Concluded on page 87



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***A Quality Seal on Every Wheel* is a guarantee not a slogan. It is the red and gold hub-cap placed on every wheel of Heywood-Wakefield Baby Carriages, Strollers and Sulkies. When you see the *Quality Seal* you are sure that the Carriage is a quality product. For, no matter which of the numerous Heywood-Wakefield designs, colors and finishes you choose there is behind it our 99-year reputation.**

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YOUR CHILD'S CHARACTER

Concluded from page 86

Even when the child is tediously convalescing from a long illness it is necessary to temper instinctive kindness with wise discrimination. You must not give in to the child altogether, but rather guide his recovering strength in such a way that he will gain in self-control as well. Otherwise you may have a personality problem on your hands after physical health has been restored.

Do not regard obstinacy, whining, irritability and disobedience as vices. Think of them as symptoms which call for interpretation and preventive management rather than for sharp discipline.

Do not try to build up the child's self-control by frequent and severe discipline. Remember that self-control is the by-product of wholesome living and gradual training.

Treat the child as an individual, even though he is tiny and dependent on you. It is this very dependence which may make you feel too personal about his misbehavior.

Remember that growing up mentally means attaining sufficient stamina to meet the demands of life squarely on one's own resources. It is a steady process of gradual detachment, first from the apron-strings, later from the home itself.

It is a long process and not an easy one. It can be normally completed only by starting early and by starting right. And it is a matter of morale. It requires health of personality. And remember, mothers, it begins in the nursery.



TWO GARDENS

Continued from page 20

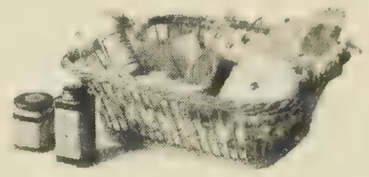
the old billboard type of fence, the plain blank and about six feet high kind, is to box in the posts, making them more decorative, and to put a lattice between them. The fence so treated gives the effect of a wall with a trellis against it, and is both a charming background for tall hollyhocks or monkshood and also an excellent support for roses. Vines trained against it are far more decorative in their effect than when they are grown on a plain fence, which must be thickly covered by them before it can really be beautiful.

Another type of fence that is common in the suburbs is made of heavy wire supported at fifteen-foot intervals by tall heavy posts. These may be as large as two-and-one-half-inch iron pipe, and may also do service as clothes-posts. An excellent way of making this sort of boundary more pleasing is to stretch other lengths of wire between the posts horizontally, and to train dwarf fruit-trees against it. Sweet peas may also be grown along the fence line and will make a pleasant barrier.

In the garden "pattern" given here, one side is the old-type fence against which the owner has trained roses, as this is the best exposure for them. Roses also fill the rest of the flower-bed which has the sun all day. Pansies are planted to carpet the ground. Next the house is a small cold-frame of the sort gardeners call a "pony frame," consisting of two sections each three by three feet. Here lettuce is grown for use from October until Christmas, and from February on again. In the other little frame are violets and pansies for Winter blooming.

The other fence, across the little garden, is of the wire and iron-post type. Fruit-trees are trained against it, and the old-fashioned corchorus, double-flowered plum (prunus triloba) and forsythia are also grown. This

Concluded on page 88



No baby powder can be *too good*, *too safe* for a new baby's skin



Why over a million mothers of new babies choose this same baby powder

"THE *skin of the young baby is very delicate*," says the great authority on infancy, Dr. L. Emmett Holt, "*and chafing and other eruptions easily occur unless special care is exercised.*"

A skin specialist in the Harvard Medical School says, "*the delicate skin of a baby is very susceptible to the many irritating discharges which assail it. . . . One cannot be too careful to remove these deleterious substances at the earliest possible moment. If the baby is fat, wash out the folds of the neck, groins and buttocks, and thighs in the daily bath, and dust in an abundance of talcum powder to absorb the future moisture.*"

No Baby Powder too Good

For this delicate young skin, the tenderest thing in the world, no baby powder can be too good—too safe. For it is in constant use.

It is gently massaged over the entire body after the bath.

It is used repeatedly through the day, on the parts where wetting or soiling so often occur.

Its aid must be resorted to frequently even on the face—around the mouth where saliva is apt to moisten the skin and irritate it—or around the nose in cases where it runs.

All this devotion would be futile, were not the baby powder itself safe beyond any possibility of question. For this reason more than half the mothers in America use Johnson's Baby Powder.

Indeed, it was made at physicians' request by Johnson and Johnson to whom they turned as a house long known to them as manufacturers of hundreds of surgically safe articles.

A Trained Nurse's Way of Powdering Baby

The following is a trained nurse's description of the right way to dust baby after his bath:

First make your own hand soft as velvet with a thick coating of the fine white powder.

Then gently massage the chubby limbs, smoothing the powder into all the folds and crevices—over every roughened, irritated area. Your gentle rubbing lulls the nerves. The powder will absorb future moisture from perspiration or the dampness of diapers. And its faint delicate odor will keep baby sweet and fresh throughout the day.

Begin today to give your baby the added comfort Johnson's Baby Powder brings. Your own druggist carries it.

To enable all mothers to know for themselves the blessing of this safe baby powder, Johnson and Johnson are making to the readers of this magazine the interesting *free* offer below.

SEND ONLY YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

for a small can, sent free, of Johnson's Baby Powder, the best baby powder, made according to physicians' prescription in their famous laboratories, also their concise little book on the care of baby skin, "The Faith of a Baby."

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Your druggist is more than a merchant

E



An advertisement on a delicate subject

—but it should be read by every thinking woman

MOST women possess a natural delicacy about the discussion of certain phases of health and hygiene that are peculiarly feminine problems. Perhaps they have heard physicians refer to personal hygiene for women as a healthful and necessary practice. And probably they have heard the same physicians deplore the use of poisonous compounds for this purpose. All this may have led to a certain confusion in the minds of many who would welcome a frank statement of facts on the subject.

How science has solved woman's problem

Bichloride of mercury is a dangerous poison. Carbolic acid is a dangerous poison. Yet for years women have been forced to depend for germicidal purposes upon compounds containing powerful poisons such as these. But now science *has* produced an antiseptic-germicide which possesses great germ-killing power and is at the same time *absolutely non-poisonous* and safe to use.

This great antiseptic is Zonite, and it has already proved a blessing in thousands of homes. The tragedy of accidental poisoning will never darken the doors of the home where Zonite is used. For Zonite is safe.

Use Zonite and avoid risk of poisoning

Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and it is *more than forty times* as strong germicidally as peroxide of hydrogen.

No wonder Zonite has been received with satisfaction by members of the medical profession. For Zonite, notwithstanding its great germicidal strength, is, in its many uses, absolutely harmless to delicate membranes and tissues. In fact, so beneficial is its action that dental authorities are using and recommending Zonite as a mouthwash.

The Women's Division has now prepared a booklet

Space here is of course too limited to give a complete account of the important changes that Zonite has brought into the lives of fastidious women. Every bottle of Zonite contains complete directions.

Also, there is the special booklet prepared by the Women's Division on the subject of Feminine Hygiene and covering other affairs of the toilette as well. Its scientific, impersonal treatment of the matter commends it to thinking people. It is frank and thorough. Every woman with a sense of responsibility will want a copy for herself or her friends. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter. A copy will be mailed in dainty "social correspondence" envelope if you will fill in the coupon below.

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A whole medicine chest in itself



Zonite kills germs.

That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

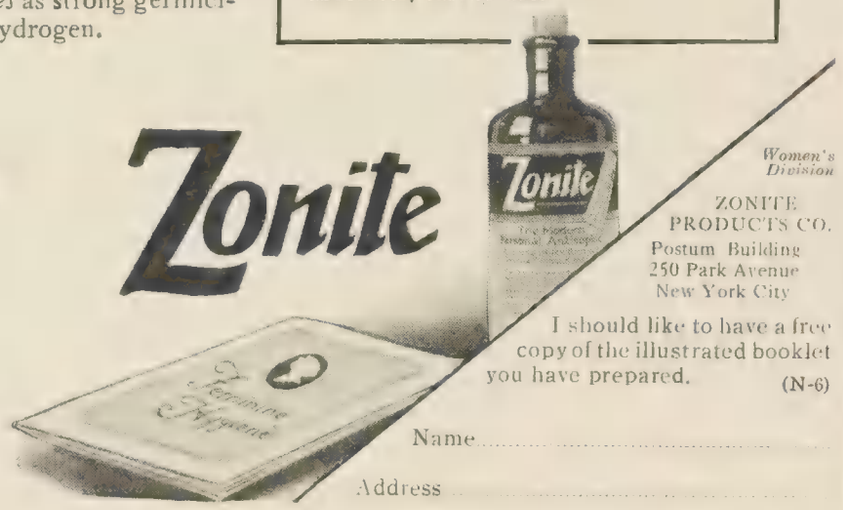
For use as a deodorant.

Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.

In bottles, 50c and $1 at drug stores

Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.



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Women's Division

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250 Park Avenue
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I should like to have a free copy of the illustrated booklet you have prepared. (N-6)

Name .....

Address .....



TWO GARDENS

Concluded from page 87

long bed is edged with strawberry plants, for the owner may be a thrifty soul who likes to grow her own fruit. The rest of the bed is filled with hardy perennials, foxgloves, bellflowers, hollyhocks, sweet-william and hardy chrysanthemums; and just behind the strawberries, pushing their way up through them in the Spring, are tulips. There is also room here for a plant or two of rhubarb, for a little mint and for some roots of parsley.

When the plot is small, it is important to plant the vegetables that one likes most to have, that are not easily or inexpensively procured, that it is important to have fresh. This gardener likes asparagus.

At the end of the yard is a Russian mulberry-tree, set to attract the birds; a double row of tall double cosmos; and in front, asparagus. Every other day for six weeks in the Spring the gardener may cut her own asparagus. In the tiny kitchen-garden the thrifty system of "double-cropping" is practised. Two rows of peas are followed by tomatoes (plants set out), red peppers and eggplant (plants set out). Radishes are sown thinly in the row with carrots. Beets grown for their tops are followed by cauliflower. Leaf lettuce and sweet alyssum are used for edging.

In the center flower-beds are set small evergreens to define and give character to the little garden in the Winter time. Two of these are box plants from which the thrifty and expert gardener may make cuttings and in time have a box-edged flower-bed.

This garden has color in it from January, when the Winter aconite and Christmas rose are abloom, until November. It is yellow, purple and white with jasmine and crocus blossoms in March; rose-color in later April; then lavender with iris companioned by the yellow and orange of daffodils and geum; in June come the roses, followed by Shirley poppies, larkspur, and hollyhocks in August, and zinnias which bloom until frost. Chrysanthemums in shades of tawny orange, bronze and copper supply the Autumn color. This garden, besides being always a gay, colorful spot, yields an abundance of flowers for the house and there will be plenty remaining to give away.



GOOD SPORTS

Continued from page 15

a porch that opened onto a terraced garden. It was a lovely spot. A tall hedge hid the dusty highway, and everything was quiet and peaceful. When Elizabeth's step sounded on the stairs, he called to her, and she came to the doorway.

"Come out," said Don. "There's a breeze now, and the house is stifling," but it seemed to him that she came reluctantly, and, with even more reluctance, took the place beside him. There was a moment's silence; then Don said abruptly: "I went down the harbor."

"This afternoon?" There was a hint of surprise in his wife's voice. "If I'd known you were going, I'd have taken the children—that is, unless you had other company."

This was a touch of the familiar sarcasm that cropped up when she was displeased or hurt. Don faced her squarely.

"I had no other company, of course; and I'll go with you any day you say. But this afternoon I—I didn't want you, or the babies, or any one. I had to think."

She drew a startled breath.

"About—what?"

"Us." Don waited a moment for it to sink in. "I thought, after this morning, that we'd reached the point——"

"Oh, I know!" she broke in passionately. "You needn't say it. You want to get rid of me, of course. I've been thinking, too—all day. I'm *dead* with thinking; and I've come to the place where I don't much care what happens. But—I sha'n't give up my children. I nearly died to bring them into the world—you know that—and I won't be cheated out of them now when they're all I have. I know you love them, but you're not their *mother*, and——"

She stopped abruptly. Don knew she couldn't continue without tears, so he gave her time, but as she remained silent he said gently: "No, I'm not their mother, but I've an idea they might have some use for me during the next ten years. I wasn't thinking of divorce, Elizabeth."

She said, breathlessly, putting a hand to one scarlet cheek as if to cool it: "What *were* you thinking? If you imagine that I'll consent to a sort of 'wife-in-name-only' existence—bickering, quarreling, knowing that you despise my taste in everything from books to music— Oh, I never told you," she went on recklessly, "but my father and mother quarreled terribly! It used to frighten me, just as our silly row this morning frightened Mary. Seeing her cry that way brought everything back, and I'm not willing that she should suffer what I did, poor baby! Divorce is hateful, but it's better than—that."

"Perhaps," said Don. He arose, tossing his cigaret into a bed of flaming salvia; then turned to her, his eyes dark with feeling. "Elizabeth—the wrecked homes of this country are its disgrace. Are we going to add ours to the already overburdened list? Must we, Elizabeth?"

"But—what else can we do?"

"We can try to love each other, can't we?" he asked her gently.

She laughed, a bitter little laugh that cut him. "Do you still believe that 'the light of the whole world dies, when love is dead'?"

DON winced. He had quoted that in the first sweet days of courtship. It was going to be hard if she took that attitude. He said, not meeting her eyes because he couldn't bear their mockery: "I suppose I do. And you do, too, my dear, if you'd admit it. What—what did you see in me to like when you married me, Elizabeth?"

"Your classic profile, possibly."

A dangerous light flashed into Don's eyes as he sat down again. It was with difficulty that he caught back the angry retort that was on his lips.

"Please—don't be flippant now," he pleaded. "What I mean is this: It can't all be gone, the thing that attracted us in those first days. Let's be honest, Elizabeth. You're disappointed in me. To a certain extent, I'm disappointed, too. Perhaps we both would have been happier with some one else; but we married each other. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

He had her attention now. There was no flippancy in her voice as she replied: "What—what are you trying to say?"

"Just this: You're my wife. It's my duty to make you happy—if I can. And your obligation to me is just as big. If we stop thinking about what we want ourselves, and try to do what we know will please the other, won't that help?"

"But you said we must *love* each other. Is love a thing that can come and go at will?"

"Perhaps not; but if we shut our eyes to the things that grate on us—if we refuse to dwell on them, and try to remember the decent, the lovable qualities that even the worst of us possess in some degree, it'll come easier. You said, Elizabeth, that I despised your taste. If I've made you feel that way, I've been a cad. It's no crime for you to enjoy a slap-stick movie, and no credit to me that I prefer Beethoven's symphonies. We're different, that's all. But if we're to be happy we must try to grow alike, as far as possible. It will take patience. It may take years; but in the meantime we can be comrades, can't we—if not lovers?"

There followed a silence, broken at last by the flutter of wings in the tree-top, and somewhere beyond the sun-dial the note of a bird. Then Elizabeth spoke, a little breathlessly, as if her tears were only around the corner.

Continued on page 89



This X-Ray shows tooth socket destruction by pyorrhea



Teeth that gleam

are often threatened by an unseen danger

TEETH that gleam with pearly whiteness are not safe from pyorrhea's attack unless the gums are firm and healthy. The danger is unseen because it starts *under* the gums. But an X-Ray would reveal how quickly the infection spreads to the root sockets which support the teeth. The only way to check it is to ward off pyorrhea.

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GOOD SPORTS

Continued from page 88

"You mean then, that—because of the—the children——"

"No!" broke in Don sharply. "No! It's because of you and me, and this good old world, and the friends who believe in us! I'd die for my children if it were necessary; and if I hated you, which I'm very far from doing, I'd stick to you for their sakes. But this is different. It's a question of right and wrong. We chose each other, Elizabeth, and because we didn't get what we expected, are we to forget our marriage vows—break up our home—make worse than orphans of the children we brought into the world? . . . Betty" (his voice softened as he turned to her), "can't you face this with the same courage with which you faced motherhood? You fought and won a brave battle the night when little Bill was born. Won't you put up as brave a fight right now, to save our love?"

"But—*can* I save it?"

"You can try—as I shall. Life batters every one, Elizabeth. Perhaps most of us don't find our happiness where we expect it. But let's be good sports at least. Let's stick it out. Don't you see, dear, it's the *only* way in which we can give our children the sort of home that they'll remember gratefully?"

It was almost dark now on the little porch. Don could not see the tears that suddenly blinded his wife's eyes, and she did not answer; but in the garden-stillness their hands met and clung in a wordless promise that neither was to forget.

DON CARTER often remembered thankfully the months that followed, realizing in the light of ripening years that they were wrought of the stuff that strengthens. It was not an easy time. He and Elizabeth had drifted farther apart than either had suspected until they tried to come together. Bickering over trifles had become a habit. It was a fixed idea with them both that what one enjoyed would bore the other. All this had to be changed, and radical changes can't happen in a night. It meant a régime of eternal vigilance to both of them. It was impossible that in unguarded moments they should not slip back; but there were no more words before the children, and because the children were usually in evidence, the quarrels which used to be so frequent grew few and far between.

Don never knew some six months later, when he laughed outright at something comic in a moving picture, that Elizabeth caught her breath in a sob of happiness. Elizabeth was unaware on the night when she vigorously applauded a world-known violinist that Don looked at her wonderingly, and, seeing that her applause was obviously sincere, breathed a sigh of pure relief.

Perhaps neither saw that the other was choosing his recreations carefully. Don bought tickets only for concerts that Elizabeth might possibly enjoy—a singer whose program was not too classical; a pianist whose encores were pretty sure to be familiar. And, when Elizabeth suggested a movie, it was not of the variety that Don loathed, nor did she ask him to dance all night at the country club; while Don, realizing after a time that midnight would see him safe in bed and that the evening passed most merrily in free movement and laughter, began to enjoy those informal parties and to suggest going to them himself.

IT WAS not easy sledding, but it grew easier with the years. In time they came to strike a happy medium, even as to reading, and when they hit upon a book that both enjoyed, they rejoiced openly. But their children were the mutual meeting-place that never failed them. Once when Mary, at the age of seven, went as a treat to spend the night with a small neighbor, she surprised her parents by returning when they were at breakfast.

"What's up?" asked Don, after an ardent greeting.

Continued on page 90

The figure at the left is idealized by a DeBevoise Corsette,* which supports and moulds the figure most effectively. The right figure owes its lines to a DeBevoise Smartway Bandeau (extra long) and a DeBevoise Girdle, which controls hips, lower thighs and diaphragm.



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GOOD SPORTS

Continued from page 89

"I got a little homesick," explained Mary, slipping into her accustomed chair. Then, after a thoughtful moment: "I s'posed fathers and mothers *loved* each other, daddy."

Across the table Don's eyes met Elizabeth's in a puzzled glance.

"What do you mean, dear?"

"It was this morning," replied the little girl. "Polly's father was so cross. Something wasn't mended, and he called her mother a—a lazy—I can't 'member what, and slammed the door. Polly was crying, so—so I came home."

Don seemed to be looking into space. "There," he said, to the complete bewilderment of his daughter, "but for the grace of God, goes Donald Carter." He arose, and lifting Elizabeth's flushed face, kissed her gently. Then he kissed Mary. "Look here, little girl," he said, "don't tell any one but mother and daddy what you saw. You were a guest, Mary, and a guest never repeats things like that. Perhaps Polly's father wasn't feeling well, and didn't know what he was saying."

"He said it twice," Mary replied accusingly. "He must have known."

"Well, don't *you* worry about it," commanded Don. "If mother can spare you for the day, I'll take you to the city and we'll have a gorgeous lunch together. May I have her, Betty?" And Elizabeth, knowing that Don wanted the child to forget what she had witnessed, joyfully agreed.

LOOKING back, time seems to pass with incredible swiftness. Don and Elizabeth had passed victoriously those first difficult years of readjustment. Mary was in school—out of school—engaged to "the nicest boy on earth," and planning a Fall wedding. Bill, the baby, was a half-inch taller than his father, and ready for college. It was August, a warm evening, and Don was seated on the porch where fifteen years before he and Elizabeth had talked their differences over and decided to stick it out.

From within came laughter and young voices. Friends of Mary's had dropped in to see the contents of a hope chest, over which she and her mother spent, what seemed to Don, long hectic hours. Elizabeth was with them, of course. Don heard her voice: "Yes, Mary embroidered the whole dozen. Aren't they lovely?"

Don smiled. Funny, he thought, what a lot of comfort women get out of their household goods. Elizabeth was undoubtedly having the time of her life buying things for Mary. He sighed, thinking in how short a time Mary would be gone, Bill in college, and he and Elizabeth alone——

He closed his eyes a moment, visualizing the stormy past. Gosh! how he had fought at times to hold his tongue! And Elizabeth? Well, it had been every bit as hard for her—harder sometimes. And now they were to be left alone. Well, come to think of it, there was no one he'd rather be alone with! Don realized the fact with a sense of thankfulness. They had been good sports. Elizabeth and he. And out of the welter of their youthful antagonisms—out of what came so near the shoals—they had built a comradeship and understanding that defied storms. Respect at first, because of honest effort—and affection—then love—surely love at last!

A slamming door, and Bill slumped down upon the steps.

"Hot, isn't it?"

His father assented with a grunt. There followed a friendly silence. Then, from above: "Show them those last guest-towels, dear. The ones that Cousin Lizzie hemstitched." Bill stretched himself in pretended boredom and chuckled.

"Gee! How can they keep it up? That's the third time since noon that Mary's displayed her doodabs, and mother following along as if she were seeing 'em for the first time! Aren't women the limit?"

A twinkle appeared in Don's blue eyes.

"We'd have a hard time without 'em, my boy."

"Maybe. Well" (a thoughtful pause), "I hope old Mary will be as happy as she *thinks* she'll be."

The merry twinkle in Don's eyes died away bleakly.

"I pray she will; and—I believe it, Bill. Mary and Jack—well—they're congenial, and that's half the battle."

"Battle!" Bill threw back his head and laughed joyously. "Is that your idea of the holy state of matrimony? But, honest, dad, it describes it pretty accurately for some folks. Last night when I was at the Campbells', the old man kept yapping at his wife till I longed to heave a coal-hod at him. Poor Polly was terribly ashamed. I had to pretend I didn't notice, but what I *wanted* to do was to come home, where such things don't happen."

"M—m," mumbled Don. He suddenly recalled the day when seven-year-old Mary *had* come home, to get away from this same couple. So they were still at it! An easy habit to form, a hard one to break, but— He said quietly: "Too bad; but somehow, Bill, I don't fear a fate like that for Mary. She'll take what life gives her and make the best of it. She's a good sport, like—like her mother."

"Mother!" The boy looked up. "Why do you call her that?"

"Because, son, she's put up with my shortcomings so courageously."

Bill grinned.

"Well, I'll tell the whole world that she hasn't had much to put up with then, have you, mums?"

ELIZABETH was in the doorway now. She came out quietly and sat down by Don. Fifteen years ago she had been pretty. Now she was beautiful, or seemed so to the discerning eyes that knew her best. She smiled.

"What's all this about?"

"You partly," replied her son, "and the quarreling Campbells across the way, and Mary, and Marriage—with a big M. Dad says you're a sport—a wonder—a female Job, because you've managed to live with him for twenty years without damaging his beauty with the rolling-pin."

"Don't be alarmed, Elizabeth," said Don lazily. "As usual, our youngest is drawing on his imagination."

"I only added the finishing touches," defended Bill. "That was exactly what he meant."

"Was it?" smiled Elizabeth. "Well, perhaps he has had some things to put up with, too."

"If he has," retorted Bill, "he's concealed the fact successfully, and so have you. Honestly, mums, I don't believe there's another home in town like this. I *know* there's not another where the gang likes to come as it does here. Do you know what Stan Ellwood told me? He's inclined toward Brady's pool-room, you know, and his aunt gives him fits for it. But the night he was here to supper he said to me: 'Gosh! Bill, if I had a home like yours I'd *never* go out,' and he meant it, too."

"Poor boy!" said Elizabeth softly. "You must have him here more often, Bill. It'll do him good."

"Aren't you afraid," said Don, with another twinkle, "that he'll contaminate your son?"

"Not while you're on the job as father," answered Elizabeth.

"This," grinned Bill, "is certainly one little admiration party." A sound of voices came from within. "Say, are those females going?"

Then they heard gay good nights. Bill groaned. "When does the next personally conducted tour arrive? Those towels'll be worn out before poor Jack has a chance to dry his hand on 'em. Come on out, Sis, and join the family party. You ought to have been here sooner and heard dad and me discourse on Marriage and the Home."

Mary, a dream of a girl, with dusky hair, sat down on a cushion and rested her head against her father's knee.

"I don't need to learn anything about a home, Bill, after the ideal one I've had for nineteen years."

DON drew a quick breath. It came to him that these words from their children were repaying Elizabeth and him a thousandfold for any pangs they'd suffered. His eyes sought hers, but she didn't meet them. She said, breathlessly: "Has—*has* home seemed that to you, darling?"

Surprise at the question flashed over the girl's face.

Concluded on page 91

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GOOD SPORTS

Concluded from page 90

"Of course it has! You've been so wonderful always, you and Dad. It's our one ambition, Jack's and mine, to make another home like this." She looked up at her mother, eyes starry with dreams; then added, with a reminiscent smile: "Why, Mother! I never went on a visit *anywhere*, in all my life, that I didn't thank my lucky stars when I got back home that I was the child of parents who—well—who really *loved* each other, as you and Dad do."

Don reached out to caress the dusky head against his knee.

"Thanks, daughter," he said gently. "You'll never know just what it means to Mother and me to have you tell us that you feel that way about us."

His hand groped for and found Elizabeth's, as it had on that other Summer evening long ago. Then Bill arose, stretching his long length lazily.

"Come on, Sis. Let's pick up Polly Campbell and hie us to the corner for a sundae. If we sit here any longer throwing bouquets to Dad and Mother we'll completely spoil 'em." But Mary hesitated.

"You don't mind if we leave you here alone?"

Don was still clasping his wife's hand. He answered, with the indulgent smile his children knew and loved: "Run along, kids, and enjoy yourselves, if those sticky drug-store mixtures are what you crave. But don't pity *us*. Your Mother and I are not alone, Mary, my dear. We are *together!*"

ELIZABETH'S fingers tightened about his. "Don," she said, as the young people vanished beyond the hedge, "we—we *are* together, aren't we? You meant that?"

A tolerant smile played around his lips.

"Were you doubting it?"

"But—I'm the same girl you married, dear, the girl who failed you."

The smile vanished as he answered: "I refuse to admit the failure, Elizabeth, or for that matter, that you're the same girl. You're the woman who grew out of those years when we had to sit so tight to keep the boat from rocking. Incidentally, I wouldn't change her for any shipmate in the whole wide world. But the real point is, that we reached port."

She said generously: "It was all you, Don. Even now I could cry to think of you—working it all out in that dear, young, troubled head of yours——"

Her voice trembled, and Don said, "Forget it! It was good for me, Elizabeth. But it takes two to make a successful marriage; and if you hadn't understood, and helped, and fought as I did, there'd be one less happy home in this good land of ours, and our children ——"

He paused, suddenly incoherent; but there was no need of words. Both knew and understood the other's thought. They had played the game—fought the good fight, and their reward was immeasurably great.

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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 13

that way," she cried. "I'll tell Farley every word you say."

The captain protested earnestly. She must not mention his name to her nephew, he insisted.

"You see—well, you see, Miss Perry," he added, with a twinkle, "Farley's callin' pretty regular up to my house these days. I rather guess he thinks I'm kind of prejudiced against him, maybe. Of course I ain't, but—well, Lettice is young and so is he, and it's best not to be in too much of a hurry in such matters. You can't feed a family on love and posies, Miss Perry. It takes some fish and potatoes to do that. Now, don't you say a word about my havin' been here or what I've said. Promise."

Miss Perry was obviously disappointed, but she promised.

As for Eliphalet, he walked out of the Perry garden feeling tolerably well satisfied with the seed he had sown there. He was certain that Miss Sylvia would do her best to keep Farley Crowell in Wapatomac for the present.

HIS next call was upon the Reverend Oswald Duncan, the minister of the Congregational chapel, where Sylvia Perry and her nephew worshiped. The Reverend Oswald was young—very young—and the Congregational chapel was his first charge. He and Farley Crowell were close friends. Also Mr. Duncan was highly idealistic and of a romantic frame of mind. He and Captain Eliphalet had disagreed sharply upon several matters of town procedure, and to say that the minister was surprised at receiving a call from his arbitrary and outspoken opponent is to state the truth mildly. But he was flattered, nevertheless. Most people in Wapatomac at that time found a visit from Eliphalet Peel pleasing to their pride.

He was still more pleased when the captain disclosed the reason for his call. It developed that Eliphalet had been reflecting concerning the subject of their most recent disagreement, the building of the new addition to the chapel. Now it appeared that he was sorry for having roughly refused to give a cent and had called to say so. Also, and even more to the purpose, he wished to put his name on the list as a subscriber to the amount of fifty dollars. And if the minister would condescend to shake hands and let bygones be bygones he would feel a whole lot better.

The hands were shaken and Duncan was surprised and overjoyed to find, in the course of the talk, upon how many points he and visitor were at one. And when Farley his Crowell's name and his aspirations as a painter were mentioned, it was disclosed that they were in entire agreement there likewise. The minister believed thoroughly in his young parishoner's talent. It should be encouraged and developed, he said. Talent such as Farley's was a direct gift of Providence and no considerations, material and worldly should be permitted to interfere with its cultivation.

Captain Eliphalet concurred in all this. Then it was disclosed that Mr. Duncan knew of the offer from the Boston firm. It was a good offer; that he admitted. But——

The captain nodded. Yes, it was a good offer—for a man who intended keeping on in business—but——

They agreed that for Farley Crowell to accept such an offer seemed almost wicked.

Perhaps it is not necessary to detail the remainder of the dialog. It ended by the clergyman's declaring that, as Farley's friend, he felt it his duty to urge the latter to refuse to enter the employ of the Boston wholesale house.

"And, if you'll permit me to say so, Captain Peel," he added, "I am delighted to have my opinion backed by that of an influential person like you. I—I confess I should not have expected a—a successful and—er—may I say, wealthy man of affairs to view the matter in such an—er—altruistic and unworldly way. But monetary success is not, as you say, everything."

"You're right," agreed Eliphalet solemnly. "Not by any means it ain't."

"No, it isn't. We should accept the career the Almighty has chosen for us. If I have any influence at all with Farley—and I think I have—he will not give up his art for commercial advancement. And, of course, I shall not tell him, or any one else, that I have had this counsel with you."

"Thanks. You understand my reasons for wantin' to seem to be out of it."

"Certainly, certainly. You have my solemn promise, Captain Peel."

THE third and last call which the captain made that day was at the New York Store on the Main Road. It was a little past noon and Farley Crowell had gone home for dinner, but his employer, Jabez Godfrey, was at his desk in the back room. Mr. Godfrey was, like Miss Perry and the Reverend Duncan, surprised when his caller appeared, but his surprise was flavored with apprehension, for he had a note, twice renewed, in the Wapatomac Bank, and Eliphalet Peel was an influential director in that bank.

The captain wasted no time in preliminaries here. He informed Godfrey that he had come to talk about young Crowell and wanted his listener to pay attention.

"He's had an offer to go with Jones & Corcoran up to Boston, I understand," he said. "Made up his mind to go, has he?"

Godfrey sniffed. "Just about, I guess," he replied. "I won't stand in his way. He's no special good to me here. The only thing he's done that's really worth while since he came with me is paint that sign out front. He painted that pretty well, but as a bookkeeper he is a little less than average."

"Humph! Well, good or bad, you've got to keep him here for a spell. Don't you let him take that Boston job."

The storekeeper gasped. "Not let him take it!" he repeated. "You want me to keep him here in Wapatomac? Why, good Lord, Cap'n Peel, I thought you'd be the first one to be glad to have him go! I knew you didn't take any stock in him. But considerin' how, accordin' to everybody's tell, he's been hangin' after Lettice, I thought——"

Eliphalet interrupted. "Don't think too much, Jabez," he observed. "Your head may not be rigged for it. Stop thinkin' now and do some listenin'. For reasons of my own I don't want him to take that Boston job. Somehow or other you've got to keep him where he is for a spell. Suppose you soft-soap him a little. Tell him how good he is at paintin' pictures, and as a sort of special bait tell him if he'll stay you'll give him a chance to paint a sign for your side door, a regular hallelujah of a sign, one he can spread himself on."

"But—but I don't need another sign, Cap'n Peel. It would cost a lot of money and——"

"Sssh! I'll pay for the sign myself—provided it don't cost too much. As for needin' it—well, it may help trade, and, from what they tell me up at the bank, Jabez, a little extra business won't hurt the New York Store a bit. There, there! You do as I tell you to. Only don't you let anybody know that I did tell you or am mixed up in this at all."

FARLEY Crowell did not call at the Peel house that evening. He had promised to do so, and Lettice expected him, but he did not come. She was a trifle displeased and hurt, and when David Booker happened in she was more gracious to him than usual. Booker was, as always, chatty, agreeable and attentive.

The following evening, when Farley did make his appearance, he seemed to be ill at ease and to have something on his mind. The cause of the uneasiness was revealed when they were alone in the sitting-room. Lettice asked him if he had written to Jones & Corcoran accepting their offer.

He fidgeted and hesitated. She regarded him keenly.

"Farley," she insisted, "why don't you answer me? Haven't you written them? You promised me you would do it yesterday."

He looked at her but could not meet her gaze.

"Lettice," he began, "I—I've got something to tell you. Something you won't like, I'm afraid. I—I didn't write them yesterday. I intended to, but—but some things happened—I heard some things that made me put it off. And last night I heard more. And this morning, when I got a telegram from the Jones & Corcoran folks saying unless they heard from me before five o'clock they couldn't

Continued on page 93



How to Restore the Original Shade to Gray Hair

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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 92

hold the position for me any longer, I—I—well," with a burst of candor, "I sent them a wire saying I had decided not to accept. You see—oh, don't look at me like that, please don't! Listen! I'm going to tell you why I did it. Won't you listen?"

She did not reply immediately. She continued to look at him, and her look was very grave.

"I don't understand," she said, after a moment. "You promised me you would accept that offer. I told you why I thought you ought to, why I thought it was the right thing for you to do, for—both our sakes. Now, without saying another word to me, you changed your mind and broke your promise. I can't understand why. Well, never mind. Go on, I am listening."

He burst into lengthy and eager explanation. When she and he had had their talk and reached their decision, it had seemed to him right. He did not want to keep books in a Boston office. He hated the idea. But he had thought perhaps, as she said, it was the practical thing to do and maybe he could study drawing and painting evenings and—and all like that. He dreaded to enter the Jones & Corcoran office, but he had made up his mind to do it because she wanted him to. He had meant to write or telegraph his acceptance the very next morning, but he had been awfully busy at the store and—and he had put it off and—well, then people began to talk to him. They said things that——

"Wait a minute," she broke in. "What people do you mean?"

Oh, lots of people, different people. People that knew he had had the Boston offer and they had been thinking the thing over, just as he had.

"And as I had. Don't forget me altogether, please."

He never did forget her, he assured her. She must know he never did. He thought of her all the time. But these people were the best friends he had—Lettice excepted, of course—and he couldn't help listening to what they said when they were advising him just for his good. She, herself, must see that they had no axes to grind. It was none of their affair. They were——

She interrupted again. The color was rising in her cheeks and her tone was less patient. "Perhaps I shall see when I know who they are," she said. "You haven't told me their names yet."

He told them then. Mr. Duncan—"You know what a wonderful man *he* is, Lettice. Every one says so. And he has been a splendid friend to me, I tell you." And his aunt, Miss Perry—"She has been like a mother to me. Of course I must listen to what she says, even if I don't take her advice, you know."

"Yes. Just as you listened to mine—and didn't take it. Were there any others?"

He was becoming a trifle angry. Her crisp sarcasms were irritating. After all, a bad promise was better broken than kept, and if she gave him the chance he could show her what a mistake his accepting that Boston offer would have been.

"Yes, there are others," he announced quickly. "One other, anyhow, and he is one you would hardly expect. It was Mr. Godfrey, the man I am working for now. He and Aunt Sylvia and Mr. Duncan, they all talked to me mighty seriously. And every one of them said I would be making a big mistake if I went into that Boston office."

THERE was much more. Lettice listened to the end. Then she came straight back to the heart of the matter.

"I see," she said. "Well, there is one point that these people haven't considered at all, it seems to me—that is, money. I want you to study art just as much as they do, but I didn't see how you could afford to do it unless you were where you could earn something. But whether they are right or I am doesn't amount to so much now. What does amount to a great deal—to me, anyway—is your breaking your promise to me. Why

Continued on page 94

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5727	40	5787	35	5847	30	5907	30	5967	40
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5729	45	5789	30	5849	45	5909	35	5969	50
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5736	35	5796	45	5856	45	5916	45	5976	50
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5744	25	5804	45	5864	45	5924	35		
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5746	30	5806	45	5866	45	5926	35		
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5748	30	5808	45	5868	45	5928	35		
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5752	35	5812	45	5872	45	5932	30		
5753	35	5813	35	5873	35	5933	50		
5754	35	5814	45	5874	40	5934	45		
5755	50	5815	25	5875	30	5935	50		
5756	30	5816	40	5876	45	5936	35		
5757	50	5817	35	5877	35	5937	45		
5758	35	5818	45	5878	40	5938	35		
5759	45	5819	35	5879	30	5939	45		
5760	30	5820	45	5880	45	5940	30		
5761	45	5821	45	5881	35	5941	50		
5762	35	5822	45	5882	45	5942	30		
5763	45	5823	35	5883	35	5943	45		
5764	35	5824	45	5884	45	5944	35		
5765	45	5825	35	5885	30	5945	45		
5766	35	5826	45	5886	45	5946	35		
5767	45	5827	35	5887	35	5947	30		
5768	35	5828	45	5888	45	5948	35		
5769	45	5829	45	5889	35	5949	45		
5770	30	5830	45	5890	40	5950	30		
5771	50	5831	35	5891	45	5951	45		
5772	30	5832	45	5892	40	5952	25		
5773	45	5833	35	5893	35	5953	45		
5774	35	5834	45	5894	45	5954	30		
5775	45	5835	35	5895	35	5955	45		
5776	35	5836	40	5896	45	5956	35		
5777	45	5837	30	5897	45	5957	45		
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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 93

should their advice count for so much more than mine?"

"It didn't, of course. And you know that it didn't."

"It must have, for you took it and you didn't take mine. And—even supposing you had decided to change your mind—why did you send them that answer without saying a word to me? Why didn't you come and tell me before you did it?"

It was the hardest question of all to answer. His conscience had given him no easy moments since, acting upon impulse backed by inclination, he had sent the telegram. Now, instead of answering, he began to explain still further concerning his reasons for refusing. He began to tell of Godfrey's request that he paint another sign for the New York Store.

"It doesn't make any difference how much time I take on it," he declared. "I can do my very best work on it. Mr. Godfrey says——"

And once more she refused to listen. "Won't you please stop telling me what every one else says," she commanded, "and pay some attention to what I am saying now? Why didn't you come and tell me that you were going to say no to Jones & Corcoran? Why didn't you come and talk the matter over with me last evening? I expected you. You had said you would come. Why didn't you?"

HE HESITATED. Then the indignant resentment which had been in the back of his mind all that day burst forth.

"I did come," he declared. "Anyway, I started to come and I got as far as the gate. But the curtains were up and I could see you sitting in here with that fellow Booker. I couldn't talk before him and—and anyhow I didn't like the idea of his being here. I've told you a dozen times that, things being as they are between you and me, he ought not to come so often to see you. You ought to tell him so. You knew how I felt about it."

Her eyes flashed. "So that was it!" she exclaimed. "You were jealous of Mr. Booker, and because you were you didn't think it worth while to keep your promise to me."

"That didn't have anything to do with it. If you want to see Dave Booker, I can't stop you, I suppose. But I will say this—if you don't care enough about me to give him his walking-papers, I don't see why I should be so fussy as to let prejudices about my life-work spoil my chances. I know you don't think I can ever make good as an artist. I'm going to show you that I can."

She shook her head. "That isn't so," she declared. "I do believe in you, and nobody would be as glad to see you succeed as I would be. But I try to be practical and use common sense."

"Common sense! You get that sort of stuff from your father. What does he know about art?"

"Why, not much. But he knows a lot about other things. I wanted you to take the Boston offer because it would give you a chance to earn your living and make it easier for you and me to—to do what I thought you wanted to do. As for Mr. Booker's calling here, I can't stop him without telling him that you and I are engaged. That we mustn't tell any one yet, for a lot of reasons."

"*I'd* just as soon tell 'em. I'd tell everybody. It's your father that is troubling you. You're afraid of what he'll say. He hates me and——"

"No, he doesn't. As you say, he doesn't understand pictures or the people that make them, but he would understand quickly enough if you showed him you meant to get on. He thinks——"

"All he thinks about is money. That's why he is strong for Dave Booker. He thinks he is smart and sharp at a trade, and——"

"There, there! Suppose we stop talking of Mr. Booker."

"I'll stop talking about him when you

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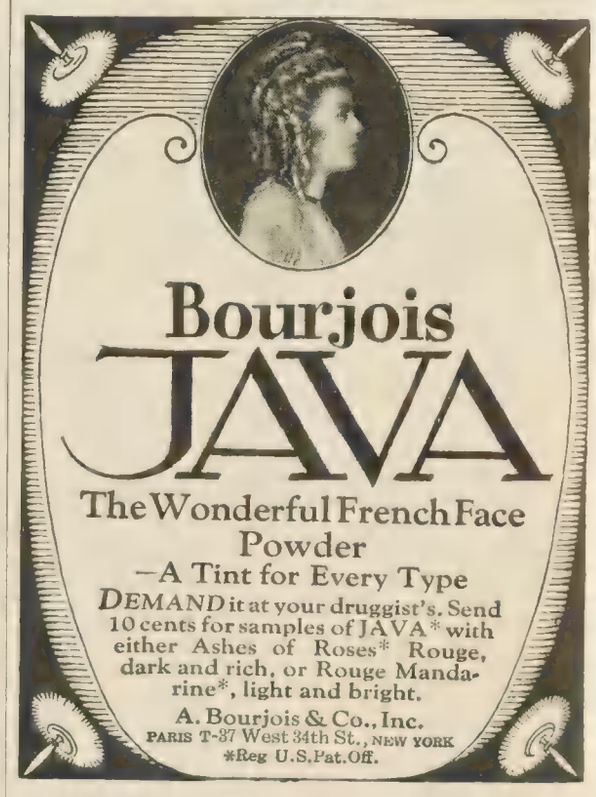


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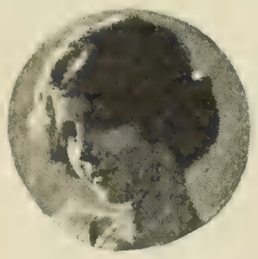
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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 94

stop letting him come to see you. And as for your father, he thinks he can boss all creation the way he used to boss his crews. I don't care two straws for his opinion."

"I do. He is my father, and he has been very good to me. If it ever should be necessary, I would tell him honestly just how I felt and what I meant to do; but I shan't quarrel with him until it *is* necessary. I think the way you have paid no attention to my wishes and listened to Mr. Duncan and the others is selfish and mean. And I think your breaking your promise without a single word to me is underhanded and dishonest."

He sprang from the sofa where they had been sitting.

"Oh, you do!" he sneered. "I see. Yes, yes, I see. You are taking this excuse to get rid of me and make good with your father by marrying Dave Booker. Well, then, marry him, if you want to. I suppose you'll call it common sense. If it is, I'm glad I haven't got any."

THIS was not the end, but the end came soon afterward. Captain Eliphalet, in his room at the head of the stairs, heard the front door bang spitefully. He smiled and winked at his reflection in the mirror over the bureau. He had not expected quite such immediate results from his Machiavellian round of calls of two days before, but the results were not the less welcome. If, so soon, he had got rid of the good-for-nothing dreamer, who was in no way fitted to marry a girl like Lettice, he should be happy. And, by and by, she would be.

When, however, a little later he heard a suppressed sob from behind the closed door of his daughter's room, his happiness was less pronounced. He tried to soothe his conscience with the reflection that it was all for her good, but the attempt was not wholly successful. In spite of himself, he felt a good deal like a sneak.

Possibly this feeling was behind his action of the following week. To the amazement of Wapatomac he suddenly announced that he had grown tired of roosting like a sick gull on a lump of dry land and wanted to be afloat again. He was going to take a sea trip somewhere, he declared, and "sweeten his bilge" with good salt water. He engaged passage for two on a liner sailing within a fortnight from Boston for a cruise in the Mediterranean. Lettice was to accompany him. At first she refused to go, but as the days passed and Farley Crowell made no move toward reconciliation, did not come near her to ask her pardon or say that he was sorry, she agreed to keep her father company on his astonishing adventure. Astonishing it surely was—to Amarias Peel and Susanna Crusit especially. They considered it wild extravagance and remonstrated with Captain Eliphalet. He again told them to mind their own business.

"I know what I'm doin'," he declared serenely.

Susanna, the outspoken, voiced her disgust.

"You said you knew what you were doing when you undertook to keep Lettice and Farley Crowell apart," she sniffed. "I can't see that you have done much along that line yet."

Her parent chuckled.

"Better polish up your spy-glass," he advised. "You may see somethin' before long."

Amarias shook his head.

"Do you realize what a trip like the one you're talkin' of is goin' to cost, father?" he suggested. "I declare I don't see how you can afford it? Just because Lettice wants to do a thing, it doesn't follow that——"

"Here, here! Lay to! I'm the one that's doin' the wantin', and because I want it I'm goin' to do it. And it's my money I'm spendin'. When it gets to be yours, you can dig a hole and bury it, if you want to."

This taunt ended the attempt at protest. But Amarias and Susanna agreed that it was all Lettice's fault.

Continued on page 96



No Rain All Summer
—*Practically Promised Here*

He wrote this last August from Ventura to his mother in Ohio:

"I really never knew there was such a country, never had such summer fun, never saw so many healthy, happy-looking men, women, and children; and never before, during any summer, enjoyed such *weather* as this is. Last night was my thirty-fifth night under blankets, from July 1st to August 17th. And, stranger than that, perhaps—not a drop of rain in all that time—not a moment of my sport so spoiled.

"And Southern California is the strangest land in other ways that I have ever heard described.

"Here are the mountains, the sea, a desert like Sahara, groves of oranges, walnuts, figs and olives, the old missions of the old monk Serra, moving picture troupes in costumes representing the entire world traveling about, automobiles loaded with camping outfits, people on horseback, hikers with their knapsacks climbing up to mountain lakes a mile above the level of the ocean, bathers, hunters, golfers, fishermen—everybody going somewhere to do something that is *fun*.

"It's all astonishingly different, new, and captivating. Cares and troubles don't seem to be part of it at all. It's *real* recreation—mentally and physically, the greatest stimulus I've ever known.

"And now, about next summer. The entire family has got to plan to come for the finest summer *they* have ever had. Come here to be cool, to be enchanted, refreshed and rejuvenated. Plan now and you'll come, so make your plans."

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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 95

The cruise lasted nearly four months. When Eliphalet and his daughter came back to Wapatomac, they learned several items of local news. One of these concerned Farley Crowell. He had resigned his clerkship in the New York Store and gone to Boston to study art. His Aunt Sylvia had furnished the money for his lodging and board in the city. The Reverend Mr. Duncan had arranged, through Boston friends, for the young man's entering the free class at the Art School. Mr. Booker was the first caller upon the returned voyagers. He was doing well and was building an addition to the Ocean House.

A year later the *Cape Cod Item's* Wapatomac correspondent devoted a full column to the wedding of Lettice Peel to David Booker. It was, he enthusiastically declared, a joyous occasion. This was, at least, partially true. The groom was radiant. Captain Eliphalet was triumphantly happy, and the Amarias Peels and the Crusits seemed contented. As for the bride, she looked (many people thought) rather solemn and not as interested in the proceedings as the center of attraction should be.

THE Bookers, David and Lettice, went on a honeymoon-trip to Niagara Falls and then came back to their native village to live at the Ocean House. Captain Eliphalet hired another housekeeper and continued to live in the B house. His son and his two daughters each urged him to come and live with them, but he refused. He visited them occasionally, but his visits were usually limited to "spending the day," and he almost never remained away from his own bed at night. During the first year he visited the Bookers more frequently than he did the Peels or the Crusits, and Amarias and Susanna were not less jealous of their half-sister on that account. Lettice during that year was almost a daily caller at her father's home. Then those calls, both his and hers, ceased. Amarias and Susanna noticed this and wondered. They were glad to notice it, but they did not understand. Something had happened to change the feeling between Lettice Booker and Eliphalet Peel, but what that something might be they could not guess.

And yet, had their father been in the habit of taking them into his confidence at any time since they were fifteen, if they had been given the slightest hint of the method pursued by him in the breaking off of the intimacy between Farley Crowell and Lettice, they might have guessed easily. Lettice had had no hint either, but when a hint came her way she began to suspect.

Since Lettice's marriage to David Booker Captain Eliphalet had been more thoughtful and kind to her than ever. He was always bringing her little presents. He was very solicitous concerning her happiness. Dave was a good husband, wasn't he? Um-hum. Well, he knew he would be. He could most generally tell a man when he saw one. A fellow who was smart and up to snuff, one who had a practical, common-sense business and attended to it, who was the fellow for a girl to tie to. She hadn't made any mistake.

"It was for your good, Lettice," he observed, in one of these conversations. "I knew it was and that's why I did it. I knew I was right and that some day you'd thank me for it."

He was off his guard for the moment and was speaking quite as much to himself as to her. But she lifted her eyes from her sewing and looked at him.

"What do you mean by that, father?" she asked curiously. "What did you do that I should thank you for?"

The captain started and came out of his reverie. He was confused, however, and still not his cautious self.

"Eh?" he queried. "What's that?—oh. nothin', nothin'. I was just thinkin' that your marryin' Dave had turned out to be the right thing, same as I knew it would be. That's all. If I'd kept my hands off and let you heave yourself away on that Crowell, 'twould have been a big mistake for both of us. That's all I meant. Well, there, it's most supper-time. I must be cruisin' back home."

He was moving toward the door, but she stopped him.

"Wait, father," she said. "What do you mean by keeping your hands off? Keeping them off what?"

"Oh, nothin'. I was talkin' in my sleep, I guess. Gettin' old and feeble in my top-riggin', I must be."

"But you meant something."

"No, I didn't. No, I didn't. Good night. See you to-morrow, I presume likely."

But she was certain he had meant something and the conviction set her thinking. What had he done, or considered that he had done, for which she could thank him? He must mean that in some way he had been influential in terminating the intimacy between Farley Crowell and herself. Yet he could not have been. She had broken the engagement—or it had been mutually broken.

Sitting there in the rocking-chair, her sewing forgotten, she continued to think. Why should her father seem to feel such a measure of responsibility for her marital happiness? Unless—by some means of which she had no knowledge—he had brought that marriage about. She had not thought of it before, but now it seemed to her as if her father's conscience was troubling him, as if he had done something of which he was secretly very much ashamed. As if he felt that he might have wronged her and was trying in every way to make up for that wrong.

It was from the Congregational minister that she first obtained the hint which put her on the track. David Booker was a Congregationalist—that is, whenever he did attend church it was at the chapel presided over by the Reverend Oswald Duncan. For the first six months after Lettice became his wife he was present at the Sunday services with her almost regularly. Of late his attendance had been limited to rainy Sabbaths. On those when the sun shone he preferred to exercise one of his fast horses over the road. He was fond of horses, and his male associates were of the horsey variety. Lettice liked horses, too, but she did not like some of her husband's friends. And the evening card-parties at the Ocean House in which David and those friends participated were noisy and protracted affairs. Lettice, alone in her room, could hear from the floor below the loud laughter and shouts which accompanied the game, and often it was two or three in the morning before her husband came up to join her. Occasionally it seemed to her that he had been drinking more than was good for him.

ONE Monday afternoon Mr. Duncan dropped in at the Ocean House. The Bookers had been absent from church the day before and he had called, he said, to make sure that neither of them was ill. Dave was out. He had gone fishing with a Boston hat and cap drummer who was spending a few days in Wapatomac and stopping at the hotel.

Duncan and Lettice chatted concerning church matters and then the conversation drifted to town affairs and the doings of mutual acquaintances. Farley Crowell's name was mentioned. It was the minister who mentioned it. He had had a letter from Farley. The latter was studying hard at the Art School, and, according to his own estimate, progressing.

"I must say I am highly gratified to hear it," declared Mr. Duncan. "In a way I was responsible for that young man's decision to abandon business and take up the development of the talent which the Almighty gave him. A waste of time business would have been, Mrs. Booker. I am sure of it. Aren't you?"

Lettice was sewing, as usual. She was always busy at something, usually housework, for the Ocean House and its hired help—a cook and a chambermaid—needed supervision. But it was four o'clock—the interval between dinner and preparation for supper—and she had a few minutes to herself.

"I don't know," she answered quietly. "If he had gone with those people in Boston, he might have done well there. They were interested in him, and it was a splendid chance."

"Oh, yes—yes, I suppose it was, for the average young man. But Farley Crowell is beyond the average. He loved nature and the beautiful, and he had a gift which few of us possess. The most he could have done in business was to make money—and what is

Continued on page 97



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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 96

money, after all? You can't buy the artist's genius with money, Mrs. Booker."

"No. But you can buy clothes and bread and butter and a place to sleep and live in with money, and if a person doesn't have to worry about those things, his mind ought to be a little freer to study and learn to *be* an artist, I should think. After he has learned—if he does really learn—then the money will come anyway, won't it?"

Mr. Duncan shook his head. "You have a practical mind, Mrs. Booker," he observed.

"Yes, perhaps I have. Being practical runs in our family. Father would call it common sense."

Her caller smiled triumphantly. "And yet it was your father who suggested my using my influence to prevent Farley's accepting the position offered to him by Jones & Corcoran," he declared.

Lettice sewed steadily, but she did not speak for a moment. Then she said; "Why, yes, I suppose it was."

"He has told you about his call at the parsonage, of course. At the time, he wished me not to mention it, but that was more than a year ago and, since you know of it, I presume he doesn't consider it a secret any longer. I confess I was surprised when he spoke so frankly against our friend's going with Jones & Corcoran and devoting all his time to art. Captain Peel's common sense is not altogether worldly, Mrs. Booker, far from it. If it had not been for his advice, I doubt if I should have counseled Farley as strongly as I did. And I have also learned that the captain spoke quite as earnestly to Miss Perry, the boy's aunt. All Farley's friends owe a great deal to your father, Mrs. Booker."

Lettice dropped a stitch, but she picked out the thread and went on with her work.

"Let me see," she observed. "When was it father came to see you about Farley?"

"I don't remember the exact date."

"No, of course you wouldn't. It doesn't matter. I had forgotten myself. But it was the same day he went to see Sylvia Perry about it."

"Yes, that same forenoon. And it was that afternoon that Farley had the telegram—no, it was the next morning that he got the telegram from Jones & Corcoran demanding an immediate answer. And the answer he sent was no. He thinks my advice and that of his aunt—and Mr. Godfrey's, too—he thinks and says that we three were responsible for his action. I haven't told him yet that it was Captain Peel who was really responsible. Farley Crowell should be very grateful to your father, Mrs. Booker. You will agree with me there."

She drew a long breath. "We should all be grateful to him," she said.

CAPTAIN Eliphalet visited the Ocean House the next day, but his daughter, so she said, was suffering from a headache and his visit was a brief one. But the following afternoon he came again, and found her quite ready to talk and with something to talk about. She had interviewed Sylvia Perry and Jabez Godfrey, and they, although unaware that they were telling her anything she did not already know, had supplied the missing pieces of the puzzle. In the direct way which was habitual with her, she taxed her father with having brought about the quarrel between Farley and herself.

At first he was inclined to deny it, but when she calmly ignored his protests, he admitted that he had used his influence to a certain extent.

"I did it for your good, Lettice," he declared. "I'm nigher sixty than I am fifty. I've seen consider'ble of this world and the folks in it, and I know what I'm about. I could see that you and that Crowell boy was gettin' sweet on each other, and that, if somethin' didn't happen to show you how fool-headed and no-account he was, you'd be for wreckin' your whole life by marryin' him and havin' him on your hands to support the rest of your days. I tried to tell

Continued on page 98



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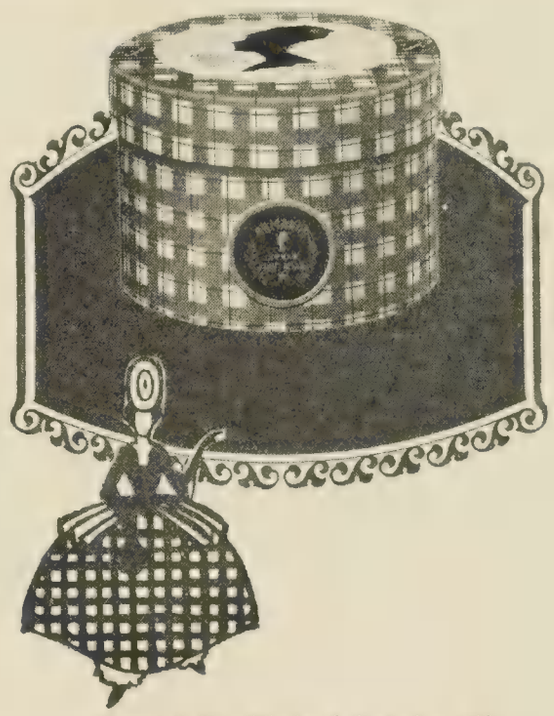
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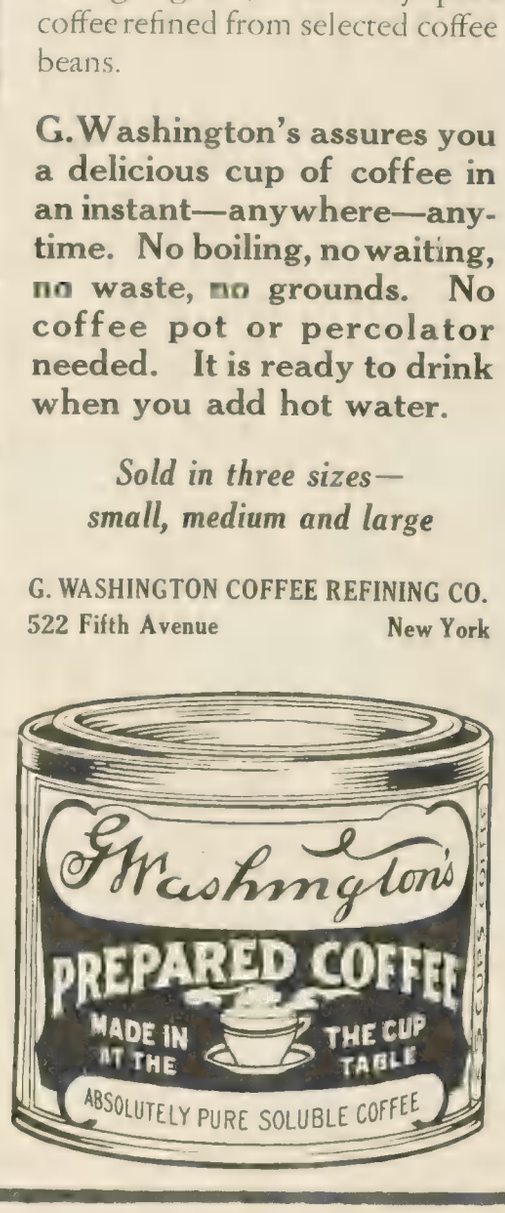
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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 97

you, but you wouldn't listen to me. You said——"

She interrupted. "I told you that neither you nor anybody else must interfere with my affairs," she said. "Affairs of that kind, I meant. You said that if I didn't tell Farley to stop coming to see me you would tell him. I said if you did I should meet him at other places. That is what I said."

"I know you did. And I made up my mind right then and there that the thing had gone far enough. Why, good Lord, Lettice! did you suppose I was goin' to lay to and hang up in the wind while the girl I think more of than I do of all the world put together—you needn't tell Amarias and Susanna I said that, but it's so—did you cal'late I was goin' to let you go to wrack and ruin by marryin' a fellow that couldn't do anything—and never will do nothin'—but sling a paint-brush? I guess not! Did you cal'late I was goin' to set down and fold my hands and have that happen? Not me—not Eliphalet Peel! Says I, 'I'll stop it—and I'll do it by showin' her just how no-'count he is.' That chance he had with Jones & Corcoran was a good one. You knew 'twas good and you told him so. You wanted him to take it."

"How did you know that I did?" asked Lettice calmly.

The captain choked and hesitated.

"Why—why," he stammered. "I—I knew because—because——"

"I told him I thought he ought to take it—yes, I did. But I only told him at home, my home, when he and I were alone. Did *he* say that I wanted him to take the place? Did he tell you so?"

"He? No, course he didn't. He never told me anything. He kept out of my way, took good care to keep out of it, too."

"Did anybody else tell you—his aunt or Mr. Duncan or Jabez Godfrey?"

"No. How would they know about it? Never mind that, Lettice. Let me tell you about——"

"But I do mind. How did you know I wanted him to take the position offered by Jones & Corcoran.

"Well—well, if you must know, I—I heard you tell him. You two was down in the dinin'-room and I was up-stairs and——"

"And you listened."

ELIPHALET'S face flamed. "Here, here! That's enough of that," he ordered. "Don't you talk to me that way. I didn't listen. I ain't the listenin' kind. My door was open, and I couldn't help hearin'. And when I did hear I realized 'twas high time somethin' was done. And I did it."

"Yes, you did it. You listened—oh, well, never mind—you heard without listening. And then, instead of coming to me, you went to Sylvia Perry and the minister and Jabez Godfrey and got them to influence Farley to do exactly what you knew I didn't want him to do. You did that, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did. But why did I do it? For the reasons I've been tellin' you. Because I'm a man that knows men, and I wanted you to see that Crowell wasn't a man. If he had been a real man, do you suppose likely he'd have let his aunt or the parson or the President of the United States change his mind for him after you and he had agreed to do the other thing? You bet your life he wouldn't! Do you cal'late I'd have changed *my* mind? Humph! I ain't the changin' kind."

Lettice smiled. "No, father," she agreed, "you're not. You made up your mind that I shouldn't marry Farley Crowell, and, after that, nothing was going to stand between you and having your own way. To have that you would do anything—no matter what."

"I did the right thing. I showed that fellow up for what he was. I tell you, Lettice, I saved you from supportin' him all your days. And, as for you, you've got a good smart husband, who——"

"Wait a minute. Father, when you made up your mind that I shouldn't marry Farley, you made it up at the same time that I should marry Dave, didn't you?"

Captain Eliphalet choked again. "Well—well," he admitted, "I knew that some day you was bound to marry somebody. That stood to reason. And Dave Booker was, same as I say, a smart, A-Number-One, pushin' fellow. He'd make you a good husband, I knew. He has made you a good husband, hasn't he?"

Lettice did not answer. Her father seemed to find her silence irritating.

"Why don't you say somethin'?" he demanded. "Hasn't he made you a good husband? Haven't you got a good home? Don't he give you anything you want? Answer me."

She answered then, but the answer was scarcely a reply to his question.

"I had a good home before," she said. "And you gave me everything I wanted—of that kind."

He threw his big body backward with a force which caused his chair to creak.

"What a way to talk that is!" he cried indignantly. "What fault have you got to find with Dave Booker? Come now! What's the trouble with him?"

"I haven't said that there was any trouble. You are the only one who has hinted at such a thing."

"Hinted? What do you mean by that? When have I hinted there was anything wrong with Dave?"

"Perhaps you haven't. But you are always asking me if he isn't a good husband and if I'm not happy. You ask me that about every time you come here."

"Eh? . . . Well—well, suppose I do? It's natural I'd want you to be happy, isn't it?"

"It is natural that you should want to prove you were right. You wanted me to marry Dave. You took care that I did marry him. You got what you started to get, just as I have heard you say a hundred times you always do. Now I suppose you'd like to have me tell you your way was the best way."

"Well, 'twas, wasn't it? Eh, wasn't it? You'll live to thank me, you mark my words. Yes, by godfreys, and you *ought* to thank me now!"

She turned on him then, her eyes ablaze.

"Thank you!" she repeated. "I—I—father, some time, perhaps, I may be able to forgive you for what you did. But now—now I can't. And I may as well tell you, for I know it is the truth, I shall never feel the same toward you as I have felt, or ever really trust you again."

He sprang from his chair. There were few people who during the past wenty years had spoken in that way to Captain Eliphalet Peel, and the few who did had regretted it.

"Why, you—you—" he sputtered. "What do you mean by that? Ain't you ashamed of yourself to talk so to me—your father? Ain't you ashamed?"

"No, I'm not the one who ought to be ashamed."

"That's enough! I won't hear another word. The next time I come to this house it'll be when you ask me to, not afore."

She did not answer, and he strode to the door. Then he turned and made one more attempt at reconciliation.

"Oh, Lettice," he pleaded, "this is just cussed foolishness, all these actions of yours. Whatever I did I did for your good and nothin' else. Use your common sense."

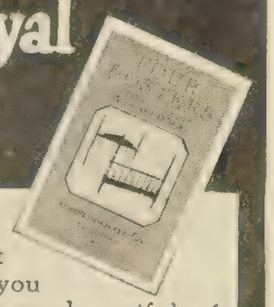
She, too, rose. "Hush! hush!" she cried fiercely. "Don't ever say common sense to me, as long as you live. I don't want to quarrel with you, and I do want you to come and see me sometimes. But, as far as things between us being as they always have been—well, they never will be—they can't be."

He strode out, slamming the door behind him, and from that day on people in Wapatomac began to whisper that Lettice Booker and Captain Eliphalet were not as chummy as they had been. A thousand reasons were invented to account for the break in that chumminess, but none was the correct one. Lettice and Eliphalet kept that to themselves.

A COMMUNITY, even as staid and settled a community as ours used to consider itself, changes much in ten years. The next ten brought many changes to Wapatomac. The whole Cape was changing. From a section of towns and villages, self-supporting and sufficient unto themselves, it gradually became what it is now, a popular Summer resort. The well-to-do retired sea-captains, the majority of them, departed on their last and longest voyage. The horses and buggies and carryalls were superseded by motor-cars. The old houses were bought

Continued on page 99

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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 98

by people from the cities, sprouted porches and dormer windows, and were transformed into "cottages." The discarded and worthless rubbish in our garrets suddenly acquired value as "antiques." The sandy roads widened and straightened and hardened into macadam highways. They ceased to be roads and became streets. The Back Road of Wapatomac was rechristened Water Street. Duck Lane was Cross Street. The Main Road kept a portion of its old name and—as it was bound to do in America—was called Main Street.

The A B C houses—property of Captain Eliphalet Peel—standing as they did at the end of Cross Street and separating it from Water Street, became subjects of discussion at town-meeting and at meetings of the board of selectmen. A rumor had spread through the community that the selectmen were seriously considering the proposition of the town's buying the B house—the middle one of the three, that which Captain Eliphalet occupied—with the idea of tearing it down and extending Cross Street through the Peel property to a juncture with Water Street. Water Street, it was prophesied, was destined to be a business thoroughfare. Cross Street, running at right angles down to the town wharf, should have shops along it, would have if the two streets could be brought together. Buying the B house and the land upon which it stood would do just this. It was undoubtedly a brilliant idea, but would Captain Peel sell? That was the question.

NOAH Didlow was charged with the task of sounding the captain. He did his best to carry that mission to a successful fruition. Captain Peel listened patiently to his comments on the weather, the cranberry crop and similar introductory topics, but after a while he grew weary.

"There, there, Noah," he broke in, interrupting his vistor's lengthy dissertation on the market price of quahaugs, "you've been tackin' back and forth abreast the buoy for twenty minutes. Get under way, and into the channel, why don't you? What did you come to see me about?"

Noah drew a long breath and then dived headlong. He had come to ask the captain to sell the B house and its land to the town. He explained fluently why that purchase was necessary to Wapatomac's future.

Eliphalet heard him through. He pulled at his beard—nowadays that beard was gray—and smoked deliberately.

"How much will they give me?" he asked, when Mr. Didlow had finished his first attack.

"We-ll, I tell you. The selectman figger that real estate here ain't worth much, as things are, and that this little house and land, if they were put up for sale, wouldn't fetch more than fourteen hundred, if that. But they will give fifteen."

Captain Eliphalet rose and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Good night, Noah," he said.

Mr. Didlow's ample mouth opened wide.

"Why, Cap'n Peel!" he exclaimed. "Ain't that a fair offer?"

"It don't interest me any. Good night."

"But you couldn't possibly get more. Er—er—maybe they'd be willing to pay sixteen hundred."

"That don't interest me either. Good night. It's time I turned in."

"But—but—would seventeen—? You see, cap'n, the town needs——"

"To the devil with the town! As long as I live—and I don't know how long that'll be—I'm goin' to need a place to live in. This place suits me better than anywhere else, and so here's where I'll stay. You can tell the selectmen that, and they might as well understand I mean it. Well, are you goin', or shall I leave you down here in the settin'-room?"

Noah had risen, but he made one more plea.

"Why, Cap'n Eliphalet," he cried, "don't

Continued on page 100



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By Edna Wallace Hopper

WHAT I became, and what I am, I owe to men. Men experts took me as a plain girl and made me a famous beauty. Men scientists have taught me how to keep that beauty. Now I appear before thousands daily—on the stage—looking like a girl of 19.

For 40 years I have searched the world for the utmost in beauty helps. And men have supplied them—great scientists who devote their lives to beauty study. Now I am offering you what they gave me. And I know you will agree that they have evolved the greatest helps we know.

I ask you to try one at my cost—to show you what I have found.

Lovely Skin

Let me show you the way to my lovely skin—like a child's.

My Facial Youth—a supreme cleanser—is the first essential. A famous French beauty gave me the formula. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. All the grime, all the clogging matter departs with it.

You will say with me—that you never knew what a clean skin meant until you used Facial Youth.

My Youth Cream embodies a dozen factors which great experts have taught me. It contains all the best that modern science knows to foster, feed and protect the skin. Within 24 hours its results will amaze and delight you.

My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One for night and one for day. I never leave my skin without it. How can women who see what it does for me use ordinary creams?

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My White Youth Clay is that modern production. No lover of youth and beauty can afford to go without it. It purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles.

It brings the blood to the skin, so every user sees a rosy afterglow. Many women seem to drop ten years with one application. One use of my Youth Clay will show you that new beauty and new youth are at your call.

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My hair is the envy of millions. It is thick and luxurious—finer far than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff, never a touch of gray.

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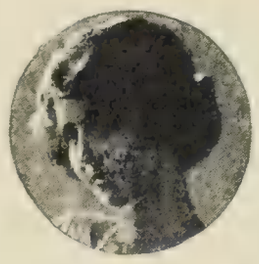
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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 99

you care anything about this town—the town you live in—anything about it's gettin' ahead? You used to."

Eliphalet's heavy brows drew together. His mouth twisted oddly.

"I used to care about a lot of things that I don't care about now," he snapped. "There, there, clear out and leave me alone. And keep on leavin' me that way."

So the B house remained where and as it was, and the captain remained in it. And, for the time at least, the plan to extend Cross Street through to Water Street was abandoned. Gossip wearied of the subject and busied itself with other matters.

THE affairs of David Booker and his wife began to be talked about. The first year of her married life was, for Lettice, a comparatively easy period. If she was not happy—as happy as she might have been under different circumstances and with another husband—at least she was not acutely unhappy. David was indulgent and good natured, in a careless, happy-go-lucky way, and when he began to neglect her for the society of masculine friends and acquaintances, she tried not to notice the neglect and to find excuses for it. But as the months passed those excuses were harder to find.

Before another year ended she had given up seeking them. Dave Booker had always been a country sport, but during the period of his courtship, when he entered himself in competition with Farley Crowell in the contest for Lettice Peel's favor, he had kept his sporting proclivities within bounds, attended to business and had apparently settled down. The settling lasted only a little while. Cards, horses and old-time associates regained their influence over him. Affairs at the Ocean House became entirely secondary to races at the county fairs and excursions to Boston, to Brockton and even as far as New York. Stories reached his wife's ears, stories which Wapatomac had whispered for months. Lettice refused to listen to them, and friends who came to warn her of her husband's "goings on" learned that such warnings meant the end of the friendship.

Among the warners was Captain Eliphalet. One evening—after the majority of Wapatomac citizens were in bed—he made one of his infrequent calls at the Ocean House. Lettice was alone, of course. Her husband was away, had been absent for two days. The captain sat down upon the worn sofa in the hotel parlor. That parlor was always clean—Lettice saw to that—but it needed renovating very much indeed.

At first they talked of unimportant things, matters of town gossip. Then Eliphalet plunged into the subject which had been in his mind for so long.

"Lettice," he said, "I didn't come here to talk about last week's thunder and lightnin' tempest. I came here to talk about you—you and Dave. Where is he?"

Lettice shook her head.

"I don't know," she replied simply.

"I'll bet you don't! Maybe you can guess: though. Maybe I could, without strainin' my upper riggin' any to speak of. He's up to Brockton, ain't he?"

"Perhaps he is. He didn't tell me where he was goin'."

"Huh! I guess not. But you know where he is and who—but never mind that. I've been learnin' a lot about Dave lately. Everybody knows what's up. Lettice, there's a limit to everything, and you've got to the limit. Give that damned swab of a husband of yours the go-by. Leave him. Walk out of this house now—and leave him. I'm your father and I tell you to."

She looked at him. "So you want me to leave Dave," she said.

"I've been sayin' I do, haven't I?"

"But you were the one who wanted me to marry him. Perhaps—I don't know—but perhaps I should never have married him if it hadn't been for you."

Her father frowned. It was hard indeed for Eliphalet Peel to admit that he had made an error in judgment.

"Well—maybe that's so," he said reluctantly. "Maybe 'tis, but nobody's right every time. I cal'late I'm as nigh right on the average as the reg'lar run, but it looks as if I wasn't when I—er—let you marry Dave Booker. Anyhow I tell you to quit him now and come back and live along with me. Nobody'll blame you. Everybody'll say you've done just the right thing. Will you, Lettice?"

She shook her head. "No, father," she said calmly.

"You won't! Why not?"

"Because—well, because I won't."

"Just because you've got a grudge against me, and you're too stubborn to forget it. I'm willin' to forget it. That's what I came here to tell you. Suppose I was wrong? I did what I did just for your good and nothin' else, didn't I?"

She smiled faintly. "I think you did it because you intended to have your own way," she announced. "But that doesn't make any difference now. I was to blame, too. I shouldn't have married Dave. I never really wanted to. But I did, and so I must pay for it, that's all."

"You've paid enough already. Come on now! Do as I tell you to."

"I did as you told me to before."

"Be still! Stop heavin' that at me all the time. I'm sick of hearin' it. Suppose I'd let you marry that Farley Crowell? Do you cal'late you'd have been any better off? Where would you have been if you'd hitched up with him? Takin' in washin' to pay the bills, that's where you'd have been. Eh? I'm right, there, ain't I?"

She did not reply. He choked back his wrath and made one more plea.

"Come, come, Lettice," he begged, "leave Dave and his gamblin' and—and all the rest of it, and come back to the old place and me."

"No, father."

"Good godfreys, girl, what ails you? Haven't you got any self-respect? Here he's traipsin' around with another woman, and——"

She interrupted then. "Stop," she ordered. "I don't want to hear another word of that kind. You don't know that that is true—that about—another woman. *Do* you know it?"

He hesitated. "Well—no," he admitted. "I don't *know* it, exactly. But all hands are sayin' it."

"I don't care what they say. When I know it—if I ever do—I shall leave him. But even then I shan't come back to live with you, father. I shall have enough self-respect not to do that."

"*Don't* talk so! Course you will. I want you to. Everybody'll expect you to."

"Will Amarias and Susanna expect me to—and want me to?"

"Amarias and Susanna! What the blazes have they got to do with it? *I* want you to, and that's enough."

"Not quite, this time. The next move I make will be what *I* want, and what I know is best, not what any one else wants. I have had enough of that."

"Oh, Lettice, use common sense."

She sighed. "I mean to use it," she said. "Only from now on it will be mine."

He gave up then and turned to go.

"Oh, dear!" he groaned. "I used to be proud to think you was so much of a Peel. Now I—I don't know but I'm sorry. All us Peels are too stubborn for our own good. Ah-hum! I guess I'm a fool."

It was an amazing confession, coming from him, and, in spite of her resentment and misery, she pitied him. There was a gentler note in her voice when she next spoke.

"Perhaps we've both been fools, father," she said. "And now we must go through with our foolishness to the finish. It looks that way to me."

DAVID BOOKER was killed in an automobile accident. He and Lettice had been married nearly four years when it happened. Dave and a quartette of roisterers were driving down the Cape at night from the Brockton fair, and the car went off the road near Buzzard's Bay and was smashed to splinters. All five of its occupants were badly injured, but Booker's hurts were fatal and he died soon after being taken from the wreck. When his affairs were adjusted by Lawyer Norris Barnes, son of the Lawyer Barnes who had settled Adoniram Peel's estate when Captain Eliphalet inherited it, it was disclosed that there was practically nothing left for the widow. The horses had been sold long before, the automobile was utterly ruined and without insurance, the Ocean House was

Continued on page 101



At Last!
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That Cannot Spill

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Norida Vanitie for Loose Powder

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Norida Vanitie comes filled with Fleur Sauvage (*wild flower*) Poudre, in your favorite shade. Sold in all stores that carry beauty requisites. Price $1.50.

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And Miss Helen Cannon of Ohio isn't the only woman who has been helped in building a lifetime income, greater than most men enjoy—by representing *The Delineator* in her community. This very moment, hundreds of women are on the road to equal independence, with our practical money-making plan.

No Experience Required

Right now we are appointing new representatives in every community. If you can spare a few hours each week, let us show you how easily you can earn $5, $10 and more. There is no expense or obligation. The coupon will bring you full particulars immediately. Send it—NOW!

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For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or blotches on face, neck, arms or body, you do not have to wait for relief from torture or embarrassment, declares a noted skin specialist. Apply a little Mentho-Sulphur and improvement shows next day. Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation. The moment you apply it healing begins. Only those who have had unsightly skin troubles can know the delight this Mentho-Sulphur brings. Even fiery, itching eczema is soothed.

Get a jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from your druggist and use it like cold cream.

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Send me free sample of Rowles Mentho Sulphur

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Children's Musterole-Mild

Of course, you know good old Musterole; how quickly, how easily it relieves rheumatic and neuralgic pain, sore joints and muscles, stiff neck and lumbago.

We now want you to know CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE, made especially for use on infants and small children.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE is just good old Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for the relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Keep a little white jar of Children's Musterole handy. It comes ready to apply instantly, without fuss or bother. The price is so small—35c a jar—no mother can afford to be without it.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES
EYELASHES and BROWS
INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN, obtainable in solid cake form or waterproof liquid. 75c *at your dealer's* or direct postpaid.
MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO



THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 100

mortgaged beyond its value. A life-insurance policy of a thousand dollars was all Lettice had when the last bill was paid. With it she leased a small apartment on the lower floor of the New Ryder Block on Main Street, installing a little furniture in the two rear rooms, and, in the front, opening a shop, in which was sold, according to its sign, "*Notions, Fancy Goods and Confectionery.*" She attended to the customers herself and did her own housekeeping.

People said it was an awful come-down for a Peel. Amarias Peel and Susanna Crusit said it in the bosom of their own families, adding always that she had got just what she deserved by marrying a scamp like David Booker. In public they did not mention her name. They considered her a disgrace and ignored her.

CAPTAIN ELIPHALET, whatever his feelings, stoutly defended his youngest daughter's independence.

"She's a Peel," he declared, "and no Peel ever set signals askin' help from anybody. I cal'late she's got the right to steer her own course, if she wants to."

This to the town in general, but to Lettice his attitude had been vastly different. They had argued stormily, but to no avail, and voiced a furious protest.

He could see that she meant to go through with her store plan, no matter how much he begged her to live once again with him.

"Go through with it then!" he roared. "I don't suppose God A'mighty could stop you, let alone your father. But I tell you this, girl. Don't you ever expect to get any help from me. You won't get it, while I'm alive or after I'm dead. Not one red cent."

"All right, father. I won't expect it."

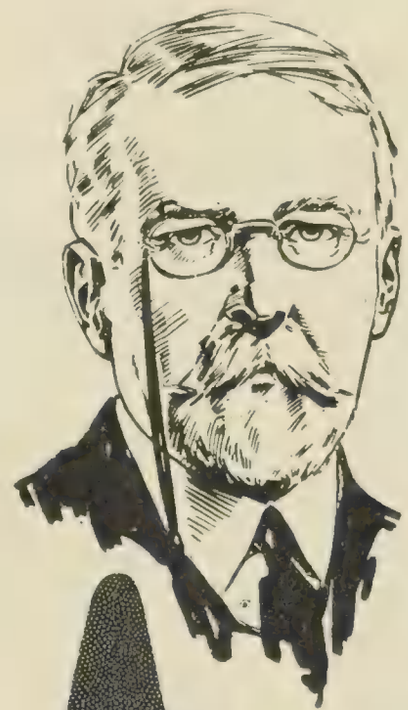
The little shop did a correspondingly little business at first. Later, especially during the Summer when the city visitors came, it did more, but always it was a puzzle to Wapatomac how Lettice Booker managed to make a go of it. She did, somehow; that was obvious, for the shop remained open, and she continued to live in the two rooms at its rear. No one save herself was aware how careful the managing had to be, nor how frugal the living. She never discussed her private affairs with any one, not even her father. He never called at the shop, but once a week she visited him at the B house. Of Amarias and Susanna she saw practically nothing. They spoke to her when they did meet, and she spoke to them, but that was the extent of the familiarity.

Meanwhile Captain Eliphalet continued to live his own lonely life, keeping more and more to himself and apparently taking less and less interest in matters which had formerly been so important to him. Mrs. Becky Cahoon, abandoning her fruitless efforts to convince her landlord that repairs to the C house were absolutely necessary, abandoned the house itself and moved into more attractive quarters. Nellie Atkins, the doctor's daughter, remained beneath the leaky roof of the A house two years longer, and then she, too, moved out. The captain did not seem to care. Even when the houses at either side of the one in which he lived were vacant, he refused to put them into tenantable condition. The local real-estate agents remonstrated with him, so also did the Amarias Peels and Crusits, but he would not listen.

In April, 1917, the United States entered the great war. Then followed the excitement of enlistments, bond drives, Red Cross drives and the draft. For a time it seemed that the thrill which had awakened his country had aroused Eliphalet Peel from his indifference and lethargy. His interest was not the acute energetic leadership which it would have been ten years before, but no appeal for funds was made to which he did not respond, and the flag on the pole at the B house was kept flying night and day. Then came the Armistice, the celebrations, and the gradual return to prewar peace and quiet.

And then, in the Spring of 1920, Farley Crowell came back to Wapatomac.

Continued in the May DELINEATOR



Demand

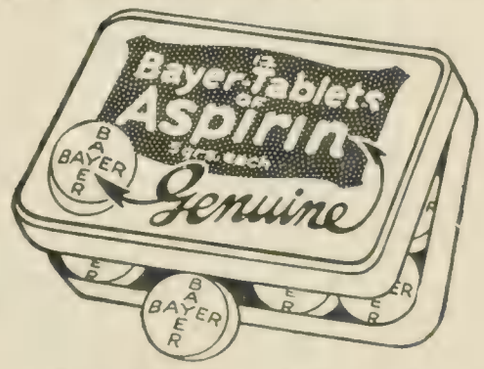
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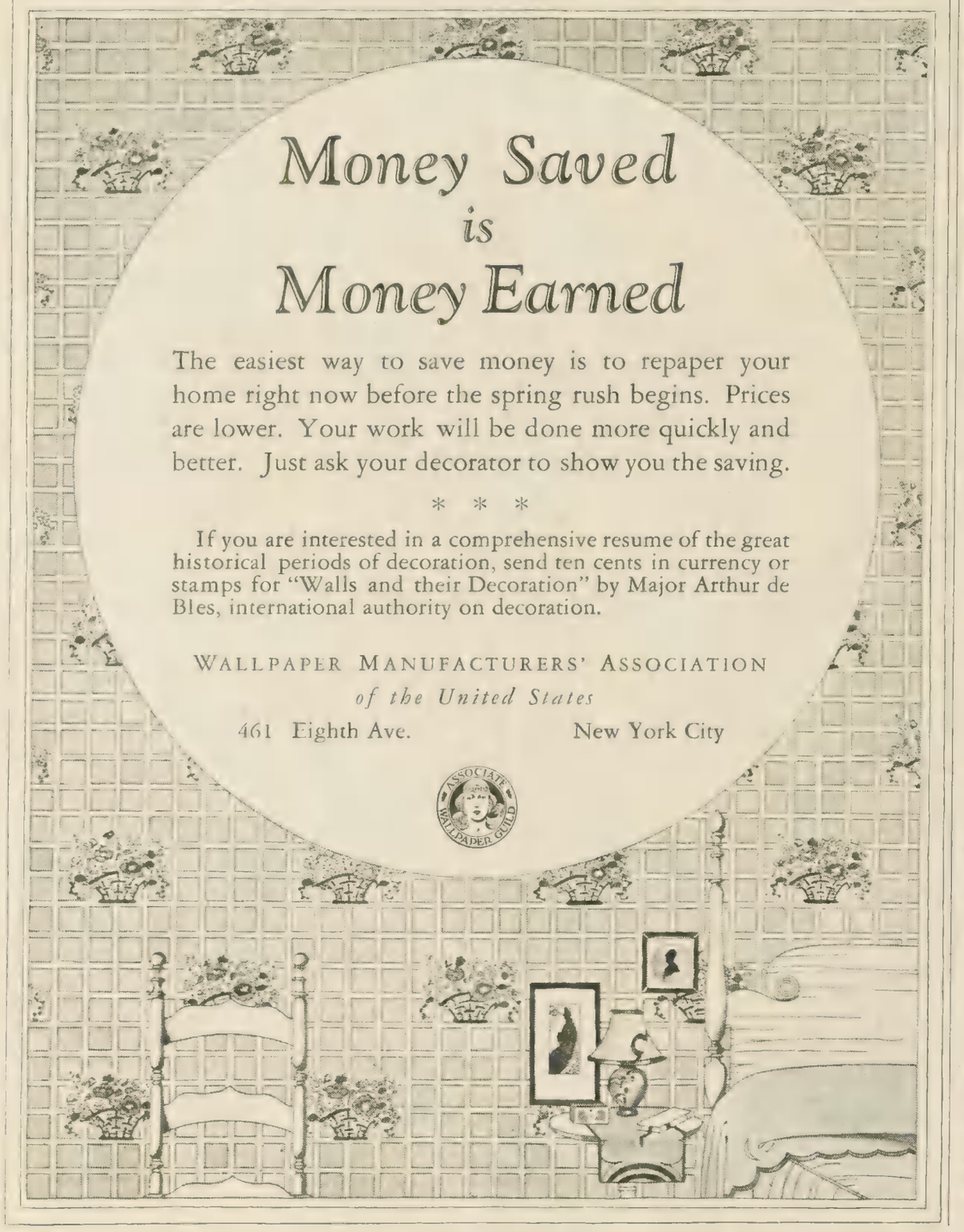


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TAKING BOARDERS

Continued from page 2

and religion, and talk local politics, books, plays and cross-word puzzles—things like that."

It was system and homelikeness which were declared supremely important by the next proprietor from whom information was obtained, a woman who, with her daughter, has for many years run a successful up-to-date boarding-house of quite another type from any yet described. It is on a smaller scale than the average modern boarding-house, as only ten regular boarders are accommodated. But in efficiency, ingenuity, up-to-the-minute devices and all-round expert management, it is typical of the new order of things.

"I think our success," declared this woman, "has been chiefly due to the fact that our enterprise has been conducted on a strictly business plan. We charge enough for board and rooms to give us, we think, a fair profit, and by keeping close track of all expenses, we make sure that we are maintaining that margin of profit. Our charges are never made by guesswork, or because the landlady in the next block asks such and such a price. Then, too, realizing that homelikeness is the chief advantage a boarding-house has over a hotel, we do all in our power to make our guests feel absolutely at home."

"We take pains to keep the house and rooms warm," declares this proprietor; "and still I think we do not use an excess of coal. For during the day, when many of the rooms are not occupied, we turn off the radiators, turning them on again before we expect the occupant back. In the Summer we have the windows carefully screened, and we have a few inexpensive electric fans which we use on very hot nights in the dining-room and bedrooms."

For the use of the women guests a sewing-machine stands in the upper hall near the window, and in the cellar are set tubs for light laundry. The house rents out an electric iron for ten cents an hour, thereby making a tiny margin of profit. In the kitchen are most of the conveniences used in large restaurants—a food-chopper, a fireless cooker for preparing cereals overnight, and a mechanical apple-parer and fruit-huller.

In one corner of the hostess's own bedroom is a writing-desk, and this is the actual headquarters of her business. Here, exacting though her kitchen duties may be, she manages to keep a little set of books. She renders a formal bill to each guest, which he receives with his mail. And she pays all her own bills by check, thus having a positive receipt for every transaction.

To quote her own words: "There is one other custom in our dining-room that is extremely radical for a boarding-house. In the bottom of our buffet is a small cupboard; and here we make it a point always to keep a little cheese, perhaps a bit of cold ham or some peanut butter, a supply of crackers and a jar of hard cookies.

"We have never had a guest who has not seemed delighted with this custom. Trifling enough in itself, it is one of the little touches that make our guests feel as if they were, indeed, in a home of their own.

"That is how we want them to feel. It is on that basis we have built up our business so successfully."

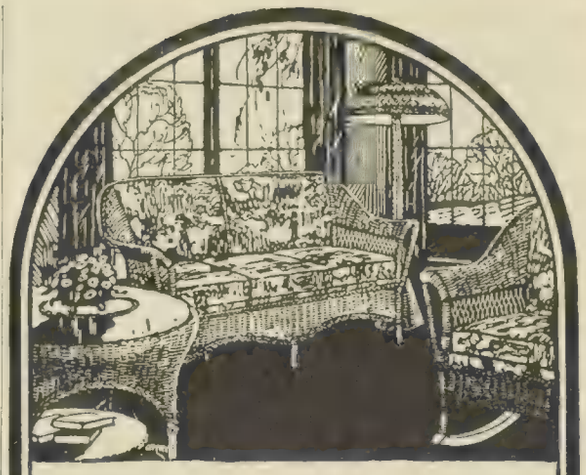
"What do you think is the quickest way of making money in this industry?" the visitor asked, as she said good-by at the door.

"Oh—running a tea-room and boarding-house combined, of course. I know a woman in this city who has cleared $25,000 in a little over sixteen years that way."

This was the same proprietor the interviewer had heard about before. And she lost no time in finding this successful woman's place, a big comfortable stone house on the corner of two residential streets, and in entering the tea-room.

It was the noon hour, and the bright, attractive tea-room was packed with men and women clerks from the State Capitol around the corner. The visitor was led down the hall to an office behind the tea-room, and

Concluded on page 103



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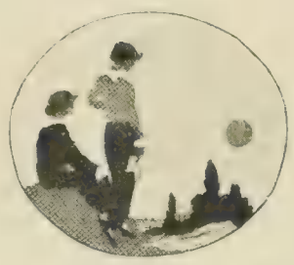
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ALLEN'S BOSTON BEAD STORE, 5 Winter St., Boston, Mass.



TAKING BOARDERS

Concluded from page 102

here Mrs. Y——, a cheery little woman with keen, twinkling brown eyes, protested laughingly that there was nothing extraordinary in her success. It seemed to amuse her that any one should think her achievement remarkable.

Yes, she had made about $25,000 in sixteen years. That is, she now owned her house, and had recently refused $25,000 in cash for it. Besides, she had a few thousands in the bank.

"What was your capital when you started?"

"My children were my capital. They gave me something to work for."

This proprietor usually caters to men roomers only; and she can accommodate fourteen. Besides, she runs the big tea-room on a meal-ticket basis. Each meal-ticket is seven dollars for a grown-up, five dollars for a child. And this purchases any twenty-one meals the patron desires. The transient rate is fifty cents for any meal on week days and seventy-five cents for Sunday dinner. A great many transients are accommodated. And the transient trade alone covers the cost of desserts for all.

"Do you find men easier or harder to cater to than women?"

She thought for a moment.

"I might find men easier if I had idle women to suit. But the ones who eat here are all business women. And they are exactly like business men—easily pleased."

"You think the tea-room business helps to make the boarding experiment a safe one?" the interviewer asked.

She declared very positively that it did.

"In the Summer, when some of my rooms are empty, my tea-room is always full. I have fewer business people then, but more motorists."

The tea-room, which consisted of two large parlors, was bright and up to date. Cheerful cretonne hung at the windows, and the tables were enameled jade green. Table-cloths and cloth napkins were used. The floors were bare. Each table could seat from four to eight people. Up-stairs the bedrooms were sunny and bright, plain and very comfortable. The proprietor had studied carefully the needs of her small-salaried public, and had met those needs successfully.

"Tell me," urged the visitor finally, as she rose to leave, "what you consider the most important points to be remembered if one is to make money in the boarding-house or tea-room business? What things would you advise a beginner to stress?"

After a long moment, she replied:

"Careful buying. And taking a real interest in the work. You must be willing to get up at dawn and go to bed late, instead of depending on your help to get the early breakfasts and attend to the last things at night. "Then, there are other things—clean rooms, fresh air, sunlight, plenty of bedcovers, sheets long enough to turn over and tuck under, good cooking, bathroom faucets that stay turned on instead of the kind you have to keep pinching, fresh curtains, enough bath-towels, plenty of hot water, and good steam-heat. Those are some of the things guests mention particularly."

Then she added hastily, as we parted at the street door:

"System, of course, is essential. And homelikeness."

"The greatest of which is homelikeness," the visitor thought as she sauntered down the quiet street. She was gratified to have found out what happens when a modern woman goes into the business of home-making on a generous scale. Contentment and happiness for that great class of people who board; financial success and independence for herself; splendid returns, surely. Such a woman can hardly be termed a landlady. She is worthy the more shining name of hostess. And her business becomes a center for good deeds, kindliness and community betterment. A privilege and an opportunity!

ESMOND

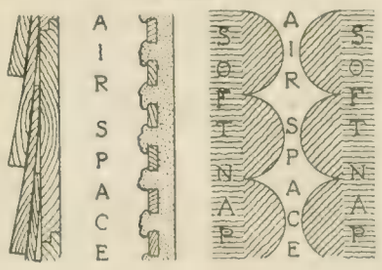


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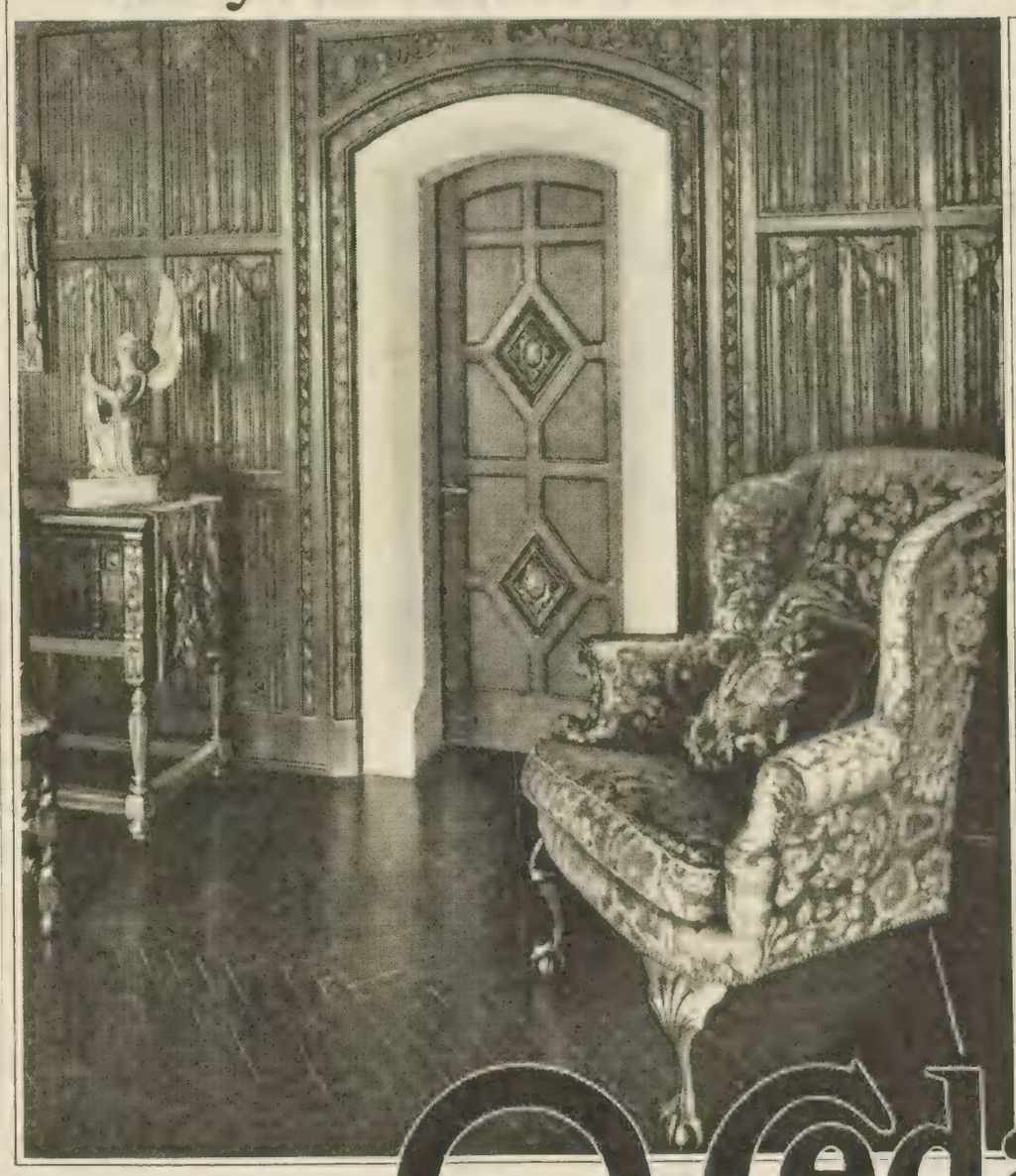
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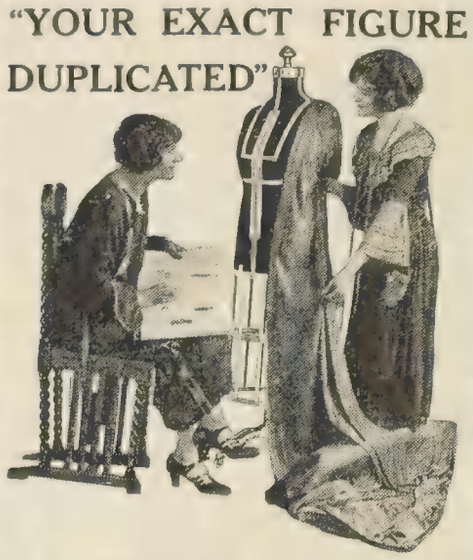


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WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5982—5956—5873—This tailored suit is composed of a double-breasted box-coat, a slip-over blouse with a straight lower edge and a two-piece skirt with the new inverted plait at the center front and back. Use mannish suitings or soft twills, all one material, or with a velvet collar on the coat.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅜ yards 54-inch twill for suit. Lower edge of skirt, plaits drawn out, 1¾ yard.

Coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust; blouse for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

5983—Paris sends us the jabot frock with a straight lower edge. Use printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, satin, radium, failles, crosswise designs, novelty crêpe satin, novelty faille and satin with plain chiffon or Georgette to match, etc. The jabot is fastened to this one-piece slip-over frock.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch material with crosswise designs, 1½ yard 35-inch contrast. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5961—The detachable cape, notched collar and trimming details are smart on this new Spring coat. Kasha, camel's-hair twills, cheviot, homespun, tweeds, tweed flannel, mixtures, plaid coatings or suède-finished coatings are suitable to use. Lower edge 49½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch kasha.

The coat is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5981—5228—5964—5952—Use flannel, kasha, camel's-hair twills, plaids or tweeds for this ensemble costume composed of a coat, the new two-piece skirt with shoulder-straps and a slip-over blouse with clusters of tucks in front. The hat has a six-gored crown.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4⅛ yards 54-inch flannel for costume, 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 51½ inches.

Coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; blouse for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt for ladies 38 to 40 bust, also misses 15 to 20 years. Hat for ladies, misses, girls.

5980—Tiny pinch-like plaits at the hip in back give an easier fitting to this one-piece slip-over dress at the hipline. It has a straight lower edge. Use novelty faille and satin, crosswise designs, printed heavy silk crêpe with plain to match, bordered heavy silk crêpe or crêpe satin, bordered or half-and-half wools, etc.

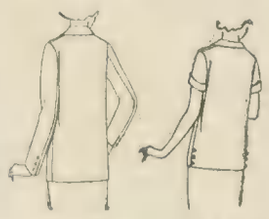
36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch novelty faille-and-satin. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5957—The smart flare of the coat is achieved by the circular sides which are in one piece with the front. The pocket is in the lining. Make the coat of cashmere coatings, suède-finished coatings, soft pile fabrics with floss stitchings; or with braid use soft twills, kasha, broadcloth, ribbed silks or satin.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch corded silk. Lower edge 63 inches.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

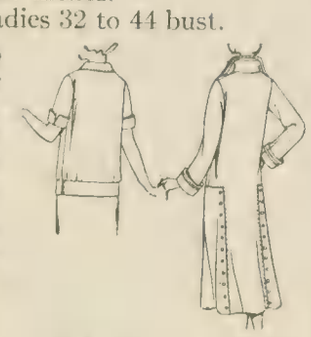


5982 5956

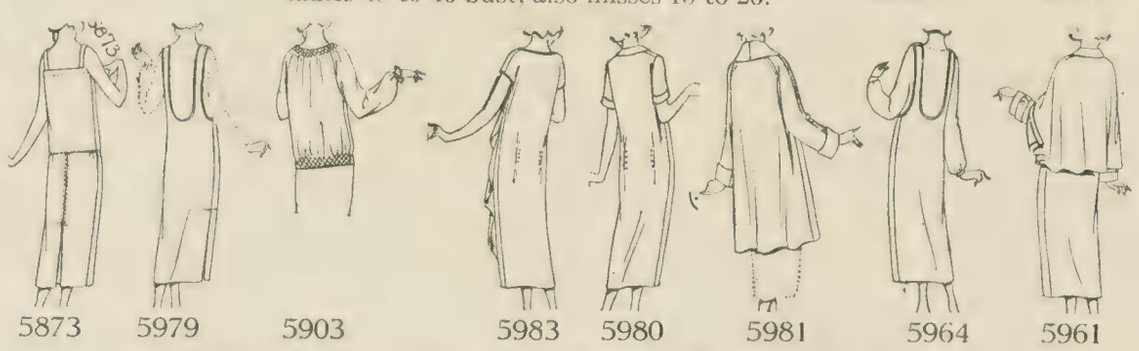
5903—5979—With the new shoulder-strap skirt wear a peasant blouse of cotton voile or crêpe de Chine and make the three-piece skirt of flannel, kasha, camel's-hair twills or twills with silk braid bindings or pipings of same material in contrast. The skirt has an inverted plait at the lower part of each seam.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅛ yards 35-inch cotton voile, 1⅝ yard 54-inch twill. Lower edge plait out, 1⅞ yard.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 40 bust; skirt for ladies 38 to 40 bust, also misses 15 to 20.



5228 5957



5873 5979 5903 5983 5980 5981 5964 5961

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

5927—10303—The inserted plaits on each side of the front of this one-piece slip-over dress mark it as very new. It has the close-fitting hipline. Use crêpe satin, flat crêpe or Canton crêpe with center of scarf of Georgette to match dress or the color of embroidery. This embroidery is easily done.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge, plaits out, 54½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5975—10268—The loose panels of this one-piece frock have an unusual line and are joined at the hipline. The dress slips on over the head. Use crêpe satin, plain crêpe de Chine or Georgette with embroidery or lace banding, printed crêpe de Chine or Georgette with plain to match, crêpe satin with Georgette. The embroidery should be worked in harmonious colors.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5971—Paris puts the flare in the front of a one-piece frock and cuts the back in one piece. The circular front of this slip-over dress is joined to the upper part below the hipline. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with same material in contrast; or printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or radium with plain to match.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5953—The interesting points of this slip-over dress come at each side in the pointed circular sections and in the long collar, which, with the cuffs, may be detachable. The dress has a close-fitting hipline. Use printed heavy crêpe de Chine, radium or silk crêpe or plaids with plain to match, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch printed silk. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5959—Straight flounces, which may be accordion or side plaited, give a graceful line to this one-piece slip-over dress with a close-fitting hipline. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with same material in contrast; printed crêpe de Chine, radium or Canton crêpe with plain to match or with Georgette flounces.

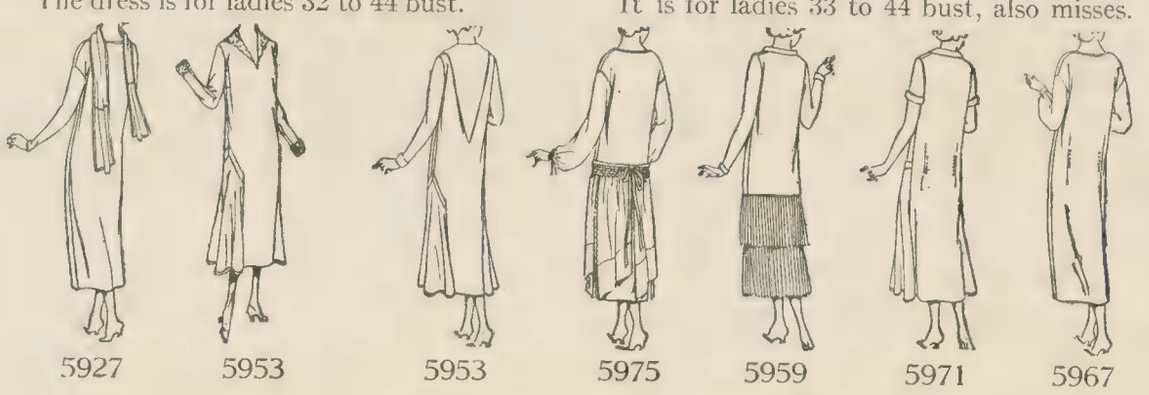
36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch flat crêpe. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5967—A delightful one-piece frock is extraordinarily simple by virtue of its cut and because it is self-trimmed with its own bordered silks or cottons, printed crosswise designs or novelty printed robes, for the border, etc., furnishes the trimming. This slip-over dress has a straight lower edge and the tiny plaits in back give a little ease while preserving the straight lines.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 56-inch bordered material. Lower edge 44 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5927 5953 5953 5975 5959 5971 5967



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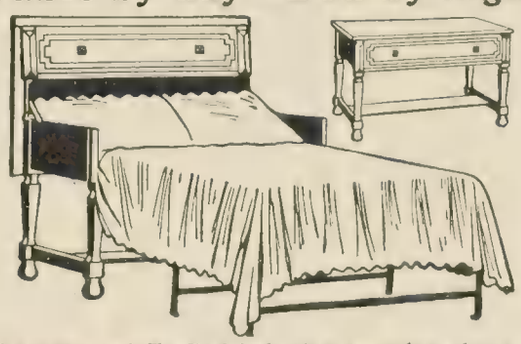
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

5899—5875—5601—This ensemble outfit is composed of a coat of soft pile fabrics, kasha, etc., a matching hat of crêpe de Chine or taffeta and a slip-over frock in raglan style with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers of matching crêpe de Chine, etc.

4 years requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch material for coat, 2 yards 35-inch silk for dress.

Coat and dress are for little girls 2 to 6; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5926—5402—Use plain crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with same material in a harmonizing color, etc., for this dress with a straight skirt joined to a long body in fancy outline. The satin tam-o'-shanter is smart.

13 years requires 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅜ yard 39-inch contrast.

Dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5946—5938—Use camel's-hair, twills, broadcloth, ribbed silks, etc., for the coat and band trimming of the one-piece slip-over dress and silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine for dress.

13 years requires 2¾ yards 54-inch twill (including bands for dress), 1⅞ yard 39-inch silk crêpe.

Costume is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5879—10954—Embroidery trims this slip-over frock of crêpe de Chine, pongee, chambray, cotton pongee or light-weight cotton crêpe, of one material, etc. It has a straight lower edge and separate bloomers.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5920—Use plain or printed Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile or crêpe de Chine for the one-piece slip-over dress with handkerchief draperies, ribbon belt, etc.

13 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5841—5815—10939—A sailor version of the brother and sister outfit puts the boy in a reefer of serge, cheviot, tweeds or checks and a sailor tam of the same color. The reefer has the regulation sleeve emblem.

5 years requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch serge.

Reefer is for boys 2 to 10 years; tam for 19½ to 22¼ inches head measure.

5907—5416—10939—Little sister wears a reefer coat like brother's except that it buttons to the left. Her tam-o'-shanter matches her reefer in color. On serge or cheviot use brass buttons and an embroidered emblem.

5 years requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch serge for reefer coat.

Reefer coat is for girls 2 to 10; tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5930—10302—Plain Georgette, chiffon, crêpe de Chine, fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, etc., is suitable for this slip-over tucked dress. The animal toys are easily made.

8 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for girls 4 to 10 years.

5845—5924—5904—Use fabric matching the coat for the band of the slip-over dress and plaid silk for the long upper part of the frock and coat lining. Her satin hat has a four-gored crown.

8 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch serge (including bands for dress), ⅞ yard 39-inch plaid silk for upper part of dress.

Coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; dress for girls 4 to 10; hat for girls 2 to 12.

5922—5966—For this ensemble suit use soft twills, serge or broadcloth for the box coat and slip-over dress with crêpe de Chine in side body, etc. The flannel hat is smart.

14 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch twill and 1⅜ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for upper part of dress with long sleeves.

Suit is for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years; hat for girls, misses, ladies.





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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

5929—5966—Kasha or flannel with the same material in contrast, ribbed silks with flannel or satin in contrast, heavy silk crêpe with contrasting satin, or satin with contrasting silk crêpe make a smart one-piece slip-over frock. For the hat use flannel, corded silks, etc. Lower edge 41 inches.

16 years requires 2 yards 54-inch kasha.

Dress is for misses 15 to 20 and ladies 38, 40 bust; hat for girls, misses, ladies.

5863—5827—This slip-over tunic blouse may have inverted dart tucks or shirrings at the shoulders. Use novelty crêpe satin, heavy crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or radium with plain to match over a costume slip of silk crêpe, soft satin, etc. Lower edge 42 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch printed silk, 2¼ yards 39-inch satin crêpe (including trimming for blouse).

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5963—10263—The circular flare across the front of this one-piece slip-over dress is very smart. The dress is close fitting at the hipline. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with contrasting color. Work the embroidery in colors.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch satin crêpe (circular flare cut crosswise to avoid piecing). Lower edge 42 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5935—Make this one-piece draped wrap-around dress of flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with Georgette or lace. For evening the neckline (without collar) is cut lower, and cut down instead of normal armholes used.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 41 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years.

5945—The new inserted "kick" plaits are smart in this one-piece slip-over frock which is close fitting at the hipline. Use soft twills, cashmere dress goods, wool crêpe or kasha with contrasting silk crêpe, satin with silk crêpe for vestee, collar, etc. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 52 inches.

16 years requires 2 yards 54-inch kasha.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years and ladies 38, 40 bust.

5969—10277—Both the coat and the slip-over one-piece dress have straight lower edges making it possible to use bordered materials, and the coat can be made without an under-arm seam for certain figures. Embroidery trims both coat and dress of this ensemble.

17 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch kasha for coat, 4¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe for dress and coat lining. Lower edge 42 ins.

Ensemble costume is for misses 16 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust.

5973—If the coat is related to it, this slip-over dress may be used as an ensemble frock. Use ribbed wools, light-weight cashmere suitings, soft twills, kasha, ribbed silks or satin with flat crêpe or silk crêpe, etc.

17 years requires 2⅛ yards 35 or 39 inch satin and ¾ yard 54-inch broadcloth for bands, etc. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is becoming for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

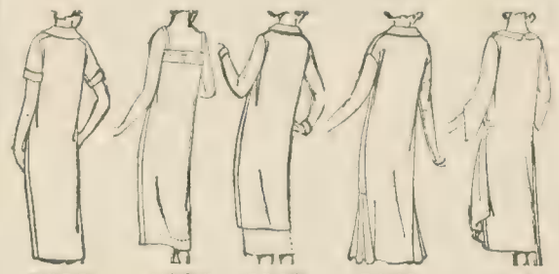
5829—5931—Use kasha for the box-coat and straight lower part of the slip-over frock and silk crêpe for the upper part and coat lining.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch kasha and 2¾ yards 39-inch material for upper part of dress and coat lining. Lower edge, plaits out, 55 inches.

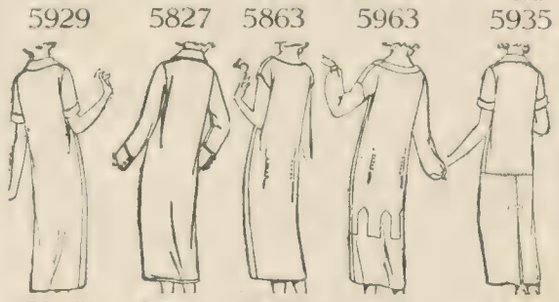
Coat is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; dress for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.



5829



5929 5827 5863 5963 5935



5945 5969 5969 5973 5931



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Flawless Cheeks and other Beauty Secrets

By Mme Maree



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5965—10191—An excessively smart ensemble costume is composed of a straight-line coat worn in either straight-line or wrap-around style and a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Use ribbed wools with a flat crêpe dress, or ribbed silks, crêpe satin, cashmere suitings, soft twills or kasha with a silk crêpe dress in the same color, a lighter shade, etc. The embroidery should repeat the color of the lining when the dress and coat are the same color. Lower edge of coat 49 inches; of dress 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch silk crêpe for dress, 2⅜ yards 54-inch twill for coat.

The ensemble costume is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5923—The new inverted "kick" plait at the center front gives you more freedom in walking, but does not widen the silhouette of this one-piece slip-over frock. The dress is close-fitting at the hipline, and the collar, jabot and cuffs may be detachable. Use soft twills, cashmere dress goods or kasha with silk crêpe or faille silk in contrast or same material in contrast; or use silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, with contrasting crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 53 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch kasha.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5916—5951—Use soft twills for this ensemble costume, using the plain for the three-quarter length coat and striped or plaid twills with plain for the slip-over dress. The dress has straight lower edges in tunic effect and a one-piece slip. You may use cashmere suiting or coatings, ribbed wools, etc., for coat and novelty crosswise designs, etc., for dress.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch twill (including dress) with 2 yards 40-inch striped material. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

Coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5939—10135—A smart slip-over frock with the new two-piece jumper-dress effect has clusters of plaits at the left side. It is close fitting at the hipline. Use soft twills or cashmere dress goods for the straight lower part with faille silk or silk crêpe, satin with silk crêpe, in a lighter shade of the same color, a harmonizing color of the same color; wool crêpe in two shades of the same color, etc. The wrap-around lower part is closed. The embroidery is smart.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for body, 1 yard 54-inch soft twill for lower part, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 51½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5949—A three-quarter coat is very good style with a long-body frock. The wrap-around lower part is straight and the dress is close fitting at the hipline and slips on over the head. Use ribbed wools with flat crêpe, broadcloth or heavy silk crêpe with satin, satin with silk crêpe in a harmonizing color, the same color or a lighter shade of same color; or use cashmere suitings, soft twills, with silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 43 inches.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for upper part, 1 yard 54-inch ribbed wool for lower part, etc.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5934—A separate cape matching a one-piece slip-over frock is very French and makes a smart ensemble costume. The collar and cuffs on the dress may be detachable. Use soft twills or cashmere dress goods with long sleeves, or kasha, flannel, ribbed silks or heavy satin with long or short sleeves, contrasting crêpe de Chine or plaid or printed silk for the collar and cuffs, and matching silk braid on the cape.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch kasha. Lower edge of dress 44 inches.

The ensemble costume is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5965 5965 5939 5923 5949 5916 5951 5934 5934

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5978—10233—This one-piece slip-over dress has the new inverted "kick" plaits and is close fitting at the hipline. The collar and cuffs are detachable and there is a French body lining. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine or satin crêpe with same material in contrast or with lace; or soft twills, etc., with contrasting silk crêpe. Work the motifs in a harmonizing color.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 34 to 52 bust.

5976—A one-piece dress draped slightly at the left side of front and made of crêpe satin, crêpe faille, silk crêpe or brocaded velvet on a chiffon or Georgette ground is a very distinctive style for evening. This slip-over dress has a separate one-piece slip which may have sleeves for day wear. With the silk fabrics use the same material or lace for sleeves, Georgette with brocaded fabrics.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 42½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 48 bust.

5941—10263—Flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, heavy crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or broché silk crêpe makes a graceful one-piece draped dress. It is wrapped around at the lower part and slips on over the head. The sleeves which are sewed onto the body lining may be omitted. An embroidered motif decorates the hip drapery.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5933—Soft cascade draperies flutter from a one-piece frock with a straight lower edge and a separate one-piece slip with sleeves for day. It slips over the head and may be made of printed crêpe de Chine with plain to match for slip, printed Georgette, chiffon, etc., with crêpe de Chine slip to match. Without sleeves use flesh-colored Brussels net for upper part of slip; with sleeves match color of sleeves. Lower edge of slip 43 inches.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 40-inch chiffon.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5955—10223—The new "hem flare" is accomplished by means of a circular flare across the front of this one-piece dress. It is close fitting at the hipline and slips on over the head. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with same material in contrast. The embroidery is effective. Without embroidery use printed silk crêpe, etc.

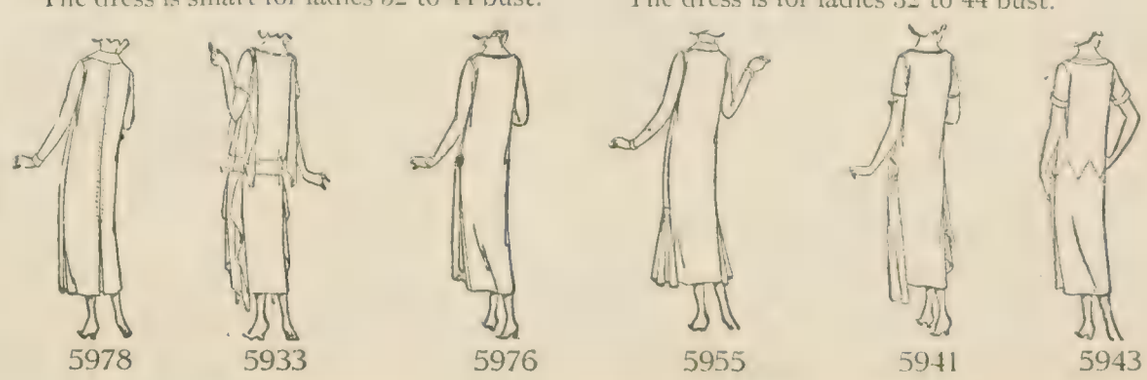
36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (circular flare cut crosswise to avoid piecing). Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5943—Cashmere suitings, soft twills or kasha are smart for the straight wrap-around lower part of this slip-over dress with its unusual outline and faille silk or silk crêpe for the long body. You may use ribbed wools with flat crêpe, ribbed silks with silk crêpe, heavy silk crêpe with satin etc.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch flat crêpe (for body), 1¾ yard 39-inch corded silk (for lower part, etc.). Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5978 5933 5976 5955 5941 5943



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From a Maryland Farm House

Readers of Sophie Kerr's story, "No Man's Gift," in this issue may recall that when they read her novels "One Thing is Certain" or "Painted Meadows" they wished they knew something more about the personality of an author who could present her Maryland farmer folk with such humor and skill. Fortunately there is an old letter of Miss Kerr's which—perhaps because she once served an editorial apprenticeship on a woman's magazine—tells in a few words the kind of thing that makes you feel better acquainted. "I had expected," she wrote, "when I gave up office work, to find my leisure time an embarrassment. I planned so many things to do, how I would see all my friends often, how I would travel, read, do all sorts of delightful things that double work had before made impossible. But I've done none of them. I haven't nearly as much time as I had when I hadn't any time at all, and that's the honest truth.

"If only I could arrange a multiple existence—one life for work; one for the machinery of life, housekeeping, getting clothes made, shopping; one for seeing my friends, travel, visiting; one life for the other diversions such as music, the theater, clubs, politics; one life for just plain loafing. Now that would be wonderful. But to crowd it all into twenty-four hours a day—no, too much of it gets squeezed out.

"What do I like the most? Comfort, I think. And old painted satinwood, and cats, and prize-fights, and dancing, and Spanish shawls, and looking at the ocean, and having my own way. And I dislike argument, and perfume, and fat women, and people who tell the sort of lies that simply insult your intelligence, and men who begin letters 'Dear Lady,' and long earrings, and intolerance."

Tommy Tiptoe in Opera

"I hear that married life is very hard," writes an eight-year-old young lady to Miss Harriet Ide Eager, Editor of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, apropos of her story of the poor Queen Bee, who had to lay so many eggs. Miss Eager, incidentally, is proud of being the only editor who receives letters beginning with "Dearest One" and signed "Respectfully yours." Married life for parents has been made measurably more bearable since the advent of Tommy Tiptoe, that valiant hero of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR pages, whose wonderful adventures in the insect world have been of such absorbing interest as to keep much of Young America out of mischief. A few weeks before the 1924 holiday season Tommy became the hero of a very popular book for children, and more recently began to grace the amateur operatic stage. "Ladybug, Ladybug" is the first of a series of little operas for children, with librettos by Miss Eager and music by Samuel Richard Green. A unique service to users of the operettas is an arrangement whereby advice about making costumes, including suggestions for designs, materials and colors, will be supplied free of charge by the Butterick Company.

The Care of Young Hearts

Pediatrics is defined by the dictionary makers as the department of medical science that relates to hygienic care of children and the treatment of the diseases peculiar to childhood. It is the specialty of Dr. Borden S. Veeder, who is Professor of Pediatrics in Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, and Physician of the St. Louis Children's Hospital. In next month's DELINEATOR he makes a very important contribution to "The Happy Child" health series in an article on heart trouble in children. One of the grave national health problems now being seriously studied is the alarming increase from year to year in the number of deaths from heart disease and the future of over four hundred thousand children in America now known to have defective hearts of one kind or another. Doctor Veeder doesn't dwell so much on this condition, however, as he does on information that is of more immediate personal interest to parents. How the heart works, what causes heart trouble, the relative seriousness of heart diseases, how children contract them and what can be done in the nature of preventive and curative measures, are divisions of his subject that indicate the thoroughness with which he discusses it. It is known definitely that a certain amount of heart disease among children can be prevented, and that by wise care it is possible to keep most children who have contracted it from becoming chronic invalids. In the homes of the afflicted that will be the most cheerful part of Doctor Veeder's message.

Fit or Unfit

A startling illustration of what public health activities mean to us was presented by the lecturer who pointed out that populations of the size we now find in cities of the first class would have been impossible two or three generations back because an epidemic would have wiped them out. It is a difficult task to impress on any one individual the importance to him of community health improvement, even though it is possible to show him that it measurably lengthens his life, decreases his taxes, improves his disposition and adds to his comfort. Herbert Hoover is one man who has both the knowledge of what has been done in the direction and the ability to present it so it interests *you*. Mr. Hoover's experience in directing war relief for starving millions brought him into contact with plans of unprecedented extent and importance for safeguarding the health and well being of vast numbers of helpless humanity. Few other men, equipped with however much vision or intelligence or sympathy, have had his opportunity to observe the achievements possible when group health measures are enforced under able direction. It will be news to some who read his article "Fit or Unfit," in the May DELINEATOR, to learn that we are behind several other countries in protecting the health of babies and mothers, that city children now have a better chance of life than country children, that we spend more as a nation for chewing-gum than for health activities. His graphic picture of the composite American child of approximately eleven years of age reveals the kind of work to which we must devote more of our best thought and resources.

He has taken three years to write it!

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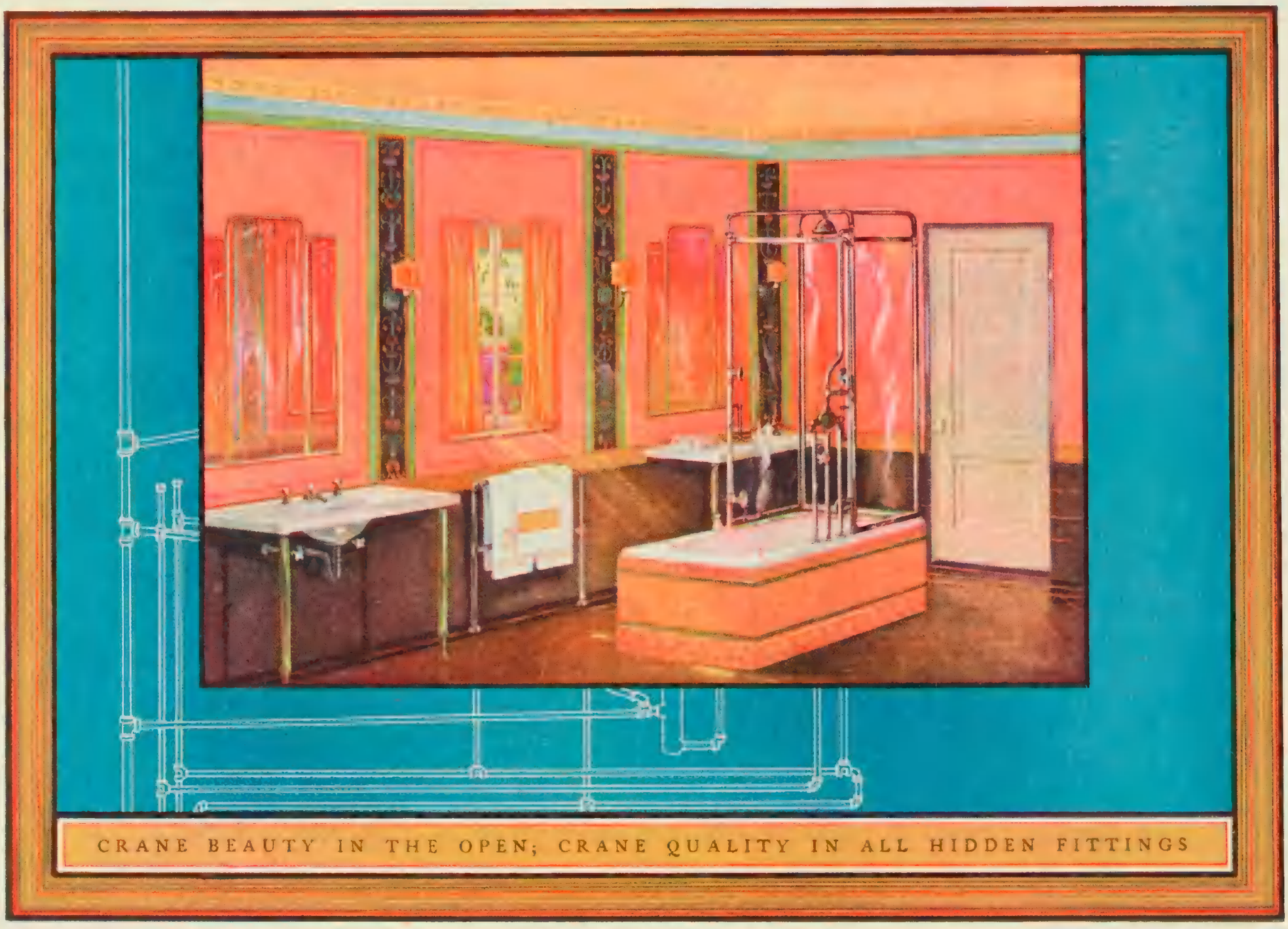
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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

SOME day when we get time to take our long-anticipated vacation on a desert island placarded with "For Men Only" signs, our choice of guest conductor of the column in our absence will be the *Rev. Joseph Wallett* of *Southport, England* ◈◈◈ In selecting a clergyman to watch over our flock of fair pewholders we were impressed with the British pastor's recently published comment on the prevalent fictional notions about blushing and trembling brides. "You know what some authors write about the trembling bride," says this authority, "it is all bunkum. The girls write in a bold, firm, free hand. It is the man who has the wind up. The bride gets hold of the pen in one hand, gathers up her draperies in the other and after signing the register throws down the pen as much as to say 'That's that.' The poor man always makes a mess of it" ◈◈◈ A report showing progress in the equal-rights-for-women campaign that we so consistently advocate comes from *Owensboro, Kentucky*, where a farmer's wife was recently fined $10 following her conviction on a charge of having violated the state anti-gossiping act, a law specially devised to curb the oratory of ladies with tongues that hang in the middle. It seems that the offender was brought to book for having spread the report that local police officials split 50-50 with bootleggers ◈◈◈ *Miss Gertie Collie*, a *Jewell City, Kansas*, woman, has recently completed a child's quilt containing 4,161 pieces. It is two yards long and a little more than a yard and a half wide ◈◈◈ Up in arms, as we always are, against the familiar accusation that the never-sufficiently-praised sex has no interest in science and invention, we take particular pleasure in copying down the newspaper story of a *Binghamton, New York*, woman's ingenuity and enterprise. "The wife of a local detective, taking the trail herself when she became suspicious of her husband's attention to a 'tall blonde,' combined her husband's sleuthing tactics with a periscope and obtained evidence upon which she bases her divorce suit, the woman testified recently at a hearing of the case in the Supreme Court here. Her husband entertained the other woman in his office, the wife said, and so she suspended one periscope from the floor above to look in through an outside window and raised another over the transom of the door so as to be certain of a good view. Then she alternated between the devices, and while at the door heard her husband, according to the story, making love to the other woman. The wife said she made the periscopes herself, getting the idea from those used during the World War, and learning of their construction from technical books" ◈◈◈ *Eileen*, a year-old baby in a *Cleveland* maternity hospital, has been able to stand on her head since she was eight months of age. Doctors discovered she had a perfect sense of equilibrium and enjoyed watching her show off for the benefit of guests, but now they are at their wits' end because other babies in the ward invariably come to grief when they imitate her stunt. *Eileen* proves herself a sure-enough girl baby by encouraging the imitators and then crowing with glee at their narrow escapes from breaking their little necks ◈◈◈ *Miss Inez Harden* of *Drew, Mississippi*, judged the most nearly perfect girl of 350,000 in the health contest in connection with the International Livestock Exposition with a rating of 99.04 per cent., gave as her recipe for perfect health: "Sleep ten hours a night, drink a quart of milk a day, eat lots of vegetables, don't use face powder or rouge, don't wear high heels." Miss Harden is 16, weighs 117¾ pounds and is 5 feet 2 inches tall. She goes to bed every night at 8 and is up at 6.30. In addition to deep breathing and setting-up exercises, she keeps fit by doing part of the housework and playing right guard on her high-school basketball team ◈◈◈ A *Russian* poet conceived a novel idea in the way of a touching memento of affection when he offered his lady fair a collection of sonnets bound in the skin from his amputated leg. We surmise that even a lady who had memorized the Book of Etiquette would be hard put to it for an appropriate expression of gratitude. ◈◈◈ A constant thorn in our side is the fact that we look in vain each month for the advertising of the new "kissproof" lipstick in our favorite woman's magazine ◈◈◈ If enough of the faithful continue to mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers, the manufacturers of that charming novelty can not long ignore us. ◈◈◈



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THE DELINEATOR

MAY 1925



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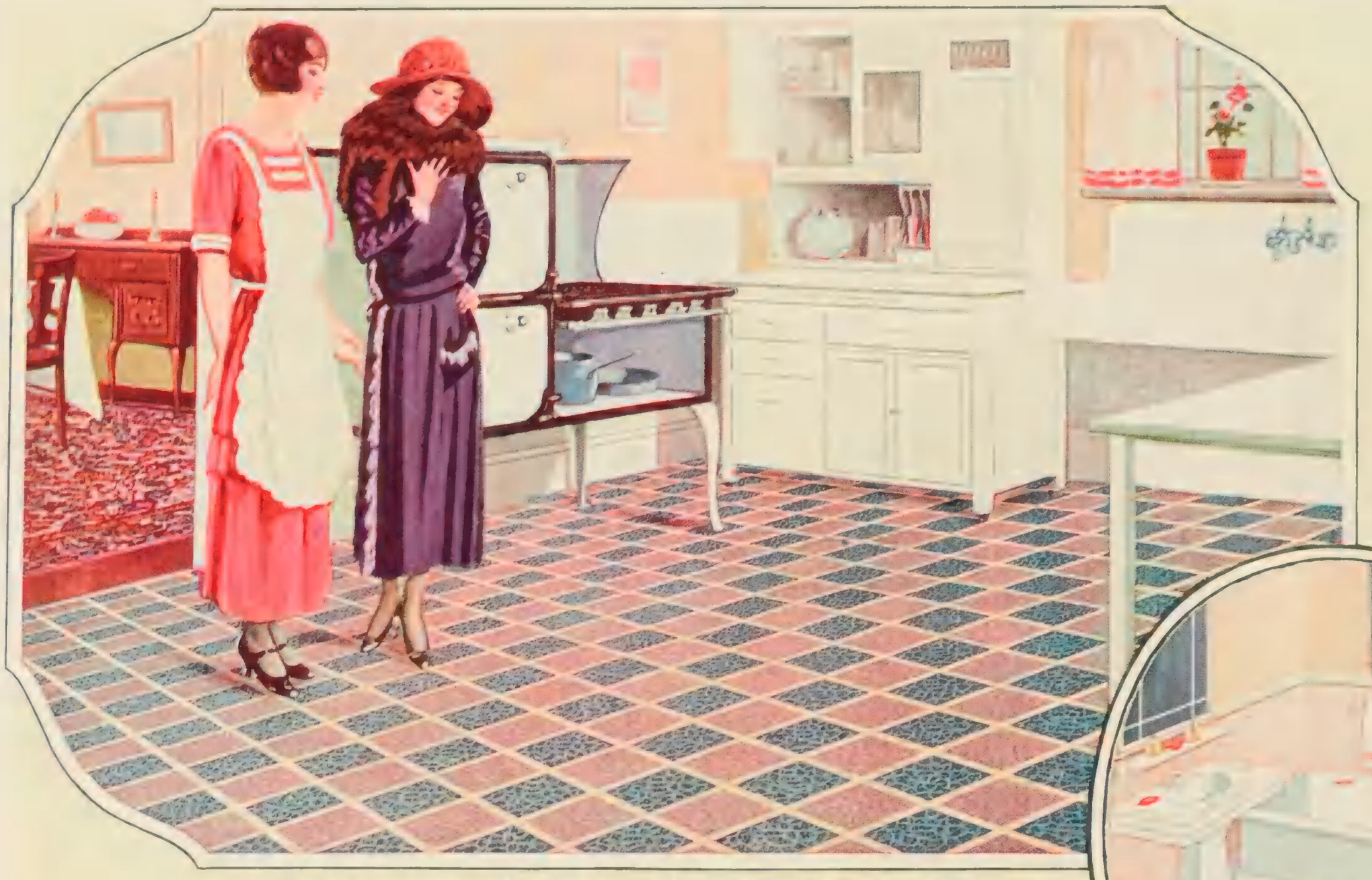
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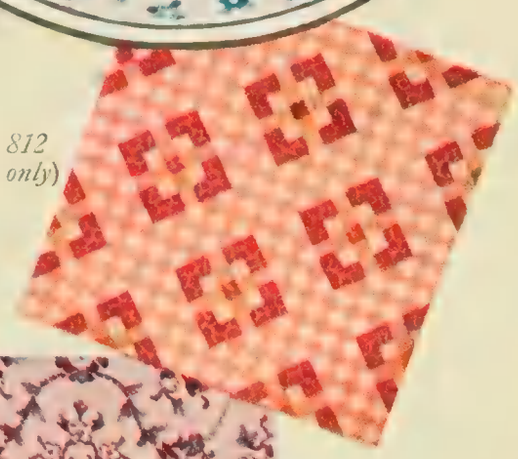
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THE DELINEATOR



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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

THE DAY OF MEMORY

THERE are thirty-seven thousand crosses on a hillside in France marking the graves of American soldiers and nurses. Once it was part of the Argonne Forest, and now it is a forest of crosses. Nine miles away stands a little village named Landres et Saint-Georges. One of the bitterest battles of the war was fought there. Only five houses remained at Landres et Saint-Georges. Yet after the Armistice what was left of its former population came back to rebuild their broken world.

Then came Memorial Day, the first after the war. The Americans had helped save that French village. And its people stopped in their struggle for bare existence, and worked through the night and early morning making wreaths and gathering wild flowers for the graves of the Americans.

More than this they did. Standing under the Stars and Stripes on that American ground in the heart of France, these unfortunate people—men, women and little children—took a solemn oath that while they or their children or children's children survived, they would go each year on Memorial Day to place flowers on the graves of the American dead and to sing our national anthems and our home songs.

Many Americans, hearing of this, sent help to that little town.

But time passed, and it is human to forget. And yet out in Port Huron, Michigan, a month ago, a group of men and women who had succeeded in the Better Homes of America campaign and won the first prize for their effort, collected sufficient money in one day to build a Port Huron Cottage at Landres et Saint-Georges in gratitude to the peasants who tend those American graves overseas. The Port Huron people who contributed, none of them wealthy, have thus made their gift to better homes in France, and the Port Huron Cottage will go to them in gratitude for a tender and personal service rendered to that silent army of ours on whose lips the finger of God has been placed.

We have been told that debts of gratitude to France have been paid. We have been told that debts of gratitude to America have been paid.

But debts of gratitude are outside the control of human will. They are not debts, but bonds that hold men to men. They can not be measured in material things, nor yet be requited by service. They are the reminders of friendship, above price.

And so Heaven bless the Port Huron Cottage in the heart of devastated France, and may we in this land of ours be as true to the graves of our defenders as are the grateful villagers of Landres et Saint-Georges.

YOUR CLUB MIGHT TRY THIS

THE New Rochelle (New York) Woman's Club has what is described as one of the most beautiful women's club buildings in the world. It is also famous for its civic work, its Better Homes campaign, its charities, its fine social life. A member of the club was recently asked to what she ascribed the remarkable success of the club.

"We have an unbreakable rule," she answered. "And I think we may credit much of our success to it.

"There must never be any evening meetings or evening telephone calls about club business; and all daytime telephone calls must be limited to five minutes each. Anything that takes longer than that demands a meeting. There must be *nothing* at night except social affairs in which our families may take part. Our evenings belong to our families."

Those conditions were accepted. The men of New Rochelle are strong supporters of the Woman's Club, especially of the policy which insures free evenings and limited telephone calls. Even the busiest women of that community have the time to belong. And they believe that this efficiency of the club is one of the best influences in their little city.



"Over the Top" Again!

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Author of "If Winter Comes"

whose remarkable new novel, "The Increasing Purpose," which he has taken three years to write, will begin next month in THE DELINEATOR

HUTCHINSON

IN A recent nation-wide poll conducted by the *International Book Review* to find out which authors of this century Americans consider greatest, A. S. M. Hutchinson was given a mighty lead over all fiction writers in the English language. This enormous popularity heaped upon the quiet author of "If Winter Comes" and "This Freedom" is destined to climb even higher and reach even further with the appearance of his latest book, "The Increasing Purpose," upon which he has been working for the past three years. This epoch-making novel, we are happy and proud to say, will start next month in THE DELINEATOR.

Can the meaning of love, as we know it, be increased? "Yes," comes Mr. Hutchinson's ringing answer. And in his reply, he believes, lies the way out of all the disillusionment and after-war turmoil in which our world is now plunged. The tidal wave of materialism has nearly reached its highest point, he foretells. The waters will be driven back—and by men and women "finding time for God."

Yes, Mr. Hutchinson has dared to speak out on the most controversial of all subjects—religion. In "The Increasing Purpose" he tells a gripping love story, but beneath it there runs a deep spiritual undercurrent. It is the tale of a great personal quest, the heart-and-soul struggles of one lovable Simon Paris, called Sim, just as in "If Winter Comes" Mr. Hutchinson centered his narrative in the winning character of Mark Sabre.

"I am writing the thing that is in me," he said of "The Increasing Purpose" in a letter to the editor of THE DELINEATOR during the years when, in a little cottage in Cornwall, he grappled with his idea. "And in one particular aspect it is what I can only think of as inspiration. Certainly the circumstances in which it came to me were very strange."

It is said by those who know him that they doubt whether any other young Englishman suffered as keenly from the war as Mr. Hutchinson. Here, in his forthcoming novel, that suffering has finally crystallized into a constructive program. "The Increasing Purpose" is a super-love story. By all means read its opening instalment in the June issue of THE DELINEATOR.

LENGTHEN WOMEN'S LIVES

THE weakest link in the chain of American health is the woman in the home. Many industries require physical examinations of their employees. There is a growing insurance among the wage-earning women. The club woman and the woman in her home are the last to be checked.

Recently an important philanthropist died suddenly. Her associates had not even realized she was ill. Elizabeth Toombs, an officer of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, was another example of a useful life cut short. Regular medical examination would have warned her in time to save her life.

Such needless tragedies are occurring daily in every community, and are happening frequently enough in all family groups to make the subject one of great importance to every thinking person.

There is no greater gift that we could bring to our readers than health. But unfortunately health may not be gained by reading. This has not daunted us, however. For we are, with this issue, appointing a corps of lifeguards whose job it will be to instruct whoever asks them in the actual practical way to abundant life.

Because this is so vital an issue, THE DELINEATOR, through Fielding H. Yost, Director of Intercollegiate Activities in the University of Michigan, and Dr. Lillian E. Shaw, and with the cooperation of famous experts all over the country, is organizing a health program for American women, the first step of which will be the preparation of a primer containing charts, tables and the latest information available regarding health exercises.

We believe that every woman's club in America should have a health program. It is estimated that ten thousand women's club houses have been built in this country since 1910. Yet few of them have gymnasiums, and still fewer a directed health program.

Fielding Yost, with the aid of physicians, has prepared a health chart for women, which will be made available to readers of THE DELINEATOR. We have prepared a booklet on exercises for women, a description of which will be found on page 15. This is an important personal service, and we urge every reader of THE DELINEATOR to take advantage of it to obtain a health score-card, which should be filled out by a physician. The practise of a thorough physical examination twice a year should be determined upon and conscientiously observed.

For years college men have been thriving under the inspiring leadership of Mr. Yost. Now the women and girls of the country, through the pages of THE DELINEATOR, are to be given the same opportunity. They will not be required to enroll in a college; they will be able to remain in their own homes or club gymnasiums and receive the instructions of this famous coach. Mr. Yost is devoting part of his attention to organizing athletic clubs for women and furnishing programs to clubs already organized.

If there is a club for women in your community, then let it avail itself of this expert guidance. If your town lacks such an organization, Mr. Yost's life-extension instructions in THE DELINEATOR can be used to help you bring it into being.

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Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

Teaching your Child to be Truthful

"Coax him, punish him—no matter what I do, I can't make Johnny tell the truth." That is the plaint of many a parent. To whom we say—"Try Angelo Patri's method"

By ANGELO PATRI

Principal of New York's model public school

NOTHING so shocks a parent as the discovery that his child has told an untruth. "I don't see why he should lie. I have always said to him, 'No matter what you do, tell the truth about it.' And now he goes and does this. I don't understand."

Let us try to understand. There are several sorts of untruths that children tell: the instinctive defense story, the imaginative tale and the deliberate lie told with the intent to deceive. This last is the serious sort, a habit gained by practise and stimulated by example. Rarely is it acquired in any other way.

Parents forget that children are listening with all their ears to what is going on about them, and making their own deductions. A hint is all a wise child needs, and when parents tell a story as they wish it might have been or as they hope it will be, instead of exactly as it is, their children have an immediate vision of the grateful utility of the untrue.

"I can't be forever watching every word I say," protests the parent. "I'm obliged to deal with people who make allowances for conventions and courtesies which children know nothing about. You can't go through the world telling the truth. Imagine what would happen if you did."

But children make no allowances. They take the grown-ups at their word's face value. Indeed, they do more. They take the word with all its implications, for they live in a restricted world where "Mother said so" and "Father told me" carry all the weight of a Supreme Court decision.

IT IS not the training that the child gets from books, nor the preachments, nor the commands that sink into the substrata of his consciousness and lay the foundation of his character. It is the subtle essence of the conduct of those about him that permeates his being and inspires him toward good or bends him toward wrong.

"I would love to buy your tickets, Mrs. Robinson, but we have an engagement of long standing for that night. So sorry. It would seem that we were most unfortunate about such things, wouldn't it? Perhaps another time we shall be able to make it."

Ticket-sellers are troublesome folks. They are one of those afflictions we all pray to be delivered from and seldom have the courage to deal with front-face. But why teach a child that the way to treat them is with deceit and guile? He knows that there is no engagement.

"No, we aren't going anywhere, but if we bought all the tickets people try to sell us there wouldn't be money enough left to feed the family."

By telling the ticket-seller the truth the whole situation would be cleared up in the child's mind. The ticket-seller would leave with respect for such a family—and the children would have received a wholesome lesson.

While the best sort of truth instruction is indirect and of an almost unconscious character, untruthfulness, on the other hand, is often taught directly to the children by unthoughtful parents who believe that a lie will result advantageously for the instant, at least.

For some children an agile and discriminating memory is a real necessity, for their ages change according to the situation which confronts them. On the street-car they must remember to tell the conductor they are three or three and a half, as the rates may be, while on the railroad they may be a little older. "It is a wise child who knows his age when he is traveling," says the conductor. And all these untruths are told for the sake of a few cents!

In a little general store in the mountains there is an old man who has had much experience with people. He keeps the post-office, receives telegrams, arranges for cars for the tourists, puts up luncheons for the hikers, prophesies about the weather and even advises what to do when your dog comes home with his tongue full of porcupine quills.

One afternoon a bright-faced lad asked him for a loaf of bread, and spread a nickel and four cents on the top of the show-case. "I have only nine cents," he said, "mother didn't have any more change."

"So?" said the old fellow, peering over his spectacles. "I'll fix that." And taking the loaf from the hands of the surprised child he cut off a generous slice of it, wrapped the remainder of the loaf and handed it back.

"There you are, son. Now you have just your money's worth. Never take anything you don't pay for."

When the child had disappeared down the road, the old man said: "I just had to give that lad a lesson. His mother taught him to do that. I heard her the other night. He wanted a penny for a bit of gum, and she said, 'I haven't another cent of change. Tell the man that you have only nine cents. He'll let you have the loaf, and then you can stop off at Miss Matty's and get the gum.' I made up my mind that he'd have to unlearn that little bit of finance."

There's another sort of teaching, not quite so direct, but equally harmful in its effect, because it teaches the child to distrust the people about him and trains him to deceive in his turn. It takes the form of threats and stupid untruths which parents tell to get a child to do something that he doesn't want to do.

"If you don't go to sleep, the man with the black bag will come and get you." "If you don't take your medicine, the doctor will come and cut off your ears." "Just you wait. The teacher will fix you when you get to school. She has a big stick. You'll get it if you don't mind." "No, I'm not going to have the dentist do anything to you. He's only going to look at your mouth."

BENJAMIN was not growing as he ought. The school doctor examined him and told his mother that an operation on his nose was imperative. The boy would make no progress until it was done, and unless it were done soon he would undoubtedly become very ill.

"Take him at once to the hospital. He has been neglected too long. Once his nose is fixed he will grow like a weed. But don't delay."

So his mother said: "I'm going to take you to the hospital to-morrow, Ben."

"Why? Is the doctor going to operate on me?"

"No, of course not. Where did you get such an idea? He only wants to look at your nose and tell me what is the matter."

Benjamin was twelve years old and had had some experience with nurses, so when he entered the hospital he stayed close to the door.

"So this is Benjamin," said the smiling nurse; "come right along with me, Benjamin. Your bed is all made up, and the doctor is expecting you."

"Not me," said Benjamin, and he fled through the doorway. He reached home long before his mother, who had to stay behind to make explanations.

When the story reached the school, the teacher said: "But Benjamin, you ought to have this done. You know you are losing weight and falling behind in your classes. Lots of children have this operation and make no fuss about it. Surely you aren't a coward."

"They didn't tell me anything about it. I didn't know what they wanted to do with me. They didn't treat me right," said Benjamin staunchly. "You come with me and tell me right, and I'll do what you say. But I won't go with any one else. They won't tell me right."

Such practises are doubly harmful to children. They lose faith in those who should befriend them, and they become frightened and lonely when they need friends most. Some time they are going to learn the truth about the situation and discover that all their fears bred of lies were useless, needless suffering.

To those parents who are anxiously asking, "What shall I do to teach my child to tell the truth?" I would say: Practise it daily yourself; be honest with the neighbors and the children; and above all else, be honest with yourself.

Teach your child that the only way to meet a situation is face front and armed with the truth.

Tell him the truth every time. If you feel that he is not able to understand it, tell him you can not explain, and ask him to take you on faith until you can. Silence is better than lying. Practise truth and teach truth until the very soul of you *is* truth. For it is the soul of you that teaches the soul of your child.

Wake up those dormant gums

—*when and while you brush your teeth*



YOUR GUMS are dormant. They are asleep because the food you eat gives them no stimulation, no exercise, no life. These they need and you can give to them if you will—you can keep your gums firm and healthy with Ipana Tooth Paste in a minute or two a day.

* * *

To care for the gums, the dentists will tell you, is just as necessary as to care for the surface of the teeth—even more so.

You should massage the gums gently when and while you brush your teeth. With daily care of this kind they will be firm and healthy, with a circulation of rich red blood within their walls.

Otherwise, under a modern diet of soft food and creamy sauces, the gums are cheated of the natural stimulation that rough, coarse food once gave.

The cause of weak gums is soft food

"No item in our modern diet," says one widely known authority, "is capable of giving our jaws more than an insignificant amount of exercise. Certainly there is nothing about the mastication of the average meal to produce stimulation and growth of the cellular elements of the gum tissue. Were we to depend upon the natural agencies for the health of the oral tissues, *we might well despair of ever controlling dental degeneration and infection.*"

That's a pretty strong statement. But the writer by no means exaggerates the case, for soft food and hasty eating cheat the gums of exercise and bring about these gum troubles so difficult to master.

How Ipana helps the dentists in healing bleeding gums

Dental authorities everywhere are making great progress in combating troubles of the *gingiva* (gum structure).

Thousands of dentists to whom Ipana has been demonstrated recommend it strongly. Many of them order a daily massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana not only cleanses teeth safely but tones and strengthens understimulated gum tissues. This it can do because of the presence of ziratol, an antiseptic hemostatic used by the profession to allay bleeding and to restore gum tissue to its normal tonicity.

Make a trial of Ipana for one month

Ipana is an aid to the dentist, not a substitute for him. Ask him about its properties, its fine cleansing power, its delicious taste. Then switch to it for one month. See for yourself how good, how effective, it really is.

Despite the coupon on this page, the best thing to do is to get a large tube at your nearest drug store. The ten-day tube can only start the good work. A full-size tube, which will last for a hundred brushings, will show you the start of firmer, harder, healthier gums, and a clean, sweet and wholesome mouth.



Perhaps your own toothbrush seldom "shows pink"—perhaps it never does. Still, you can build no better foundation for the health—present and future—of your gums and teeth than to brush them twice daily with this delicious dentifrice.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-55
42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1925

To prevent "laundry and dishpan hands"

Women who do their own work find this method keeps the skin soft and white



How often have you asked yourself this question:

"Oh, isn't there some way I can do my washing and dishes and yet keep my hands looking nice?"

Millions of other women have answered "yes." Let them tell you how they do it.

One of them says:

"I never use anything but Ivory either in the laundry or kitchen work and for a very good reason. People have often said to me, 'Why do you always use Ivory Soap? Do you not think it extravagant?' And my answer is, 'I find it most beneficial to my skin'."

—MRS. A. J. L., *Toronto*

Another says:

"All these years I've been *using* Ivory, not *having* it used, and my hands are the constant source of envy from my friends. They've said to me, 'How on earth do you keep your hands so *white* and so *soft?*' My answer is 'Ivory'."

—MRS. G. M. B., *Dallas*

A man writes:

"This winter has been the first in many years that my mother's hands have not become painfully chapped from housework, and she attributes her good fortune entirely to the fact that she used Ivory Soap exclusively for all purposes—even for scrubbing."

—W. J. G., *Philadelphia*

© 1925, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

IF you have thought of Ivory Soap and Ivory Flakes as made only for toilet, bath and *fine* laundry, perhaps you will be a little surprised at the suggestion to use them for the *general* laundry and other heavier household tasks.

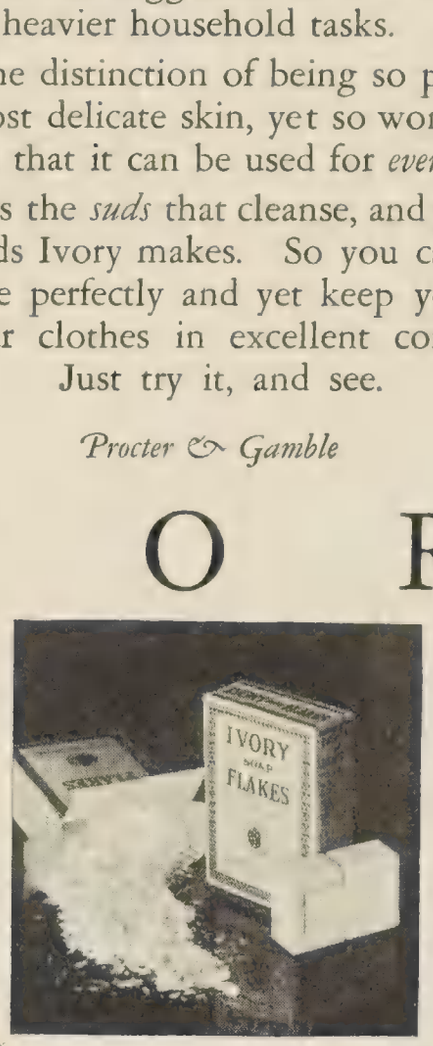
But Ivory has the distinction of being so pure that it cannot injure even the most delicate skin, yet so wonderfully cleansing and so economical that it can be used for *everything*.

In any soap, it is the *suds* that cleanse, and you know what marvelous suds Ivory makes. So you can be sure it will cleanse perfectly and yet keep your hands and your clothes in excellent condition. Just try it, and see.

Procter & Gamble

I V O R Y

Flakes *Cake*



99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

Your *personal* laundry

BELOW are listed the washable articles in the wardrobe of the modern woman.

Every one of these garments requires the care and protection provided by Ivory (cake or flakes).

silk stockings*	scarves
silk lingerie*	dresses
silk nightgowns*	handkerchiefs
silk blouses*	ties
silk negligées	cuffs and collars
sweaters	sports skirts

** The garments indicated thus should be tubbed in Ivory suds as soon as possible after they are worn.*

Ivory Flakes for *Shampoo*

IVORY has of course been used for shampooing ever since it was first made 46 years ago. Now many women have found that the instant, rich suds from Ivory Flakes does the work quicker and leaves the hair smooth and soft and fluffy.

Ivory Flakes For a very special need— *a sample*—FREE

IF you have a particularly precious garment that will stand the touch of pure water, let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes to wash it with. With the sample will come also a beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," which is a veritable encyclopaedia of laundering information. Address a postcard or letter to Section 17-EF, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Drawings by Paul Meylan

"O—H!" SAID THE GIRL. "YOU DREW AN EMPTY PLATE, TOO, DID YOU? SO THEN YOU'RE MY AFFINITY!" "WHY—HOW—JOLLY!" STAMMERED VALNEY. "THIS IS A SURPRISE!"

OUT OF NOTHING—AND ROSES

The house that jazz built

By ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

ALTOGETHER undaunted by heat or Saturday half-holiday, the amorous tenor voice of the victrola drifted even once again—from Heaven knows where—into the austere and all but deserted gloom of the great office building.

"Out of Nothing—and Roses," persisted the unsquelchable voice:

"Out of Nothing—and Roses
The Dream grew!
Not even I was there at the first,
Not even you!
But just Far Places! And Empty Spaces!
The shine of a star, the call of a bird,
Scarcely seen, scarcely heard!
Till out of Emptiness and all Inertness
That jump of my pulse! And that strange alertness.
Like the incredible shock to sense and soul
Of a blinded runner sighting his goal!
A gasp! A sigh! A scented whirring!
The petaled zest of soft things stirring!
As there for my dazzled eyes' beholding—
Like all the roses of the world unfolding,
Out of Chaos and Abysmal Space
There dawned the miracle of your face,
And in its sweetness
I found—found——"

Out in the paved street somewhere below the office a clattering load of steel rails suddenly shattered the song's climax by the very crash of its own crescendo:

"And in its sweetness
I found——"

"What in thunder did he find?" exploded Valney with his half-added column of figures hurtled once more into confusion.

With an almost exaggerated leisureliness, Hastings, his chief, cool, white-haired, immaculate, rose from his great desk.

"It's time to quit work. You look tired," he said. "And oh, by the way, Valney," he added somewhat casually, "as a stranger in town, you ought to go round a bit and meet some people. Now to-night we're having some sort of a racket at our house, I believe. If you haven't anything special on, maybe you'd better drop around. About eight o'clock's the hour, I believe. Just possibly, you know, it might amuse you. And if it doesn't—" Frowning for an instant, he stooped to brush a fleck of dust from his sleeve. "And if it doesn't," he quickened, "there's always the rose-garden, of course. Roses, as perhaps you may have heard, are rather a hobby of mine."

"R-roses?" stammered Valney. Oddly coincidental, the word struck across his consciousness. "Roses?—'Out of Nothing—and Roses?' "

"Sorry—of course—that I can't offer a bunch of débutantes as a special inducement," droned his chief's icy monotone. "But they'll be pretty scarce, I'm afraid. It's rather a married crowd, you know—the Hartlo Country Club crowd."

"Yes, I know," said Valney. An abstracted frown deepened quite perceptibly on his own brow.

"All the ladies, that is," murmured Hastings with a faint grimace, "are at least technically attached."

"Yes, I know," frowned Valney.

Accidentally the older man's eyes lifted to a mirror. The grimace deepened a little.

"But at least," he hastened to attest, "I think I can guarantee that there will be no other tottering patriarchs present. As perhaps you may know, Valney," he confided, "I have recently married a young wife."

"Yes, I know," said Valney.

"It's her crowd—this Hartlo Country Club crowd," persisted Hastings. "A wild, crazy bunch. Last year they raided the circus tents on a Sunday morning and staged a parade that was distinctly more zoological than Biblical! It was my wife, in fact, who——"

"Yes, I know," said Valney.

"And this Spring at the Governor's regatta, when the Governor's speedboat was—well, call it 'borrowed'—during the after-dinner speeches and run aground on the oyster bar, it was my wife that——"

"Yes, I know," said Valney.

"By Jove!" jerked his chief with some asperity. "I'd give my hat to know just how much you *do* know!"

"I know this, sir," rallied Valney with an almost instant urbanity. "It would give me no end of pleasure to accept your bid for to-night."

"Is that—all you know?" said his chief.

Curt as a whip the question lashed Valney to his feet. Rather tall he looked, rather broad-shouldered, faintly pugnacious, but trying very hard to grin, one hand toying almost boyishly with a newspaper on his desk.

"I know at least one other thing, sir," he affirmed. "And that is, parties or no parties, hospitality or no hospitality, I'm not going to stop day or night trying for that South American position of yours that's open—until you actually hire men to throw me out. Just words won't throw me out, I mean. Snubs won't throw me out. Work won't throw me out."

"That South American position?" cried Hastings. His voice was frankly aghast. "Why, Valney, you're crazy!" he said. "The South American office is the biggest job we've got to offer. And you—you're nothing but a boy."

"I'm twenty-seven," said Valney.

"Why—you—" hooted his chief. "You hardly know your own way around yet, to say nothing of the way of the other man."

"I could learn it," said Valney.

"Learn it?" snapped his chief. "Why, man alive! Just the social life alone of some of those South American stations is enough to sweep a stripling off his feet. And when it comes to the business subtleties—million-dollar deals put across a soiled table-cloth—gold-paved streets of promise ending suddenly in fever-ladened swamps—bullying masked as blandishments—extravagant kindnesses wreathed with extravagant shrewdnesses! Merciful Heavens, man! The chap we've got to have for the South American office has got to be a mature man, a proved man, cool of brain, tamed of pulse, impervious alike to the jungle and the boudoir!"

"I admit," murmured Valney, "that I have had very little experience with either jungles or boudoirs."

"What? What's that?" jerked his chief. Something tightening in the young man's face softened his own face suddenly. "But keep on as you've started, Valney, my boy," he added with a certain precipitous impulse of kindliness. "And come back to me when you're thirty-seven to ask about this same South American office—and I'll tell you then whether or not you can have it when you're forty-seven!"

"Thanks!" said Valney.

WITH his face like a mask again the older man started for the door, but with his hand on the knob swung sharply around and twisted one side of his mouth into the faintest possible suggestion of a smile.

"Oh, by the way," he murmured. "About to-night. It will hardly be bobbing for apples, of course, because that's Hallowe'en and this happens to be June. Neither do I think they will be apt to repeat the indoor football game that was staged last week—with one broken collar-bone and three sprained ankles. Nevertheless—" Before Valney's questioning glance his own glance narrowed a little. "Nevertheless, I strongly advise flannels rather than broadcloth," he added hastily.

"Thanks," said Valney, "for the tip. Thanks awfully."

A bit distantly he turned away.

"Valney," said his chief, "you look queer!"

"I feel queer," admitted Valney. "It wasn't just my lunch, you see, that I missed, but my breakfast, too! A little mishap about oversleeping, a——"

He reached up to rub a faint blur of dizziness from his eyes.

"Valney," said his chief, "don't be a fool! The next time that I ask you to stay over with me, get your lunch first. Do you hear?"

"H-hear?" stammered Valney.

Already, as though drawn by invisible wires, he felt himself cocking one ear toward the open window, with all the alertness he could muster.

"As there for my dazzled eyes' beholding," resumed the indomitable tenor:

> "Like all the roses of the world unfolding,
> Out of Chaos and Abysmal Space
> There dawned the miracle of your face,
> And in its sweetness
> I found—found——"

Bang! slammed the office door upon Hastings's departing figure. It was indeed as though Hastings the imperturbable, driven at last beyond imperturbability, had bitten a curse upon all victrolas into the very jamb of the door.

Still dizzied a little with faintness and fatigue, Valney finished clearing his desk and followed him.

BUT it was a very different Valney, fed and rested and tubbed and frankly expectant, who swung down leafy suburban lanes at eight o'clock that evening to avail himself of the chief's surprising and indeed almost disconcerting hospitality.

Yet, whatever his inherent shyness or apprehension may have been, at the moment it was at least hidden very effectually behind the ordinary blue-coated, white-trousered, mildly nonchalant demeanor characteristic of any reasonably good-looking and thoroughly well-groomed young man faring forth on a pleasant June evening to meet a party of friends.

Frankly, the most poignant emotion that he experienced at the moment was a very real and human curiosity concerning the whole Hartlo Country Club crowd in general and Mrs. Gustav Hastings in particular, whose madcap escapades and reasonably innocent indiscretions had kept the whole town agog for at least the brief months of his own sojourn there. ("Contraria" her friends had nicknamed her because of her avowed and insistent purpose to contradict rather than reflect the mood of whatever her particular surroundings might happen to be—to laugh, in short, when others cried, and cry, in turn, when others laughed; to flirt in church—and preach at a poker game; dance in rags—slum in satins. Restless, reckless, disturbingly beautiful, absolutely insatiate in her pursuit of novelty and unexpectedness——)

ONCE again, with all the vague speculation of the unmarried concerning the married, he began to wonder just how a man like Hastings in all the exaggerated austerity of his years and habits had ever caught the fancy of a girl like that or rather indeed been caught himself by a fancy *for* a girl like that—was it just money on one side and youth on the other?—irresistible money and irresistible youth?

With a shrug of incredulity he shook the speculation from his mind, quickened his footsteps, skirted a vaguely looming high hedge, mounted the shadowy steps, crossed the deserted piazza and plunged at once with frank astonishment into a pleasant morocco-scented library crowded with men only.

Judging then and there that he had misunderstood Hastings's inference that it was to be a mixed party he readjusted his mind and manner as quickly as possible to meet the unmistakably rough-and-tumble rollic that was already under way.

Across a pushing, shoving mêlée of shoulders Hastings waved a quick hand of greeting to him. Another man stepped back the smallest sporting trifle to give him at least a foothold in the riotous onslaught.

Hastings had said to come about eight o'clock, Valney remembered a bit wryly. The next minute saw him sparring for space in the middle of the crowd rather than at the edge of it.

The goal, whatever it might prove to be, was at least on the far side of the room. Through the crook of an elbow, across the ridge of a shoulder he caught a vague glimpse of a long oaken table fluffy with ribbons and glinting with some sort of tiny bright disks. At first he thought the disks were coins or bright embossed medals fashioned to dangle from the lapel of a coat. Then all of a sudden, from the vantage of the first scrambling breathless row of all, he discovered with frank astonishment that they were nothing but little silver pasteboard plates to which were glued in lusciously glazed bas-relief doll-sized models of every conceivable kind of food that a toy-maker's facile mind could compass—miniature lamb-chops with a miniature baked potato—nutty brown sausages sprigged with make-believe parsley—a roseate slice of ham no bigger than your thumb-nail cavorting decoratively with a white-and-gold fried egg—fluty patty shells brimming with sweetbreads—prosy gray oatmeal dotted with wholesome prunes—an exotic pompano swimming through a creamy sea of butter sauce—a rosy-cheeked apple doming like a ruby from a diminutive group of purple plums and bead-sized grapes.

"This game is called the House o' Dreams," announced Hastings in deep, stentorious voice. "Every man is requested without further delay to choose his favorite breakfast dish, attach it by the ribbon to the lapel of his coat and pass into the drawing-room where the ladies——"

"Oh, ho!" thought Valney. "So there are to be ladies, after all."

"—where the ladies, having already chosen *their* own favorite breakfasts," explained Hastings, "and bedecked themselves with

Continued on page 83



BRAZENLY THE MOON PEEPED OVER THE TOP OF THE PINES AND CAUGHT THE TWO FACES FLOATING CHEEK TO CHEEK IN THE TINY QUICKSILVER POOL

FRAGRANCE OF LILACS

Three Glimpses into the Beyond

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

AS SHE sat on the top step of the veranda with the golden light from the hall candles behind her, and nothing before her but the intense black of the warm Spring night and the myriads of stars in the sky, Selina Sue was ineffably happy, for she had glimpsed infinity and was alone and learning about it. This time she meant to dare.

She was nine, going on ten, and no one in the whole world knew what she was meaning to do. In the house the older folks, and that included the four guests who had come to dinner, had crossed the wide hall from the dining-room to the huge parlor. Her father was probably standing with one elbow on the mantel, twirling the end of his mustache, while his eyes beamed pleasantly on his lady guests. Her mother, she knew, had sunk gracefully upon the hair-cloth divan, folding her hands in her lap without having to touch her voluminous hooped skirt as most of the women did. While Selina Sue sat there preparing to go forth into infinity, she felt a soothing warmth of gladness that everything was so all right in the parlor behind her—such a handsome father and such a beautiful mother and everything so kind and comfortable and gracious. It was satisfying to know she might count on a full hour, and perhaps longer, with no one calling her or disturbing her. It gave Selina Sue a calm feeling. She was sure she could reach infinity this time.

As she sat there she was quite a small child, with her hair done in most perfect finger-ringlets, and tiny pink rosebuds on her full-skirted dress. Her legs were in fine white cotton stockings, and her feet were in soft black slippers that had straps across her ankles, and below the three narrow ruffles of her skirt were exquisitely sheer pantalets of fine muslin, beautifully embroidered. Before starting for infinity Selina Sue leaned forward and pulled the pantalets down the least bit in a ladylike manner, making sure they were quite even at the bottom, for even when one is going to infinity one should begin the journey properly.



Drawing by Joseph Simont

SHE DREW A DEEP BREATH AND WITH IT CAME THE ODOR OF HEAVY-SCENTED LILACS, JUST SUCH LILACS AS GREW SO COMFORTABLY BESIDE THE VERANDA AT HOME, AND SHE LEAPED

SELINA SUE could not quite believe that any one she knew had ever been to infinity. One reason for this was that she had discovered the route for herself and was rather sure no one had ever discovered it before. The other reason was that she had thought of all the people she knew, and she could not think of a single one who would care to go to infinity or dare go there. Her father was too busy—his days were taken up with something about cotton in bales, and his evenings with reading and guests. Her mother, she felt, was too gentle to go. And as for the others, she was sure most of them were either too stupid to care for infinity at all or had never even thought of it. Poor things! How sad it was to think they had all missed this most splendidly thrilling of all sensations! Selina Sue put her elbows on her knees and rested her chin in her cupped hands and looked up at the stars.

She chose a large star that seemed quite near and friendly—a firm honest-looking star that had a safe golden yellow color—and leaped to it, alighting easily on both feet, balancing herself by extending her arms until she had a secure purchase on its edge with her toes, just where they joined the balls of her feet. Then she looked far out into space where another star—a bluish and rather slippery-looking star—twinkled a million miles beyond. Without fear or hesitation she bent her knees and leaped.

It was a glorious sensation, leaping through a million miles of space with her hands held straight out before her, her eyes fixed on the blue star, her nerves keened to control her muscles so that she might not overleap or fall short, so that she would alight safely on the star, to balance there with outspread arms until her foothold was sure and she could choose the next star a million miles beyond to which to make the next leap.

When she had reached the tenth star she paused a little longer there and looked back. She could no longer see that house with patches of yellow light on the veranda and huge fluted columns rising to the roof. She could no longer see the Earth. This was because the last few leaps had been considerably more than a million miles—one quiet delightful leap had been a full ten million miles. She was alone in the immensity of space. It was a fine sensation.

Looking beyond she saw that the stars were fewer and far more distant from each other, because she was reaching the limit of our own solar system. "It's backwoods," she thought—but that did not stop Selina Sue. She was but beginning her journey, and to-night she meant to go all the way. She drew a deeper breath and chose a tiny star a hundred million miles farther out in space, and leaped, and alighted, and chose another star a thousand million miles beyond, and leaped.

BEYOND her now was nothing but one tiny spark of light, and this she knew to be another solar system than our own, a million million miles away, but she swung her arms and leaped and closed her eyes as breezes of space swept her cheek.

And now she bothered no more with such petty things as stars and planets. She leaped from solar system to solar system, trillions and quadrillions of millions of miles at each leap, far, far out into the blue-black of space, alighting on a universe only to swing her arms again and leap again to another universe ten million times as distant as the last.

Now and then as she balanced on a universe with arms outspread she looked back to the few faint distant specks of light that marked the path she had followed, and seeing even these pin pricks of light gave her a sense of safety and comfort, for they were the road back from infinity. But safety and comfort were not for her this evening. Always her eyes returned to seek a universe beyond the farthest universe, and when she descried it—the faintest of specks of light—she leaped.

She was now so far from home that she knew she had almost reached infinity. She was so far from home that if Adam himself, the day he was given life in the Garden of Eden, had written down a *1* and had begun writing ciphers after it as rapidly as he could write, and if every person in the world up to the present moment had done nothing else but write down more ciphers, so that the number would be like 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 but with pages and reams and billions more ciphers added, she was farther than that, in miles, from home. She was more miles from home than there are grains of sand on the shores of all the seas. From the most distant star that ever was she had leaped to a still more distant star, and from the universe that was so distant that no man could even think of it, she had leaped to universes unthinkably more distant.

And now, as her eyes searched the vaster blue-black of space she could see no more specks of light. She had come to the utter edge of things. It was the end. Beyond was infinity, the thing no one could know or reach

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Fit—or Unfit?

How the war has taught us to save our children



By

HERBERT HOOVER

Secretary of Commerce of the United States and President of the American Child Health Association

DURING the four years of the war and for three years subsequent to it, I had the honor to direct the major activities of the American people in the famine relief of Europe, first in the organization of the Belgian Relief Commission, then as U. S. Food Administrator and subsequently with the American Relief Administration.

The primary function of these agencies was the provisioning of great populations in prevention of starvation. In this way twenty-three different countries in Europe were at one time or another saved from economic and social collapse and infinite misery and death, through the resources furnished by the American people. Probably two hundred million people were directly supplied with foodstuffs at critical times, and in one form or another upward of ten billions of dollars in value of foodstuffs were shipped from the United States and administered to their needs.

Early in the administration of these agencies it was evident that the problem of maintaining the health of children in the face of national food shortages was a problem distinct from that of adults, and that while parents could be entrusted in the great majority of cases to protect their children properly if given the special supplies required for them, yet there were great masses of children who could not be so protected, either because of the ignorance of their parents or because of the wreckage of the war, which left them orphans, waifs and deserted little ones. Therefore in practically all of these cases we established a special method of the care of children whereby all of the fringe which might otherwise have fallen by the wayside could be gathered in and given such safeguards for food and health as would carry them through these critical periods. At times as high as ten millions of children were thus separately provided for.

While the great operations of providing other nations with food, which I have referred to, were in the main carried on as financial and business operations (although many millions of destitute adults were supported out of charity), yet the whole of this organization devoted to children was supported by American charity. Out of these operations grew an experience in problems of child health that I have felt should not be lost to the American people, for there was found in them a basic idea which badly needed application in our own country.

That idea is that while our people are the most sympathetic and tender toward children of any nation in the world, and have made fine provision for the care of orphans, cripples and sick children, yet they have not faced the problem of assuring the strongest development of the so-called normal child. We had vivid proof of this in the draft when twenty-one per cent. of the supposedly able-bodied men of the country were rejected at once as being deficient in physique, whereas another eight per cent. of those who were actually drafted were classified as below what should be the national health standard. We were told on good authority that a large part of these physical defects could have been cured in childhood. Under the circumstances it seems to me clearly our duty to study the causes of these deficiencies in the protection of child health, and to undertake practical measures in remedy.

With this in mind I undertook, in 1922, the amalgamation of a number of voluntary agencies in the country which were devoted to problems in connection with child health, and created therefrom the American Child Health Association. The combined budgets of these separate associations received from public benevolence probably about one hundred thousand dollars a year. The new association has had a budget of from five hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars a year supported partly by the large foundations, partly by a residue of funds left in hand after completion of the American relief work in Europe, and partly from public contributions.

MAY DAY—CHILD HEALTH DAY—1925

The purpose of the May Day Celebration is to focus attention upon our most precious national asset—our children. The tie between the child and all adult life is at once the strongest and the gentlest element in human nature. Greater sacrifices are made for children than for ourselves; greater happiness is derived from these sacrifices than from all the triumphs that personal success can bring. Our daily labors, whether in the home, or in the outside world of competition for material things, or even in the search for culture and for spiritual advancement, derive largely from the conscious or unconscious impulse to cherish the child and to hold the child's affection and respect.

Lest, in the hurry and strain of life, we should ever forget these obligations, it is well for us to recall the child's bill of rights, which may be expressed as follows:

"The ideal to which we should drive is that there should be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions, that does not live in hygienic surroundings, that ever suffers from undernutrition, that does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection, that does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health. It is the purpose of these associations to supplant ten policemen with a single community nurse."

It is for the reiteration of this truth, for the celebration of it until it shall have become a living fact, that we urge all people of good will to join in the celebration of May Day as Child Health Day.

Herbert Hoover



Drawings by Maude Tousey Fangel

THIS CHUBBY-FACED BABY IS NOT NEARLY SO INTERESTED IN HIMSELF AS WE GROWN-UPS ARE IN HIM

THE American Child Health Association has now been functioning for over two years. The agencies from which it sprang were formerly organized to furnish assistance to local health bodies of physicians and nurses and our educational authorities. In the American Child Health Association we have not only enlarged on these lines with increased resources and vigor, but we have undertaken a very much wider effort in directions that we feel promise to be of great public importance.

Our new field is the systematic determination of the shortcomings in child health protection, community by community, and the demonstration of remedy. We do not propose to be either scolds or preachers. Our aim is rather the scientific determination of the defects in community life, the suggestion of remedies, and the enlistment of all the voluntary and official forces in the communities to their solution. We have been confident that the American communities will not rest under shortcomings in their public relations to the care of children.

The achievements of not only this but the other agencies in our country have been inspiring, but they are only a beginning. Each year more than two million babies are born in this country. Upon their feet the nation must march forward. The lives of two hundred thousand babies are lost every year, largely through ignorance and lack of protective measures. Five other countries take better care of their babies than we do. Where New Zealand loses only forty-two out of every thousand babies born, and Norway sixty-two, we lose seventy-six. One out of every thirteen babies born in this country fails to reach its first birthday.

And in the waste of our motherhood we have an even more serious accusation to face. Sixteen other countries have reduced their maternal mortality lower than we have. In this country between sixteen and twenty thousand women die in childbirth each year. One out of every one hundred and eighty-five confinements ends in death. With adequate care, most of these deaths could be avoided. The neglect of prenatal and natal attention for mothers is closely related to the loss of the hundred thousand babies who die in the first month of life.

AS A nation we spend over a thousand million dollars a year to educate the twenty-four million children who are in our schools. Of that amount but a fraction over one per cent. is expended to ensure that they will grow to strong manhood and womanhood. According to the U. S. Bureau of Education, but one-tenth of the nation's school children are receiving "anything which even pretends to be adequate physical education and health training."

It is estimated that we pay one billion four hundred million dollars a year for the services of physicians and other healers, for nurses, hospital services, drugs and patent medicines, while for health work, part of which at least is preventive, we spend through Federal, State and municipal agencies only sixty millions. We actually spend a larger sum in this country for chewing-gum than we appropriate through legislative bodies for health activites.

In 1915, reports showed that the country child had a better chance at life than the city child, but now the city child seems to have a slightly better chance. This means that the ten million school children in our rural population are beyond the reach of the better health facilities of the large cities. The inequality of opportunity is apparent. We need to organize a broadgage program of health which shall reach

into the rural districts as effectively as it has in our large municipal centers.

It is obvious that we possess many of the tools that are needed to save the health of our children. All we need is sufficient understanding to work with them. Last year as part of its program to get down to rock-bottom facts the Child Health Association sent out a corps of experts to get a "health picture" of the American child. People know something of the conditions of children in congested city districts, a little about those in rural communities, but of the great mass of children all over the country, beyond the facts reflected in statistics the general impression has been a very hazy one.

The result of this survey is a composite picture of an American child of approximately eleven years of age. It is a portrait that should not be hidden away in our family album, but which should be hung up on our national wall for frank observation.



TAKING HIS FIRST STEP, THIS STURDY LITTLE FELLOW FACES A BEWILDERING WORLD PUZZLED BUT UNDAUNTED BY ITS IMMENSITY

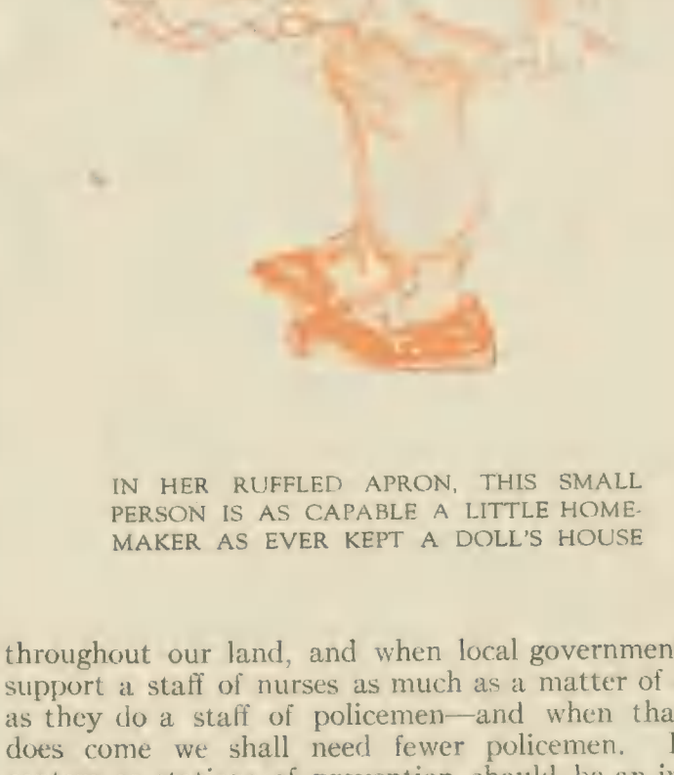
Let us look at that picture and draw some conclusions about the composite "American child." On the whole it is a hopeful picture. He is a comparatively sturdy youngster who had a fair amount of sleep last night, ten hours and nine minutes to be exact. He ate a substantial breakfast, drank a fraction more than one glass of milk during the day, and brushed his teeth all but two days of the week. But he drinks too little milk and needs more attention paid to his lunch-basket, and he should have his teeth looked after more carefully. Though he is weak in several health points, on the whole he might be considered fairly fit. This is, however, the average. All below this average will be weaker in maturity than should be. And even the average is below the ideal of a great nation.

DURING the year just passed we carried on child health surveys in eighty-six cities and several counties. These surveys have yielded most comprehensive information as to health habits of American children, and as to existing equipment for child health work. Among other things we aim to determine the standing of different communities in respect to their own efforts in child-health promotion. In cooperation with the American Public Health Association and with State health officers we have undertaken to set up certain definite standards that mark community progress in our special field. Volume and purity of milk supply, hospitalization and other facilities for childbirth and for children, clinical service for school children, educational work upon child health in the schools, housing and play opportunities, community organization of nursing—all of these are factors in child health.

There are many other current activities in the field of child health to give us hope and encouragement that some day our American children will be nearer the health ideal we have set for them. At the present time in different places in our country—Mansfield, Ohio; Athens, Georgia; Rutherford County, Tennessee; Fargo, North Dakota, and Salem, Oregon—experiments are being conducted in cooperation with the American Child Health Association, the American Red Cross and the Commonwealth Fund, which may bring far-reaching results. These experiments are the so-called "child health demonstrations." In reality they are laboratories to develop ways and means of giving children a better chance in life. Building up the health of children through health centers from the starting-point of prenatal care through the school age, medical inspection and health education in the schools, a broad program for the study of nutrition—a program which reaches back from the children to the mothers—an extended nursing service which is both remedial and preventive, and the development of a sound public-health organization in both city and the country, through a close cooperation of effort with the local medical profession—these are some of the activities carried on in these practical laboratories.

BUT if we would reach the goal we have set in this child health effort, our children must receive protection from three angles: from the community in which they live, from the home in which they live, and from the health habits they are to build for themselves. To accomplish this we need to awaken public responsibility. We must cooperate with the public authorities individually and in groups. We must realize the importance of healthy children to our country. Yet necessary as public effort is, the care and protection of the child and the forming of wise habits rest first of all with the parents in the home, and secondly, with the teachers in the schools.

Many believe that the day is coming when the activities in those communities where the health demonstrations are under way will be widespread



IN HER RUFFLED APRON, THIS SMALL PERSON IS AS CAPABLE A LITTLE HOME-MAKER AS EVER KEPT A DOLL'S HOUSE

throughout our land, and when local governments will support a staff of nurses as much as a matter of course as they do a staff of policemen—and when that day does come we shall need fewer policemen. Health centers as stations of prevention should be an integral part of every community. Those active in child health work look forward to seeing an adequate distribution of efficient hospitals throughout the country with some means of quick contact with outlying districts; to extended instruction in the fundamentals of nutrition; to the formation of mental hygiene and habit clinics for the observation of early mental traits; to the incorporation of health education as an essential part of our educational program; to the guaranteed-milk supply; to the extension of measures to protect children from labor which is beyond their strength both in the home and in the factory—in short, to a new ideal of child health realized on a national scale.

We in America, more richly endowed than any other nation, must mobilize all of our forces to give our children a heritage of glorious health. Throughout the world struggling countries, openly voicing it or not, are looking to us to interpret the new vision of democracy. It is with our children that we must carry on. We must see that they are fit.

IN CALLING on the communities throughout the country to observe May Day as Child Health Day we have sought to bring to public attention on a national scale this child health problem and the roads to its solution. In all this the goal to which we should drive is "that there should be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions, that does not live in hygienic surroundings, that ever suffers from undernutrition, that does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection, and that does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health."



A KIND FAIRY MUST HAVE FLOWN BY AND SCATTERED POPPY-SEED ON THIS TINY TOPKNOT WHISKING ITS DROWSY OWNER OFF TO THE JOYS OF SLUMBERLAND

HE AND SHE

A soda fountain may be the fountain of youth

By ZONA GALE



Drawings by Joseph M. Clement

HE MIXED AS NEVER HE HAD MIXED BEFORE, IN A DREAM AND A DAZE AND A TREMBLING. AN HOUR AGO HE HAD BEEN BUT A SODA-FOUNTAIN KING. NOW HE WAS KING OF A NEW AND MAGIC WORLD

HE HOPED that her name was Rose. But it was Minnie.

And yet she looked so completely Rose. She was both pale and glowing, she was both near and far—if you know what Elmer meant. Not that Elmer knew. He merely yearned.

He had come to Beetleville to be a pharmacist. So far he presided at large in what old Beetleville called the apothecary's, and young Beetleville called the Blue Lion Soda Grill. Elmer had thought of that name. And his employer, Mr. Meddy, had thrilled him by grinning and saying:

"I spotted you for a batch o' brains."

When the electric sign went up, Elmer nightly all but lost his job by retiring to the street to stare upward. His brains!

When she first came into the Soda Grill, Elmer was alone. So was she. Elmer had never seen any one so lovely, so near, so far. Seventeen, and her curls about her like—like——

"Did—did you want something?" Elmer asked.

"Certainly! I want some rouge."

Good heavens! They used it, but did they buy it?

He set out the boxes, his fingers flat and clumsy—but hers were so cool, so calm, so inquiring. Calm fingers, calm appraising glances. She wanted, she said, *rosée*, and he sold it to her. Then she wanted a powder-puff of lamb's-wool, and he sold her that. And then she opened the metal box and—used it.

He watched her. He did not breathe. Others he had seen, so. In the intimacy of street corners he had seen them. But not like this.

"Fair," she observed.

"You've said it," he uttered, and blushed, and scraped his feet.

THIS she did not acknowledge. She snapped the metal case, she moved toward the door. She was going!

"Anything else?" he asked, but in gasping imitation of his brisk business manner.

No, there was nothing. Eyelashes on cheek—not a glance for him—she was gone.

What a woman! It was so that he put it. Elmer was nineteen and she was seventeen. What a woman!

Behind the soda grill he polished glasses. Oh, that she had ordered something. He would have run old Meddy to the poor farm pouring in his nectars.

Who was she? Rose—she must be Rose. She must belong to a leading family. She would never look at him. If only she had come there as a beggar-maid. Rose—Rose—*Rose*——

The door opened. She was back.

"I never paid you," said she.

So she hadn't. *He* hadn't thought of pay, of course. And now, at the implication in her forgetfulness, his heart beat harder.

"It didn't matter," said he, with all his chivalry.

She eyed him practically. "What kind of a clerk are you?"

For no reason on earth he heard himself saying, "Oh, nothing!"

"How much for the box of paints?" she asked with hauteur.

"Oh, nothing!" He could say no more.

"Are you trying—" She looked full into his eyes, blue, wide, adoring.

"No, no," he said earnestly, and added as one giving a confidence. "It was sixty cents."

She paid, her rosy incredible palm so close to his. She had dime and half-dollar in her hand, almost in his hand. And then she drew back and held out to him a bank-note. "Would you mind changing this?" he heard her say. He took the bill and it trembled in his fingers. Did she—could she—was it that she *wanted* to linger?

He couldn't count. Some inner sense arose and counted for him. Into her little flat bag she swept her change. If he had cheated her!

And now she was moving from him with finality.

"N—nothing at the soda grill?" he inquired desperately.

She paused, regarded the sparkling glasses, the marble, the sirups.

"I might try a Gum Arabic," she she.

Heavens! A Gum Arabic. When they did this to him, presenting alien names with which he wasn't familiar (though they did appear on a vast list posted somewhere in obscurity), he had at first consulted Mr. Meddy, who made up something. So Elmer had ceased consulting Mr. Meddy and created drinks on his own account to fit the Pullman titles. The Snowdrop became vanilla ice-cream and mints and white buttercups. Egyptian dark emerged as a double chocolate, with a chocolate cigaret on end in the midst of all. So he improvised.

But a Gum Arabic! He searched her face. Sweetly, pensively she was regarding the counter. If she had been anybody else, he would have had a handful of gum-drops in the bottom of a glass, laid in two kinds of ice-cream, garnished the whole according to his fancy, and served it with nonchalance. But this to her he could not do. He could do no more than temporize.

"Wouldn't you try a chocolate malted float? They're my high mark." He grew eloquent. "Thicken it with ice-cream. Richen it with marshmallow——"

She shook her head languidly. "Give me a Gum Arabic," she insisted.

He blurted out, "What is one?"

Her own air of assurance left her. "I—I don't know," she said. "I heard—I think—I thought you——"

She laughed. With the sensation of settling deep into a warm bath he joined her laughter.

Waked from his noon nap in the flat above, Mr. Meddy heard them laughing. The woman in reddish calico, with blond hair dark at the roots, looked up from her chair and her magazine and asked: "Who's laughing?"

"Not you," said Mr. Meddy sourly. "Been you it'd been somebody else doing the laughing."

"Nor, 'less you're laughing at me, it wouldn't be you laughing neither, you scallop!" she retorted.

ON THIS exchange of cordiality, Mr. Meddy went below-stairs. The sun was shining through the red and green waters in the window and through the girl's hair.

"Hello, Minnie!" said Mr. Meddy.

Not Rose then, but yet Rose, too, in Elmer's heart.

"I guess," said Elmer, "I guess it's up to me to take the minute by the tail."

"Hey?" questioned Mr. Meddy. But Minnie—Minnie laughed deliciously.

"We want to know," pleaded Elmer, "what's a Gum Arabic when you drink it."

Mr. Meddy's professional pride soared.

"It ain't liquid," said he.

"We mean the kind you drink at a soda grill," said Elmer, hugging that *we*.

"Oh, Lord!" said Mr. Meddy, "that might be anything."

Elmer now passed rapidly into all the heavens. He heard her say:

"Mr. Meddy, may we make up one?"

Could *we* make up one!

"Sure," said Mr. Meddy, "sure. So you know this young batch o' brains, Minnie?" he inquired.

Around the edges of the new rouge she blushed.

"Well—" she said.

"Meet Elmer Dick," said Mr. Meddy capably. "Miss Minnie Little. Meet her, too."

Mr. Meddy passed from Elmer's consciousness and went out and sat under the awning in the lazy warmth. There they were, they two, in the Blue Lion Soda Grill, afternoon sun surging on the glitter of glass and sirup, nuts and eggs, chocolate and cherries. Across the aisle the shelves came alive—colt's foot and licorice and soda mint dissolved into one essence, and that shining. And in the sober show-case below, combs and mirrors and all Mr. Meddy's merchandise lay enormously enhanced in a radiance unearthly.

"What'll we put in first?" asked Miss Minnie Little.

Nectar of the gods, all of them they commingled—but what these were Elmer could never tell. Only of her voice he could have told, and of her little hand, indicating now this and now that for delectation. But he mixed as never he had mixed before, in a dream and a daze and a trembling. An hour ago he had been but a soda-fountain king. Now he was king of a new and magic world!

When she sat to taste what they had made, and he hovered above her, he kept his strange sustained smile, kept rubbing at his sharp red hair, as if these were the only realities remaining. He could recall nothing, nothing of what they talked about. He knew how she looked up at him when she had spoken. He knew the delicious surge of understanding on her face when he made some feeble comment. But what he said to her was writ in Gum Arabic. It vanished and it was not there. Perhaps never had been there.

Then she was going, had risen, was nodding good-by. It was intolerable. Earthquake and cataclysm he knew to exist; but not this, surely.

"Can I see you again some time—ever—just a little while?" he produced.

"I come here sometimes."

"Is that all?"

"Ask Mr. Meddy," she said, and vanished.

ELMER was left to his empty world of chocolate and nectar.

He washed her glass, her spoon. Tenderly. He dreamed of kissing her. He looked up to find before him the huge ungirt figure and late-blossoming eyes of Mrs. Meddy. Then he was aware that she had been for some minutes monotonously addressing him. What she was now saying was:

"Now then, Nut. How'd you get that way?"

"What?" said Elmer.

"A root-beer float," she directed. "And make it fairly fizzy."

"How'd you like to try—" was on Elmer's lips. No. He could make no Gum Arabics for anybody else. Ever.

"Yes'm," he corrected dreamily.

This woman before him was not his idea of a wife. His idea of a wife— He measured the ordered compound and mixed it.

Mrs. Meddy drank her fizzy root-beer float, and eyed Elmer.

"Live home?" she inquired.

From the fastnesses of his utter abstraction Elmer said no, that his home was so-and-so.

"Live in a room?"

Yes, he lived in a room.

"Eat out around?"

Yes, he ate out around.

"Come up to-night and have some chicken."

Now Elmer wanted, more than anything in the world, to be alone in order to think, to remember, to expect. But having no knowledge of escapes, he said weakly that he would be pleased to come and have some chicken. And then, of course, chicken *was* chicken.

"Got a lady friend?" came next.

"Yes!" Elmer heard himself distinctly replying.

"Bring her along," Mrs. Meddy invited.

Elmer's face blazed. "I don't know her well enough," he confessed.

"Who is she and *I'll* ask her!" Mrs. Meddy cried, as if she had found a final resort.

But Elmer refused outright, and his thanks came like a postscript.

LOOKING enormously chastened, with his hair brushed, at six o'clock he climbed the stairs with Mr. Meddy. The prescription-clerk looked enviously after them. Already the clerk could savor on the air the odor of roast chicken, challenging his chemicals. But enviously back at him looked Elmer, from the very jaws of the fowl. For what if *she* should come in the store again, say, to telephone?

Mr. Meddy, coatless, quizzical, moved among the golden oak, the crayons on the wall, the Axminster carpets. Mrs. Meddy, in henna crêpe, evening rouge laid on over afternoon rouge, said: "Hello, Elmer. Bring your appetite along?" They went into the dining-room, a little and sad room, which seemed to have absented itself in favor of its vast round table, its enormous buffet, and its eight leather-upholstered chairs, ranged cheek to cheek. The only remaining space was occupied by a canary, who had just clearing enough to sing a squeezed-in song.

But to Elmer, no limitation was visible. A home it was! Cozy little sitting-room. Cozy little dining-room. (Minnie. Minnie Little.) Furniture and walls flowed together, as had flowed the properties of shop and grill.

"Park yourself," said Mrs. Meddy. These words, as used in hospitality, she had only lately heard, and she cast a glance for the tribute of Elmer's smile. Elmer remained grave.

"Murderation, where's the gravy?" the hostess inquired. She rang a call-bell, which jangled hysterically, and in came a fat maid to whom Mrs. Meddy repeated this inquiry, in these terms.

"'Tain't quite cooked down," said the maid, with a look of injury.

"Deliver it, all the same," directed Mrs. Meddy. "It's time it was."

"I never see such a house," said the maid, and went. She ran, as an emotional outlet.

"White meat or dark?" inquired Mr. Meddy methodically.

"Dark," Elmer replied dutifully. "Or anything," he added weakly, as a concession to a sharp preference for white.

"Dark it shall be, then," ruled Mr. Meddy obtusely, and divided the breast with his helpmate.

"Funny boy to prefer dark," said Mrs. Meddy.

"Yes'm," said Elmer.

The talk led exclusively to food topics. Some of this? More of that? Didn't he like it? Well, then, why didn't he eat it. Incredible intimacies of the palate. Mr. Meddy wished to know why they didn't ever have squash any more. Even when he had been answered that they *did* have it, but that they couldn't have it every day, could they? yet he pursued the inexhaustible subject. Squash now—there was a vegetable! But to Elmer, the hour and the talk meant only a flat in heaven where, some day, *he and she* might give a dinner, too.

"Dance?" Mrs. Meddy inquired of Elmer, cutting Mr. Meddy short.

He said that he did.

"How'd you like to go over to the Winter Palace?"

"Sounds good," said Elmer.

"It *is* good," said Mrs. Meddy. "Swell band. Swell lookers. Nice class of strangers. We'll go over for a while."

Mr. Meddy's reply came with the abruptness of a cuckoo clock.

"*Will* you?" said he. "And who's goin' to feed the soda patients?"

"You are," said Mrs. Meddy.

"Like lambs I am."

"You won't dance with me. Well, you can tend the fizz department and leave me dance with Elmer."



STRICKEN, ELMER TURNED. MRS. MEDDY ADDRESSED HIM WITH DELIBERATION. "WHEN YOU'RE READY TO GO HOME, YOU RUN ALONG. DON'T PAY ANY MORE ATTENTION TO US *AT ALL!*" "MY GOSH," SAID ELMER, "I FORGOT ALL ABOUT HER."

"You'll go alone or you'll stay home."

"I'll go. And Elmer'll go. And you'll go so's to watch me. I know you."

"Now look here, Violet——"

Violet! Elmer was the one who looked. And as he looked a wave of pity took him—pity for Mr. Meddy. He had married a Violet, and look at what he drew!

Violet, Rose, Rose, Violet—Minnie!

He thought of Minnie in all her delicate beauty, and her youth. Minnie or Rose, she was all of life for him. And this woman here, was she all of life for Mr. Meddy? Certainly not! For that matter, Mr. Meddy himself was pounding the table and thundering:

"You'll stay in the flat, I tell you. I am not going to have——"

"You'll have some more ice-cream, won't you, Elmer?" Mrs. Meddy inquired quite smoothly.

Elmer's only known way of being polite was to lie, so he said no. In any case, his appetite was going. As he rose and followed them back to the living-room he felt sick. All the intoxication of the afternoon in the store with Minnie was being replaced by this man-and-wife, this woman-and-husband scene. Was this how they behaved after a while?

Mrs. Meddy was getting into her coat.

"You heard what I said!" Mr. Meddy shouted.

"You've got to have you a new suit o' clothes," observed Mrs. Meddy. "No use talking. Still, if you danced, it'd be different."

"This has gone far enough, I tell you!"

"Nicholas, don't be ridic-a-lous," said Mrs. Meddy. By long practise, this fell from her lips in rime.

She was at the door. "Do you run this flat or what?" Mr. Meddy seemed at a loss what to say next, and he selected this, as if it were as good as anything he had left.

She turned. "If my money was to be taken out of flat *and* shop," she said, "we'd see what run what."

Mr. Meddy lit a cigar. It was his only surviving gesture of authority. And, too, as he took down his hat he winked at Elmer. "She thinks she hen-pecks me," he said, "and I leave her think so."

She brushed something from his coat. "He's the cross-word puzzle for 'angel,' Elmer," she observed, "but you'd never guess him."

"No! Only the 'cross!'" cried Mr. Meddy. With this triumphant joke he led the way from his castle.

THAT which the Winter Palace lacked in art it made up in electricity. Though it was wanting in music, it equalized in noise. Missing exclusiveness, it specialized in number and variety. All this at ten cents a dance.

Mrs. Meddy bought the tickets. "Ladies first," she said, when Elmer would have paid. Mr. Meddy had retired to the seats, and he crouched there, looking ambiguous. Mrs. Meddy held out her arms, and Elmer saw that he was indeed expected to dance with her—three times his size. He received her advances, found his feet, avoided, by a miracle, hers. And walked into the dance.

A solemn dance it was. All the participants on the floor seemed in the unbroken solemnity of some last day.

"Let's liven up," proposed Mrs. Meddy, and doubled the measure. Elmer trotted after her. Of all those solemn cooperators at the Winter Palace that evening, Elmer was indeed the most genuinely solemn. Even before she stepped on his feet he hated it—the loud band, the sleepy-looking players, the dancers without energy or grace, the onlookers commenting audibly and without flattery. It was, Elmer told himself in his heart, a mess. A raw mess. He encored dutifully, endured some more, and led Mrs. Meddy back to her spouse.

"I got six tickets," he heard her say, and pretended not to hear her say. He excused himself, muttered "cigaret," which he never smoked, hid in the hallway, and there——

Floating in blue, her hair floating likewise, her sweet face smiling as she waved away a lingering partner, Elmer saw her. Without thought, without word, drawn by some cord which he could not measure, Elmer was at her side. She looked up, her eyes widened, her face burned, the orchestra banged, Elmer held out his arms, she went to him, they flowed down the room like two clouds on the breast of a river. He and Minnie-Rose.

What a dance! All the people with the joyousness of some first day of the world. The maddened orchestra, the jolly players, the dancers like graceful figures in a happy dream, the watching crowd merely streaming by in a soft gold haze.

He encored like a man in paradise, if that is where they encore most. And she encored, too. Again! Waves of music, of motion, of happiness and of life.



Drawing by Maude Tousey Fangel

MOTHERS

Comes once more that second Sunday in May when the thoughts of Americans turn home—home to their childhood, home to the beloved one who made that childhood possible. Through Mary Carolyn Davies, THE DELINEATOR *most gratefully salutes them—all mothers who are with us to-day and those who have gone before.*

Mothers!

The gray-haired mother, whose successful sons and happy daughters bring flowers and love—

The young girl-wife, with her first baby in her arms—

The mother of seven, struggling against poverty and fear and want, but keeping the six patched and mended and in school, and the baby clean—

The mother in the shack on the prairie, in the homestead on the range, in the mountains far from church or neighbors, who becomes church and neighbors and civilization to her children—

The average mother of the average family, with the average amount of bills and worries over Johnny's measles and Mary's beaus—

Mothers!

May Providence strengthen them to go on with high hearts for another year—when we will again bear loving gifts of white carnations or, if far from them, send our grateful telegram.

Mothers! God bless them.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

They came to the pause by a doorway, and he drew her across the threshold. It was an office, where sat a man alone at a desk. What he could be doing before a desk in that clamor did not concern them. They did not see him very much, but they lowered their voices.

"I never knew you'd be here," Elmer said.

"Are you glad I came?"

"Glad? Say!"

"You dance fine."

"Well, you— Say!"

"Made any more Gum Arabics?"

"Can't without you."

"Now *you* say something."

He was bold, because of her eyes.

"Well, then, I *will* say something. Have you thought of me since I saw you?"

In this, unconscious of its vintage, he breathed dew of morning. In her reply he found the morning sun, even though she said:

"Have you?"

"I haven't thought of anybody else."

"There's the next dance."

"Let's go!"

"I've got it taken."

"*Let's go!*"

He must have been a compelling cavalier, because she went. Or was it that she wanted those moments? Three dances in succession were theirs. And as he was violently encoring the third, Elmer heard familiar voices.

"I don't see what you want to sit here for."

"I don't. I want to dance."

"Don't want to sit here with me, it seems."

"I might—if you had a decent suit of clothes."

Stricken, Elmer turned. Mrs. Meddy addressed him with deliberation.

"When you're ready to go home, you run along. Don't pay any more attention to us *at all!*"

"Yes'm," said Elmer gallantly and faintly.

Mr. Meddy burst out in a salutation to Minnie as the music of the encore began.

"My gosh," said Elmer, "I forgot all about her."

As she asked who this woman was and as he told, Elmer was enchanted to see Minnie frown. He was muttering: "My boss's bride—just had chicken with 'em—I don't care! Will you dance with me again?" He was lost to shame.

"Not me," said Minnie Little. "Dance with your chicken!" She laughed adorably—queer, Elmer thought miserably, that a laugh could be so sweet and so cruel.

She left him, went with a man whom Elmer hadn't known existed. He turned and followed Mrs. Meddy. They had paused and she was saying to her husband, in a conversational hiss:

"You're just as outrageous as he is."

Elmer abased himself.

"Mrs. Meddy," he said, "she's the girl I'm—I'm—I'm— And I forgot all about you. Honest, I did." He stressed the last clause, as if there might be some doubt about it.

"I'll survive," said Mrs. Meddy dryly. "I'm not so sure about you."

Mr. Meddy spoke up. "Don't be so hard on the kid. You was in love yourself—once. So was I——"

He had meant to make things better. He had made things worse. His wife turned on Elmer.

"In your next job," she observed, "maybe you'll remember to be decent to your employer's wife."

"Cut it!" said Mr. Meddy. "His next job is this job—see?"

Mrs. Meddy did not turn her eyes toward her husband. "If my money was taken out of the store—" she began.

Mr. Meddy uttered one high note, fortunately indistinguishable from those of the orchestra.

"Take out your money," said he. "Take it out! Elmer and I'll start a soda grill—that's his own idee, and no odds asked of you. Elmer, it's time we was getting back to the store for the late drinks. Violet, are you coming or staying?"

She lifted her eyebrows and seemed to cover herself with their arch.

"Well," said Mrs. Meddy, "I was just going. You can follow along, if you like."

IN THE store she addressed the prescription-clerk.

"Can you make me a root-beer float and have it fizzy?"

"Elmer can," said the prescription-clerk.

"No; thanks," said Mrs. Meddy, and mounted the stairs.

Mr. Meddy winked at Elmer.

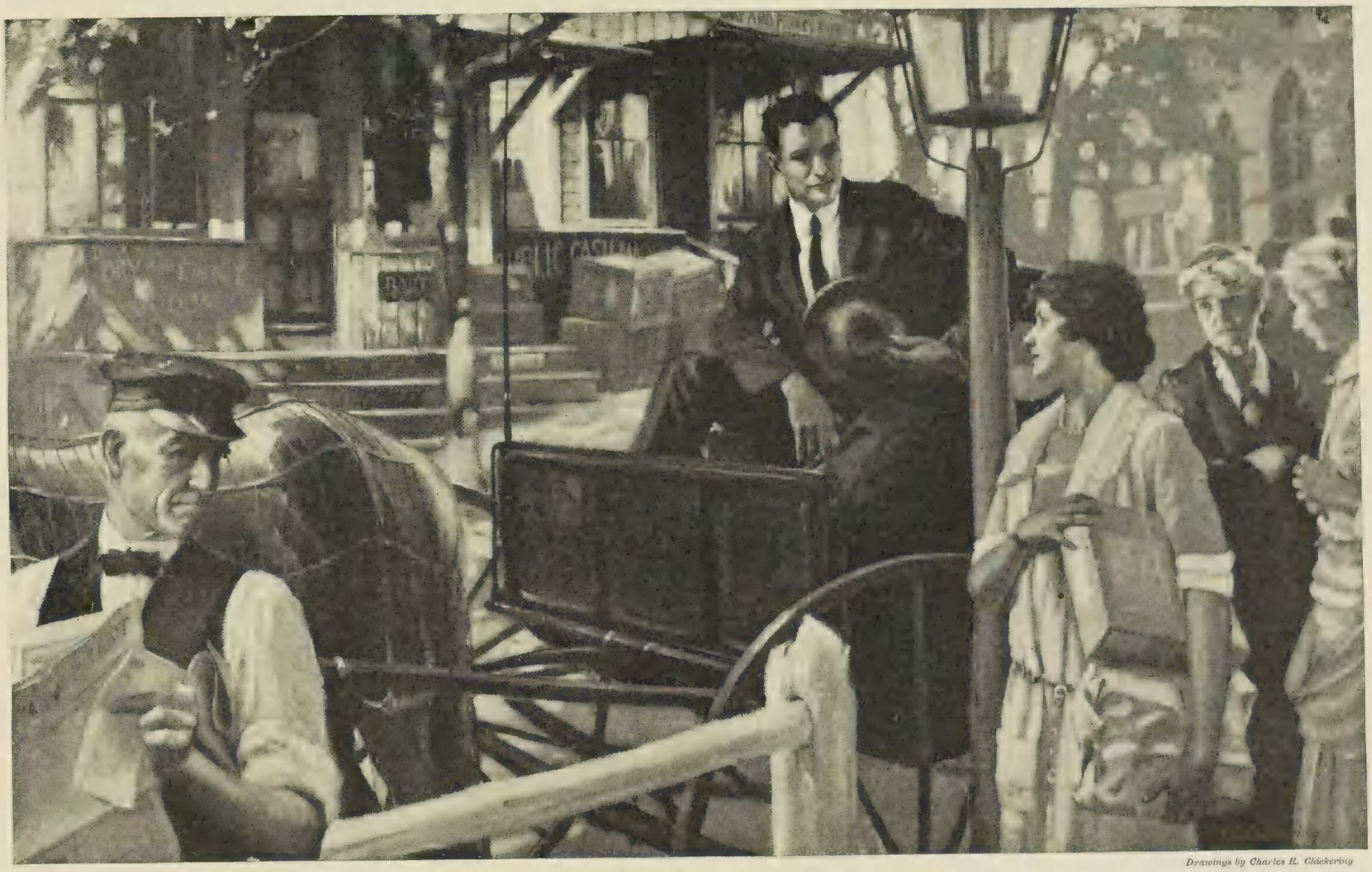
"Let's have us a couple o' Gum Arabics," he proposed, "or maybe some ging' ale'll do."

They drank together, man to man. Two men, whom women had joyed and badgered.

And Mr. Meddy said, like a toast: "Ain't life just the opposite o' heaven?"

FOUR o'clock the next afternoon, and Elmer stood polishing glasses. Yesterday at this time! In eight hours he had met her, talked with her, danced with her and lost her. And lost Mrs. Meddy. And his job.

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Drawings by Charles R. Chickering

LETTICE CAUGHT SIGHT OF HIM AND JUST FOR AN INSTANT SHE STOOD STILL. THEN SHE WALKED BRISKLY THROUGH THE CROWD. "WHY, FARLEY!" SHE EXCLAIMED. "HOW DO YOU DO? GLAD TO SEE YOU HOME AGAIN"

THE PEEL TRAIT

By

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Love and heredity at war in a Cape Cod fishing village

ALL THE STORY IS HERE:

CAPTAIN ELIPHALET PEEL was a tyrant on land and sea—so said the Cape Cod village of Wapatomac who had watched his two domineering marriages, his domineering rise to fortune, his lordly retirement from seafaring to live at home with his beautiful daughter Lettice. How he loved her, but how he wished to rule her! When a true lover, Farley Crowell, came a-courting, the old cap'n, distrusting all artists, treacherously conspired to make Lettice refuse him. In this he was abetted by his two older children, Susanna and Amarias, now married, who jealously hated their lovely half-sister. Still secretly ordering his daughter's life, Captain Peel steered Lettice into matrimony with Dave Booker, sporty keeper of the Ocean House. "It's jest common sense," he salved his conscience. But Peel "common sense" spelled great suffering for his favorite. She learned too late of her father's trick—and a serious falling-out between father and daughter followed. Old Eliphalet now began to show signs of breaking up. He lived all alone in the second of a row of three cottages that he owned—nicknamed the A B C houses by fun-poking villagers—but he took no interest in the property and the cottages grew daily more ramshackle. Dave Booker, faithless to Lettice, began to run wild with gambling and women. An automobile accident suddenly ended his worthless life. Lettice, penniless, had to open a tiny notion shop to be independent of her father. The whole Peel tribe turned on her in the fury of injured pride. But bravely she faced their opposition and carried on. Life's storms cleared up for a little while for Lettice. Then suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, came her artist-lover, Farley Crowell, back to Wapatomac!

PART III

SOLON PEPPER brought the news of Farley Crowell's return to Mrs. Salt's boarding-house. Solon had been expecting a consignment of Summer boots and shoes and supplies from Boston and had driven up to the express office at the railway station to inquire concerning the delay in its arrival. He was there when the eleven-o'clock train came in—at eleven-forty-five. At twelve-thirty he burst into the Salt dining-room and exploded his sensation.

"What in time do you think has happened now?" he demanded in wild excitement. "You'll never guess in this world!"

Captain Ziba Bangs had eaten too many clam fritters at breakfast that morning and his noontime appetite and temper were impaired in consequence.

"Then there ain't much use wastin' time here on earth tryin' to guess, is there?" he snapped. "I ain't got so many years left—judgin' by the way my consarned dyspepsy is tormentin' me—and I don't cal'late to spend 'em doin' riddles. Why don't you heave overboard what you've got to tell and be done with it?"

Mr. Pepper drew a long breath. "You won't talk that way when you hear what 'tis," he declared. "Farley Crowell's come back to this town. He's come back here to live, too. Come on the mornin' train. And he's a total wreck, that's what he is. Blowed up by a bomb-shell over in France, and been toted from one hospital to another ever since. And he ain't got a cent to his name scarcely, so they tell me. And he can't hardly walk—and never will except with a crutch—and——"

He was interrupted here, of course. This *was* news, and the manner of its reception was sufficiently tumultuous to satisfy even Mr. Pepper. Every one exclaimed and asked questions.

By the end of that day all Wapatomac had learned of the return. Solon's yarn was, in all essentials, true. Farley Crowell had come back, and if he was not exactly a "total wreck," he was—to continue with the nautical simile—a pitiful contrast to the trim and able craft which had sailed out of Wapatomac harbor twelve years before.

HE HAD a story to tell and he was obliged to tell it—or a part of it—over and over again that day and the days which followed. The town learned that he had enlisted in the camouflage corps of the army and had spent eight months in France painting all sorts of weird illusions intended to deceive the enemy. He had painted cannon to look like tree trunks and yards and yards of canvas to resemble bush and grass and foliage. He had been in the Argonne and at a place with the familiar New England name of Nancy, but which was as unlike New England as a place could possibly be. At last a bomb, dropped from a German airplane, had fallen upon the dugout where he was sleeping, and he awoke from that sleep to find himself in a base hospital. From that hospital he was taken to another and from that to a third. In the end he was brought, with other fragments of humanity, to the States, and after more sessions with surgeons and nurses was discharged as cured, or as nearly cured as he might ever hope to be. An official commendation for bravery, an honorable discharge from the service of his country and the crutch which was to be his lifelong companion were his souvenirs of the World War.

His aunt, Miss Sylvia Perry, had died while he was overseas, and she had left the little property she possessed to him. It was that inheritance which brought him to Wapatomac. It was scarcely worth the trip, so Lawyer Barnes told Captain Peel. Some Victorian furniture and a few hundred dollars, that was all. What

he intended to do next was the question which interested everybody. According to Mr. Barnes, his plans were most indefinite.

"He'll stay right here for the present anyhow, I guess," observed the lawyer. "He says he might as well and I agree with him. This town is the nearest thing to a home he has, and he seems to figure that he may as well settle down here and try to pick up a living by his sign painting and such work as may come his way. I asked him how about his picture painting—you know we all calculated he'd be an artist some day—but he wouldn't talk about that. When I asked him, he just smiled, in a lop-sided way, and changed the subject. I rather guess he wasn't able to make much of a success with his pictures."

Captain Eliphalet grunted. "Nobody with sense ever expected he would," he declared.

Barnes shook his head. "Oh, I should hardly go so far as to say that," he said. "A good many folks used to think he was a wonder at it."

Eliphalet pulled at his beard. "So he's goin' to live here in Wapatomac, is he?" he asked. "*Where's* he cal'latin' to live? Found a place yet?"

"Why, no, he hasn't. He's got a room down at Mrs. Salt's just now, but he can't afford to pay her prices. I judge from what he said that he hoped to find a set of rooms—cheap ones—or maybe a little house or something, move the furniture his aunt left him in there and kind of keep bachelor's hall. I imagine that's what he wants to do. The trouble will be to find a place at the rent he can pay."

"Humph!" grunted the captain, and walked off.

A week later and *that* question at least was settled for Farley Crowell. The rumor spread through Wapatomac that the crippled painter had leased the C house from Captain Eliphalet Peel, obtaining it at a rent that matched the condition of the house itself, and was planning to live there and carry on whatever business might come his way.

So Farley and his marble-topped centertable, haircloth parlor-set, and kitchen and dining-room oddments and remainders moved into the dilapidated rooms of the C house. A sign was painted and erected in the front yard with "*F. Crowell, Sign Painter*" lettered upon it. In the course of time another sign was fastened to the gatepost announcing that toys and Cape Cod windmills and souvenirs might be obtained within. Little by little, custom passed through that gate. An occasional citizen left an order for a sign or a placard and the Summer visitors purchased the toys and windmills and souvenirs. The business done was small, but it was better than no business.

FARLEY saw his landlord only on the days when he went into the B house to pay his rent. The conversations between the two were brief and businesslike. Occasionally Captain Eliphalet asked a casual question.

"Comf'table in there, are you?" he inquired.

"Yes, thank you."

"Humph! All right. Good day."

Only once did he show more curiosity concerning his new tenant's personal affairs. It was on the occasion of Crowell's second call with the rent money. Payment having been made and a receipt given, the captain, sitting at his battered desk in the B house sitting-room, fidgeted with a pen and then, without looking up, said gruffly:

"Ain't paintin' many pictures of cows and stone walls same as you used to, I judge—eh?"

"Not many—no."

"Humph! Found that kind of work a pretty hard way to scratch out a livin' didn't you?"

"Rather. Yes."

"I cal'lated maybe you would. Ever wished you'd gone with those Boston wholesalers when you had the chance?"

"No."

"Eh? You never have! Why?"

Farley smiled. "Because I should probably have been quite as much of a failure at that," he said quietly.

Captain Eliphalet looked at him then.

"So you call yourself a failure, do you?" he asked.

His tenant still smiled, but with his lips only.

"You would scarcely call me a success, would you, cap'n?" he observed.

Eliphalet's reply was, for him, an odd one. He frowned and pulled at his beard.

"I don't know as I'd call anybody in this world a success," he growled. "No, nor the world neither. Hum! Well, suppose I could get you another job up in Boston, or around here, would you take it?"

Crowell was surprised.

"What sort of job?" he asked.

"Oh, clerkin' or keepin' books, or somethin'."

The younger man shook his head.

"You know what sort of bookkeeper and clerk I was when I lived here before," he said. "No, thank you, Cap'n Peel."

"Humph! Just as stubborn as ever, aren't you?"

"Perhaps. But, see here, cap'n. When the Jones & Corcoran offer came to me, you were very decidedly against my accepting it. You said I should stick to my painting."

"Eh? *I* said so! Who said I did?"

"My aunt for one, and Mr. Duncan for another. They told me that you——"

"Well, well, I don't care what they told. Maybe I did say it. And maybe I've changed my mind since."

Crowell shrugged. "Cap'n Peel," he declared, "you astonish me—you really do. I thought you never changed your mind. I remember hearing you boast that you never did. And now do I understand that you are advising me——"

Eliphalet threw the pen down upon the desk with a savage grunt.

"Advisin' be hanged!" he snarled. "Most advice costs nothin' and is worth about half that. Do what you darn please. Only *do* it—don't let somebody else talk you out of it— There, there! I've got work to attend to, and I hope you have. Good-by."

He never again referred to the possible clerkship.

Farley Crowell and Lettice Booker had met. Their first meeting was at the post-office, the day after his return, and the meeting had many witnesses. Farley had ridden down to the office in Mr. Barnes's buggy, and Lettice, coming over from her notion shop to get the noon mail, saw him sitting in the buggy seat, a group of chattering townsfolk on the walk beside him.

She saw him and he saw her. The group of idlers saw them both and watched them eagerly. But if they expected a sensation—and, knowing something of the old-time intimacy, that was precisely what they did expect—they were disappointed. Lettice caught sight of him in the buggy and for just an instant she stood still. Then she walked briskly through the crowd and held out her hand.

"Why, Farley!" she exclaimed. "How do you do? Glad to see you home again."

Farley leaned forward and shook the proffered hand.

"Thank you, Lettice," he said. "I'm glad to be here. It is a wonderful day, isn't it?"

That was all. No wonder the crowd was disappointed.

But had Mr. Pepper and Cap'n Ziba and Mrs. Salt been present at another meeting between Lettice and Farley they might have found the conversation more interesting. They were not present, however. No one was within sight or hearing except the two principals. It—the interview—took place on the evening of the first day of Crowell's occupancy of the C house. It was ten-thirty, and most of Wapatomac—the respectable part—was already in bed. Farley was seated in the kitchen of his new domicile, staring wearily at the remains of a hit-or-miss supper still upon the table and trying to summon sufficient courage to begin dishwashing. He had been busy superintending the moving in of his furniture, and it was after nine before he had found time to think of eating. He was tired and lonely and despondent, and his feelings showed in his face. The window-shades were but partially down and the interior of the dimly-lighted kitchen was visible from the road.

There was a knock at the street door. Farley, starting from his dreary reverie, picked up his crutch and hobbled to open the door. Who on

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"GET ANOTHER CHAIR AND COME TO ANCHOR ALONGSIDE," HE COMMANDED. "I WANT TO—I WANT TO TALK TO YOU AFORE ANYBODY COMES IN. HURRY UP, GIRL! I—I HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME TO WASTE"



Drawing by J. Scott Williams

Be a Good Sport

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

THE perfect democracy—mankind's objective—will be a state of society in which perfect sportsmanship will prevail. Sportsmanship is a term most frequently associated with competitive games, but in its final analysis it is equally applicable to all human relationships. It implies a perfect regard for the rights of others and a perfect respect for the ambitions and attainments of one's fellow men. Any one who performs a duty to the best of his ability, giving a little more than the minimum required of him and observing the rules of fair play, honesty and courtesy, possesses the characteristics of good sportsmanship. Any one failing in the whole or in any of the parts of this program is guilty of a lack of sportsmanship.

In theory, the perfect democracy is entirely feasible. In practise, it falls short because the individual is unable to reconcile himself to the mass. In other words, a democracy is as nearly perfect as the sportsmanship of the individuals comprising it. It is a fact that any one can easily prove for himself by a careful study of social history that the nations that have made the most progress in civilization have been those in which the ideals and practise of sportsmanship were the highest.

Since sportsmanship can best be taught on the athletic field, it follows that the most progressive nations have been those that have paid the most attention to clean, manly, vigorous sport. It is entirely possible, of course, that one can be a thorough sportsman without ever having taken part in competitive games. Some of the finest sportsmen that I have known have been men unable to go into athletics at all. But in the ordinary walks of life it is not always easy to distinguish the sportsman from the man who lacks sportsmanlike qualities, while on the athletic field a lack of sportsmanship is very soon detected and the man who lacks it is branded for just what he is.

Although there may seem to be some glittering exceptions to the rule, the best athletes are usually the best sportsmen. I have known, it is true, some men who achieved a measure of success without having the right fundamental qualities. That is to say they achieved the success that goes with physical proficiency; they scored touchdowns and they batted winning runs and they scored points on the track. But—they never were able to attain the greatest prize that the athletic field has to offer, the respect and admiration of both their associates and their opponents. I am sure that some of these men would gladly have exchanged all the glory they achieved for the satisfaction that goes with the knowledge that they had "come clean."

THE contribution of sport to life may be divided into three parts. The first and most important part is the development of character. Without this qualification games would lose a very large percentage of their value to the nation. The second part is the building up of the physical man. In a way, this is supplementary to the development of character, since high ideas are best lived up to by a healthy person. The third part is the recreational feature, which in college football is considerably more important to the spectators than to the contestants, since in the nature of things more persons will see an important game than can play it.

The recreational side of sport ought to help toward the more important feature of character building, since the spectators as well as the players should learn sportsmanship. There can be no denying that the standard of sportsmanship in American crowds is constantly improving; but up to date it has not reached the splendid sportsmanship of the athletes themselves.

Of course, it is only natural that the players should lead the crowd in sportsmanship. The athletes are a carefully selected lot, who have been through a rigid course of discipline, while the grand stands are filled with a cosmopolitan crowd, many of whom never played the game and, consequently, do not know what it means to fight hard and fight fair. Furthermore, the players have learned respect for the enemy, one of the most important foundations of sportsmanship. They know that the opposing team is made up of men of much their own stamp, trying just as hard to win and frequently possessing just as many of the qualifications for victory. They go into battle expecting a hard struggle and knowing that only by their best efforts and a fair share of the "breaks" can they expect to come out ahead.

Unfortunately the loyalty of the crowd to one team or the other often takes the mistaken direction of a belief that their team is absolutely invincible. Naturally the man who goes to a game believing that his favorite eleven *must* win is disappointed if it fails. He is prone to blame the players for their mistakes and to criticize the adverse rulings of officials, without having the least idea of the fundamental reason for any decision that hurts his team. You will often hear a roar from the crowd when a penalty is assessed, while the team against which the penalty is levied accepts it with perfect good grace, knowing that it is deserved.

WE HEAR a lot about "upsets" in big football games. The season of 1924 was remarkable for the number of them in all sections of the country. But just what is an "upset?" It is a reversal of the result that had been expected and predicted. If a man thinks his team cannot be beaten, every defeat is an "upset," because it tears down his ideas of what the outcome ought to be. The perfect sportsman experiences very few "upsets," however. He goes to a football game knowing that each side will have the same number of men fighting with the same weapons and that the result will depend upon how each team plays that particular afternoon—not how it played last time or may play next time. He realizes that his team will have a certain share of the "bad breaks," and he will accept them as part of the attraction of any competitive sport. Mechanical certainty is usually lacking in excitement.

Only a very limited number of Americans will ever have a chance to play in a big football game; but the great majority of them will play competitive games of some sort. A vital part of every child's education is received on the playground, and the lessons in sportsmanship that he learns there will have a marked effect on his later life. The Duke of Wellington's famous remark that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playgrounds of the great English public schools might be combined with that equally famous remark of Daniel Webster: "The sun never sets on the British empire," to show that Britain's leadership in world affairs and her victories in commerce and science as well as in war have been due to the training in sportsmanship her youth has received.

IN A recent address, President Coolidge said: "It is characteristic of almost the entire American life that it has a worthy regard for clean and manly sports. It has little appetite for what is unwholesome or brutal." This is an exemplification of sportsmanship. You cannot picture an American crowd enjoying a bull-fight, for example, not necessarily because the animal is frequently killed, but because from the very beginning he has no chance. We naturally find cruelty revolting, but we are even more outraged by a so-called "sport" in which one side is hopelessly handicapped.

The average American is very jealous of his reputation for sportsmanship. While we have no exact equivalent for the British expression "It isn't cricket," we have exactly the same attitude toward unfairness. A true American would rather take just a little that is honestly gained than a whole lot that was won by unsportsmanlike methods. The worst insult that you can offer him is to call him a "poor sport." That is a fighting term.

There is no exact synonym for sportsmanship. Perhaps the word that most closely approximates an equivalent is respect. The good sportsman respects himself,

Continued on page 79

ARE YOU TOO PLUMP IN SPOTS?

So often just one or two plump spots mar a woman's beauty—a too fat arm, a double chin, a thickened ankle! There's a way to reduce them—not temporarily by dangerous drugs, but permanently by exercise. THE DELINEATOR *tells you how, in a booklet specially prepared by a woman doctor who also is a trained specialist in physical education. You'll find this booklet exactly what you've been looking for. And twenty-five cents, sent to the Health Department of* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., will secure it for you at once*

The Seriousness of Heart Trouble in Children



"The world is mine!"

By DR. BORDEN S. VEEDER

Clinical Professor of Pediatrics in Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri; and Physician of St. Louis Children's Hospital

The Happy Child Department

Directed by DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

OVER four hundred thousand school children in America have heart trouble. This is one of the most serious medical problems with which physicians have to deal, for reports show that death from heart disease is increasing year by year.

A certain amount of heart disease among children can be prevented. Furthermore, and what is more important, by wise and constant care and attention it is possible to keep most children with heart disease from becoming chronic invalids and to guide them safely through the dangerous period of childhood into a normal and active adult life. Once developed, heart disease requires constant supervision, for it frequently progresses silently and insidiously until, before it is realized, it has reached a point where little or nothing can be done.

HOW DOES THE HEART WORK?

IN ORDER to understand heart disease it is necessary to know something about the heart and its work. The heart should be considered as a machine—a pump. And a most remarkable machine it is. Night and day, year after year it pumps steadily away, sending blood through every part of the body, until at the end of our three score and ten years it has pumped over several billion times without a stop.

The heart is a hollow muscular organ divided into two sides, and each side into two chambers. When it contracts, the blood in the chambers is pumped out into the blood vessels, and when it relaxes, the chambers are opened up and filled with blood. This never-ceasing alternation of contraction and expansion forms the beating of the heart to which the physician listens with his stethoscope. He counts its rate when taking the pulse.

The left side of the heart pumps pure blood through the arteries to all the tissues and organs of the body, carrying oxygen to them so that they can continue their various duties. From the tissues, the veins carry the blood, loaded with impurities, back to the right side of the heart. The right side pumps the blood through the lungs where the impurities are given off and where oxygen is obtained through the air we breathe. Then this good or oxygenated blood goes back to the left side and the process begins again.

Most important from the standpoint of heart diseases are the four sets of valves—the two between the chambers on the sides and the two at the beginning of the big blood vessels which lead out from the lower chambers. If it were not for these valves there would be a back flow of blood. The valves between the chambers close when the heart muscle contracts and the blood is pumped out of the lower chambers. Those at the base of the vessels close while the heart muscle is resting and the chambers are filling with blood.

The heart beats with a regular rhythm at a certain fairly definite rate during rest or sleep. In infants the normal rate is high, but decreases gradually until the thirteenth year, when a rate of about seventy times a minute is established—a speed which remains fairly permanent through the rest of life. A great many things affect the rate of the heart's beat. Nervousness or excitement will cause it to go faster. When running, hurrying or exercising in any way, the body requires more oxygen and the heart automatically beats faster in order to pump more blood. When a child has fever, the cells of the body are more active and require more oxygen, and so we find the rate increases.

At every contraction of the muscle the heart is active and at work. During the relaxation period while the chambers are filling, the muscle is resting. When the heart beats faster, it does so at the cost of this rest period, which becomes shorter. The normal heart adjusts itself rapidly to changing conditions and has the power of increasing its usual load of work tremendously when the occasion arises. From the standpoint of mechanics there is nothing that even approaches the heart in regard to the efficiency and the rapidity with which it responds to the ever-changing load of work placed upon it.

WHAT CAUSES HEART TROUBLE?

SOMETIMES an infant is born with a malformation of the heart, just as babies are born with a hare lip or a club foot; sometimes the disease develops in a normal heart during childhood. Congenital heart disease is usually a serious condition and frequently causes death at birth or shortly after. The baby with heart trouble does not thrive like a normal child, nor is it able to throw off infections easily. Sometimes the malformation is slight and unimportant and does not interfere with the pumping of the blood. In cases of this kind, children may go through life without having the heart cause them any disturbance. There are many types of malformation. How serious it is depends upon how much interference there is with the normal circulation of the blood.

Acquired heart disease appears more frequently. As the result of certain infections, tonsilitis for example, the smooth lining of the chambers of the heart become diseased. The valves which check the back-flow of the blood suffer in particular. It is for this reason that we sometimes speak of "valvular heart disease." The valves become leaky or they become bound together and fail to open properly, thus obstructing the flow of blood. Sometimes both conditions occur in the same valve. The result to the heart is the same as when the valves in any pump go wrong: the pump fails to act properly and does not do its work efficiently.

If the valves of the heart leak and a back-flow takes place, the heart must do one of two things to keep the necessary quantity of blood flowing through the body: it must either pump faster and more often, or else it must enlarge to hold more blood. Then even if some does flow back or in the wrong direction there will be enough blood to supply the circulation. If the valves obstruct the flow of blood, the muscles have to work with more force to overcome the obstruction.

As long as the heart overcomes the faulty action of the valves by pumping faster, or by enlarging to hold more blood or by an increase in the size of the heart muscle to add more force (and frequently all three take place), sufficient blood is kept going through the body. When the time comes that the heart can no longer meet the extra work put upon it by the defective valves, the circulation breaks down. This is first noted when any unusual demand, such as running or jumping, calls for more blood and the heart is unable to respond normally. When the circulation slows down, the lungs become blocked with blood. The column of blood slows down in the legs and feet and they become swollen. There are all degrees of poor circulation from simple shortness of breath after some slight exertion to the pathetic state when a child can not even lie down but has to sleep in a sitting position.

Heart disease does not go to this extreme in all children, however. Frequently the valvular lesions are slight and interfere only a little with the flow of blood. With proper care and treatment many children who have heart disease may live a long life of happiness and activity.

Heart disease in childhood is often the result of some infection due to bacteria. While it occasionally develops as the result of some one of the contagious diseases such as scarlet fever, in the vast majority of cases it develops from the disease known as rheumatism. There are four diseases occurring in childhood which have a close interrelationship or dependency upon one another: tonsilitis, acute rheumatic fever in which the joints become swollen and painful, chorea or St. Vitus' dance, and heart disease. Sometimes all four are associated in the same child, but more frequently only two or three are seen in combination. Thus, chorea and tonsilitis, tonsilitis and heart disease (St. Vitus' dance and heart disease, or a combination of three as in tonsilitis, rheumatism and heart disease, are frequently seen. The most frequent combination, however, is heart disease and acute rheumatism. When these conditions exist, either the bacteria get into the blood and are sometimes found in masses upon the valves of the heart or else the bacteria are concentrated at some point, such as the tonsils, and the damage results from the absorption of the bacteria poisons which in turn affect the joints and heart.

Let us assume that a child develops a fever and his joints become swollen. By listening to the heart, the physician may hear new sounds develop. These are called murmurs, and they indicate that the heart is affected, and that the child has heart disease in addition to this other illness. Sometimes after a case of tonsilitis the fever does not go down, and further examination reveals the heart to be involved. During a period of fever the heart condition is said to be acute. If bacteria are present in the blood, the condition may go on progressing until a point is reached when the heart fails to act entirely and the disease ends fatally. As a rule, however, the fever dies out and the child becomes better, but he is left with a permanent injury to the heart. Then we have the condition of chronic heart disease which is so frequent among children.

It is unusual to find rheumatism or heart disease in children under four or five years of age, but it is a most frequent trouble between the eighth and twelfth years. Heart disease is more common in girls than in boys.

HOW TO HELP THE CHILD WITH HEART DISEASE

VERY little can be done to help the child who has acute heart disease, except to put him at absolute rest in order to avoid as much strain as possible upon the heart. The cause of the trouble should be determined and treated. For the parent there is a real problem in the management of a child who has chronic heart disease, or, as it is usually termed, "heart trouble." First of all he must be kept at rest for many weeks after the acute difficulty has quieted down, so as to give the heart time to strengthen and the injury to the valve an opportunity to heal.

Any source of infection such as diseased tonsils must be removed or treated so as to prevent a second acute attack. Overstraining the damaged heart, which may result from new infections or from physical overstrain, is a grave danger. The severity of the infection often depends upon the general health of the child, and so the nutrition must be at or above par in order to keep up a good resistance. It may be said that the prognosis or outcome of heart trouble goes hand in hand with nutrition.

The amount of play or exercise which a child with heart disease may take depends entirely upon the degree of the heart injury. When the injury is bad, even walking up stairs may have to be forbidden; while in children with slight injuries, mild forms of sport may be permitted. Every child with heart disease must be treated and advised individually. No general rules can be laid down. In many severe cases a certain amount of limited exercise of a special type is needed after a time and is of benefit to the muscles of the heart. This strengthens

Continued on page 76

ARE YOU A "HAPPY CHILD" MOTHER?

That's to say—are you a member of "The Happy Child Clubs," and do you get Doctor Shaw's monthly letters?

They're letters from this eminent child specialist, warning of seasonal epidemics, discussing important problems of hygiene, and helping you bring your little one up in health and strength. Every month four different letters go out according to the ages of the children: one for Expectant Mothers, one for New Babies, a third concerning little Runabouts, and a fourth about School Children. Four clubs—four letters!

Membership in a single club is only fifty cents a year, and in all four the special price of one dollar. Send your dues to "The Happy Child Clubs," THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., stating which membership you wish, and your first letter will go to you at once*

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

MAY 1925

EDITOR
HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR
ROBERT GRAEF



The boy who ran after the stage coach

HIS name was George Frederick and he was born in a quaint little town of Germany, two hundred and forty years ago, (about the very time that William Penn was founding Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love). His father was a barber, surgeon and dentist of Halle, for, in those days, barbers cared for bodies as well as beards! And a stern severe old barber he was, who determined, the day George Frederick was born, that his son must grow up a lawyer.

Poor little George Frederick, knew nothing of this. He only knew that from the time he could remember, he loved music better than anything in the world, and that music was always forbidden him. His father thought it a namby-pamby business; he allowed no musical instrument in the house, and even kept George Frederick home from school for fear he might learn a scale or two!

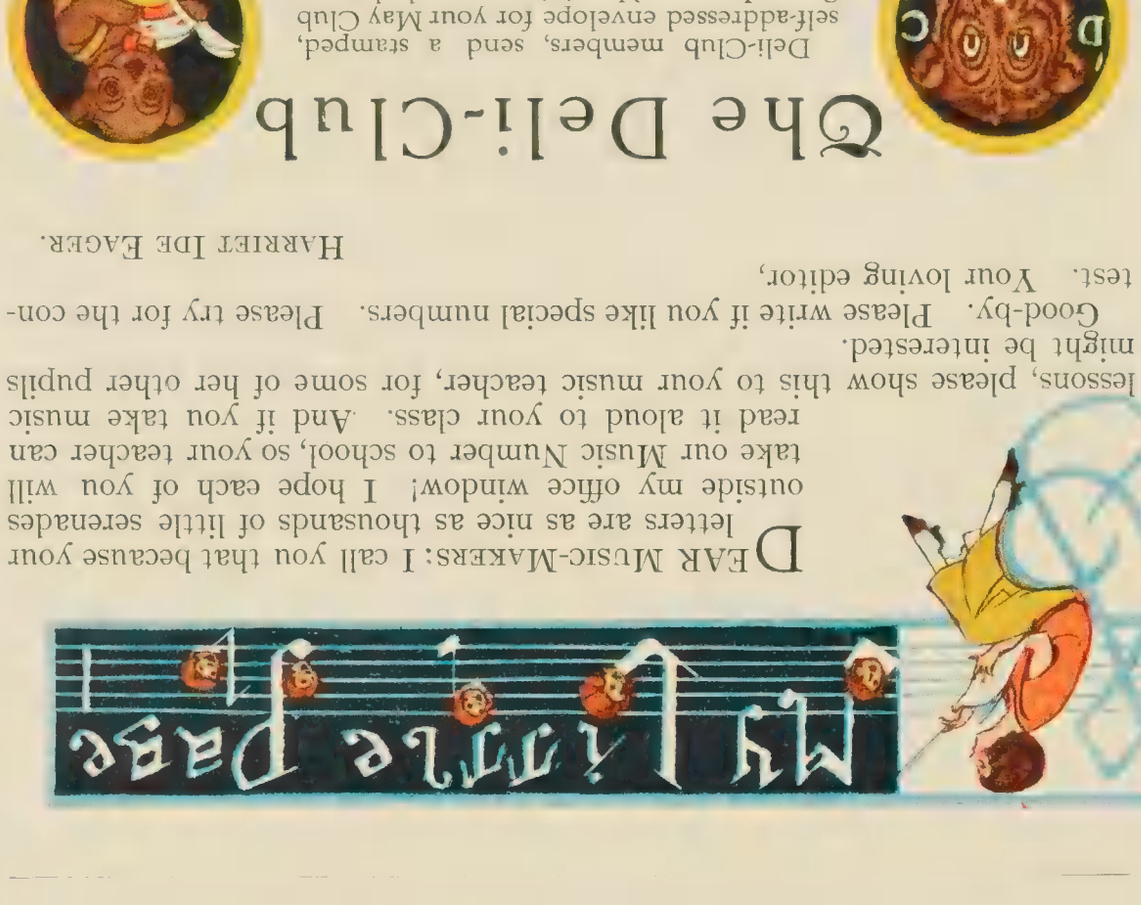
But there was music in George Frederick's heart, and not even a stern old barber father could stop it. Somebody, probably his mother, helped the little boy to drag a rickety old spinet into the attic where he slept. (The spinet was a sort of feeble great-grandfather of our piano.) So when all the family were safely asleep, little George Frederick would crawl out of bed and practise and practise on the spinet till his fingers ached and his eyes blinked with sleep.

He was only seven years old, and practising in secret every night, when one day his father started on a visit to George Frederick's elder brother, a page in the household of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels. The little boy begged and teased to go, but his father refused. So the stage-coach drove up, father climbed in and off clattered the horses. But why were all the passengers craning their necks out of the window? George Frederick's father looked out. There in the road behind them ran a small, determined figure—his son!

Perhaps the old barber was pleased with his boy's persistence, or perhaps he was cross. At any rate, he called to the driver to stop the coach and pulled in poor little panting George Frederick.

Of course, once at the estate of the Duke, it did not take the little boy long to discover the wonderful organ in the Duke's chapel. And somehow one day he managed to steal in and take the organist's seat. Though he had never had a lesson in his life, beautiful sounds began to peal forth from under those seven-year-old fingers. The Duke, who was a musician himself, heard, and went to see the stranger organist. There sat a small boy—George Frederick!

The surprised Duke chatted with him kindly and when he understood his



love for music, he told George Frederick's father it was wicked to make a lawyer of such a talented young musician. Little George Frederick was sent to study with the organist in the Halle Cathedral.



Long and hard he worked, but it was all joy for George Frederick. He learned to play the organ, the violin, the oboe and the harpsichord (another great-grandfather of the piano). Before he was nine years old, he was composing his own pieces and playing the organ on Sunday mornings in the cathedral.

At last his old teacher declared that his pupil knew more than he, and when he was only eleven, George Frederick was sent to Berlin to study and to meet other musicians.

When his father died he managed to send money to his mother and yet save enough to travel in Italy to hear music and to meet the great musicians of the day. When at last he journeyed to London, a grown man, his success there was so great, that he made England his home.

Probably his music that you know best is: "The Harmonious Blacksmith," and his oratorio, "The Messiah," with its famous "Hallelujah Chorus" and its beautiful "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth."

Now have you guessed George Frederick's last name?

It was Handel—George Frederick Handel, one of the great musicians of the world, the boy who ran after the stage-coach and found his dreams come true at the end of the road.



The Deli-Club

Deli-Club members, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your May Club Secret Letter. New joiners, send the envelope and also a two-cent stamp to pay for your badge, and you will get a letter explaining everything. Address D. C., THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N.Y.





WIN THREE DOLLARS!

Every picture here is a word used in music. Write out the correct list and send it, with a good name for the picture on this month's LITTLE DELINEATOR cover. The correct list with the most interesting, original, fitting name, will win a first prize of three dollars. Second prize—two dollars. The contest closes on May 20. Address Music Puzzle, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.

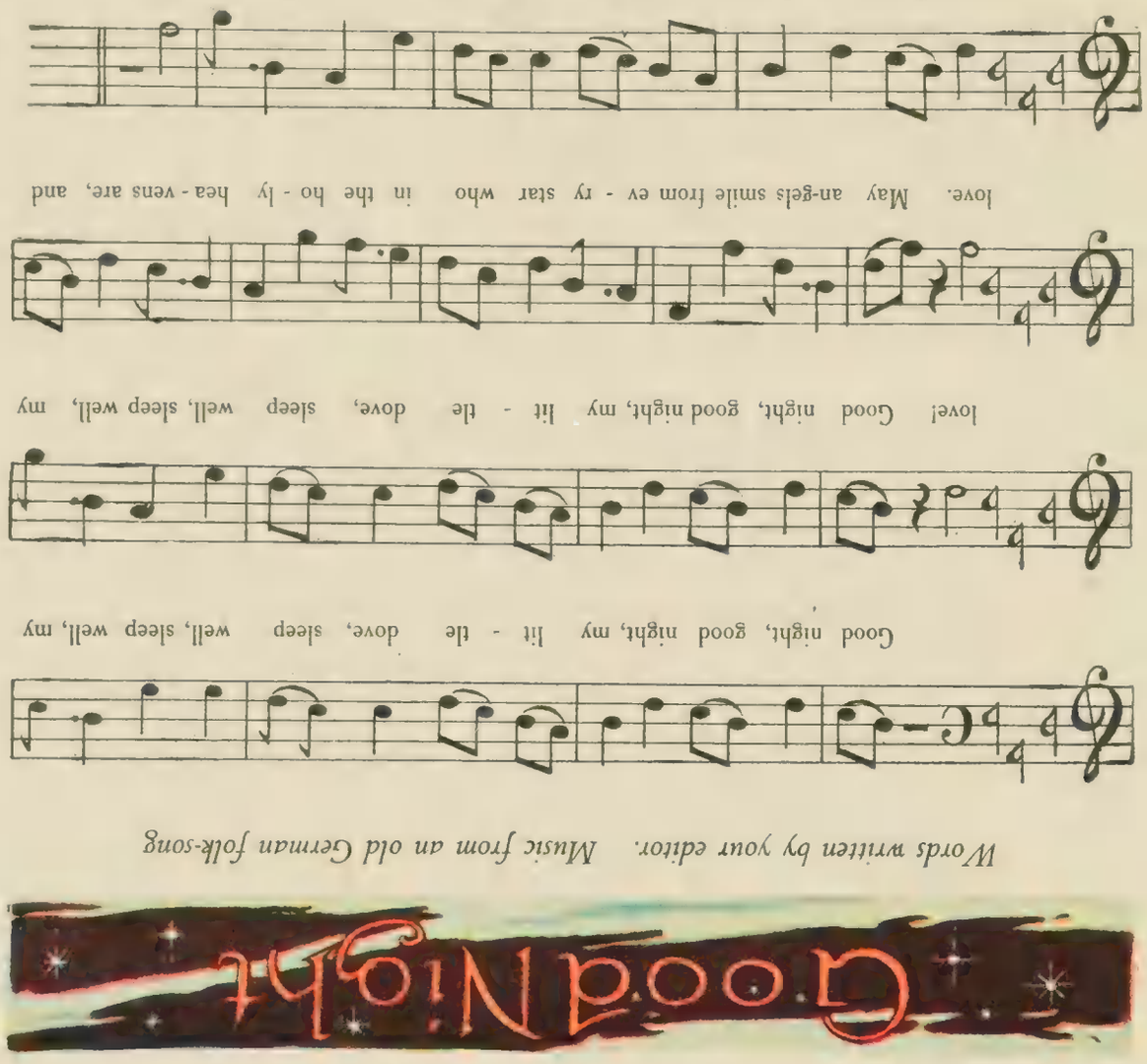
My Little Page

DEAR Music-MAKERS: I call you that because your letters are as nice as thousands of little serenades outside my office window! I hope each of you will take our Music Number to school, so your teacher can read it aloud to your class. And if you take music lessons, please show this to your music teacher, for some of her other pupils might be interested.

Good-by. Please write if you like special numbers. Please try for the contest. Your loving editor,

HARRIET IDE EAGER.

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2

Sleep well, sleep well, and dream of me,
And dream this night of me!
That when thy mother slumbers deep,
Her heart may hover o'er thy sleep,
Her heart its quiet watch may keep,
My darling dream of me!





Any You Hop? Can You Skip? Can You Jump?

One of the first ways people began to feel music was by dancing. Haven't you noticed how even little babies jig up and down to tunes?

Did you ever try putting some pretty, skippy piece on the phonograph and skipping all around the room, as the tune tells you? When the tune skips high, so do you, with your arms high in the air. When the tune seems to skip in whirls, you whirl, and when it does funny little trills, you invent funny little steps of your own.

Or perhaps you would rather play a solemn march, and pretend you are a stately queen, with a crown and a long train, marching slowly, slowly and beautifully at the head of some grand procession, with hosts of your subjects following behind.

Then there are pieces like butterflies, and some like elves underground, and some that just sound like happy children playing in the sunshine, and others like babies going to sleep. If you know any pretty songs, you can sing and dance them at the same time.

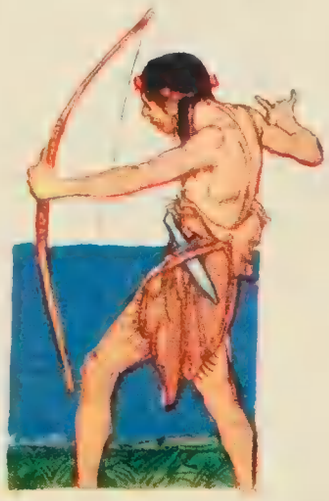
It is nicer to take off your shoes and stockings, shoes anyway. And if mother will make you a little soft gown like those in the picture, you will feel more like a fairy or a butterfly. You can play the dancing game alone or with friends.

If you or your mother or your teacher would like an interesting letter from Miss Ruth Ingalls, who teaches this kind of children's dancing in New York, telling how to dance some fun-fancies, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The Little Delineator, New York, N. Y., and ask for the "Dance Letter."

How Music Began



WE CAN only guess how music began, thousands and thousands of years ago, when savage men roamed the strange and ancient world. But scholars believe that man's very first music was his hunting call, cried out as he tracked beasts through the deep forests. Probably he began to like the sound of his own voice, and one day as he rested, he repeated the hunting call, for his own pleasure. That was his first music. When he and his tribe learned to put this cry together with other signals, the sounds became more like real music.

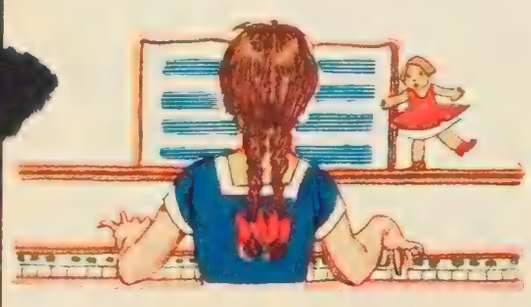


Guessing by the queer old relics dug up by scientists in various parts of the world, the first instrument man used to make music was the flute. Perhaps one day some savage more clever than the others heard the wind whistling through a hollow reed, and suddenly thought of cutting off the reed and using his own breath for wind. As he played with his new toy, he found that if he cut holes, the sounds changed. But reeds do not last long, and other men began to carve flutes from bone. So the changes went on, until the flute grew into the beautiful thing we hear to-day.

Perhaps a branch bumping against a tree first gave man the idea of drums. Savages in some parts of the world to-day still beat hollow tree-trunks, or pieces of skin tied tightly over bowls for drums.

After man had learned to use a bow-and-arrow, an archer one day noticed the pleasant twang of his string as the arrow shot from the bow. He began to try different kinds and numbers of strings and that was the first harp.

When you are practising or listening to music, remember how it all began thousands of years ago.



A PIANO PRACTISE HELP

I cut out a pretty paper doll and place it on the piano before me. I play she is my little girl, and I practise the best I can to set an example for her.

June A. Moore, Alameda, Cal.

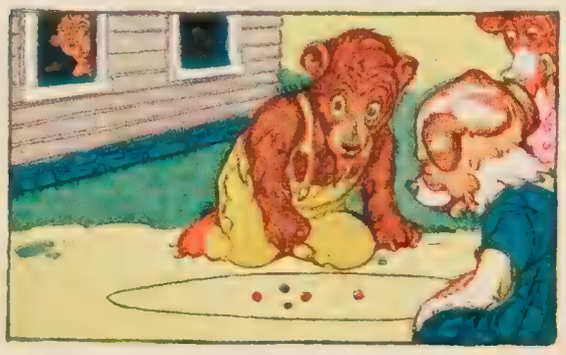
DELI-BEAR'S MUSIC LESSON



1—"I'm going to be a great musician," boasts our Deli-bear,
And yet at practise-hour, Mother must be always there.



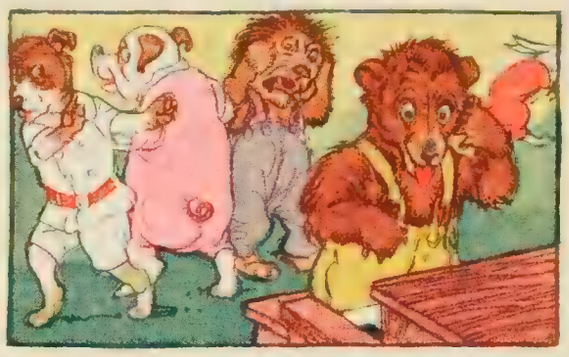
2—"To-morrow, I'll begin to work—To-day it's such a bore.
"There's lots of time," says Deli-bear, and sneaks off through the door.



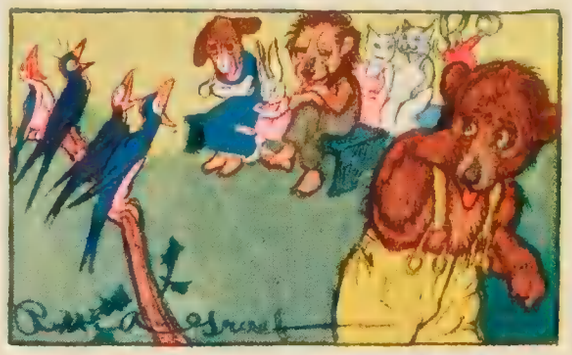
3—At marbles now, he's quite forgot his piano and his scales,
"It's not my fault," poor Deli-Mother thinks, "if Deli fails."



4—Next morning come the Deli-folk to ask him please to play
A piano piece all by himself on Forest Concert day!



5—The Concert's here! With trembling paws, he sits down, bold and proud.
He starts. He stops. Alas! he's stuck. The others laugh aloud.

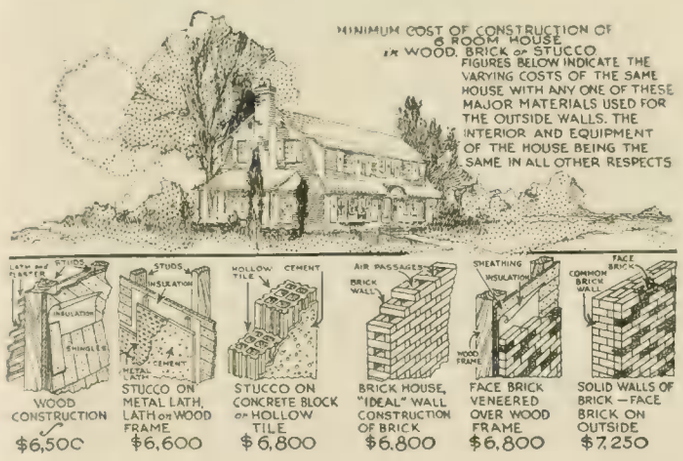


6—Instead the modest birdies come and trill with all their hearts.
They've waked at sunrise every day to learn their singing parts.

What a Home-Builder Ought to Know

By EDWIN H. BROWN

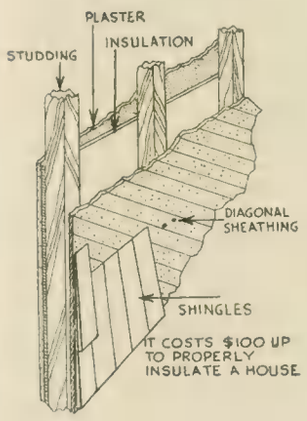
Secretary of the American Institute of Architects, President of the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, and Director of Better Homes in America



EVERY family hopes at some time to build a practical, comfortable, well-constructed home which will be easy to care for and reasonable to keep in repair. But until a person has actually approached the project of home-building he is unaware of the snares and pitfalls that lie in wait.

The advice of well-meaning friends is generally too vague to be of value and the technical knowledge of architects and contractors often results in bewilderment. The puzzled home-builder with the thousand and one questions that perplex him is, indeed, at a loss.

To all those of our readers who desire scientific facts presented in practical every-day language, THE DELINEATOR dedicates this article. It is planned to answer those questions which the prospective home-builder most often asks.



Construction costs—wherever they are given—are approximate—as these differ greatly in various parts of the country.

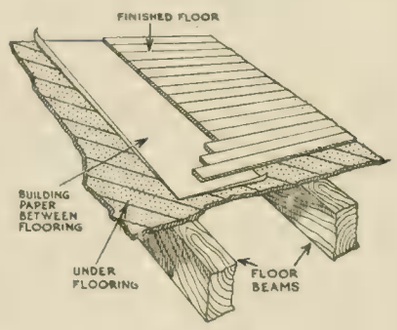
Question 1—What is the mimimum cost of building a six-room house of (a) wood, (b) brick, (c) stucco?

Answer—It is difficult to make any comparison between these three types of houses. One can only attempt to strike an average, a probable standard for each house, assuming it to be a rather simple small house. An all-wood house could be built for about $6,500; a stucco house, stucco on metal lath on a wood frame with wood sheathing, with a standard dash finish, for about $6,600; a stucco house on concrete block or hollow-tile walls, with a standard finish on the stucco, for about $6,800; a brick house with ideal wall construction of brick, for $6,800; a house of face brick veneered over a wood frame, sheathed with wood, for about $6,800; a house with solid walls of brick with a good face brick on the outside, for about $7,250.

Question 2—What is the difference, approximately, in the cost of upkeep of these different types of houses?

Answer—We have to consider, so far as upkeep is concerned, only those things which weather can destroy. Concrete and brick may be considered more or less indestructible, but a wooden house will deteriorate very rapidly if it is not kept protected. On the stucco and brick houses we have to look out for the doors, windows and their frames, shutters, columns, cornices and other wooden trimmings. On the wood house we have to consider, in addition to these things, the entire wall surfaces. Depending on the climate and on the kind of wood used these parts must be either painted, stained or oiled at regular intervals, varying from once in two or three years to once in twenty or thirty years. On the size house we are considering this upkeep would cost about $50 a year for the brick and stucco types and about $200 for the all-wood type.

Question 3—Granting a minimum sum for honest construction—say $9,000—how much in upkeep would be saved by adding $2,000 to the construction cost?



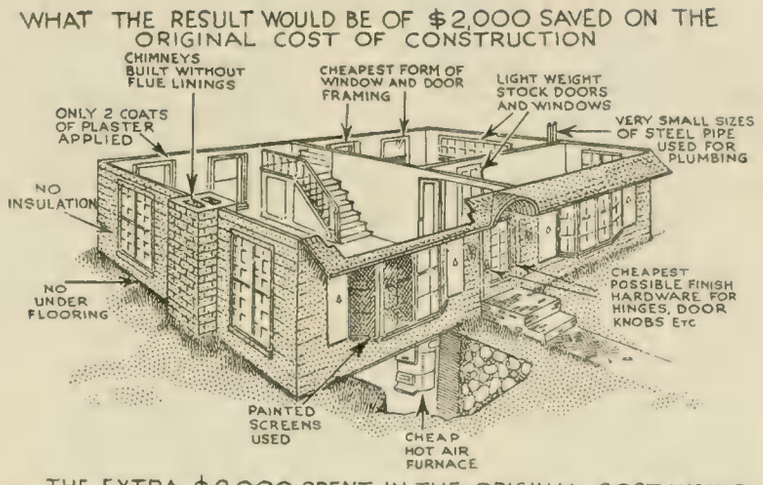
EXTRA COST OF UNDER FLOOR FOR 30×40 FT. HOUSE WILL NOT COST OVER $30 FOR FIRST FLOOR

Answer—This is a very difficult question to answer, depending upon what is meant by honest construction. Roughly speaking, however, $2,000 extra could be invested so that the following would result:

(a) A saving of 50 per cent. on the fuel bill.
(b) Protection against fire.
(c) Quiet, durable plumbing.
(d) A heating plant that would last for years without repairs.
(e) A house easy to keep clean and free from dirt.
(f) A house that was cool in Summer and warm in Winter.
(g) An unknown amount in doctor's bills due to good health.
(h) Doors and windows that would open and shut at all seasons of the year.

Question 4—What are the chief extravagances in small-house construction?

WHAT THE RESULT WOULD BE OF $2,000 SAVED ON THE ORIGINAL COST OF CONSTRUCTION



THE EXTRA $2,000 SPENT IN THE ORIGINAL COST WOULD BRING THE FOLLOWING DESIRABLE RESULTS.

Answer—Fancy fixtures, elaborate woodwork and all those things which make for show and ostentation are the chief extravagances in small-house construction.

Question 5—Have people been converted to the use of part of the first-floor space in one large room, kitchen and breakfast-nook?

Answer—People are using the kitchen with a breakfast-alcove arrangement more and more. It is proving eminently satisfactory.

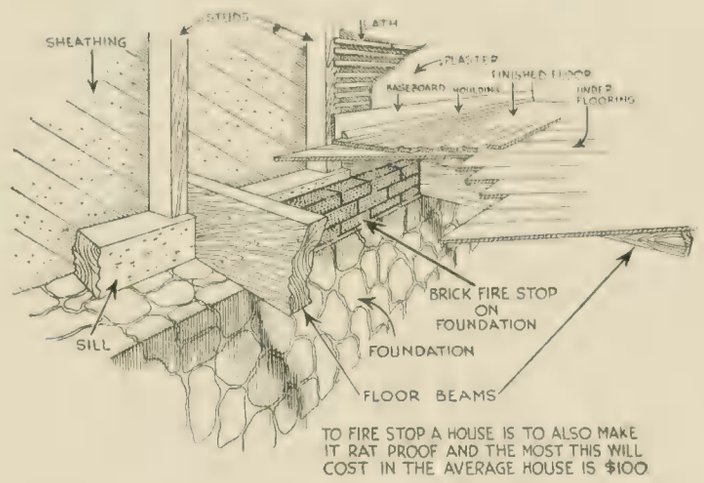
Question 6—Health authorities tell us that an important decrease in mortality from kidney trouble could be obtained by putting an additional toilet on the first floor of every two-story house. How much would this add to the cost, not merely for plumbing, but for space and construction?

Answer—Outside of what the health authorities so wisely announce I know of nothing that simplifies the living in a house more than a first-floor toilet. The cost of this extra convenience is small. If the entire space for it on two floors must be added, the expense would not be more than $200. The cost for the plumbing, depending on the place where you live and on the local ordinances, would run from $75 to $100.

Question 7—How much saving in up-keep is there in brass plumbing?

Answer—That, too, depends on where you live. In some parts of the country it is most advisable to use brass plumbing because of the character of the water. In other parts it is not so essential. In the first case you might have to replace steel pipes every few months or years. In the other case you might never have to replace them.

Homebuilders!—Are you looking for house plans or seeking other building advice? Is it the problem of remodeling the interior or exterior of your old home, or of building a new house, that bothers you most? THE DELINEATOR offers its assistance—without charge—to anyone who contemplates building. Write your problem to the Home-Building Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and be sure to enclose a stamped envelope for reply



TO FIRE STOP A HOUSE IS TO ALSO MAKE IT RAT PROOF AND THE MOST THIS WILL COST IN THE AVERAGE HOUSE IS $100

Question 8—How long do iron pipes last? Does climate—that is, cold weather or freezing weather—affect them?

Answer—The first question has already been answered. There I referred to steel pipes which are commonly called iron pipes. If you can get genuine wrought-iron pipes, they will last longer than steel or iron. Cold or freezing weather does not affect steel or iron any more than other metals. If you live in a cold climate, you must not have water-pipes where cold can get at them, as a pipe full of water will burst if allowed to freeze. Hot water causes more damage to pipes than any other thing. Study local conditions before deciding on what kind of pipe to use.

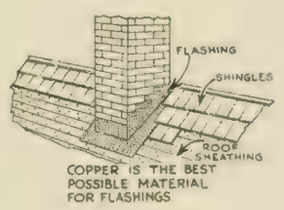
Question 9—How about lead pipe?

Answer—So far as I know, the lead pipe is rapidly going out of use. It is no longer a real factor in the plumbing of a house.

Question 10—How much in upkeep do copper flashings save? And what is the additional cost of copper flashings?

Answer—Again a matter of locality. Copper undoubtedly is the best possible material for flashings, but it does cost more than other materials, such as tin or galvanized iron. In certain parts of the country it is safe to dispense with the use of copper if you will keep the house and roof property painted. Compute the cost of paint and the cost of replacing your flashings every few years, and you can find out the upkeep.

Question 11—Isn't a floor laid without the rough under flooring noisy, uneven and difficult to heat? How much is saved by this skimping?



COPPER IS THE BEST POSSIBLE MATERIAL FOR FLASHINGS

Answer—Such a floor is not only noisy, but it is hard to keep clean because of the dust from below coming up through it. It is hard to heat, and it does not stand up well under hard service. For a house thirty feet by forty feet the extra cost for the under flooring should not exceed $30.

Question 12—How much is saved by having one chimney in a house?

Answer—This depends on how many flue linings you have. In some houses one chimney will have as much as four flues, providing for furnace, kitchen and two fireplaces. An ordinary one-flue chimney costs around $150.

Question 13—What is the additional cost of an open fireplace?

Answer—A very nice-looking fireplace, with a hearth, front, mantel, damper and combustion-chamber, can be built for about $100 to $150.

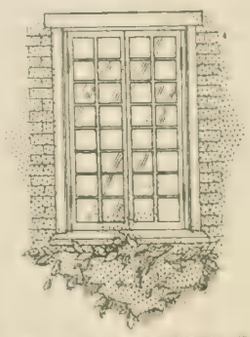
Question 14—How large a cellar is necessary where there is rock foundation under the house? Is it costly?

Answer—It costs more than the ordinary excavation, but you can very easily save here by merely excavating enough space for your furnace and fuel room. You can also save by building a cellarless house. Heating plants that do not require cellars have been made possible for small houses.

Question 15—How much money is saved by copper screening that doesn't rust?

Answer—If you get galvanized-iron screening and keep it painted it will endure as long as a screen will ordinarily escape being broken. There are other types of screening,

Concluded on page 67


CASEMENT WINDOWS GIVE TWICE THE SIZE OPENING FOR AIR FOR THE SAME SIZE WINDOW

Beautiful Grounds for your Home

How you can turn a plain yard into a lovely garden

By FRANCES DUNCAN

Author of "The Joyous Art of Gardening"

"I went into a house, and it wasn't a house,
It has big steps and a great big hall;
But it hasn't got a garden,
A garden,
A garden,
It isn't like a house at all."
A. A. MILNE

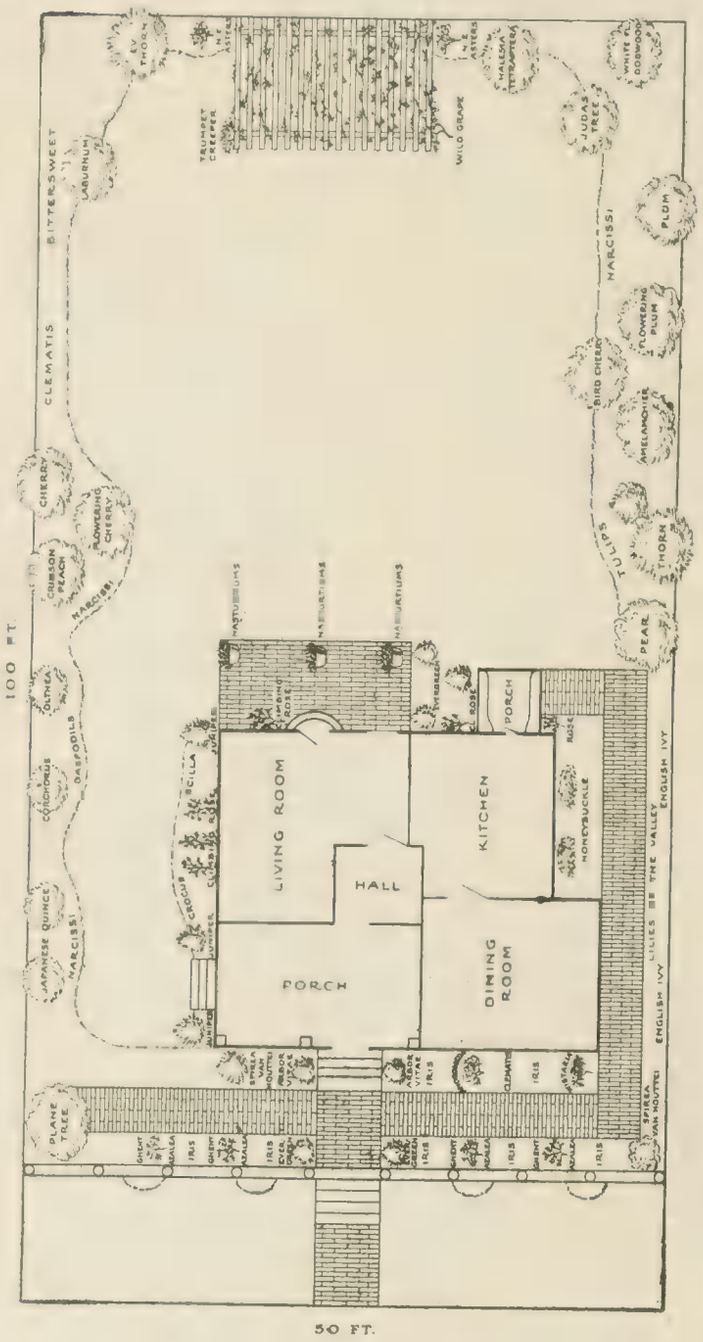
IT IS a delightful truth that our pleasure in our gardens does not in the least depend on the size of our estate or the depth of our pocketbooks. One person can make as much garden loveliness in a small backyard as another can with a baronial estate at his disposal.

Blest with a charming garden the plainest, shabbiest, most unpretentious of little houses may have real beauty; without it the handsomest house has a forlorn, orphaned appearance. "It isn't like a house at all!"

But suppose you live on a suburban street, in a house exactly like dozens and dozens of other houses on that street and other streets. Suppose you have but ten or fifteen feet of ground between your door-step and the side-walk and a yard just big enough to hang up the clothes. What will you do about a garden?



EVERY CHILD SHOULD BE GIVEN THE JOYOUS OPPORTUNITY OF PLAYING WITH A GARDEN



EVEN A BUSY HOUSEWIFE CAN HAVE THESE SIMPLE LOVELY GROUNDS ABOUT HER HOUSE

Contractors have made things difficult for beauty-loving people. Many a young couple who imagined their home a charming, piquant little place, a rose-embowered cottage possessed of a quiet distinction of its own, must needs take what the contractor hands out—one of the thousands of homes built just alike because it is easier and cheaper and requires less mental effort to make them all alike. So it happens that the householder's chance of individuality for the outside of his house often lies in the planting of his dooryard and of the garden space, even though it be at the rear of his home.

The owner's first consideration is that he extract as much enjoyment as is possible for himself, his wife and family out of the tiny space. I remember a house in Charleston, South Carolina, which had but a few feet between house and street—but there was a rare and beautiful oleander growing there, with the result that the passer-by gave not a thought to the smallness of the space but saw only the oleander's rose-colored loveliness.

Wherefore consider, all you people with a tiny garden space, what it is you would most like to have in your door-yard, and plant accordingly. If you have a memory of a lilac blossoming at a house corner, then plant one of those; or if you have dreamed of a rose-arched doorway then plant the climbing rose. Only make sure to have the soil rich so your lilac and rose will grow their handsomest.

It is all very pleasant for the speeding motorist to glimpse street after street which has been "parked." Such an arrangement gives him the impression of a wide avenue that actually reaches to the front walls of the little houses. But the thousands and thousands of home-loving folk who sit evening after evening on their porches fronting the street should certainly have something more to interest them than a stereotyped bit of greensward. And then the little folk of the household, if little folk there be, should not have to hear the ceaseless iteration of "keep off the grass." For children see a reason for keeping off tender little flowers, but they see nothing but an amazing denial of their rightful heritage in "Keep off the grass."

For my part, I would be glad to see a return to the fenced-in yard because this fashion would mean the return of the small flower-plot. Who thinks it worth while to make a garden when his neighbor's dog, in a single visit, may destroy it? The lovely little gardens which abound in England and France are all walled or fenced or hedged for safety.

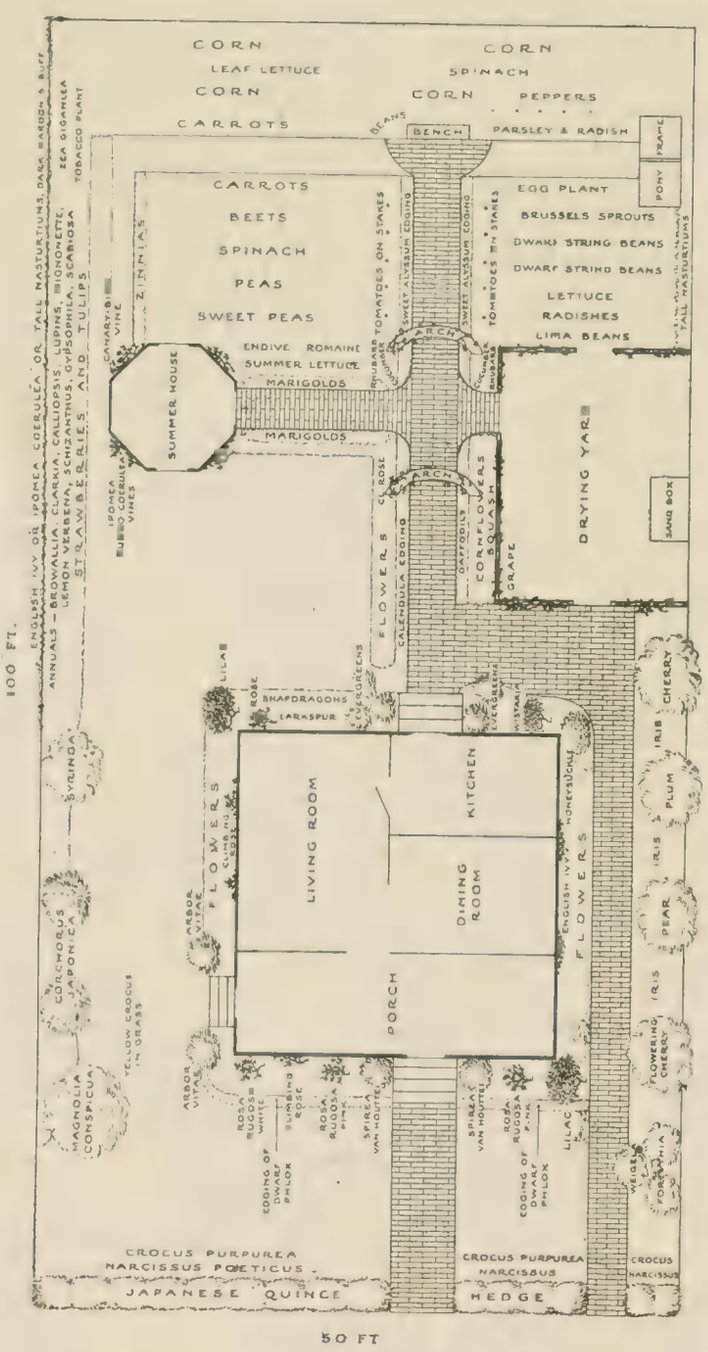
A FLOWERING hedge makes a most charming boundary. Or a stout fence of poultry-wire supported by posts which are painted green and which opens with a gate of good design, if planted with nasturtiums or morning-glories, will give excellent protection to the garden, and the wire goes unnoticed under the cheerful bloom. Using a two-and-a-half-foot fence of poultry-wire as a garden fence in this way is both practical and decorative, especially for those people whose house is very new, whose grass plot is still in the making.

Contractors have a most inconvenient habit of leaving the small plot about the house with hard-pan on top and with the good soil buried some four or five feet deep. In this case a thrifty housewife will make a hedge of wire-supported nasturtiums, which will bloom in soil where grass will starve. Then she will spade up her plot and sow it with crimson clover. In the Autumn, the clover can be dug in, and the soil will be in far better condition for planting grass or other kinds of seed next year.

This temporary hedge is excellent for sea-side planting,

WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

Flowers can make such a difference. Even if you haven't room for an elaborate garden, a few bulbs or some flowering shrubs will make an amazing change in your yard you'll be surprised how much bloom you can have in a small space. This month THE DELINEATOR *offers you two garden "Patterns" especially planned to glorify the home with the very little yard. And with them come a Garden Calendar which tells you how to care for your flowers month by month. Just send twenty-five cents to the Department of Home Building,* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*



WHERE THERE IS MORE TIME FOR GARDENING THIS ATTRACTIVE PLAN MAY BE REALIZED

for the nasturtiums are delightfully gay and Shirley poppies may be sown close to the wire. These sturdy flowers thrive joyously in places where roses lead a melancholy existence.

Wire makes a protection for any newly-planted hedge, it insures its safety and the safety of the garden. Wire, too, is unnoticed when the hedge is grown. When annuals are grown next to the wire, the effect is better if boards, three inches by one inch, are nailed flat across the tops of the posts and wire is stretched between these and a board at the lower edge.

In the plan given here, Japanese quince is suggested as a hedge. This, like nasturtiums, blooms nicely in poor soil and it will make the little dooryard fairly sing with

Continued on page 82

A grown-up Bungalow

Small cost and big appearance characterize this charming house

Come and make yourself at home, says this friendly little house to all you who are thinking of building. And we advise you to step inside; for you will find comfort in its rooms and efficiency in its arrangement. If you like this grown-up bungalow, we can send you a workable blueprint with practical suggestions for building it. Just mail a dollar to our Home-Building Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and the plan will be forwarded to you. And for a two-cent stamp we will send you a sheet which shows fourteen other DELINEATOR Houses that you can look over and choose from

Designed by
DONN BARBER
Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, and Architect of the New York Cotton Exchange



THE OUTSIDE OF THIS LITTLE HOME WITH ITS QUAINT CURVING DOORWAY, LITTLE DORMER WINDOWS AND BROAD PORCH IS NO LESS CHARMING THAN ITS COMPACT AND WELL-ARRANGED INTERIOR

A GROWN-UP bungalow is DELINEATOR House Plan Number Thirteen—a bungalow, because it has but a single story—grown-up, because it has the sophistication, the personality of a large house. Its wide, open porch, its windows, ordinary, casement and the little dormers peeping up in the roof, the quaint curve of its doorway, all combine to give it an air of friendliness and cordiality. It fairly smiles at the tired home-owner as he comes up the walk at the end of a busy day.

But the outside of this home is no less charming, no less satisfactory, than the inside, which has four large, comfortable rooms with closets and cupboards, plenty of storage space and a dining, alcove that is almost a room. And without altering the charm of the exterior or changing the compactness of the inside, this house can be stretched to larger proportions as easily as elastic!

Just supposing the family should increase or the problem of housing a servant should arise—the half-story which, as the plan stands, is meant for storage, could be finished and partitioned off into at least two comfortable bedrooms, and still leave space for another bath. In case it was desirable to make such a change, the breakfast alcove could be converted into at dining-room, and lo, the little home would be quite large enough for one or two more occupants.

Very often a small house suggests cramped unlivable rooms to the prospective home-builder. But if properly planned, a room can be snug without seeming so. It is the architect's duty to give a liberal amount of space in such good proportions that a suitable setting for the furniture will be provided in each room. Architects sometimes do not realize the size of beds, bureaus, dressing-tables, divans, tables and chairs, and the housewife has a difficult time fitting these articles into her home. Naturally, any house with rooms which are too small to accommodate a reasonable assortment of standard-sized furniture is a failure.

Besides the fact that the rooms of this bungalow are big enough to attractively hold ordinary furniture, and that they are planned so as to give the effect of even more space, a careful study of the accompanying plan will show that every iota of the little house is efficiently utilized. A minimum amount has been put into the back hall and into the snug little entry way at the front, notwithstanding which these two places give no sensation of crowding.

The living-room is especially large for so small a house Think of it, fifteen by twenty-five feet full of charm and downright comfort. Furniture can be arranged in this room most attractively. A couch or davenport, which is also useful for the unexpected guest, may be placed at right angles with the fireplace at the left; a long narrow table may go back of it, or small tables may be set at either end convenient for an attractively shaded lamp, a bowl of flowers or a book or two. This arrangement would permit a delightful view through the two glass doors which open onto the porch. Two or three deep, comfortable chairs, a desk and a low bookcase are all the furniture necessary to use in the development of such a room. As it receives light from three directions, it is always bright and cheerful and easy to ventilate.

In these days when building materials are standardized, a contractor can use such items as windows, doors, built-in cupboards, breakfast nooks, mantels, stairs and radiator disguises which can be ordered already made. These are very attractive and a house of this type can be built at much less expense than if these details had to be cut and made specially for it.

The heating and plumbing equipment, and their installation, should be carefully considered. These are two most important matters, and neither should be bought cheaply or installed by the amateur. It is evident that in order to give satisfaction a heating plant must have flexibility. Steam, hot water, vapor-vacuum and hot-air will meet this need if the equipment is standard and well made.

The American custom of opening windows at night cools off the sleeping-rooms and the home owner demands that when he turns on the heat in the morning the radiators will immediately respond. The steam system of heating has been found the quickest. If a house has an unusually cold exposure, it is wise to have the contractor's figures checked up by a heating engineer, for nothing is more important than installing an adequate heating system at the time of building.

Such suggestions as having a radiator beside the front door to counteract the cold air which rushes in when the door is open, a plate-warming radiator on legs in the kitchen or serving pantry to keep the plates warm, a low radiator with a seat over it in the bathroom for convenience and protection when bathing, come from specialists whose work it is to recommend special features and systems adequate in every detail to heat a house comfortably.

The architect has rendered this attractive bungalow in wood, believing the wide clapboards suggested are a more appropriate material for this type of architecture than either stucco or brick. Shingles laid about seven inches to the weather could also be used with a charming result. Shingles allowed to weather, with only the window and door frames painted, or the entire shingled siding painted in light buff or white, with soft green blinds, would provide the home-builder with attractive color schemes.

The roofing, if not of slate or asbestos should, in all probability, be of wood shingles. These dipped in a green preservative stain should match the soft green of the blinds, window-boxes or lattice—the last two suggestions being afterthoughts which may easily be added to suit the taste of the individual.

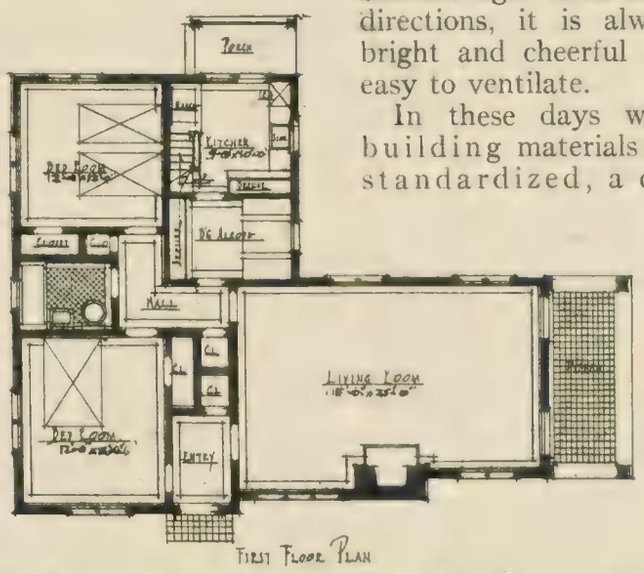
The open porch, which might be lined with window-boxes filled with riotous nasturtiums and shaded by gay-striped awnings, makes an inviting spot to serve tea on a warm afternoon. It would be an easy matter to convert this porch into a sun-room as Winter approached and one began to consider the cheer of a crackling wood fire. This sun-room could be of a more or less permanent construction Glass which is removable and replaced by screens in the Summer is most satisfactory.

This plan is adapted to any site provided the ground is either flat or only slightly sloping. A gently-sloping lot, however, will be found to insure the best drainage.



FRONT ELEVATION

THE FRONT DOOR LEADS TO AN ENTRY WAY



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

THE SPACIOUS LIVING-ROOM IS WELL LIGHTED



REAR ELEVATION

A PORCH OPENS OUT OF THE KITCHEN

MERRY, MERCILESS MAY

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

THERE are women whom almost all men like and whom almost no women like. And very few of the men understand why a woman of this type doesn't appeal to the women, but very few of the women are in the least puzzled as to why she does appeal to the men. The reason is that she is charmingly friendly and delightful and understanding to one sex, and doesn't at all "play straight" with the other.

And that's the kind of a month May is. She comes floating radiantly in, looking like the friend of everybody. She calls out to the young, "I am youth, eternal youth. I am poets singing. I'm the sun rising. I'm joy, joy, joy! And you are mine!" And to those who have gone past youth, she calls in the same sweet, rill-like tone, "How haggard you are! How yellow your skin! How dull your eyes! Ho, really, my dear! Look at me!"

And you do. And while you don't stick your tongue out at her—you haven't done that to anybody for years—you do "size her up" for exactly what she is—an enchanting-looking baggage who shows you up and doesn't give a hang—ignorant and merciless and *young!*

And then if you are wise, you smile straight back into her face with all the knowledge and power of your 'round forty years tucked into your smile, and realize unheatedly that the only way to make a baggage like that behave to you, is to show her that you have a few magical little tricks up your sleeve that young things like her never even heard of! And you clap your new Spring bonnet on your head—not the flaunting, gay thing she enticed youth into buying, oh no, far subtler yours is, like a mauve, gray, blue windflower blowing on a hill—and slip on your tenderest frock, like the valley under a thin morning mist, all soft green and gray and lavender and blue it is—and twist your most run-away scarf, like a wispy, mocking, scarlet challenge about your throat, and off you go to the nearest first-aid saloon or shop and buy—if you never did before—a jar of one of those circulation, or bleach, or antimoth-spot ointments. They have many different names and makers, but only one purpose—to draw up the blood *hard* into your face and throat and to loosen up all the dead particles. Then when you have left it on perhaps ten minutes, perhaps twenty, the old yellow tinge is all extracted and you have a nice, new, May skin.

AND if you haven't any skin food (only we hope you have, if you're past thirty) you buy a tiny, little jar of it to spread on after you've taken the ointment off. And you purchase a new bottle of tonic because yours is nearly gone. And then you think how glad your rosy-posy face (yes, that's the color the ointment and the skin-food make it) is going to be when that ice-cold pad of cotton—which you have wrung out of ice-water or left on the ice until it's quite frigid—soaked with the cold tonic, begins to pat gently all over your pink surface. And you remind yourself, as you wait for the tonic to be wrapped up, that you mustn't give yourself the treatment just before you go out, for you must give your face at least two hours to be rid of all signs of the strong but gloriously transforming application. And, by the way, if your skin doesn't seem to clear in one treatment, give it another in three or four days.

There, now your skin is all clarified and ready for May. But if your throat still looks a bit dull and unluminous—it should always be whiter than your face, of course—you should put on the bleach that you have found is exactly right for you. Some of them bring out a little rash unless you are very careful: but we know one so mild and yet so lovely that almost any one can use it and sing a hymn of praise at the result.

THE THING TO DO!

"When I look in the mirror and see wrinkles and all my years making faces at me, I say, 'Well, the thing to do is to write C. C. C.'" That's what one of our readers wrote. And we wish that every other woman with a beauty problem would do likewise. C. C. C. wants to help you. She'll tell you how to beautify your hands, your hair, your face or your figure. Just write to her at THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N.Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply. Remember, it's "the thing to do!"

AND now you catch sight of yourself in a mirror and your heart sinks. Your wispy scarf doesn't hide—no, it doesn't, that saggy look under your chin even when you draw yourself up. Hide! You don't want to hide. You want to retrieve! And so you pop into a car and hurry likkety-split to the home of that heaven-born, corrective rest-strap which was evolved by a trained nurse who understands every little bad and good habit a muscle can have. You hold it—all soft and pale pink satin—in your hand. You put it on, it's comfortable and restful and astonishingly becoming! And you remember what your friend who has used one nearly a year told you—that you don't have to wear it at night—in fact you shouldn't, for your muscles will get to depend on it instead of themselves, but for half an hour a day while you read or sew or lie and think, or just before you go to sleep so that the muscles are all in perfect place for the night.

It isn't fat that brings most double chins when one is around forty; it's bad carriage of the head. We let it hang forward and down, we let our shoulders droop a bit, and we let the muscles of our cheeks and those large muscles on the sides of our neck sag. But this beautiful strap, which can be adjusted minutely to one's face and throat by one's own self, will not conform to imperfections, but, like the law of good, will keep its own integrity of line and make you conform to it, it will lift those muscles back up where they were born to be and—triumphant stroke, this—make it impossible for you to droop your head and so pull everything out of line. And yet you you will find that you are as comfortable as if your head were on a pillow!

You go out of the shop with the dainty straps in a nice little box. And then you go around the corner and gather unto yourself a jar of that luscious, frothy, pinkie cream for bare throats and shoulders and arms. You will need it a little later in the Summer, even if you don't need it now to face the merciless stare of May. It not only gives your skin an opalescent, velvety look, but it keeps you from tanning and burning—even when you're in the sea, because it's water-proof!

Don't let May throw dust in your eyes! There is mild salt water or boric-acid water to bathe them in night and morning and to keep them clean and strong. And we've just been trying out a little bottle of precious fluid that seems to give the eye a sparkle that has nothing to do with age.

And there's a new lip-stick which is especially useful because it has firm cold-cream on one side and red on the other, so that one need no longer fear that the scarlet they take unto themselves in this fashion will dry out the sensitive skin of the lips and make it less thin and tender. A little whisk of the cream first and then the scarlet—it makes a lovely color, too.

And as you pass a certain shop, you slip in there, though this is the very last thing you are going to buy—except some lemons—because you simply can't resist getting a jar of that beautiful, soft, cleansing cream which comes in a dull gold case, very plain and very chic, and equally becoming to the glass shelf in your bathroom or the top of your dressing table.

And then the lemons, and home, in a little covered dish you must always keep half a lemon. Squeeze quite a lot of it into the water you drink the first thing in the morning; and squeeze a bit on your hands each time you wash them to whiten and soften them. Then when you have time, put a bit on your neck to add to its whiteness. And during the day add just a bit of the juice to your glass of water when you take a drink. No self-respecting woman in May should be without a lemon.

And though she always eats only two-thirds of what she wants at any meal, in May she eats only a half. She looks at the platter when it is passed to her and measures with her mind's eye just how much of the chicken she'd like to take, and then she takes only half of that measure. And she does that with all the other foods as they are offered to her. But it's worth it! Slim hardness, a clear skin, shining eyes, and that feeling of wings!

There is more than a metaphysical meaning in the saying "Whatever you're building up on the inside will surround you on the outside."

MERRY, merciless May swinging radiantly along with her floating chiffons and her little feather-boa clouds and her blue-and-gold days, so shining and high and eternally young and fair—teach her to behave to you. She's a nice person when you have the upper hand.

And her youth, pooh! "Youth," says a wise, every-day man we know, "is not a time of life, but a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple bodies. It is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. Youth means a predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old by deserting their ideals. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubts; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair."

Joy is in the heart of everybody—that's the only home it has. Lift up your heart and let it out!

For the Spanish or Russian type long hair combed straight back from the face and dressed low and close to the head is very beautiful. Only a woman with dark hair and a beautifully modeled face can attempt such a coiffure. (Nita Naldi, photograph by Nickolas Muray)



Only the very young girl wears the outstanding bob. (Greta Nissen, photograph by Nickolas Muray)





The immemorial symbol of growing up is to put up your hair. So the débutante is letting her hair grow to her shoulders, waving it softly and dressing it in a tiny roll at the nape of the neck. (Lillian Gish, photograph by Kenneth Alexander)



The shingle, except with the débutante, keeps its vogue. The hair is cut close to the head in back to a point on the nape of the neck. At the sides it covers the ears. It may be parted at the side or center and worn in soft flat waves or straight. (Marilyn Miller, photograph by Nickolas Muray)

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By Evelyn Dodge

THE Spring silhouettes are: The windy-day silhouette with all the fulness blown to the front in the circular cut of skirts and flounces; the straight, narrow sheath; draperies that fall in cascades or handkerchief points, or are lifted at the hip; a straight but soft and easy silhouette used for certain silks and cottons; the molded bodice and bouffant skirt worn principally by young girls.

THE May-pole figure—slim, flat, straight and curveless—is the vogue. The modern Portia who can devise a way of disposing of the pound of flesh wholesale will reap a fortune. Diet, girth control, rubber corsets and calories are employed to take off the excess weight put on by the car, the bridge-table and the desk.

WOMEN are going back to corsets to keep themselves flat and to prevent the dreaded middle-age spread. Corsets are large in the waist, low in the bust and light in the matter of bones. If you are reasonably slender you wear a corselet which supports the bust, controls the hip and gives straight, unbroken lines. If you're a little heavier you wear a part-elastic, part-fabric corset of light material, lightly boned. If you're really heavy, diet and wear a firm corset until your figure returns to fashionable proportions.

SKIRTS are decidedly shorter. They begin at ten inches from the floor and go up. Paris advocates the sixteen-inches-off-the-floor length. New York is more conservative and seems to feel that twelve or fourteen is going far enough. The short skirt looks young, trim, boyish, and is very popular.

THE Spring ensemble lightens itself for warmer weather. Coats of cashmere and cashmere twills are worn unlined over thin frocks of printed silks. In some cases the coat is sleeveless. In others it is replaced by a short cape.

THE two-piece jumper frock or blouse ensemble is the most important mode of the moment. It has a shirt-like top or blouse and a straight skirt with a kick plait at the front or at the front and back, or with a cluster of knife plaits at the side closing. It is the newest type of the sport frock that is used for general wear and is excessively smart.

THE fashionable materials of the late Spring have taken violently to prints, borders, half-and-half effects, crosswise designs and stripes. Roman stripes with orange, lemon yellow and Pompeian red mingled gaily with blue, green, natural color and beige in flannel and in the smart tub silks, such as crêpe de Chine, radium and silk broadcloth, will have a tremendous vogue this Summer. Printed Georgettes and chiffons are quite the rage for evening frocks with points, cascade draperies, jabot effects, etc. For the street, natural-colored kasha and beige are very chic.

JABOTS are one of the successes of the season. There are little jabots below V necks, longer jabots that trickle to the waistline, and frock-length jabots that cascade from shoulder to hem. They are charming and show a softer side of fashion that gives just the right relief from more masculine styles.

NECKS, after years of freedom, are bending themselves to yokes and collars. Tie collars flutter with loose ends or tie snugly under the left ear. Small standing bands are used for peasant blouses and Chinese tunics. The shirt-like collar belongs with the new jumper. The sports-shirt collar is worn with a four-in-hand. Flat collars and the small collar that frames the neck in back and opens in a V in front are used for all types of day frocks, while the bateau neck is being reserved more and more exclusively for afternoon.

SLEEVES in general will be long for Spring and short for Summer. The long sleeve is smart for Spring in the so-called tailored tub-silk frock and in the new blouse ensemble. The soft sleeve with fulness at the wrist is extremely pretty in Georgettes and voiles and other light materials. The sleeve running into the neck, forming a tiny yoke or epaulet, is used in many of the new French models.

PEASANT styles are being used in three forms. There is the short peasant blouse or guimpe gaily smocked at the neck which is worn with the popular suspender skirt. There is the longer peasant blouse of the tunic type made with a raglan sleeve and trimmed with peasant embroideries. Lastly there is the peasant frock which is both smocked and embroidered, the smocking at the neck, wrist and waistline, the embroidery forming a bosom in front. All the types are made of soft materials such as crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voiles, and the smocking is usually done in bright, light colors—red, yellow, jade green, purple, royal blue, etc.

SOULIÉ'S ORIGINAL DESIGNS SENT ESTABLISHMENT KEEP WITHIN THE VOGUE OF THE ENSEMBLE, THE NECK AND THE USE OF



Soulié uses the full-length coat and the tunic blouse for a Summer ensemble of white wool and white satin with leopard spots of green

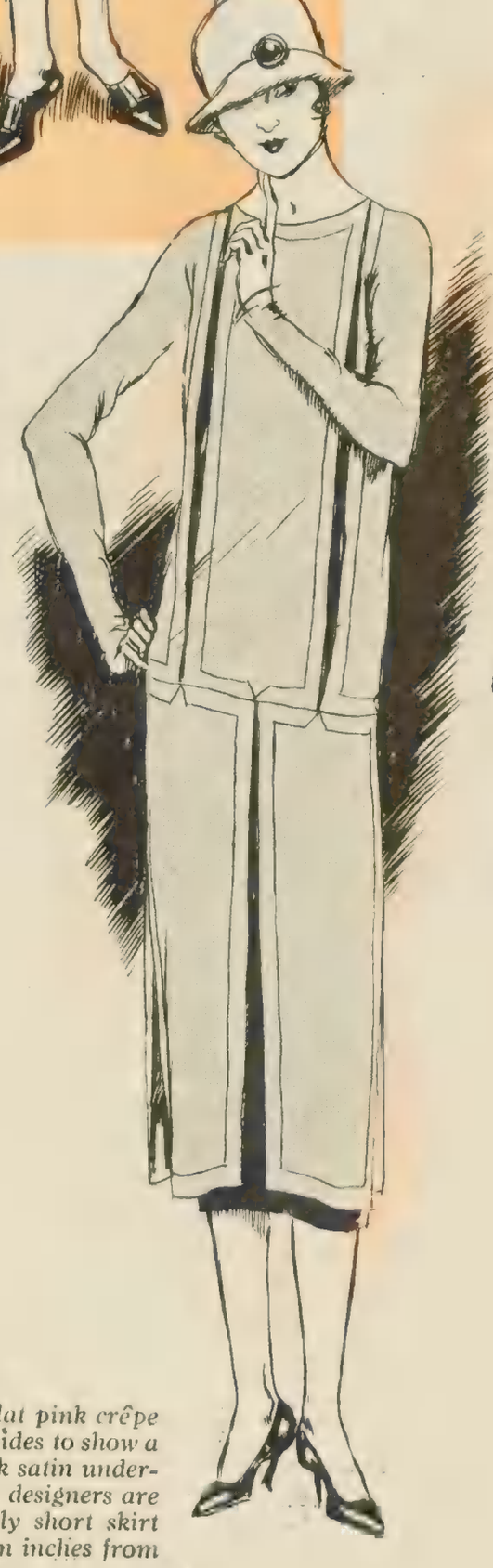


Soulié in common with other French designers believes that any length is the right length for a smart ensemble coat. Soulié's coat of green and beige wool is in a seven-eighths length that shows a bit of the beige crêpe frock beneath



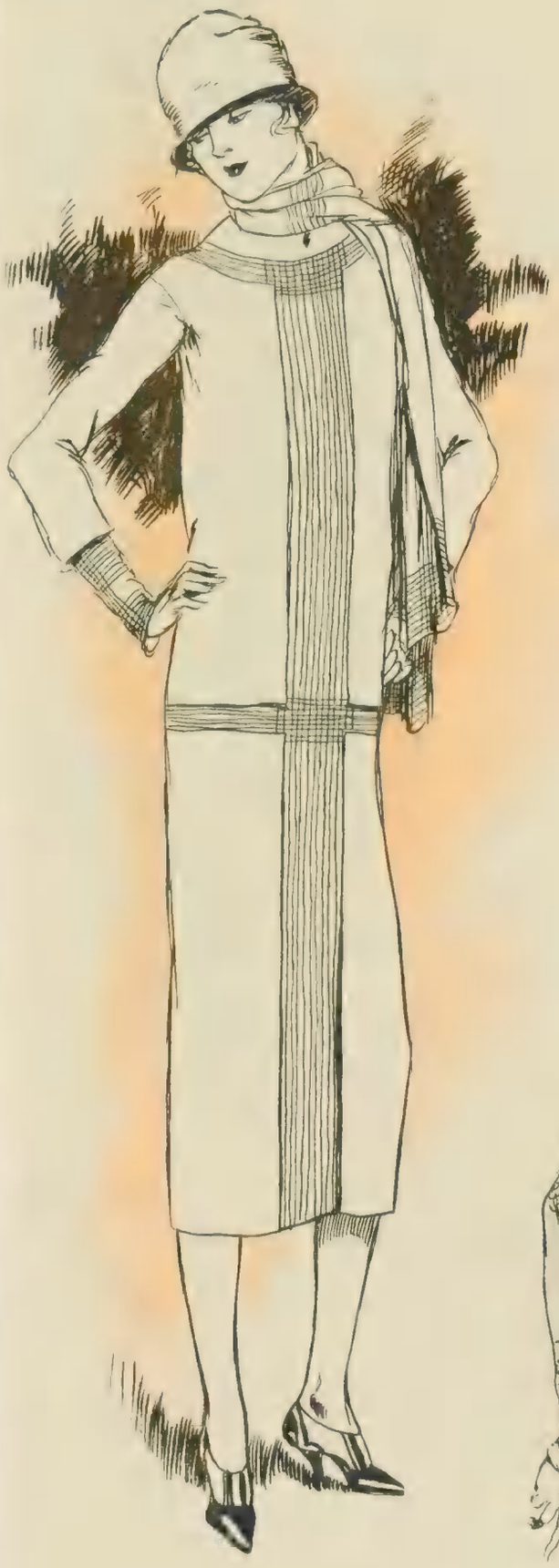
The tailored suit that the well-dressed Parisienne always includes in her wardrobe is made this year with a straight box-coat and a skirt with the kick plait. Soulié's collar and pockets are interesting in a suit of brown-red-and-blue plaid with a red rep coat

A silhouette that will be much in evidence this Summer keeps decidedly straight but eases the narrow lines for the thin silks. Soulié designs a frock for white surah spotted in blue and trimmed with frills of white organdy



A Soulié frock of flat pink crêpe splits its front and sides to show a narrow slip of black satin underneath. The French designers are using the excessively short skirt which is often sixteen inches from the floor

FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS STRAIGHT LINES AND REITERATE SHORTER SKIRT AND THE HIGHER PLAIDS AND PRINTS

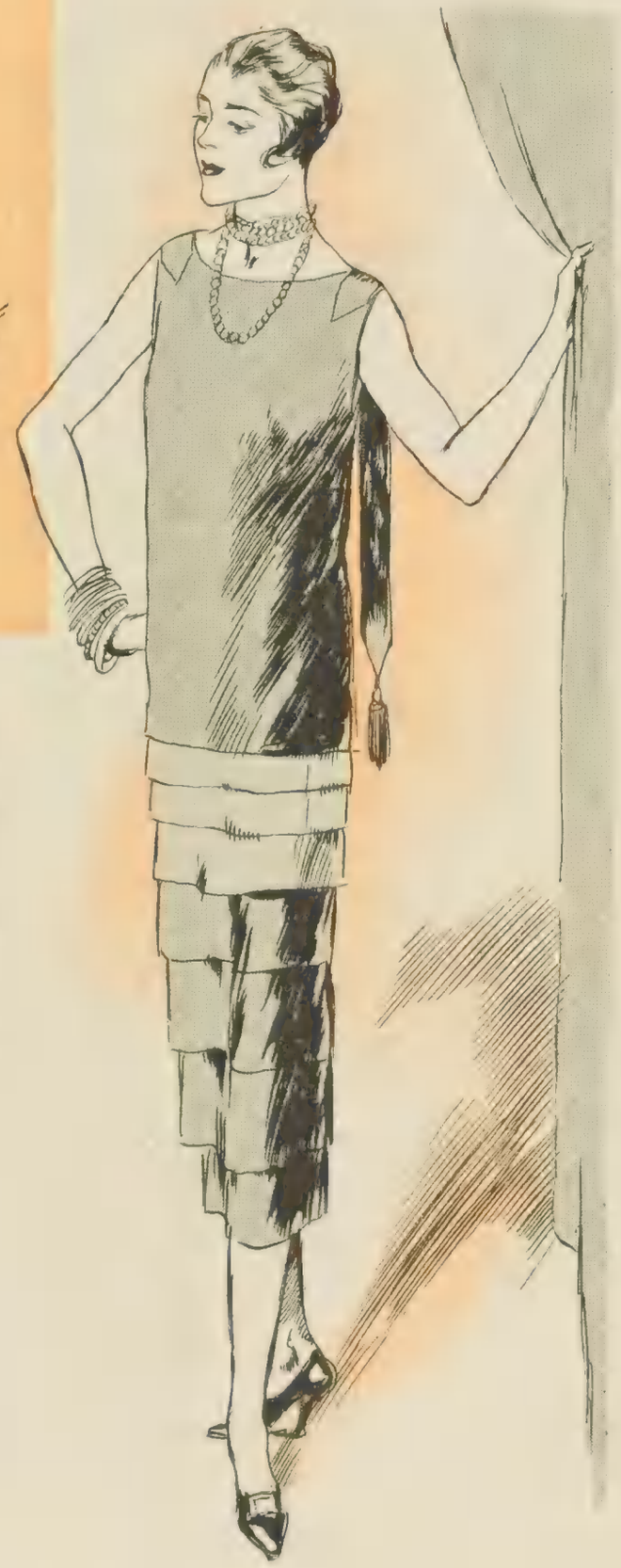


Rows of stitching in bright scarlet have the effect of fine tucks on a straight frock of white alpaca. Soulié has a great affection for the long close sleeve, but many of the French houses are using fulness at the wrist



Soulié expresses an interest in the long-neglected back, and places a plaited section below the hip in an ensemble costume of gray rep. The small standing collar is new and smart and frequently has long, narrow tie ends in front

Soulié turns up the hem of a blue-crêpe frock and faces it with a deep cuff of white satin repeating the arrangement of the sleeves. There is a decided drift toward collars, high necks and tie ends of this type



The plain bodice and the lower part trimmed in front with tiers, panels, flounces, etc., is used for afternoon and evening gowns. Soulié makes a frock of black satin with tiers of satin and fuchsia crêpe



Soulié uses a charming printed crêpe with stiff little pink bouquets on a green ground for a frock crossed and draped in front. Prints, borders, half-and-half materials, and crosswise designs are the rage this Spring

Dress 6022
Embroidery design 10314

Dress and slip 5933

Dress and slip 6036

Dress 6030

Dress 6040

THE French dressmaking houses are presenting three silhouettes for the Spring fashions—the straight narrow line of the sheath, unbroken or ending in a flare somewhere about the knee, the circular movement in skirts and flounces, and soft fluttering draperies for evening and afternoon. Because your light woolen frocks are straight, however, does not mean that you are shackled by fashion. Many of the new frocks have an inverted "kick" plait at the center front or the inserted plaits at either side of the front. These plaits give more ease in walking but preserve the smart straight-line silhouette. "Natural" kashas, cashmeres or camel's-hair twills and flannel are fashionable woolens for Spring. Silk broadcloth, radium and heavy crêpe de Chine make satisfying frocks for general wear. Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, heavy crêpe de Chine, flat crêpe and crêpe satin fall very gracefully into the new two-piece circular skirts, while for the draperies of evening either the printed chiffons, chiffon voiles and Georgettes or plain silk crêpes and crêpes de Chine are very lovely.

Dress 6043

Other views and descriptions are on page 102

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 96.

Jacket 6001
Blouse 5903
Skirt 5997

Dress 5992

Blouse 5903
Skirt 5997

Tunic blouse 6007
Slip 5827
Embroidery design
10189

Dress
5994

Sleeveless coat and dress
6010
Embroidery design 10295

Dress 5994

Dress 5990

Other views and descriptions are on page 102

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Dress 6005

Dress and bloomers 6019
Embroidery design 10257

Coat 6003
Dress 6015
Hat 5683

Dress 5928
Hat 5966

Dress 5999
Hat 5557

Suit 6011

Other views and descriptions are on page 103

Suspender skirt and
blouse 6009
Tam-o'-shanter 5416

Dress and bloomers 5942
Smocking design 10744

Coat 5946
Dress 5938

Ensemble suit
6013
Hat 5952

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Coat 5981
Blouse 5498
Skirt 5964

Dress
5984

Dress 6012
Hat and scarf
5218

Jacket 6001
Blouse 5903
Skirt 5979

Blouse 5903
Skirt 5979

Dress 5988

Other views and descriptions are on page 104

Dress 5996

Tunic blouse 5985
Slip 5726
Hat 5966

Dress 6016

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Dress 6004
Embroidery design
10233

Dress 5955
Hat 5952
Embroidery design 10233

Dress 6000

Dress 5998
Hat 5952

Dress 6018

Tunic blouse 5968
Slip 5827
Embroidery design 10336

Other views and descriptions are on page 105

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FASHION OFFERS A FRENCH JUMPER AS WELL AS THE TUNIC BLOUSE, A SLEEVELESS ENSEMBLE AND THE NEW FLARE SKIRT



Tunic blouse 5944
Costume slip 5827
Embroidery design
10138



Jumper
6021
Skirt 5873
Embroidery
design
10312



Skirt 5991





Tunic blouse 5962
Costume slip 5638



Tunic blouse 6023
Costume slip 5827
Hat 5952
Embroidery design
10287

Sleeveless jacket
6001
Blouse 5228
Skirt 5964



Other views and descriptions are on page 105

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 96.

PARIS TURNS A SOFTER SIDE WITH AN APRON-FROCK PRESERVING UNBROKEN LINES

Coat 6045
Tunic blouse 6007
Slip 5631

Dress 6047

Dress 6046

Dress 6048

6048

6045

Dress 5927

Coat dress 6008

5927—The inserted plait at each side of the front of this one-piece slip-over frock is smart. It has a close-fitting hipline. Use printed silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine with plain to match, or plain silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with self-material in a lighter shade, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch printed silk, ¾ yard 39-inch plain silk for center of scarf and inserted plait. Lower edge, plaits out, 54½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6007 5631

5927

6045—6007—5631—Both the coat and the tunic blouse have straight lower edges. The slip has an inverted plait at each side below the waistline.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch corded silk (including facing for lower part of slip), 3⅛ yards 35-inch printed silk, 2⅝ yards 35-inch material for slip. Lower edge of coat 45½ inches; of slip 54½ inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; blouse for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6046—One of the newest frocks has a shirred apron and a surplice collar which with the cuffs may be detachable. Make it of plain or printed crêpe de Chine, foulard, crêpe satin or crêpe Roma with batiste or net edging and ribbon in a color to match.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 40-inch silk. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 48 bust.

6047—Striped cotton broadcloth, cotton pongee, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, radium or silk broadcloth is smart for this one-piece dress with the bosom, collar, etc., of the lightest color in the stripes; or use plain materials with plain to match. The dress slips on over the head.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch striped silk, 1½ yard 32-inch plain silk. Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6008—Soft twills, kasha or camel's-hair twill with faille silk in self or contrasting color or cashmere dress goods or wool crêpe with silk crêpe in contrast make a smart one-piece coat dress. It has the close-fitting hipline. Or use plain heavy silk crêpe with satin, etc. Lower edge 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch flannel.

The coat dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6008

6048—This one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge making it suitable for wide borders as well as other materials. Use striped or printed cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe shantung, heavy crêpe de Chine, radium, striped silk broadcloth or linen, or gingham with plain to match, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch striped silk or cotton broadcloth. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

6047 6046

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 96.

DRESSES WITH A RUSSIAN OR FRONT-CLOSING EFFECT, AND A TWO-PIECE FROCK

Dress 5967
Embroidery design
10159

Dress 6002

Dress 6032

Two-piece dress 5986

Dress 6035
Embroidery design
10317

Dress 6028
Embroidery
design
10295



5967

6035—10317— Contrasting color or printed Georgette for the one-piece upper part and soft satin, plain Canton crêpe or crêpe faille for the straight lower part are a smart combination for a slip-over frock. Work the flower motifs in harmonizing colors. You may use printed or contrasting Georgette or crêpe de Chine with plain heavy crêpe de Chine for upper part, soft satin with light-weight Canton crêpe in the same color or in contrast, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 35 or 39 inch silk for upper part, 1⅜ yard 39-inch silk. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



6035

5967—10159—A one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge is attractive in silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin. Work the embroidery in harmonizing colors. The frock is especially good style for wide borders in silks or heavy cottons, printed crosswise designs, novelty printed robes, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6002—Striped tub silks are smart for a Summer frock with a straight lower edge. It is a one-piece slip-over dress. Use striped radium, silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine or pongee with plain to match, striped flannel with crêpe de Chine to match, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch cotton broadcloth. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



6002

6032—A trimming band gives the Russian closing effect to this new one-piece slip-over frock with a straight lower edge. Use plain linen, linen-finished cotton, cotton or silk broadcloth, heavy cotton crêpe, cotton poplin, plain heavy crêpe de Chine with same material in contrast, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch linen, 1 yard 35-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 45½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5986—A blouse which slips over the head and a skirt with a straight lower edge make this smart two-piece dress very simple to sew. Use plain cotton broadcloth or heavy cotton crêpe, linen-finished cottons, chambray, plain wash silks or pongee with contrasting color in same fabric, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



6032



5986

6028—10295—This simple unlined frock is especially planned for plain linen, cotton broadcloth, heavy cotton crêpe, linen-finished cottons, cotton poplin, plain crêpe de Chine or silk broadcloth with same material in contrast, etc. It is the one-piece slip-over type and has a straight lower edge. The embroidered motifs may be worked in appliqué. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 32-inch plain silk broadcloth and ⅝ yard 32-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



6028

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SMOCKED PEASANT FROCKS AND PRINTED DRESSES ON SOFT LINES HINT OF SUMMER



Dress 6018



Dress 6038



Dress 6006



Dress 6024



Dress 6020

6024

6020

6018



6006

6038

6018—This little one-piece frock is very smart for Summer in printed crosswise designs, radium, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or Georgette, or in foulard, printed cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe with plain to match. Both the side-plaited apron and the slip-over dress have straight lower edges. You may use plain radium, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, flat crêpe or crêpe satin with Georgette sleeves and tie, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch printed cotton voile. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6006—One-piece dresses in peasant style are very cool and dainty for Summer and one of the smartest new fashions. This frock has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. Many attractive color combinations are possible, for instance, on a white frock the smocking may be done in red, lavender, yellow and black. Use plain crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile or cotton Georgette with or without smocking. Without smocking use printed Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

6024—This slip-over frock has all the smart simplicity of a famous French dressmaker's frocks. The one-piece upper part has a straight lower edge to which is fastened a straight band. Use striped wash silks, cotton broadcloth, fine cotton crêpe, printed fine cotton crêpe, cotton broadcloth or wash silks with plain to match and ribbon tie, etc. You may use plain wash silks, cotton broadcloth or fine cotton crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 32 or 35-inch striped cotton broadcloth. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6020—The collar and tie are one on this one-piece frock of the slip-over type. It has a straight lower edge. Use printed crêpe de Chine, radium, Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or crosswise designs with plain to match, or wide-bordered prints in any of these materials. You may use plain crêpe de Chine, radium, Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile, cotton voile or cotton Georgette with contrast or printed in same material.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 35-inch crosswise design, 1½ yard 35-inch plain cotton. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6038—Wear this one-piece frock and look as young as Springtime! It has a straight lower edge, slips on over the head and is extremely simple to make. Use printed or plain cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe with collar and cuffs of net or organdy edged with Val. lace and insertion; or use printed cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine or Georgette with plain to match or use these latter fabrics in plain for entire frock with a collar and cuffs edged with filet or Venise lace.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch novelty cotton. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

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THE STAGE IS SET FOR GRADUATION WITH FRILLED, PLAITED, TUCKED OR BOUFFANT STYLES

6042—Frills of organdy or lace and ribbon flowers are a French trimming on a slip-over one-piece frock of plain cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe for graduation. You may also use batiste with lace frills, or plain cotton Georgette, organdy, plain crêpe de Chine or Georgette with frills of lace or same material in contrast, etc.

16 years requires 2½ yards 35-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5987—A one-piece dress with clusters of plaits at each side in front and back makes a one-piece frock which slips on over the head. Plain Georgette, chiffon, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile and cotton Georgette are very dainty for graduation dresses. For other occasions use these materials in printed designs combined with plain to match.

13 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 16 years.

6027—Some schools permit the graduating class to wear a pastel shade in the material or in a ribbon girdle and flower such as are used to trim a frock of Georgette, chiffon, net or cotton Georgette. It slips on over the head and the full straight skirt is joined to the basque at a slightly low waistline. The frills may be self material or lace. With taffeta, organdy or crêpe de Chine they should be self material.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch Georgette (including frills).

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 8 to 16 years.

5989—The sleeveless frock with the tiny yoke is adorable for parties and Summer use. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. You may use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, organdy, cotton voile, cotton Georgette or batiste with Val. lace. With frills of self material use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton Georgette or organdy.

8 years requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch Georgette.

The dress is for little girls 4 to 10 years.

5960—This slip-over frock of plain Georgette, chiffon or chiffon voile has a basque closing under the left arm, a full straight skirt over a narrow drop skirt and camisole of flesh-colored satin. A lower neck and cut-down armholes may be used for evening. Lower edge of skirt 3 yards; of drop skirt 46 inches.

17 years requires 3½ yards 36 or 39 inch Georgette.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; and for ladies 38, 40 bust.

6034—10978—Slip-over frocks with full straight skirts are picturesque for graduation. This dress closes under the left arm. Use plain cotton Georgette, radium, crêpe de Chine or Georgette with same material in contrast. A flower motif decorates the skirt. Lower edge 2 yards.

16 years requires 3¾ yards 27-inch dotted swiss.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years and ladies 38 bust.

6044—Seventeen may graduate in this soft one-piece frock of plain cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe with lace or organdy frills and a cluster of tucks at each side in front and back. It has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. You may use plain crêpe de Chine, batiste, etc. Lower edge 51 inches.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 35 or 39 inch cotton voile.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6029—10825—The tucks, the frilly trimming and the dainty flower embroidery of this one-piece slip-over frock will please the junior who wants to finish with as much *éclat* as her sister. It has a straight lower edge. Use Georgette, chiffon or net with satin ribbon, lace or self frills, cotton Georgette with self material or lace, cotton voile with lace, etc.

13 years requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 16 years.

5995—Smaller girls graduate from bloomer dresses into this type of frock before adopting older modes. It has a straight lower edge, is plaited at the front and back and may omit the straight bertha. Use plain crêpe de Chine or Georgette with Georgette flowers in contrast, etc.

8 years requires 2 yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is adorable for girls 4 to 10 years.

MAY FORECASTS THE SUMMER MODE

Dress 6026
Embroidery
design 10278

Coat dress 6008

Dress 6002
Embroidery
design 10312

Dress 6000

Dress 5990
Hat 5966

Dress 5926
Embroidery
design 10254

Suspender
skirt and
blouse 6039

6039

6008

6002

6026

Dress 6015
Hat 5212

6000

5926

6015

5990

6008—The buttoned center-front closing and the new epaulet shoulder make a chic little one-piece coat dress with the close-fitting hipline. Plain heavy silk crêpe with satin in self or contrasting color, or plain heavy satin with silk crêpe trimings make an attractive frock. You may use plain flannel all one material or with flannel in contrast, kasha, soft twills, or camel's-hair twills with faille silk in self or contrasting color, wool crêpe, etc.

16 years or 33 bust requires 1¾ yard 54-inch kasha. Lower edge 40½ inches.

The coat dress is good style for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

6002—10312—Soft gathers at the yoke and the tie-collar make a one-piece sports frock for the striped radiums, flannels, silk broadcloth, heavy crêpes de Chine, etc. It slips over the head and the lower edge is straight. The embroidery is easily worked. Use plain radium, silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or pongee with self material in contrasting color or with printed silk, satin with contrasting satin, plain light-weight flannel or wool jersey with contrasting crêpe de Chine, etc.

16 years or 33 bust requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 42 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

6039—What smarter outfit for the last days of school than this three-piece suspender skirt with the new inverted "kick" plait at the center front worn with a separate blouse in peasant style! Use plain cotton voile, crêpe de Chine or soft pongee with or without the smocking, etc., for the blouse. Make the skirt of twills, serge, flannel or wool crêpe with bindings of silk braid.

12 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch flannel, 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The outfit is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6015—5212—A girl's frock gathered softly at the neck and made of heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe printed in small designs, with shaped band of faille silk, broadcloth, or camel's-hair twills, etc., matching a coat makes an ensemble costume. This slip-over dress has a straight lower edge. Her hat is smart.

8 years requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch printed, ⅜ yard 32 or more inch plain silk for dress.

The dress is smart for girls 4 to 10 years; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5990—5966—The new striped heavy crêpes de Chine, silk or cotton broadcloths, heavy cotton crêpes or flannels may be used with plain to match for a one-piece slip-over dress with a new sleeve and a straight lower edge. Or use plain heavy silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, crêpe satin, plain light-weight flannel or wool jersey, plain cotton broadcloth, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton poplin or plain heavy cotton crêpe, etc. Make the French hat of corded silks or satin.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3¼ yards 32-inch striped tub silk. Lower edge 43½ inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; hat for ladies, misses, girls.

6000—Paris contributes the plain chiffon or Georgette jabot to a one-piece slip-over frock of crosswise designs, novelty crêpe satin, novelty faille-and-satin, or printed heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, satin, radium or faille. It has a straight lower edge and may be of plain heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe or of crêpe satin, all of one material and with embroidery. Printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with plain chiffon or Georgette to match, or novelty cottons of good weight with jabot and bindings of plain cotton voile or Georgette are suitable.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2¾ yards 40-inch printed crosswise silk. Lower edge 41 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5926—10254—Embroidery and a collar and sleeve-puffs in a lighter shade of the same color, or a harmonizing color, trim this dress for juniors. The straight skirt is joined to the long body in a decorative way. It is attractive in plain crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe; or you may use fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, cotton Georgette or crêpe de Chine with collar and cuffs trimmed with Val lace. Work the embroidery in harmonizing colors.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine, ⅜ yard 35-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6026—10278—This one-piece slip-over frock has the French flare in a circular apron joined at a close-fitting hipline. Use crêpe satin, flat crêpe, plain Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, heavy crêpe de Chine or Georgette, or crêpe Roma. Work the motif and banding in beading.

17 years requires 3¼ yards 36 or 39 inch crêpe satin. Lower edge measures about 43 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.



6025—The trousers of this suit have extra wide legs and the blouse has pockets. Make it of khaki, jean, linen, linen crash, linen-finished cottons or pongee.

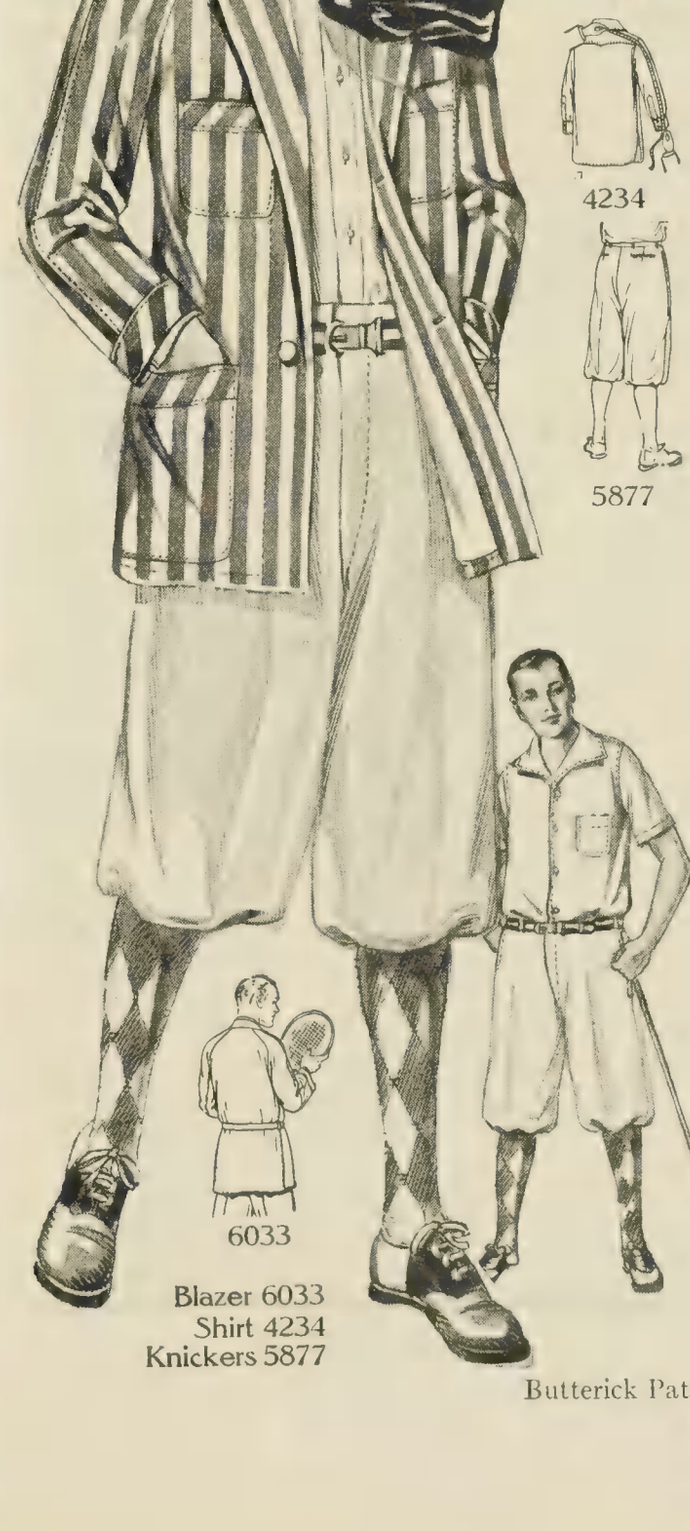
6 years requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for boys 3 to 9 years.

6003—5601—Her coat of broadcloth, faille silk, soft twills, light-weight soft pile fabrics or wool poplin, has a plain lining. Her hat may be of crêpe de Chine, faille silk, taffeta or Georgette.

6 years requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch silk for dress.

The coat is for little girls 2 to 7; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.



6010—Make this one-piece slip-over dress of printed heavy crêpe de Chine, radium, satin, pongee, silk crêpe or failles and wear it under a sleeveless coat of camel's-hair twills or kasha or plain material to match dress.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3½ yards 35-inch printed and 2½ yards 35-inch plain silk. Lower edge of dress 42 inches.

The coat and dress are for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

6037—5966—The double-breasted coat is smart in cheviot trimmed with brass buttons. Or use camel's-hair twill, kasha, cashmere coatings, etc., with bone buttons. Use flannel, corded silks or satin, etc., for hat.

12 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch kasha for coat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls, misses, ladies.

5903—6017—5549—Use cotton voile, etc. for the peasant blouse and flannel, kasha, camel's-hair twills or twills for the three-piece suspender skirt with an inverted plait. The hat has a four-gored crown. Lower edge 1½ yard.

16 years, 32 bust and 35 hip require 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine, 1⅜ yard 54-inch flannel for skirt.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 40 bust; skirt for misses 15 to 20, also ladies 38, 40 bust; hat for misses and ladies.

6033—4234—5877—A man wears his striped or plain flannel blazer with an outing shirt of cotton shirtings, madras, etc., and linen golf knickers.

36 breast and 34 waist require 1⅞ yard 54-inch striped flannel and 2¼ yards 35-inch linen.

Blazer is for men 34 to 44 breast; shirt for men or boys 12 to 18½ neck; knickers for men 32 to 46 waist.

6001—5498—5979—5952—This smart ensemble is composed of a sleeveless jacket and three-piece suspender skirt to match and a slip-over blouse which may have a shoulder yoke. The hat has a six-gored crown.

17 years or 34 bust and 36 hip require ⅞ yard 54-inch flannel for jacket, 1½ yard 54-inch flannel and 2⅛ yards 35-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge inverted plaits drawn out 1⅞ yard.

Jacket and blouse are for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; skirt for misses 15 to 20, also ladies 38, 40 bust; hat for misses, girls, ladies.

4458—4291—5950—For tennis he wears a striped or plain flannel blazer over his sports blouse and golf knickers of tweeds, mixtures, linen, etc. The blouse of cotton shirtings, madras, etc., has a convertible collar.

12 years requires 1½ yard 46-inch striped flannel and 1⅜ yard 44-inch wool for knickers.

Blazer is for boys 4 to 16, blouse for 4 to 14 and knickers for 8 to 17.







SIMPLE FROCKS, A NEW BATHING-SUIT, AND PAJAMAS FOR LOUNGING, THE BEACH, ETC.

5977—Very simple one-piece frocks of this type may be worn at home in the morning, to market, etc. Use striped cotton or silk broadcloth, pongee or heavy crêpe de Chine with plain to match; or use cotton prints, gingham or novelty cottons with plain, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 35-inch striped cotton broadcloth. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

5921—Check gingham or cotton crêpe, or novelty check cottons with plain make an attractive slip-over frock with a straight lower part joined to a long body. Or use plain cotton crêpe or pongee with print to match, colored light-weight linen-finished cottons, or colored cotton broadcloth or cotton crêpe with same material in white.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 32 or 35 inch plain material, 3⅛ yards 32-inch gingham. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5936—10900—You may make this very dainty slip-over nightgown of crêpe de Chine, wash silks or satins, Georgette, underwear mull, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, long-cloth or nainsook with lace, with or without tucks, etc. Work the embroidery in eyelets, etc. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35 or 39 inch crêpe de Chine, 2⅞ yards 2½-inch lace edging.

The nightgown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6014—This is the smartest two-piece bathing costume and with it is usually worn the handkerchief cap. Use printed surf silks or satin, foulard or chintz with plain to match; or use plain surf satin or silk, or taffeta with same material in contrast.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch printed silk, ⅝ yard 32 or 35 inch plain material and ⅞ yard 32-inch material for cap.

The bathing costume is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

6031—10270—For these pajamas use cotton voile, batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, underwear mull or crêpe de Chine with Val lace. The motif is easily worked. You may use printed crêpe de Chine, cotton crêpe or cotton, voile with plain to match, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, underwear mull, wash silks, etc., with contrast.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

The pajamas are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5993—Make these pajamas of cotton crêpe, cotton voile, batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, underwear mull, mercerized fabrics, crêpe de Chine, wash silks, wash satin, pongee, etc.

19 years or 36 bust requires 2 yards 35-inch printed silk, 2⅜ yards 35-inch plain.

Pajamas are for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5827—This costume slip follows the slender silhouette and may have a deep shadow-proof or 3-inch hem. Use silk crêpe, soft satin, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The costume slip is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6041—Rompers for either brother or sister are in raglan style. Use chambray, plain gingham, pin-check gingham, fine cotton crêpe, light-weight pongee, crêpe de Chine or cotton pongee.

3 years requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch chambray (with shorter sleeve).

The rompers are for children 1 to 4 years.

Rompers 6041

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 96.

The soup when you're hungry!



Campbell's Vegetable Soup! We show these vegetables to give you some idea of the many delicious and tempting ingredients blended in this famous soup.

It's a luncheon. It's a supper. It's a good part of the dinner. It's ideal for the school-children's midday meal. It is served for many an extra meal.

Thirty-two ingredients in all! Such substantial food, so inviting, so convenient to serve!

21 kinds

12 cents a can

My best strawberry and rhubarb recipes



TO most of us Spring means the beginning of new things. New things to do, new places to visit, new things to wear, fresh fruits to eat.

To me Spring always means new recipes to make with new fruits, first strawberries and rhubarb. I am giving you here four tested recipes for Spring desserts all made with a shortening which is just as sweet and fresh and wholesome as a shortening could possibly be.

This *vegetable* shortening (Crisco) makes the most dainty delicious things; desserts which melt in your mouth; pastry which is tender and flaky; cakes with the finest texture, light and tender which really cannot be told from those made with butter. And for frying it is ideal, for we can fry in the deep kettle or frying pan with no smoke, waste or unpleasant odor, and never the slightest suggestion of grease in looks or taste.

I find Crisco economical, too. It does not soak into the food when frying, so very little is used up and I can strain it back into the can and use it over for anything I like. It doesn't have to be kept on ice, either, and is always ready to use. You will find that Crisco is the only shortening you need in the house.

I have made all these recipes with Crisco and have had fine results. I wish you would save them and try them with Crisco, too.

W. S. C.



Strawberry Snowballs

A dainty, delicious dessert; quickly made and cooked. Crisco makes them tender and light. Just a fluffy, dainty morsel which melts in your mouth.

¼ cup Crisco
½ cup sugar
¼ cup milk
1 cup pastry flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
Whites of 2 eggs beaten stiff

Cream Crisco and sugar. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Add alternately with the milk. Last fold in the egg whites. Divide the batter into 6 or 8 small Criscoed cups and steam 20 minutes in a covered steamer over a kettle of hot water. Turn out and serve with the following sauce:

SAUCE

1 cup sugar 2 tablespoons flour ½ teaspoon salt

Mix thoroughly together. Add 1 tablespoon Crisco, 1½ cups boiling water. Stir all together and bring to a boil over the fire. Just before serving add 1 quart of strawberries cut in half.



Rhubarb Short Cake

This Rhubarb Short Cake is delicious. Even those who do not care for rhubarb like it when served this way. Substitute strawberries, if you prefer, using the same short cake recipe. It is an easy way to make it. No messy rolling. Crisco makes a short cake which is short, tender and light.

½ cup Crisco
3 cups pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk

Sift flour, baking powder, salt four times. Cut Crisco in with two knives. Add milk. Last add egg. Spread evenly in well-Criscoed layer cake pan. For individual short cakes drop by spoonfuls the size desired on well-Criscoed baking sheet. Bake about 20 minutes in hot oven, 475 degrees F. Will serve 8 people.

Prepare Rhubarb as follows:

Wash, peel and cut into inch pieces. Cover with boiling water, cook slowly until tender. Drain off water and for every two cups of rhubarb add one cup of sugar and flavor with ground cinnamon to taste. Split the short cakes, spread with butter, put rhubarb between and on top and serve with whipped cream with a little cinnamon dusted over the top.



Rhubarb Puffs

A delicious Spring dessert for those who love rhubarb. Use huckleberries this way or green apples and serve with the same cinnamon sauce.

Use the recipe given at the left for Strawberry Snowballs to make the batter.

3 cups rhubarb cut fine
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon

Mix the sugar and cinnamon together. Then mix with the rhubarb. Divide in 8 cups; cover with the batter; set the cups in a covered steamer and steam over a kettle of hot water for 20 minutes. You can bake both these puffs and the strawberry snowballs in hot oven, 375 degrees F., about 20 minutes. But they are lighter and daintier when steamed. Serve hot with the following sauce:

SAUCE:

1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Mix together thoroughly. Add 1 tablespoon Crisco, 1½ cups boiling water. Stir all together and bring to a boil over the fire.



Strawberry Tartlets

Crisco makes ideal pastry for tartlets—crisp, tender and flaky, and most attractive to look at. Wholesome, too.

PASTRY

1½ cups Pastry flour
½ cup Crisco
1 teaspoon salt
Cold water to mix

Sift flour and salt. Cut Crisco in with two knives. Add water to hold. Roll; cover the bottom of inverted muffin pans greased with Crisco. Prick with fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in hot oven, 450 degrees F. about 15 minutes. Slip off, turn pans over, and put the tart shells inside.

FILLING:

1 quart strawberries
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon granulated gelatine
¼ cup water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Whipped Cream

Wash and drain berries. Take one half, cut in half, mix with ⅓ cup powdered sugar. Let stand a few minutes; then drain off juice. To the remainder of the berries add sugar and lemon juice. Mash all together; then add the gelatine which has been mixed with the cold water and melted over boiling water. Mix all together thoroughly. When mixture has started to set, fill the tart shells; then put on the top of each tart a few of the berries which have been cut in half. Set on ice to harden. When cool, make a border of whipped cream around the edge of each tart and serve. Makes about 12 tarts.

TO MAKE A DELICIOUS OLD-FASHIONED SHORT CAKE WITHOUT A ROLLING PIN



1.

Use the short-cake recipe given under the picture of rhubarb short cake. Lay out on your work table and measure accurately all the ingredients the recipe calls for. Get out all utensils needed.



2.

Cut the Crisco into the flour with two knives instead of rubbing it in with the fingers. We do not touch the short cake with the hands until it is ready to serve.



3.

The method saves time in two ways. No rolling is necessary as we simply spread the batter into the shallow pan or drop it by spoonfuls for the individuals. No messy table, hands and rolling pin to clean up afterward. No flour wasted.



4.

Now that you have learned this easier, quicker way to make a short cake, use it with rhubarb, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, pineapple, peaches, apples, bananas and oranges.

Delicious cakes, pies and fried foods

I use Crisco for everything that requires a fat. It makes my pastry crisp, tender and flaky, my cakes light and dainty and in both deep and pan frying it puts a crisp brown crust on foods. It fries without smoke, too.



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Free! "Miss Olive S. Allen's 200 Tested Recipes"

Miss Olive S. Allen, a real home cook of many years experience gathered and tested hundreds of recipes from all over the world; from famous foreign chefs, from old fashioned home cooks; from luxurious hotels and little inns; even from trappers and hunters. From these many hundreds she selected the best two hundred and put them in this little cook book. To secure it free, simply fill in your name and address and mail coupon to Section F-5, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, O.

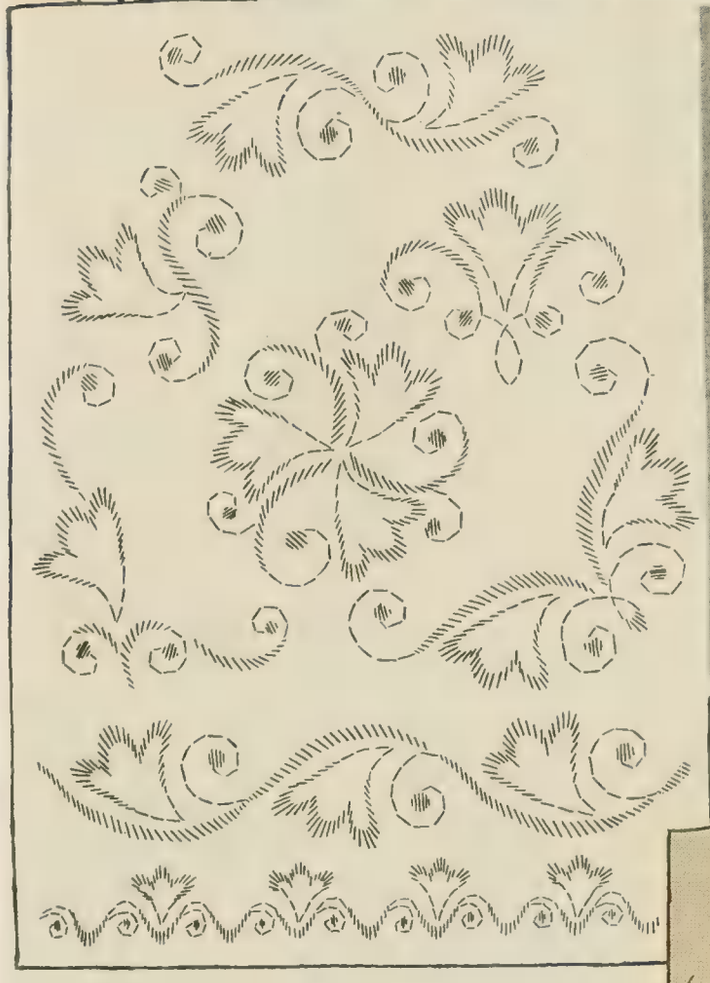
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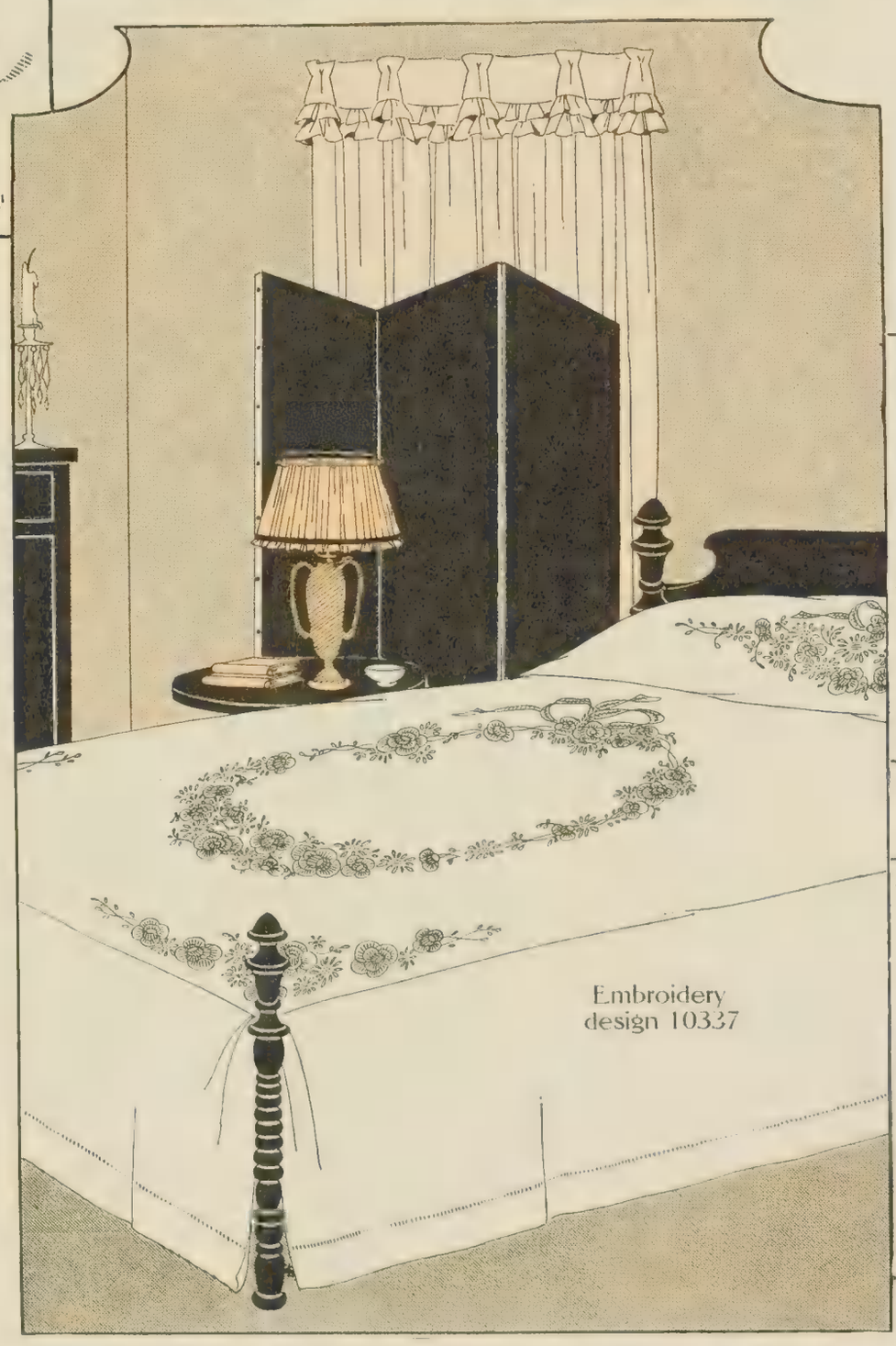
EMBROIDERY OFFERS DELIGHTFUL NEEDLEWORK IN DRESS TRIMMINGS AND LINENS



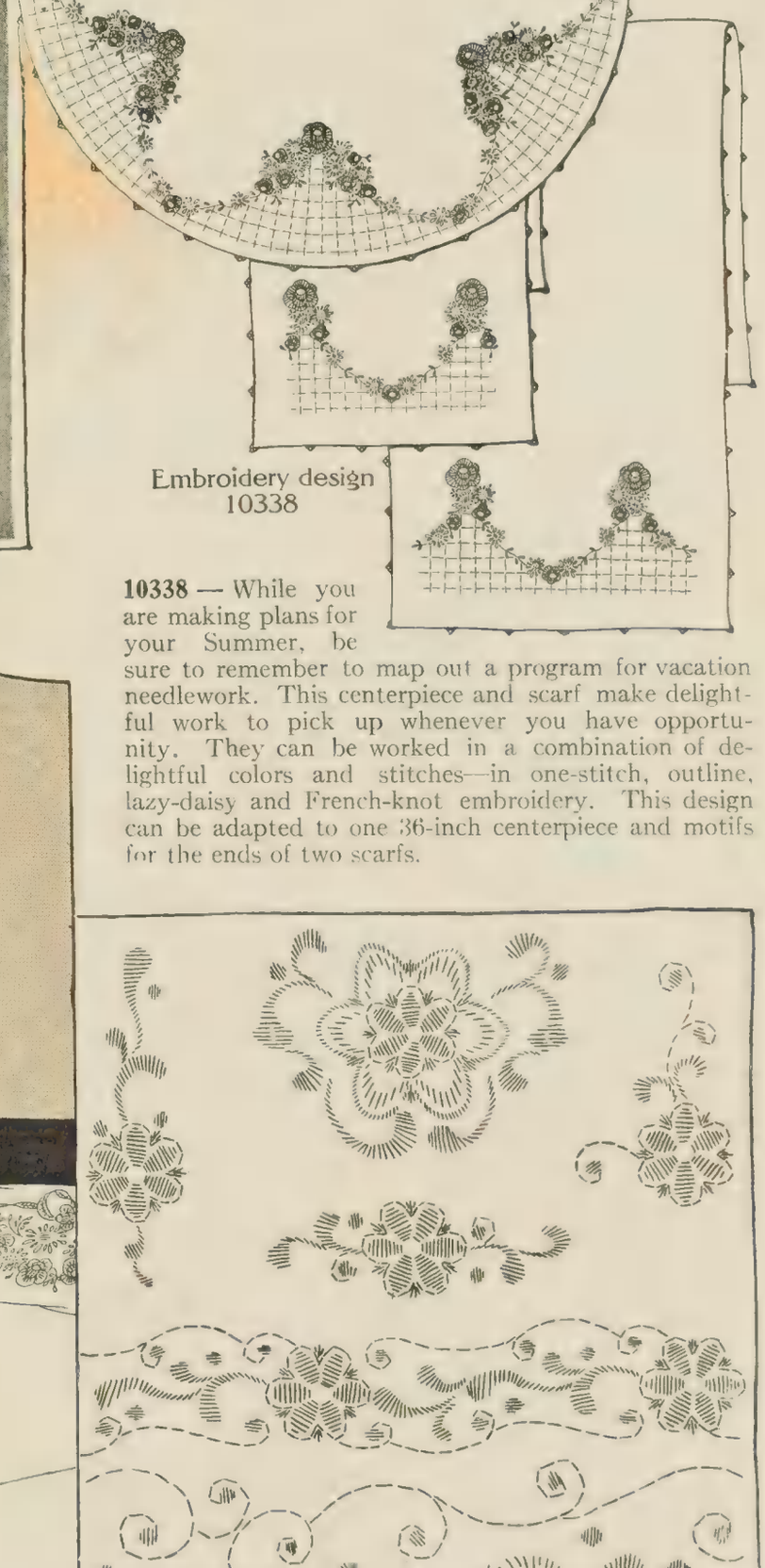


Embroidery design 10344





Embroidery design 10337



Embroidery design 10338



Embroidery design 10342

10338 — While you are making plans for your Summer, be sure to remember to map out a program for vacation needlework. This centerpiece and scarf make delightful work to pick up whenever you have opportunity. They can be worked in a combination of delightful colors and stitches—in one-stitch, outline, lazy-daisy and French-knot embroidery. This design can be adapted to one 36-inch centerpiece and motifs for the ends of two scarfs.

10344—There is a variety of sizes in the bandings and motifs of this embroidery. It also contains corners. The design is a smart trimming for coats, dresses, blouses and hats, and it is the favorite of all needleworkers—a one-stitch design! This design can be adapted to 3⅜ yards of banding 3¼ inches wide, 3⅛ yards of banding 2 inches wide, 8 motifs in 4 assorted styles, 8 corners in 2 assorted styles.

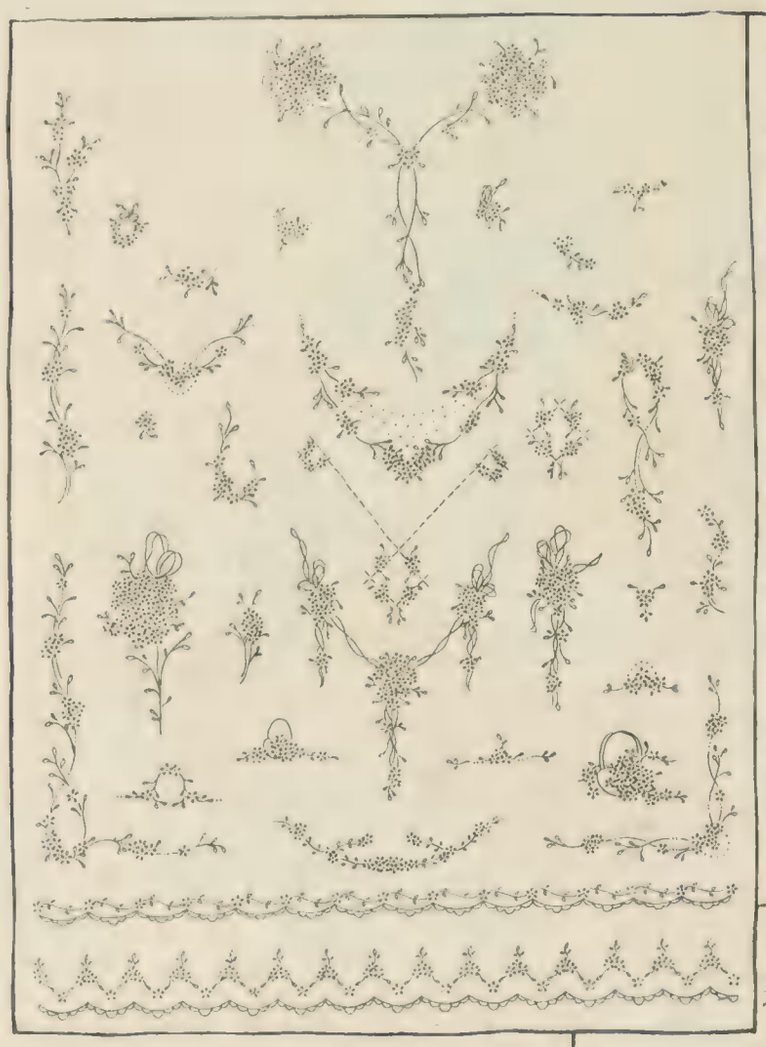
10342—This new one-stitch design travels fast and is a smart trimming for coats, dresses, tunic blouses and hats. This is an embroidery which may be used on a dress or a blouse to carry out one of the two or three colors of your ensemble costume. The design can be adapted to 1½ yard of banding 11¾ inches wide, 1½ yard of banding 3 inches wide, 12 assorted motifs in 3 assorted styles, 6 corners 2½ by 6½ inches.

10337—Flowers that never fade are twined in garlands to decorate a new bedspread. This design also contains a motif for the bolster-roll. The motifs and corners should be worked in outline, one-stitch, lazy-daisy stitch and satin-stitch. The design can be adapted very easily to an oval motif 29½ by 20 inches, 2 corners and a motif for the bolster-roll to use on a single, a double or a three-quarter bed.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 96.

CROSS-STITCH AND ONE-STITCH ALLY FORMING ONE DESIGN TO TRIM TWO GARMENTS

Embroidery design 10339







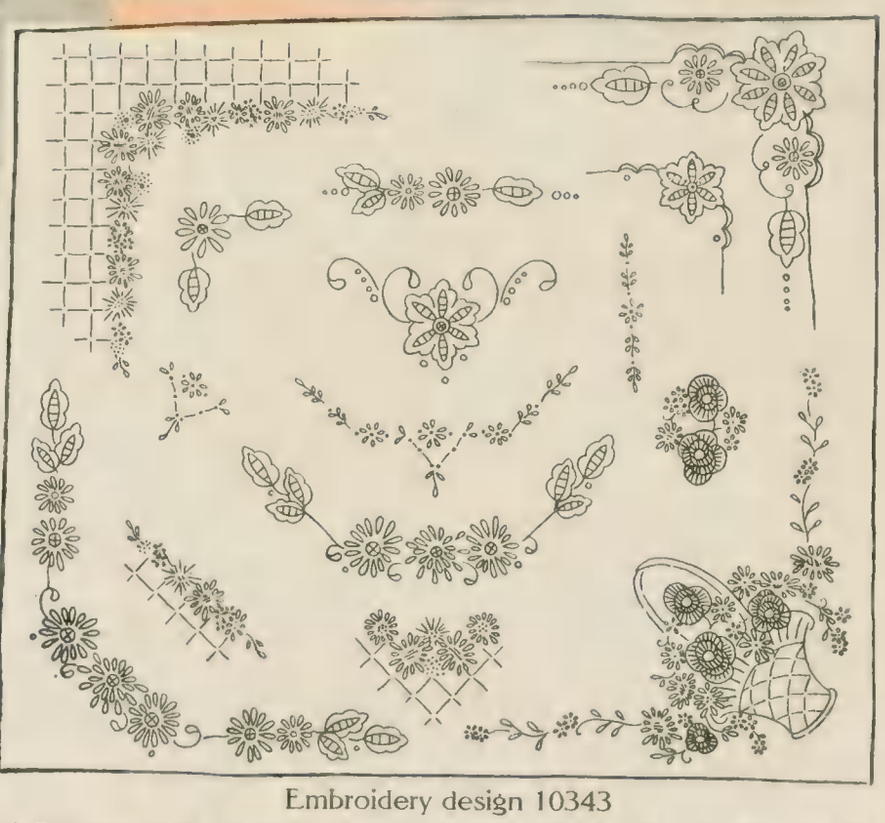
10339—There are a great many times when you want just such a dainty embroidery which will give all the finished effect of great labor, but actually is very simple to do. The banding and motifs of this design are worked in unpadded satin-stitch, French stemming and French knots. If you want your work to go even faster, you may use lazy-daisy stitch, outline stitch and French knots. These dainty motifs and bandings are just the thing for baby clothes. Little children's frocks, caps, petticoats, etc., may also be trimmed with this design. It is suitable for your own fine underwear and sachets, etc. The design can be adapted to 1⅝ yard each of banding 1¾ and ¾ inch wide and 77 assorted motifs.



Embroidery design 10341



Embroidery design 10340



10341—You get several trimming combinations in this embroidery, for after you have finished trimming your peasant blouse with the cross-stitch bandings and motifs, you can use the one-stitch banding in bright wools down the front of your wool jersey sports frock. What is more, no one will know that the trimming on each garment is part of the same design! The cross-stitch banding and motifs can be worked in attractive color combinations. The one-stitch banding may combine different bright colors in wools, and since it serves this double use it is the really useful design. It can be adapted to 1⅝ yard each of bandings 4½ inches wide, 2½ inches wide, 1⅝ inch wide and 1¾ inch wide and 32 assorted motifs.

10340—Some of the smartest dresses and tunic blouses are trimmed with a beading design of this type. The large floral pattern is always effective. It is also a suitable trimming for other blouses, skirts, etc. This design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 20¼ inches wide and 9 motifs in 2 assorted styles.

10343—Give your linens a breath of Spring with this flower embroidery. It is suitable for scarfs, tea-cloths, napkins and other household linens. Both motifs and corners should be worked in French stemming, cut-work, satin-stitch, eyelets, French knots, lazy-daisy, one-stitch and outline. It can be adapted to 16 corners, of which 4 are 6½ by 13½ inches, 4 of 4 by 10 inches, 4 of 2 by 10¼ inches and 4 of 1½ by 13½ inches and 60 assorted motifs.

Embroidery design 10343





"In FEBRUARY OF THIS YEAR (1924) my third baby was born. Three months later found me with constipation, headaches and just dragging around—and *three small children*. I decided something had to be done. I started taking Fleischmann's Yeast, a cake morning and night. In a few weeks I was able to stop the use of cathartics; headaches and backaches were gone; and I had plenty of energy. I felt like a different woman." MRS. MARIE T. GARDNER, Glencarlyn, Va.



"AFTER THREE YEARS of strenuous work training, I found myself a graduate nurse struggling to keep up, with lowered resistance, nervousness, indigestion and loss of appetite due to chronic constipation. My physician advised me to take Fleischmann's Yeast three or four times daily. At once I began to feel better. Today I can cheerfully and bravely face my patients. Long hours, responsibilities, I no longer fear, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."
MISS KONSTANCE WELLCOME, St. Paul, Minn.

You Know Such People—

Full of a new zest and joy in living. Read their remarkable tributes to this simple fresh food

"AS A HUMANITARIAN, and as a physician for twenty-two years, I unhesitatingly recommend that persons suffering from deficient digestion give Fleischmann's Yeast a test for a few weeks. I suffered from a bad stomach for nearly twenty years. Abandoned hope of receiving permanent relief. The unsophisticated would remark, 'Strange the doctor cannot cure his own stomach.'

"Since taking Fleischmann's Yeast cakes, which I began last June, I sleep one and a half hours more and can eat 'a man's dinner' without distress. I am happy now and those around me appreciate it." DR. WILLIAM NEALON, Philadelphia, Pa.

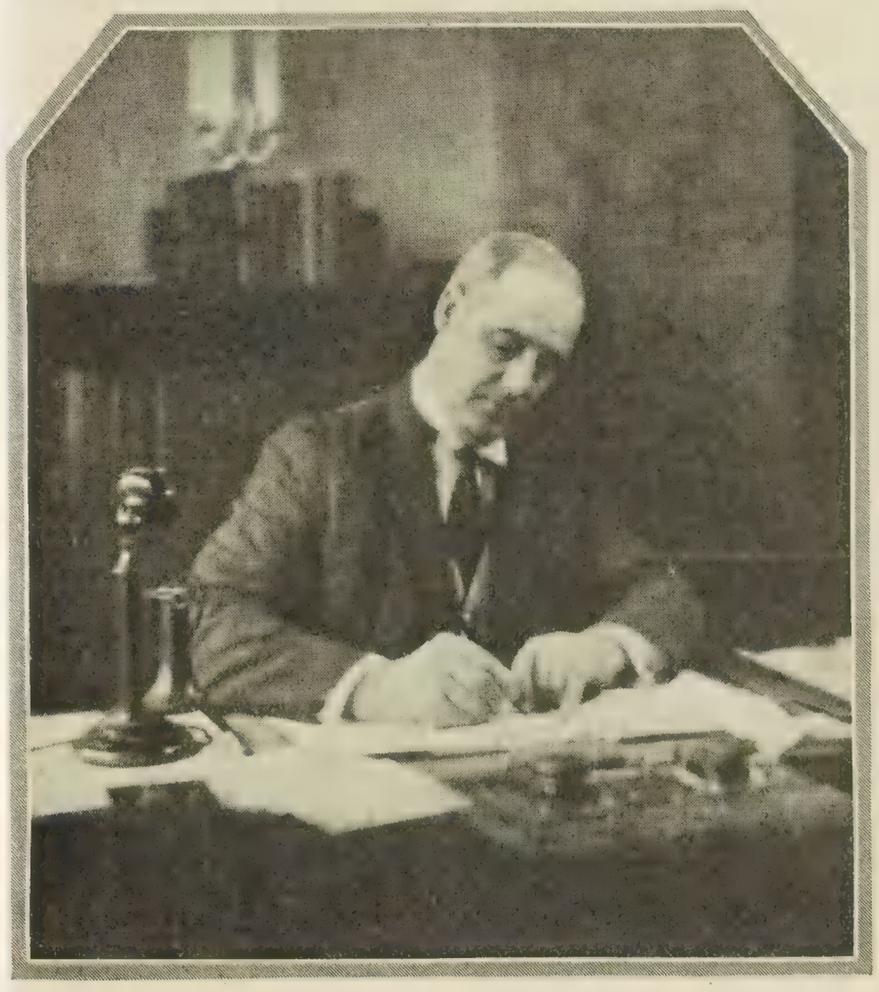


A FAMOUS FOOD *for health—start eating it today*

"AS A TRAVELING salesman I found myself suffering from chronic constipation and general stomach disorders induced by irregular meals. My head ached continuously. I lacked 'pep.' My record fell off alarmingly. . . . I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In a few weeks my tendency to be constipated had practically disappeared and with it my headaches. I have broken all my previous sales records. I feel that Fleischmann's Yeast has materially helped me up the ladder toward success."
FRED CORRINGTON, Litchfield, Ill.

"I WAS A PALE, thin, sickly child. At twelve I developed acne of the face, which became chronic in spite of medical care and good hygiene. Serums, ointments, washes, drugs, diets, lotions, made me wretched without improving the unsightly condition.

"Then I consulted our family doctor, who strongly advised trying one cake of Fleischmann's Yeast before meals (three times a day). I took it regularly for six months. . . . My face cleared, I lost that thin, pale look, and was able to continue with my work at college." MISS ROSE COOPERMAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.



NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. C-16, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.





Grouchy Husbands

EVERYTHING a moment before had been peaceful—and even comparatively quiet. Perhaps the youngster did make a slight disturbance at play, but it was unintentional—not anything over which a normal father should hit the ceiling. Perhaps some remark was made, innocently enough—but from the eruption which followed it might have been criminal!

What is the cause of outbursts like that? Unreasoning fits of temper on the part of men who ordinarily are kindly husbands and fathers!

The chances are that the man isn't well. Nerves! He would be the first to deny it, of course.

Why men fly off the handle

"Never felt better in my life!" he sputters. But he doesn't. His very vehemence is indication of the trouble which is secretly worrying millions of men in America. They are wearing out prematurely. They are not "sick," no; but certainly they are not well.

And nine times out of ten the reasons are these: they neglect exercise, they don't get enough sleep; they shun fresh air; they eat too much, and eat the wrong things. And worst of all, they unthinkingly load their systems with artificial stimulants which contribute nothing to their well-being, but which rob the body of its reserve strength.

Perhaps the most widespread offender among these artificial stimulants is caffein. It has no food value. It seems to give new energy, but this is a delusion. Actually it whips and goads the tired nerves to action when what they really need is rest.

In 2,000,000 homes, people are eliminating one form of abuse by making Postum their regular mealtime drink. It is all wheat, skillfully blended and roasted. Instead of caffein, an artificial stimulant, it gives only the healthful elements of whole wheat and bran. It is delicious!—rich, full bodied, with the appetizing flavor of roasted wheat.

Here is a drink which every member of the family can enjoy together, with no fear of sleeplessness, ragged nerves, headache, indigestion—with no sign of a grouch! Made with hot milk instead of the usual boiling water, it is the ideal drink for children, too.

You—the wife, the mother—are in a wonderful position to improve the health of your family. Postum is one easy step! Get it at your grocer's—or accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply, and my own directions for making it. You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less per cup.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply and my personal directions right away."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. D. ▲ D. 5-25

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada, Address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

FOR YOUR "COMPANY" MENU

By E. L. Boyd

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

Did you ever eat Spring chicken baked with green peppers? Or chicken creole, savory with celery, onion and carrot? Or chicken sauté served with asparagus on toast? Each one of these dishes is a treat and so are the other enticing chicken recipes which our Home-Making Department has collected. It will gladly tell you how to make them if you will write to it care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope

SQUAB farms are cropping up all over the country—the roof of city skyscrapers as well as pigeon-cotes in barns are being utilized to raise them. As the supply increases these delicacies become less prohibitive in price and as they are quickly cooked, as they are tender and have a delicious flavor, it is not surprising to have them usurp, to a great extent, the place of the chicken or duck in the "company" menu.

The amateur cook as well as the experienced hostess can depend on them to furnish a course to be proud of. Squabs are equally delicious and appropriate for two—the young bride will have no difficulty in preparing them—or for twenty, served hot or cold at a formal luncheon or dinner.

For the home dinner, three-quarter or pound squabs are the best, particularly if they are to be the main dish, but for formal luncheons or dinners, where there are several courses, the half-pound squab is sufficiently large.

Broilers may be used in any of the recipes given if squabs are not available.

ROAST SQUABS

Clean and cut off the feet and heads of two fat squabs. Dry them well and stuff them with a forcemeat made of two cups of fresh breadcrums which have been soaked in cold milk for a few minutes. Squeeze out the milk and to the bread add one tablespoon of cold chopped meat, one-half teaspoon of chopped parsley, a saltspoon of thyme, salt and pepper to taste. Brown one tablespoon of finely minced onion in a tablespoon of butter and add this to the forcemeat. Mix well and add the yolk of one egg as a binder. Fill the squabs with this mixture, closing the opening and trussing the little legs and wings with toothpicks or with small metal pins or skewers.

Put them in a small baking-dish and roast them (at 400 degrees Fahrenheit) until they are well browned and look glazed.

Serve them with squares of currant jelly, pouring a little of the rich pan gravy over the squab.

SQUABS PEASANT STYLE

Prepare the squabs as for roasting. When they are dry, rub with butter both inside and out. Place them unstuffed in a deep casserole and bake them in a very hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) until they are brown, basting only with a little melted butter and water.

Drain and heat a can of small French or wrinkled peas with enough salt, pepper and butter to season them.

Cook about twelve small white onions and season them.

Place the squabs in a glass serving-dish, arrange the peas and onions around them and pour a little melted butter and minced parsley over them. Cover them and set them in the oven for half an hour. Serve them in the same dish.

Concluded on page 47



Squabs should be split and flattened for broiling



And then dipped in oil or melted butter, well seasoned with pepper and salt, placed over a hot fire and cooked seven minutes on each side



Squabs or broilers with mushrooms or a savory sauce make a tasty, easy-to-prepare dish that any hostess may be proud to serve for a company meal

RAISIN COOKERY LESSONS BY FAMOUS COOKS
NUMBER SIX OF THE SERIES

Raisin quick breads you will love to make

By Sarah Field Splint

If most women take the responsibilities of homemaking with a smile, it's not because they don't encounter difficulties. Who of us, for instance, hasn't suffered from having her mind go on a strike one fine day when she put the polite question to it, "What *shall* I give them to eat today?"

For by the time we have considered the individual tastes of each member of our family, the necessities of a well-balanced menu, the size of our pocketbook and the amount of our own time and strength available, our choice is whittled down to uninspiring proportions.

It is then that the thought of raisins comes to me like a life preserver and I strike right out from my sea of gloom for the cheering refuge of my pantry.

Raisins dress up familiar foods. And, very considerately, they don't demand that you learn a new recipe in order to use them. Just add them to your old "stand-bys."

Even a favorite biscuit recipe becomes better if made with raisins. Add them after the shortening is cut in and just before you combine the dry ingredients with the liquid. Cut out the biscuits with a tiny round cutter, serving them hot and buttered.

Quick Raisin Bread

1½ cups flour
1½ cups whole wheat flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons melted shortening
1 cup Sun-Maid Raisins

Sift flour, salt, baking powder and sugar together and mix with the whole wheat flour. Add well beaten egg and milk and mix thoroughly. Add melted shortening and Sun-Maid Raisins. Put into a greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven—380° F.—for 1½ hours. This makes one loaf.



SARAH FIELD SPLINT, Head of Food and Household Department, McCALL'S MAGAZINE. Formerly Chief of Division of Home Conservation, United States Food Administration. Former editor TODAY'S HOUSEWIFE. Contributor to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, HOUSE AND GARDEN, etc.



Danish Raisin Pastries

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
1 egg
1 tablespoon milk
3 tablespoons shortening
1 cup chopped Sun-Maid Raisins
½ cup chopped nuts
3 tablespoons sugar

Mix and sift flour and salt. Cut in ½ cup shortening with a knife. Beat the egg and milk together and mix with the dry ingredients, adding only enough liquid to hold the mixture together. Turn out on slightly floured board, roll out thin and spread with 3 tablespoons softened shortening. Cut in 4-inch squares and sprinkle with raisins, nuts and sugar. Roll like a jelly roll and press edges together. Place rolls on a baking pan, cover with a clean, damp cloth and place in the ice chest until ready to bake (they can stand 3 hours). Brush tops with yolk of egg mixed with a little milk and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a quick oven—425° F.—for 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot.

The next time you entertain your bridge or sewing club, try the Danish Raisin Pastries. They are a novel and dainty sweet which can be made up several hours ahead of time; keep them in the ice-box until ready to bake.

The suggestions I have made here are only a few of the countless ways in which raisins can be used to relieve the monotony of plain foods. Many others will occur to you, I feel sure, if you follow my plan and keep a box of raisins always on hand. *Sarah Field Splint*

There IS *a difference in Raisins*

There is a difference in flavor, sweetness, size, color and cleanliness. To make certain of the finest results, be sure that the raisins you use are Sun-Maids.

For Sun-Maids are made from the tenderest and sweetest grapes, grown where they reach perfection—in the beautiful San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys of California. They come to you in sanitary packages—raisins large, plump, juicy, with an inimitable delicacy of flavor. Thoroughly cleaned and sterilized, they do not require washing before use.

You can use these perfect raisins freely, for they are inexpensive now—cheaper than they have been in years. Buy a package today and try them in the recipes Miss Splint has given you here.

Raisin Muffins

Perhaps muffins are one of the most frequently made "hot breads" today. In a very smart New York restaurant hot raisin muffins are served for tea. No sugar is used to sweeten them, as the raisins take the place of sugar. Add them to your own muffin recipe and you will have a new creation.

Paste this chart in your cook book



JUST ADD SUN-MAID RAISINS *to* YOUR

Biscuit Dough

Raisin biscuits
Raisin roll (roll out, spread with raisins, sugar and cinnamon, roll and bake)
Cinnamon twists
Steamed Raisin Dumpling

Breakfast Breads

Raisin muffins
Raisin doughnuts
Raisin cornbread
Sally Lunn
Cinnamon buns

Breakfast Cereals

Oatmeal
Cream of Wheat
Cornmeal mush

Pies

Apple, rhubarb, pumpkin, lemon, butterscotch, peach, cranberry, cocoanut

Simple Puddings

Rice, custard, bread, tapioca, cornstarch, brown betty

Cakes

Layer, tea, drop, spice, loaf. (Flour raisins slightly before adding to batter)

Candies

Raisin and nut balls (ground raisins and nuts made into balls and rolled in sugar)

Raisin fudge, penoche, caramels

Raisins dipped in sweet chocolate

NOTE: *Practical recipes for these and many other delightful foods can be had by mailing the coupon below*





THIS is the Sun-Maid Girl—an insigne of quality the world over. Look for her on products of the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California

COUPON

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California
Dept. A-205, Fresno, Calif.
Please send me "Recipes with Raisins."



NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE



FREE *The new Sun-Maid cook book, 130 unusual and practical recipes, suggestions for afternoon teas, luncheons, children's dishes. Compiled and tested by Mrs. Belle DeGraf. Just mail the coupon*

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA, FRESNO, CALIF.

Sun-Maid Raisins





She who loves him best of all has seen the bitter truth

TO the world beyond his threshold he is an envied man. Head of his profession at thirty-eight, wealthy as the world computes its chattels.

Through the leaner years they had dreamed of this day and of its many pleasures; of travel and all the joys that well-earned leisure brings.

But she who knows him and loves him best of all has seen the bitter truth. Success has begun to take its toll!

In his consuming passion to forge ahead he has ignored the simplest law of health.

The time has come when he must pay.

Men and women who neglect their bodies must sooner or later face the day of reckoning.

Eating the wrong kind of food and taking too little exercise cause faulty elimination.

Unless the intestines regularly cast off their accumulations of waste, poisons generate in the human body which destroy health and pave the way for sickness. The intestines need bulk to function properly.

Now you'll like bran. For years the medical profession has counseled you to eat more bran to *prevent* intestinal sluggishness.

If you have tried and found ordinary bran unpalatable, know then, there is a bran that's good to eat.

Post's Bran Flakes is the most delicious cereal you ever tasted. More of it is sold than any other kind.

In millions of homes it comes to the table every morning. Everybody eats it as an "Ounce of Prevention."

Serve it at your house as a cereal, with milk or cream. You'll like it with any kind of fruit in season.

Mix it with the children's hot cereals. Bake it into bread or muffins.

You'll find Post's Bran Flakes wonderfully effective. It supplies the intestines with needed bulk and serves as an "Ounce of Prevention" against faulty elimination.

SEND FOR "AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION"—

— A free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our booklet showing different ways of serving Bran. Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. 5-104, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Post's Bran Flakes, Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes), Postum Cereal, Instant Postum and Grape-Nuts. If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, Ont.

everybody
every day
eat

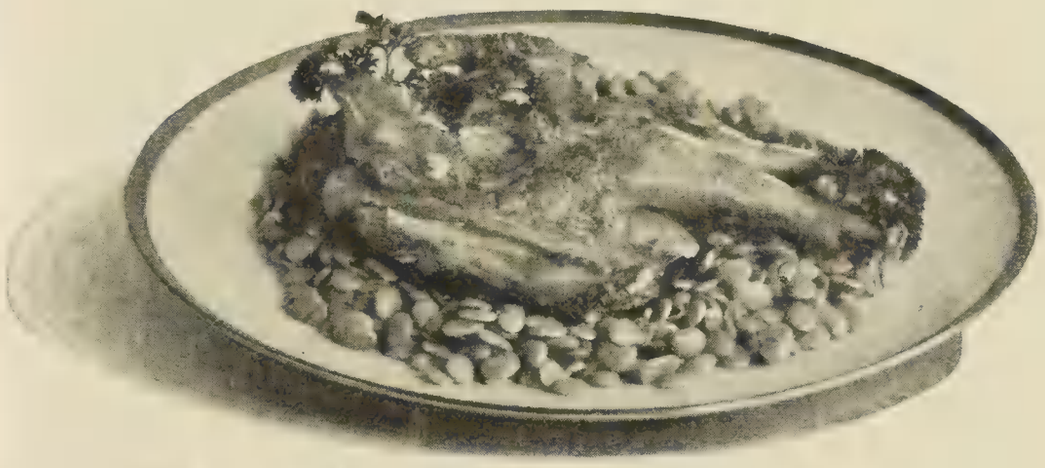
POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention



FOR YOUR "COMPANY" MENU

Concluded from page 44



Squabs are delicious served with Lima beans and bacon

BROILED SQUABS

Split two fat squabs down the back and place them in a napkin. Flatten them. Dip them in oil or melted butter which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Broil them over a hot fire, seven minutes on each side.

Crisp several strips of thin bacon.

Drain and heat a can of small tiny Lima beans. Butter these well.

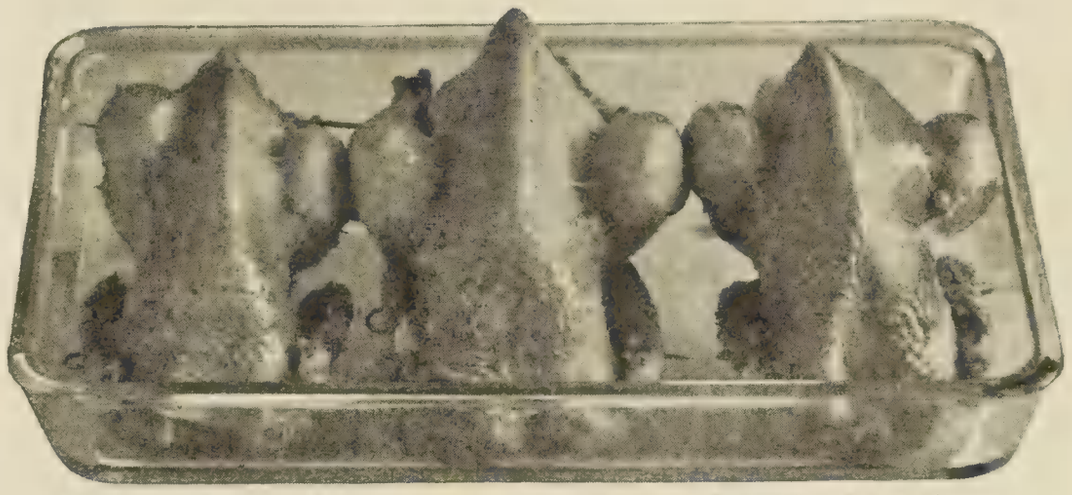
Put the Limas and the squabs on a hot platter and garnish with the crisp bacon.

Corn-bread sticks are delicious with this dish.

SQUAB PLATE DINNER

Roast unstuffed, but buttered, three or four squabs. Glaze the breasts with the pan gravy. With a potato scoop make eight potato-balls and four carrot-balls for each squab. Cook them separately in very little water. Boil six little white onions for each squab. If you can not get little onions, use the hearts of larger ones, saving the outsides for fried onions at another meal.

Make a forcemeat of bread-crums, one egg-yolk, a tablespoon of melted butter, a little thyme and one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Roll this mixture into little balls the same size as the potatoes and brown them in a little butter. When ready to serve, surround the squab with the vegetables. Five little cold beet-balls may be added also. Pour the juice of the roast squab over the whole. This is a very luxuriant plate dinner, aristocratic enough for any table. It may sound troublesome to prepare, but on the contrary it is very easy.



When roasting squabs, truss the wings and legs with toothpicks or skewers

CREOLED SQUABS

Split, flatten and dry the squabs—one for each person. Dip them in melted butter and fry until they are brown. Toast slices of bread cut the long way from a sandwich loaf. Trim the toast, butter it and keep it warm.

Make a dressing of one cup of strained tomato-juice, two tablespoons of minced green peppers, one tablespoon of minced onion, a pinch of Cayenne, one tablespoon of Worcestershire and one tablespoon of butter. Let this simmer for fifteen minutes and thicken very slightly.

Spread this sauce over the toast. Shred dried smoked beef on top of it and cover this with a tablespoon of grated Parmesan cheese. Lay the broiled or fried squab on top of the whole, place the dish in the oven for a few minutes and serve.

MUSHROOMS AND SQUABS

Prepare the squabs for roasting, buttering them well inside and out. Fill the squabs with mushrooms, pouring in two tablespoons of melted butter before closing them.

Arrange them in a deep glass baking-dish. Roast them covered for fifteen minutes at 400 degrees Fahrenheit and let them brown for another fifteen minutes without the cover. Serve them with triangular pieces of toast and cold asparagus, dipped in mayonnaise.

SQUAB TART

Boil spaghetti, but do not break it up. Drain it and line a buttered glass dish with it, twisting it around evenly.

Split two large fat squabs, rub them with butter and season them with salt and pepper. Lay the pieces of squab on the spaghetti.

Make a sauce of one-half cup of cream, the yolks of two eggs, salt, pepper, a pinch of nutmeg and a little chopped parsley. Let this thicken in a double boiler with one tablespoon of flour and butter blended together. Pour this sauce over the top of the squab, cover the whole thick with bread-crums and chopped mushrooms, and bake it in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for one hour.

SQUAB AND MUSHROOM STEW

3 squabs
1 tablespoon butter
1 pint stock or gravy
2 tablespoons cream
½ cup mushrooms
2 tablespoons mushroom catchup
Salt and pepper
Cayenne

Clean the squabs, cut them into small portions and let them cook a short time in the butter in a saucepan, being careful not to brown them. Next add the stock or gravy, the mushroom catchup, and salt, pepper and Cayenne to taste. Let this mixture simmer for an hour, or until tender, add the mushrooms, simmer ten minutes more, and then stir in the cream. Arrange the mushrooms around the squabs on a hot platter and serve.

POTTED SQUABS

6 squabs
3 slices bacon
Any simple stuffing
1 diced carrot
1 diced onion
Hot water or stock
¼ cup butter
¼ cup flour
Buttered toast
Chopped parsley

Clean and dress the squabs, stuff, truss, and place them upright in a stew-pan on the slices of bacon. Add the carrot, onion and a little parsley, and cover with boiling water or stock. Cover the pot closely and let it simmer from two to three hours, or until tender, adding boiling water or stock when necessary. Make a sauce of the butter and flour and two cups of the stock in the pan. Serve each squab on a thin piece of moistened toast, and pour gravy over the whole.



"Do yourself proud" with the wash!

There are lots of women who get an extra cleanliness in their clothes—a brighter, sweeter cleanliness. For they use Fels-Naptha, and have its *extra* help.

Some women keep on with just soap. Others frequently switch from one form of soap to another. They haven't yet realized that by using Fels-Naptha they can get such beautiful results with less work. But the millions who do use it, know that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha.

With *naptha* and splendid soap working together in Fels-Naptha, **you get extra washing value that you cannot get in any other form.** Easier work. Clean, sweet, wholesome clothes. And a feeling that you've done a wash you'd be proud for your neighbors to see!

When you prove the *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha you'll want to use it for everything—from sheets and shirts to your finest things. For general household cleaning, and dishwashing, too.

The first step is to get a bar or two from your grocer. Then, like the millions of women who already "swear by" Fels-Naptha, you can prove for yourself the extra helpfulness of the Golden Bar.

TEST Fels-Naptha's extra cleaning ability. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



Smell the naptha in Fels-Naptha

What temperature for wash water?

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you wish. You are bound to get good results. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.



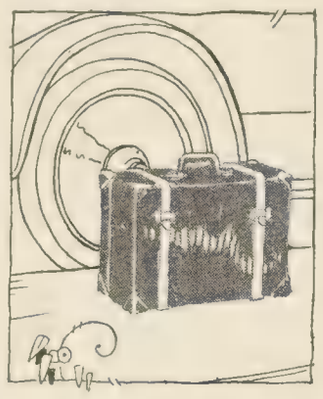
The original and genuine naptha soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © Fels & Co. Philadelphia



What will your friends think?



IF FRIENDS drop in, unexpectedly, and you want to keep them over night, it may cause embarrassment if you have to rearrange the family sleeping plans.

It isn't necessary. A davenport bed saves the cost of a guest room. It is all that any good davenport is, plus a good bed. The bed has its own set of springs; the mattress and bed-coverings are out of sight all day. The springs you sit on as a davenport are wholly separate from those you lie on as a bed. You don't use the upholstery to sleep on. The davenport bed is the modern way of furnishing a home.

You can get davenport beds in a large variety of designs, including period styles; in all the beautiful woods; with the favored types of upholstery, any color. Chairs can be had to match.

Send for our booklet "The Home in Good Taste," showing nearly a hundred styles of Davenport Beds. Give your dealer's name when you write.

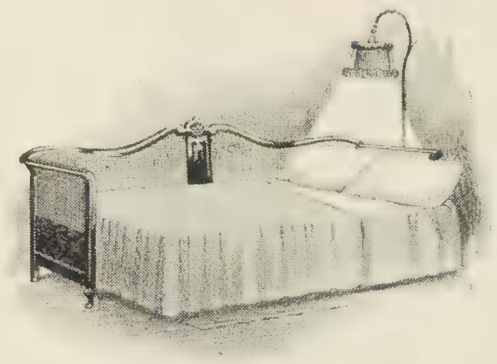
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More than 80
individual manufacturers

1130 Standard Oil Building ~ Chicago

The Davenport Bed

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT



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BE A BUSINESSLIKE HOUSEKEEPER

By Helen Tolman

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

COOK EFFICIENTLY, TOO!

Do you know how hot your oven should be for meringues or sugar cookies, pies or popovers? And do you know exactly how long each should cook? We have a chart which tells you the right temperature and length of time for baking, broiling, boiling and frying. Write to our Home-Making Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and ask for THE DELINEATOR Temperature Chart. It costs you nothing but a stamped, self-addressed envelope



Keep your records where you can refer to them easily

IF SECRETARY HOOVER'S Committee on Waste in Industry were to make a study of housework they would doubtless find that a large proportion of wasted effort on the part of the housewife is due to faulty management. Fortunate is the homemaker who is not satisfied with mere routine, but who is fired with that spark of imagination which gives purpose to her humdrum work and lures her on to delightful experiments in better management.

Whether your family is large or small, whether you keep servants or not, whether you live on a farm or just a step from the corner grocery, records and memos will save you steps as well as worry and will surely improve your system of managing your household. Good records save time and strength and prevent misunderstanding. Many an experienced housewife has expressed the wish that she had kept records when she began her job. Although a woman may think she can keep records in her head, she is likely to find that her memory will often fail her. And another disadvantage of remembering things, even when this method is used by the rare individual with an infallible memory, is that another person has no easy access to information so recorded.

PLAN YOUR OWN SYSTEM

IN PLANNING a system of records two things are important: first, that you plan your system yourself to meet your particular needs; and second, that you keep the records where they can be easily referred to or added to at a minute's notice.

Decide what you want the records to tell. And, a warning—beware of planning a too-complicated system. Many an enthusiastic housewife has fired her friends to ambitious undertakings in this line only to discover later an unfavorable reaction on their part, because they attempted more than was necessary and did not stop to find out their own particular needs. Household records are almost as individual as clothing, and a system that may serve one household admirably will be totally out of place in a home of different personalities, purposes and interests.

No outsider can provide a system that will work as well as one arranged by the person who is to use it. Suggestions help, but the records must be planned according to the individual situation. The one who best knows that situation is the one to select and discard suggestions. Hold fast to that which is good only. In the enthusiasm of the moment do not start anything that will not be used and useful.

Simple and well-planned records can be divided into three kinds. First, there are memos, or reminders, which will save time and strength and will help produce that orderliness which is not only "the beauty of the house" but balm to the spirit of the dwellers therein.

Then there are both temporary and permanent records which serve as guides for the housekeeper who decides to really study the enterprise which she is managing and to play a good and a winning game.

And lastly there are the records of human interest which form an intimate chronicle of family relationships and an interesting story of individual development.

With a little thought and records of this kind any housekeeper can build up an invaluable first line of defense which will help, in time of emergency, to preserve that composure which is so greatly to be admired and so difficult to attain without foresight.

In home management, as in industry, the manager who is successful both in a business way and in human relationships is generally the one who looks upon her work as a game, and not as a series of unpleasant tasks to be disposed of with the greatest haste possible.

WHAT KINDS OF RECORDS?

"MEMO" pads, with pencils attached, conveniently placed, save an infinite amount of time in ordering supplies by telephone, in shopping, marketing, or in keeping track of the laundry when it is done outside the home. If the housewife finds the flour low when she is making biscuits, a memo jotted down at the time will prevent her from racking her brain later. Also a well-arranged shopping-list will aid in the morning's marketing, for the various articles can be bought with more dispatch and with no retracing of steps. In some families a laundry list hung by the hamper makes it possible for each member of the family to record his or her soiled articles as they are put in the basket, and this system relieves the housekeeper of the unpleasant task of rehandling and sorting them later. Only a moment is required to total the items and to make out a fresh list for the laundress, keeping the family list as a duplicate.

Other memoranda which a housekeeper frequently needs to refer to are addresses,

Concluded on page 51

Special Payments to be made, 1924-1925

Item	Amount	Date Contracted	Payments Due: Amount	Payments Due: Date	Paid
Building Loan 6 months @6% Savings and Loan Association	$300.00	Oct 1924	$1.80	Jan 1	Dec 23 '24
			51.25	Feb 1	Jan 25
			51.00	March 1	Feb. 20
			50.75	April 1	March 28
			50.50	May 1	April 25
			50.25	June 1	
			50.00	July 1	
Water Taxes	$40.00		$20.00	Jan 1	Jan 5
			20.00	July 1	
Furniture	$400.00	March 1924	$100.00	June 1, '24	June 2, '24
			100.00	Sept 1, '24	Sept 4, '24
			100.00	Dec 1, '24	Dec 3, '24
			100.00	March 1	March 3
College Tuition	$1000.00		$500.00	Sept 1, '24	Sept 15, '24
			500.00	Jan 1	Jan. 15

Insurance Policies 1924-1925

Company	Kind of Policy	Policy Number	Amount	Date of Policy	Payments Due: Amount	Payments Due: Date	Paid
Lincoln Life	20 year endowment	3013	$1000	Feb. 1919	$42.22	Feb 1	Jan. 16
Community Mutual	Straight life	2681	$5000	May 1922	$33.90	Dec. 31, '24	Dec 15 '24
					33.90	March 31	Mar 15
					33.90	June 30	May 30
					33.90	Sept. 30	Sept 15

Cards are excellent for keeping simple household records



Make their breakfasts a delightful game

Children think these fairy grains are confections—you know they're rich grain foods

IT'S the unusual in food that tempts the childish appetite; food that's different from the ordinary. Serve that kind of cereal, and you need never coax a child to eat.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice, steam exploded to eight times its normal size—every food cell broken to make digestion easy; crisp and toasty grains, luscious and richly appetizing!

The flavor is like nut-meats; grain food with the enticement of a confection. The needed minerals and carbohydrates you have here in balanced combination. And when served with milk, a dish that's strong in vitamines.

For a delightful change, serve this most alluring of grain foods. Then note the new delight it offers to the children—how, too, it attracts the adults of the family.

Serve with milk and cream, or in bowls of half and half. Try with fresh and cooked fruits, as a garnishment with ice cream, as a between-meal tid-bit to take the place of sweets. Today, order a package from your grocer.





Send for the new Quaker Cook Book. 96 new and universal recipes, covering everything from correct soup thickening to cookies and desserts . . . oats, wheat, rice, corn, barley, illustrated in color. Send 10c for a copy postpaid. The Quaker Oats Company, Room 1601, 80 East Jackson Street, Chicago.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Quaker Puffed Rice





AFRICAN PALM TREE



OLIVE TREE



COCONUT PALM TREE

A Mother's Duty

is to help her child keep that schoolgirl complexion

Authorities say every mother should follow this simple rule in skin care with a growing child

SHE'S indoors one moment, outdoors the next. She's exposed to all the extremes of temperature known.

Are you giving her skin the correct care? Beauty scientists now tell us that skin radiance in girlhood is largely dependent upon the precautions taken in childhood.

Help her *keep* the exquisitely supple skin she has today. Remember that she can, all through life, if only a few simple rules of caution and care be followed now.

Never let a day pass without this

The secret, as experts all can tell, is in the balmy lather of palm and olive oils—the perfect blending as found in Palmolive.

As she grows older, let her use powder if she wishes. *But never leave it on over night.* It clogs the pores, often enlarges them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. The skin must be kept clean, the pores open and active.

Just before retiring, wash gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then apply a touch of cold cream if the skin is dry and needs it.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and youth prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind. The skin will be of fine texture. Coloring will be good.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soap in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of palm and olive oils, is as good. Palmolive is a *skin emollient* in soap form. The secret is in the oils and their blending.

And it costs but 10c the cake! Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, *nothing else,* give Palmolive its green color.



2674

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.

BE A BUSINESSLIKE HOUSEKEEPER

Concluded from page 48

recipes and menus. The address book for the addresses of personal friends has proved to be most popular, since it can be easily carried about, but for trade addresses the small card-file seems better than a book, because changes can be made in it; yet the alphabetical order for quick reference can still be kept. Menus that have been found to be particularly pleasing to the family or to friends, others that have saved the day when a meal had to be prepared on short notice, should be recorded in a convenient card-file.

One small note-book hung in the kitchen or pantry in which to record the date when milk tickets or ice tickets were bought will prove a helpful reference when checking up bills at the end of the month.

An infrequently used but very practical record is one which tells the contents of the safe-deposit box; the numbers and other memoranda relating to documents such as insurance policies, licenses, bonds; and inventories of the contents of trunks or chests which may be stored away. A small note-book is good for recording such memoranda.

An inventory of household possessions proves its worth not only as a reminder of original costs, but as a record in case the house is rented furnished, or as a memorandum for insurance in case of fire or other destruction. If the inventory is classified and kept on filing-cards, it can be quickly referred to or added to. A duplicate copy should be placed in the safe-deposit box.

The contents of a trunk, chest or box should be listed on the outside of the receptacle, and a duplicate list should be filed with other inventories for reference. A separate note-book containing dates of attendance and the names of courses and professors is often invaluable to the student who is occasionally asked for such information in connection with further study or in applying for a position.

Surely no housekeeper, however little or great her interest in the business side of her job, can get along without some such system of memoranda as the foregoing. But when we come to the class of records that serve as guides in management, we can expect to strike a responsive chord only in the hearts of the really superior group of managers. But here we have the key that unlocks the mystery of why some seem to be the mistresses of their jobs and some seem to be driven slaves, of why some seem to get ahead, while others do not.

An alert housekeeper, in order to study her work and manage it more efficiently, will keep temporary records of such things as the way she spends her time, the number of miles she walks in her work, the number of washings a certain piece of material will stand, the amount of garden stuff produced on a certain sized plot of ground, the amount and kind of food preserved during the season, and the amount of fuel consumed in heating the house and cooking.

The competent manager of factory, farm or household studies as he goes, and varies his program according to his results, just as the mariner studies his chart and takes his soundings in strange seas.

HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS

JUST so the real household manager keeps financial accounts, however simple, for a sufficient length of time to give her a substantial basis on which to figure possible savings and to plan for a wise use of these savings. She is not a slave to account keeping for the sake of mere balanced books, but she learns from keeping accounts a system which will best meet her particular needs. She summarizes the accounts and arrives at conclusions which will help her to determine a future course. The much-talked-of budget is only this—a plan of procedure based on the study of actual conditions. In general, the simpler the plan the better it is, provided its aim is clear and true.

Many types of household account books may be found in the stores. But in selecting one the housewife should be careful to choose a book that will allow for as much or as little detail as she has decided will be necessary for her particular purpose.

Advocates of household accounts name as one advantage the fact that a permanent record of the cost of furnishings is kept. However, if a record of such costs is not kept in this way, it may be kept by means of an inventory, which is thus made to serve a double purpose. Households that buy supplies in large quantities find an inventory a convenient guide in deciding when and how much to order. A "perpetual inventory" may be used in such a household by recording on a card attached to the storeroom door the total amount purchased and by jotting down the amounts withdrawn from time to time.

Another important record which helps in the management of the household is a page in a financial note-book devoted to debts or other financial obligations, and the dates when payments are due. On the opposite page should be recorded any bills receivable and the dates which will help in making plans for payments. Receipted bills should be saved for one year at least. They can be kept in a simple stiff paper file, which can be obtained in the ordinary stationery store, or they can be arranged alphabetically, clipped together and kept in a convenient drawer or box.

EVENTS OF HUMAN INTEREST

THE march of humanity is recorded for the individual through such simple testimonials as certificates of birth and marriage, commissions, diplomas, portraits and photographs—mute spokesmen of that social heritage which lends dignity and beauty to family life. They are jealously guarded, and rightly so, by families having a true appreciation of their worth.

Parents who begin in a child's infancy to build up a record of his physical and mental growth are preparing for him a valuable gift. Books planned by scientists who have determined the facts important to record are now available at a small cost, and should form a part of each baby's layette. Photographs and snap-shots add immensely to the interest of human records, and they can be classified and mounted so as not to be cumbersome or awkward to handle. Kodak books of uniform size can be arranged on bookshelves as attractively and conveniently as other books. The old-fashioned album, compact and substantial, preserved family history which is of great interest to the present generation.

For the child and also for the grown-up members of the family a record should be kept of sickness, dentistry, visits to the oculist or other necessary medical attention of importance, since in later life the memory often fails when called upon to help a physician make a diagnosis.

Simple records of trips, including dates, routes and costs, whether of motor trips, camping trips or railroad travel, are frequently found exceedingly convenient for the purpose of reference, not to mention the pleasure they arouse in recalling past experiences.

It should be remembered that any record not readily at hand loses half its value. Our interest although keen for the moment is likely to wane if we can not easily find what we are searching for. Our perseverance does not endure, and the result is that we either go without the data we are looking for or we fail to add new data which should be recorded. Our system is upset and, whether we may realize it or not, the success of our undertaking is sharply challenged.

Therefore, when any sort of record is begun, make sure that it is easy of access. Concentrate your records if possible. If one is fortunate enough to have a small office or study, this is probably the most convenient spot for keeping them. Otherwise a desk or a chest may serve. A few well-chosen filing-cases and cards, ruled pads and scratch-pads of uniform size or a size adapted to the filing case help greatly in the convenient arrangement of records and can be obtained at small cost.

As in any business procedure, the more fully all the parties concerned understand the methods the better is the cooperation that can be expected. If all the members of the family understand what the housekeeper is trying to do, their sympathetic assistance can be extremely helpful.

A small amount of time, money and thought invested in the beginning by the young housekeeper, or for that matter at any time by the fortunate person who knows the joy of ever finding a "better" method, pays rich dividends both sooner and later in satisfaction and efficiency.



Your teeth affect your whole appearance. Keep them shining and sound with Pebeco.

Your White Teeth - do you know how to keep them safe ?

Only active mouth glands can protect them from decay

WHITE, shining teeth, a wonderful smile—thousands of men and women possess this real charm today.

Yet few of them are escaping tooth decay.

Dentists say an abnormal mouth condition is the underlying cause.

Modern foods, too soft, too quickly swallowed, no longer give the mouth glands enough exercise. Gradually their alkaline fluids cease to flow. And in your Dry Mouth your teeth, unprotected, are inevitably eaten by the acids of decay.

No amount of brushing and polishing can correct this curious condition. It must be reached through the mouth glands themselves. And recently a way has been found to stimulate the mouth glands successfully.

Pebeco acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. And the acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your gums clean and soothed—your whole mouth, normal and healthy. *And in this healthy mouth, your teeth are kept not only white and shining, but safe.*

Send today for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. All druggists.



UNSUSPECTED—*Dry Mouth is the real cause of tooth decay. To protect your teeth use the tooth paste that increases the action of your mouth glands.*



Free Offer!

Send coupon for free generous tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. B-24
635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.
Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Which paint store

The correct material for any painting job regardless of what clerk waits upon you



WHICH paint store in your town is "Paint Headquarters?"

It is that store that saves you costly mistakes by means of the unique Household Guide that *stops* mistakes in painting—a service which other stores cannot give.

It is that store that is run on the knowledge that each surface in your home needs *its own type of paint*—that the same is true of varnishes, of stains and enamels.

That store, in securing the Household Painting Guide for you, has done a great thing.

You are served there, not merely waited upon.

It is now simple and safe for you to buy paints, varnishes, stains and enamels.

The Household Painting Guide is as easy to use as a color card. On a line with each surface are the correct materials—each specially made.

Save this copy of the "Guide" and order by name.

Go to "Paint Headquarters," *in your town, to get the benefit of the Household Guide.*

The Household Guide is shown in the window and inside the store. You will deal with a *merchant*—benefit by his experience. Let him suggest some good painters when you want skilled help. Ask him for a copy of an even more extensive "Guide."

You can get free individual suggestions on any decorative work for the asking—write to the Sherwin-Williams Dep't of Home Decoration. A helpful booklet on painting problems (B-450) and a set of handsome color plates giving special decorative ideas also sent without charge. For the most complete book on Home Decoration ever issued send 50c (65c in Canada). Richly illustrated with many plates in color. Contains 177 pages of authoritative information compiled by experts. Write Dept. B-435, 657 Canal Rd., Cleveland, O.

Who wants a new dining room?

Try this easy way: Plan a brand new *color scheme*. You never would know your old dining room for the same place. Original lovely effects are produced every year by owners who find it fascinating and easy. A color scheme to set off any furnishings—even a new color scheme for the furniture if desired. A dining room that adds new interest to your entire home—a new room which reflects your taste.

Help that *is help*

Good painters on big jobs mean good work. If you have a painting job that calls for a painter ask Paint Headquarters for the names of good men. *If you hire a painter, hire a good one.*

gives you this?

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS HOUSEHOLD PAINTING GUIDE

TRADE MARK

SURFACE	TO PAINT— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO VARNISH— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO STAIN— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO ENAMEL— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW
AUTOMOBILES	S-W Auto Enamel	S-W Auto Enamel Clear		S-W Auto Enamel
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			Old Dutch Enamel
CEILINGS, Interior	Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain Floorlac	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior	SWP House Paint	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	Floorlac S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES	SWP House Paint Metalastic S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	S-W Inside Floor Paint
Concrete	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			S-W Concrete Floor Finish
Porch	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Indoors	Enameloid	Scar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
Porch	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Enameloid
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish		S-W Inside Floor Paint
RADIATORS	Flat-Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint			Enameloid
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metalastic Ebonol		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS	S-W Screen Enamel			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS	S-W Family Paint	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Enameloid
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	Flat-Tone SWP House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
WICKER	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK Interior	SWP House Paint Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid

For Removing Paint and Varnish use Taxite—quick—easy—thorough—economical—can be used by anyone—on any surface.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES

For Cleaning Painted and Varnished Surfaces use Flaxoap. Made from linseed oil—contains no free alkali—restores original lustre.



New!

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

Payment Plan

Arrangements have now been perfected by Sherwin-Williams whereby the painting of residential property may readily be arranged on a convenient payment basis. Recognized business practise is now, therefore, made available to the property owner without difficulty or red tape. The Sherwin-Williams "Paint Headquarters" Dealer will gladly give you full information.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES



Even a slight injury often means a day of misery or a dangerous infection

Prevents hours of suffering . .

The most remarkable remedy for burns and skin injuries known to medical science

Prevents infection as well as destroys pain

Used today by thousands of hospitals and more than 50,000 physicians

Keep it in your medicine cabinet!

ALMOST instant relief—even in cases of intense suffering. No wonder those who have used Unguentine are astonished at its effectiveness!

No wonder it is considered the greatest advance in medical science today in the treatment of burns and painful skin injuries!

Unguentine is not simply a salve or ointment. It is a *surgical dressing* used not only for burns and scalds—but for wounds of every kind.

Whenever such accidents occur—apply Unguentine *at once!* Bandage lightly if necessary. Almost immediately it begins to relieve the pain.

Prevents infection

Unguentine does more than prevent suffering. It prevents infection also. It is a powerful antiseptic—yet an antiseptic that can be applied to an open wound without the slightest harsh or irritating effect.

It helps the wound to heal more rapidly and frequently prevents the formation of an unsightly scar.

There is nothing like Unguentine made today. No medicine cabinet should be without it. 50 cents at your druggist's.

Or the coupon below will bring you a trial tube free of all charge.

Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York.

Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

From the ends of the world—come such letters as this

"Not long ago we received a telegram from one of our India workers, saying his wife was dangerously ill and to come at once. We dreaded the forty-eight miles on such a hot day, but knew that no medical aid could be had at that station, so we went with our medicine kit. On our arrival we found her to be suffering from a very *bad burn* which had become infected and was paining her most terribly. An experience with a very bad burn treated in some of America's best hospitals had taught me what to do. I applied a generous amount of Unguentine. The next day the temperature had gone down and the patient was well enough for us to go home. I left full instructions as to how to dress the wound, etc., and in a remarkably short time it was entirely healed.

"I feel that I cannot be without Unguentine. It is something I, who am not professionally trained, can use."

Mrs. ————, Bihor, India.

FREE! A generous tube

Norwich —*a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations*

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. B-5
Norwich, New York

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M.D.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

RIDDING THE HOUSE OF PESTS

By Martha Van Rensselaer

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

Insidious foes that creep and crawl are liable to attack the cleanest home. And it is often difficult to know how to get rid of them, quickly and for all time. If you would like to know some safe and sane ways of exterminating roaches and bedbugs—pests as dangerous as those mentioned in this article—write to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The information is yours for the asking.



A good fly-trap has a large entrance

WARM weather brings flies, ants, cockroaches, moths, bedbugs, mosquitoes and other pests which the housewife considers actual enemies. For science says that one type of mosquito carries malaria, another yellow fever, the housefly helps to spread typhoid, cholera and other diseases, the rat spreads bubonic plague. And further investigations point to the poisonous effects which the bites of various insects, ordinarily regarded as non-poisonous, may have on many persons.

Very successful campaigns have been conducted in some sections of the country against the rat, the fly and the mosquito, but much remains to be done in the interest of health and economy in the fight against these enemies of man. To destroy their breeding-places; to protect food that is to be used by human beings; to remove dirt, which is a constant carrier of micro-organisms; to screen houses against the admission of pests; to quarantine persons having communicable diseases, and to disinfect places where persons having communicable diseases have been sheltered are all important remedies of a general nature. Even the cleanest home is likely to be invaded at times by pests and every housewife should know how to combat them effectively.

FLIES

AT ONE time the common housefly was regarded as a necessary evil, and was casually brushed away from any food upon which it had happened to alight. Now we are apt to throw away the glass of milk in which a fly has bathed. We feel it has been contaminated.

An anti-fly campaign is a part of a general health program and may be connected quite reasonably with a Better Homes program. To institute an effective campaign against flies, community action is necessary as soon as warm weather commences, for a male and female fly can produce between April and August quintillions of descendants. It takes about ten days for an egg to become a fly and the average life of a fly is about three weeks.

So watch out first for the egg, then the maggot, the pupa, and finally the fly. Flies are born in filth, they feed on it and they carry it. They have no rightful place in any society that abhors dirt. However, mere dirt is not the only problem. The type of dirt which flies carry may be laden with germs which multiply even faster than the flies themselves. It is not always far from the breeding-place of the fly to the kitchen and the food supplies of human beings, and unless a good screen comes between the two, the fly quickly learns the way. The fly never discriminates between the source of his food, be it garbage-can, sputum, excreta or the baby's milk. Do not let flies live. Here are some ways of fighting them.

1. *Kill all the flies inside the house.*

"Swat the fly" represents an activity for the whole family. Swatters must be numerous and ready for quick action, for flies have eyes enabling them to see from all sides of their heads.

Fly-papers should be placed wherever needed. They should be fastened down, for they are a nuisance when the wind blows them about and turns them upside down. Care must be taken not to place them on the seats of chairs.

Sticky fly-paper can be made at home. Boil two pounds of resin in a pint of castor-oil until the resin is dissolved, and spread this mixture on heavy paper by means of a brush. However, commercial fly-paper is quite inexpensive and there is much less trouble in purchasing it than there is in manufacturing it in the home.

To poison the fly, heat a small coal-shovel and pour on it twenty drops of carbolic acid. Label the bottle carefully in large letters—*poison*, and keep it where it will not be within reach of the children. Fresh pyrethrum powder may be poured on the hot shovel instead of the carbolic acid. The flies which fall to the floor stupefied may be swept up and burned before they revive. A solution of formalin, which is also poison and must be used with care, may be employed—eight teaspoonfuls to a quart of water. Break a nick in the edge of a bottle, fill the bottle with the solution and stand it inverted in a saucer. The poison will seep down as it is needed. A little sugar added to the solution makes it more tempting to the fly. Be sure to place these dishes beyond the reach of the children or of pet animals. There are various liquids with devices for spraying them into the room that may be used for ridding the house very effectively of flies and cockroaches and other pests as well.

2. *Keep the fly out of the house.*

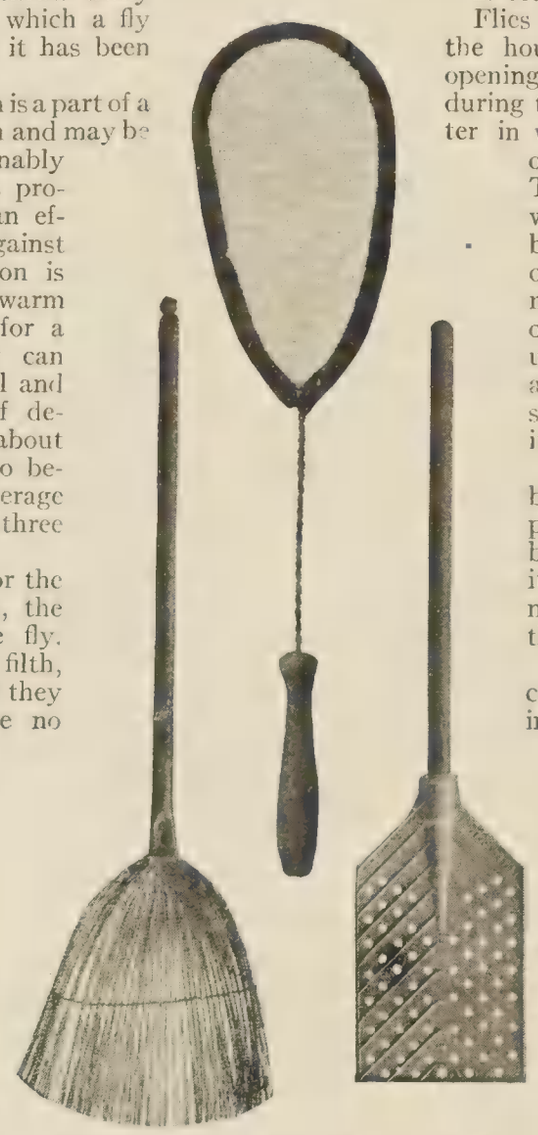
Flies frequently gain access to the house through unthought-of openings such as the chimney, and during the Winter they often cluster in warm places, wall crevices or under loose wall-paper. They are attracted by the warm air of the house and by the smell of food. Not only the doors and windows must be screened, but the outside porch as well, if it is used for food storage. An alternative in out-of-door storage is to screen the food itself.

The garbage-can should be screened or covered to prevent its being used as a breeding-place for flies, and it should be disinfected to make it unattractive to them.

Sick-rooms should be carefully screened, especially in the case of contagious diseases, for flies are notorious as carriers of germs.

Screened food displayed in the stores is the safest kind to buy. Merchants who screen their foodstuffs are deserving of patronage. The use of an electric fan over supplies of vegetables and fruits is also an excellent device for driving away flies. A fly campaign should include

Concluded on page 57



Every household should be well provided with fly swatters



A bright, cheerful kitchen —with Valspar-Enamel

"This kitchen I am very proud of," writes Mrs. F. M. Keyser.* "It was finished three years ago, the woodwork in white Valspar-Enamel and the linoleum with clear Valspar Varnish.

"And they've both been put to severe tests. The floor has had boiling water poured on it many times. One evening some vinegar was spilled and forgotten until the next morning. I was very much worried for fear the acid would destroy the color of the linoleum, but the varnish was a perfect protection.

"The woodwork has withstood the smoke and spatters of cooking for three years and still looks as good as new."

You, too, can have a kitchen sparklingly clean and proof against wear. Simply paint your furniture and woodwork with Valspar-Enamel in any color you like. And make your gas range look spick and span with a coat of Valspar Black Enamel.

Anyone can do the work because Valspar-Enamel spreads easily and flows evenly. And besides their cheerful colors, these enamels have a hard, lustrous surface that is easy to clean and absolutely waterproof.

Made in 12 beautiful standard colors: Red—*light and deep*, Blue—*light, medium and deep*, Green—*medium and deep*, Ivory, Vermilion, Bright Yellow, Gray and Brown. Also in Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black. And by mixing these colors in varying proportions, any desired shade or tint can be obtained.

*235 San Leando Way, St. Francis Wood, San Francisco, Calif.



Send for this little book which tells you "how to use" and suggests where to use Valspar. It shows Valspar colors including shades of enamel obtained by mixing. Price 15 cents.

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
ENAMEL


Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The famous Valspar boiling water test

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)
Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.
Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name .....

Address .....

Your Name .....

Address ..... City .....

Valspar-Enamel Choose 1 Color	☐
Clear Valspar	☐
Valspar-Stain Choose 1 Color	☐
Valspar Book	☐

Del. 5-25



Color—rich and vivid, or soft and dainty—is everywhere in the modern home. Think how much this room would lack in charm with an ordinary floor. The soft clouded design is Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7103/1.

A lovely floor and so economical

BEDROOMS become so much brighter and daintier when given the colorful charm of *Belflor* Inlaid. And the most surprising part of it is that this new Nairn Flooring is extremely low in price.

The soft, clouded effects are duplicated in no other flooring. A lovely *Belflor* pattern in hues that blend with walls and furnishings produces the newest and richest of decorative effects. Old, worn-looking floors disappear forever.

And what rugged, lasting service *Belflor* Inlaid gives you. It is made from the same quality materials as used in all the other Nairn Inlaid Linoleums—goods whose value and durability have stood unsurpassed for nearly forty years.

No refinishing is needed, the colors are permanent. They go clear through to the burlap back. An occasional waxing keeps them fresh and clear.

Noiseless and comfortable underfoot—warm in winter, cool in summer—*Belflor* Inlaid is the perfect flooring for every room.

And from its wealth of artistic patterns, you'll have no difficulty in securing just the effects you want at a price that means real economy.

Write for the folder showing Nairn *Belflor* Inlaid in actual colors. Then ask the Nairn dealer to show you the goods "in the piece."

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia	New York	Boston	Chicago
Kansas City	San Francisco	Atlanta	Minneapolis
Cleveland	Dallas	Pittsburgh	New Orleans

"A Quality Product Since 1888"

This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back of every yard of

NAIRN LINOLEUM

Belflor Inlaid—a new line of 46 marbleized pattern effects of rare beauty. Made in light and heavy weights.
Straight Line Inlaid—clean cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid.
Dutch Tiles and Moulded Inlaids—the mottled colors merge slightly to produce softened outlines.
Moiré Inlaid—a rich two-tone, all-over effect.
Granite and Moresque Inlaids—popular all-over mottled effects.



The edge shows you *that the inlaid patterns are permanent, the colors go through to the burlap back.*

Battleship Linoleum—heavyweight plain linoleum—made to meet U. S. Gov't specifications. In five colors.
Plain Linoleum—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum. In six colors.
Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring.
Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum. Has a tough, glossy surface.
Linoleum Rugs—linoleum printed in handsome rug designs.
Pro-Lino—attractive patterns printed on a felt base.



Above—Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7103/5.

Below—Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7105/5.

NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM

RIDDING THE HOUSE OF PESTS

concluded from page 54

a food-screening ordinance and work for its enforcement.

House screens should be cleaned and repaired before they are placed in the windows and doors for Summer use. And they should fit tightly, for one little crack may admit the obnoxious fly or mosquito.

Since stable refuse is recognized as a common breeding-place for flies, it should be placed in a bin until it can be removed, and should be covered with a wire netting to prevent the female from getting in to lay her eggs. After the refuse has been removed, the ground on which it has lain should be sprinkled with lime because fly maggots often seek further refuge by crawling into the earth.

Although out-of-door toilets are fast disappearing in most communities, many still remain. These should be screened and the vaults frequently treated with a dry dust or lime.

3. *Trapping flies is a good supplementary method of getting rid of them.*

The principle of a good fly-trap is to make the entrance large and the exit impossible. These traps require, as a bait, food with an odor which will attract the fly. Flies are also attracted by light, so the trap should use this as an additional lure. The food often selected is molasses—one part molasses to three parts of water.

Milk added to brown sugar and water or to a mush of bran may also be used as a bait. Scraps from a slaughter-house or meat will catch blowflies. There are many kinds of traps which are thoroughly described, with directions for construction, in Farmers' Bulletin No. 734, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

MOSQUITOES

MOSQUITOES lay their eggs on the surface of the water. From the eggs hatch the larvæ which most of us have seen in the rain-barrel and which are called wrigglers. If the weather is warm, the wrigglers will change to the pupa state in eight days. Then the skin splits along the back and a full grown mosquito creeps out. If it is a female, she flies away to seek whom she may devour. The males neither bite nor sting. One kind of mosquito carries malaria, but all kinds are pestiferous.

The malarial mosquito draws the blood of malarial human beings—that is, a person in whose blood the germ of malaria already exists. The germ develops in its host, the mosquito, and is injected by it into a fresh victim. The malarial mosquito is necessary to spread malaria. Yellow fever is transmitted in the same way by another kind of mosquito. Fortunately only a small percentage of all mosquitoes are malaria-spreaders and yellow fever is transmitted by these pests only in a restricted territory.

Since mosquitoes breed in quiet waters, the most effective remedy against them is to remove wherever possible all standing water. If the water must remain, as it necessarily must in many still-water ponds, the surface should be covered evenly with kerosene by means of a sprayer or by simply pouring the kerosene over the water if the surface of the pond is small. The kerosene destroys the wriggler when it comes to the surface to breathe. One ounce of oil will cover fifteen square feet of surface, and the oil does not affect the water for use if the latter is drawn from below the surface.

When it is undesirable to spread oil over the surface, as in the case of watering-troughs or lily-ponds, the water can be kept from being a breeding-place for mosquitoes by stocking the water with small fish which feed on the wrigglers.

Plumbing should be kept in good condition in order to avoid leaks. The clogged gutters of the roof of a house afford a breeding-place for mosquitoes. Covers should be kept tight on cesspools. All manholes, gutters, ditches in which there is standing water, and pools by the wayside should be covered with oil. Weeds which hold water on the surface of their leaves, tin cans, bottles and old junk in general should be removed.



Ants will not invade an ice-box if its feet are set in water

ANTS

THE type of ants which often invades a house in the Spring or Summer is generally called workers. The winged males or females are produced during the Summer and immediately take their nuptial flight. The males soon perish, the females tear off their wings and set about the work of establishing new colonies.

Trying to rid the house of ants by destroying them after they enter is like trying to sweep out the water without stopping a leaky pipe. The pests enter faster than they can be killed, and the housewife wonders where they can possibly come from.

The best way to exterminate ants is to follow them to their nests and to destroy the nests by drenching them with hot water or saturating them with coal oil. Or pour an ounce or two of bisulphid into a number of holes made with a stick and close each hole with the foot. The bisulphid penetrates through the tunnels and kills the ants. It is, of course, not altogether useless to try to kill the ants which are found in the house. This can be done by means of insect-powders, by attracting them to a sirup of borax and sugar or by leaving camphor gum where the ants are found. They will not cross a surface of water, and so food will be protected if it is placed in pans of water.

CLOTHES MOTHS

THE miller or mother which we often see flying about in the house, is probably the parent moth which lays the eggs in clothing and in carpets. Each moth may lay over two hundred eggs which hatch in not less than ten days, if conditions are favorable. The larvæ hatched from these eggs eat the clothing and show a special liking for furs and skins and woolen garments.

The best remedy, of course, is as far as possible to kill the female moth before the eggs are laid. Clothing should be frequently brushed, sunned and aired. Brushing and beating, when the fabric will permit it, will crush and remove the eggs. Seams and pockets where dust collects should be carefully brushed. After a thorough brushing, clothes to be stored for the season should be wrapped securely in newspapers or wrapping-paper if moth-proof bags are not available.

Moth balls are efficient moth preventatives because of the naphthalene of which they are composed. But unless the container is tight the fumes of the naphthalene will escape and the moths will be unharmed. A pound of naphthalene is needed for every hundred cubic feet of space. The clothing should be placed lightly in the container to allow the gas to reach all of the infected parts, and the container should be closed tightly for several hours. It is safer to repeat the process in two or three weeks than to trust to the first effort alone.

Cold storage for furs and heavy garments, provided in large towns, is a guarantee of safety. The articles are kept in a cold-storage room at a temperature of about forty degrees Fahrenheit, although a lower temperature is required to kill moths.

When it is necessary to fumigate clothing, brush it carefully and pack it in a tight trunk. Place a saucer on top of the clothing and pour into it some carbon disulphid, or place in the trunk several pieces of old cloth which have been saturated with the disulphid. As it evaporates, it emits a gas which is disagreeable but effective. It is best not to pour it directly on the garments to be fumigated. Carbon disulphid can be purchased at a drug-store. It is explosive and must be kept away from fire.

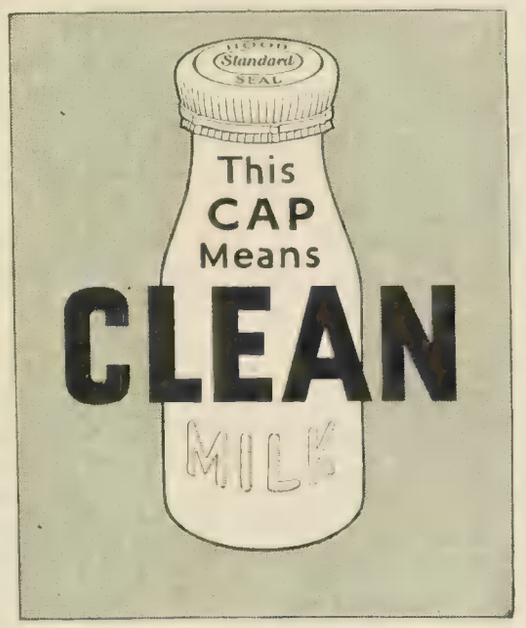
A CAUTION

WHEN there is an unusual visitation of household insect pests and fumigation is desired, persons who are trained to use poisonous substances for fumigation should be secured to do the work.

A Matter Concerning the Welfare of Every American Household

MODERN DAIRYMEN spend thousands to protect you. Their milk and cream are scrupulously clean when they leave the dairy. So are the bottles. But your dairyman cannot control conditions on your back porch nor those in transit!

WHAT USE is scientific precaution at the source, if householders pour clean milk from a bottle whose mouth has become soiled? What of the dust and dirt and germs that settle on unprotected bottle tops? They mingle with the milk.



The hood and seal that protects the entire top of the bottle is the modern and 100% safe method of keeping milk and bottle clean. Protection in this practical form was invented and developed by Mr. O. N. Tevander, head of the organization you are urged to write.

DON'T IGNORE this seeming trifle. It may easily exact a heavy penalty. But the danger is as easily avoided. All your milk and cream may be protected absolutely from contaminating contacts. From human hands. From exposure to dirt. From any nearby refuse. From all the things that should not touch milk.

A SIMPLE INVENTION now hoods and seals the entire top of the bottle. You may have noticed its almost universal use in the case of extra grades of milk and cream—on certified milk—on milk for babies. But should *any* milk for human consumption be less carefully purveyed, less carefully poured? Nine hundred dairymen think *not*. Many dairies hood and seal every bottle, thus giving their customers full protection. This prudence will soon be general practice—if not a law!

LOOK at the picture. A milk bottle with entire top protected from harm. This seal goes on at the dairy. A sterile seal that stays sealed until you take it off—with a flip of the finger. You may replace the hood, but not the ring—so any previous removal or tampering would be instantly detected. Known as the Standard method of sealing, it is a method which is bound to become standard with everybody.

DRINK PURE MILK and be sure it *is* pure. Doubtful milk is a menace. Good milk is as good for adults as for babies and children. If people all knew this way of insuring purity, perhaps they would drink more milk. We would be a stronger and healthier nation if they did! Health authorities are all agreed on that.

THE U. S. GOV'T is awake to this safety measure! In the Canal Zone where germs are rife, this method of sealing is a government order. And the British government similarly guards its men in India. So this precaution is neither fad nor frill!

YOUR CLUB, and any hotel where the service is fastidious invariably brings the milk you order with this seal that you may remove it at the table. Can we afford to be less particular at home? Do we dare to be less careful where there are children to be considered?

VOTE for this protection for your own household. The coupon for milk consumers is easily signed and mailed—and it will bring you a most interesting and *valuable* book about Milk and its uses. Dairymen will want the special information their coupon will bring them.

(5)

Dairymen Mail This

Standard Cap and Seal Corporation

Fullerton and Racine Avenues, Chicago

We would like to have samples of the hood and seal with complete information about its use in dairies.

Firm .....

Address .....

(6)

Housewives Mail This

Standard Cap and Seal Corporation

Fullerton and Racine Avenues, Chicago

I am interested in having my milk hood and seal protected and want your illustrated book about milk free.

Name .....

Address .....

It will help if you write name of your dairy in margin



Smart, Isn't It?

AND it's the real secret of Youth's greyhound grace ~ the secret of those supple, slender lines every woman wants to keep.

For to correctly control curves, check the rising tide of weight and secure true fashion foundation, the *right* corset is absolutely essential. Upon it alone depends the passing picture of yourself.

Bon Ton Corsets are specialty corsets ~ designed for every need and type of the human figure. They are the perfected result of sixty-four years of corset designing to women of the whole world.

Insist upon examining a Bon Ton Corset. Note how carefully it is made ~ the excellence of materials, the little added touches of fine finishing ~ and then be your own judge and jury. You'll find it outwears and outlasts far more expensive corsets.

Royal Worcester and Bon Ton Corsets, Girdles, Brassieres, Bandeaux and Brassiere Cor-Sets are carried by all leading stores and specialty shops here and abroad ~ always at prices every woman can afford.

Send for the very interesting fashion booklet, "Told in Negligee"

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO WORCESTER SAN FRANCISCO LONDON

Bon Ton CORSETS TRADE MARK

Which Figure is Yours?

There is a Bon Ton *Model for Every Figure*



SLEEPING OUT-OF-DOORS

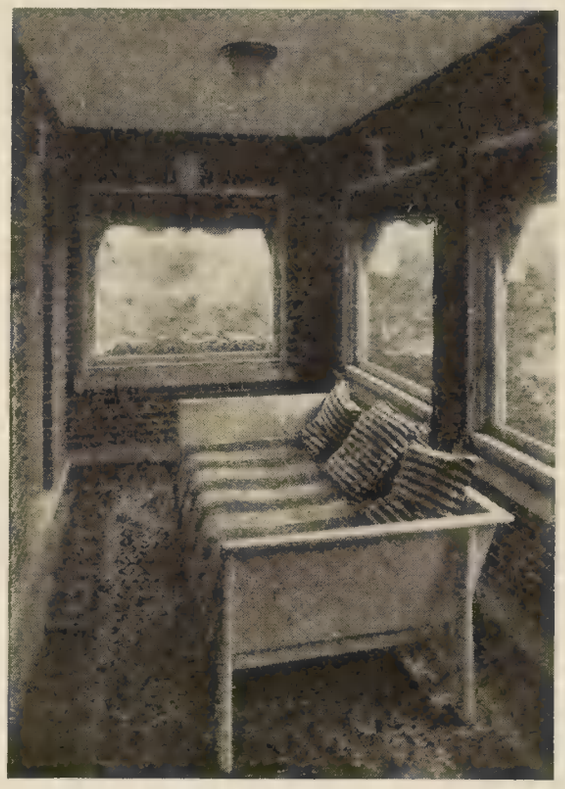
By Mary Harrod Northend

Would you like to know how to equip a sleeping-porch for comfort and convenience? Then write for full information to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope

SLEEPING-PORCHES within the last few years have gained in favor. To-day they seem almost a necessity, for we have learned of their benefit to our health. Sleeping in the fresh air does one good physically; and besides it seems to renew one's moral courage to meet the next day's work.

With the acceptance of the sleeping-porch as a permanent institution, architects have begun to design them so that they will fit decoratively into the exterior and interior house scheme.

There is no part of the house where they may not be placed, but usually an ell is thrown out either at the rear or side, for it is both economical and decorative in this position. Occasionally the porch rests on decorative columns which form a protection for the veranda or sun-parlor underneath.



Brick makes this sleeping-porch substantial and big windows give it an abundance of light and air

The flooring should be laid double, if possible, with tarred paper placed between, so as to more effectually keep out the drafts. Canvas is adaptable for roofing purposes, and it comes to-day in so many colors that it can be made to blend artistically with the exterior of the house.

The size of the sleeping-porch and its connection with the rooms inside by either French or low windows regulate its furnishing. The exterior can be finished with either glassed-in windows or with canvas curtains which may be lowered or raised as the weather demands. Many people prefer to make their porch into an outdoor living-room, fitting it up with a day-bed, raffia chairs and a table. Others keep it simply as a sleeping-apartment and banish all unnecessary furnishings.

For a floor covering, linoleum gives further protection from drafts. This may be left perfectly plain or a pretty rug may be laid on the floor at one side of the bed. The latter is comfortable underfoot when one steps out upon it in the morning. Care should be taken in choosing the rug that it be weatherproof, so that a sudden storm will not ruin it.

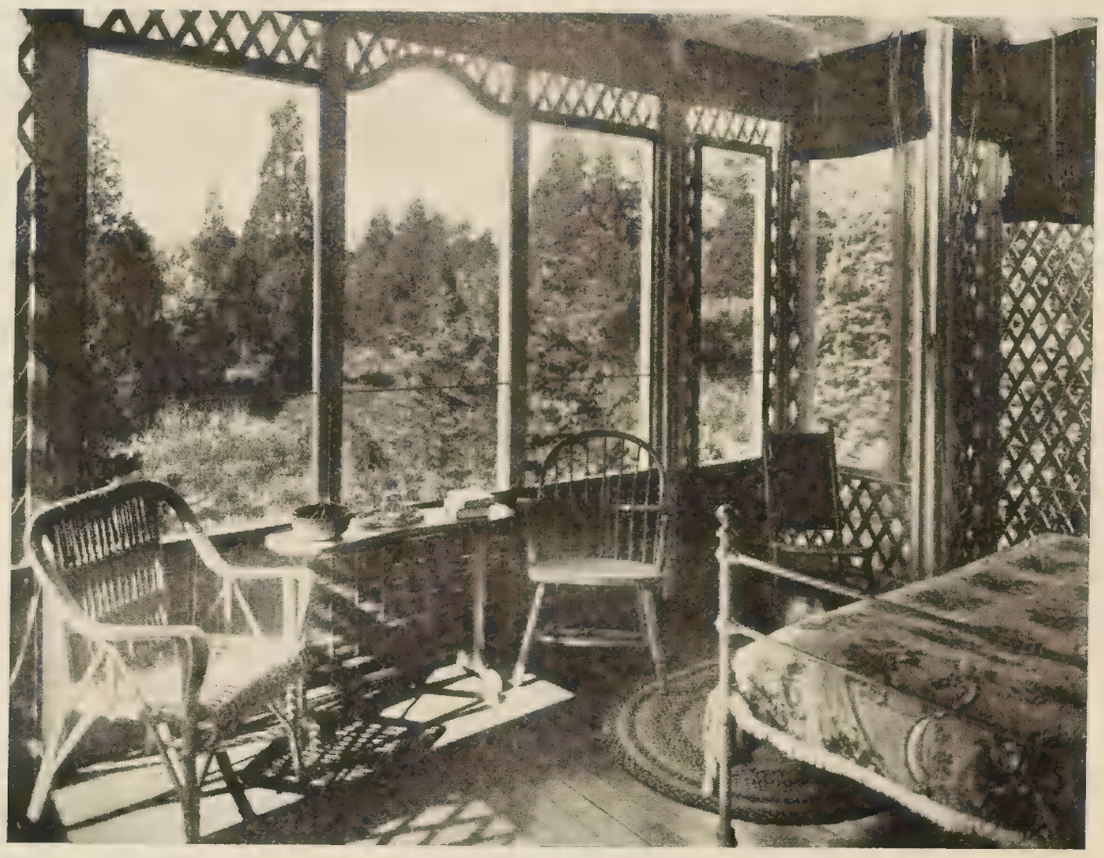
The bed will be selected according to the wish of the occupant. A single iron bed, painted in a delicate color, is effective. The cot bed, while it may be used, is not popular because of its unattractiveness. A pretty covering should be thrown over the bed when not in use, and in addition a rubber blanket should be kept close at hand in case of a Summer shower which, though it did not demand the closing of the curtains or the glass windows, might spatter in on the bed.

Flannel night-dresses or pajamas are necessary in cold weather. Also it is wise to sleep between blankets, care being taken that there are plenty of warm coverings underneath as well as above the sleeper. Flannel hoods can be bought to be worn over the head to protect one from drafts, and sleeping-bags may be slipped over the night-clothes to give additional warmth. Thus equipped one can defy cold weather and become strong and vigorous enough to escape influenza, which ofttimes comes to many who have made themselves tender by sleeping inside heated rooms.

Where sleeping-porches are not available, there are several makeshifts which may be adopted. Sometimes the windows are taken out so that the fresh air can freely circulate. In such a case, thin unbleached muslin shades should be hung at the windows.

Or a window-tent can be attached on the inside of the room. The bed is placed under it so that the sleeper's head fits in, excluding the warm air and leaving the head exposed to the fresh air outside.

This latter treatment is recommended for tubercular or nervous patients.



Here is a porch that is on intimate terms with the garden. Adjustable curtains make it possible to cut out unwelcome sun, wind or rain



© H. H. Co.

Wherever smart women gather you see this charming hosiery

TODAY'S MODE DEMANDS THIS RICH HOSIERY

AS NEVER BEFORE, Madame, Mademoiselle, your hosiery must be *perfect in appearance* for today's mode!

First of all, hosiery is and will continue to be more than ever conspicuous. Skirts, frocks, gowns —all are short.

So you see why the richness, the lovely sheerness and perfection of Holeproof Hosiery become really a *necessity*, today. It is not enough that your hosiery be passably fair. It must be *faultless*.

The most smartly dressed women—wherever you go—are wearing exquisite Holeproof stockings. In exclusive shops—at the theatre—the places where people of fashion gather—as well as upon the boulevards.

For Holeproof Hosiery meets every requirement of style and personal taste.

There are full-fashioned and semi-fashioned styles — in sheerest chiffons or the heavier silks.

All the newest, most correct colors are yours to select from—so that you may have, as you wish, stunning contrast with any costume, or the matching effect that is equally chic. The most skilful work in dyes gives extraordinary richness and brilliance to Holeproof shades and tints.

But perhaps most notable of all its superiorities is the flawless perfection of Holeproof knitting. Never a flaw in the fine fabric is permitted to leave our factories. There are no uneven places. Each pair is inspected by keen-eyed experts—far more carefully than you could do it yourself.

Exquisite sheerness and rich lustre come from using only finest quality silks, specially handled in every process of manufacture, to keep their beauty.

Smooth snugness—from ankle to hem—is assured by careful knitting to shape and size. This is very important, as you know, for no beauty of fabric could overcome untidiness in the fit of your stockings.

Yet, despite its matchless beauty, Holeproof Hosiery is modest in price. No need for extravagance in wearing hosiery that is everything you could wish. What is more, Holeproof possesses the gratifying ability to be worn much, laundered much, and still retain its dainty, fresh-looking *newness*.

There are ever so many styles offered right now for your selection—in all the accepted colors. At almost all good stores (Holeproof is sold *only* in retail stores). If your dealer does not carry it, write direct to us for illustrated price-list.

You see it wherever smartly dressed women gather. Sheer, lustrous, of flawless texture and exquisite appearance, it is yet moderate in price. New monthly fashion bulletin—in advance of the mode—sent free on request.

Holeproof Hosiery

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE.
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., LONDON, ONTARIO

Send for Holeproof's unusual new fashion service. Published monthly—direct from Paris, London and New York notes. Accurate information in advance of the mode. Particularly interesting on the ultra-smart new details of dress. May bulletin sent free, on request.

Why shouldn't you be as careful about Quality in Canned Fruits as we are?

You ought to be!

You and your family are the ones who eat them.

Certainly there's no use experimenting with varying qualities—no use "shopping around" among hundreds of different brands—especially when you know how particular we are about the quality of DEL MONTE.

Insist on this well-known brand! And you call for finest fruits from the world's most favored orchards—the pick of the crop—gathered at the very moment of perfection—and brought to your table ready to serve with all their natural delicacy and flavor.

You always know in advance exactly what DEL MONTE quality is—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction, no matter where or when you buy.

Isn't it worth while being particular?

You'll Never Lose This Book

We believe "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" is the best collection of recipes we have ever issued. In it are gathered together the favorite fruit dishes of America's leading cooking authorities—in all a complete, dependable guide to the practical service of canned fruits for any occasion. Write for your free copy today—Department 28J, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE**

MENUS FOR MAY

By Jessie A. Boys

These menus were planned to provide correct nutritional values within the budget of an average household. They were edited by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

Tasty dishes, these! Salmon puffs light as feathers, cheese dreams all golden brown, and piping-hot codfish bisque—doesn't the very sound of Columbia dressing, eggs renege and strawberry charlotte intrigue you? These dishes—the ones that are starred—are selected because they are seasonable and a little out of the ordinary, because they are nourishing and delicious. We cordially invite you to write us for them. Just tell us the ones you want and send a stamped return envelope to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*

BY MAY the embryonic garden has begun to make its contributions to the daily menu, and vegetables from one's own garden seem to have a special flavor that those bought from the grocer lack. On the spur of the moment the housewife can add onions or radishes or lettuce fresh from her garden to the meal without inconvenience or extra work. Even the lowly but cheerful dandelion, although hated by those who take pride in a smooth green lawn, is not to be despised. It adds fresh greenness and crispness to many a Spring meal.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Fresh Pineapple
French Toast *Crisp Bacon*
Marmalade
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCH OR SUPPER

*Baked Cheese Dreams**
Head Lettuce *French Dressing*
Strawberries with Cream
White Cake
Cocoa

DINNER

Broiled Steak *Pan Gravy*
New Potatoes in Cream
Buttered New Peas
Radishes *Rolls*
Pineapple and Strawberry Shortcake with Whipped Cream
Milk *Coffee*

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced Oranges
Puffed Rice with Cream
Soft Cooked Eggs
Graham Muffins
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCH OR SUPPER

Scalloped Potatoes with Chipped Beef
Dandelion Salad
Toasted Graham Muffins
Jelly
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Green Soup *Meat Loaf*
Baked Potatoes
Creamed Asparagus
*Lettuce with Columbia French Dressing**
Crisp Rolls
Chocolate Rice with Cream
Milk *Coffee*

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Fresh Pineapple
Rolled Oats with Top Milk
Buttered Eggs
Crisp Toast
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCH OR SUPPER

Corn Soup *Wafers*
Jellied Asparagus Salad
Cheese Biscuit
Rhubarb Sauce *Sugar Cookies*
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Chicken Fricassee
Mashed Potatoes *Buttered Cabbage*
Spiced Pears
Whole-Wheat Bread
*Strawberry Charlotte**
Milk *Coffee*

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Sugared Strawberries
Cornflakes with Top Milk
Crisp Bacon *Toast*
Marmalade
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCH OR SUPPER

*Eggs Renege**
Buttered Asparagus on Toast
Spring Onions *Radishes*
Washington Pie
Milk

DINNER

*Steamed Salmon Puffs**
Creamed Potatoes
String Beans au Gratin
Jam *Whole-Wheat Rolls*
Rhubarb Pie
Milk *Coffee*

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Rhubarb
Whole-Wheat Cereal *Cream*
Poached Eggs on Milk Toast
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCH OR SUPPER

Cream of Cabbage Soup
Wafers
Wilted Lettuce *Cheese Sandwiches*
Cottage Pudding with Strawberry Sauce
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Pot Roast of Beef with Carrots, Onions and Potatoes
Hearts of Lettuce with French Russian Dressing
Crusty Rolls *Pineapple Ambrosia*
Milk *Coffee*

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Chilled Orange-Juice
Griddle Cakes *Fried Liver*
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCH OR SUPPER

Codfish Bisque with Toasted Triangles*
Vegetable Salad *Mayonnaise*
Wheat Muffins
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Fish Steaks *Sauce Tartare*
Creamed New Potatoes and Peas
New Spinach
Watercress, Onion and Radish Salad
White Nut Bread
Rhubarb Shortcake
Milk *Coffee*

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Creamed Eggs on Whole-Wheat Toast
Jelly
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCH OR SUPPER

Chipped Beef with Tomatoes
Baked Beans
Steamed Brown Bread
Sugared Pineapple
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

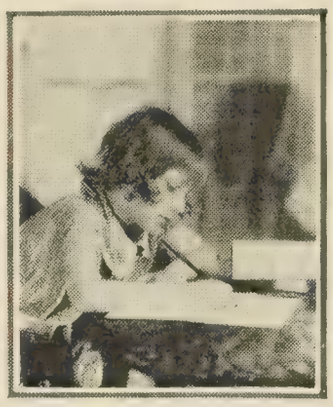
Pork Chops *Brown Gravy*
Mashed Potatoes
Dandelion Greens
Sour Pickles *Bread*
Custard Pie
Milk *Coffee*



Growing Children Need this rich breakfast

QUICK QUAKER—Savory, flavory, delicious

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes!



HERE is the "oats and milk" breakfast authorities say no growing child should be denied—cooked, ready and served as quickly as plain toast.

Because of lack of time, many mothers were serving oats too seldom. So Quaker Oats experts perfected Quick Quaker, a new kind of Quaker Oats.

As an emergency food, no other breakfast surpasses. As an early morning enticement, none compares. Rich, full flavored and enticing, it tempts the most indifferent appetite.

All the fine Quaker flavor is retained, all the luscious smoothness. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference.

Order Quick Quaker today—you will be delighted.

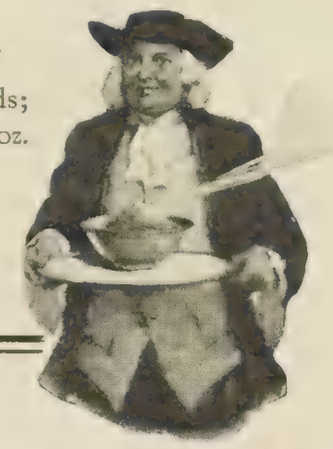
Remember, your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and Quick Quaker.

Standard full size and weight packages—
Medium: 1¼ pounds;
Large: 3 pounds, 7 oz.

Quaker Oats
The kind you have always known







Quick Quaker
Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes



Why 86% of Home Economics teachers say *"I prefer Cream of Tartar Baking Powder"*

The teachers of Home Economics in High Schools all over the country were recently asked "What kind of baking powder do you prefer?"

86% of those answering definitely stated "Cream of Tartar!"—then they told why.

They said, "It gives the best results"—"There is no harmful residue"—"It leaves no bitter taste"—"It insures success." An overwhelming testimonial to the superiority of cream of tartar for perfect baking!



Contains no alum
Leaves no bitter taste.

IN Royal Baking Powder are perfectly blended soda and pure cream of tartar derived from grapes grown in the famous vineyards of southern Europe.

Much labor is involved, infinite care and expense—but steadily for more than fifty years Royal's importations of this precious ingredient have gone on so that you may always be sure of having the same high quality baking powder.

Royal's faithful service has extended over three generations. In millions of kitchens daily it never fails to do its full duty.

2c worth insures success!

Cakes and biscuits baked with Royal are so marvelously light and fluffy, fine textured and full flavored that they can be easily distinguished from all others.

And yet enough Royal for a large, luscious layer cake, the sort everybody likes—costs less than 2c!

Experienced cooks know they can depend on Royal; inexperienced cooks use it with the best results.



BOSTON BROWN BREAD — Delicious with baked beans and equally good for sandwiches with various fillings.

COCOANUT LAYER CAKE — A small bread board covered with oiled paper is convenient while frosting layer cakes.

Send for the famous Royal Cook Book — it's FREE.

Over 350 delicious and practical recipes—each tested by an expert. Mail the coupon today for your copy—it's free.

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
113 East 42nd Street, New York.

Send me free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book—over 350 delicious recipes.

Name.....

Address.....

PRESERVING THE EARLY FRUITS

By Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



The early fruits can be combined to make clear and colorful jellies

PRESERVING-TIME IS HERE!

But before you don your apron write for our new booklet, "Canning, Preserving and Jelly Making." It tells how to can by both the cold-pack and open-kettle methods, how to test pectin and jelly, how to prepare sirups, how to dry fruit or vegetables and how to pickle. If you are an experienced housewife, you will be interested in this information, and if you're a novice these comprehensive directions are exactly what you've been looking for. All this information is yours for twenty-five cents. Just send your money and your address to our Home-Making Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and the booklet will be forwarded to you promptly.

IT IS certain that the fruits that come in the Spring do not contain enough pectin to be good jelly-making material. It may be due to the weather or it may just be their nature. However, a home-maker need not do without the characteristic flavor of these fruits or their lovely colors, for delicious jellies may be made from their juices by using either a ready-made pectin or by combining the juice with any of the fruits that are rich in pectin.

For instance, one cup of either rhubarb, strawberry, pineapple or cherry juice with one cup of apple-juice and one and one-third cup of sugar will make a perfect jelly. If a ready-made pectin is used, the juice of these pectin-lacking fruits is boiled with the sugar for a minute or two, the pectin is added and the jelly jells beautifully and almost immediately. It is as simple as that!

Fortunately these early fruits blend well together and conserves, marmalades and preserves of the most delicious flavor may be made with various combinations of rhubarb, strawberry and pineapple. As in making any preserves of this nature, the color and clearness of the product is better if the fruit is heated for at least five minutes before the sugar is added and the preserve cooked as quickly as possible. This process gives a jelly-like texture to the preserves and helps to keep the color bright and sparkling. The housewife who takes pride in her jams and jellies will of course use fruit free from dark spots and discolorations.

RHUBARB CONSERVE

2 cups rhubarb cut fine
2 cups sugar
1 orange, juice and grated rind
1 lemon, juice and grated rind
½ cup blanched nuts cut in small pieces

Combine all the ingredients except the nuts, and heat the mixture until the sugar is dissolved. Then boil it rapidly until it is clear. Add the nuts, pour the conserve into clean glasses, and when they are cold seal them with hot paraffin.

RHUBARB-AND-PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

3 pounds red rhubarb
1 cup pineapple cut in pieces
2 lemons, juice and grated rind
2 pounds sugar

Boil the mixture very slowly until it is thick and clear. Turn it into jars. Seal them when they are cold.

STRAWBERRY-AND-RHUBARB CONSERVE

1 quart strawberries
1 quart rhubarb
1½ quarts sugar

Cut the unpeeled rhubarb in one-half-inch pieces. Combine the strawberries, the rhubarb and the sugar and cook the mixture slowly until it is thick and clear. Pour it into hot, clean jelly-glasses, and cover them with melted paraffin.

RHUBARB-AND-FIG PRESERVE

6 pounds rhubarb cut in small pieces
4 pounds sugar
1 pound figs minced
3 lemons, juice and grated rind

Combine the rhubarb, the figs and the sugar, and allow the mixture to stand overnight. Add the juice and the rind of the lemons. Cook the mixture slowly until it is thick, turn into glasses, and seal when set.

PINEAPPLE PRESERVES

Pare the pineapple and with a sharp-pointed knife extract the eyes. Then with a silver fork tear the fruit off the core in medium-sized pieces. Weigh the pulp, then place it in a preserving-kettle and partly cover it with water. Cover the kettle closely and cook the pineapple until it is tender. Then drain the pineapple from the water and add to the water three-fourths of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit. Cook the sugar and water together until the sirup is thick enough to coat a spoon. Return the fruit to the sirup and cook it rapidly until the mixture is clear. Pour into clean hot jars and seal.

CHERRY-PINEAPPLE-AND-APPLE CONSERVE

2 quarts pitted cherries
3 cups pineapple
2 cups diced apples
2 quarts sugar
½ pound blanched English walnuts

Put the pineapple through a food-chopper. Mix the fruit with the sugar and let it stand overnight. Cook it until it is thick. Add the walnut-meats chopped fine. Pour the conserve into hot, clean glasses, and when it is cold cover it with hot paraffin. The nuts may be omitted if desired.

SUN-COOKED PRESERVES

SMALL fruits like strawberries, raspberries and currants can be preserved by this process. Wash the fruit, drain thoroughly, pick over and stem, then weigh it. For each pound of fruit allow one pound of sugar and one cup of water. Add the water to the sugar and cook until the sirup spins a thread. Remove the sirup from the fire. Add the fruit and let it remain in the sirup overnight. With a skimmer remove the fruit from the sirup, and lay it on platters or flat dishes. Cook the sirup again until it threads. Pour the hot sirup over the berries, cover the platter with cheese-cloth or glass and place in the direct sunlight. A glass cover hastens the process. Allow the fruit to stand three or four days in the sunshine, or until the sirup is thick and jelly-like in consistency. Pack in clean jars and seal.

DO YOU KNOW THE NEW AND DIFFERENT USES OF PREMIER?

The Premier Book gives you 63 uses—
and you can find even more



Salads, sauces, sandwiches, cold meats—of course all these can be made more appetizing by the magic of Premier's distinctive flavor.

But so can baked potatoes. So can Welsh rarebits. So can croquettes. So can scores of other things you probably have never associated with a salad dressing.

The unusual flavor of Premier makes possible many dishes that you would not otherwise have on your table. It is this flavor which has made Premier the most widely used salad dressing in America.

Send for the *Premier Book.* It describes 63 ways of using Premier's piquant flavor to make old dishes more appetizing and to answer the question: "What *new* things can I give them?" We shall be glad to send it free to any address in the United States, Canada, or elsewhere.

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NEW YORK

Premier
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Salad DRESSING



Odds and ends on Sunday evening can be made into a delicious meal. Simply use Premier.*



Don't be upset when your husband brings home an unexpected guest. Simply use Premier.*



To make your luncheons or teas just a little more interesting, simply use Premier.*



Other women will ask you how you do it—if you use Premier.*

*Send for the *Premier Book.*

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Vinegars
Aged in the wood



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THE HEINZ VINEGARS you get today were made many months ago, then stored in wood and left to age in a leisurely, natural way.

That is how Heinz Vinegars acquire the mellow flavor and rare bouquet that no young, "quick-process" vinegar can ever have.

That is why Heinz Vinegars bring out the best in foods and add a delightful, appetizing zest of their own • • *When in Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens*

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

NEW WAYS OF COOKING VEGETABLES

By Lucile Brewer

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



Asparagus tips with vegetable aspic garnished with strips of pimiento and served with mayonnaise is a delicious dish called asparagus-at-sea

Seven splendid sauces to serve on vegetables—a different one for every day in the week! Tart with lemon, savory with parsley or onion, each one of them is a delightful combination of those things which add piquancy and zest to ordinary food. Just write to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and please don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

SPRING is too close to the cold edge of Winter for many vegetables to venture into garden and market by the time it arrives. Since the selection of vegetables from which to plan May menus is necessarily limited, the meal-maker needs to make the most of every purple-green shoot of asparagus, and she should not scorn the wayside greens that are at their best at this season.

She must observe with care all the rules of vegetable cookery in order that none of the precious flavor be lost, and in addition she must constantly learn new tricks in preparing and serving the vegetables of early Spring lest her family tire of plain boiled and buttered asparagus and quite refuse the usual "mess of greens."

It is taken for granted that she will cook her vegetables as quickly as possible after they have been gathered; that she will keep them crisp in cold water, if they must stand; that she will use steam or very little water in cooking them, so that the flavor may be kept, and that, at the last, she will remove the surplus water—saving it of course for soups—and let the vegetables simmer in the seasonings in order that the flavor of the butter and salt may become a part of the vegetable itself.

Cooking *en casserole* and seasoning the vegetable with stock will do much to renew the family's enthusiasm for any one that must be served several times a week during the season when it is available.

Young peas cooked in chicken stock, a bit of cheese added to asparagus, cooked green onions with a seasoning of horseradish sauce add variety to vegetable dishes.

GREEN PEAS SUPREME

Select young tender peas and cook them in just enough chicken stock to cover them. Add cream, salt and white pepper to taste. Serve at once in timbale cases or on crisp toast.

ASPARAGUS-AT-SEA

Sprig of parsley
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon finely chopped carrot
1 tablespoon finely chopped celery
2½ cups white stock
1¼ tablespoon gelatin soaked in ¼ cup cold water
1 clove
2 tablespoons lemon-juice

Cook the vegetables and the clove in the stock for fifteen minutes. Strain and add the gelatin which has been soaked and the other ingredients. Pour this mixture into a shallow pan or a mold which has been greased. Chill. When the mixture begins to set, lay bunches of asparagus tips (from four to six in a bunch) in the aspic. Lay a strip of pimiento across each bunch. Cut the whole into squares and serve them with mayonnaise.

Concluded on page 67



Crisp, fresh vegetables make welcome appetizers these Spring days

Can we add years to our lives – increase our strength and vitality – overcome our most dreaded diseases by what we eat ?

"Yes," say the foremost authorities in the world today!

Read these startling statements made by one of the greatest food experts in the United States:

"Old age diseases—breaking down of the heart, hardening of the arteries, diseases of the kidneys, nervous and digestive disorders—are developing in younger people with each succeeding decade.

"Death from these diseases has increased 100 per cent in 30 years.

"They are the causes of inaccuracy, lack of efficiency, lack of success.

"There can be no longer any doubt that our food is one of the most important factors contributing to this condition."

IN your choice of food lies the difference between real health—and that dangerous condition of low vitality that leads to trouble.

It means the crucial difference between inefficiency and driving power—between fatigue and vigor.



The foundation for health both in adult and child is laid largely by the woman who plans the daily meals

An important point

Food may satisfy our appetites—may contain plenty of nourishment—yet may clog our digestive systems and turn to poisonous waste. The longer food takes to digest, the more likely this is to happen.

This important point is one of the explanations of the unusual value of Grape-Nuts as a food.

In Grape-Nuts you get the rich nourishment of whole wheat and barley in its most digestible form.

Baked 22 hours Grape-Nuts is ready for your body to use in about half the time of the ordinary hearty breakfast. There is no long process of digestion that taxes your nervous forces and wears down your body machinery.

On the contrary, Grape-Nuts actually hastens the digestion of various other foods—foods which, eaten alone, would take longer to turn into nourishment.

Women who plan the family meals for health and efficiency find Grape-Nuts an ideal food. It supplies perfectly the needs of grown-ups, and of children who use up so much vitality in the strenuous business of growing.

Grape-Nuts gives you the physical endurance, the mental efficiency—the actual exhilaration—that comes from a body that is nourished without being clogged up.

Ideal for breakfast or lunch

Grape-Nuts is ideal for breakfast or lunch—because at these times your food must be easy to digest. Grape-Nuts puts no strain on your body when you need all your force and vitality for work—yet it supplies you with the utmost in nourishment to meet the tasks of the day.

Serve Grape-Nuts every day. Try substituting it for other foods—especially the heavier, less digestible dishes—and notice the result!

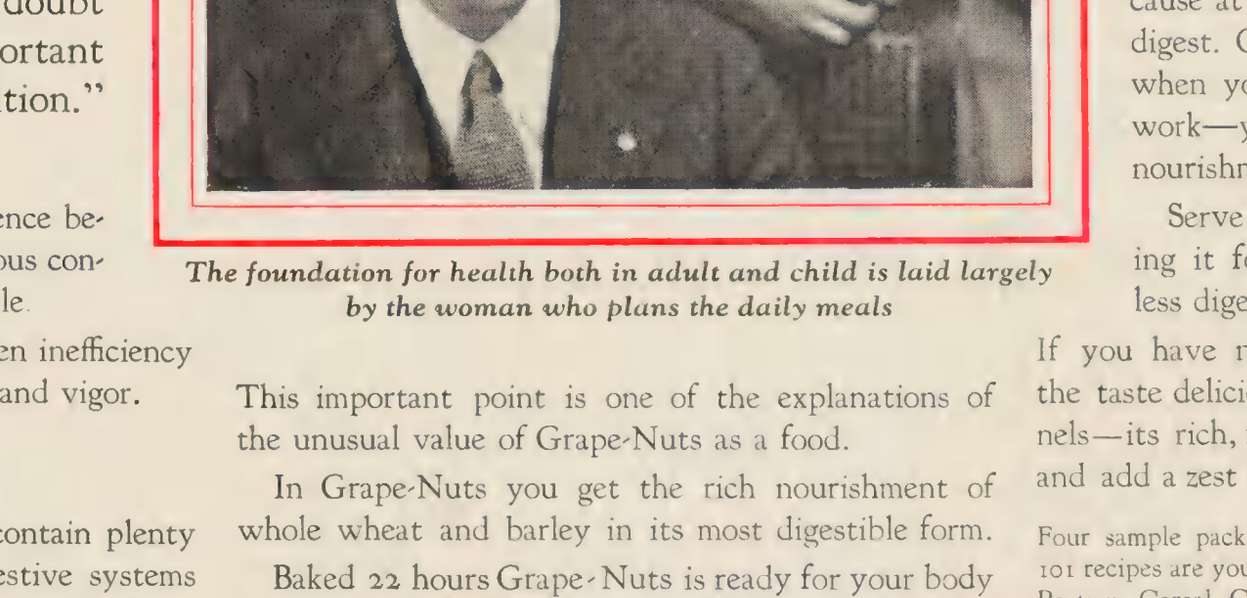
If you have never tried Grape-Nuts you will find the taste deliciously different. Its crisp, crunchy kernels—its rich, full flavor—will stimulate your appetite and add a zest to the whole meal.

Four sample packages of Grape-Nuts together with booklet of 101 recipes are yours for the asking. Mail the coupon below. The Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. Makers of Post Health Products: Grape-Nuts, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Post's Bran Flakes and Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes).

The Dentist tells us to "eat more crisp, hard foods" because they keep our teeth and gums healthy.

The Doctor tells us that these foods are vital because by chewing them we start digestion in the mouth, where it should start.

The crisp, crunchy kernels of Grape-Nuts fill a real need in the diet—for children especially, who always will bolt soft foods. It teaches them to chew their food properly, helps to develop healthy teeth and gums, and aids digestion.



A delicious food, rich in nourishment in the most easily digested form

FREE—Send coupon for sample packages—enough for 4 servings.

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Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. C-12
Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me free trial packages and booklet.

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If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

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Baked 22 hours—your body quickly turns it into nourishment



After a long motor trip Indian Head is still unwrinkled, crisp, and fresh-looking.

Summer *and* Sunshine — *and* INDIAN HEAD

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Indian Head is at home on the beach—for its beautiful colors never fade.

New secret process gives Indian Head the charm of linen with the comfort of cotton — slow to wrinkle and slow to soil — distinct advantages in Sports Clothes

THE new Permanent Finish makes Indian Head ideal for sports wear because it keeps its smart crispness and fresh charm as long as the garment lasts. And for more than ninety years each generation of women has known that Indian Head lasts and lasts and lasts.

Not only does the Permanent Finish never "fuzz up," but it is very slow to soil — a great advantage in sports clothes. Indian Head is absolutely fast to sun and washing.

You will find that the new finish gives lightness and brilliancy to Indian Head. It enhances the distinctive weave and enriches every one of the eighteen fashionable colors. It is easy to iron.

Each color is *guaranteed* fast — money back if it fades. With permanent colors and Permanent Finish, is it any wonder that this long-wearing fabric has more than fifty popular uses? Women's clothes, children's clothes, curtains and draperies, embroideries, sheets and pillow cases, men's shirts, etc., etc.—here are a few of the many ways in which women are constantly using this versatile fabric. Stunning effects can be obtained with it for interior decoration and its permanent colors are especially valuable here. Attractive appliqué designs in contrasting colors can be worked out easily.

Indian Head with the Permanent Finish is sold in 18 fast colors — 36 inches wide, 50c a yard; in white, 7 widths, 18-63 inches, priced 25c-79c. Every yard is identified by the words "Indian Head" in dotted letters. In ready-to-wear garments the Indian Head label is your sure protection. Look for it.

LOOK FOR THIS MARKING ON EVERY YARD

INDIAN HEAD

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Nail it to the mast

Send for a generous free sample of Fast Color Indian Head. Tack a small piece on the mast of your sailboat or wherever it will be exposed to pitiless sunlight. Leave it as long as you will; then boil it, for hours if you wish; the color and finish will not change.

The Secrets of your Coloring revealed

"Your Color and Why" — our free booklet — tells you how to analyze the color of your hair, eyes, and skin and how to choose your wardrobe to emphasize your best points. We shall be glad to mail it to you.

Amory, Browne & Co. Dept. 613 Box 1206 Boston, Massachusetts

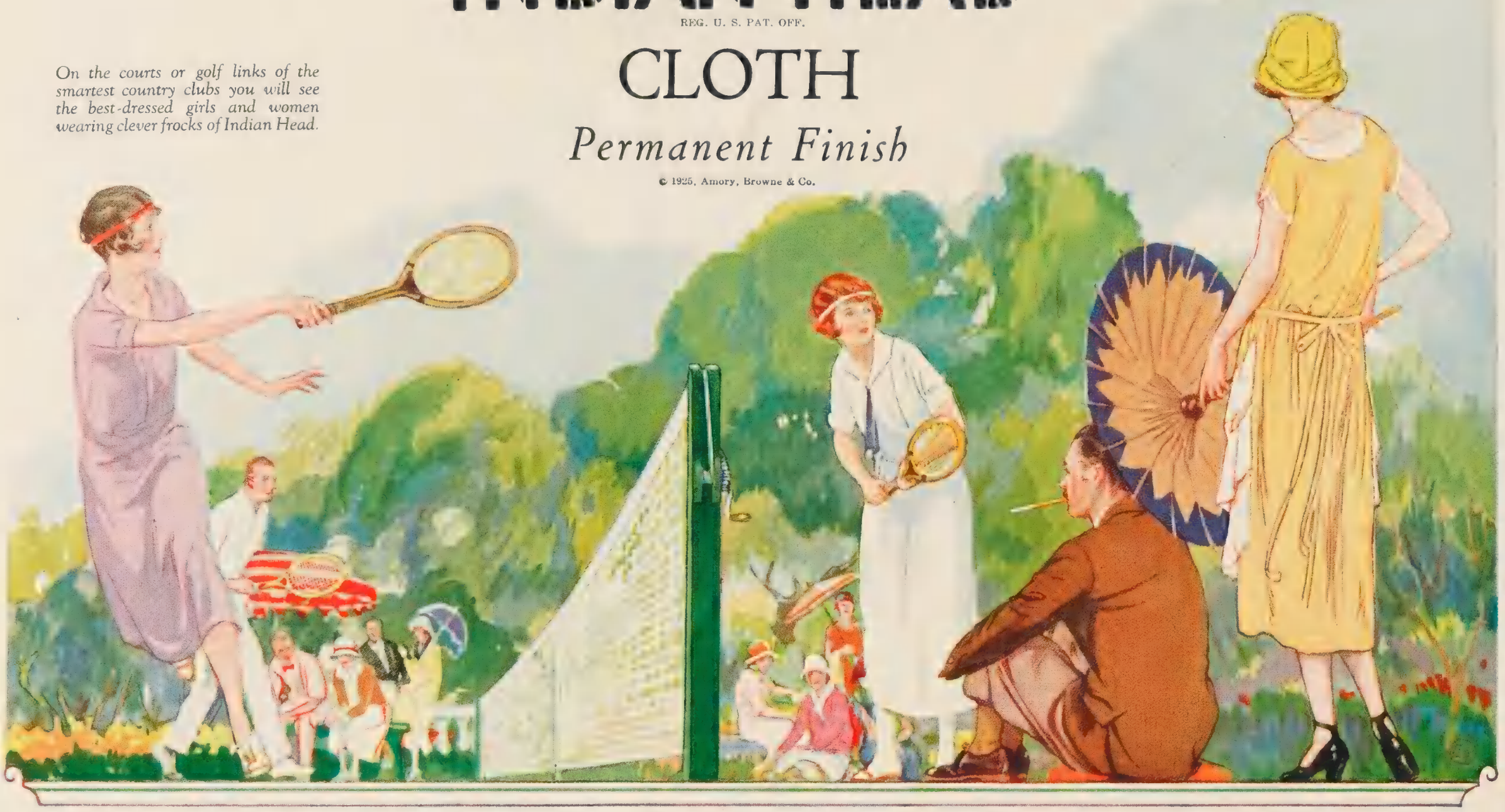
Nashua Blankets
Gilbrae Fine Cottons
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Lancaster Kalburnie Gingham
Buster Brown Hosiery
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CLOTH

Permanent Finish

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On the courts or golf links of the smartest country clubs you will see the best-dressed girls and women wearing clever frocks of Indian Head.



NEW WAYS OF COOKING VEGETABLES

Concluded from page 64

ASPARAGUS SALAD

1 pint asparagus
1 pimiento
Paprika
2 green onions
Salt

Cut tender asparagus into one-inch lengths. Cook until they are tender. Drain them and chill. Slice the onions very thin. Shred the pimiento. Mix the whole and add salt and paprika. Serve in lettuce cups with golden dressing.

GOLDEN DRESSING

Yolks 2 hard-cooked eggs
1 tablespoon lemon-juice
⅓ cup salad oil
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mustard

Put the egg-yolks through a sieve. Mix the other ingredients and beat them gradually into the yolks. Place a spoonful on the salad and sprinkle with paprika.

STUFFED GREENS

Prepare about two pounds of greens and cook until they are tender. Drain them, chop them fine and add salt, pepper and butter to taste. There should be one quart of greens after they are chopped. Put one-half of the greens on a greased baking-pan and flatten them with a spoon to form a layer. Cover with a layer of stuffing about one inch in depth. Cover with the remainder of the greens, flattening the top layer to cover the stuffing. Place three thin slices of bacon across the top. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty minutes. Serve on a hot platter surrounded with horse-radish or cheese sauce.

STUFFING

1 cup fine dry bread-crums
½ cup cold ham
1 tablespoon butter
Salt
Pepper
1 tablespoon chopped onions
1 teaspoon horse-radish sauce
Crushed tomato, canned or fresh, to moisten.

Mix thoroughly. Serve with boiled tongue either fresh, smoked or pickled.

DAFFODIL CAKES

1 cup sifted cooked carrots
⅓ cup sugar
Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon
Salt
¼ cup ground almonds
1 tablespoon melted butter
2 eggs beaten separately

Mix all the ingredients thoroughly except the whites of the eggs. Beat the whites until they are stiff and fold them into the mixture. Line small patty-tins with a good plain pastry. Fill with the mixture and bake, until it is firm, in a moderate oven.

CREAM OF SPRING VEGETABLE SOUP

2 medium-sized carrots
1 medium-sized white onion
1 cup medium white sauce
2 tablespoons butter
White pepper
2 medium-sized potatoes
1 cup small green peas
1 pint white stock, either veal or chicken
Salt

Cut the carrots and potatoes into match-like strips. Slice the onion and fry it in the butter until it becomes a light yellow. Cook the carrots, potatoes and onions in boiling water until they are tender. Cook the peas uncovered in a small amount of water. Add them to the other vegetables. Add the hot sauce and the stock. Salt and pepper to taste. Serve in hot soup-plates with a teaspoon of whipped cream sprinkled with finely minced parsley as a garnish.

VEGETABLE PLATE

New potatoes
Young beets
Green peas
Asparagus fritters

Select small potatoes, cook them until they are tender, drain them and brown them in a small amount of fat, shaking the pan often to make them alike in color. Cook the peas, add salt, pepper and butter to taste. Cut the cooked beets in thin strips, add salt, pepper, butter and a little grated cheese. Garnish with thin rings of hard-cooked egg.

SPRING TOAST

Cut green onions into one-half inch pieces, using the entire top of the onions. Cook these uncovered in very little water until they are tender. Drain them, add salt, pepper and butter to taste. Serve on rounds of hot buttered toast and garnish with chopped hard-cooked egg-whites.

ASPARAGUS FRITTERS

1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup asparagus cut in small pieces
3 teaspoons baking-powder
¾ cup milk
1 egg

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk gradually and then the well-beaten egg. Stir the asparagus into the batter. Drop the mixture by spoonfuls into the deep fat. Drain on paper. Serve with pimiento sauce.

SUGGESTIONS FOR VEGETABLE SALADS

Any kind of cold cooked greens seasoned with salt, pepper, lemon-juice and minced onion to taste. Chopped green peppers or pimiento may be added. Press the mixture into small slightly greased molds. Chill them and then remove the greens from the molds. Garnish with thinly sliced red radishes. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Green-and-white salads are particularly good for Springtime. These may be made from watercress and small green onions or hard-cooked egg-whites with watercress and French dressing.

The white meat of chicken finely diced with green peas set in a gelatin mixture tinted green with spinach-juice or vegetable coloring is excellent served on lettuce with white mayonnaise dressing.



WHAT A HOME BUILDER OUGHT TO KNOW

Concluded from page 19

which are very long lived, do not rust, and run in cost about half-way between copper and iron. Generally speaking, there is nothing better than copper, however. The extra cost for a small house is about $30.

Question 16—Is insulating walls very expensive?

Answer—It costs from $100 up to properly insulate a house, which is then easier to heat and more comfortable to live in.

Question 17—Is fireproofing a house costly?

Answer—No. Fire-stopping means that in all the walls and partitions stops, preferably of materials that will not burn, are placed; and these, by removing all the free air-passages, do not allow fire to travel up inside the walls of the partitions. With such fire-stopping the house is also rat-proof. The most this will probably cost is $100.

Question 18—Are casement windows much more expensive than the ordinary kind?

Answer—There is little or no difference. Casement windows are often much more attractive than the more ordinary kind. They give you, also, twice the size opening for air; but they bring up certain difficulties in the way of screens and curtains that should be taken into consideration.

Question 19—How much does it cost to put heating-pipes inside the plaster when building? And what are the benefits of it?

Answer—It should cost no more than the ordinary way of installing them. Uncovered pipes are unsightly, but outside of this covered pipes have no advantage.

Question 20—When plastering is being done, how much more does it cost to put set-in bookcases flush with the wall?

Answer—It does not cost any more. If you stick to the simple types, you can even save money by having them built in rather than by buying separate ones.

Question 21—What is the usual cost of cedar-lining a clothes-closet?

Answer—It costs about $25.

Pacific Northwest



St. Mary's Lake, Glacier National Park

Paradise Valley, Rainier National Park

Old Faithful Geyser, Yellowstone National Park
© Haynes, St. Paul

America's Summer Wonderland

calls you to a great adventure

Out beyond the world of humdrum lies a land of high adventure. It starts at the Rockies—it ends at the Pacific beaches. And in between a thousand vacation wonder-spots are calling you this summer.

Pack your bags, board a train, forget awhile the world of cluttered desks and household cares! Surrender yourself to the clean, strong spell of the mountains. Refresh your soul in a realm of snow-capped peaks, flower-flooded valleys, gleaming glaciers, sunny beaches.

Come this summer—and plan to include one or more of these famous scenic attractions:

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Glacier National Park
Rainier National Park
Crater Lake National Park
The Alaskan Tour

Every day brings perfect vacation weather. There is glorious sport of every kind—golf, mountain climbing, fishing, motoring, surf bathing, horseback riding, boating. You'll enjoy the splendid cities, the excellent hotels.

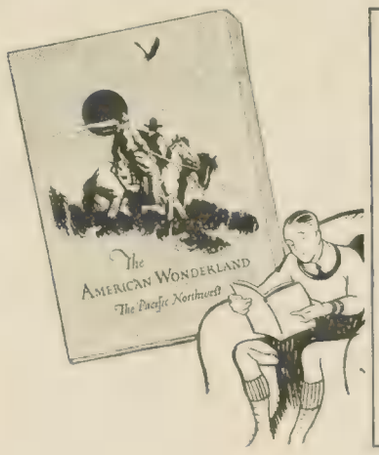
You can visit Yellowstone or Glacier on your way out or back. You can include the famous Cody Road, the Puget Sound country, the Columbia River drive, the Spokane country, or any of hundreds of other vacation attractions.

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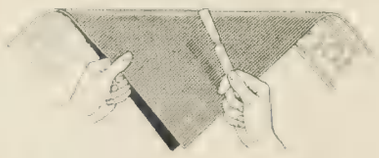
Rugs, stair carpets, draperies, upholstered furniture, under beds, beneath and behind radiators, over ledges and mouldings, behind books on shelves, mattresses, clothing, interiors of closed automobiles — and wherever dirt and dust collect.



The HOOVER

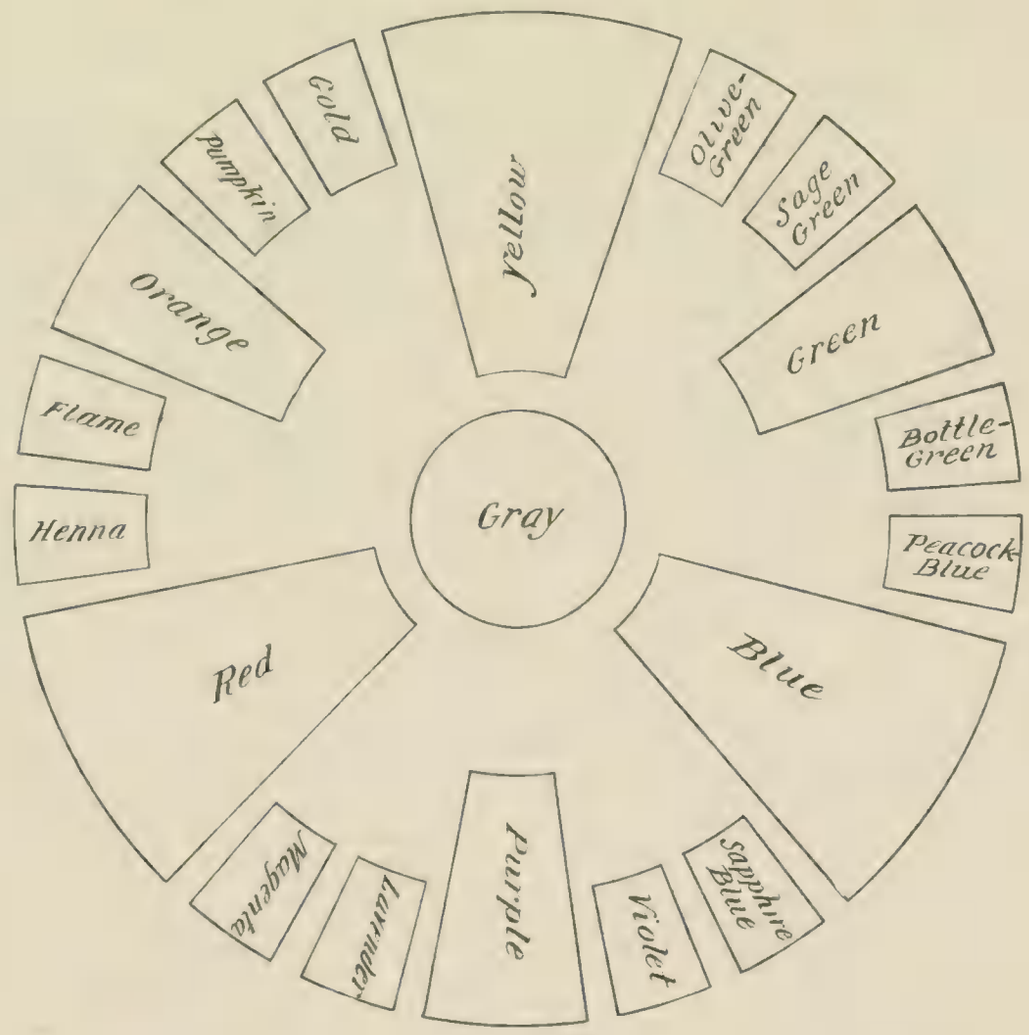
It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

*TO PROVE RUGS NEED BEATING: Turn over a corner of a rug; with the handle of an ordinary table-knife, or something of equal weight, give the under or warp side 15 to 25 sharp *taps* and watch the dirt dance out from the nap depths onto a piece of paper. Feel the destructive character of this grit. *This is the dirt only beating will dislodge.* Correct use of The Hoover causes this embedded dirt to be *vibrated* to the surface by the rapid, gentle *tapping* of the Hoover brush, as powerful suction lifts the rug from the floor and draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag



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HOW TO CHOOSE COLOR

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

THE problem of choosing correct color for the home is so closely allied with the choosing of furnishings that a knowledge of one without the other is of little value. With the right use of color, or color combinations, the most modest of homes can be made interesting—even charming—regardless of how meager or simple the other factors in it may be. The average home-maker is constantly striving for decorative effects and color schemes that are in good taste and please the eye, realizing that the general effect of a well-proportioned room furnished with fine objects, can be completely spoiled by the wrong use of color.

For expert advice on any matter of house decoration—a rug, a rocking-chair or a room—consult Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York*

IN ORDER that one may appreciate and understand the importance of color and color combinations, one must have a knowledge of the principles which govern color harmony. To assist the home-maker in obtaining color harmony with different combinations of colors, we have prepared a chart which will prove a helpful reminder and valuable assistant in the choosing and blending of paint, paper, fabrics and objects.

If one were to choose from a color chart the brightest and most intense colors, he would pick red, blue and yellow, the three primary colors. These colors in their pure and unadulterated state stand out clearer than all others, and by mixing the three in various ways every known color can be obtained. Mixing all three primary colors in equal proportions gives the color gray. By mixing any two of the three primary colors in equal proportions one would get what is known as a complementary or secondary color. For example, the chart shows that mixing blue and yellow will make green, the complementary color to red; yellow and red produce orange, which is the complementary to blue; red and blue produce violet, the complement of yellow. Mixing equal parts of a primary color and its complement—for example, blue and orange—will give gray. Should the proportions be unequal, the predominating color of the two will be softened in tone, grayed, or neutralized.

ALL primary and secondary colors can be brought into harmony by "graying," but neither can be considered harmonious combined in their pure state. Grayed colors in connection with house decoration are very important, as the pure primary and secondary colors should be used sparingly. Grayed colors are sometimes referred to as third-degree colors, or colors of the third mixing.

To make a color more gray or neutral, add some proportion of its complement to it. This rule will assist in the mixing of paint or choosing of fabrics if you are in doubt as to whether it is too bright or not bright enough. The more a color is grayed the larger amount of it may be used, and as complementary colors are increasingly grayed as they diverge from the center color and become more and more appropriate for use in the home, taking one section of the chart one may see that it is safe to use large areas of the grayed colors, or colors of the third mixing, while less should be used of the complementary colors and still less of the primary colors. For example, the complementary color green when grayed gives us olive green, excellent for rugs, etc., in a room with tan-colored walls. Small amounts of either clear blue or yellow in sofa-cushions, lamp-shades, pottery, etc., would give life and individuality to the room.

CERTAIN colors advance certain effects, and it is well to remember which colors to use to create warmth or coolness, as may be desired. Rooms facing north or east require the use of warm, cheerful colors, while those having a southern or western exposure should have cool colors. Red is warm, brilliant, fiery and irritating if used in large quantities; yellow is warm, light and cheerful, but glaring if used in large quantities; blue is cool, quiet and light-absorbing in large quantities; green is cool and creates lightness or darkness, depending on the color used. Orange is warm, typifying the sun, heat and brilliancy, and should be used only in small quantities. Purple is warm or cool, depending on the accompanying colors, and typifies mystery and elegance; use sparingly.

The following color scheme is an example of the different color combinations which may be used in furnishing the living-room, halls and dining-room:

Walls—Gold-and-blue paper, buff paint or tint.

Woodwork—Walnut or ivory paint.

Floor Covering—Tan, or blue-and-tan figured rug or linoleum.

Furniture—In walnut, upholstered in blue, or blue-and-gold velours or damask.

Overdraperies—Old-blue velours or damask.

Glass-curtains—Écru net or light-gold silk.

Lamp-shade—Gold, lined in old rose.

Accessories—In old rose, burnt orange or gold.

Additional color schemes and suggestions will be furnished upon request.



The walls of this interesting room are a soft amethyst with a gray cast, the mantel is of gray stone and the woodwork gray. The rich amethyst damask curtains are shot with a design in magenta, and the carpeting is gray.

Against this effective background are placed the Kroehler Davenport and Chairs upholstered in sage green with green damask cushions. The ginger jars on the mantel shelf repeat the strong color note of deep red purple or magenta. The lamp shades of green-gold silk are edged with narrow bands of magenta and black. The oriental rug has a green background harmonizing with the davenport.

A number of equally effective color schemes are suggested in the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," sent free on request.





The Invisible Bedroom

The convenience of an *extra* bedroom without *extra* cost

THE younger generation knows to the fullest extent the meaning of the word *comfort*. It lives smartly and well—yet it wastes no time or money on traditional "extras" whose cost is out of proportion to their value.

To these young moderns the seldom-used extra bedroom is an unnecessary extravagance. Why not, they say, save the extra rent, the extra time that the care of such a room necessitates, for other things!

So they select for their living rooms or sunrooms a Kroehler Suite, with a low, soft-cushioned davenport in which a full-width, luxuriously comfortable bed is concealed. No one would guess that beneath the loungy davenport seat is hidden a convenient sleeping space, with strong, yielding springs and thick, soft mattress. A single easy motion opens this extra bed whenever it is needed, revealing covers all in place, the bed ready for immediate use.

Is it at all surprising that thousands of families, in crowded homes or small apartments, have chosen this modern way to save space and rent?

You, too, can enjoy the comfort which Kroehler Living Room Furniture is giving them. You can choose an interesting period design or a soft-cushioned overstuffed pattern, with deep, comfortable chairs and handsome davenport, with or without a concealed bed. You can have this furniture in fine wood finishes or in painted finishes to match any scheme of decoration. For upholstery, there are all the good-looking, long-wearing fabrics that fashion approves—silk damask, tapestry, mohair, jacquard velours, Chase Velmo or Baker Cut Pattern Velour, leather or Chase Leatherwove.

Important hidden qualities

Kroehler Living Room Furniture has frames of kiln-dried hardwood; seat springs of heavy, high-carbon wire, flexibly interlocked; filling of germ-cured flax fiber, best moss and cotton. Seat cushions are filled with fine wire coil springs, padded with clean, white, felted cotton; the all-steel folding bed frame is fitted with sagless cable fabric and helical springs. The upholstery is given moth-proofing treatment.

Dealers everywhere sell Kroehler Davenport Beds and Suites for cash or on easy payments. Be sure the name plate is on the back of each piece. If you do not know where to find Kroehler Davenports—with or without concealed beds—and matching chairs, write us for the dealer's name and the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements."

Address Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago, or Stratford, Ontario. Factories at Kankakee, Ill., Bradley, Ill., Naperville, Ill., Binghamton, N. Y., Dallas, Texas, Los Angeles, Calif., San Francisco, Calif. Canadian Factory, Stratford, Ontario.

KROEHLER
Living Room Furniture

Prevent this

(Good looks ruined by unhealthy teeth)



MANY diseases that bring premature old age are traceable to teeth. Dreaded rheumatism, heart disease and other infirmities that ruin health and beauty can be directly caused by tooth infections.

Prevention of tooth decay is vital to health and beauty. Cleanliness is the most effective method.

Bad Teeth Destroy Beauty and Health

Authorities Call Tooth Care Surest Treatment for Good Looks

Use Colgate's—

It *removes causes* of tooth decay

GOOD TEETH are as necessary to good looks as pretty eyes and a lovely complexion. And good teeth are more necessary to good health than they are to beauty. Today dental science, through preventive dentistry, is trying to save teeth from decay—to prevent infections that may destroy your health and happiness. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is closely allied with this move for better teeth and better health.

"Washes"—does not scour

Colgate's is a preventive dentifrice—safe, effective, and pleasant to use because of its delightful taste. It *removes causes* of tooth decay by the gentle "washing" action of its non-gritty chalk and tasteless soap. These are the two ingredients that authorities say are most important in a dentifrice.

Of course there are no curative claims for Colgate's. No tooth paste or powder can cure. That is a dentist's function. Colgate's keeps your teeth clean, and cleanliness is the best preventive measure known.

Colgate's is free from grit and harsh drugs. It is sensibly made, sensibly advertised and sold at a sensible price—25c for the large tube, at your favorite store.

COLGATE & CO., *Established 1806*



The safe way to protect your beauty and health

Truth In Advertising Implies Honesty In Manufacture

CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

Free—

Generous Trial Tube

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 433
581 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

(This offer good only in U. S. A.)

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

SAVE THE SAVERS

I have a large book in which I classify the saving hints found in THE DELINEATOR. My friends have access to this book and it is in constant use.—MRS. C. E. D., San Diego, Calif.



USE THE PILOT LIGHT

During the Summer months I save considerable gas by keeping a kettle of water over the self-lighter during the hours when the gas-stove itself is not in use. A kettle of water placed over the lighter at night is warm enough to use in the morning.—A. K., Milwaukee, Wis.

SAVE THE ICE-CREAM FREEZER

My mother was able to use the same ice-cream freezer for fifteen years. Its usefulness was prolonged by painting the bucket once each year. This not only preserved the wood, but kept the hoops from getting rusty. —MRS. A. C., New Orleans, La.

A TUCK-AWAY TABLE FOR THE PORCH

To provide a convenient table for writing and other uses on the porch of the Summer cottage I took a small bread-board and hinged it to the porch railing. A leg attached provided a support when the table was in place, and when not in use the table could be dropped close to the railing. It was but a little work to stain this useful table so that it harmonized with the color of the porch.—MRS. F. L. H., Cranford, N. J.

A NEW KIND OF TOAST

When making toast, you will find it is a delightful variation if you place two slices of buttered bread together and then toast the outside of the two slices. They will become crisp while the center of the sandwich will be hot and delicious, the butter having melted. —MRS. F. R. Q., Long Beach, Calif.

GROW YOUR OWN FLAVORINGS

Herb vinegar gives a delicious flavor to salad dressing. From a five-cent package of mixed herb seed sewn in the garden many different kinds will be available to the housekeeper. Tarragon, sweet basil, chervil, or a combination of several, such as thyme, savory, marjoram and sage, can be used. Crush the leaves and cover them with a good cider vinegar. Let this stand until it is fairly strong. Then add a little of it to the other vinegar or to the lemon-juice when you make salad dressing.—I. M., Jeffersonville, Vt.

TO KEEP BREAD FROM MOLDING

If a loaf of bread begins to show signs of becoming moldy, hold each side over the gas flame for a moment. The heat will kill the spores, but it will not dry out the bread to any extent.—MRS. A. F. B., Los Angeles, Calif.

SAVE THE ICE-PAN

If a housewife must keep a pan under her refrigerator to catch the melted ice, she may be glad to know how to keep this pan from rusting. By pouring melted paraffin over the bottom and sides of the pan when it is new rust can be prevented, as the water does not touch the pan.—MRS. G. B. S., Danville, Ill.

SAVE WASHING THE WINDOW-SILLS

I find that by waxing my white window-sills they are always kept looking their best and are protected from dust, dirt and rain. I wipe them with a dry cloth two or three times a week, and it is seldom necessary to wash them.—MRS. H. J. H., Chicago, Ill.

AN EASY WAY TO MAKE A BED COMFORTER

To make a bed comforter when ordinary 27-inch calico is used, cut each of the three strips necessary for the width five yards long and sew them together. Fold this large piece and sew it as if you were making a pillow-case. Place it on a bed, leaving the wrong side out and lay the batting—or whatever you are using for a filling—on, pinning it to the upper side so as to keep it smooth. Two persons, one at each side of the opening, can then roll the upper side over the batting and the under side down into a roll, which will make a roll at the closed end of the cover with the right side out.

Lay the roll on a couch, two chairs, a table, the bed, or some other convenient place, unroll it a short distance and tack the batting and cover together, taking out the pins as you go along. Continue to unroll and tack it until the open end is reached. Finish this by turning the raw edges under and sewing the folded edges together on the sewing-machine. Use a long stitch. Then the comforter can be easily opened when the covering is to be washed.

To wash, untack the covering from the batting, unroll the batting, wash the covering, and replace in the same manner as before.—MRS. M. T., Riddle, Ore.

SAVE VEGETABLES

When canning by the cold-pack method, it sometimes is difficult to have enough vegetables to fill all the jars the canner will hold. Fill the extra jars with materials for soup stock, such as onions, carrots, the outer leaves of celery, parsley and a few beans. The process is the same as in canning other vegetables, and in the Winter these vegetable mixtures, with bits of cold beef, gravy and rice added, will furnish a delicious soup.

As some members of the family do not care for carrots and turnips, I cut these vegetables into large pieces and remove them before making the soup. They are then used as a separate vegetable the following day.—MRS. J. H. B., Watertown, S. Dak.

SAVE BUTTERING BISCUITS

If the biscuit dough is rolled quite thin and then folded over, or if one roll is placed on the other before the biscuits are cut and then well buttered, cut and baked, the biscuits will split very uniformly and very little butter is necessary when they are eaten. Biscuits are quite as good if the dough is kept in a refrigerator for half an hour before it is baked.—J. B., Miami, Fla.

SAVE SPACE IN THE CAR

Last Summer we took many all-day trips in our car and had the problem of storing our lunch in the smallest possible space. I bought a large tin bread-box with several shelves and a door opening from one side. The food kept in place much better than when it is placed in a basket. This box also provides a seat for a small child where he could be very comfortable.—MRS. M. D., Gardenville, N. Y.

SAVE TIME WHIPPING CREAM

A double boiler may be useful when cream is to be whipped. Ice mixed with salt should be placed in the bottom compartment and the cream should be poured into the top of the boiler. The cream is thus quickly chilled and whips more easily. After it is whipped, the double boiler may be placed in the refrigerator until the cream is needed.—MRS. E. B., Hanceville, Ala

"Eagle Brand started him on the road to health"



LELAND KENDALL SILVER
Son of Mr. & Mrs. Kendall Silver
477 North University Ave.
Provo, Utah

THIS straight-backed, wide-awake little fellow is Leland Kendall Silver. At the time this photograph was taken he was only eight months old.

To women who are struggling with infant feeding problems, Mrs. Silver says, "I am offering this testimonial for the benefit of any mother who might be having the same trouble as I.

"Borden's Eagle Brand may be given credit for starting our little son on the road to health. Since the time he was six weeks old Eagle Brand has been his diet. We tried many different foods but none seemed to agree with him."

In sixty-five years Eagle Brand has given a million such babies as Leland Silver a sound foundation for future health. For Eagle Brand more nearly resembles mother's milk than any other baby food. If you cannot nurse *your* baby, or if he is not thriving, start him on Eagle Brand and the road to health at once.

Eagle Brand is pure, whole milk and refined sugar, combined according to a special Borden formula. It has all the necessary food essentials for healthy growth, including all the vitamins. The method of combining makes it exceptionally digestible. Even the most delicate baby stomach can assimilate it. It is always the same—clean, safe, uniform—and you can get it anywhere.

You will want to know about other Eagle Brand babies too, so write for our new book, *What Other Mothers Say.* In addition to pictures of the babies with their mothers' stories, this book contains feeding charts for infants up to 1 year and for children from 1 to 2 years.

If you wish general information on the care of your baby, send for *Baby's Welfare,* an authoritative book written for you by a physician.

Both books are free. Use the coupon below. The Borden Company, 506 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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EAGLE BRAND
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The Borden Co.
506 Borden Bldg.
350 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of *What Other Mothers Say* and *Baby's Welfare.*

Name .....

Address .....

VAN RAALTE

Silk Gloves



Very short and most emphatically fashionable. The petal cuffs are a French conceit.



A long glove with rows of shirring. Worn slightly wrinkled, it has a ruffled air.





A cuffed glove, very short and attractively embroidered with contrasting dots.

Very French and very charming.

—because you love nice things!

VAN RAALTE Silk Gloves are fashionable accessories that come in the most delightfully new and "different" styles. Paris and America have combined to make them smarter than ever before.

The smartness of their perfect fit will charm you and their flawless texture will always be a joy. Moreover, they'll wear long and well, retaining their attractiveness after repeated tubbings.

Ask to see the Spring styles—they'll interest you, *because you love nice things.*

VAN RAALTE CO., *Makers of Silk Underwear, Silk Stockings and Veils*

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—In its Happy Child Department, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the medical advice of nationally known baby and child specialists.

The following pamphlets, which are reprints of articles that have appeared in THE DELINEATOR, may be had for ten cents each: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood" (four separate booklets), by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas; "The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart; "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park), Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt), Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)," and "Play, Eyes and Movies," by Dr. Ward A. Holden and Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw. There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Housekeeping—The Home-Making Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—If you're planning fun for the children, send for our "Let's Give a Jackie Coogan Party."

How old are you? Here are Birthday Parties for everybody with fascinating ideas for decorating the cake, and favors you can make, and everything. And don't forget the charming Birthday Dance.

ASK US

Ask us anything you want to know about housekeeping and we will answer it personally. From our recent correspondence we publish the following questions and answers as being of general interest to all home-makers

QUESTION: When I poach eggs, they always stick to the dish and I lose a great deal of the egg in this way. Can this be prevented?

Answer: If you grease the pan or rings in which you poach your eggs, a thin film of fat will then come between the egg and the pan and thus prevent them from sticking. Another method of poaching eggs is to drop them into greased glass or porcelain ramekins set in hot water. Cream may be added and a bit of grated cheese; or the white and yolk may be separated and the yolk dropped into the center of the beaten white.

Question: One of my friends has recommended the use of baking-soda and salt in an aluminum pan for cleaning silver. It seems to work beautifully for her, but will it injure twenty-year plated ware?

Answer: If you measure the salt, soda and water and use exactly one tablespoon of salt and one tablespoon of soda to each quart of water and have the aluminum pan bright and shiningly clean, the chemical action of this solution on the silver will be practically harmless.

Add the salt and soda to the hot water and have the silver ready to put in the water at once and allow it to boil in the solution.

After cleaning by this method, silver should be washed in hot soapy water, rinsed and dried by vigorous rubbing with clean soft dry cloths. This method of cleaning silver does not give a soft, satiny finish nor quite the same finish that some of the polishes do.

Question: Whenever I fry croquettes in deep fat, they crumble and fall apart. I can not make them successfully. Can you help me?

Answer: The white sauce used in making croquettes is very important. It should be very thick—almost pastelike. Five tablespoons of flour to a cup of milk is the right proportion to use. A cup of this should be used with two cups of the finely divided food. Croquettes may be fried more satisfactorily if they are mixed and shaped when cold.

Careful crumming and egging of the croquettes is essential. The egg cooks quickly in the fat and gives a firm crusty coating which holds the croquettes together. In crumming croquettes, use only two tablespoons of water to each egg and beat the egg only enough to blend the white and yolk together. Each croquette should be coated first with finely ground crums, next with the egg and finally with the crums again.

After they are crummed, croquettes should be allowed to stand for several hours to dry out. If too much moisture is present, the heat changes it into steam, which expands and breaks through the outer coating and causes the croquette to fall to pieces.

Perhaps you do not have the fat at the right temperature. If the fat is not hot enough, the croquette may become fat-soaked and fall apart. If possible, use a thermometer and have the fat from 340 to 380 degrees Fahrenheit. This temperature will brown a crum of bread in about one minute.

Question: I have often wished I had an iron skillet, and so finally I purchased one. The first time I used it the food had a very disagreeable flavor, which seemed to come from the iron. Is there anything I can do to make the skillet fit for use?

Answer: It is a general custom to prepare a new iron utensil for use by rubbing it thoroughly with unsalted fat and baking it thoroughly. It should then be washed in a solution of washing-soda followed by soapsuds and rinsing. Treated in this way, your skillet should give you no further trouble.

Send the Coupon for 10-Day Test

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue





The charm of your smile depends upon the clean, pearly brightness of white teeth

Now Find Out

what beauty is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth

Note how simple it really is to *have* the clear, glistening teeth you envy in others—for health's sake and for beauty, you must remove that film, say world's dental authorities. Send the coupon, *make this unique test*

MODERN science has found a *new* way to healthier teeth; *to whiter, clearer teeth.* Now, as an international movement, the people of some 50 different nations are being offered a 10-day test.

Won't you mail the coupon below? Then see for yourself what as little as 10 days of modern dental hygiene will do for you.

Your teeth may be cloudy—film-covered, discolored. If your present dentifrice fails to cope with that situation, it is surely worth while to try, at least, another way.

That stubborn film—how it makes teeth ugly and invites tooth troubles and decay. You must remove it

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a



film. That's the cause of the trouble. You must remove it regularly. It is ever present, ever forming.

Film is that viscous coat that you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dull and dingy teeth mean more than loss of good appearance. They may indicate danger, grave danger to your teeth.

New methods now that mean greater tooth beauty plus better protection from tooth troubles

Ordinary tooth pastes were unable to cope adequately with that film. Not one could effectively combat it. Harsh grit tended to injure the enamel. Soap and chalk were inadequate.

Now modern dental science has found two new combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent—a scientific method that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of the world.

To millions this new way has proved the folly of having dull and dingy teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles when their chief cause can be combated.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

Make the test Remember, every time you eat, food clings to your teeth. Film is constantly forming. The film that ruins teeth; that mars their luster, makes them look dingy and dull. "For health's sake and beauty's sake, remove it three times daily," says leading dental authority.

This new way removes and combats it in scientific safety—it will give you the lustrous teeth you envy—*quickly.*

Make the test today. Clip the coupon for a free 10-day tube. Or get a full size tube of your druggist. Why follow old methods when world's dental authorities urge a better way?

1709

MAIL Coupon for 10-Day Tube to

Pepsodent REG U.S. PAT OFF.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 630, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family.

Here is high-powered cleaning help FREE

—a Grand Prize Eureka for your use during spring housecleaning



Great Eureka National Educational Offer

Let there be no hesitation or delay in your acceptance of this wonderful special offer of FREE cleaning help.

Old ways of cleaning house were good enough as long as better methods were unknown, but the woman who clings to them today is but dooming herself to cruel and unnecessary hardship.

It is so very easy to obtain the matchless help of the Grand Prize Eureka. Simply telephone the Eureka dealer near you—or, if you do not know his name, sign and mail the coupon below. The Eureka will be delivered to your door and called for after you have finished housecleaning.

This generous offer is made—for a limited time only—as a feature of the great Eureka National Educational Campaign. We want women everywhere to learn what more than a million Eureka users already know—the amazing ease, speed and thoroughness with which the high-powered Eureka performs so vast a variety of cleaning tasks, and the superiority that has made this Grand Prize Cleaner the repeated first choice of world authorities in so many lands.

$4.75 down

Should you decide that you want to keep the Eureka, a special low $4.75 down payment and very easy terms are also available for the duration of this offer. But remember that Eureka's housecleaning help is FREE—that you are placed under no obligation in accepting it.

Remember, too, that this great offer holds good for a short time only. Accept it quickly so that you may be sure to have the Eureka when you need it.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., DETROIT, U. S. A.
Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners Since 1909
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario, Foreign Branch: 8 Fisher Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 1, England 164

The Grand Prize

EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER
It Gets the Dirt

COUPON

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., Detroit, Mich.

At no cost or obligation to me, please deliver a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner for free use during my spring housecleaning.

Name _____

Address _____ *City* _____ D

CARE OF FLOORS

By Ruth Kellogg

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



Spread a small amount of paste wax on a loosely knit cloth



Fit it over the metal shoe, which should set snugly over the weighted brush

Do floors "floor" you? Then read this helpful article which tells how to care for them, be they oiled, varnished, waxed or linoleum. And then perhaps you'd like to know some cleaning tools with which to keep them and the rest of your house spotless and in good condition. We've a list of useful helps sensibly divided into "essentials" and "desirables." A copy will go to you promptly and free of charge if you'll write to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

A FLOOR, although well laid and well finished, may be a disappointment unless it is given the proper care. But the average woman wants a method for cleaning her floors that is economical of her time and strength.

Often floors are left in an unfinished condition for some time and dirt easily sinks into the unprotected wood. It usually takes a good hard scrubbing to remove it. For this purpose it is best to use a very long-handled scrub-brush or an old corn broom, as these save the housewife from getting down on her hands and knees.

The floor should be scrubbed first with warm soapy water and then rinsed with clear water with a mop which has been thoroughly wrung out. Water should not remain on any kind of a floor for any length of time, nor should it be used so freely as to flood the floor when it is cleaned. Such methods cause the wood to swell and perhaps later to soften and splinter.



Brush lengthwise along the boards, applying a thin film of wax to the floor

MOP—DON'T SCRUB—AN OILED FLOOR

OILED floors should be mopped—not scrubbed—when water is necessary to remove the dirt. But until the floor reaches this stage, clean it, after it has been thoroughly swept, by going over it with an oiled mop. When water is necessary to clean the floor, use only clear warm water or warm soap-suds made from a mild soap. Follow this with a quick rinse of clear water. If the water is hard and has to be softened, use as little of the softening or breaking agent as possible, because the alkali in it will remove the oil from the floor.

Sometimes a floor has been so poorly oiled in the first place or so neglected afterward that it grows grimy or perhaps streaked with the oil which has settled more thickly in some spots than in others. In such a case it is best to remove this oil and dirt by a thorough scrubbing and then start the whole process over again. After the floor has dried very thoroughly the desired finish may be given—oil, varnish, shellac or wax, as the case may be.

Avoid the use of water on varnished floors, unless finished with a spar varnish as long as possible, because water tends to dull and discolor the ordinary varnishes.

WATER DULLS A VARNISHED FLOOR

VARNISHED floors may be satisfactorily cleaned with an oiled mop or with a chemically treated dust-mop. A chemically treated mop is not oily and is bought already prepared instead of being a home-prepared article. When the floor reaches the stage where the mop is no longer effective, go over the floor quickly with a mop wrung out of clear warm water or warm slightly soapy water. If the latter is used, rinse the floor afterward with clear water. In any case, be sure that the mop is wrung as dry as possible for the final wiping. If the floor looks dull, go over it with an oiled mop.

Chemically treated or oiled mops may be successfully used on painted floors for the daily cleaning. However, paint is much less sensitive to

Concluded on page 76

Your family's health *may depend on one simple precaution*

Physicians and health authorities emphasize the importance of this new kind of cleanliness *in the home*



Your guests can feel the difference. Health-clean homes radiate an air of sunny well-being that mere soap and water cleanliness cannot give. Feel for yourself the difference in a health-clean home!

RECENTLY discovered facts about germs have made it possible for you to safeguard the health of your family more effectively than ever before. You can do it without extra effort or trouble.

It is now known that disease germs do not float long in the air. They settle upon *all surfaces,* where they live and multiply. They attach themselves to warm human hands which come in contact with these surfaces.

Thus the germs are carried from car straps to door knobs, from stair railings to tables and chairs. Often they are blown in open windows from dusty streets to floors and corners. With a microscope you could see them in swarms on the door jambs, door knobs, chair arms, hiding in crevices and cracks of your floors—a hundred places where hands, big and little, may touch.

Out-of-doors, fresh air and sunlight are effective disinfectants. But within the home other means of destroying the deadly germs must be utilized. Soap and water alone are not sufficient. They remove dirt but, as any physician will tell you, are powerless to kill germs.

A cleansing solution that also destroys germs

THERE *is* an effective method of killing germs—and this method health authorities now advise. Put a few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant in the water every time and everywhere you clean. This solution destroys all harmful germs. Every nook and corner is left not only clean and sweet, but *safe.*

"Lysol" Disinfectant has three valuable properties that make it indispensable for the careful housewife: *1. It deodorizes. 2. It purifies. 3. Its soapy nature helps to clean as it disinfects.*

You will be surprised to find how the "Lysol" solution helps you in cleaning white woodwork. Finger spots are disinfected and removed like lightning. Floors are cleaned, nickel and white tiling are polished. Your home is cleaned more quickly and effectively by the added help of these magic drops. And the "Lysol" solution will not hurt the most sensitive hands.

This simple precaution of adding "Lysol" to the water (a tablespoonful to a quart) for your daily cleaning, reduces the danger of illness in your family. They are freed from the menace of disease germs within the home. It is a protective health measure that should not be neglected.

Be sure you use the genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant. Your druggist has it. It is manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., New York. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., New York. Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., McCaul Street, Toronto.

THE MAGIC DROPS

JUST *a few drops of "Lysol" in the water transform mere surface cleaning to health-cleaning. No extra work or trouble.*

free—

Three books containing latest facts about health protection

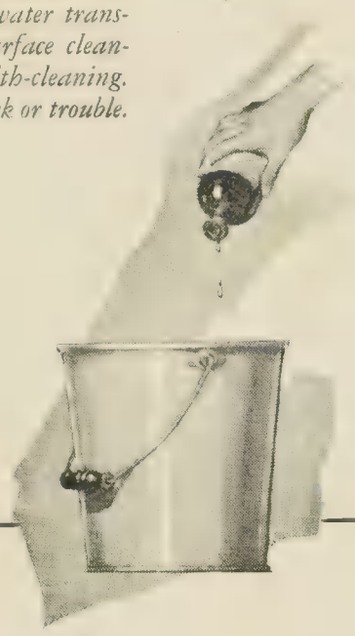
THE new methods scientists have learned about the prevention of illness are explained in the "Lysol" Health Library, a set of three pocket-size booklets as follows:

Health Safeguards in the Home
The Scientific Side of Youth and Beauty
When Baby Comes

How to keep your home healthful and germ-free; how to care for your personal health and charm; what every prospective mother should know—these are the subjects discussed completely and authoritatively in the three books. The information they contain will be invaluable to you in safeguarding the health and prolonging the lives of yourself and your family.

Send coupon today for a free set of the Library.

Lysol Disinfectant
Reg U.S. Pat. Off.



LEHN & FINK, INC., *Sole Distributors*
Dept. J-26, 635 Greenwich Street, New York City
I should like to have a free set of your Library of Health. Please send it to me by return mail.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... *State* .....

Each year over 2,500,000 new babies are born—

And each year more than half of these mothers choose exactly the same safe baby powder

AMERICA'S great child doctor—Dr. L. Emmett Holt—believed that the greatest weapon against disease is "*not medicine, but knowledge.*"

His own exact knowledge of the proper care of children he spread in his famous baby books. So sound and helpful are these books that today there is hardly a mother who does not appreciate the deep seriousness of every detail of her baby's care.

Many of baby's troubles are skin deep. In the words of a famous skin specialist: "*The delicate skin of a baby is very susceptible to the many irritating discharges which assail it.*" Next to careful cleansing the most important part in counteracting this irritation is powdering.

This knowledge makes more than half the two and a half million mothers each year insist upon the baby powder that they know is safe.

Physicians asked for it

This is Johnson and Johnson's Baby Powder. It was first made at the request of the medical profession. Because there was no such safe baby powder to be had, physicians came to the house they knew was equipped to prepare surgically clean products and asked them to make it.

In its great laboratories the baby powder is made according to physicians' formula. It is safe for baby's skin beyond any possibility of reproach—exquisitely fine, absolutely pure, healing, with a faint fragrance that preserves the adorable fresh sweetness of baby's skin all day long.

Johnson's Baby Powder purifies in a safe natural way the salty stinging effect of perspiration and damp diapers, so that the pores are always open and healthy. It *prevents* the infections caused by the moisture that gathers in the creases of baby's skin. This means freedom from pimples, blotches and rashes. It means comfort, quiet nerves, refreshing sleep.

A nurse has suggested this perfect way of putting him to sleep:

FIRST make your own hand soft as velvet with a thick coating of the fine white powder.

THEN gently massage the chubby limbs, smoothing the powder into all the folds and crevices—over every



Fresh from his bath—his skin all soft and fragrant

roughened, irritated area. Your gentle rubbing lulls the nerves.

Not only do more than half of each year's mothers choose this safe powder but they use it year after year so that today Johnson's Baby Powder is used by more mothers than any other. Your own druggist carries it always.

To the mothers who have not yet solved the problem of the safe way to preserve baby's skin from irritation and the dangers of moisture, Johnson and Johnson are making a special free offer. Read about it in the box below and simply send in your name and address.



SEND ONLY YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

for a small can, sent free, of Johnson's Baby Powder, the baby powder made according to physicians' prescription in their famous laboratories—also their concise little book on the care of baby skin, "The Faith of a Baby."

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N J.

Your druggist is more than a merchant

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CARE OF FLOORS

Concluded from page 74

water than ordinary varnish, so that wet mops may be freely used on floors with such a finish.

OIL SOFTENS A WAXED SURFACE

WAXED floors should not be cleaned with oiled mops as the oil softens the wax. Water, too, should not be used as it tends to dull and whiten the finish. However, a chemically treated dust-mop is entirely safe to use on a waxed floor and it is most effective. Under ordinary wear such a floor can be cleaned for a long time with this mop only. When the floor becomes really dirty, it can be wiped up quickly with a soft cloth wrung out of clear warm water or warm soapy water followed by a quick rinse with clear water. Then the floor should be rubbed up or polished again. Or instead of using water, a soft cloth moistened with a non-inflammable commercial cleaner may be used in wiping up the floor before it is re-waxed. A cloth moistened with turpentine or gasoline will also remove the upper part of the wax film, taking the dirt with it. Remember that these two fluids must be used away from any flame, and preferably when the doors into other rooms are closed and the windows in the room itself are opened.

STRONG SOAP IS BAD FOR LINOLEUM

LINOLEUM floors, although most often used in kitchens, are finding their way into other parts of the house. The manufacturers themselves give sound advice about the care of such floor coverings. But this injunction should be in every housekeeper's mental note-book: Do not under any ordinary circumstances scrub linoleums or use strong soaps, washing-powders or other strong alkalies in cleaning them. Scrubbing and alkalies take the pattern off printed linoleum. Such treatment roughens and dries out inlaid or battleship linoleum so that the dirt only sinks in deeper each time.

Printed linoleum (as well as paper floor coverings which are always printed) should be given two coats of varnish, preferably a good spar varnish, as soon as it is laid and cleaned. To clean it before varnishing, wipe it with clear warm water or warm soapy water in the way we described for cleaning painted floors. Let the linoleum dry for several hours, then varnish it, following the directions on the can. After this has been done clean it in the way given for any varnished floor. In washing linoleum, no matter what kind, take care not to flood the floor, as water underneath this kind of floor covering would rot the linolcum.

As soon as inlaid or battleship linoleum is laid and cleaned, it should be waxed. If it is only slightly soiled, clean it in the way indicated for printed linoleum. If it is badly soiled, it should be scrubbed (this scrubbing is the one exception to the general rule for linoleum) with warm water and a mild soap and rinsed with clear water. It should then be allowed to dry for several hours or overnight. After this, apply a small amount of wax, liquid or paste, rubbing it in thoroughly.

Some of the heavy battleship linoleums require about three thin coats of wax—each one carefully rubbed in—before a thin film remains on the surface, but one or two coats are generally sufficient for the usual inlaid or battleship linoleum. The wax should never be used in such quantities that it forms a heavy layer, because an unsightly floor that quickly collects dirt will be the result.

A weighted brush, ten to fifteen pounds in weight, which swings freely on its handle, greatly lessens the work of waxing. If in addition it has a metal shoe, the housewife may stand upright when applying the wax as well as when polishing the floor. The shoe fits snugly over the weighted brush and over the shoe there is a loosely knit cloth. Between the folds of this a small amount of paste wax is spread from time to time. This wax gradually feeds through the cloth to the shoe, and a thin film of wax is applied to the floor. Afterward the shoe can be removed and the bristle part of the brush with which to polish the floor can be exposed.



HEART TROUBLE IN CHILDREN

Continued from page 16

the heart just in the same way that the muscles of the arms or legs are strengthened with exercise. Controlling the child is, however, usually the chief difficulty. It is difficult for a boy who may feel perfectly well to understand why he can not run races and romp with the other boys, or for a girl to see why she should be prevented from jumping rope with her companions.

One of the chief differences between heart trouble in the child and in the adult is the fact that heart disease in the child occurs during the period of growth when the heart is increasing in size in proportion to the rest of the body. From the eleventh to the fifteenth year the growth of the heart is very rapid, in fact it almost doubles in size. This growth is necessary to supply blood to the rapidly developing and growing internal organs, muscles, and bones. We all know how active children are at this period and how hard they play. If the heart is sound and healthy it meets the great demands put upon it, but when the heart is diseased the demands of growth and play may be too much. A comparison may be made with a properly running automobile engine and one in which the valves are blocked with carbon. The good engine runs smoothly and, if occasion demands, can be speeded up. The poor engine on the other hand may get along somehow, but it can not be forced to do any additional work.

So it is with the child with heart disease. Growth and development at this period of life put just about as much strain upon the heart as it can stand. So particular care is necessary before and during adolescence in order to protect the child from overstrain. This is the time when so many children with heart trouble break down completely. It may be said as a general rule that children with heart trouble who pass beyond this age without breaking down may live, with ordinary care, many years of usefulness and activity. Of course, it is not easy to manage children at this period and to keep them happy while forbidding them to do many of the things that their friends and comrades are doing. However, this is a part of the care of children which only the parents and family can solve.

VARIOUS FORMS OF HEART TROUBLE

OCCASIONALLY other forms of heart disease are seen in children. One of the most important of these is the poisoning of the heart muscles in diphtheria, which causes a rapid and marked weakening of the heart. This can usually be prevented by the immediate use of diphtheria antitoxin as soon as a child develops the disease. Diphtheria, however, is a disease which can be prevented, as was pointed out by Dr. William H. Park in a previous article in this Happy-Child series, by immunizing the child against diphtheria by the use of a toxin-antitoxin mixture so that the disease will not be developed.

Occasionally an irregular action of the heart is encountered which may be significant. But frequently irregularities which are of no importance develop during childhood. These do not mean that the child has anything serious the matter with the heart, as many children show an irregularity of the pulse during breathing. While the air is being forced out of the lungs the rate of the pulse slows and when new air is taken in the rate becomes rapid.

Pain due to heart trouble is noticed in children only during acute cardiac disease, and then not when the disease is limited to the valves and the lining of the heart, but when the covering of the heart is also involved. Very frequently parents bring their child to

Continued on page 79

"Let me see you do it"

THEY had been reading a magazine advertisement that made a very unusual claim for a certain product.

She was skeptical. He, having made the test once before, insisted that it was possible.

"Well, let me see you do it, if you can," she demanded. "I've used onions often enough in the kitchen, and I know how hard it is to get the odor off my hands."

So he produced a big, healthy Bermuda, proudly redolent in all its pungent glory. He sliced it in half and rubbed its oils carefully on both hands.

Then, as the advertisement challenged, he doused on some Listerine, the safe antiseptic, that possesses such remarkable deodorizing properties.

Even before the Listerine had quite evaporated, the onion odor had entirely disappeared.

If it had not been done right before her eyes, she would probably never have believed it.

Listerine *is* a remarkable deodorant. And Listerine advertising does not over-state the case.

That is why so many thousands use it daily to combat halitosis (unpleasant breath). And that is why so many thousands of women are coming to use it as a perspiration deodorant. They just apply it clear. It is non-irritating, refreshing, does not stain garments, and *it does the work.*

Listerine has dozens of other uses, all described in the circular that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS  *use* LISTERINE

LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid, Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.



Just five minutes by motor from the Palace de l'Étoile are those famous restaurants which draw the elite of Paris to the Bois de Boulogne for tea after the races or dinner dancing on Summer evenings. Here the brilliant array of society and fashions set the mode for the rest of the world

These seductive Spring Evenings

—when all Paris is dining and dancing at restaurants in the Bois—*fashion experts are flashing the news across to you*



Pattern No. 5965



Pattern No. 6013

ONCE MORE Paris haunts the Bois de Boulogne!

Oak boughs wave to their own leafy shadows on polished table-tops and dancing floors. The soft lantern-light shows the smartest women in the world—and the newest modes!

Names to conjure with are these leafy retreats in the heart of the Bois—Pré-Catalan, Chateau-Madrid, Pavilion d'Armenonville! Mingling with their clientele, keenly observing the modes as they appear are fashion experts from the Butterick headquarters on the Avenue de l'Opéra.

And quick as the modes are born, sketches, cables and radios flash them across to the famous Butterick house in New York.

Besides this authentic style news that comes with every Butterick Pattern you also have an unusual pattern service—the Deltor—which helps you to give your clothes the smartness of a real French frock.

Step by step the Deltor's illustrated directions show you how to make your frock—how to cut your very size pattern and view from your actual width of material—something no other pattern gives you. And how to put it together and finish it with that exquisite perfection of detail which distinguishes Paris models! All this is given only with the Deltor—the service furnished with every Butterick Pattern. Butterick of New York, Paris and London.



Pattern No. 6018



Pattern No. 6026



Pattern No. 6000

The Deltor is the only pattern service which gives you—

1. **Complete cutting layouts with your size pattern and view, from your identical width of goods.**
2. **Complete illustrated directions showing you how to put your frock together.**
3. **Complete illustrated directions for details of finishing and trimming which give your frock the authentic French touch.**



Coat No. 5981
Blouse No. 5903
Skirt No. 5997

Leading Paris vogues exemplified in these frocks: *The coat of the ensemble supplies a separate wrap for other frocks which are smartest if related to it by material or color . . . Plaits give concealed width to a silhouette straight in effect . . . Circular flares, jabots and new neck treatments are important . . . Many suspender skirts and peasant blouses are seen in New York . . . Sleeves show an unusual variety in length and fashioning. and frequently have fullness at the wrist.*

The six models shown on this page were selected by the Butterick staff as interesting examples of new modes.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR



HEART TROUBLE IN CHILDREN

Concluded from page 76

a physician for heart trouble because the little one complains of a pain over his heart. They say the child has been complaining of a sharp, stabbing pain in the left side that comes on while walking or running. Almost without exception this pain is caused solely by indigestion, usually the result of too much pastry, hot breads and candy.

HOW CAN HEART DISEASE BE PREVENTED?

UNFORTUNATELY medical science has not yet discovered a means of absolutely preventing heart disease. But a great deal can be done to alleviate it. Knowing that bad and infected tonsils are frequently the cause of rheumatism and heart disease, they should be removed if they are infected or if the child has recurrent attacks of tonsilitis. For the same reason, bad teeth or a badly infected nose should receive proper attention.

A child with rheumatism should be most carefully studied for the source of infection, as the disease is apt to recur; and with a second attack, heart disease may develop, if it has not already done so with the first. If a mild case of heart disease develops in the course of scarlet fever or rheumatism, with proper care, the heart may become sound during the next year or two. Moreover, if chronic heart trouble does develop, it is possible in the vast majority of cases to prevent the child from becoming a chronic invalid.

All too frequently children come to the physician or the hospital with serious heart trouble. The parents had not suspected the trouble until it had reached a point where little or nothing could be done. Every child should be examined from time to time by a physician, even if the youngster is well, just as mothers have learned to take their babies to the doctor or the clinic regularly to have the little ones weighed and looked over, without waiting until they are sick. If heart trouble is found in this way, the child's life can be adjusted to its strength and measures taken to prevent a strain upon the heart.

Children with heart disease should be under constant medical supervision so that the condition of the heart and its progress can be noted. In many cities, cardiac clinics have been established in connection with hospitals and dispensaries, where special supervision and training is given children with heart trouble, and where not only the heart is watched, but the child's nutrition and growth are carefully followed.

What is most essential in heart disease is to prevent the heart from breaking down for if this once occurs in a child, the outlook for the future is bad. Through proper treatment and living it is often possible to prevent such a breakdown and to enable the child with heart trouble to grow and develop into a normal, useful and happy individual.



BE A GOOD SPORT

Continued from page 15

his opponents, the officials under whom he plays and his game. He would give everything to win, but would not turn his finger for a victory that did not represent honest effort. He seeks no unfair advantage, and he will do nothing to bring discredit upon the game itself.

Sportsmanship is remarkably illustrated in the following verses, written by two seventeen-year-old Chicago boys, Tom Luparello and M. Sisulak, after the basket-ball team on which they were playing lost a championship by the narrowest of margins:

Dear Lord, in the battle that goes on through life,
I ask but a field that is fair,
A chance that is equal with all in the strife,
A courage to strive and to dare:
And if I should win, let it be by the code
With my faith and my honor held high;
And if I should lose, let me stand by the road,
And cheer as the winners go by.

And Lord, may my shouts be ungrudging and clear,
A tribute that comes from the heart,
And let me not cherish a snarl or a sneer
Or play any sniveling part;
Let me say, "There they ride, on whom are laurels bestowed,
Since they played the game better than I."
Let me stand with a smile by the side of the road,
And cheer as the winners go by.

So grant me to conquer, if conquer I can,
By proving my worth in the fray,
But teach me to lose like a regular man,
And not like a craven, I pray;
Let me take off my hat to the warriors who strode
To victory splendid and high,
Yea, teach me to stand by the side of the road,
And cheer as the winners go by.

You may be sure that those boys had given all they had to win, and that defeat was a bitter disappointment to them. You may be sure also that with such a spirit they are not going to have to "cheer as the winners go by" very often. They will be on the winning side in the big game of life.

A good sportsman is a good loser. I do not mean by that a cheerful loser. No red-blooded individual likes to be beaten. If he did, he would be on the losing side most of the time—beaten by somebody who was not so keen on taking the shorter end.

In life, as in sport, we can't all win all the time. There must be defeats and disappointments that will call for all the sportsmanship that one can muster. There will be bad "breaks," good plays gone wrong, injustice, and perhaps unfairness. Sportsmanship enables the individual possessing it to stand reverses, however. It enables him to learn from his defeats. It inspires him to fight all the harder to win. Best of all, if he has to go through life without achieving the material success that he believes he is entitled to, it enables him to have the satisfaction of knowing that he has played the game.

SPORTSMANSHIP is not primitive ethics. Boys and girls seldom inherit it. The customs of vacant-lot play and all sorts of unorganized competitions are usually at variance with it. The first instinct is often to win by whatever means may come to hand. Experience shows that children must be taught sportsmanship. They learn first that it is unprofitable to try to play unfairly, because the umpire will impose a penalty. Later they begin to realize that it is not only unprofitable in the material sense, but that it imposes the heavier penalty of sacrificing self-respect.

When team games are substituted for individual play, the lessons in sportsmanship take the form of showing that the group is more important than the individual, and that to succeed the player must be willing to submerge self-interest in favor of team interest. The most perfect self-realization comes through sinking one's self in the team. The satisfaction of having *served* is the finest satisfaction of all.

In all of my thirty years of coaching, I have always insisted that football's value to the players depends on the degree in which it fulfils certain requirements that have nothing at all to do with the technicalities of the game itself. It must impress the players and spectators alike that it is a means to an end, not an end in itself.

A football game is really two tests—the first is to prove which team is capable of playing the better game at a certain time; the second, and more important, is to prove which has been able to develop the higher degree of sportsmanship in its members and its partisans.

Concluded on page 80



The Smartway long Bandeau on the figure at the right gives the straight bustline and flat-back effect so stressed this season. The DeBevoise Girdle at the left gives slim, graceful lines to the hips, lower diaphragm and thighs. Elastic inserts permit perfect fit in any position.

PARIS *sponsors* the Feminine Mode-DEBEVOISE *gives the* Approved Silhouette

THE mode moves slowly...surely...toward a new and more feminine beauty. Simplicity shows no signs of waning, but it has lost every trace of cold severity. It is a simplicity which is soft, subtle, full of imagination.

As the French would say, the mode of the moment requires *quelque chose nouvelle* in foundation garments. For the ideal silhouette must be slender and straight in repose, yet sway with carefree grace and lissomeness when in movement.

The House of DeBevoise, always closely in touch with the Grand Couturiers of Paris, have anticipated fashion's trend and designed special garments to mould your figure effectively into slim, *jeune fille* lines, at the same time permitting perfect ease and freedom of motion.

The Latest Importations

Whichever way one turns, there are indications galore of the changing mode. There is the circular flare that has crept into the skirts of so many smart models recently. There is the chic bit of fulness at the side...Milady seems to be blown forward on a breeze. At the House of Jenny one sees clinging spiral flounces which wind about the figure. *Chez* Patou there are curious limply falling draperies—and piquant little flounces whisked up jauntily at one side.

No matter what your individual figure requirements, there is a DeBevoise creation—brassiere, bandeau, corsette,* girdle or reducing garment of Secretex*—to give you without constraint or unwelcome pressure the graceful, flowing lines and slim silhouette that Paris sponsors.

DeBevoise foundation garments comprise dozens of timely models in all the fashionable fabrics. Every woman is assured of finding the exact garment for every occasion—from the simplest to the most formal. At the best shops you will find DeBevoise garments identified with a tiny label. The poise and assurance DeBevoise gives to clothes are priceless, yet prices are most moderate.



*Registered trade marks

CHAS. R. DEBEVOISE CO.
NEWARK, N.J.
New York Chicago Boston San Francisco
London: 60 Wilson St., Finsbury Sq., E.C.2

DeBevoise

BRASSIERES - CORSETTES
GIRDLES and REDUCING GARMENTS



Gray Hair?
Don't Have It!

Let me tell you the quick, easy way to get back original color

"Why let gray hair spoil your chances?" is a question I so often want to ask.

It is such an unnecessary handicap, when restoration is so simple and easy. And—it costs nothing to learn how.

I invite everyone with gray hair to send for my free trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of my famous hair color restorer. Test as directed on one lock of hair—learn for yourself that you needn't have gray hair at any age!

A scientific laboratory preparation

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a scientific, reliable preparation which always does the work. It brings back the natural, youthful color of your hair so perfectly that no one will suspect you once were gray.

There is no streaking, artificial dyed look. Just the even natural, exact shade of early youth.

Apply it with a comb

My restorer is very easily applied—you do it yourself, without help. You simply comb it through the hair and watch the gray disappear.

No interference with shampooing—nothing to wash or rub off. My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean and dainty as water. It leaves the hair soft and fluffy—lovely when waved and dressed.

Absolutely free trial—mail coupon

Remember the trial offer is absolutely free—we even prepay postage. Just mail the coupon—you will receive by return mail my special patented free trial outfit with full directions.

Then when you know what Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is and just what it will do, get a full sized bottle from your druggist. If you prefer it, you may order direct from me.

Fill out coupon carefully, stating exactly natural color of hair. If possible enclose a lock with your letter. When the trial outfit comes make the famous "single-lock" test. You will be overjoyed by results.

FREE BOTTLE



Mary T Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

Over 10,000,000 bottles sold

--- Please print your name and address -- --

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
499-F Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is: Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Address.....



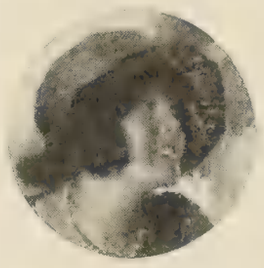
BE A GOOD SPORT

Concluded from page 78

WOMAN suffrage, first recognized in Great Britain and the United States, is a logical development of sportsmanship. A respect and consideration for the right of the female sex was one of the impelling motives for granting it. Men saw that the condition of placing all the power of government in the hands of the men was fundamentally wrong. They realized that a very large percentage of the population was equally affected by the government without any representation in this government. Sportsmanship in affairs of State, sportsmanship in business, sportsmanship in the home!

The whole question of sportsmanship and its bearing on human relations is most admirably summarized by the English publicist, John Galsworthy, who writes:

"Sport, which still keeps the flag of idealism flying, is perhaps the most saving grace in the world at the moment, with its spirit of rules kept, and regard for the adversary, whether the fight is going for or against. When, if ever, the fair-play spirit of sport reigns over international affairs, the cat force which rules there now will slink away and human life will emerge for the first time from the jungle."



HE AND SHE

Concluded from page 12

For when he had reached the store that morning, Mr. Meddy had greeted him mournfully.

"Boy," he had said, "you saw how things are. You've offended her fierce. She's like a wet hen."

"I know. I'll—I'll go away, Mr. Meddy."

"I guess you'll have to, boy. 'Course, I could hold out—" he looked momentarily manly—"but it wouldn't be pleasant."

"No. It wouldn't be pleasant."

Rose, Violet, Violet, Rose—and Minnie. And wasn't Minnie treating him just exactly as Violet treated Mr. Meddy? Or anyhow, wasn't she making him just as miserable? Not only life but women were just the opposite of heaven.

This was what he was thinking as he polished glasses all alone, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Then the door opened, and there she was, both pale and glowing, both near and far.

She said: "Hello!"

"Hello—hello!"

"I'd like a Gum Arabic."

"Honest?"

"Why not?"

"But you'll have to help me make it!"

"Why not?"

Incomprehensible woman!

They worked together as before. And as before the sun surged through the room and the golden world flowed about them. Two casual mites, tossed up by a warm Spring afternoon.

"I'm going away," Elmer announced abruptly.

"Oh, why?"

"Well, I—I can do better for myself."

"You lost your job!"

"No—that is, I——"

"You did. You lost your job! I knew that woman had it in her!"

Elmer looked at her breathlessly.

"Look here," said Elmer. "Do you *care* if I lost my job?"

"Well, I made you lose it, didn't I? Of course I care."

"But do you *care* if I go away?"

She shrugged. "Not many good dancers at the Winter Palace."

But he looked at her, and he continued to look. So that now she drew out the metal case, and rouged the blush that was creeping.

"I'd go to any trouble to dance with a good dancer," she found a further defense.

"Listen," said Elmer. "Do you want me to stay?"

Suddenly voices—sharp, raucous, contentious. The stair door opened and Mrs. Meddy came in, tossing back words to Mr. Meddy, following:

"—about enough of this. I don't care who hears me. I'm sick of the whole business."

"Of me, Violet?"

Violet, Minnie, Minnie, Violet——

Toward Violet, Minnie suddenly swept. "Mr. Meddy," she said, "I'd like to meet your wife."

Her way was so charming that even Mrs. Meddy carried off the moment with something like ease.

And then Elmer heard:

"Mr. Meddy, I want to tell you. That was my fault last night, and I'm *dead* sorry. Elmer and I had only just met in the afternoon and, you see, we—yes. You know how it is."

The metal case was still in her hand. Standing there, so young and brave, Minnie made her confession and rouged her cheeks.

Vast in her henna gown, Mrs. Meddy looked at the girl. She looked in her eyes and met their amazing frankness. She looked over at Elmer, behind the soda grill, but him she disregarded utterly. Mr. Meddy was trying to say something, and him she disregarded, too. For a moment her look was locked with that of the girl. Then slowly Mrs. Meddy went down in the depths of a great bag, drew out a metal case of her own, and over her morning rouge she laid on an afternoon rouge.

"Don't say another word," said Mrs. Meddy. "Don't say another word."

Woman to woman they looked at each other. Woman to woman they admitted that love is to be believed in, whereas once one would have gibed and the other smirked and agonized. Woman before woman they touched on the rouge, though once they would have used it by stealth and then lied about it.

"And," said Minnie, "all the girls are coming in to have some of Elmer's Gum Arabics. And I've told them how he named the grill. You're going to have a frightful run!"

With all her new courage, an ancient astuteness still!

Mr. Meddy burst into the moment, with a masculine assertiveness. Somehow, he seemed to say, he and Elmer must get into this.

"I told you he was a batch o' brains," said Mr. Meddy.

Mrs. Meddy moved toward the door, as if all that there was to do had been done. Mr. Meddy followed his Violet out under the awning.

OVER Elmer swept a delicious agony which quivered to his fingers, mixing that Gum Arabic and concocting it with heaven knew what components. He called it finished, and came slowly round the marble counter. He set before her the foaming glass, without a spoon, and he spoke with all the moment trembling in his words.

"You did that to save me my job——"

She looked up as one who should say: Have I got to spell it?

"Didn't you?" he pressed it.

Some ancient wisdom kept her silent, though she looked so capable of speech.

"You *want* me to stay?" he cried.

Now she met his eyes as honestly as she had met the eyes of Mrs. Meddy, but her lips had lost nothing of the ways of the sphinx.

"You'll have to find that out," she said cryptically.

The store and the sun and the cherries and the sirups flowed round them. And from beyond the threshold, in the awning's shade, a voice sounded:

"—can't help what you say. You've simply got to get you a new suit of clothes."

Over Elmer swept not the tone of that voice, but only the exquisite intimacy of the words.

Rose, Violet, Violet, Rose—and if ever his Rose should tell him that!

"Oh, Rose!" he said. "*Rose!*"

"My name's not Rose," she said with asperity.

"Oh, yes, it is—Minnie," he answered rapturously.

LIFE in Beetleville, on a Spring afternoon, in all the majesty of its immortal trifles.



FRAGRANCE OF LILACS

Continued from page 7

out to with the mind. Beyond was nothing but nothing, and that was infinity.

AND now Selina Sue was afraid. As she balanced on this last and most distant solar system, her slender arms wavering up and down as she maintained her precarious foothold there, she felt how cold and lonely the vast black void was, and she was afraid to leap into it. So near to infinity and so afraid to make this last and most necessary leap! She could feel her fingers beginning to tremble and her limbs growing cold. She could feel a tremendous agony of fear coming toward her.

And then she drew a deep breath and with it came the odor of heavy-scented lilacs, just such lilacs as grew so comfortably beside the veranda at home, and she leaped.

For a moment, or for a billion years, she floated blessedly in infinity, in an ecstasy of calmness and joy. She was lighter than a feather and more joyous than a bird that is breaking its breast with song. Infinity bathed her as she hung in it, and it was soft and gentle and warm and comforting and ecstatic and sweet with the warm odor of full-blown lilacs.

Selina Sue was not afraid, she was glad. With her eyes closed she seemed to be floating on a sea of sweetness that was over her and under her and all around her—a blessed, gentle, sweet-scented darkness that was better than any light or any solidity. And then——

"HOW delicious the lilacs are this evening," said her mother's voice. "I think you had better come in now, Selina Sue. It is getting too chilly for little girls in light dresses."

"Yes, mother," Selina Sue said obediently, and she evened her pantalets and smoothed her dress a little and drew a deep breath of the lilac-scented air and went into the house.

"I was just telling your mother," said the guest in the plum-colored dress, "that my little nephew is coming to us to stay. We hope you may be playmates together."

"Yes, thank you," said Selina Sue, pecking the sides of her wide skirt with her thumbs and forefingers and making a little courtesy. "Good night, all."

"Good night, Selina Sue," said "all," and Selina Sue went up to her bed like a good little girl, and no one knew where she had been, or ever did know, for it was not a thing to be told. Even when Edward came to live with the guest in the plum-colored dress and was her constant playmate, Selina Sue did not tell him of infinity. It was not a thing that could be told.

AND especially not to Edward. He was so entirely boy. He could give so little thought to anything that was not riding, or building something, or a game with running and, later, hunting with some killing in it.

Selina Sue was never quite sure that she understood Edward, especially when he reached the age when he was cultivating a mustache and was a man. He was a handsome fellow, but almost always he took Selina Sue's breath and frightened her for some reason she could not explain to herself. But this, she presently discovered, was not because Edward was Edward, but because he was a man. All men, she came to see, were like that. They liked hunting that had killing in it. She thought she saw that all men were cruel—all men worth anything. Where there were men, some one must suffer in some way, and often cruelly. Especially women. And Selina Sue was afraid, because she knew in her heart that she loved Edward better than she loved anything in the world. That was a thing she could not change—it was a thing nothing could change.

ONE evening she knew Edward would come, and she waited for him on the veranda. She had placed a cushion of braided straw on the top step close by one of the tall pillars, and she thought about what she would say to him. As the sky darkened she sat on the cushion and went over it all again, and was sure she was right.

He came up the walk in his new uniform—like every man he meant to do his part in this war between the States—and his stride was masterful.

"I knew you would be here," he said joyously. "You know what I'm going to say, too, Selina Sue, don't you?"

"Yes, I'm only too afraid I do know," she answered.

"Afraid? Then you don't know, or are pretending you don't, you little darling!" he laughed.

He seated himself close to her and would have put his arm around her, but she refused this gently.

"Selina Sue," he said, taking one of her hands—and she permitted that—"there's no use talking, you know how mighty much I love you. I love you more than a man ever loved a woman, I do believe! And you know it, Selina Sue. I want you to marry me."

"No," Selina Sue said. "No——"

"But 'no' has nothing to do with it," he laughed. "You're off on the wrong track this time, Selina Sue."

"No," she said again, and she was trembling. "And please don't urge me, Edward dear. Please don't make it harder for me. Because it will be no mortal use. I've made up my mind—I'm never going to marry any one. Never. Not any man in this world. I'm——"

"Hurry it out," he said, smiling. "Tell me the joke and get over with it."

"It is not a joke," she said very seriously, putting her hand on his that held her other. "I'm never going to marry. I'm going to be an—old maid. I don't believe you can understand, Edward, but there are some of us who are not meant to marry. It is too terrifying. Just the thought of it, of everything it means, is too frightening for us to bear."

It was evident he did not at all understand what she meant. He looked at her doubtfully, quizzically.

"I am afraid I can't make you understand, Edward," she said, smoothing the back of his hand with her fingers. "I'm afraid of you. I'm afraid of love—of the kind of love you want. I'm afraid of surrendering myself ——"

She knew he was not understanding in the least. She looked down at his hand and tried to think of some way to say what she meant. If he could only understand the cold fear she had felt when she had stood on the outermost universe and dreaded to make the final leap into the unknown— But that was something she could not explain. He would live his life thinking her refusal was something else. Well, he must think it then.

But Edward, in spite of her efforts, put his arm around her.

"Don't," she exclaimed, trying to push him away. "I tell you not to! Edward——"

He laughed and tightened his arm. She drew her head backward, away from him, and closed her eyes and screwed her face into a twisted sign of her distaste, but in spite of all this he kissed her again and again. She went cold with fear, and trembled, and then from the bushes by the veranda the sweet warm odor of lilacs swept over her and she saw herself again standing on that outermost universe and felt again the fear of leaping and the joy of the moments that had followed.

"I'm not afraid! I'm not afraid!" she told herself as the lilac fragrance comforted her, and she leaned toward him and kissed him, and she was not afraid.

AS LIVES go, Selina Sue's life was a happy one, and she was an old lady before she knew she had taken to her bed for the last time. This was but a few weeks ago. There was not very much of her as she lay in her bed. Her hair was scant and white and she wore a nightcap. The nightcap had a tiny frill of the softest old lace, and tied beneath her chin with ample strings, and it was made of the softest of old linen that had seen many years of use, because as she grew old Selina Sue could bear nothing rough against her skin—not even anything as rough as new silk.

"For mother did develop some peculiarities as she grew old," her daughter said, after the end had come. "She was always dear and patient and gentle, but some of the things she did we could not begin to understand."

"The flowers, for instance," said Selina Sue's other daughter.

Concluded on page 82





GUESTS arriving at a supper dance, given for a New York debutante, at New York's most fashionable restaurant on Park Avenue.

Investigation shows that among New York's one hundred and sixty debutantes of the season, Woodbury's Facial Soap is more than three times as popular as any other soap.

One Hundred and Two *New York* and *Boston* Debutantes *tell why they use Woodbury's*

IN the social registers of the big New York newspapers one hundred and sixty debutantes were listed this season—a list unusually large, for the number of young girls presented in a season to what is authentically known as "society" in New York rarely mounts to more than a hundred. In Boston the list came to ninety-eight.

We wanted to know how these young society girls take care of their skin. What toilet soap do they use? Why do they choose it? And what are the qualities in a soap that especially appeal to them?

224 girls answer the questions

To learn the answers to these questions we submitted them to each of the 258 girls. All but 34 replied to our inquiries.

The results were extremely interesting.

Twenty-three different brands of soap were used; but whereas 122 girls scattered their choice over 22 different kinds of soap—an average of a different soap to every 5 girls—the remaining 102 girls all used Woodbury's.

Among the New York debutantes Woodbury's was more than three times as popular as any other soap. Among the Boston debutantes Woodbury's was nearly five times as popular as any other soap.

Forty-three girls said they used Woodbury's to overcome definite skin defects such as enlarged pores, blackheads, excessive oiliness, etc.

Seventy-six girls gave the purity of Woodbury's as their reason for using it, or its beneficial effect on the skin in general cleansing. Two girls used it because it had been recommended by their physicians.

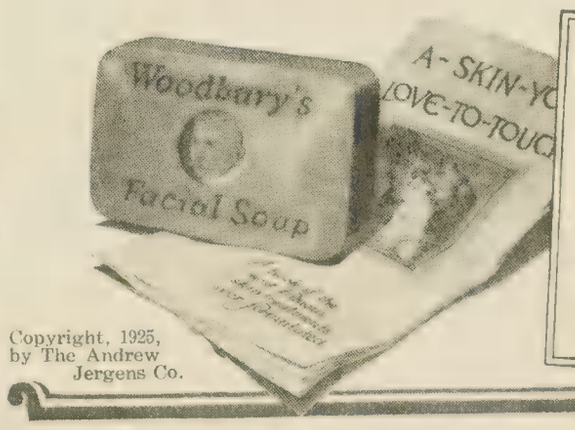
Two points are noticeably brought out by the investigation: one is the constantly recurring testimony to the purity and fineness of Woodbury's Facial Soap. The other is the efficacy of the special Woodbury treatments for overcoming common skin troubles.

Why Woodbury's is unique in its effect on the skin

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped the booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," containing special treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin *your* treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Free! A guest-size set of three Woodbury skin preparations, with new large-size *trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap*



The Andrew Jergens Co.
1905 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me FREE
The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch.*"
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1905 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.
English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.
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Treo Fashions are all made of surgical elastic webbing—"light weight web," "Treotex web," and "French style of hand-knitted surgical web," combined with various brocade materials which encourage reducing and give the gracefully restricted figure with fashionable freedom.

TREO FASHIONS *for* 1925

Charming Treo fashions—original creations embodying a diversified character of construction superbly suited to the season's styles and to the needs of fashion requirements encouraging grace with comfort.

A variety of styles carried by Corset Departments and Specialty Shops

TREO GIRDLE

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Canada: Eisman & Co., 24 Spadina Avenue, Toronto *Cuba:* Havana, Aguiar 105



FRAGRANCE OF LILACS

Concluded from page 81

"Yes, the flowers. All that week, when we never knew whether she would live, she had the flowers on her mind every moment. Every one sent her flowers, of course, but she would not have them in the room. She begged us to take them away."

"And you remember how she asked about the lilacs?"

"Yes, that was another strange thing. The very day she was taken ill, she asked me to get her a big bunch of lilacs, and I did, of course, but when I brought them she put out her hand and said, 'Not now! Not yet! Take them away!' So, of course, I did. 'But, mother,' I said, 'you asked for them.' And she said, 'Yes, but not yet.' "

"And she simply would not have those lilacs in the room!"

"No. Every day—oh, ten times a day—she asked if we had the lilacs and we offered to bring them to her, and she would say, 'Not now!' "

"I never knew anything quite so strange."

"She was a little out of her mind, of course, poor dear. We'll never quite understand what she was thinking of, because it was probably only some hallucination—or so the doctor thought. But you remember that last——?"

"Yes, the last——"

"—how she raised her head and said, 'The lilacs! Now, please, the lilacs!' and, when we brought them, she drew a deep breath——"

"Yes."



BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS FOR YOUR HOME

Continued from page 20

color in late April or early May. On the porch side of the house, one may make a garden border. If you stay at home all Summer, plant larkspur, campanula, Shirley poppies and all the bulbs the border will hold. Against the background of the Japanese quince, narcissus poeticus and purple crocus are especially lovely. These may be naturalized, that is planted in the grass, and will come up year after year with no care whatever.

If you do not wish to disturb the "parked" symmetry of your street even by so friendly a garden-defense as a flowering hedge, you may still add beauty to your little dooryard by planting a single shrub or tree. A magnolia (*stellata*, *soulangeana* or *conspicua*) makes a delightful break in the monotony of the block. A hawthorn, a flowering apple, a Japanese cherry, a flowering dogwood, a syringa or a lilac bush—any one of these adds charm and interest. Your flowering tree should not be planted in the center of the plot, but at the side, or against the house corner, in order that the foliage may frame your porch and, in this way, give it a feeling of seclusion.

Blossoming trees, the kind that gardeners call "secondary growth," are peculiarly adapted to suburban gardening. They are more effective and more decorative than the low-growing shrubs, and if set close to the fence or boundary they take up very little ground space. Bulbs, iris and many flowering plants may be grown beneath them with charming effect. Also, without being an actual barrier, they give quite a bit of seclusion, because the heaviest foliage, instead of being two or three feet from the ground, is high enough to cut off the neighbor's view of your porch.

HOW delightfully radiant a little place would seem in March if the little grass plot underneath the magnolia were thickly starred with golden crocuses. Later on, by the other corner of the veranda, a lilac might bloom with golden daffodils or poet's narcissi for company. Then would come climbing roses, grown on a wide-meshed slender lattice with wide, window-like openings. What a joy it would be to have tea or breakfast on the porch with the roses for company.

Such a planting, once done, requires very little further care. Every year the magnolia would bloom more radiantly than ever, and every year the little crocuses would come up to bear it company. A permanent planting is a permanent joy.

In the two plans given this month the plots are the same size, but they are planned by people very differently circumstanced. One housewife-gardener has plenty of time to work in her garden, while the other, alas, has little or none at all.

The one with little time contents herself with planting low-growing trees close to the border fence, chosen so as to give a succession of bloom. Clematis and bittersweet climb over the fence, wild grape and trumpet creeper wind over the arbor at the end of the yard. Here also are a half-dozen New England asters. Under the trees are planted iris and poet's narcissi, while daffodils and crocus are naturalized in the grass. There are no flower-beds to weed in this yard, and the effect, especially in Spring, is very lovely. In Summer a trumpet creeper makes the arbor gay, and nasturtiums grown in tubs add color to the edge of the bricked terrace. Climbing roses, planted against the house on the south and west sides, cover the kitchen porch and make a bower of the porch.

In the small beds in front of the porch are planted pink Dorothy Perkins roses, a clematis vine and a lavender wisteria at the corner. On each side of the porch is a plant of arbor vitæ, andromeda and mahonia, with iris and daffodils between.

Sometimes the owner of the small yard has another problem to face—that of a difference in level. That is, the ground space extends some eight feet from the steps, then drops three feet perhaps, to the level of the sidewalk, five or six feet beyond. Often this little sloping space is grassed over, a treatment which might have been used here. But this woman, since she was indulging so slightly in gardening, decided to have here a little terrace with a low balustrade at the edge of the slope, and inside a flower-bed, a little walk running the length of it with a seat at each end. In the bed are Ghent azaleas, their brilliant orange and lavender contrasting gorgeously in May, and on the balustrade are Wichurian roses and evonymus radicans vegeta, which holds its crimson berries all Winter and thus makes an all-season decoration.

THE housewife who owns the second plot is limited as to funds and space, but she has the time to work in her garden, which she has adapted to the particular needs of her household. The little kitchen-garden yields a noble supply of vegetables. The garden path on a line with her kitchen door, with the vista down it from the kitchen, is most pleasant. The small summer-house is a rough affair, it is true, but covered with Japanese morning-glories in lavender and deep blue it is a very attractive spot. Later the housewife intends to plant the syringa and climbing roses as indicated on the plan.

The little summer-house is more than a mere decoration. It is screened and so makes a splendid place for the baby's nap. Here dad may sit and smoke in peace and solitude. Here, also, the children often have their early supper, or a tea-party with a few small friends.

The drying-yard, too, has various uses. It is screened by a grape trellis and a lattice on the garden side. There is provision for the drying of clothes, a sand-box and a swing for the little folks, and there might even be a slide to afford them further pleasure. The glimpse of the garden through the doorway makes this a pleasant place.

Against the lattice on the garden side, squash are thriftily grown. A few clumps of blue corn-flowers are planted to contrast with the gorgeous yellow flowers of this useful vegetable.

The first arch, made of foot-wide poultry-wire supported by stout posts, is covered with roses, the second supports a Japanese cucumber, which yields a crop good for salad and pickles as well as decoration.

In the long bed at the side chiefly annuals are planted, the decorative grass in the corner, zea gigantea, tobacco plant, which is very stately and effective, browallia, clarkia and old-fashioned calliopsis, annual lupins, the delicate and lovely schizanthus, gypsophila and scabiosa. And why on earth do such charming flowers have such forbidding names? Mignonette and lemon verbena add fragrance. The cost of this border, which will bloom until late frost, is very moderate, about one dollar and twenty-five cents for seed packets, thus averaging about ten cents each.

Along the edge as a border are strawberry plants, and on the little summer-house are ipomea rubro-cœrulea, which has flowers of a very lovely blue, and canary-bird vine. Other climbers could be planted here—dolichos, gourds, scarlet-runner or tall nasturtiums.

The planting about the house is as follows: on the north side: English ivy, larkspur, Turkscap lily, beebalm (monarda), platycodon, Florentine iris, astilbe japonica, forget-me-not, lily-of-the-valley. Crocuses are used as edging and a honeysuckle marks the corner.

On the same side as the front of the house: lilac, pink rugosa rosa, spirea Van Houttei, pink rugosa rosa, white rugosa rosa, pale pink and white zinnias. Dwarf phlox is used as an edging, and a climbing rose is set against the side of the house. On the south side: by the porch steps are two arbor vitæ, with a lilac bush at the corner, a wisteria and a climbing yellow rose. The gold-medal hybrid larkspur has been planted so as to look into the living-room windows, with snapdragons in front of it.

The straight path down to the foot of the yard has annual lupin and calendula on one side and corn-flowers on the other. Past the arch the row of tomatoes on stakes is bordered with sweet alyssum.

The shrubs give color from March, when the magnolia blooms, through to the Winter when the scarlet pips remain on the rugosa roses. The suggested planting about the house is permanent, and except for the few interspersed annuals will bloom year after year.



OUT OF NOTHING—AND ROSES

Continued from page 6

the requisite symbol of such choice, await the arrival of their affinities! Having once found and segregated your affinity by reason of this simple yet conclusive test, you will then conduct——"

"Oh, pshaw!" protested a bantering voice. "What's breakfast got to do with affinities? 'Breakfast and let breakfast' — that's my motto!"

"Personally," drawled another, "I believe in twin breakfasts."

"And having once found said affinity," proceeded Hastings quite relentlessly, "you will then conduct her at once to the sun-porch where, from the various objects and articles displayed there for your selection (and with of course such minor mutual concessions as must inevitably be made), each two will then and there proceed to build their House o' Dreams. One hour and a half will be allowed for the perfection of this task. At the end of which time the New York architects who are over at the Country Club working out the plans for the new boathouse will appear, and utterly unprejudiced by acquaintance with any of you adjudge the prize."

"Hear! Hear!" roared a chorus of hilarious voices.

"The prize," proceeded Hastings without a flicker of expression, "being the two round-trip tickets to Buenos Aires—which I have just decided not to use!"

"What? *What?*" shouted the delighted but incredulous crowd. "Two round-trip tickets to Buenos Aires?" In a roar of laughter the audacious information passed from mouth to mouth.

"Well of—all the cheeky things—yet," chuckled the man at Valney's side. "Whoever in the world would have guessed that Hastings had it in him?"

"He—hasn't," murmured a dry voice just beyond.

Mounting suddenly to a chair Hastings loomed high and dominant over all. Even yet Valney could hardly credit the metamorphosis—Hastings the austere, the taciturn, the terrifying, romping impudently like a boy.

"These South American tickets, you understand," persisted Hastings stentoriously, "do not—necessarily—have to be used by the couple winning them, but may, by mutual consent," he added with a faint twist of his grim thin-lipped mouth, "be raffled off at a hospital fair—or even be presented to your worthy pastor and his wife. Nevertheless," he raised his voice suddenly, "nevertheless, if anybody's real home should get broken up by this night's madness—or even warped slightly at its underpinnings—don't for Heaven's sake blame *me* for it! It's Helen's idea—entirely!"

Catching the eye of a stout young man near him, the question in Valney's mind slipped inadvertently from his lips.

"Who is Helen?" he asked.

With a haughtiness altogether disconcerting, the stout young man put on his glasses to stare at the interrogator.

"Why, Mrs. Hastings—naturally," he answered in a voice like ice. ("Who the devil are you?" he might just as plainly have said.)

"When I count three," lifted Hastings's dominating voice, "I advise you all to make your selection. *One—two——*"

With a sudden shout the crowd rushed the table.

Even in that irresistible momentum it seemed to Valney that the stout young man crowded him, jostled him, trampled him even just a little bit more than was absolutely necessary. Neck to neck—shoulder to shoulder—jostle to jostle, he found himself fighting suddenly to keep place beside him.

Certainly no one could have denied that the stout young man was a young man of indomitable purpose. Swerving neither to right nor left he dove like a steam-roller through the crowd, forced his way to the first line of hands reaching, snatching, grabbing for the bright treasure, lifted his own voice and hand high over all and, as arrogantly and assuredly as he might have given the order in a restaurant, called out, "Pompano and cream sauce for me!" and dipping his finger like a greedy child into the bright jumble lifted the little fish, his choosen trophy, triumphantly into view.

With a totally unprecedented impulse Valney leaped into the air and snatched it from him, scuffled a brief instant for its possession, and amid a dozen other wild scuffles forged his way to the very threshold of the drawing-room only to discover that in the mêlée the gay little pompano on its wave of cream sauce had been stripped utterly from its setting, leaving merely an empty plate—only too symbolical, he decided, of the empty and partnerless evening now awaiting him.

All around him, old friends and new friends, husbands, wives, playmates, flirt-mates—all crowded and jostled and jollied together. In audacious bravados and extravagant badinage the affinities sought and found each other. Rollicking compliments, rollicking taunts, rollicking familiarities bespeaking a life he had never lived, a language he had never spoken, a laughter he had never laughed, flared up at him on every turn, lashing him back—back—back just a little bit further into his sense of isolation and inexperience.

An open door to the piazza tempted him suddenly to escape. Even Hastings, he reasoned, would hardly miss him.

BUT even as he reasoned he heard the stout young man's voice almost at his elbow, he caught a glimpse of the stout young man's head and shoulders.

"So the chap put up quite a scrap," confided the stout young man chucklingly to his companion. "But of course I got the best of it!" Significantly as he boasted he pointed to the lapel of his coat where, pallidly impaled on a pearl scarf-pin, the exotic pompano stripped utterly of its silvery setting and all its fairy garnishing loomed stark and stiff against its new and billowing blue-serge wave. "You see," explained the stout man in a somewhat hectic whisper, "I had a rather special reason for selecting that particular breakfast dish. Some one else—that is—

Continued on page 84

How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

Try this quick, simple method which thousands, WHO MAKE BEAUTY A STUDY, now use.

See the difference it makes in the appearance of YOUR HAIR.

Note how it gives new life and lustre; how it brings out all the wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.



THE attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the loveliness of their hair.

The hair is a frame or setting upon which the most beautiful, as well as the plainest woman, must depend.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and thousands of discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



Fashion's Law:

"Let but a single French fragrance breathe its alluring *parfum* through each *nécessité de la toilette.*"
—Kerkoff, Paris.

Monsieur Kerkoff's
DJER-KISS
Aids to Charm

PARFUM
TALC
FACE POWDER
VEGETALE
TOILET WATER
LIP ROUGE
BRILLIANTINE
CREAMS
ROUGE
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SOAP

The Flower Carnival at Cannes
—an annual festival



Now!

Rouge and *loose* Powder
in one exquisite Vanity Case!

NOW those shops that carry, always, the newest aids to beauty and fashion are showing a novel double vanity—for both your rouge and your *loose* face powder.

Within its light and charmingly dainty case it combines these quite-unusual advantages:

A compartment for loose face powder, with ingenious "powder pockets" that release *just enough* powder on the puff each time you open the case.

A compact of Djer-Kiss Rouge.

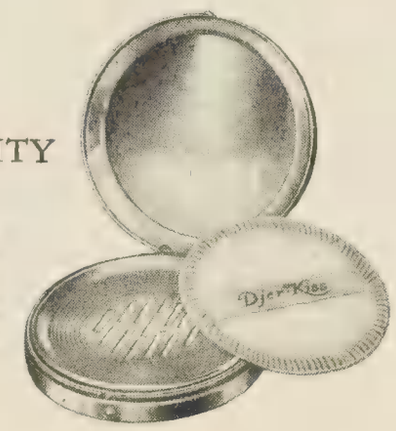
And a double-faced mirror! On one side a detail mirror reflects, in close-up, any *part* of the face. On the other side a reducing mirror reflects your *entire* face at a glance, so that you may view the general effect achieved.

This new Djer-Kiss Rouge and Loose Powder Vanity is exquisitely fashioned of nickel silver—its cover, artistically embossed. Each vanity comes in its own silken-lined box.

Djer-Kiss
ROUGE-&-LOOSE-POWDER VANITY

Djer-Kiss
LOOSE POWDER VANITY
(for loose powder alone)

Observe, if you please, the unique "powder pockets" (an exclusive feature of Djer-Kiss loose powder vanities). Each time you open the case, these pockets release *just enough* powder on your puff. No excess powder can come through to muss your bag.



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OUT OF NOTHING—AND ROSES

Continued from page 83

well, you see it had been sort of arranged and——"

"But who in the world was the upstart who questioned it?" asked his companion. "Any one in this bunch who doesn't know that much doesn't know anything! Why you and——"

"Hush!" warned the stout young man.

"Well, at least," decided Valney quite suddenly, "I must know enough to 'make my manners' before I do get out!"

Vaguely reminiscent of his first childish parties, he felt the goose-flesh rise along his spine. Where in the world was his host? Where was his hostess? How should he find them? What in the world should he say to them when he did find them? "Thank you very much, but it doesn't look to me like a very good time, so I've decided to beat it." Hastings's icy stare. His hostess's cool surprise!

"Where in the world will I find Mrs. Hastings?" he turned and cried out quite desperately to a big blonde girl racing madly by him.

" 'Mrs. Hastings?—Mrs. Hastings?' " questioned the big blonde girl rather vaguely across her hurrying shoulder. "Oh, yes! Why of course! Mrs. Hastings! Over there by those palms! See? Helen! Helen!" she called.

Fighting his way as best he could through shoving shoulders and scurrying feet he headed for the shadowy clump of palms that screened the entrance to the hallway.

"I shall tell her that I've got a headache," he decided, "I shall tell her that—that I've just had a telegram," he grimaced. "That I have a sudden hunch that my house is on fire. That my dog is sick. Whatever I say of course she won't believe! Ghastly! But I shall see her and at least know just how—just why—Hastings——"

OUT of the veiling shadow of the palms a slender dark-haired wisp of a girl lifted a startled face suddenly from the great bunch of roses in her hand and stared at him. In another instant, demure as a schoolgirl's, but conscientiously hospitable, her slender fingers proffered to his.

"Oh!" she said. "How do you do? I'm Helen!"

"What?" gasped Valney. "*What?*" Oh, the incredible demureness of her! Her sudden and almost equally incredible shift from demureness to this frankly startling informality! Helen! "Oh, why yes, of course—I might have known!" he rallied himself almost instantly. "I—I—I'm Valney! Mr. Hastings is my chief at the office, you know."

"Oh, yes," said the girl, "I've heard all about you. That is——"

With a very ingratiating little frown which Valney adjudged quite mercilessly to be the gesture which most appealed to her pose of demureness at the moment, she stepped forward to scan his face. Even yet her own face was half hidden in the great bunch of roses that she held clutched in her hand. Above the petaled edge of the flowers her eyes showed vaguely twinkling.

"That is," she confided, "your chief—isn't a particularly enthusiastic talker—as perhaps you've noticed—but he *did* say that you were very—very *faithful*, I think was the word he used."

"Thanks—thanks awfully," squirmed Valney. "Very kind I'm sure and—and totally undeserved. But—but—" Helplessly he turned to the palms, to the seething crowd all around him, to the lights, to the music. "It's—it's an awfully nice party, of course," he essayed with sudden vivacity. "But I find I must be going! Some unexpected news from home—a—a——"

" 'Going?' " said the girl. "Going? Now?"

The unmistakable confession of disappointment in her voice stiffened Valney's spine even while it left his neck apparently flexible to swing around so that his eyes might probe to their own satisfaction the detailed process of such fast compounding coquetry.

But instead of the girl's bright eyes that focused his startled glance it was the little silver-paper plate dangling as stripped and empty as his own against the single frilly ruffle of her otherwise plain and almost prim little white dress.

Under suddenly lowered lashes the girl's glance followed his. A little flush quickened in her cheeks.

As definitely as one who saw his last possible door of escape blocked, Valney heard the bolt slipped.

"O-h!" said the girl. "You drew an empty plate, too, did you? So then *you're* my affinity!"

"Why—how—jolly!" stammered Valney. "This *is* a surprise!"

"Surely you won't consider going home—now?" challenged the girl. Her eyes were faintly narrowed.

"No, of course not!" insisted Valney. "Wild horses couldn't drag——"

WITH a little light hand on his arm he found himself suddenly swept along willy-nilly toward the sun-porch.

"Merciful Heavens!" he thought. "Is *this* the way it happened to Hastings? A mere fluke? A misunderstanding?"

As though quite conscious of his thoughts, the touch on his arm flickered a little.

He started to speak.

Behind him, instead, a great roar of jollity from a new influx of roisterers overwhelmed all speech and he found himself and his companion bumped down together upon the very threshold of the sun-porch—struggling for foothold—clinging to each other—fending as madly as any one there to hold even for one brief moment the ferny niche behind the electric fountain.

"House o' Dreams!—House o' Dreams!—House o' Dreams!" rang like a veritable war-cry all around them.

"Gad!" said Valney.

Once again he felt the little flicker on his arm.

"Don't—don't you think it's funny—at all?" demanded his companion.

"Funny?" gasped Valney.

The gasp was not so much one of protest as of astonishment at the new sight that met his eyes.

Piled a foot high, as though a toy-shop had been looted of all its bright plunder, the long porch table fairly groaned under its chaotic burden! Even Valney, grown man that he was, quickened to the color and glitter of it—the absurd Lilliputian perfections! A mimic world in absolute detail: Mimic trees! Mimic stone walls! White picket fences! Roofs! Ramparts! Railroad tracks!—Chunky gray boulders for medieval castles! Smug red bricks for city mansions! Logs for cabins! Hulls for house-boats! Potted plants! Rustic arbors! Ivory-tinted bedroom sets in absolute perfection of Parisian craftsmanship! Doughty Dutch tables and sideboards! Miniature bookcases! Pianos! Tin kitchens! Every conceivable doll-house toy of childhood, italicized suddenly by sheer grown-up impudence into absurd, not to say embarrassing, significances.

Already in gay married-life gibes the badinage had taken a distinctly more literal turn.

"Now at last, Eloise, I'm going to have just the sort of smoking-room that I've always wanted. Alice says I can!"

"Hang it all, I really believe that there *is* something after all in this liking-the-same-sort-of-breakfast business! Look at the yacht that Channing and I are going to build—and poor Henry, you know, can't even taste water without making a face!"

"Now at last, Roland, old thing——"

"Maybe *now*, Jessie, you'll be sorry about that dog kennel you've balked so long! Elizabeth loves dogs!"

LOADED with their bright plunder the big blonde girl and her partner—mated by a mutual passion for creamed sweetbreads and mushrooms — went scurrying by to commandeer the top of the grand piano for the musical salon which both swore was heretofore the one thwarted dream of their lives! A score of others, breathless, flushed, but otherwise undauntable, stampeded for the pantry in the mad June-night hope of turning the ice-chest into an Arctic igloo! Already the broad front staircase framed the outline of a terraced vineyard! In the cavernous blackness of the fireplace a rollicking man and girl aided by moleskin pelts and tiny Indian potteries were staging some sort of cave-man stuff!

Once again Valney took a glance at his companion. "Funny?" Just exactly how

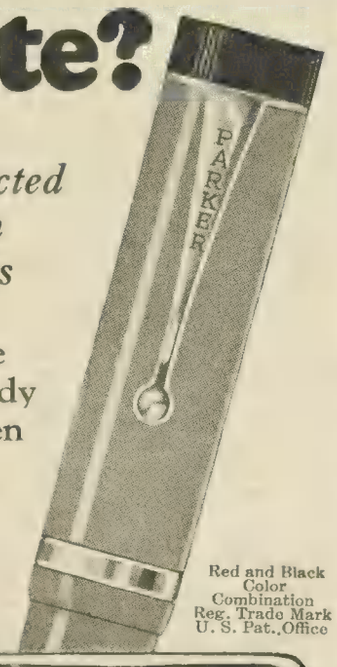
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Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

Why Doesn't He Write?

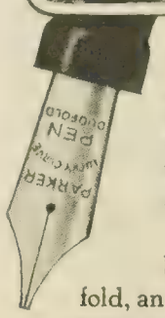
The Neglected Woman Wonders

Now She Can Remedy His Broken Promises



Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office





BUSIED by other matters, the absent one forgets, and when he remembers no pen and ink may be at hand.

But let her give him this black-tipped lacquer-red Duofold, and its thoughtful color will ever flash his eye the very reminder that he needs. And Pen and ink will ever be in his pocket — right within reach — a pen whose balanced, full-handed grip and super-smooth point are after a man's own heart.

A point we guarantee, if not mistreated, for 25 years' wear. An Over-size barrel that holds a big supply of ink. A color that makes the Duofold a handsome pen to own — a hard pen for him to mislay.

And for the woman herself, the slender Lady Duofold at only $5 has the same 25-year point, the same Chinese lacquer-red color with smart black tips for costume wear or for desk adornment.

No other pen has these creations — the Duofold Point, the Ink-Tight Duo-Sleeve Cap, and the Press-Button Filler concealed inside the barrel — out of sight — out of harm's way.

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Duofold Pencils to match; Lady or Over-size Jr., $3.50; "Big Bro." Over-size, $4
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Parker Duofold LUCKY CURVE OVER-SIZE **$7**
With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5 — Same except for size
Lady Duofold $5 — With ring for chatelaine



OUT OF NOTHING— AND ROSES

Continued from page 84

funny, he wondered, was it likely to prove—this building a House o' Dreams with his chief's young wife? To put the game through at all it would have to be put through in a really sporting manner. But just how "sporting" was it wise to be? Or not to be, either, for that matter? To play the game dully but circumspectly—and be reported only as "dull" to the man he wanted so much to please? Or to play the game amusingly, even just a bit cheekily perhaps, and be reported only as "cheeky?" What in the world would Hastings want? What would he expect?

Out in the far hallway somewhere he heard Hastings's voice, arrogant, impatient, just a bit raspish.

"Helen! Helen! Where's Helen? She's got the wrong partner! MacCrombers her partner! What is the——"

Valney heard the girl beside him give a funny little gasp.

"Is that true?" he ducked his head to ask.

"Yes," nodded the girl. She stood so near him when she nodded that her forehead made a faint little thump against his breast.

Bewilderment upon bewilderment jumbled themselves together in his brain.

"MacCromber?—MacCromber?" he rallied with sudden enlightenment. "Oh, was *that* the very stout young man with the very thin manner who was so cocksure about his partner—as well as about his darned old pompano?" The most utterly unprecedented sense of triumph and satisfaction flamed up suddenly like a match-spurt in the dry tinder of his mind. "Oh, ho!" he said. "So that was it, was it?"

In an unexpected push and surge of the immediate crowd that encompassed them his companion's lips grazed his ear.

"But you were the one that I wanted!" she whispered.

"W-what?" stammered Valney. "What?"

The sober-mouthed mask of demureness (if it was a mask), the twinkling-eyed mask of audacity (if it was a mask), slipped utterly from her face to be replaced all in an instant by a blush-pink mask of the most confounding frankness.

"I saw your scuffle with Mr. MacCromber," she confessed quite brazenly. "Saw how it came out—he with the pompano and you with the empty plate! So I just stripped the pompano from my own plate. And took a chance!"

"A chance of what?" gasped Valney.

"A chance of your finding me—before he did!" said the girl.

"W-what?" gasped Valney. "What?"

HE BENT down suddenly and tried to see her eyes. A little shiver struck across his shoulders. He gave an odd light laugh.

"Oh, very well," he said quite abruptly, "if that's really the case—let's beat it!"

In another instant he had waved her to the open window just behind them, had sensed rather than sighted her swift flight over the sill, and had jumped out into the darkness after her.

As though he landed on a scented pillow, his feet thudded softly into a whorl of violets.

A faint whistle sounded beyond.

With an airy persiflage he was very far from feeling he stopped only to blow a kiss toward the blazing windows behind him. "Good-by, South America!" he murmured, and plunged off across the dark lawn toward the whistle. His own heart thumped like drumsticks as he ran. The stars shrilled through his senses like the stab of fife notes.

Beyond the high hedge, across the velvety bowling green, around the concrete wall that guarded the orchard, scarcely a stone's throw from the house, but as hidden from it as though swallowed up in real distance, he found his companion waiting—a little white swirl of skirts on the shadowed grass.

Breathlessly he dropped down on the greensward beside her, sensed the dark sweep of pine branches over his head, the sweet June

Continued on page 86

The Famous Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving

Makes Straightest Hair Naturally Curly

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL IN YOUR HOME



Send for our FREE interesting booklet TODAY



After Your Shampoo-FORMERLY



After Your Shampoo-NOW

A Few Pleasant Hours Bring Thrilling Results

SUPPOSE you *try* the LANOIL Process in your hair. With our well-known arrangement for its free trial, *you* can lose nothing, while on the other hand, success (and the *usual* result IS charming success), means freedom to you forever from slavery to nightly crimpers and hot curling irons. It means a head of lovely hair that *of itself* forms waves and curls and teasing little ringlets. It means that for the first time in your life you will be able to work or dance in warm rooms, walk in the misty night air, bathe at shore or mountain-side, and *all the time*, enjoy that delightful sense of confidence and pride in your hair, so familiar in women born with natural waviness.

It Is Simple and Safe

The dainty apparatus illustrated above is fun to operate. Send for it, and see for yourself! The pleasant treatment it imparts in your own home is the same famous LANOIL Process practised at the great Nestle Establishments in New York. The procedure is fascinating—yet simple. Easy, illustrated directions go with each set. Hair that is "straight as a poker" is transformed quickly, and with absolute safety, into attractive and healthy waves and curls that resist shampooing, salt-water bathing, fog, perspiration or rain, just like naturally wavy hair. And the cost is only $15.

Free Trial Supplies in Each Outfit

Send for a LANOIL Outfit, and see these results for yourself. We give you free supplies, and thirty days to test it on your hair, and we take all responsibility for your success.

If you want further explanations about the Nestle LANOIL Process, write for our free booklet and testimonial photographs. But on the other hand, you may have the Home Outfit itself immediately *on our 30 days' trial basis* with all literature included. Enclose with your letter or the coupon below a money order, check, or bank draft, for $15, or, if preferable, pay the postman, when the Outfit arrives.

Should you decide within 30 days that your waves do not meet with your expectations, you need only return the Outfit. The entire $15 will be refunded immediately, without a cent deduction for postage, trial supplies, or use of the Outfit.

Nestle's have been established in permanent waving in New York and London since 1905, and have been selling the little Home Outfit in this way since 1922. Many thousands of women, and girls, and even children of twelve and thereabouts have written us gratefully about it. Some enclose photographs showing their exquisite results. Send today for this wonderful Home Outfit. It will last a lifetime, and can be used on as many heads as you desire.

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Please send me the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of $15.

☐ I enclose $15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.

☐ I enclose *no* money. Please send C. O. D.

OR, check HERE ☐ only free booklet of further particulars is desired. If your hair is white or *very* ash blond, mention it here

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Unlock the hidden beauty in *your* skin



French authority once said, "There are no ugly women—there are only those who do not know how to look beautiful."

The most important element in the beauty of the face is the condition of the skin, and every woman has complexion possibilities only waiting to be released by proper care.



The daily use of Resinol Soap gives just this care because it helps the skin to maintain its normal activity—the basis of all skin beauty. Made of the purest and gentlest cleansing ingredients *to which has been added the Resinol properties,* it easily rids the pores of clogging impurities, permitting them to breathe and resist germ infection.

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For special irritations, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This healing ointment has also been used successfully for years for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

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Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

Name.....

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OUT OF NOTHING—AND ROSES

Continued from page 85

smell of crushed grass, stirring through earth and air and sky—of twig, bud, blade, leaf, wing, fur, flesh itself, waking to Summer!

"Oh, by Jove!" he blurted out impetuously. "It's too bad about MacCrombe r of course—but——"

"MacCrombe r!" scoffed the girl.

With a gesture that seemed to dismiss not only MacCrombe r himself but even the thought of MacCrombe r from the scene, she lifted her eyes for an instant toward the vague sky, and turned again with a sharp, rapturous intentness to cock her head toward the faint, trickling purl and ripple of water guzzling through leaves.

"Don't—don't tell me there's a brook—too?" stammered Valney.

The girl caught her breath.

"There is everything," she said. "And a full moon!" Impulsively she raised herself to her knees, stretched out her arms in a single decisive gesture. "This," she said, "is where I shall build my House o' Dreams!"

"You mean *our* House o' Dreams, don't you?" ventured Valney quite brazenly.

"Our House o' Dreams," corrected his companion without the slightest trace of self-consciousness.

WITH a half-muffled sigh like the sigh of a person who has just sighted home after a very long journey she sank back again, a little white blur on the grass.

All along the edge of his spine Valney felt the goose-flesh rise again.

"Oh, but you're quite sure it will be all right, are you?" he insisted. "Coming way off here like this, I mean? Sort of dodging the rest of the crowd? Mr. Hastings won't mind, you think?"

Even through the half-darkness he could sense the vague astonishment in his companion's eyes.

"I will manage Mr. Hastings," she said coldly.

"I can well believe it," murmured Valney.

With such nonchalance as he could best summon, he resigned himself then and there to fate. Well—the game had certainly set its own pace, he was forced to admit. Hiding from his host? And hidden with his hostess? With these questions puckering his lips so wryly that he could hardly force a smile through them, he turned to his companion.

"Well," she demanded of him instantly, "what did you bring us?" The demand was quite as matter-of-fact as if he had been the butcher.

"Oh, for the House, you mean? Nothing!" he answered with instant relief. "I just *ran!*"

"Ho!" scoffed his companion. "I snatched as I ran!" Triumphantly from her pocket she produced a small silver mirror heavily scrolled and filigreed in some old-fashioned Florentine sort of effect and proffered it to Valney. "There!" she exulted. "Never in my life have I ever seen anything so precious!"

Skeptically Valney took it from her and turned it over and over in his hand; thrust his young, questioning face into its murky, shadowed indifference.

"Why, it isn't even a toy!" he reproached her. "Not doll-stuff at all! But just some queer little old pawn-shop trinket that somebody brought home from abroad and then got tired of and dumped into the discard."

With a sudden genuineness and abandon that surprised himself he threw back his head and laughed.

"Some outfit we've got to go to housekeeping on," he attested. "Two empty plates!—and a tarnished mirror!"

"You forget," said his companion a trifle haughtily, "that it is at least an historic mirror—that is, lovers have looked into it—looked in it together, I mean!"

"Well, they certainly must have had to put their heads pretty close together to do it!" chuckled Valney.

"A habit not altogether unknown to lovers," murmured his companion coolly.

"Oh, I say," protested Valney with the faintest possible red across his cheek-bones. "You mustn't exactly taunt me with my inexperience, you know. Surely you understood when you selected me that I was just an innocent and totally unsophisticated bachelor. Just Mr. Hastings's private secretary, you know, just——"

"Mr. Hastings's *faithful* private secretary," interposed his companion. "*Faithful!*"

"You seem rather partial to that word 'faithful,'" murmured Valney.

"Partial?" quickened his companion. "I adore it! Of all words in the English language, it is the most beautiful—the most wonderful to me."

"To *you?*" gasped Valney. Quite in spite of himself the incredulous interrogation slipped from his lips. Fantastically in his mind he pictured for an instant the distracted Hastings trailing down Heaven-knows-what new indiscretion or flirtation—the deserted MacCrombe r nudging his vain search from room to room—all the legends—all the rumors!

Flickeringly by the uncertain sputter of a match his companion leaned over suddenly to take the mirror from him, and bent her head to redecipher for his enlightenment the worn inscription which she had discovered on the back:

"'F. S. to L. G.—Buda-Pesth, June 1834.
To love as two and see as one.
By this reflection only are
All things solved!'"

"There! Isn't that beautiful?" she triumphed. "The darling—darling old lovers!"

A little silence fell between them suddenly.

It was the girl who broke it.

"Personally," she said, "don't you think you're just a little bit slow?"

"Slow?" winced Valney.

"About the House, I mean!" said the girl. "Surely we don't want the people inside to think that we're just out here flirting and philandering! Surely——"

"Oh, don't we?" cried Valney. He was on his feet in an instant.

"Silly!" said the girl. "We're not going back to the house!"

"Do you mind telling me, then," said Valney with some incisiveness, "just what it is that we *are* going to do?"

"We're going to build a House o' Dreams!" said the girl.

Almost impatiently Valney threw out his hands.

"Out of nothing?" he demanded.

In a seemingly irrelevant little gesture the girl's shadowed head turned sharply aside, tilted up a little like a wild thing sniffing the breeze.

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "And roses!"

"'Roses?'" laughed Valney. The laugh on his lips twisted suddenly into an odd, startled sort of astonishment that crinkled the length of his spine. "'Roses?'—'Roses?'" he gasped. "'Out of Nothing—and Roses?'"

AS THOUGH vaguely amused, the girl jumped to her feet and stood beside him.

"You are shyer even than I thought!" she said.

"I am all of that!" admitted Valney.

The girl stamped her foot.

"Do you—or do you not—want to play the game?" she demanded.

Vaguely shadowed by the dark pines her slender figure gleamed almost wraithlike in the gloom. Above her the great June moon swung like a silver lantern in the sky. Off in the meadow somewhere a hermit thrush called to its mate. Quickening on the lush evening breeze, the scent of roses woke sweepingly like a tide to engulf the land.

"This was the way all traps were baited," reasoned Valney. "Never with anything threatening—never with anything sinister! Cheese for mice!—moon for men, doubtless! Moon—and June—and——"

"Do you—or do you not—want to play the game?" insisted the girl's challenging voice.

Valney gave a little gasp.

Half mockingly in a gesture of defeat he threw out his hands to his companion. "Oh, go ahead!" he cried. "It's well known, I suppose, that those 'whom the gods would destroy they first make mad'?"

"Whom women would employ—they first made glad, you mean—don't you?" laughed his companion.

A most appalling sense of inconsequences swept almost jocosely over Valney.

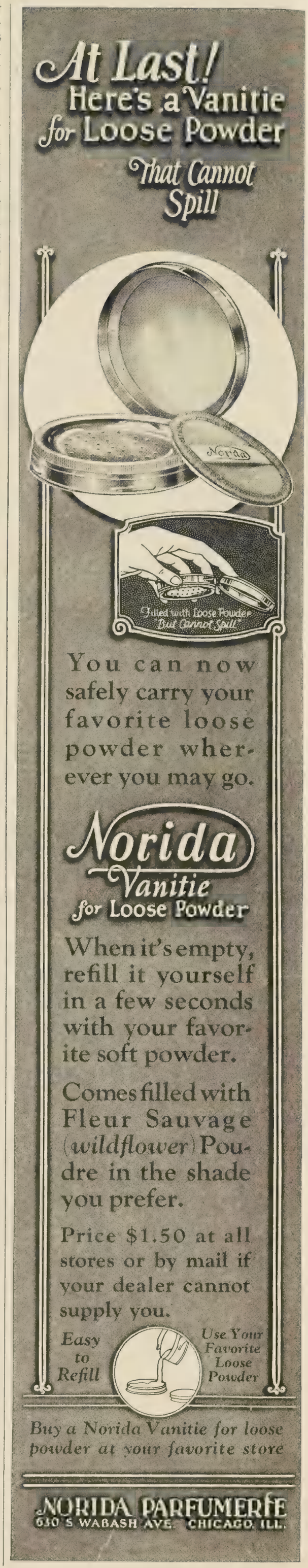
"Just how glad do you expect to make me?" he questioned.

The girl put out her hand.

Valney didn't even stop to question just why she put it out, but he lifted it to his lips.

"Silly!" said the girl. "Have you got a very sharp knife?"

Continued on page 87





The Glory of My Hair

Let me help you gain it

By Edna Wallace Hopper

MY HAIR is the marvel of millions. It is thick, lustrous and luxuriant. Mine is a grandmother's age, yet I have never had falling hair or dandruff, never a touch of gray.

So with mother. She died at the age of 57 with hair any girl might envy. So with countless women, friends of mine, to whom I have supplied my helps.

When I was a girl, mother and I went to France to learn the best hair helps then in existence. For 40 years I have kept up with all progress in this line. My hair is my greatest glory. And I have consulted the greatest experts—always—to foster and preserve it.

Now I offer to all women the best helps that world-search developed. They are combined in Edna Wallace Hopper's Hair Youth, supplied by all druggists and toilet counters, exactly as I use it.

It is applied with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stifle the hair roots.

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Your Choice Free

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☐ Fruity Shampoo ☐ Hair Youth

Name .....

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OUT OF NOTHING—AND ROSES

Continued from page 86

"Merciful heavens!" said Valney. "Who do you want me to stick first? Mr. Hastings or MacCrombe?"

His companion ignored the question.

"Of course it's going to be awfully hard," she reflected, "with so little to work with—and very prickly!"

"My knife is very sharp," murmured Valney.

"But we'll do the very best that we can!" quickened his companion. "Do you know where the rose-garden is?"

"I can smell it," admitted Valney.

"Well, please smell your way to it just as fast as you can," ordered the girl, "and cut every rose in sight—red—white—pink—yellow—everything!"

"Mr. Hastings will kill us," confided Valney quite bluntly.

"It won't greatly matter," shrugged the girl.

"Presumably not," admitted Valney. "But what am I to do after I've cut the roses? Just stand and survey the shambles until retribution overtakes me? Or——"

"You're to bring them back here," ordered the girl. "Just as fast as you can. I, meanwhile, will be working out the general plan."

"Thanks! Thanks awfully!" conceded Valney. "But in case—that is—that you should survive me—there are one or two little things that——"

"Hush!" cried his companion. "And *hurry!*"

VALNEY took a single stride to the flickering line where the mischievous moonlight first began to nibble at the pine-tree's shadow, and then he stopped. Of all the astonishing things in the world it seemed to him suddenly the most astonishing that on this particular night of the world this particular girl should be waiting for him in these particular shadows. An impudent but quite irresistible question leaped suddenly to his lips.

"Oh, I say," he demanded. "Would you have brought MacCrombe to this same place?"

"Mercy, no!" came the instant answer. "Mr. MacCrombe and I had it all planned, you see, to build a real marble-floored palace on the mosaic-tiled table under the tinkly glass chandelier in the drawing-room. There were going to be gilt chairs and birds of paradise in silver cages. And——"

"Not just pine-needles?" chuckled Valney. "And hermit thrushes?"

"What?" called his companion.

"Nothing!" cried Valney. "But would you mind telling me—before I hurry any further—just how you happened to turn from all this splendor to cast in your lot with a chap who had nothing but a—an empty plate?"

"I'd tell you in a minute—if I knew!" laughed the girl in the shadows quite blithely. "But that's something—evidently—that I'm waiting for you to explain to me!"

"But MacCrombe—" puzzled Valney.

"Oh, pshaw!" cried the girl. "Anybody could build a House o' Dreams if all his material was provided for him. It's the man who can build one out of *nothing*——"

"And roses!" interpolated Valney quite definitely.

"That sounds like a song!" laughed the girl.

"It certainly does," said Valney.

Whistling the tune of it softly to himself he disappeared suddenly into the scented gloom.

There was no trouble whatsoever in locating the rose-garden—prim paths and geometrical flower-beds out of whose ruthlessly pruned perfection the marvelous bloom wafted itself rose-red, rose-white, rose-pink, rose-gold into one's almost incredulous senses.

"God!" muttered Valney. "What a sight!"

With his under lip twisted almost like a snarl he began his onslaught. A huge cutting basket loomed at his feet. Faster and faster he piled the fragrant treasure—leaf, bud, full-bloom beauty—heaping, brimming, scattering at his feet.

Continued on page 88



Society never winks at this weakness

What qualities must a woman have to be a social success—beauty, grace, culture, wit? Society appreciates these but it has never yet closed its doors to the woman who lacks them.

The seeker after social popularity may be utterly without distinction in a dozen ways—in features, family, personality; she may even lack discretion. Yet social success may be hers!

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One thing without which no woman can live up to a man's ideal of her—perfect personal cleanliness!

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OUT OF NOTHING—AND ROSES

Continued from page 87

Skulking like a vandal he made his way back to his partner. Half agrin, half aghast he stood for an instant staring down at her. Something of the madness of the night, something of its mischief, its gay impudence, smote across him suddenly. Stripping two great wanton handfuls of petals from his plunder he showered them down in a flurry of color and fragrance upon his companion's upturned face.

"There!" he cried. "Now I warn you! Whatever happens it *is* on your own head!"

Laughingly he threw himself down on the grass and watched his companion extricate herself as best she might from the bright chaos.

"Now you *are* waking up!" she said.

"Don't wake me too fast," said Valney.

Speculatively with a half-scoffing sort of interest he watched the girl's slender hands flash white, fade gray, through the moon-tempered shadows.

"Haven't you any ideas at all about houses? Or about us?" she questioned just a bit abruptly. "This going to housekeeping—so suddenly—with somebody you've never seen before—it's pretty adventurous, don't you think? Rather a—a——"

The faintest possible hint of self-consciousness in her voice brought an odd little jump to Valney's pulses. After all, reasoned those pulses, it was she who had staged the whole audacity of the situation, practically forced her favor on him, forced the absurd flight, this more than absurd tête-à-tête! If she really wanted to play the game rashly—Impulsively he opened his mouth to meet her effrontery with effrontery, but closed his lips as impulsively instead in a narrow, tight-bitten line of self-restraint.

"Oh, of course," he rallied almost instantly with a coolly ironic literalness. "Of course I have a general idea or two on the subject. Asbestos shingles, for instance, are a shrewder buy in the long run than the ordinary kind. And there's a firm in Chicago, I understand, that is putting out a bully new heating system. Why, just the incinerator alone is worth——"

"'Incinerator!'" gasped his companion. "'Asbestos shingles?'"

LIKE a pony rearing back with astonishment, her vague white face and white shoulders lifted sharply through the moonlight.

"Why—why, this isn't going to be that kind of a house at all!" she protested. "This is just a dream-house! Fairy play!"

"No plumbing complications, you mean?" hooted Valney. "No leaky roofs? No wrangling over the butcher's bill? Or the guest-room curtains? No embarrassments *whatsoever!*" With his first really genuine laugh he threw back his head suddenly. "Why really, you know," he acknowledged, "I'm feeling better every minute!" Like a thread of gold through a warp of shoddy a little glint of real interest shone vaguely through his banter. "Maybe you'd better tell me more explicitly," he suggested, "just exactly what kind of a house it is that you do propose to build for us!"

"Sit closer!" said the girl.

Once again Valney opened his mouth to jest, but bit the jest back to a grim line of nothingness on his lips.

Shoulder to shoulder instead without question or comment he edged his way a little deeper into the rosy chaos.

"Of course," deprecated his companion, "it would be lots more spectacular if we had an arbor or a lattice and could weave it in a solid wall and roof of roses, but as it is——"

"Oh, indeed, I think it's infinitely better as it is!" insisted Valney gallantly.

"And of course," she continued, "I don't know exactly how much imagination you've got. It was 'faithfulness' that——"

"Oh, cut the 'faithfulness,'" said Valney. "And let's play it was 'imagination!'"

"Splendid!" cried his companion. "Then our House o' Dreams is as good as half built!"

Speculatively for a moment she picked up a rose—and another—and another—and bent her lips browsingly to them.

"Of course," she reflected, "it all comes back to the single basic question: If you had nothing in the world to express a house with except roses, just *how* would you express it?"

"You forget the — mirror," murmured Valney.

"Oh, dear!" cried the girl. "And the mirror, of course, is the whole focal point of the House!—'To love as two and see as one!'" Impetuously she reached out and picked up the little silver mirror and planted it firmly on the grassy sward just in front of her.

Vaguely disturbed by the unwonted stir of blade and leaf, a soggy toad hopped blinkingly into the miniature arena.

Instinctively Valney lifted a stick to eliminate him.

"Oh no, no, no!" protested his companion. "It's our first guest!" With a rather disconcerting little chuckle she lifted her face for one brief flickering instant into the light. "Once in Maine," she confided, "I found an old brass-knobbed Franklin stove sitting all alone on an aster-flowered hillside and thought I'd die then and there if I couldn't build a house all around it! But never, never," she chuckled, "did I ever dream of building a house round a mirror and a toad!"

ADROITLY as she spoke she began to gather all the yellow roses that she could reach into the compass of her arms.

"What do you say we build a golden house?" she asked.

"All my life long," swore Valney, "I have wanted to build a golden house!" Oddly out of old memories somewhere the vision woke of a mellow farmhouse sunning in a glossy green hollow. "Make it face south!" he ordered quite peremptorily.

"All my life long," swore his companion, "I have wanted to build a golden house facing south!"

Quizzically into her shadowy outstretched hand Valney fed every yellow rose that he could reach, thorn and leaf, bud and bloom. As definitely, as literally, as if it had been sketched in with little blocks or stones, the glowing outline grew.

"You see," explained the girl, "we can't of course expect to build anything more than just a plan, a sort of a bird's-eye view, as it were, but at least any old bird flying over would be forced to admit that it *was* a plan."

"I agree with you perfectly," said Valney.

"There can't of course be any walls," said the girl, "nor any roof——"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Valney. "Who wants roofs or walls in a House o' Dreams?"

"You mean," laughed the girl, "that you think it should always be June and moonlight for a House o' Dreams?"

"I mean," attested Valney somewhat violently, "that I wish it always *was* June and moonlight!"

"Have you always wished so?" questioned his companion.

"Upon my soul," swore Valney, "I never thought of it until just this minute!"

"You're—impulsive too, aren't you?" murmured his companion. "Faithful—and imaginative—and—impulsive?"

"On the contrary," insisted Valney, "I am utterly faithless and as dull as a clod!"

"Mercy!" protested the girl. "What do you think I am?"

A dozen adjectives stormed through Valney's mind, flattering ones, flirtatious, reproachful, condemnatory even. He had to decide on a compromise very quickly.

"I—I think you're very—surprising," he said.

"Really?" questioned his companion.

Beyond the single exclamation she neither denied nor affirmed the accuracy of the assertion. Something infinitely more important seemed to be engrossing her attention.

"Let's not build anything stupid like rooms!" she suggested quite abruptly. "Somehow I don't just feel like portioning off rooms."

"By all means let's not!" agreed Valney heartily.

"It will be quite enough, I'm sure," insisted his companion, "if we merely suggest with one kind of rose or another just exactly how we think a house ought to *feel*. The yellow-rose ground-plan of course expresses perfectly just how it ought to *look* from the outside! Sunny and bright and jolly and gay! But the inside?" Her hands lay quiet in her lap suddenly. Even the shadowy outline of her head seemed oddly contemplative. "What do *you* think a house ought to feel like?" she asked.

Continued on page 89



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OUT OF NOTHING—AND ROSES

Continued from page 88

"Why—why, like jollity," conceded Valney. "Just jollity! Music, you know, and racket—and—and all that sort of thing!"

"Mercy!" cried his companion. "I'd have to have it feel like lots more things than that!"

"Such as what?" said Valney.

"Peacefulness," said the girl. "And lots of lovingness!"

"The last two qualities in the world," gibed Valney, "that are supposed to go together!—peacefulness and love!"

"They'll have to go together in *my* house!" said the girl. Very quietly she said it, almost casually even, yet with a certain deepening timbre of the voice that gave Valney the oddest sense again of goose-flesh quickening along his spine.

Was it remotely possible, he questioned himself, that she was sincere? All this idealism and everything? Sincere for the moment, that is? Even just for this one moonlit moment? Kindled by Heaven knew what latent hunger or dissatisfaction, snatching off her mask of bravado and recklessness—just for once—just for once—Heaven knew *why*—to show him—*him*—the real woman that she was?

In a ripple of soft laughter his companion's voice broke interruptingly across his mockery.

"Oh, look!" she cried. "There are tipsy honey-bees asleep in half the white roses! Poor drowsy, tired darlings! Let's put them all to bed in a white-rose room!"

"My—my mother had a white room," confided Valney with a faint sort of surprise. "No bigger than a little hall-bedroom I suppose it was, but looking back now—why, I haven't thought of it for years—looking back now, it seems as though all the wounds of the world were wrapped in cotton batting there."

So softly that it was hard to tell whether white rose-petals or white finger-tips fluttered, she began to block off her white-rose room.

"And what about the red roses?" questioned Valney.

"WE MUST scatter the red roses—everywhere!" insisted his companion. "Through the golden jollity—through the white peacefulness. Everywhere. Isn't it funny," she demanded, "that when you say 'House o' Dreams,' you'd expect to think granite and brick and plaster and mahogany and Dresden china! But I? As long as I live, the phrase 'House o' Dreams' will never conjure up anything for me except just running away—and pine-trees! Moonlight! Roses! Never anything but just *that!*"

"Not—not even us?" said Valney. Through a smile just a little bit wry the words slipped from him suddenly. "Won't you ever think of us in it—at all?" he demanded.

With a half-evasive laugh the girl reached out and picked up the little Florentine mirror.

"Oh, of course you've been very kind," she said.

"Kind?" cried Valney. An odd and most inexplainable bitterness woke suddenly in him. He gave a little laugh.

"Really, you know," he added just a bit raspishly, "I think you owe *me* something!"

"Why?" laughed the girl. "And what?"

A little bit reluctantly Valney joined in her laugh.

"Well—it seeming distinctly improbable to me," he said, "that I shall ever see you *after* to-night. And the moon now—in just about another moment—over the top of the trees?" His heart turned over suddenly like a frightened schoolboy's. "Oh, pshaw!" he said. "What do you say we take one look together at the moon in that funny little old mirror of yours?—not such a bad thing to remember, you know!—to be able to say even just to oneself: 'Well *once* there was *some one—somewhere*—who saw at least the moon just exactly as I did!"

"Oh, all right!" said the girl.

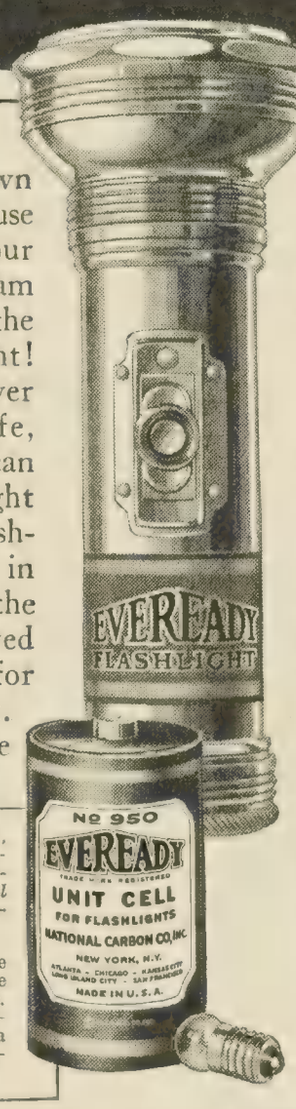
Quite simply she beckoned Valney a little closer, shifted the silver mirror from one

Continued on page 90

In that dark cellar—*use your flashlight!*



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OUT OF NOTHING—AND ROSES

Continued from page 89

brightening angle to another, swayed against his shoulder, grazed a shadowy wisp of hair across his ear, and then, in what seemed to Valney as the most consummate coquetry of all, picked up a pink rose suddenly and slipped it between his cheek and hers—flesh-pink, flesh-soft, flesh-sweet—an insuperable barrier.

Brazenly the big moon peeped over the top of the pines, caught the two faces floating cheek to cheek in the tiny quicksilver pool, kindled the girl's laughing eyes to stars, spangled her hair like an aura of fireflies.

An utter madness swept over Valney. He struck the mirror from her hand, and swung around with the single impulse to snatch her in his arms—kiss her—bruise her.

But even as he turned the impulse froze in his veins. He took her by the shoulders instead and held her in a grip as cool and quiet as steel. His face was very white.

"You've no right," he said, "to be so—so—wonderful. It's wicked! It's treacherous! As Hastings's wife——"

LIKE a wraith the girl slipped from his hands and faced him.

"'Hastings's wife'?" she gasped. "Why, I'm not Hastings's wife! I'm Hastings's daughter! I'm just home from school—I came unexpectedly—they didn't know what to do with me—they——"

"What?" gasped Valney. He bent his head to stare at her and stared again and again. "What—why—why, you *said* your name was Helen! When I asked for Mrs. Hastings they called 'Helen, Helen!' "

"My stepmother's name is Helen, too," said the girl. "But she isn't here to-night." A little laugh, half amused, half embarrassed, crept suddenly into the assertion. "She's like that sometimes, you know. After everybody comes, she decides to go off and do something else. It was roller skating to-night, I believe. But she'll be back for supper, I suppose." It was her turn now to stare at Valney. "Why—why I never dreamed," she protested. "Not for a moment! Why, how could you—why——"

"But how in the world—" stammered Valney.

The girl looked a little troubled.

"Oh, about Mr. MacCrombe r, you mean?" she queried. "Why, he and my stepmother seemed to have had it all arranged beforehand to play the game together. And then they had a little tiff or something. So I——"

"So you?" quizzed Valney.

"So I couldn't come to the party. Father said it would be too racketty—that I didn't know enough. But Mr. MacCrombe r begged him so hard——"

"O-h!" said Valney. "So he took the shift of partners reasonably well, did he?"

"Rather astonishingly well," confided the girl. "Only——"

"Only what?" said Valney.

As plainly as he might have sighted the flush rising in her cheeks he sensed the little shiver that shot suddenly through her pulses. All the shy reticencies of girlhood spoke in the shiver.

"Only—when the time actually came," she confessed, "I just couldn't! Couldn't play house, I mean—tables and chairs and dishes and all that sort of thing—not with Mr. MacCrombe r!"

"But—I?" asked Valney. As he asked the question, it suddenly became momentous to him.

"Oh—you?" said the girl. "I—I liked your looks! And what father said about your faithfulness."

"Th-thanks!" stammered Valney.

He gave a little start.

The moon that had waked this girl's mirrored eyes for one brief instant to laughter and shot a shower of sparks across her shadowed hair, stripped her whole face and figure suddenly to its young, literal beauty, more luring even than the glinted hair, the unfretted, milk-white forehead—the eager, sensitive mouth, the resolute, steadfast chin, the lovely flush quickening at her throat!

Knee-deep in June she loomed! Prescient! Prophetic!

Valney gave a little gasp.

As there—
As there for my dazzled eyes' beholding
Like—all the roses of the world unfolding——

"By Jove!" he cried out precipitously. "I know *now* what rhymes with 'sweetness!' '*Completeness*,' of course!" And held out his arms to her.

But elusive as the girl in the mirror, she slipped away from him again.

"Oh, I know of course it's awfully sudden," he admitted. "You'll think of course it can't possibly be true and all that—but—" Impulsively he caught her again and lifted her hands to his lips. "All this—this House o' Dreams nonsense?" he stammered. "You think you 'blurred it with roses,' do you? *Blurred* it? By Jove! It's the clearest idea of a *home* that I ever got! Love? And hospitality? And peacefulness? Oh, darn wall-paper!" he faltered. "And furniture! And pictures! And all such complications! Any place is home enough for me that has your face in it!"

OVER the top of the orchard wall bobbing heads loomed suddenly, half a dozen vague figures slid thuddingly to the earth, Hastings himself, some laughing roisterers, the two architects.

"We are the architectural committee of inspection!" giggled the roisterers.

The architects' eyes emptied suddenly of statistics and specifications and filled instead with just moonlight.

"U-m-m. What in the world have we here?" they questioned. Squintingly as they spoke they began at once with long slender garden stakes to prod the golden circuit of roses that encompassed the two startled figures.

"That," said the girl, with the faintest possible crisping of dignity, "is the ground-plan of a happy house!"

"What?" gasped the architects. "Made of roses? Yellow roses?"

"One must work with such materials as one has," murmured the girl quite simply.

"Oh, yes! Why, of course!" conceded the first architect. Yellow *is* always so—so jolly!"

"And—and hospitable," conceded the second architect.

"Yes—isn't it?" murmured Valney. His voice was distinctly strained.

Almost as though by a preconcerted action both architects stopped prodding the yellow roses and stared at Valney's face instead.

"U-m-m," they reflected. "U-m-m."

Quite impulsively again they began to wield their prodding sticks. It was to the girl only now that they addressed their remarks.

"But your ground-plan doesn't seem to be *all* yellow—and jolly," they affirmed. "Now—now that white place there, for instance—the white roses, that is—just what are they supposed to represent?"

"Peacefulness," said the girl.

"U-m-m," reflected the architects. "Personally we have never been asked to include that particular convenience in our specifications. But of course—" They both gave a little jump suddenly. "Ugh!" they cried. "A horrid toad!"

"Our first guest!" said the girl. "Kindly don't hurt his feelings!"

More cautiously this time they began to prod into the muddled rose leaves.

Quite in spite of himself Valney gave a little laugh.

"Better go a bit slow," he advised them. "There are a number of drowsy bumble bees parked there, I believe."

"Oh!"

"But oh, I say," interrupted a chortling roisterer, "do you mind telling us just what you were both trying to see at the same time in such a narrow mirror?"

"Well I'll be—hanged!" protested Valney. "Of all the nerve—the——"

"We were trying to see the moon." confessed the girl quite frankly. Altogether unexpectedly her own little laugh rang out through the mock solemnity and pompousness. "We were trying to decide," she chuckled, "if by really putting their heads together it *was* or *was not* humanly possible for two people to see anything from exactly the same point of view."

"And was it?" asked the first architect dryly.

"It *was!*" snapped Valney.

Quite precipitously the architects withdrew into the shrubbery. In an accent almost of

Concluded on page 91



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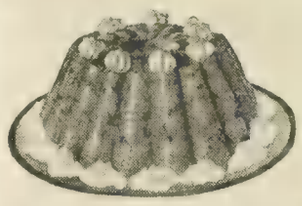
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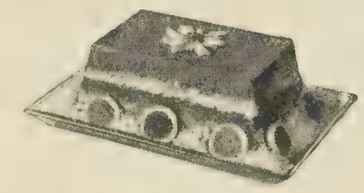


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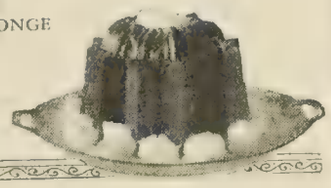


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OUT OF NOTHING—AND ROSES

Concluded from page 90

severity they summoned the girl to them and whispered a question in her ear.

"Also—we noticed," they whispered, "that there were red—red rose-petals scattered everywhere. Just what were they supposed to symbolize?"

"Why, love, of course, you *sillies!*" said the girl. "Whoever heard of a real House o' Dreams that didn't have love in it?"

"U-m-m," reflected the architects.

Rather soberly they came back into the moonlight.

They looked at Hastings, they looked at Valney, they looked at the giggling roisterers. But most of all they looked at the rose-petaled ground-plan of the Happy House—a golden circuit like a gigantic wedding-ring.

"U-m-m," they mused. "Cheerfulness—and peace—and love. Cheerfulness and——"

"The symbolism of course is rather crudely expressed," mused the first architect.

"Nevertheless——"

Like a single conviction the word slipped from their lips.

Very suddenly they straightened up and announced their decision.

"U-m-m," they said. "We have seen of course to-night a considerable number of infinitely more finished and elaborated constructions. The musical salon topping the grand piano, for instance; or the crystal palace in the butler's pantry. Actual works of art, some of them, clever and ingenious almost beyond belief! But when it comes right down to actual foundations—the essential qualities that make a *real* House o' Dreams, honor as well as professional acumen demands that we vote the prize to—these two young runaways here!"

"What?" stammered Valney.

"What?" gasped the girl.

Altogether a-twinkle with moonlight and laughter the architects stepped forward to present the two South-American tickets to Valney.

Stalking out of the shadows, Hastings himself fairly trampled down to the roses to reach the group.

"Hi there! Stop that! What the devil?" he protested.

A little hand slipped into Valney's hand. He thought it was a rose—until he squeezed it.

Smiling just a bit jerkily he pushed aside the proffered tickets and turned round to Hastings.

"Oh, thanks—thanks awfully!" he said. "But when I go to South America I'll—I'll make my—our—own way, I guess."

"Gad!" gasped Hastings, "I believe you will!"



THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 14

earth, he wondered, was calling at that hour? His wonder was not lessened by finding Lettice Booker standing on the step. She was matter of fact and businesslike.

"Let me in," she said briskly. "Quick. No. No. Don't stop to talk now. Let me in—and shut the door and pull down those curtains as soon as ever you can."

She was closing the door herself even while uttering the last sentence. She drew the curtains down to the sill before she spoke again. Then, with a sigh of relief and a smile, she turned to him.

"Surprised to see me, aren't you, Farley?" she observed. "I don't wonder. To tell you the truth, I am surprised myself. I

Continued on page 92

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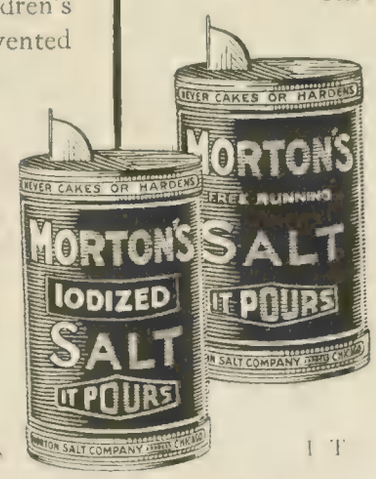
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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 91

hadn't the least idea of stopping here tonight, but I've been up to Sophronia Haskins's—she is doing a cross-stitch table-set for one of my city customers and I wanted to see how she was getting on with it—and your curtains were up and I could see you sitting in here. And you *did* look so all alone and tired out that I couldn't help coming in. What a day you must have had! And—those dishes. You don't mean to say you have only just had your supper?"

He was still suffering from the surprise and shock of her sudden appearance and his reply was not very coherent.

"Why—why, yes—that is—I mean, no," he stammered. "I had supper an hour ago, but I haven't cleared away yet, because—well, because—here, what are you doing? Never mind those things. Don't touch them. Sit down.'

She had begun picking up the dishes from the table. Her hands were full of them and now she moved toward the sink.

"No," she declared. "I can't stay long enough to sit down and these dishes must be washed. Yes, of course I am going to wash them. And I don't need any help to wash two plates and a cup and a knife and fork and spoon, I hope. We can talk while I do them. Oh," impatiently, "won't you *please* do as I tell you? Can't you see that this will probably be the only chance we may ever have to talk—alone? And I must go in ten minutes. If you don't sit down and sit still, I shall go now."

THIS threat was the card which took the trick. He leaned his crutch against the arm of a chair and subsided into the chair itself.

"Oh, well," he groaned resignedly, "I suppose you will have your own way, and I can't stop you. But of all the ridiculous——"

"Sshh! It isn't ridiculous. You're too tired to do these dishes and I'm not tired at all. As to having my own way—well, that is a habit of the Peels, isn't it? Now, Farley, I'm going to ask you a question and I want you to answer it. Why have you kept away from me so carefully since you came back here?"

It was not at all the question he had expected and it caught him unprepared. He hesitated.

"Why—why," he stammered, "I don't know what you mean by keeping away from you. I haven't——"

"Oh, yes you have! I have seen you go by the store a half-dozen times, but you have never come in. You call on other people. Why have you never called on me?"

He moved uneasily in the chair. "I thought probably—" he began. "I thought—well, I didn't know that you cared to see me. I didn't suppose you would."

"Why not? We used to be—friends. Why shouldn't I care to see you?"

He moved again, frowned, and shook his head.

"I don't know why you should," he declared. "After—well, after the way I treated you. I shouldn't blame you if you never spoke to me. I didn't expect you to."

"Nonsense. That is all over and done with years ago. That belongs to the days when we were young, and we're not young any more."

"I'm not, certainly. I look fifty and I feel a hundred. Oh, Lettice, what is the use? I came back here because there didn't seem to be anywhere else for me to go. The people here have been mighty decent to me, a lot more so than I had any right to expect, but I'm not fool enough to count on their friendship—no, nor to presume on it, either. Everybody in Wapatomac knows that before I went away you and I were—well, they know the whole story and what a mess I have made of my life. Do you suppose I intend to set them talking again? If I haven't any respect for myself, I intend to have a little for you. The less you see of me, the better—for you, I mean."

She was busy with the dishes, but she turned to look at him over her shoulder.

"I thought so," she said. "I guessed that was the reason. You were afraid of what people might say. I wonder if you've ever thought that they will talk all the more if you keep on as you have been doing? You never stop in at the store. Well, perhaps I don't blame you much for that. But when I am in some one else's store, or the post-office, or the bank—wherever I happen to be—and you are there, do you think it is any less noticeable to have you slip out of the door or slide down behind your newspaper and pretend not to see me? Don't you know that others notice that as much as I do? Talk? Of course they'll talk. They're bound to do that, anyway. But the surest way to set them talking is to avoid me as you've been doing. Of course, if there is any other reason—if you don't *want* to have anything to do with me—on your own account, I mean——"

"Don't say such things. They are silly, and you know it. It isn't what *I* want. It is what *you* want—or ought to want. And you ought to want never to set eyes on me again."

"Why? You and I were friends once. Is there any good reason why we shouldn't be friends now?"

He stirred so violently that his crutch fell to the floor with a clatter. Before he could recover it she had picked it up and handed it to him.

"Well, tell me, *is* there any reason?" she repeated.

"Of course there is. How can you and I be friends? I had my chance and I threw it away. I was a pig-headed, conceited jackass. Oh, Lettice, let's not talk about it. You can't be a friend to me. You mustn't."

She gave the plate she was wiping a final polish and set it down.

"But I am," she said. "Or I should like to be, if you will let me. I should like to be just that—a friend. Not, of course," she added hastily, "in the way we used to be—that is over and done with for you and me—but the other way, the grown-up, common-sense way. I should like to be your friend and help you, if I can. When I saw you sitting here alone, I had to come in and tell you so. That is why I did come. That is the real reason."

"But you shouldn't. Good Lord! Suppose one of the neighbors saw you come into this house, at this time of night."

"If it had been any other time of night, I shouldn't have come. But it is nearly eleven and—unless the neighbors are sick, and I know they are not—they have been in bed for an hour. Farley, tell me all about it, please. All about yourself, what you have been doing since you went away from Wapatomac. Not the war part, I know that, but the rest—what came before. Why did you give up trying to be an artist?"

HE SMILED faintly, and the smile conveyed almost as much as the words which followed it.

"I gave up because I had to," he said. "I stuck to it for years, long after I knew it wasn't going to be the least use. I studied and drew and painted until—oh, well, until I had to see what every teacher I ever had told me, that I was no good—no real good, I mean. I could paint a little, but it would always be just a little. There are, maybe, three or four hundred really good painters in this country and ten thousand putterers who just putter out a living. I couldn't even do that, not in the regular way. At last I had used up all the money I had and a little I borrowed from Aunt Sylvia. Then I managed to get a job with a Boston firm who made Christmas cards and things like that. They kept me a while. Then I went to New York and did the same things—all sorts of hack work. Sometimes I earned a fairly decent salary, sometimes I was flat broke. Then came the war and my chance with the camouflage corps. That did give me a kick for a time, I own up. It was—oh, well, adventure, you know—and creative, in its way—and somehow it made me feel almost respectable and worth-while again. Then that bomb blew me and my worth-whileness sky high, and Aunt Sylvia died, and I crawled out of the hospital with no place to go—and here I am. There's all there is to it. Pretty much of a fool yarn about a fool, if you ask me."

She did not speak for a moment. The dishes were finished, and she was putting them away upon the shelves. Her next remark was made as she stood facing those shelves, and he could not see the expression upon her face.

"And now?" she asked. "Are you—do

Continued on page 93



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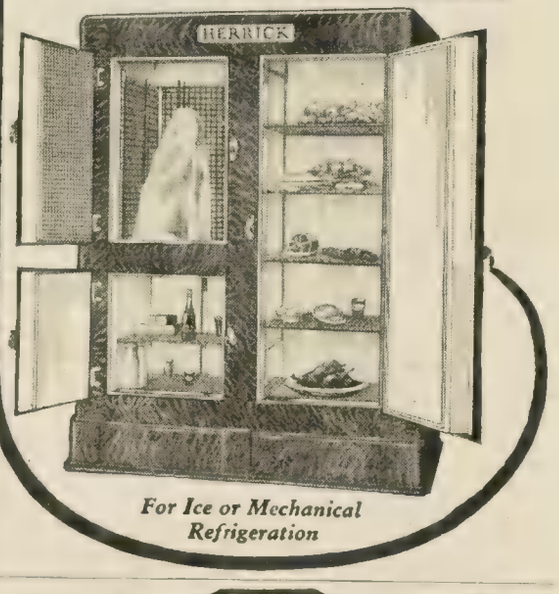
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FIRST PRIZE RECIPE

G. Washington's Coffee Apple Cream Cake ½ cup of butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1¾ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon G. Washington's Coffee. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, then eggs well beaten. Next sift and add flour, baking powder and salt, alternately with the milk in which the G. Washington's Coffee has been dissolved. Beat thoroughly and bake in moderately hot oven in two greased square layer cake pans.

G. Washington's Coffee Apple Filling 1 pound apples, pared and grated, 1 pound powdered sugar, rind and juice 3 lemons, ¼ pound sweet butter, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon G. Washington's Coffee, 1 cup finely chopped pecans, (optional). Put apples, sugar, rind and juice of lemons with butter into upper vessel of double boiler, place over hot water over moderate fire, and when butter is melted add well beaten eggs and cook until thick—about 15 minutes—stirring frequently. When cooked add the G. Washington's Coffee, dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water, and the pecans if used. When cold spread between layers of cake.

G. Washington's Coffee Frosting ¾ teaspoon G. Washington's Coffee, dissolved in ¾ cup boiling water, grated rind 1 orange, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1½ cups brown sugar, ½ cup butter, ¾ cup thin cream, 1 egg yolk. Cook together all ingredients except egg yolk until a little tested in cold water forms soft ball. Cool slightly, add beaten egg yolk and beat until thick enough to spread.

2nd Prize $250.00
Mrs. Huldah McKee
4435 Clara Street
New Orleans, Louisiana

4th Prize $50.00
Nina de Sola Mendes
Pelham
New York

3rd Prize $75.00
Mrs. Henry B. Graybill
Hong Lok
Canton, China

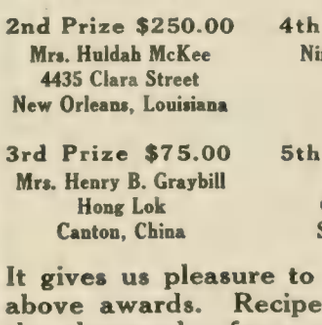
5th Prize $25.00
Mara Serriov
General Delivery
Sarasota, Florida

It gives us pleasure to announce the above awards. Recipes came in by the thousands—from every State of the Union. The contest proved a revelation as to the many different ways in which G. Washington's Delicious Instant Coffee can be used.

While all could not win prizes, we believe that every contestant has discovered that G. Washington's Delicious Instant Coffee is a prize in itself as a handy dessert helper.

In demonstrating that G. Washington's Delicious Instant Coffee is marvelous as a flavoring for desserts, don't forget that it makes most delicious coffee. Just pure, unadulterated coffee that dissolves instantly in water, hot or cold. No grounds, no boiling, no waste, no worry. No coffee pot or percolator needed.

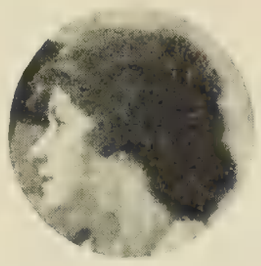
We have prepared a folder of the prize winning recipes and names of all winners which will be sent upon request.



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G. WASHINGTON COFFEE REFINING CO.
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New York



THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 92

you think you can earn a living here in Wapatomac?"

"I don't know. I am going to give it a try. I've got to live somewhere, I suppose, and this is as cheap a place as I'm likely to find. Your father lets me have this house at a very low rent. I suppose he pities me—that's what I am these days—something to be pitied. But that's all right. It is mighty good of him to do it."

She turned then and her eyes were snapping.

"It is the very least he could do," she declared. "If he gave you the whole property, it wouldn't be enough to make up for—oh, but there, that doesn't matter. And don't ask me what I mean, either."

"Maybe I know what you mean. You think it was Cap'n Eliphalet who was principally responsible for my not accepting the Jones & Corcoran offer. Well, in a way it was, and I could never understand why he felt so strongly about it. I always thought he had no use for art or artists. Yet he told my aunt and Mr. Duncan that——"

"Don't. Don't. I know what he told them."

"Well, in a way, it was kind of him to take so much interest. He meant well. And, after all, it was my own stubbornness that made me lose that offer and—and you. I've paid for it, I guess, and serves me right. Now, that's enough about me. Tell me about yourself. You have had a hard time, too, I'm afraid."

She did not answer the implied question. "Oh, I am getting on, after a fashion," she said. "I am well and I am making a living, so I shouldn't complain— Now I must go. Thank you for telling me about—about everything. And, Farley, I want you to promise me that you will treat me just the way you do your other friends in town. Drop in at the store once in a while, and don't hide or run away when we meet. That will be the easiest and surest way to stop gossip and make people forget the things that used to be. Don't you see that it will?"

He consented reluctantly. To treat her as he treated other friends was not likely to be easy.

"I suppose you are right," he admitted. "It is the common-sense way."

She winced a little at the term, but she nodded.

"That's it exactly," she said. "There isn't any foolishness or sentiment, or anything like that, between us now. It is just friendship and common sense. Shut the door after me as quickly as you can. You may need some one to wash your dishes again some time, and so I must get away without being seen. Good night."

THEY met the next noon at the post-office, and those who witnessed the meeting were again surprised at the casual manner in which they greeted each other. Subsequent meetings were quite as every-day and matter-of-fact. Occasionally, when he limped down-town on an errand, he dropped in at the notion shop, but his calls there were short ones and listeners to the conversations found them disappointingly free from reference to the past or anything savoring of sentiment or sensation. Solon Pepper and his fellow boarders summed it up at the Salt dinner-table. Solon said:

"When I first see him hoppin' in there on his crutch, I made it my business to foller along in myself. Made believe I wanted to buy a pocket handkerchief, you understand. Course I didn't, for I've got as much as four good as new handkerchiefs up-stairs in my bureau drawer. But, thinks I, ' 'Twill be kind of interestin' to hear what them two have to say to each other after all these years.' But they didn't say nothin' except talk about the weather and what a lot of fog we're havin' and the like of that. And I've followed him in there two or three times since, and it's always just the same. She don't take any more interest in him than she would in a young one comin' to buy a cent's worth of

Continued on page 94



ACROBAT DOUBLE WELT SHOES



Keep children's feet as nature made them



Straight Little Toes!

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ACROBATS have proper room for little toes to grow straight and strong. The perfect, natural fit and *flexibility* of Acrobats prevent all the foot injury and discomfort frequently caused by stiff, ill-fitting shoes. Flexible, springy soles support and strengthen the arches.

The Acrobat patented "Double Welt" construction gives great advantages in wear and fit. It makes them rip-proof—for uppers and soles are interlocked with hidden triple stitching. It keeps insoles flat and smooth. So, besides perfect comfort for growing feet, Acrobats give unusually long service!—the ideal shoe for active youngsters. Made in attractive styles for babies, boys, girls and young women.

Each pair of Acrobats (sizes 5 to 8) comes in a carton with extra parts to make this attractive little playhouse for the children.



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It tells all about the causes of foot troubles and their prevention. Write us direct and we'll also send name of nearest Acrobat Dealer.



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These and other powerful chemicals are actually a menace to house and home. Their regular use for feminine hygiene can't help being injurious to delicate membranes and tissues. The pity of it is that science has been in the past unable to offer other means of securing real protection against germ life.

But now, women may well be thankful that this old order of things has passed. No longer is the "skull and crossbones" danger necessary in the home. Zonite, the extraordinary *non-poisonous* germicide, at last opens the way to a new and safe era of feminine hygiene.

This remarkable antiseptic, though more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, is absolutely *non-poisonous*. It does not burn the tissues nor toughen them. It has no hardening effect—leaves no scars. Zonite has been investigated and endorsed by prominent authorities. It is used by hundreds of hospitals, and by specialists. Its results are most satisfactory. It gives *real* protection against germs and, in addition, its action upon sensitive tissues is mildly stimulating and healthful.

As a woman, you will be interested in reading the booklet offered below—written expressly *for* women. Thousands have sent for it and have been grateful for the helpful information which it contains. Simply fill out the coupon and address it—Woman's Div., Zonite Products Co., Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 93

candy. Not so much, I guess, for the young one would have the cent to spend, and Farley Crowell is right down on his uppers."

Mrs. Salt poured herself a second cup of tea.

"I went into the shop yesterday afternoon," she observed, "and he was there talkin' to her. They were up at the back counter and didn't see me come in, so I had a good chance to hear what they was sayin'. And what do you suppose they was talkin' about? About travelin', goin' to see mountains and waterfalls and sights—those two, of all folks on earth. She said she had always wished she might go to the Grand Canyon. And he agreed with her that it must be an elegant place and he didn't wonder she wanted to go there. Humph! A fine chance either of 'em will ever have to go travelin'. He a cripple and a pauper, and she hardly makin' money enough to keep that little bit of a store open and runnin'. But I suppose they had to talk about somethin' and it might as well be that."

Miss Hercelia Ginn, a comparatively new boarder, leaned forward.

"You don't think they were talkin' about goin' to see that canyon *together*, do you?" she asked eagerly.

Before Mrs. Salt could reply Captain Ziba Bangs burst into a loud laugh.

"Goin' together would be harder than goin' single, I should say," he declared. "Lettice might walk, but Crowell couldn't do that. You folks are just wastin' your breath. No matter what used to be between those two, there ain't anything now—and never will be."

"What makes you so sure, Cap'n Bangs?" demanded Miss Hercelia. "Sometimes middle-aged people *do* get married," she added hopefully.

Captain Ziba chuckled.

"I'm sure because I know Lettice," he proclaimed. "She's a Peel and she's got common sense. There would be precious little common sense in her marryin' Farley Crowell—now."

Mr. Pepper wagged a knowing head.

"She married Dave Booker," he said. "There wasn't much common sense about that."

"She thought there was when she married him. And so did Cap'n Eliphalet. That's all the more reason why she'll never marry Crowell. A Peel's foot may slip once, but not twice in the same place."

THAT Summer was the most prosperous Wapatomac had known. New cottages were built, new shops were opened, the number of sojourners from the cities was greater than ever before. The crush of motor-cars in front of the post-office at mail times was so tangled that the selectmen appointed a traffic policeman to handle it. All this rush of prosperity revived anew the project to buy the B house from its owner and bring about the junction of Cross and Water streets. Town Clerk Didlow called again upon Captain Eliphalet Peel and diplomatically renewed the offer of purchase, even raising the figure to nineteen hundred dollars. But the captain would not listen.

"No—no—no, I tell you," he roared. "I don't want to sell and I won't sell as long as I live. I told you so before and now I tell you again. And you can tell the board and be darned to 'em."

"But—but, Cap'n Peel," persisted Noah, "I can't see why you won't. It's a good high price I'm offerin' you, considerin' the state the property's in. I was talkin' with Amarias yesterday, and he's in favor of your sellin'—he says he's told you so. And Abner Crusit says he and his wife think the same."

The testimony concerning the opinions of his son and daughter did not have the effect Mr. Didlow had hoped. Captain Eliphalet pulled at his beard.

"Is that so?" he observed, with surprising cheerfulness. "Well, that's all right. When Amarias and Susanna own the property they can sell if they want to—I sha'n't be here to stop 'em. But," with a chuckle, "they don't own it yet."

Noah reported his failure to the board and added his confirmation of what had been Wapatomac's opinion for some time—that Captain Peel was breaking up. "He is getting childish," declared Didlow. "Sits and laughs, when there's nothin' to laugh at."

There were other evidences of this breaking up all through the Summer. The captain's health was now obviously failing. He stubbornly declared that he was as fit as ever, and was savage in his replies to solicitous inquiries concerning his physical well-being. But he was growing thinner and his stride was shorter and the hand which carried the match to his pipe-bowl shook. Lettice once suggested that he see the doctor, but he scornfully refused. He never called at the notion shop, but every Thursday evening Lettice went up to the B house to sit with him, and he did not appear to resent her visits.

Amarias Peel and Emeline and Susanna Crusit and Abner visited him much oftener.

There had been a time—particularly after David Booker's death and their half-sister had, in their opinion, disgraced the family by going into business—when they and Captain Eliphalet saw but little of each other. He should, so they considered, have then and there refused to have anything more to do with her. They told him so and he again told them to mind their own business. The interview ended in something very like a quarrel and, for months thereafter, the coldness continued. But now it was—outwardly at least—quite forgotten and of late they had been touchingly considerate and attentive to their enfeebled parent. They watched each other closely. If on Tuesday Emeline Peel called at the B house with a gift of "nice new green peas, right fresh from our garden," on Wednesday Susanna Crusit was certain to drop in bearing "a lovely muskmelon I saw down at the fruit store, and I know how you like muskmelon, father." Like Lettice, they recommended the captain's consulting a physician, but, since Amarias's family doctor was of the old school and Susanna's a homeopath, there was a difference of opinion as to which should be employed. And, since Eliphalet refused to employ either, the recommendations came to nothing.

ON A Friday morning in October Lettice, alone at the rear of her little store, heard the outer door open and, coming out from behind the counter, was amazed to see the captain standing at the threshold. It was the first time his foot had ever crossed that threshold.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed, and then added: "You're out early, seems to me."

Captain Eliphalet's answer was a feeble wave of the hand. He was breathing very heavily.

"Shut that door," he gasped. "And—and fetch me a chair. I want to sit down."

She closed the door and brought an armchair from her living-room behind the shop. He sank into it. His appearance shocked her.

"Why, father!" she cried. "How pale you look! What is it? Are you sick?"

He drew a hand across his forehead, knocking his hat to the floor as he did so. She would have picked it up, but he pushed her aside.

"Leave it alone," he commanded. "And get another chair and come to anchor alongside. I want to—I want to talk to you afore anybody comes in. Hurry up, girl! Lively. I—I haven't got much time to waste."

She hurried out once more and returned with the other chair.

"That's it, that's it," he panted. "Now—now you listen to me. I've got some things to say—soon as—soon as I can get this consarned breath of mine back."

She had scarcely taken her gaze from his face. His pallor and the lines beneath his eyes alarmed her.

"Father," she cried again, "what is it? You look sick. You frighten me. I am going to get the doctor."

He seized her arm. "Stay where you are," he ordered. "I don't want any doctor. He couldn't do anything but tell me I was ready for the scrap-pile, and I know that already. I had a mean night, that's all. I've had a lot of 'em lately, but last night was the worst. Well," doggedly, "I was bound I'd keep afloat till to-day, anyhow, and, by godfreys, I've done it. That's me—that's Eliphalet Peel. It takes more than a three-reef gale to run a Peel under. We're oak-ribbed and copper-fastened, I tell you. I—I— Eh?—What was I talkin' about? You're there, ain't you, Lettice? That's you, moored alongside, ain't it?"

She was thoroughly frightened now. She tried to soothe him.

Continued on page 95

how simple



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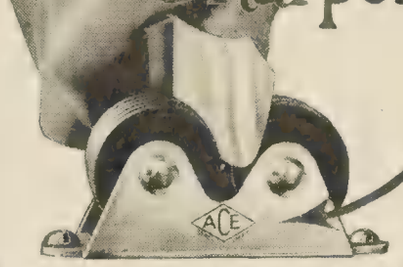
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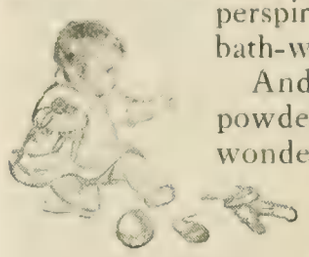
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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 94

"Yes, of course it is, father," she said gently. "Who else did you think it could be?"

He nodded vaguely. "Eh?" he queried. "Yes—yes, it's you, sure thing. Tut, tut! Pshaw! For half a minute I thought you was that Delia. Yes, I did. Pshaw! That's funny."

Mrs. Delia Berry had been his housekeeper for the past two years. She confided to gossips that hers was no easy berth.

"She's a fool, that woman," he went on. "Kept cruisin' into my room every ten minutes all night wantin' to know if she couldn't do somethin' to make me easier. Huh! I told her to go to the devil, that would make me easier than anything else. She's a numbskull, like two-thirds of this town. Well, I did get down here, didn't I? 'Twas a hard old voyage, but I made it. Yes sir, by godfreys, I made it! I wanted to have a talk with you, Lettice. Eh? You're there, listenin', aren't you?"

"I'm here, father," she told him. "And I am going to listen. But first I want you to let me run out for a minute or two. You sit still and wait for me. I'm coming right back, father."

Once more he caught her arm. "I know where you're cal'latin' to go," he declared impatiently. "You're goin' for that plaguey doctor. Well, you shan't. I haven't got any time to fool away with him. It's you I want to see. Do you suppose I'd have come into this place if I hadn't *had* to see you? I've never come afore, have I? Sit still, I tell you. If you go for that doctor, I'll head for home—I will! And—and—sit *still!* Who's cap'n of this ship, tell me, is it you or me?"

HIS voice had risen almost to a shout. Lettice sank reluctantly back into her chair. He nodded approval.

"That's the idea," he panted. "That's a good girl. Now you listen. This has been on my mind for a long spell. I've wanted to say it to you, but 'twasn't so easy to say. Not for me, 'twasn't. I'm a Peel, and humble pie doesn't taste good to a Peel. Lettice, I—I haven't treated you right."

"Now, father, don't! Sit still and rest. Don't try to talk."

"Talk! That's what I came here for—to talk. And I'm *goin'* to talk. Yes, I am. I *am*, I tell you! No, Lettice, I haven't treated you right. I wanted to have my own way, and I had it. I cal'lated 'twas the right way then, but it wasn't. It was a fool way. You wanted to marry Farley Crowell."

"Hush, father, please! And what is the use of digging all that up again? I've forgotten it—or, at least, I——"

"No, you haven't forgot it. You've had a grudge against me ever since. And I've had a grudge against myself. Not because you didn't marry Crowell. He's a good-hearted young fellow, but he'll never amount to much, and I knew it. But 'twas the way I maneuvered to get him in wrong with you that bothers me. You never forgave me for it, and I don't blame you. 'Twas a mean trick, I know it now; I've known it for a long time, and I wanted to tell you so while I had the chance. That's part of what I came down here for this mornin'. I'm sorry I did that, Lettice."

"That's all right, father. I knew you were sorry. Now, please——"

"Huh! You did know, eh? Well, maybe you did. You always was smart. You're like your mother—yes, you are. Amarias and Susanna they're smart, too, but it's a different kind of smart. They're like *their* mother, partly—and partly like me. But you—you're Margaret all over— Here! Where you goin' now?"

"I'm going out on that errand. I am. You mustn't stop me, father."

"Shut up! Heave to there! I *will* stop you. I ain't through talkin' yet. There's somethin' else I came to say. Lettice, I—I didn't treat you square about Farley. He wasn't the man for you to marry, but—but

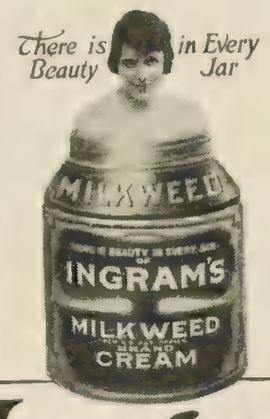
Continued on page 96



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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 95

I'm sorry I was the means of your marryin' that Dave Booker. Lettice," he leaned over and touched her arm, "I'm sorry about the way I tricked you, and I'm sorry you feel hard as you do toward me——"

"But I don't—any more."

"Be still! You do, too. And you'd ought to. But here's the other part I came to tell you. Lettice," he added, lowering his voice to a husky whisper, "I've done a little somethin' to make it up to you—yes, I have."

THE tone of almost childishly eager significance in the last sentence would at any other time have aroused her curiosity. But just then she was too greatly alarmed at his condition to heed.

"Yes, yes, of course, father," she said soothingly. "That is all right. And I am all right. You mustn't worry about me."

"Humph! You're the only one I *am* worried about. Lettice, if I ask you to do somethin'—somethin' that won't hurt you any and will make me die a whole lot easier—will you do it? Eh? Will you?"

"Father—hush! You mustn't talk about dying."

"Humph! All right. I won't talk about it. I need what health I've got left to talk about somethin' more worth while. Lettice, you're a Peel. You're like your mother, but you're part Peel just the same. And, when it comes to the pinch, the Peels steer by common sense. You know that, don't you, Lettice?"

In spite of her anxiety she could not help smiling.

"I ought to know it by this time, father," she replied.

"Humph! You mean you've heard me say it? Well, I have said it and I've tried to live up to it, even though I have made mistakes. But this thing I'm tellin' you now isn't any mistake. I've used my common sense and after they've towed me to the graveyard I want you to use yours. You're goin' to be surprised, Lettice. Yes, you are, and so are some other folks—after a spell. But don't you let your bein' surprised interfere with your good Peel common sense. And don't you let anybody—anybody—talk you out of anythin' that's yours. Promise me you won't."

"Why, father, I——"

"Promise me! You promise me now. D'you hear?"

She had not the least idea what he meant, but his agitation was increasing and she did not dare oppose him.

"Very well. I promise, father," she said. "I will try and be as sensible as I can."

"That's right. Now you're talkin'! And just remember what I've done wasn't done in a hurry. Humph! The others'll try to work on your feelin's. They'll try to get around you and soft-soap you, but don't you let 'em. They'll be mad, but don't you care. They've always looked out for themselves, and all their palaverin' and backbitin' and soft-soapin' and borrowin' money on the quiet haven't helped 'em any. Ah-h!" in scornful impatience, "the pesky fools! Did they suppose, just because I'd come to be a hulk with my bow pointed for the undertaker's, that I couldn't see what they was up to? — Sshh! Somebody's comin'. You go wait on 'em. I'll sit where I be. Yes, do as I tell you!"

It was Miss Octavia Hendricks who was coming up the steps of the notion shop. She wished to buy some tape and ribbon and two or three other items involving careful selection and small expenditure. Reluctantly—very reluctantly—Lettice went to wait upon her, leaving her father seated in the armchair. Once, during Octavia's protracted inspection of the rolls of ribbon and the accompanying matching from samples, Lettice thought she heard him speak.

"What is it, father?" she called, from behind the counter.

He was at the door and she understood him to say that he was just going to get a mouthful of air. When Miss Hendricks had departed, Lettice hurried out to the platform, but he was nowhere in sight. Other customers came and she was detained in the store. At a quarter to eleven Solon Pepper came running in to tell her that her father was very ill He had been down-town early that morning, Solon said, and had returned about nine-thirty and told his housekeeper that he was tired and was going to lie down upon the sofa in the sitting-room. When, an hour or so later, she had gone into the room and spoken to him, he did not reply. He had been unconscious ever since and the doctor said his condition was critical. The Amarias Peels and the Crusits had been summoned and were at the B house already. Lettice must come at once.

That evening Wapatomac had another news item to discuss. Captain Eliphalet Peel was dead.

THE funeral was one of the largest the village had known. The line of automobiles and carriages was like a regular Fourth of July parade, so Mr. Pepper declared. People came from Denboro and Ostable, even from as far away as Bayport, to bid farewell to the man who in his day had been so influential in politics and the affairs of his town and county. In the first carriage were the Amarias Peels, draped in black from head to foot. In the second were the Crusits, and Susanna's crêpe veil was so long that it fluttered in the breeze from the window of the vehicle. Lettice Booker and Lawyer Barnes occupied the third, and when she alighted people noticed and commented upon the fact that, although she wore a black gown, it was not a new one and she did not wear a veil. Amarias and Emeline and Susanna and Abner wept into black-bordered handkerchiefs. Lettice's eyes were moist, but no one heard her sob, and her handkerchief was plain white.

Mrs. Salt, from behind the teapot at the boarding-house table that evening, expressed the opinion of many when she proclaimed:

"Savin' money and lookin' out for the dollars is all right enough, but there is such a thing as carryin' it too far. I don't suppose Lettice Booker was ashamed of herself for wearing that old dress at her father's funeral—if she had been she wouldn't have done it—but when she stood up alongside her half brother and sister and everybody could see how much pains they'd been to, to get rigged right, I was ashamed *for* her—I was so."

Noah Didlow shook his head. "Maybe she don't believe in goin' into mournin'," he observed. "Some folks don't. Captain Eliphalet didn't, far as that goes. He used to say that a gang of relatives at a funeral all togged out in black doodads and streamers always reminded him of a parcel of turkey-buzzards—them birds he'd seen in the West Indies—roostin' round a sick dog. Both sets, he used to say, was just there waitin' for what was comin' to 'em."

Miss Hercelia Ginn shuddered. "Oh, horrible!" she exclaimed.

Captain Ziba Bangs chuckled. "There's consider'ble common sense to it, though," he declared. "And the captain was strong on common sense, provided 'twas his sense and nobody else's. Lettice, she's pretty sensible, too. Maybe she figgered there wasn't much use in her spendin' money for mournin' when there was precious little chance of any pickin's comin' her way. Amarias and Susanna now—well, I cal'late they expect to get the price of their outfits back when the will's read."

Solon Pepper passed his plate for a second helping of baked beans.

"Don't you cal'late he'll leave Lettice anything?" he asked. "She's his child, after all, just as much as Amarias or Susanna. She used to be his favorite, they tell me."

Mr. Didlow nodded knowingly. In his official capacity as town clerk Noah came to know many things.

"We-ll," he drawled, "I don't suppose I ought to tell this, but bein' as it will all come out pretty soon, maybe there ain't much harm in tellin'. Course I don't know what's happened lately, but a few years ago it came to me pretty straight, from somebody that had seen the old man's will, that he had left all he owned to be divided between Amarias and Susanna."

"And not a thing to Lettice?" gasped Mrs. Salt.

"Say, Noah," Captain Ziba put in, "looks as if the town might have a chance to buy the B house now, don't it?"

Mr. Didlow coughed importantly. "That's town business, Ziba," he said, "and I ain't supposed to talk town business outside of board meetin'."

Continued on page 97

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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 96

THAT particular phase of town business was being talked about just then, however, and in places other than the Salt boarding-house. Emeline Peel and her husband had already discussed it and the latter had issued his orders.

"If anybody tries to find out what's goin' to be done with the A B C houses," he commanded, "you tell 'em you don't know. If Susanna or Abner come hintin' around, turn 'em over to me. Don't *you* say a word."

"Yes, Amarias," meekly agreed his wife. "I will do just as you say. But you are goin' to let the town have the B house, aren't you?"

Amarias winked. "If the town will pay a price for the B house, the town can have it, I guess," he observed. "Susanna and I have agreed on that much. As for the other two houses—well, I don't know. One of 'em, of course, will be mine anyway. But if I could buy the other one from Susanna and get it cheap enough—well, I might buy it, maybe."

Emeline stared. "Buy it?" she repeated. "Buy another one of those old, ramshackle, tumble-down things? What for?"

Her husband winked again. "The minute the B house is sold to the town," he said, "the town will tear it down and run Cross Street through to Water Street. That's what the selectmen have been wantin' to do for years. And the minute those two streets come together property on the two corners is goin' to be worth three or four times what it was before. Eh? You didn't think of that, did you? No, I suppose likely not. Well, I've thought of it for a long while."

Mrs. Peel gazed at Amarias in meek admiration.

"My, you're smart," she exclaimed. "I wonder if anybody else has thought of it. Oh, Amarias, do you suppose Susanna has ever thought of it?"

Amarias frowned. The fear that his shrewd sister might have thought that very thing was the fly in the cream-jug of his serenity.

"I don't know," he growled. "If she has, she's never spoken to me about it."

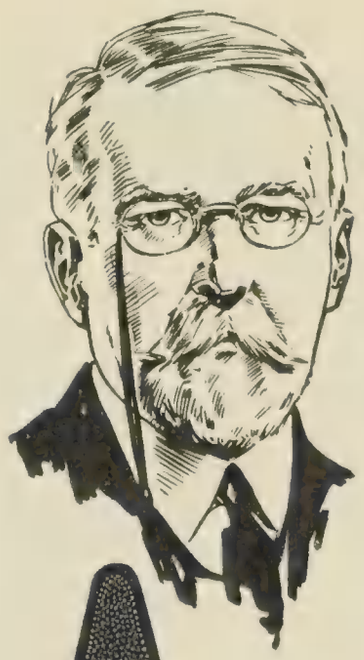
"And—and of course you've never spoken to her?"

"Don't be a fool. Is it likely I would? If I buy that other house of Susanna, I've got to buy it before the town buys the B house. If I don't, she'll want as much for it as I would if it was mine. My chance is to get it before she wakes up to what it's worth. Look here. Don't you mention a word of this to anybody. If you do, you'll hear from me. You keep still."

Emeline promised to keep still. She had no desire to hear from her husband.

CAPTAIN ELIPHALET was buried on a Tuesday, but he and his affairs were talked about all that and the following week. The probable size of his estate became the leading topic of conversation. He was a rich man, all Wapatomac agreed on that point, but just how rich no one as yet knew—no one save, perhaps, Lawyer Norris Barnes, and he would not tell. The Amarias Peels and the Abner Crusits, always important personages in the community, became more important still. Noah Didlow had cautioned his fellow boarders at Mrs. Salt's not to breathe a word of his inside information as to the disposition of the captain's wealth, but, nevertheless, the whole town seemed to know that Amarias and his sister were to inherit that wealth, and that Lettice Booker was to get nothing, or what amounted to nothing. People asked Amarias if he was going to keep on in business, or intended to retire. He sadly shook his head and stated that his grief at his father's death was so keen as to prevent his having given a thought to anything else. At the Shakespeare Reading Society they asked Mrs. Crusit when she was going to take that trip to Europe she had talked of so long. Susanna said she did not know, all she could think about just then was "poor dear father." One or two daring souls dropped in at the notion shop to offer condolences and learn how Lettice was

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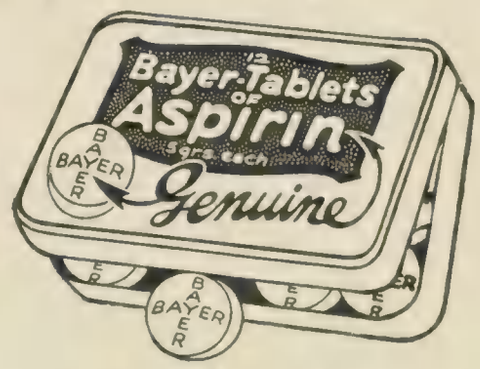


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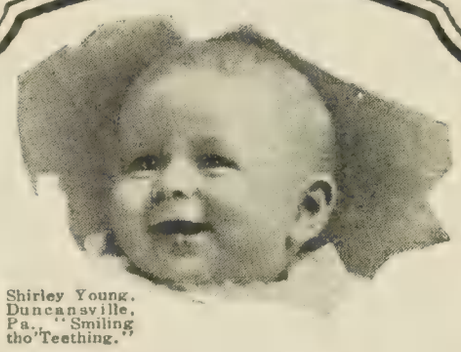
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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 97

feeling. But, whatever her feelings may have been, she said nothing and they departed unsatisfied.

ON MONDAY afternoon of the third week Lawyer Norris Barnes walked down Main Street, and those who saw him pass leaned forward to look. The lawyer's expression was grave and his manner, so it seemed to the majority, even more heavily freighted with dignified importance than usual. He was a center of interest to the town just then, and it was quite likely that he knew it. That morning, in his office, an important ceremony had taken place, namely, the reading of Captain Eliphalet Peel's will. Witnesses of that ceremony were few in number, although (had a general invitation been issued) all Wapatomac would have declared holiday and attended. As a matter of fact, the group in the lawyer's office was even smaller than was expected. Amarias Peel and his wife were there—twenty citizens had witnessed their arrival; and Susanna Crusit and Abner were there also. But Lettice Booker, although she had been notified, had remained the entire forenoon in her notion shop. There was speculation and wonder concerning her absence.

As the lawyer moved majestically along Main Street that afternoon, the guess was that bad news was on its way to her. When the loiterers on the post-office steps saw him open the door of the notion shop and enter, the conviction was general that it had arrived. All wished that they, too, might be present in that shop to see how Lettice took it.

There was, as it happened, a third person present during the beginning of that important interview. Farley Crowell was seated in a chair by the ribbon counter, his crutch against his knee, when the lawyer entered the shop. Lettice was behind the candy counter, assisting a small boy in the judicious expenditure of some birthday pennies. The youngster was choosing with a deliberation befitting the importance of the occasion. Birthdays, like Christmas and the Fourth, came but once a year.

Mr. Barnes, solemn and dignified, acknowledged the Crowell greeting with a curt nod. Then, moving over to the candy counter, he raised his hat and cleared his throat.

"Ahem! Mrs. Booker," he said "may I see you for a few moments? On—er—on a matter of business."

Lettice glanced at him. The "Mrs. Booker" was unusually ceremonious, for he had known her since she was a baby.

"I guess you can, Mr. Barnes," she said cheerfully. "I'll be with you in just a minute. Sit down. You and Farley can talk while I'm attending to Eddie here. He has some business of his own and it can't wait." Then turning to her small customer, she asked, "what was it, Eddie? Two of the chocolate sticks, did you say?"

Barnes did not sit. He cleared his throat once more.

"Mrs. Booker," he began again, "I have some news for you."

"Just a minute, Mr. Barnes. There you are, Eddie, and many happy returns of the day."

"Mrs. Booker, the news is—er—very important."

"Coming, Mr. Barnes. Here, Eddie! The candy you bought was six cents and you've left seven on the counter. You'll need the other one before your birthday is over. There, that's all right— Oh, Farley, where are you going?"

Farley was limping to the door.

"I must be getting back home," he said.

But Lettice begged him not to go. There were times when the lawyer's officious pomposity annoyed her and she took a mischievous delight in upsetting it.

"I want you to stay," she again repeated to Farley. "Well, Mr. Barnes, what is this news of yours? Is it bad news?"

"No-o. No, it is not. But it is rather confidential."

"Nonsense! Nothing is confidential in Wapatomac. Never mind Farley. He can keep a secret, if it is necessary. What is it you have come to tell me?"

BARNES was losing his temper. If this woman cared to have her personal affairs trumpeted abroad to the community, it was, after all, no part of his business to interfere.

"It is concerning your father's will," he said bruskly. "Now perhaps you will understand why I speak of it as confidential."

She paid no attention to the last sentence.

"I supposed it must be something like that," she observed. "Well?"

"You will remember, Mrs. Booker, that I urged you to come to my office this morning to listen to the reading of the will—you and the other near relatives. You did not come."

"I couldn't very well, Mr. Barnes. I hadn't anybody to leave here in the store."

"If you had come, you might have found the proceedings—er—interesting. Mrs. Booker——"

"Oh, for mercy's sake, stop calling me 'Mrs. Booker'! You have called me 'Lettice' for thirty-four years. Now what is it? You've come to tell me that Amarias and Susanna are to have the property, of course. That isn't exactly news, Mr. Barnes. I expected it, and so did every one else. Those people over there on the post-office steps who saw you come in here know that you have come to tell me that, and are talking about it this very minute. I am glad that some one else is here to hear the real truth, just as it is. Now go on. I am listening."

Mr. Barnes drew himself erect. "I have not come to tell you anything of the kind," he declared severely. "Your half brother and sister inherit the bulk of your father's estate—yes. But he has left you a very substantial legacy. Ten thousand dollars in gilt-edged securities and the three houses on Water and Cross streets. All that is yours, Mrs.—er—Lettice."

The color which had risen to Lettice's cheeks when she referred to the group at the post-office slowly faded. She caught her breath.

"*What!*" she cried. "What did you say? Mr. Barnes—Farley——"

But Farley Crowell was already at the door. A moment later they heard the thump of his crutch upon the sidewalk. The lawyer stepped forward, the affront to his dignity quite forgotten.

"Sit down, Lettice," he said kindly. "No, there is no mistake. It is true. Sit down and I will tell you all about it—all I know, which is only what I read in the will."

LETTICE was pale. Her hand, as it sought the chair-back, trembled. Barnes, he should have known better, feared she might be going to faint.

"Let me get you a glass of water," he urged. "I——"

She waved the suggestion aside. "No, no! I am all right," she protested hastily. "I am just—well, upset a little. What was it you said? Ten thousand dollars—to—to *me?*"

"Yes. And the A B C houses also."

"To me—and not to *them?* I can't believe it. I didn't suppose—I have always thought—But there! You say it is so and it must be, mustn't it? Why did father do it?"

"I don't know. Of course there was no reason why he shouldn't have done it except——"

"Except every possible reason. Mr. Barnes, didn't he tell you why he did this? He must have. You drew the will."

"Not this will. Some years ago, a year or so after your marriage, I did draw up a will for your father and in that, I may as well tell you, he left everything to your half brother and sister. I supposed, when I opened the envelope in my office this morning, that I should find in it that will, the one I drew. But I didn't. I found another, a much more recent one, drawn by Judge Snow of Ostable and witnessed by his clerks. It was brief enough. It stated that you were to have the three houses and the ten thousand dollars in securities. The rest of the estate was to be divided equally between Amarias and Susanna. It was as much of a surprise to me as it was to—ahem—to them."

The tone of the last sentence caused her to look at him. She smiled faintly.

"They were surprised, I guess," she said.

"They said a good deal," he admitted, smiling too, "but the will is perfectly legal and after all they get the bulk of the estate, so they have no real reason for complaint. Oddly enough, your receiving the ten thousand

Continued on page 99

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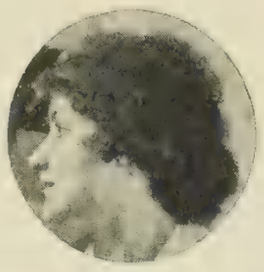
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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 98

did not seem to disturb them as much as your coming into possession of the three houses. Amarias, in particular, seemed very resentful on that point."

Lettice shook her head. "That is odd," she mused. "It seems to me that, considering the state those houses are in, they are likely to be more trouble than they are worth."

"Yes, so I should have said. But probably you can sell them for something. The selectmen were at one time thinking of buying the middle one. Perhaps they will do it now. If I can help in any way, you will call on me, of course."

She thanked him. He rose to go.

"I congratulate you heartily," he said. "I am very glad for you. Why your father, who had always entrusted his business to me, as he had to my father before me, should have seen fit to employ an out-of-town attorney to draw that will I confess I can't understand. But doubtless he had his reasons and—I believe I did not mention it—he did appoint me as his executor. Eh? Why, I must be growing old and forgetful. Finding that other will in the envelope in place of the one I had drawn was—er—well, it was rather a shock. I very nearly neglected to give you this. It was in the envelope with the will. As you see, it is addressed to you."

It was another envelope, a small one, and upon it, in Captain Eliphalet's angular handwriting, was inscribed:

"For my daughter, Lettice Booker. Personal and Private. To be opened when she is alone by herself."

Lettice read the inscription and looked from it to Mr. Barnes.

"What is it?" she asked.

He shook his head. "I don't know," he said, somewhat testily. "Another matter which Captain Peel must have considered too confidential for his executor to see."

HE WENT away then and Lettice, sitting in the chair, looked from the letter in her hand to the rows of boxes upon the shelves behind the counter, seeing neither clearly and trying to realize a little of her changed condition. Ten thousand dollars! Ten thousand! Why, for her it meant safety—a sheet anchor to windward when the storms came. With the income from that and the earnings of the little shop she could get on without the worry which had been hers every night and every day. Ten thousand dollars! And the A B C houses! She gave scarcely a thought to them, until she happened to remember that one of them was the old home, the house in which she was born. And in another Farley Crowell lived. Why, Farley would be her tenant now! How strange that was! She knew he would be glad to hear of her good fortune. Poor Farley! How different their lives had been from the dreams they had dreamed together in the old days!

She sat there, thinking, until a customer came into the shop. Then, tucking her father's letter inside her waist, she rose to wait upon that customer. Before this one's wants had been satisfied, another came. Lettice had a busy afternoon. It was not until she closed the shop at supper time that she found leisure, "alone by herself," to read that letter.

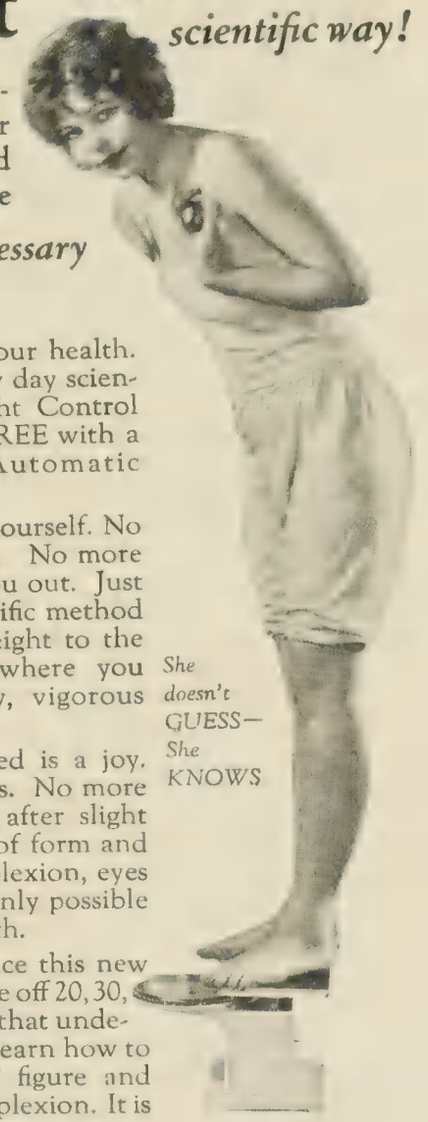
THE will and its contents gave Wapatomac fuel to keep its gossip fires burning for another ten days. Captain Eliphalet's generous legacy to the daughter with whom, as every one knew, he had been on the outs for years had upset many prophecies. Town Clerk Noah Didlow found his position as oracle at the Salt table a good deal shaken. His confidential revelation concerning the disposition of the Peel inheritance had been accepted as conclusive and final and, because it was confidential, about every one present had whispered it—also in strict confidence—to some one else. Now that it had been proven false, the receivers of these confidences were laughing and making irritating

Continued on page 100

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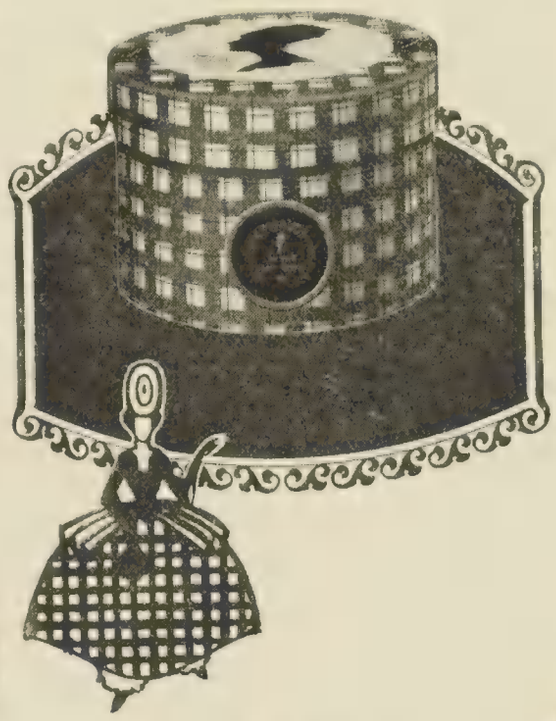
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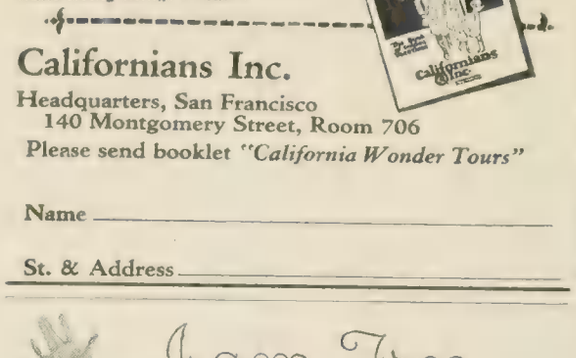
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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 99

remarks. These remarks were transmitted, with accrued interest, to Mr. Didlow, and he did not enjoy hearing them. He endeavored to cover his chagrin by shrugs and veiled hints at further knowledge still unrevealed.

"If the cap'n'd really set out to be so terrible nice to Lettice all at once," he said darkly, "why did he leave her those ramshackle old A B C houses to look out for? There's a nigger in that woodpile—you wait and see if there ain't."

Captain Ziba Bangs sniffed. "Maybe there is and maybe there ain't," he observed, "but old Cap'n 'Liph knew what he was about when he did leave 'em to her. Whatever he did it for, there was sense in it—yes, and good smart shrewdness, or he would'nt have done it. And, anyhow, Noah, if you and that fool Democratic Board of Selectmen buy the B house of her, she'll get somethin' out of one of the three. Eh? Ain't that so?"

Mr. Didlow frowned. "That's the board's business," he declared with dignity. "And, whatever else I may do, I don't talk board matters out in public."

Mrs. Salt now spoke her mind. "Amarias and Susanna realize their father wasn't himself when he changed his will," she said. "Susanna as much as owned up that to me when I spoke to her at League meetin'. But she said they felt 'twas their duty to carry out his wishes and so they will abide by the terms of the will. She was more charitable and resigned than I should have been, considerin' how lovely she and her brother had always been to the cap'n, and how Lettice had treated him, keepin' that pitiful little store—and she a Peel—and hardly goin' nigh him all the time he was breakin' down and dyin', so to speak."

Captain Ziba's chuckle was irritating.

"She went nigh him often as she always did, and no more," he declared. "And I must say I like her better for it. Resigned!" he repeated scornfully. "Amarias Peel and Susanna Crusit resigned when anybody they hate the way they do Lettice gets somethin' they had cal'lated on havin'! Yes, they're about as resigned as a cat is to a pourin'-down rain-storm. They have to set and take it the way the cat does the wettin', 'cause they can't do anythin' else. Abide by the terms of the will? Sartin they will! It's accordin' to law and they can't break it. But they ain't resigned, and if I know 'em, they won't give up tryin' to get Lettice's share away from her. And they'll have a job cut out for 'em! She's a Peel, same as they are. And the best and smartest one of the three, if you ask me."

THIS outburst was received with marked disapproval. Opinion in general sided with Amarias and Susanna. For one reason, they seemed willing to talk when approached by acquaintances, and the charity and resignation mentioned by Mrs. Salt made a favorable impression. Lettice, however, would not talk at all concerning her good fortune. The host of new friends who proved their friendship by visiting the notion shop to congratulate her and ask questions were pleasantly received, but, when they gushed and exclaimed, she was cool and reserved. No one could find out what her plans for the future might be.

"Bah!" exclaimed Solon Pepper, one of the disappointed callers, "you can't warm her up any more than you can an ice-bag. She's as close-mouthed and short-talked as her dad ever was, and that's sayin' consider'ble. And everybody in town'll tell you the same thing. They've all been in to see her."

This was not precisely true. Neither the Amarias Peels nor the Crusits had as yet been in to see her. Nor had Farley Crowell.

But the latter did come. He came early one stormy evening, after Lettice had closed the notion shop and was in her tiny sitting-room at the rear. She had just finished with the supper dishes and was reading, but she heard his halting step upon the walk and recognized it. She opened the door before he knocked.

"Come in, Farley," she said. "Come in and sit down. I knew it was you."

"How did you know?" he asked. Then, guessing the reason, he smiled.

"You heard my crutch, of course," he said. "I usually hit it against something or other. Yes, thank you, I will sit down, though I mustn't stay long. It is beginning to rain. Well, Lettice, I suppose you have been wondering why I haven't been in before."

She nodded. "I have wondered a little," she said. "You are almost the only one who hasn't been in to congratulate me. It is surprising how many friends I have nowadays."

He shook his head. "I imagine so," he told her. "Well, perhaps that was my reason for not coming. I didn't want you to think I was that kind of friend."

"I never did think so."

"I'm glad of that. But I do congratulate you, Lettice. No one can be gladder than I am. I wish it had been a hundred thousand, instead of ten. You deserve all the good luck that can come your way."

"Much obliged. But tell me truly, why didn't you come before? Surely you didn't really believe I would think you were like Solon Pepper—and some of the others. I expected you, and I was disappointed when you stayed away."

He hesitated. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I have been thinking and it seemed to me that the less you saw of me the better. You are well off now——"

She laughed and interrupted. "Ten thousand dollars isn't a Vanderbilt fortune exactly," she said.

"No, but it is a good deal, compared to—well, it is a good deal more than nothing. And there is another thing—something every one is bound to talk about. I am your tenant now. Have you thought of that?"

"Of course I have. What of it?"

"Why, just this. You own the A B C houses. They are all wondering what you will do with them."

"I suppose they are. Well, I have wondered a little myself."

"Naturally. And that brings me to what I wanted to say. Lettice, if you have a chance to sell those houses—yes, or to rent the one I am in to better advantage, I want you to promise me you will do it. You mustn't let any thought of me interfere at all. Will you promise that?"

She did not answer for a moment. Then she said: "You seem to think there is some likelihood of my selling. Who would want to buy those old tumble-down places?"

"Somebody might. Lettice, I suppose you know that the town tried very hard to buy one of them—the B house—at one time? Your father would not sell."

She nodded. "Yes," she admitted, "I know that. In fact—" She paused and did not finish the sentence, adding instead, "The B house was my old home. I was born there and—and I was happier in that house than I have ever been since. I don't know that I want to sell it."

"You mean that you may go there to live again?"

"I might—some day—perhaps."

"I thought of that. And that makes me feel all the more certain that my living in the C house—a next-door neighbor—would not be the best thing for you. I believe that I had better look for other quarters. I'm going to do that very thing."

"I don't see why."

"Oh, yes, you do! Now here—this is possible—suppose I couldn't earn enough to keep going? Suppose I got behind with my rent? You wouldn't put me out, of course."

She smiled. "I might," she said again. "You don't know how hard-hearted a landlady I might be."

"I know you wouldn't. And, if I left—as of course I should do under those circumstances—there would be more talk, and you would feel badly and think you hadn't treated me right. The whole business is going to be embarrassing for both of us. I'm going to move as soon as I can find another place."

SHE leaned her chin upon her hand and regarded him steadily.

"You are a queer kind of friend, it seems to me," she said. "You were quite willing to be father's tenant and live next door to him. But you want to run away from me."

He stirred uneasily. "Don't speak like that," he said. "You know why I want to run away—or ought to want to. As to friendship—well, ours means so much to me that I just can't take chances with it. So I'm giving you formal notice, Lettice. As soon as I find a place that is vacant—and cheap—

Continued on page 101



Mickey Daniels is one of the juvenile stars appearing in Our Gang Comedies produced by Hal E. Roach and distributed by Pathe.

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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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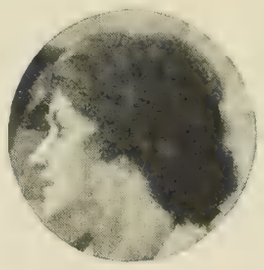
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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 100

I'm going to move into it. And we'll keep on being friends just the same."

She was still looking at him intently. Apparently she had paid little attention to what he had just said.

"Farley," she asked, "will you answer a very personal question? One about your own private affairs?"

"Yes. Of course I will."

"How much do you make, from your sign painting and the windmills and the rest in, say, a year?"

He was surprised, but his reply was prompt.

"Last year," he said with a smile, "I figure that I cleared about eight hundred dollars. Not a tremendous salary for a man of my age, but I keep hoping I may do better, and even that is as much as I ever made from what I used to call my art."

He naturally expected her to make some comment on the statement, but she did not. She said nothing.

"That is the size of my net income," he went on. "Why did you ask about it?"

"Because—oh, because I was interested. So you are going to move out of the C house?"

"Yes. As soon as I can find somewhere else to go. And remember your promise to put me out sooner, if you have a chance to sell or get a higher rent."

"I didn't make any promise, but I will think the matter over. And you must promise not to make any decision—about moving, I mean—without letting me know first. Will you do that?"

"Yes, if you want me to."

"All right. Now we'll talk of something pleasanter."

They did. He asked if she had made any definite plans concerning her own future. Would she keep on with the notion shop?"

"I shall have to," she said. "The income from ten thousand dollars doesn't make me independent. And what else is there?"

"Well, you might sell the A B C houses—or rent them."

"Only one of them is rented at present, and that tenant has given me notice."

At the door, as he was saying good night, she gave him another bit of information.

"There is one thing I haven't told you," she said. "I was asked not to tell, so you must keep it to yourself. Mr. Didlow was in the shop this afternoon. He was sent by the selectmen to see if I would consider selling the B house to the town. He offered me two thousand dollars for it."

"Oh, did he? Well, I'm not surprised. What did you tell him?"

"Just what I told you, that I wasn't sure I wanted to sell. I'm not sure. Besides," with a twinkle which was reminiscent of many that he had seen in the eyes of Captain Eliphalet Peel when a trade was in question, "I may think that it will pay to wait. I doubt if Mr. Didlow has made his final offer yet."

FARLEY limped back to his lonely quarters in the C house in a low state of mind. He had been absolutely sincere in his determination not to remain in that house as Lettice Booker's tenant. The complications which might arise would certainly be embarrassing for them both, and his statement to her was the result of careful deliberation and honestly made.

But her reception of it was something of a shock. If she had refused to listen to his ultimatum, he would of course have persisted in it, for his mind was made up on the point. But he had not expected her to accept it in quite such a businesslike fashion and with, it seemed to him, little more than a perfunctory protest. He tried to be philosophical. After all, it was a business matter and there should be no sentiment in it. But he was hurt and disappointed, nevertheless.

By morning he had made up his mind not only to move from the C house as soon as he could, but, if possible, to move from Wapatomac. It made little difference where.

Concluded in the June DELINEATOR



Now! You can darken Gray Hair

GRAY HAIR may become some few people but in all cases gray hair denotes age and, oh, how we dislike to be called old! After all a person is only as old as he or she looks and we all want to look as young as possible.

For those to whom youth is dear and precious and *necessary*, we now make it possible to hide those tell-tale gray hairs; to darken the hair so no one will know—not even your most intimate friends and associates unless you choose to tell them.

Even Your Friends Won't Know!

A frank discussion of the subject will interest you. Many people who are gray have been trying everything, only to find that most of the rapid hair "dyes" give a metallic, dull and lifeless cast that is far from natural in appearance. Besides, the change in color is so abrupt that everyone notices it.



Perhaps, you are confused by the claims made for the countless gray hair preparations. You are entitled to know the facts so that you can choose the kind you wish to use without experimenting. There are many preparations that will change the color of your hair "overnight" or in "fifteen minutes." No doubt they do so but they are dyes and work the same way that you dye a piece of cloth, except that hair dyes do not do the job so well. We hardly think you want to use that method—it simply advertises the fact that you are using something on your hair. Now there is a better way—

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First cleanse hair and scalp



Apply Q-ban to each lock

After seven or eight applications you will see a gradual change. Make two applications the second week and only occasionally thereafter. A slow and sure darkening of the hair will take place and your associates will not have noticed it. Sometimes the process requires several weeks, sometimes one bottle and then again several bottles. But you use only the one preparation to darken the hair—Q-ban Hair *Color* Restorer, 75 cents the bottle, under money-back guarantee to please *you*.



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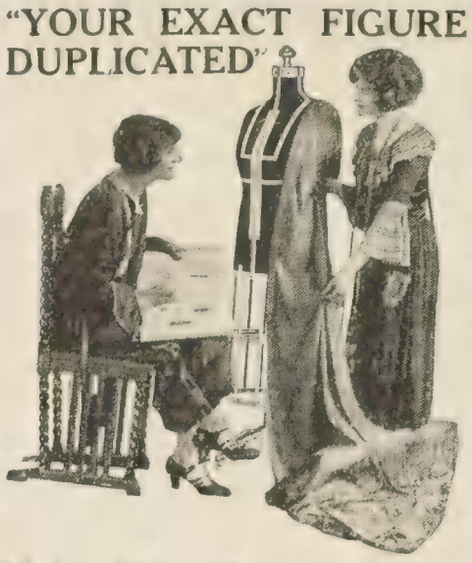
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WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

6022—10314—A circular apron gives the smart flare to this one-piece slip-over dress with a' close-fitting hipline. The beading follows an individual design on the body. Use crêpe satin, flat crêpe, plain Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or heavy crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma or plain Georgette; without beading use lace, or brocades, crêpe satin, etc., with ostrich.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6036—This is a very distinguished type of one-piece frock. It has a close-fitting hipline and slips on over the head. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, or crêpe satin with the one-piece slip of crêpe de Chine to match and the flower of ribbon in contrast, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

6040—This one-piece dress has an inverted plait set in the center front and may have two-seam long sleeves or one-seam short sleeves. It is close fitting at the hipline and slips on over the head. Use soft twills, cashmere dress goods, wool crêpe, kasha or camel's-hair twills with silk crêpe or the same material in contrast, etc. Lower edge, with inverted plait drawn out, 51 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch kasha and ¼ yard 54-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5933—The draped frock of printed Georgette, chiffon or chiffon voile is very lovely for evening. This one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge and is worn over a separate one-piece slip of crêpe de Chine or satin which may have short sleeves for day.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch flowered chiffon, 2⅝ yards 36-inch material for slip, ½ yard 35-inch material for upper part of slip. Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6030—A lace jabot is a very French trimming to a slip-over frock of plain Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, heavy crêpe de Chine, flat crêpe or crêpe satin. It has a two-piece circular skirt joined at the hipline. You may use chiffon or Georgette sleeves in the same color or in contrast.

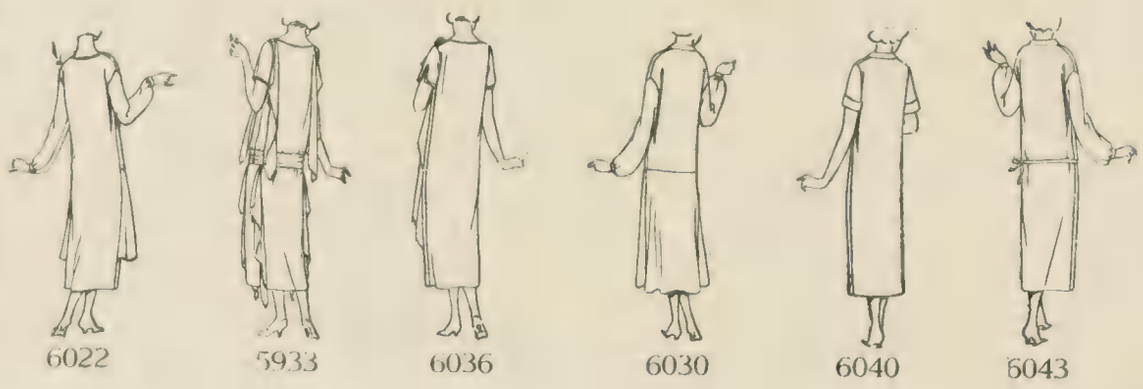
36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6043—Inserted plaits at each side of the front give an easy width to this one-piece slip-over frock. Use plain flannel, silk broadcloth, radium, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, cotton broadcloth or cotton pongee with the same material in contrast; or make the entire dress of plain flannel, heavy crêpe de Chine or pongee. Stripes in these materials may be used with plain to match. Lower edge, plaits out, 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch flannel.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

5992—Inverted plaits and buttons trim this one-piece dress of soft twills, cashmere dress goods or camel's-hair twills with faille silk or silk crêpe in contrast. It slips on over the head and has a close-fitting hipline. You may use wool crêpe with contrasting silk crêpe, flannel with contrast, heavy silk crêpe with satin, heavy satin with faille silk in the same color or in contrast, etc.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch flannel. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

6007—5827—10189—This smart slip-over tunic blouse has the new jabot, a straight lower edge and may be a shorter length. Use plain radium, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or crêpe satin. The embroidery is easily worked. Make the costume slip of silk crêpe, crêpe meteor, soft satin, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine, 2⅜ yards 35 or 39 inch satin for slip. Lower edge 44½ inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5994—If you omit the sleeves, this slip-over frock makes a smart tennis costume, for the two-piece circular skirt fastened at the hipline allows freedom for running, etc. Use satin with silk crêpe (except for a sleeveless frock), or silk crêpe with satin in the same color or contrast, heavy crêpe de Chine with same material in contrast.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch printed silk crêpe. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6001—5903—5997—With your two-piece suspender skirt of flannel, kasha, camel's-hair twills or satin you may wear a sleeveless jacket to match and a peasant blouse of cotton voile or crêpe de Chine. The skirt has a cluster of plaits at each side in front.

19 years or 36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅝ yard 27-inch flannel for jacket, 2¾ yards 39-inch cotton voile, 3¾ yards 27-inch flannel for skirt. Lower edge, plaits out, 59 inches.

Jacket is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; blouse for figures 32 to 40 bust; skirt for ladies 38, 40 bust, also misses 15 to 20.

6010—10295—A new ensemble is composed of a one-piece slip-over dress of flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin and a sleeveless coat of broadcloth, kasha, camel's-hair twills or the dress material in a darker shade of the same color or in contrast. Work the motifs in beading. Lower edge of dress 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 54-inch kasha, 3 yards 39-inch silk for dress.

The dress and coat are smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5990—Striped heavy crêpe de Chine, silk or cotton broadcloth, heavy cotton crêpe or flannel with plain to match make an attractive one-piece frock. It has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. You may use plain heavy silk crêpe, crêpe satin, etc.

36 bust requires 4 yards 32-inch striped silk broadcloth, ⅜ yard 35-inch plain silk. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

6005—For this one-piece slip-over dress use linen, linen-finished cotton, plain cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe or cotton pongee, chambray, plain silk pongee, wool crêpe, etc., with the same material in contrast for collar and cuffs. They may be detachable.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch linen.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

6019—10257—Flower embroidery trims this slip-over frock of plain crêpe de Chine, pongee, chambray, fine cotton crêpe or cotton pongee. It has a straight lower edge and the bloomers are separate.

For 4 years 1¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

6003—6015—5683—This ensemble combines a coat of faille silk, wool poplin, etc., a slip-over frock of silk crêpe with a band of the coat fabric, and a hat of crêpe de Chine. The coat has a plain lining and the dress a straight lower edge.

6 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch crêpe de Chine, 1⅝ yard 54-inch soft twill for coat and bands of dress.

Coat is for little girls 2 to 7; dress for girls 4 to 10 years; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5928—5966—Striped challis, light-weight flannel or wash silks with plain to match make this one-piece slip-over dress with a yoke front. The hat of satin, flannel, etc., matches the color of the sleeve-puffs.

12 years requires 2½ yards 32-inch striped challis, ½ yard 35-inch silk for the dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls, misses and ladies.

5999—5557—Make this one-piece slip-over frock with inserted plaits of striped flannel, cotton pongee, pongee, radium or heavy crêpe de Chine with plain to match. Her hat may be of corded silks, etc.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 35-inch striped broadcloth for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

6009—5416—With a suspender skirt of twills, serge, flannel, wool crêpe, tweeds, plaids or stripes trimmed with silk braid bindings to match, the junior wears a separate blouse of cotton broadcloth, cotton pongee, dimity, crêpe de Chine, China silk or pongee. Her tam o'-shanter is smart.

12 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1⅛ yard 54-inch twill for skirt.

The costume is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; tam for girls, children, misses, ladies.

5942—10744—Use chambray or pin-check gingham for this smocked slip-over dress and white rep or linen for the collar and cuffs trimmed with stitches in color to match smocking. The bloomers are separate.

5 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

6013—5952—Use soft twills, serge, camel's-hair twills or flannel for the coat of this ensemble suit. Make the slip-over one-piece frock, collar, coat facing, etc., of plaid, striped, polka-dot or plain wool. The hat has a four-gored crown.

12 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch plain, 1⅞ yard 54-inch checked material.

The suit is for juniors and girls 6 to 15; hat for girls, misses, ladies.

5946—5938—Her ensemble costume has a one-piece dress trimmed with bands of the coat fabric. The coat may have a cape. Use broadcloth, ribbed silks, etc., with silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine, etc.

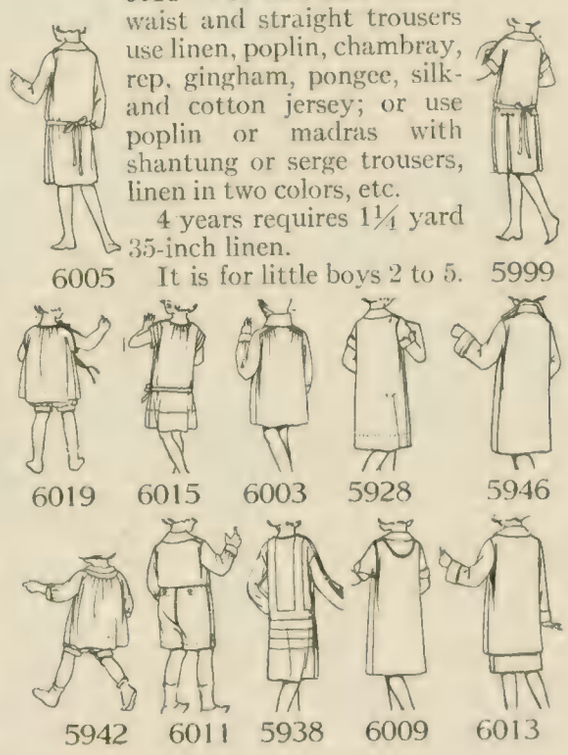
13 years requires 1¾ yard 35-inch silk and ⅞ yard 54-inch twill for the dress.

Costume is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

6011—For this suit with a waist and straight trousers use linen, poplin, chambray, rep, gingham, pongee, silk- and cotton jersey; or use poplin or madras with shantung or serge trousers, linen in two colors, etc.

4 years requires 1¼ yard 35-inch linen.

It is for little boys 2 to 5.





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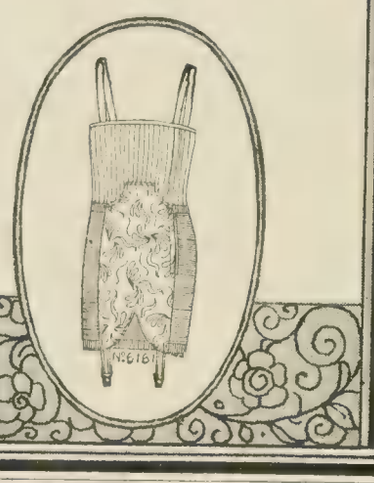
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

5984—Stripes, plaids or checks with plain flannel or white linen or piqué collar and cuffs are smart for a one-piece slip-over frock of this type. It has a straight lower edge.

17 years requires 3½ yards 27-inch striped flannel. Lower edge 42 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 15 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust.

5981—5964—5498—Use flannel, kasha or camel's-hair twills for this coat and two-piece suspender skirt. The slip-over blouse may have a shoulder yoke and detachable collar, etc. Lower edge of skirt 48½ inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch flannel, 3 yards 54-inch plaid flannel (including coat lining), 2⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse.

The coat and blouse are for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; skirt for misses 15 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust.

6012—5218—The one-piece frock in peasant style may be smocked in attractive color combinations. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. The hat and scarf are smart.

17 years requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for dress. Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women; hat and scarf for misses and ladies.

6001 — 5903 — 5979 — Wear the sleeveless jacket matching your three-piece suspender skirt with a peasant blouse of cotton voile or crêpe de Chine. The skirt has inverted plaits and the blouse may be in overblouse length.

34 bust and 36 hip or 17 years require ⅞ yard 54-inch kasha for jacket, 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine, 1½ yard 54-inch kasha for skirt. Lower edge, plaits out, 1⅞ yard.

Jacket is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; blouse for figures 32 to 40 bust; skirt for misses 15 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust.

5988—For a slip-over frock, with the new two-piece circular skirt joined to a basque at a slightly low waistline, use printed fabric.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch printed silk. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

It is for misses 15 to 20, also ladies 38 bust.

5996—Lace banding is a distinctive trimming for this slip-over dress of plain Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, etc. It has a gathered straight skirt.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch material, 1½ yard 8-inch lace banding, 1½ yard 4-inch lace banding. Lower edge 54 inches.

It is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

5985—5726—5966—Use crosswise designs, printed crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or radium, or plaids for this tunic blouse with a straight lower edge, and wear it over a costume slip with a straight lower edge. Her hat is smart. Lower edge of slip 43 inches.

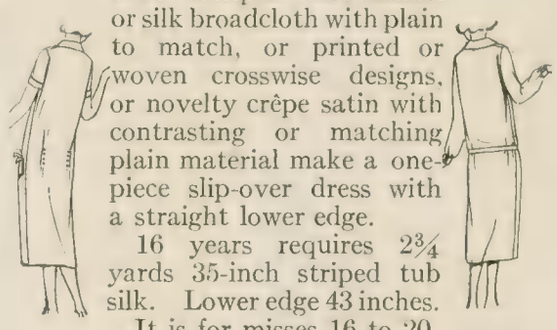
17 years or 34 bust and 21½ inches head measure require 2½ yards 39-inch crosswise stripes, ⅝ yard 35-inch contrasting material, 2⅜ yards 35-inch satin for slip and hat.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for misses 16 to 20, also small women; hat for misses, ladies and girls.

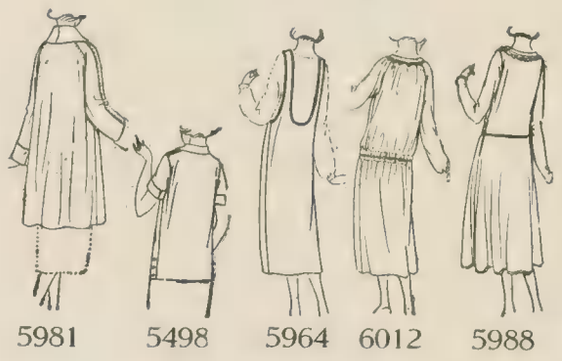
6016—Striped wide flannel or silk broadcloth with plain to match, or printed or woven crosswise designs, or novelty crêpe satin with contrasting or matching plain material make a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 35-inch striped tub silk. Lower edge 43 inches.

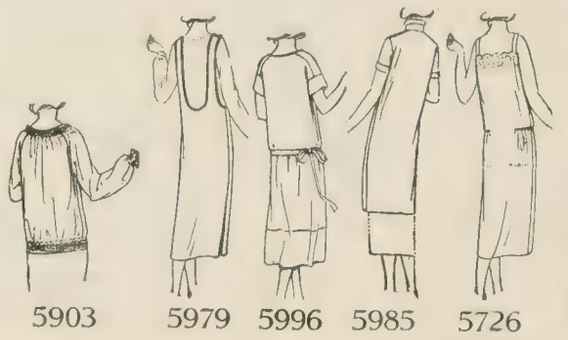
It is for misses 16 to 20, also ladies 38, 40 bust.



5984 6016



5981 5498 5964 6012 5988



5903 5979 5996 5985 5726

FRECKLES



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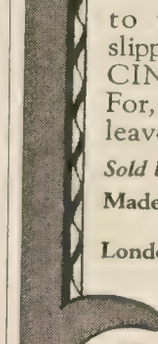
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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 30

5955—5952—10233—The circular flare across the front and the close-fitting hipline mark this one-piece slip-over frock as new. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin. The embroidered motifs are smart. Her hat with a six-gored crown matches the dress.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin for dress. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; hat for ladies, misses and girls.

6018—For this one-piece slip-over frock with a side-plaited apron and straight lower edges use printed crosswise designs, printed radium, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, Georgette, foulard, printed cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe with plain to match, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch printed crosswise design. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6000—The jabot and puffed sleeves make an attractive one-piece frock. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. Use printed heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, satin, radium, failles, crosswise designs, novelty crêpe satin, novelty faille and satin with plain chiffon or Georgette to match, etc. Lower edge 45 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch printed silk, 1⅛ yard 35-inch Georgette.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5998—5952—Crosswise designs, novelty faille and satin, novelty crêpe satin, printed heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with a tie of plain to match are suitable for this one-piece slip-over frock with a straight lower edge. Use faille silk, crêpe satin, flannel, etc., for the hat with a six-gored crown.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch cross-wise-striped silk. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; hat for ladies, misses and girls.

6004—10233—A slip-over frock in jumper effect has an inverted plait at the center front of the straight lower part and a close-fitting hipline. Use soft twills, kasha, cashmere suiting, camel's-hair twill, satin, silk crêpe, etc. Work the banding in outline, etc. The collar and cuffs may be detachable.

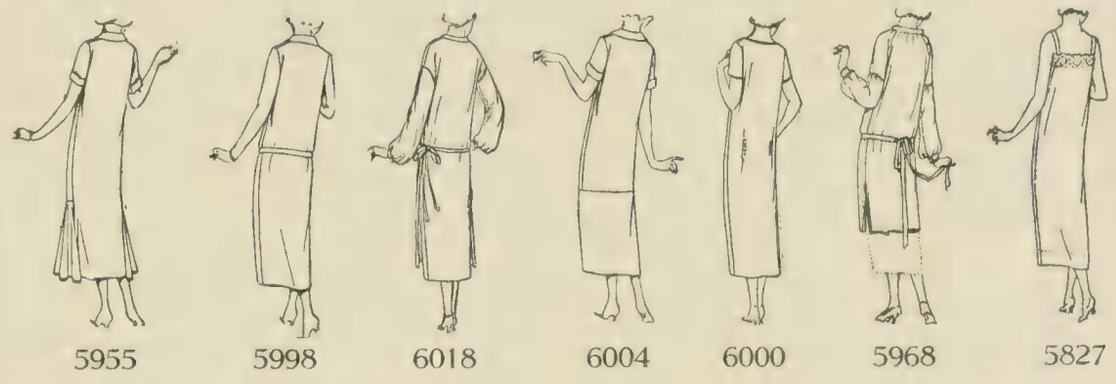
36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch kasha. Lower edge, plaits out, 49½ inches.

The dress is very becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5968—5827—10336—Make this slip-over tunic blouse in peasant style of plain crêpe de Chine, soft satin, Georgette, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe; or use printed radium, crêpe de Chine, etc. Work the embroidery in colors. The costume slip of soft satin, silk crêpe, crêpe meteor, etc., is well cut.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch satin, 2⅜ yards 35 to 39-inch satin. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 40 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5955 5998 6018 6004 6000 5968 5827

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 31

5944—5827—10138—A slip-over tunic blouse of Canton crêpe, crêpe satin with Georgette frill or of crêpe de Chine with a self-frill is worn with a costume slip of soft satin, etc. The embroidery is very easily done. The blouse may be longer.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 2⅜ yards 35-inch satin. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

Blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5962—5638—Use plaids, novelty fabrics, crosswise designs, printed crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or radium with plain to match for a slip-over tunic blouse with a straight lower edge and new sleeves. The costume slip has a long upper part and a plaited flounce or it may be made with a plain lower part.

19 years or 36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch novelty plaid and ⅞ yard 35-inch plain silk, and 2½ yards 39-inch satin.

The blouse is for ladies 38, 40 bust, also misses 16 to 20 years; slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5991—The two-piece flare skirt is new and smart. It has set-in pockets and is fastened only to an outside belt. Use flannel, camel's-hair twills, kasha, homespun, cheviots, cashmere, broadcloth, tweed, plaids or stripes for this skirt.

38 hip requires 2⅛ yards 46-inch kasha. Lower edge measures 2 yards.

The skirt is extremely good style for ladies 35 to 52 hip measure.

6023—5827—5952—10287—The peasant blouse of plain crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, radium, Georgette, crêpe satin, etc., is worn with a costume slip of satin. Work the embroidery in cross-stitch. The hat has a six-gored crown. Lower edge slip 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 2⅜ yards 39-inch satin.

The blouse is for figures 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; hat for ladies, misses and girls.

6021—5873—10312—A jumper of satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine is very smart. The collar may be worn open or high and with a scarf or without it. Use kasha, light-weight flannel, etc., for the two-piece skirt with an inverted plait at the center front and back. Work the motif in colors.

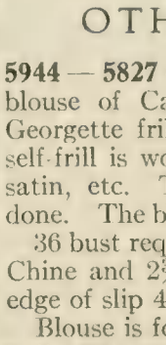
36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 39-inch material and 2⅛ yards 46 to 54 inch kasha for skirt. Lower edge, plaits out, 1¾ yard.

Jumper is for figures 32 to 44 bust; skirt for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

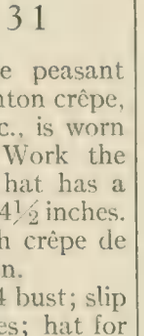
6001—5964—5228—Use plain flannel for the sleeveless jacket and two-piece suspender skirt of this ensemble worn with a slip-over blouse.

19 years or 36 bust and 38 hip require ⅞ yard 54-inch flannel for jacket, 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel, 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 51½ inches.

Jacket is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; blouse for ladies 32 to 44 bust; skirt for ladies 38, 40 bust, also misses 15 to 20.



5944



5827



6021 5873 5991 6023 5962 5638 5228 5964 6001



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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Behind the Scenes with Hutchinson

For the benefit of readers who will be "discovering" A. S. M. Hutchinson for the first time next month—and how we envy them!—we briefly review a few facts about his life that may lend added interest to the reading of his newest serial novel, "The Increasing Purpose." Arthur Stuart Menteth Hutchinson was born in 1879 in India, where his father, General H. A. Hutchinson, of the British Army, was stationed at the time. Young Arthur grew up with the expectation of following the profession of his father and two brothers, but defective eyesight made that an impossibility. His alternative choice, the profession of medicine, was abandoned after two years of study at St. Thomas's Hospital in London, an experience that provided the delightful character of the young medical student in Mr. Hutchinson's first novel, "Once Aboard the Lugger," published in 1908. Four years later came "The Happy Warrior," with its theme based on Wordsworth's poem. This was the story that began to make a reputation for its author among discerning fiction readers on both sides of the Atlantic. It was followed in 1914 by his third novel, "The Clean Heart"—and then came the War. Mr. Hutchinson promptly enlisted as a private, saw service in several important campaigns and was eventually promoted to the rank of captain. After his enlistment, he resolved never to return to literature, but a story took hold of his imagination, grew as if by magic, and was a full-grown novel ready to be put on paper after the signing of the Armistice. Such was the origin of "If Winter Comes"—a book that at once became a best-seller and firmly secured its author's reputation. In 1922 his next work, "This Freedom," appeared serially in THE DELINEATOR. Echoes are still heard of the controversy it stirred up among readers who took sides for or against the author's implied contention that the woman who tries to have both a career and a home pays heavily for her freedom. In "The Increasing Purpose" Mr. Hutchinson has written a love story with a deep spiritual significance. Readers of his other novels will need no further description of it. As for the newcomers—we can only repeat that we envy them the thrill of discovery.

Glands and Health

Modern medicine has made conspicuous progress in recent years in exploring the functions of the internal secretions and their effect on health. Some of the discoveries about the parts played by the ductless glands were sensational enough to be quickly seized upon by the uninformed and widely published in such a way as to give misleading impressions. It is now definitely known that our growth and physical development, our thoughts, our feelings and our behavior are influenced by the secretions of our glands. There remains much to be learned, however, about controlling these secretions and remedying glandular defects. All that the lay reader need know to be abreast of current medical progress in this field is contained in an article by Dr. Lwellys Franklin Barker in next month's DELINEATOR. Doctor Barker is emeritus professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins University and visiting physician to the Johns Hopkins Hospital. As ex-president of the Association for Study of Internal Secretions he ranks high as an authority on a subject that provides the key to the sources of many hitherto mysterious ailments.

Gardening Made Easy

First aid to the amateur gardener has never been so adequately assembled in so compact and thorough a way as in the Gold Medal Garden chart now available to DELINEATOR readers. On a heavy sheet of tough-fibered paper, twenty-nine by twenty-three inches, is a picture plan of the back-yard garden that won THE DELINEATOR prize at the International Flower Show in 1924. Along with the plan for the arrangement of flowers and vegetables is a step-by-step garden calendar for every month from February to December, with directions for marking out beds, fertilizing, planting and cultivating. Specifications and descriptions of all the seeds and plants required are listed in minute detail, with estimated costs. The very moderate charge made for the chart will be more than offset by the satisfaction of developing a garden with the assistance of the most expert advice obtainable. Under the heading "Ask THE DELINEATOR," on another page, are directions for ordering.

IF — ? ? ASK — ! !

IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION ABOUT HOME-MAKING—
about new equipment for your kitchen, or properly balanced diet for your family, or making a budget for more economical living—
Ask Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Making Department.

IF THE QUESTION CONCERNS HOUSE DECORATION—
the color of your window drapes, the arrangement of furniture in your living-room, the finishing of your walls—
Ask Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Head of THE DELINEATOR'S House-Decoration Department.

IF YOU WANT ADVICE ABOUT YOUR CHILD—
a correct health program for Winter weather, a report on epidemics to be guarded against—
Ask Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, Director of THE DELINEATOR'S Happy Child Department.

IF IT'S "GOOD LOOKS" THAT INTERESTS YOU—
personal problems of complexion and appearance, new creams and perfumes—
Ask Celia Caroline Cole, THE DELINEATOR'S Beauty Consultant.

OR IF IT'S A QUERY ABOUT DINING YOUR GUESTS
about customs at weddings or manners in company—
There's Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley to ask—THE DELINEATOR'S Adviser in matters of Entertainment and Etiquette.

When you think of THE DELINEATOR, think of these people. They are your friends—experts whose advice is yours to command. Turn back through the pages of this book and see what special services they offer you this month.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

FROM *Concordia, Kansas*, comes the story of an old-fashioned mother who nearly broke up a woman's club meeting when asked to tell how she brought up children. We spared no expense to get a transcript of her brief and pointed speech, which was as follows: "I feed 'em good, old-fashioned food like bread and milk, mashed potatoes, fried steak, mush, vegetable soups, pancakes and pie. When they want to wade in the mud, I let 'em. If they don't get up when I call 'em or try sassing me or doing something I've warned 'em not to do, I cut off a peach sprout and give 'em a good tanning. I get out and romp with 'em every day, if I have time. When they get a stomach ache, I dose 'em myself. That's about all I do to keep 'em in line, except that if they get in bad with the teacher at school I usually find out why; and if the teacher's licked 'em, and they needed it, I give 'em another, so's they'll remember it. And they really do pretty well" ◈◈◈ Our reading of the *Happy Child* series in this great family paper has inspired an invention of our own which we expect will give many a weary mother more time for the movies and her bridge club. It is nothing less than a device for washing the baby and is patterned after a dish-mop, but instead of a wad of yarn on the end there will be a gob of shredded coconut dyed with harmless vegetable colors, blue for boys and pink for girls. Then if the little dear puts it in his mouth (which he probably will) there will be no harm done ◈◈◈ The courts of *Newark, New Jersey*, have been called upon to determine if bouillon is soup and an apple tart a pie. The proprietors of a restaurant sought a restraining order to prevent a druggist, tenant in the same building, from selling pie and soup. The druggist contended that tarts and bouillon, which were sold at his soda fountain, were quite different from pies and soups and that therefore he was not violating the terms of his lease prohibiting him from competing with the restaurant ◈◈◈ Another savory food item we found in a copy of the *News Letter*, published by the faculty and students of Iowa College, at *Grinnell*, in 1880. One of the business locals reads: "To students who are boarding themselves we would call attention to the fact that there is more nourishment in one quart of Thayer's hot peanuts than in a pound of beefsteak" ◈◈◈ In the same issue appears an ad. reading: "Students wanting cow pasturage can obtain it on reasonable terms. Careful provision made for calves. Special prices given to the botany class" ◈◈◈ Those of our fair pewholders who have been won over to the cause of equal rights for both sexes, so consistently favored in this column, will readily see the significance of a deplorable condition of things that exists in the enlightened state where our favorite woman's magazine is published. The quotation is from a much longer summary by a legal bigwig: "When a married woman resides with her husband in a house which they occupy as a home, she does not thereby render herself liable for the rent of the house or the value of its use and occupation. Even if the lease for the house be made out in the wife's name, the fact is not considered proof that she authorized the leasing, and she is not liable for the rent, even though she lives under such a lease. If the husband leases a house in his own name, and leaves it during the term, and the wife thereupon offers to pay the rent, she is not even then liable" ◈◈◈ We might add, from our own observations, that if the wife were brought into court she would be promptly acquitted, presented with a floral horseshoe, and deferentially bowed out on her way to be photographed in her sheerest chiffon stocking for the rotogravure section of the Sunday papers ◈◈◈ A novel millinery ornament that recently stopped traffic in *Atlantic City, New Jersey*, was a gilded turkey-claw pompon worn on a velvet hat of the *cloche* variety. We see no reason why one of our fair pewholders couldn't cut quite a figure on Main Street by appropriating the idea ◈◈◈ The first cross-word puzzle widow we have heard of is a Chicago lady who asked for a divorce because her husband spent so much time on puzzles that he had no time to work for her support. The judge reconciled the couple after exacting the husband's promise to refrain from doing more than three puzzles a day ◈◈◈ Other puzzle fans are now invited to read the following sentence to see what four-letter word is wrong: "I seen your advertisement in THE DELINEATOR." ◈◈◈

The BATH SOAP



FAIRY SOAP

Dispel Your Morning Drowsiness!

DR. EDMUND C. GRAY, noted authority on natural hygiene says:

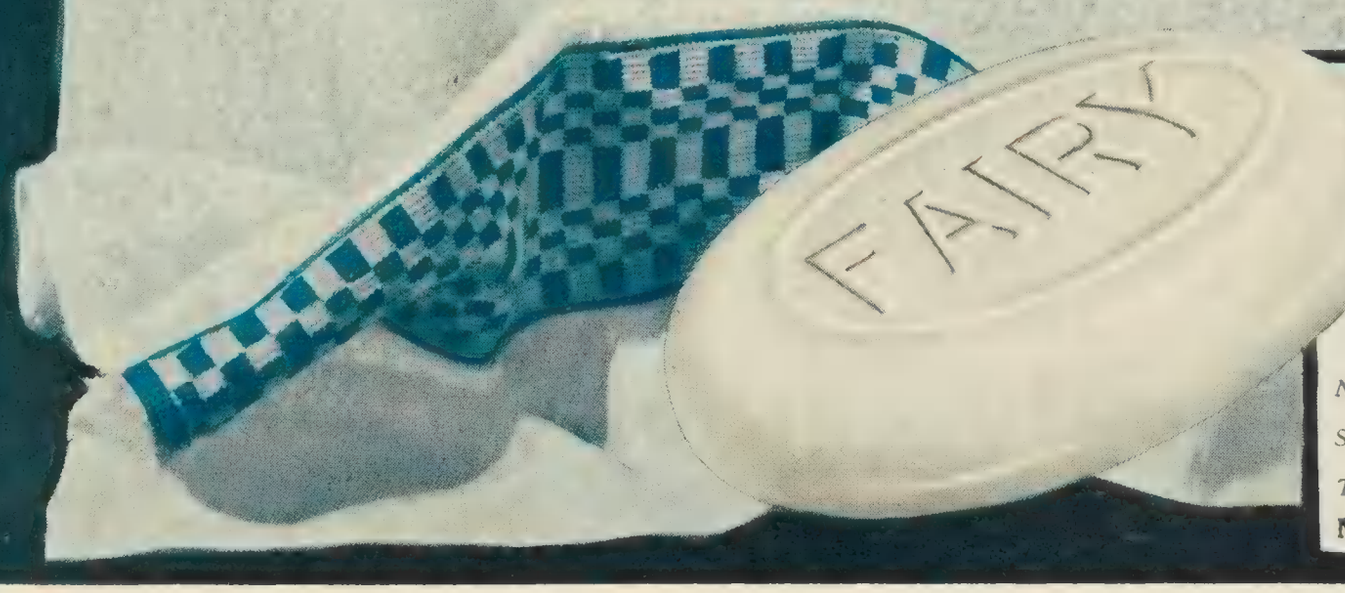
". . . . . Start the machinery of the body working at full force by two minutes under the warm shower and one minute under the cold—or have four inches of warm water in the tub and quickly splash the entire body with the hand, sponge or cloth and follow with a cold splash, then dry the body by hand friction"

This bath will enable you to start the day with a "bang" and "carry on" till dusk.

To be rid of that morning heaviness you must re-awaken the nerves, open the skin pores and let out the "fatigue poisons".

Fairy Soap helps to eliminate all waste matter by awakening healthful skin activity. *It helps Nature to regulate the pores* and aids them to function properly.

Fairy Soap is an absolutely pure soap, made especially for the bath.



SPECIAL OFFER—LUXURY BATH TOWELS

FAIRY SOAP DIVISION, Dept. 1, 239 West 30th St., New York City

I enclose 3 Fairy Soap carton fronts and.....c. for which please send me, postage paid, the bath towel which I have marked below with an X in the square.

Luxury Bath Towel, 20 x 38, thick, soft and absorbent.
35c with 3 Fairy Soap fronts. **Worth 65c.** Choice of ☐ blue border ☐ pink border

Luxury Bath Towel for the guest room, 25 x 45;
Super quality. 65c with 3 Fairy Soap fronts.
Worth $1.25. Choice of ☐ all white ☐ blue border ☐ pink border

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town..... *State*.....

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY



Today—all your clothes deserve the care you give to fine fabrics—

FOR years and years your darling blouses, your exquisite hosiery in its myriad shades, your filmy lingeries—have been like new again after each washing!

Silk sweaters, fresh and unstretched, at the end of the season—costly little sports suits with their flannel soft and unshrunken—Lux took care of them all!

Today that same good Lux works its magic with *all* your laundry. For nowadays every single thing of yours that's washable is so nice it simply cannot be trusted to ordinary soap!

Today your gay little house dresses, your sweet muslin underclothes, the children's darling little ginghams, bright as Easter eggs, your nice sheets and fine, monogrammed towels—*all* must go into plentiful, softly cleansing Lux suds! These sparkling suds keep the colored pieces so fresh and unfaded, the sheets and towels so snowy white! Everything is like new again.

And with even everyday things so expensive nowadays, they just have to be taken care of. And how faithfully they wear when you use Lux! Each fibre is so tenderly cleansed by Lux—cottons and linens respond to this just as much as woolens and silks.

So little Lux will do your biggest wash —do you realize?

A whole tub brimming with swirling, cleansing suds—plentiful, thorough Lux suds that foam softly through each fibre of the garment you dip lightly in and out—all from that little bit of Lux you use!

You know what amazing suds even a speck of Lux has always given you! That's why Lux is so economical for your laundry—you really need so little. When you look at that great pile of snowy clothes—it seems like magic that it took so little Lux

And your hands—everyone who uses Lux knows how blessed its velvet suds are after stinging kitchen soap! Whether you're washing just a bit of finery or the whole laundry Lux leaves your hands sweet and soft.

Lux won't harm anything pure water alone won't harm. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

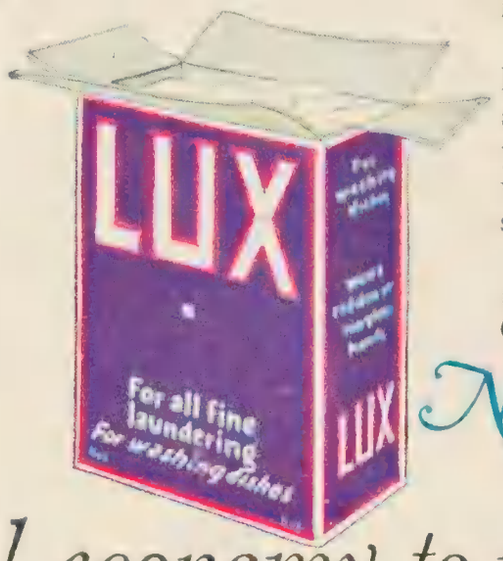
Sports Clothes of Silks and fine Woolens

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into thick lather in half a washbowl of hot water. Cool to lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring*. Roll in towel—when nearly dry press with warm—never hot—iron.

To wash blankets, 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water for rich, live suds, necessary. Dissolve Lux thoroughly, whisk thick lather, cool to lukewarm. Press suds through soiled spots—*never rub*. Rinse in three or more lukewarm waters. If possible let blankets drip dry—it makes them fluffier. Never twist them. To avoid stretching, hang blanket double, lengthwise, pinning at regular intervals.

Important Uses for Lux

In addition to the well-known uses—washing silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens—use Lux for dishes, the family laundry, shampoo, babies' milk bottles, paint, porcelain, woodwork, rugs and linoleum.



Now the Big New Package too

A little Lux goes so far it's a real economy to use it

THE DELINEATOR

June 1925



PASTEL DRAWING BY JOSEPH SIMONT

Beginning A. S. M. HUTCHINSON'S *Greatest Novel*

TWENTY CENTS THE COPY

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

$2.00 A YEAR $2.50 IN CANADA



This is Congoleum pattern No. 516. In the 6 x 9-foot size it costs only $9.40

GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a Red Label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal.

For the summer porch, too— Congoleum Rugs are just the thing!

INDOORS and out, seashore or mountains, nothing provides such an all-round satisfactory covering for floors as these popular, inexpensive rugs.

On the porch—sunshine and driving rain, the accidents of many porch parties mean little to the Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rug. For the rich colors are fadeless, the material itself sturdy and long-wearing. No fastening is ever required to keep them in place. They hug the floor; never curl at the corners or ruffle up, even in the stiffest breeze.

Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs have many advantages not found in fibre or fabric rugs. No tiresome back-breaking sweeping is ever needed. Dirt, tracked-in mud and spilled things cannot stain or penetrate the smooth, sanitary surface. A few whisks of a damp mop leave the lovely colors of your Congoleum Rugs as bright as new.

Then, such a wide choice of artistic designs! Dainty floral patterns in gay chintz or soft pastel tones, sumptuous Oriental motifs and neat tile and wood-block effects—to suit any room in the house.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	x 9	feet	$ 9.40	1½	x 3	feet	$ 60
7½	x 9	feet	11.70	3	x 3	feet	1 30
9	x 9	feet	14.05	3	x 4½	feet	1 95
9	x 10½	feet	16.40	3	x 6	feet	2.60
9	x 12	feet	18.75				

The patterns illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in designs to harmonize with them

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans Cleveland
London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*



Pattern No. 558 *Pattern No. 396* *Pattern No. 534*



THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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OUR GUARANTEE: We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. *If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in* THE DELINEATOR, *we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will.* G. W. WILDER, *President of The Butterick Publishing Company.*

FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

A WOMAN'S VICTORY FOR WOMEN

IN ITHACA, New York, the other day a bloodless revolution was ended by a capitulation so glorious that those who come after us may pause to tell the tale of how a humble home laid siege to a great university, seeking a way in every crevice, peering through every loophole, until after twenty-five years of knocking at the gate the portals fell apart. And, behold, the little home was no longer outside but within, one and incorporate with the great university; the humble suppliant for knowledge had become the acclaimed teacher.

The modern miracle, for miracle it was which converted the School of Home Economics of Cornell into the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University, centers about Martha Van Rensselaer, whose work supplied the vital spark. But when Governor Smith signed the bill which made the metamorphosis a fact—on the very day, too, which celebrated Miss Van Rensselaer's silver anniversary at Cornell—he did more than crown a woman, and through her exalt the sex. He killed a superstition which, while not listed as cruelty under the penal code, perhaps has done much to condemn women to invalidism.

In the minds of most men a legend has long existed that connects continuous and back-breaking housework with health and translates drudgery into beneficial exercise. The fantastic notion has obtained that a woman, standing constantly through long hours in an overheated kitchen, washing at tubs below her normal reach, lifting heavy utensils, churning, cooking and patrolling her prison in a never-ending routine, was thereby acquiring strength. This is the indictment that stands against an army of otherwise good husbands down the ages. But for the alertness of one woman it might still be claiming its victims among the housewives of the rural districts who knew life only as work unrelieved by rest or joy.

The New York State College of Home Economics signalizes the victory of Martha Van Rensselaer over a prejudice as old as the race itself. For a quarter of a century she has labored to establish the kitchen as a definite factor in education. She has been coupled with that other American, John Howard Payne in the interpretation of "Home, Sweet Home," for while his are the beautiful words that have fired the heart through the years with the promise of love unchanged and unchanging, it is Martha Van Rensselaer who has lifted that home, be it ever so humble, to new effectiveness as a vital factor in the nation's making.

Everybody knows the story, and above all THE DELINEATOR'S readers, who claim her as their own, of how as a young school-teacher and school supervisor in Cattaraugus County, New York, Miss Van Rensselaer, herself of country stock, saw the suffering and needs of the women of the farms, and for the first time made articulate their cry for the real home. At the instance of the school authorities and the invitation of Cornell she set to work on a plan to teach farm women kitchen lore, as their husbands had been instructed in better farming. But instead of compiling recipes and talking chemistry and giving harangues on baby-tending, this practical woman blew up her problem with a practical solution. She put a pedometer on an untrained housekeeper in an average sort of home up in Ithaca, and discovered to her dismay that in three days the housekeeper walked twenty miles in doing her work, an average of nearly seven miles a day.

So this ordinary home became for a while Miss Van Rensselaer's laboratory. She studied every step a woman takes in her household tasks. By serious thought and experiment she then found means of eliminating hours of toil and back-breaking, needless labor. At the end of a few months, without spending any money for equipment, but by intelligent arrangement of that household, she had reduced the weary three-day round from twenty miles to fourteen.

Then by the purchase of a few small pieces of equipment, such as an extra broom, mop and dust-cloth for the second floor to save dragging this equipment up and down stairs, she further reduced it from fourteen miles to eleven.

She discovered that a double drain-board cut dishwashing in two, and, working with the Government and other State college specialists, she finally helped to develop a scientific standard for the height of the kitchen sink and the ironing-board. These are just a few of the many practical, unromantic, but gloriously useful accomplishments of Martha Van Rensselaer. It is significant that, having undertaken to simplify housework, she at once concerned herself with the rightful use of the hours or minutes saved to the houseworker. Almost immediately she began a program for recreation in the family and suggested plans for cultural reading, house decoration and better living.

It was in a bare little office, with two chairs and a table, made possible by the sympathetic understanding of Liberty Hyde Bailey, Dean of the State Agricultural College, that Miss Van Rensselaer began her work at Cornell. In the quarter century that has passed those surroundings have changed to a million-dollar plant. Boys and girls, men and women, are now among the pupils; there are nurses, dietitians, hotel-managers, teachers, farm folk and city students in all departments of home study. A practise house, which is a model home, and a baby (a fortunate infant adopted each year, for the training of the students under proper supervision) are part of the equipment. The School of Home Economics has been an integral part of the University since 1907, when Miss Van Rensselaer, now with a degree of Bachelor of Science, was given the chair—the first woman in the university faculty. From the beginning she has had the able assistance of Miss Flora Rose. Back in Martha Van Rensselaer's childhood even the name of Home Economics was unknown. That title was coined by Dean Bailey after this pioneer had begun her work at Cornell.

Martha Van Rensselaer not only helped to found the College of Home Economics at Cornell, but she helped Mr. Hoover to organize the food-conservation campaign during the war. In 1920 she had a Sabbatical year and THE DELINEATOR asked her to organize a home-making department with the highest possible standard of service for American women. In doing this work for six months Miss Van Rensselaer became so interested in the enormous responsive army of women out over America that with the consent of Cornell University she continued as the permanent home-making editor of the department. She has given her personal attention to the needs of thousands of women. There is not a home-maker in the land whose problem is so small or so difficult that she does not gladly bring to it the wealth of her knowledge and wisdom, for, looking out beyond her own State to the farthest outposts of the land, she sees the need of women and finds her reward in life in serving them.

PURPOSE

By ANGELO PATRI

[Among the lucky ones to have read in manuscript A. S. M. Hutchinson's new DELINEATOR novel, "The Increasing Purpose," is Angelo Patri, beloved teacher and leader in American education. The underlying theme of this story so fired his imagination that he has been moved to make the following prophetic comment.]



A recent snapshot of Mr. Patri

Youth is rebelling, protesting, struggling against life. The old ways are flouted—the new ways are without landmarks. And the elders wring their hands and beat their breasts and prophesy evil. What, they ask, is this generation coming to? All's wrong with the world, they say.

When man first discovered himself a lonely thinking being in a world of unthinking creatures, he asked, "Why?" And the answer came from within himself, "Search and find." When Hutchinson's appealing hero, Simon Paris, discovers himself alone and in trouble, he too cries out in anguish, "Why?" So, you. So, I.

Ours is an eternal quest. Forever we search and wonder—who are we and where are we bound? Why are we set here questioning an infinite silence, mocked by mighty and invisible forces, ever driven on by the relentless craving to know, to understand, to fulfil a despairing hunger scarce defined?

No one who has studied the growth of a flower or the development of a child need doubt the existence of a transcendent Purpose behind life on this earth. How shall we know the Purpose to be our own? I can not know for you. The answer is always within oneself. St. Francis laid down all that he had and went out a beggar with his bowl and his shining Purpose. Washington went apart and prayed until the still small voice answered him. So did Lincoln. You and I must, also.

I can not prove this to you. I can only tell you of the miracle. Again and again I have seen youth struggle and fight and fume and fail and at last go and stand waiting, listening for the word that comes and sends him out inspired by a burning Purpose.

I believe that the protest and rebellion of Simon Paris, of the whole of the war-scarred world to-day, are but an indication of a mighty hidden Purpose, deeply seeking expression.

SUGGESTION TO TEACHERS OF ENGLISH

IN THE February issue of THE DELINEATOR we published a little essay by Sir James M. Barrie entitled "A New Day for Girls." To illustrate that article we had Paul Roche, one of the best of American artists, make a dry-point etching of this great author. It was copied from Barrie's favorite portrait.

These etchings, signed by the artist, which are valuable for their art as well as for their likeness of one of the world's greatest writers, are to be given free by THE DELINEATOR to the first five hundred teachers who will agree to offer them as prizes in their English departments. There are only five hundred of these pictures and there will never be any more of them made. For this reason we feel that they should be given to those students found worthy in the art which has been so splendidly led by Sir James M. Barrie.

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Better Health Clubs *for* Women

Why there should be one in your community

By
FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

HAVE YOU A BOYISH FIGURE?
OR HAVE YOU LOST SOME OF YOUR CLEAN CUT LINES?

Modern fashions make it much easier for the slender woman to dress well than for her sister who is a bit too plump in ankle, hips or chin. The easiest way to take off those inconvenient extra pounds is by exercise. But it must be just the right exercise, especially planned to reduce you where reducing is necessary. To help you THE DELINEATOR *has printed a booklet, called "Reducing in Spots," written by a woman specialist, Doctor Lillian E. Shaw. You can get it by sending twenty-five cents—merely a charge to cover printing and postage—to the Health Department of* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*

WITHIN the last hundred years machinery has so far superseded man-power that earning one's bread by the "sweat of the brow" has become merely a figurative expression. Within the next hundred years we may see science make such strides that all manual labor will be practically abolished. Meanwhile advances in medicine, surgery and sanitation have lengthened and doubtless will continue to lengthen the span of life by removing many of its hazards.

But science has not yet been able to work any fundamental changes in the structure or functions of the human body. Man is still, as he was in the Garden of Eden, an animal dependent on food, exercise, fresh air and sleep. Our greater expectancy to-day of long life comes *in spite* of the fact that exercise in one's daily occupation has been reduced; not *because* of it. Had our forefathers of the rail-splitting days been blessed with modern knowledge of sanitation and surgery, they probably with the amount of wholesome exercise they received would have lived to be veritable Methuselahs.

But little by little machinery has displaced human sweat, until the man or woman of to-day has practically no need of physical exertion. Transportation, work and recreation are largely mechanical. The industrial revolution has completely overturned the scheme of human existence. Where formerly man needed rest during his limited hours of leisure, in order that he might build up again the strength expended during his working hours, to-day he must have exercise in his leisure to compensate for the fact that he gets little or none in his work.

There was also no "recreation problem" in America a century ago; that is, there was none where the male of the species was concerned. When he could find a few minutes in which some work did not claim him, he could hunt or fish. Just plain loafing was a luxury, for that matter. Nor did his wife have to worry about getting exercise. Her problem was to find something that would give her an intellectual stimulant and get her mind off the drudgery that was so often her portion.

To-day, with leisure hours extended and the necessity for bodily energy in industry reduced, our cities are spending millions to provide places where the public may exercise. We are becoming a nation of city dwellers, and unless this provision for exercise is thorough, we shall inevitably become a nation of physical weaklings.

THE problem of filling our leisure hours is twofold. We must find a way of amusing and entertaining people, so that their minds will remain in a healthy condition; and we must find a means of making people exercise, so that their bodies will be strong and vigorous.

I believe that the best solution for the twofold problem is found in an exercise program. By this I do not mean that every one should spend every moment in sport. There should be a proper proportion of intellectual and frivolous diversion. But I believe the exercising, which might otherwise be classed as a necessary evil, can be made the pleasantest part of the recreation.

The best way to insure pleasure in the hours devoted to keeping the body fit is to arrange for some kind of group work. For want of a better word, I will call such organizations "health clubs," though the word "health" somehow suggests an exchange of symptoms and a determination to suffer jointly, rather than an assemblage for pleasure.

The greatest need for these clubs to-day is found among women from seventeen to thirty-five years of age. As a class, such women are paying less attention to exercise than any other, though obviously, with the responsibility for perpetuating a healthy race resting on their shoulders, they need it more than any other class.

Almost every woman belongs to a club of some kind, but unfortunately the program of her club is usually a secondary one. I suggest therefore that some of this club energy be expended in the direction of organizing groups for exercise, or in altering the programs of clubs already formed so that they will include a provision for exercise. Many women will plead that they haven't time for any additional club life. Many also will say that they are "all tired out" now and do not need anything more to do. It is true that doing the housework and bringing up a family of children are fatiguing, yet this program, strenuous as it may be, does not supply the kind of exercise that is required. Furthermore, it is done entirely, or largely, indoors, while the ideal exercise is in the open air.

"That tired feeling" does not mean that you are working your muscles properly. Brain work is intensely fatiguing: one can become exhausted just sitting in a chair. Often the fatigue of which women complain is due to *lack* of exercise and not *excess* of it. Monotony is always tiring, and the daily tasks are apt to become decidedly monotonous, whether in the home, the factory or the office.

ANY game or exercise is more fun when numbers are participating. The fellowship and good cheer that accompany group play are in themselves large contributors to good health; for exercise accompanied by happiness is certainly more beneficial than exercise regarded merely as a duty. The particular activity engaged in by a health club is not important. It can be governed by the climate, the season of the year, and the facilities at hand. Regular gymnasium drills have some merit, but they are most effective when accompanied by some form of competitive sport. The ideal program will include hiking, skating, swimming, golf, tennis and riding, or as many of these activities as conditions will permit.

The program of the health club should accomplish three things, exercise, fresh air and pleasure. The first thing to do in the direction of promoting a health program is to appoint a competent committee. There are in every club certain energetic individuals who "take hold of things." If these dynamic personalities can be interested in exercise, the battle is half won. This committee must make a study of the needs of the club and of its facilities for meeting them and then cut the garment to fit the cloth.

The committee must bear in mind at all times that the health program must be interesting. Almost any group might be talked into trying any program once, but the whole idea will wither on the vine if it lacks real merit.

What we seek is an ideal exercise for a club that is made up of the housewife and the business or employed woman who may never have had a chance to become proficient in any particular branch of athletic activity, some form of exercise enjoyable as well as profitable, and in which all can compete on an equal footing as regards both skill and finance. To my mind walking comes closest to satisfying all these requirements. It has practically no physical, financial, climatic, or geographical limitations. Every woman can walk—or can learn to walk—and there are very few days even in the most severe climate when walking can not be enjoyed.

Every walk should have an objective and, if possible, a definite purpose. Photography, flower-gathering, nature study, or the contemplation of some particularly fine bit of scenery should furnish an additional incentive. A great deal of pleasure is to be had in amateur photography and interest may be stimulated by contests among the members.

To be beneficial, walking should be done with proper carriage. When you walk with ease, grace and rhythm of movement, the exercise is recuperative, beneficial and a wholesome tonic to the entire nervous system.

Too rapid walking is not recommended. It is tiring and is never graceful, because it changes the natural rhythmical swing into rigid, forcible movements. Neither is slow walking that degenerates into mere meandering the most beneficial. A gait averaging between three and four miles an hour is suitable for most women.

If you find that walking leaves you weary and enervated, with sore muscles, a lame back and tired feet, you are not well poised and are not using your muscles properly. When walking do not allow the head, chest or shoulders to droop. Keep the upper part of the body lifted up out of the waistline, and avoid any inclination to allow

Concluded on page 68



Your white teeth—keep them safe with Pebeco

ORDINARY BRUSHING *fails to remove the acids from your teeth for more than a few brief minutes. Five minutes after the usual gritty scouring (which also endangers the enamel and often damages the gums) the acids of decay begin to form again.*

The only way to protect your teeth permanently is with the tooth paste that gently stimulates the natural alkaline fluids of your mouth glands.



Teeth stay white and safe *when the mouth glands flow normally*

By a simple natural method you can now prevent Dry Mouth that causes tooth decay







"I WENT *to the dentist yesterday. He says my teeth and gums are in fine condition*"—

A few years ago you rarely heard anyone say that. But today thousands can truthfully claim it. More and more men and women are learning how to keep their teeth safe by correcting the dangerous mouth condition that is the underlying cause of most decay.

How dry mouth inevitably leads to tooth decay

Modern, cooked foods—soft and quickly swallowed—give the mouth glands almost no work. From sheer lack of exercise they gradually stop flowing. And in your dry mouth, your teeth, unprotected by the alkaline fluids of the glands, are defenseless against the acids of decay.

It is only recently that dentists and physicians have recognized that there is a way to stimulate the glands and combat the acids of decay successfully and naturally.

Pebeco keeps your mouth glands active

Pebeco acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your mouth glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form. And the deadly mucin and tartar deposits are gently softened and removed.

Pebeco leaves your gums clean and soothed —your whole mouth, normal and healthy. *And in this healthy mouth your teeth are kept not only white and shining but safe.*

Send today for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc., New York. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. All druggists.

FREE OFFER



SEND COUPON FOR FREE GENEROUS TUBE

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. B-25
635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

Name.....

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Now in ONTARIO *and* MICHIGAN, *too!*

America's favorite laundry soap also takes first place across the border





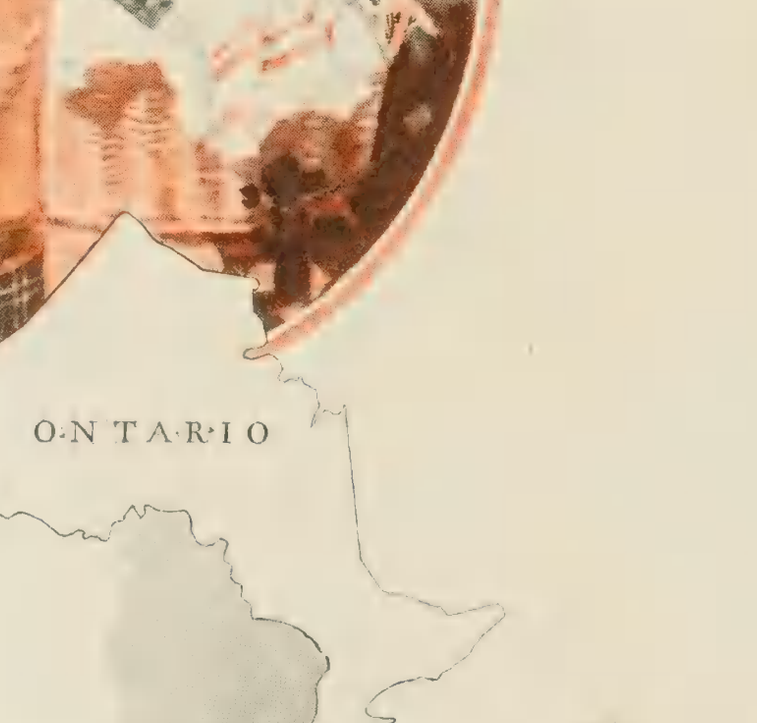


"P and G The White Naphtha Soap is almost as much of a necessity in my home as bread. It is wonderful. I have used it for all purposes for the past sixteen years."

—Mrs. R. E. B.,
Detroit, Mich.

"When I began using P and G, my soap troubles ended. My clothes come out clean and white, now, with no soapy odor. P and G can be used equally well in cold, lukewarm or hot water. It makes the water lovely and soft, and produces a fine suds. I find, too, that it is not hard on the hands, which means much to a housewife who is continually using soap and water. My best colored fabrics are regularly washed with P and G and they come out just as nice as when new."

—Mrs. W. B., Toronto, Ont.



THIS remarkable soap continues to pile up its triumphs. P and G has long been the largest selling laundry soap in America. The women of Michigan gave it first place many months ago. And now come the progressive housewives of Ontario.

Wherever there are especially difficult laundry problems, P and G The White Naphtha Soap meets each need better than any other soap made. This is not merely our opinion—women everywhere have said so in letter after letter.

Truly, no other laundry soap combines so many remarkable qualities. Just read this list:

P and G is *white*, and keeps white clothes white.

It makes rich suds in any water, hard or soft, hot or cold.

It is safe for colored clothes.

It dissolves dirt with amazing speed, and thus reduces rubbing and boiling to the very minimum—only the *very* dirty things need rubbing at all.

It rinses out promptly and thoroughly, leaving no hint of grayness or soapy odor.

By sudsing readily in lukewarm water, it helps you to keep your hands in good condition.

You'll be surprised at its small cost—*less* than that of your present soap.

What do all these qualities mean to *you?* Less work, less worry, more time, more energy, finer washing results, longer wear from clothes, greater economy.

Yes, even though your work be done by a laundress, you will find it profitable to provide her with P and G. You will quickly prove that there is no mystery about the national supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

THE LARGEST-SELLING LAUNDRY SOAP IN ALL AMERICA

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At last, after three years, his greatest novel —

THE INCREASING PURPOSE

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Famous author of "If Winter Comes"

A man's stirring adventures with life and love

THERE were three brothers Paris—Andrew, Charles, Simon. Andrew was confidential secretary and chief of staff to Lord Staverton, the financial magnate; Charles was at present the entire firm of Still and Paris, of Queen Victoria Street, City, Business Advisers; Simon, shortly after the conclusion of the Great War, had retired from the regular army, betaken himself into the country, found a cottage and bought a horse.

"What's he want a horse for?" was Charles's comment.

Charles, thirty-eight years of age, was the middle of the three brothers, but he somehow looked the oldest. Andrew, forty, was noticeably dark; Simon, thirty-four, though deeply tanned, was very fair. Seen with his brothers, Charles in coloring was nondescript. He had been much freckled in his youth; he now was grayish, lined, worn. Both his brothers held themselves very erect; Charles stooped. Andrew had a reserved, an austere, an aloof air; Simon an alert, a lissom air; the air of Charles was fidgety.

Andrew, Lord Staverton's right-hand man, was dark not so much in complexion as, in a curious way, by the intense blackness of his hair. Tall; firm-mouthed; of few words and those, whatever the subject, always direct; smiling seldom, laughing (whole-heartedly) never. He sometimes (behind his back) was called Duke.

Simon, the youngest, was his elder brother's precise opposite. His hair, the color of bleached corn, looked somehow rather hide than hair; and the suggestion set up by the word hide, the lion's or the mastiff's hide, was furthered by the limber build he had. His alert look had in it something quizzical, the look of one humorously touched by what he saw; of one eager to take a part in what he watched, yet nervously diffident of seeking invitation. His look, however, in recent years had somehow changed. "There's something *up* with Simon," had been the comment of Charles, noting it.

Here, then, have been presented the brothers, each primarily in terms of his coloring; and each, thus seen, may be touched off in terms of a single word expressive not of hue only, but of characteristic also. Thus Andrew, a black Paris; Charles, a grizzled Paris; Simon, a tawny Paris.

EVEN in boyhood these characteristics were so strongly stamped that the rude ready labels wherewith the schoolboy gums his fellows and wherewith those three at school were gummed would have enabled them years after to be picked out at sight. All three went to the same public school. Andrew, the first to be placed there, was immediately Niggs—Niggs Paris, a jolly diminutive of Nigger. He rose in the school, collecting caps and honors. His cold austerity of manner revealed itself. Small boys, even in speaking of him among themselves, instinctively felt "Niggs" to be altogether too familiar. They invented for him and dubbed him with another and it traveled up to senior circles and by them laughingly was approved and adopted.

"Niggs," said a fellow prefect to him one day in the Sixth Form Room, "Niggs, do you know what the lower horde are calling you these days? Down there, my black but comely friend, you're Duke—Duke Paris."

There was a general laugh, a general acclamation Andrew became Duke Paris from that day forward



Drawings by Joseph Simont.

ALICE AVERTED HER FACE. "SIM, PLEASE DON'T! IT'S LIKE BEING SPIED ON"

Only one person from that day of Andrew's elevation to dukedom ever again called him Niggs, and that was Simon. Simon had heard it long before he joined his brothers at their public school and to this day of their manhood always uses it. "Niggs, old man," he says. It always—nearly always—softens Andrew's face to hear that said by Simon. He loves—well, there is only one person in the world whom Andrew really loves and that with a passion that eats him up like a fox inside him gnawing him, and that is his wife Linda, so that it scarcely perhaps can be said that he loves Simon; but he is wonderfully tender toward his younger brother. "Niggs, old man, how goes it?"—he likes that greeting. "Oh, pretty good, Sim," he says and smiles; that rare smile, gleamed and gone as a lamp flashed and shuttered on a dark ship, stern and purposeful, passed by night.

Charles came up to the school. Charles always hated going to school and that hate expressed itself in the unwilling, rather sullen countenance he presented on his arrival.

It instantly was seized upon.

"Hullo, are you Niggs Paris's brother?"

"I suppose so," assented Charles moodily.

"Well, you look jolly sick about it. I say," and the speaker shouted genially to friends, "I say, here's another Paris—a sick one."

Charles was Sick Paris from that hour.

CAME Simon. Here, at twelve years old, was an eager, yellow-haired little chap, who hopped about on the fringes of groups with an odd, nervous eagerness, longing to join, shy to venture. But, before a nickname could be selected and pasted on Simon forever, there happened an incident almost unheard of at a public school—the use by a brother of his home name before others. No one but Niggs, then risen high and approaching dukedom, would have dared break the tradition. On Simon's second day the great Niggs passed him where he joyed, an eager figure hopping about revered new acquaintances who debated his stamp album.

"Hullo, Sim. How goes it?"

"Fine, old man, thanks. Ripping."

"That's right, Sim."

Sim! The kid's home name! It never had been done before. The great Niggs not only did it, but, as the term went on, further flouted tradition by openly and frequently showing affection for his small, happy, already popular young brother. "Sim" was picked up, became general, stuck,

remained with Simon all through school, went with him out into life—Sim Paris at Sandhurst, Sim in his regiment, Sim to all who knew him everywhere.

It suited him. It had an airy, easy sound and he was such. Boy and man, the thing he most enjoyed, the engagements wherein he was most truly the Sim his fellows knew, was any form of competition, in which he would make a tremendous and always a sporting effort to succeed. He had in the little crises of such events a gesture peculiarly his own. The gesture, if words can explain such, was one of mingled doubt and hope. Illustrations may show it: Taking the place-kick when at school or Sandhurst in a football match, the angle dreadful, the wind against him—that characteristic little toss of the hand before he takes his run: "Can I?" it seems to say. "By Jove, I will!" Giving his company the lead going over the top in France—that characteristic little hesitation his men know so well just as he poises to spring: "Can we? By gad, we will!"

That was Sim Paris as men, recounting old times, affectionately spoke of him. Meeting him to-day they noted in him that alteration voiced by Charles as "something *up* with Sim," and by Charles further elaborated into "Sim hasn't half the spirits he used to have, he's changed in some mysterious way."

HE HAD; and what was changed was that, as the war drew into its last years, and very pronouncedly when after its close he retired, something very familiar was gone out of his expression. If formerly was to be observed the suggestion of being humorously touched by what he saw, now, somehow, was presented the suggestion that fun strangely had gone out of his world and that he brooded as to where fun now had gone, and, a little troubled, sought it.

His brother officers, as all his friends, had expressed astonishment when, the war over, Simon abruptly had sent in his papers and resigned his commission.

Why he had done it he did not know—exactly. He knew vaguely. But what thus vaguely he knew was a thing that he felt he could not possibly tell to any one, though he often longed enormously to share it.

"If only I could find some one to tell!" his thoughts on these occasions would go. There was one he felt he could have told, but her he could not find. He could have told Elizabeth. During the war he had utterly lost sight of Elizabeth. He tried everywhere for trace of her; there was no trace.

Sometimes to others, once in particular to Andrew, he had been on the brink of confiding. But each time, at the brink, had checked himself; had relapsed into that pondering and rather wistful look which was so new and strange in him.

"I wish to goodness I could find some one," and he would try again for trace of Elizabeth and again meet bafflement; and he would look into the faces of perfect strangers seeking some quality ("and I don't even know what quality," was his reflection) that might make him feel he there could outpour himself. Here were all these men and women, precisely as himself in the sense of sharing the same general conditions of existence, and yet as inaccessible to one another as those old pillars of that church he now was passing. Strange——

He stopped in his walk—he was in the City; he had been calling on Charles in his office—and turned and went into the church and sat down. A church on a week day would have been an odd place in which to find the Sim Paris of before the war; but he had not then, as he had now, thoughts which attracted him to seek retreat in any quiet place in which to ponder them.

He was alone in the church.

He leaned forward in his pew, his arms upon the book-rest. The motion caused his knees to touch a hassock, and without intending to he knelt upon it.

Immediately he began to think about his mother.

It was the suggestion of the hassock against his knees that caused him to kneel; and it was by direct suggestion of his kneeling pose that his thoughts immediately were with his mother.

His mother had died ten years before. He had been passionately devoted to her. When he had been at home during her lifetime, and ever since he had been of an age to go to bed as late as she, it had been his custom to go in to her the last thing immediately before he retired to his room. He never missed. However late the hour, wherever he had been spending the evening—always he went gently in to see her and to kiss her where she lay.

It was a matter of absolute and unfailing regularity. She died. He was at home at the time, on leave from India. While she lay on her bed, shrouded, he still went in to her the last thing, and he was the last of the household to do so.

He left home, returning to his duties. On his first night away his action immediately before putting out his light was, as he told her, "To come to you the last thing, beloved." And through the ten years that separated those events from this present time he never missed the practise. He always knelt for his nightly talk. In the war, in the trenches and back in the rest-camps, billeted with other men, it had not been possible to kneel. It was not a thing you could do before others—they would think you were saying your prayers. But when alone it always was on his knees that nightly he talked with his mother. And this was the cause, by direct suggestion of the kneeling posture, bringing him now immediately to think about her.

He had also been thinking about the reasons which had led him, suddenly and surprisingly, to leave the army. His mother was intimately concerned with those reasons.

He now, in communion with her, rehearsed them.

He had been all through the war, from its start with the first expeditionary force to its very close. And he had come through it absolutely unscathed.

He had been a regimental officer all his time—no "soft" jobs; always in the line. He had been through some desperate fighting. He had been in places where it seemed incredible that he could come out alive. He had been in corners, more than he could count on his ten fingers, out of which he had been the only one to survive.

And he had come through it unscathed.

He had never been wounded, never captured, never sick. In roll not to be numbered comrades had fallen, had been horribly mutilated, gone "missing," gone captive. Of the officers who first came out with him with his battalion he was, at the end of two years, the only one alive. Of the scores of men he was with at Sandhurst or had met in the service the barest remnant remained. He unscathed. Why?

IT WAS that interrogation which was the root of those "vague reasons" which so profoundly had influenced his career. "Why?"

Why when men of qualities infinitely better than his own; why when men of lives infinitely more valuable to their country, to their homes, to knowledge, to science, to art than ever his; why when boys fresh from school, not a day old in the field; why when veterans of battles fought while he was in the nursery; why when these fell in their scores daily along the frontiers of this world-wide war; why went he unscathed?

Why?

It was in the third year of the war that this interrogation first came to him. His battalion had been in an advance, and the carnage, even within his own grim and terrible experience, had been unprecedented. They had held the position gained and some one coming up with the supports had brought the rumpled sheet of a recent copy of the *Times* and, his mind still occupied with the appalling losses of the day, he had smoothed out the page and seen the shocking list that it contained of mortalities on all the fronts. The two rolls, that which himself had seen or heard of and this which now he saw, joined their battalions and smote him, for the first time, with the question, "Why am I spared?"

From that day of its first asking the question began frequently to recur. It began so much to get on his nerves—and these were the days in which men might first have noticed the growing change in his air, the deepening of his look, the falling away of the old lightheartedness—so much on his nerves that it took him through two phases, both singularly disagreeable to him. In the first phase he caught himself funking. It never was apparent. He never avoided, nor so much as thought of avoiding, danger. It simply was that, whereas formerly he never thought of his chances, he now thought of them and was frightened. "I have been spared all this time. To-day, the next one that comes, I am bound to catch it." Would it be now, or now, or now? It frightened him.

The phase passed and the second phase came in its place. The first went because he threw it violently from him. He now *wanted* to catch it. "Why am I spared?" Exasperated, he turned upon the dogging question and savagely cast it into this form: "Why should I be spared? When all these are falling every day, why the devil *should* I be spared?" and he began to want to catch it, to seek to catch it, to hope that now, or now, or now, the thing would come at him at last and that he would catch it and be done with it.

He never did catch it.

The oppression of this phase was in its full force upon him when, one night, alone in a dug-out (two who had shared it with him had been killed by a shell which had left him untouched) he had for the first time for very many nights the opportunity of talking, on his knees, with his mother before he tried to sleep. And there was much to tell her, and he went on and told her much. And then he began to talk to her of, as he expressed it, "this frightful 'Why I am spared?' business."

HE HAD had communications from his mother. The manner of them was very strange. He never pretended to himself that he heard her voice. But what he knew absolutely to be communication from her was the sudden possession within him, when he was thinking of her, of some "absolute *knowledge*."

There had been in all but six of these communications and all need not be told. One, received when he talked with her on the night following her death, was the sudden, exquisitely comforting *knowledge* that she, though in person absent, was as much with him as of old, nay, able now to be with him at all places and at all times, with him much more. Another was the *knowledge*—sudden, unsought, absolute—that he and she would meet again. A third, equally spontaneous, equal in certainty, equal in the joy inexpressible which it gave, that the time of their separation would be very brief. Whether in this his mother meant as she, now elevated to the eternal plane, was able to see time, or whether the moment of their reuniting was to be brief as he knew years, he never debated. He never debated any of her communications. That he now, alone in that dark and airless dugout with his cry, "Mother, *why* am I spared?" seemed for a first time to be asking for such knowledge was in fact no asking. It was not a question—it was a cry. But amazingly it was answered.

Immediately with his cry to her he had within him the absolute *knowledge* that, through those perilous years and among those thousands more gifted and more worthy who had fallen and who yet would fall, he had been spared, and would be spared, because he had been selected, set apart, for a special purpose.

Sim was inexpressibly comforted. He remained for a long time on his knees, his face in his hands and in his mind only a sense of enormous relief. The question "Why should I be spared?" now was answered, the torment gone, the nerves assuaged. There on his knees; presently risen and peacefully sleeping; anon out and about his duties; thereafter for many days pursuing his part in the warfare of the trenches—that was all he felt. He had been spared for a reason, and he now knew that it was for a reason, and he was completely comforted.

He went, at first, no deeper than that. A mind of any introspection would have pursued its natural sequence. "For what purpose?" The Simon Paris of those days was far too virile to be of introspective habit. "It is true then—I am being brought safely through this for some special purpose." There would follow the briefest moment's thought and then his comment: "Well, that's funny—for me!"

The war ended. He was for a year with the army of occupation in Germany. Then his battalion came home and he was for a year with it in the cathedral city that

THE GARDENER

The Gardener, God, plants flowers by the way,
Mandrake and the wild rose and meadow rue,
Marsh marigolds in swamps, a brave display,
And little flowers of violet and blue.

The Gardener, God, has many a quaint device,
Of tree and vine and shrub—and, now and then,
He drops a gentian flower from the skies
For the great wonder and delight of men.

He plants arbutus in a lonely place,
And linden trees that have a yellow flower;
He spreads His dogwood like a veil of lace
Over the azalea's rosy shower.

The Gardener, God, has gardens everywhere,
By roadside, on the hill, and in the wood,
And sometimes we can find Him walking there,
Watching His flowers as a gardener should.

LOUISE DRISCOLL

was its depot. The regiment was made much of by the wealthy residential sets of the neighborhood. Simon, good looking, athletic, unattached, was particularly in much demand. In the old days he would have been in his element. He found now that he cared for none of these things.

What had happened to him was that which happened to many of the young men that had served through the war. They had been living, not only from day to day, taking no thought for the morrow because, always, there might be no to-morrow; more narrowly than they had been living from hour to hour. Their lives had been under rule. They neither thought for themselves nor acted for themselves. They thought and acted as it was laid down for them to think and act. They came back in peace and they found that their horizons, which so long had been within the length of their arms' reach, now were stretched far away to encompass a prospect new and exceedingly grave—the future. They had been tethered, as it were, to a blank wall, as boats are tethered to a quayside. The painters now were cut, the wall gone, the quay astern, and they beheld themselves adrift. "The future? What am I going to do? What of my future?"

This was disturbing.

Simon Paris with these others similarly was disturbed. But there worked in his disturbance, additionally, an increasing reflection upon this very strange thing that had happened to him—his feeling that he had been reserved for some special purpose. He began to think: "There is something I have got to do. There is some purpose waiting for me somewhere. Can it be here, in the army, leading this army peace life, these junketings, this regimental routine? I do not think it can."

And then on a day his thoughts went a plunge that was a great plunge deeper. He suddenly thought: "But these junketings—I used to revel in them. This regimental routine—I used to love it. Why don't I now? I believe there is something in me that is changing me. I believe I shall never settle to this again. I believe I have got to get out of this."



ALICE GASPED, "OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE." BUT CONRAD BRYNE CAUGHT HER TO HIM, HIS VOICE IMPASSIONED: "TERRIBLE ONLY IN THE IMMENSITY OF MY LOVE"

THERE was another thing that happened to many of the young men who had served through the war. There was noticeable in them a change, very marked, to social conditions and to social relations which formerly they accepted and enjoyed. In some this was manifested in a profound contempt for law and for order, for place and for privilege, for love and for human affections; in others it was manifested in a dissatisfaction as profound. For each attitude the reason was the same and was unconscious. It lay in long and deeply intimate familarity with death.

Death levels all people and all things; and these men for long had grown accustomed to look at all things and all people through death's eyes. They had seen habitations, great edifices, mighty works, stagger before the callous rush of death, spring in the air, burst asunder, and go to dust. In one moment they had seen men of power, of pride, of possession, and in the next, before death's callous leveling, men grossly disfigured, horribly disclosed to be but flesh and blood.

But soldiers returned to find property considered so sacred, men and women scorning equality, hedged about by laws, customs, conventions to prevent equality, ignorant as beasts that one equality, alike for highest and for least, was theirs and would in time be paid.

This also was disturbing.

Again with these others Simon similarly was disturbed. But again and again, arising out of the very strange thing that had happened to him, there worked in this disturbance also a leaven private to himself. When, fresh from the society of the Leveler, he looked upon the artificiality, the arrogance, the self-interest which on all sides denied a common level, it was with a certain sadness, a wistfulness, that he looked upon it. Others of his kind it filled with contempt; others with dissatisfaction. To Simon, hungering for a sharer of his secret, it gave rise to a feeling that if the world were not like this, if it were *different*, if it did admit and act upon a common level, then might he very easily—yes, at any street corner—find one, find a dozen, find a hundred, to whom he could unfold his heart.

Here were thoughts, rapidly now developing into a habit of mind. Here was a conviction (that he had been brought through the war for some purpose) rapidly now growing into an obsession. They militated against his free participation in the life of a regimental officer.

And he desired to entertain them. More and more they became the subject of his reflection. Deeper and deeper, as he explored them, they developed his interest.

His restlessness increased.

He left the army.

Retired, Sim's first move was on London, to his brothers; first to Charles.

Charles, who was married, lived with his wife at Blackheath, going up daily to his office in the City, where he was "Still and Paris, Business Advisers." The Blackheath house which had been the family home of the brothers ever since their parents, both now dead, had moved there nearly thirty years ago, was much too big for Charles and his wife, who were childless. Charles, however, as good as owned it. He lived there rent free and the conventional phrase would have it that he was therefore content to stay there.

THE conventional phrase did not, however, apply. Charles hated the house.

When Simon arrived for his visit, something came up of some inconvenience attaching to the place and Simon commented brightly: "Well, anyway you get it rent free, so I suppose you're content to stay in it, old man."

Immediately Charles flamed.

"Content! That's just what Andrew says. Content! Would you be content to stay in it, or would he, do you suppose, much less that Linda of his? Why doesn't he, then? Why doesn't he come over and take a share of my burdens for a bit sometimes? Content! Infernal great antiquated barrack of a place! Falling to pieces! Never out of some bungling workman's hands! Rent free! I'd like you just to have a look at my bill for repairs. Content! Not a room that doesn't reek of damp. Not a room—look at the size of them, look at the height of them—that isn't cold as a living tomb. Content! Before you and Andrew talk about content perhaps you'll give a thought to the fact that this—this barrack—was built for conditions of fifty years ago and hasn't had a modern thing done to it since. Not a thing! Great infernal kitchen range like a battle-ship that eats up coal by the solid ton and never gives a drop of hot water—wait till you try your bath in the morning, if you're fool enough to have one while you're here."

"That's all right, old man," Sim interjected. "I take a cold one."

Charles took no notice. "Miles and mountains of stairs. Not a servant that ever will stay a month. Every door with about two inches of draft under it. Every window about the size of a conservatory that breaks your back to open or shut. And passages everywhere—and empty, useless rooms everywhere—echo, echo, echo, wherever you go. I read a lot of this magazine and newspaper stuff about the Home Beautiful and labor-saving dodges and things like that and I scheme out for myself jolly little houses, jolly little cottages where I could be happy, happy——"

He stopped. It shocked Sim to see that actually he was wiping his eyes. He went on:

"And then I look around at this infernal, hateful place that I'm chained to like a dog to its kennel, and

Continued on page 78



LIVERPOOL'S BUSY WATERFRONT



OLD EAST GATE, CHESTER, ENGLAND



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON



RUGGED EDINBURGH CASTLE ON ITS HIGH ROCK

Come to

By E. V. LUCAS

Whose books "A Wanderer in Paris" and "A Wanderer in London" and others, are conceded to be the greatest travel books in the English language

I WONDER if you have any idea of how extraordinarily fortunate you are? Not only to be visiting Europe, but to be visiting it for the first time!

I am not pretending that if this were to be your second or third or fifteenth visit, there would be any call to pity you. But there is no real comparison between the emotions consequent upon first impressions and those that one gathers later. The first impression must involve a shock, whether of pleasure or frustration, which those coming after can not produce; and shocks are rare. That is why I think you are so eminently to be envied.

I wonder how you are coming to England. Direct to Southampton? If so, and you are not in a hurry, you could make a little road tour—the first day in a car would suffice, if you started early; you would still be in London by the evening—which would give you a preliminary glimpse of our historic island; just enough to steady you! For it could be made to embrace the New Forest, Salisbury Cathedral, Salisbury plain, Stonehenge, and some of our most exquisite domestic scenery, in Hampshire and Surrey, on your way to town. I hope you will forgive my affectation of erudition when I remind you that the New Forest was the great hunting pleasaunce laid out by William the Conqueror and it is still Crown property. Salisbury (Trollope's Barchester) is considered by many good judges to have the most lovely of all our cathedrals; it certainly has the loveliest spire and the comeliest and serenest cathedral close, although you may be in favor of a loftier site, such as Lincoln, which is firmly planted on the ridge that runs through the county, or Durham on its precipice above the river Wear. As for Stonehenge, the antiquaries are still undecided as to its origin and full purpose, but they are agreed that it was a temple of paganism with a magnificent ritual centuries before British history begins.

All this, and the drive to London thrown in, in one day!

Or you may disembark at Liverpool. This will enable you to see one of the most perfect old English towns, Chester, with its walk along its city walls and its richly ornamented timbered houses; and possibly you may decide to go to London by road and spend a night at Stratford-on-Avon on your way, in one of the bedrooms named after Shakespeare's plays. I don't know at what time of year you propose to sail, but if it be the Spring, you will see the Warwickshire lanes at their best. I need not say what at Stratford-on-Avon awaits you. Being a good American, you know the Shakespeare story probably far better than I. But perhaps you may not know that Shakespeare is not all; the town itself is one of our most distinguished, full of fine domestic architecture; the river is one of our quietest and greenest; and Warwick Castle and Kenilworth are not distant.

The mention of Kenilworth reminds me of our second imaginative writer and humanist, Sir Walter Scott, and the circumstance that some transatlantic liners come to Glasgow. In this case you would probably see something of Scotland before you went south to London. Here again how enviable you are! Love of Scott will take you to the banks of the Tweed, perhaps the most exquisite of all rivers in the British Isles, and never so beautiful as at twilight. You will see Melrose Abbey and Dryburgh Abbey, and at Abbotsford meditate on the noble life and life-work of that very great man, its first owner. In Edinburgh you will see the Heart of Midlothian and the Scott Memorial. As to the memorial let me tell you of a discovery that I made when not long ago I was in the Scottish capital. I found that from a certain spot to the west of the Memorial (you must take two forbidden steps on the grass!) the head of the seated figure can be brought into the circle of the clock of the North British Hotel, so that, fittingly, and as it should be, the Wizard of the North has a halo.

And while in Edinburgh do not neglect the Scottish National Gallery, where Scott's friend, Raeburn, who painted with much of the charm and dignity and sympathy with which Scott wrote, has many portraits.

Edinburgh brings to my mind one of the risks that all visitors to Europe for the first time can not avoid running. You may be anticipating too much; and if you do, you will often be disappointed. Edinburgh gives us a vivid example. No doubt you have seen reproductions of pictures of the death of Rizzio. I forget the name of the historical painter, it may have been Wilkie, whose famous representation of Mary Queen of Scots being thundered at in the old church on the castle hill by John Knox, belongs to the same epoch. It may be Maclise. But at any rate, probably you have seen it. A spacious apartment with room both for sword play and for guilty intrigues. Well, when you go to Holyrood Palace you will be shocked, for the room in which Rizzio was assassinated is hardly more than a cupboard.

Holyrood may fail you, but certain things can not. Edinburgh Castle, for instance, dominating its rock high up there in the mist: that could not in your dreams be more impressive than in reality. Nor, when you go south, could Windsor Castle seen from the meadows by the Thames, or from the road a few miles out of Slough as you motor from London. Windsor Castle, indeed, fills almost every requirement of the romantic child brought up on tales of chivalry. Perhaps Carcassonne in the south of France is, from without, the perfect fortress of romance, with its four-and-fifty towers springing from the battlemented walls; but Carcassonne is distant, whereas Windsor Castle is inevitably in your itinerary. And when you are at Windsor you will be sure to go into St. George's Chapel, won't you? for it has extraordinary beauty; and you should walk down the hill and cross the river to Eton and see something of the school on whose playing fields the battle of Waterloo was won.

But I have not yet exhausted the possibilities of your



FRANCE GLORIES IN THE BEAUTY OF PARIS



LOVELY CHARTRES CATHEDRAL AND TOWN

Europe

landing at Liverpool; from which city how simple to see the Lake Country, which in Spring is more lovely than at any other season! You remember how Wordsworth's heart danced with the daffodils? Well, you can see those daffodils every April among the grass of Rydal Mount.

BUT your interests may lie more among history than books. If so, you are perhaps to be envied more than any other pilgrim, because so much awaits you. Indeed, I don't see how you can ever return to your home! Where will you begin? If you land at Cherbourg it is a simple matter to visit the little seaport of Dives-sur-mer in Normandy, where William the Conqueror set sail for England in September 1066. Later when you reach England you will go to Sussex and see where he landed, and where he fought; and to Westminister to see where he was crowned.

If you extend your travels to Belgium you will walk over the battlefield of Waterloo, and in St. Paul's in London you will see the tomb of Wellington, and in the Invalides in Paris the tomb of Napoleon. If the career of Napoleon and the personality of Napoleon fascinate you, as surely they must, you will go also to Fontainebleau and see his rooms as he furnished them with such care and taste, and stand on the very steps on which he stood when he bade farewell to his Old Guard. You will go to Malmaison and see where poor Josephine languished.

If you are under the spell of the French Revolution, you will go to Versailles and endeavor to reconstruct the grandeur and folly of the Court of Louis XVI; you will see the Petit Trianon, where Marie-Antoinette and her ladies played at being shepherdesses and dairymaids, you will see in one of the great salons Vigée le Brun's portrait of the queen in her happiness surrounded by her children. Then, at the Conciergerie in Paris, you will shudder in the cell where the poor foolish lady was imprisoned before her execution. You will go to the Place de la Bastille and trace out, in the roadway, the inlaid stones which record the position of the walls of the old prison. But be careful how you do this, because in France it is not the driver who runs over any one who is punished, but (if they survive) the persons who are so naughty as to be run over.

Your interest in history may be less modern. In this case you will hasten to Athens or Rome. At Athens you will climb the hill of the Acropolis and meditate in the Parthenon; in Rome you will spend storied days in the Forum, and descending to the Catacombs see where the Christians hiding from Nero held their services, and in the Colosseum reconstruct a sacrifice to the lions.

Perhaps ancient and lovely architecture is your lure? Again, how fortunate you are! In England we have cathedrals and castles, abbeys and churches, palaces such as Hampton Court, country mansions such as Compton Wynyates, Tudor villages, and timbered cottages in such profusion that you need not leave our tiny island at all. And then what has France—with Notre-Dame, Ste. Chapelle, Chartres, Amiens, Carcassonne and the châteaux of Touraine! What has Spain, with the Alhambra, the Escorial, the Giralda and the bridge of Toledo! What has Germany, with Cologne and Nuremberg and the castles of the Rhine! What has Italy, from Venice's palaces rising from the lagoon, to Giotto's campanile at Florence, springing from the ground; from Milan's cathedral of white marble to Pompeii's ruins of volcanic stone and all the secrets of Roman civilization before the days of Christ!

I HAVE supposed you to be interested in history, literature, architecture and nature. There remains another absorbing and inexhaustible passion for the traveler in Europe to indulge, and that is painting. You have some wonderful pictures in America, and every year you add to them. But there are still many which will never leave England or the Continent; and there are of course wall-paintings that can not be moved. I can imagine no transaction between the Old World and the New, for example, that would make it possible for Leonardo's "Last Supper" in Milan, or Raphael's frescoes in the Papal Apartments of the Vatican, to cross the Atlantic; while Michael Angelo's ceiling paintings are, I take it, physically irremovable.

THERE are still other reasons for your intention to cross the Atlantic. You may have been one of the readers of THE DELINEATOR (which, so far as I can ascertain, is quite as much a crusader as a periodical) who helped to justify that fine appeal of the Editor for funds to restore to prosperity three of the French towns destroyed in the War. In this case, how natural for you to desire to see what your money did!

I remember, when I was in your country in 1920, a scheme was on foot to buy the house in which one of your great men was born. The price having been fixed at such and such a sum, an ingenious promoter of the project estimated the number of bricks that the structure probably contained and divided the amount needed by that number of bricks, and then you were invited to buy each a brick. That seemed to me a most admirable device, because every one who had contributed could point to the house and say with truth that but for his assistance the historic building would have fallen.

Similarly, when you go to France to look at the three towns which the generous efforts of THE DELINEATOR and its readers repaired (without reparations!) you will be able to congratulate yourself on the essential value of your own gift. Without any benefactor's certainty as to how that gift was applied you will be able to enjoy the wholesale certainty that but for you those towns would be less complete. Not that you need to lay this flattering unction to your soul. Virtue is its own reward. But there is no harm in the benefactor experiencing a glow.

There remains yet another reason for wishing to visit France. I might have put it first, but I will not translate it into words at all, so poignant is it, so sorrowful and yet so flushed with satisfaction and pride.

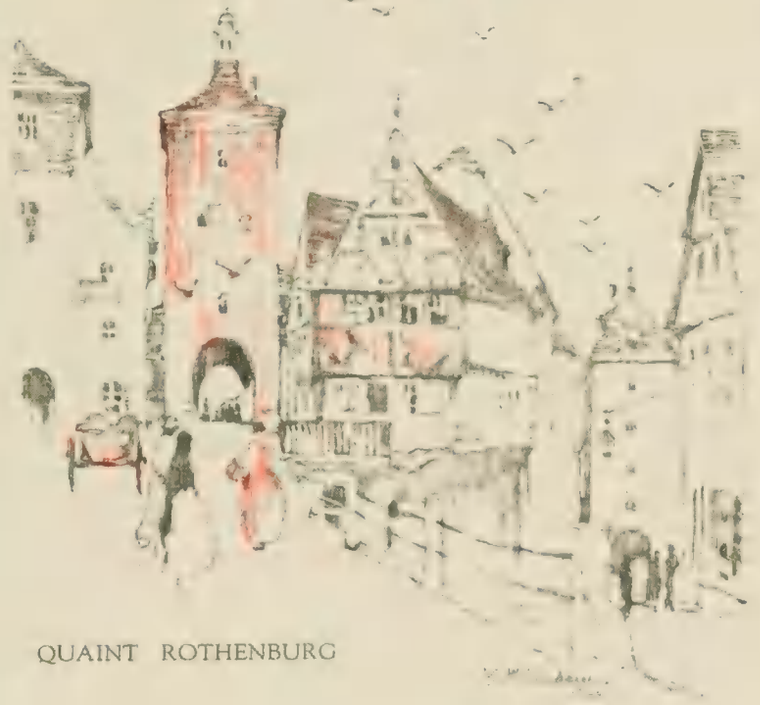
SO MUCH for your first visit. And then those that are to follow, when you are to be envied again, for you will then taste the deep satisfaction and joy of finding that a second impression is even more wonderful than you expected; together with perhaps the piquancy of perplexity at a falling short of expectation; or even the bitterer perplexity of absolute disappointment. The old saying that familiarity breeds contempt you can utterly disregard. Not in Europe!



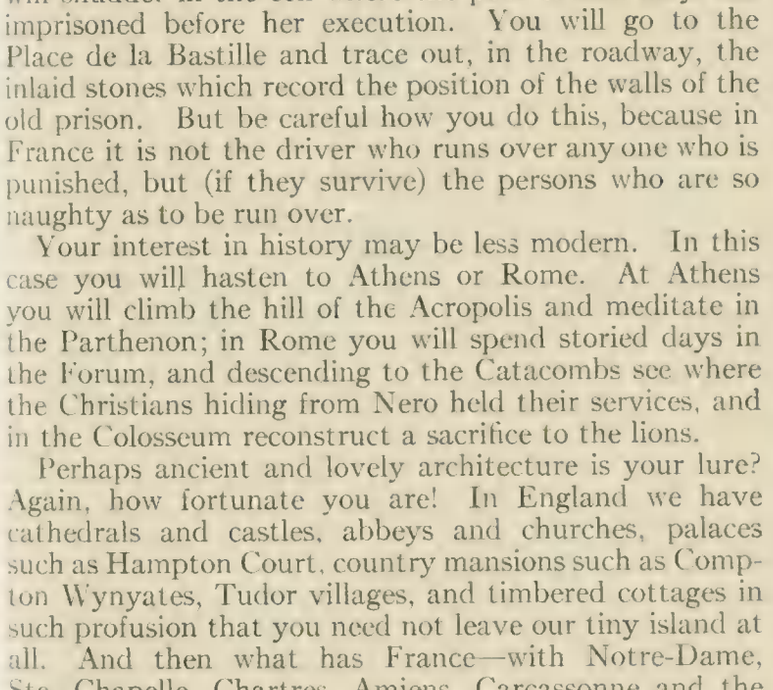
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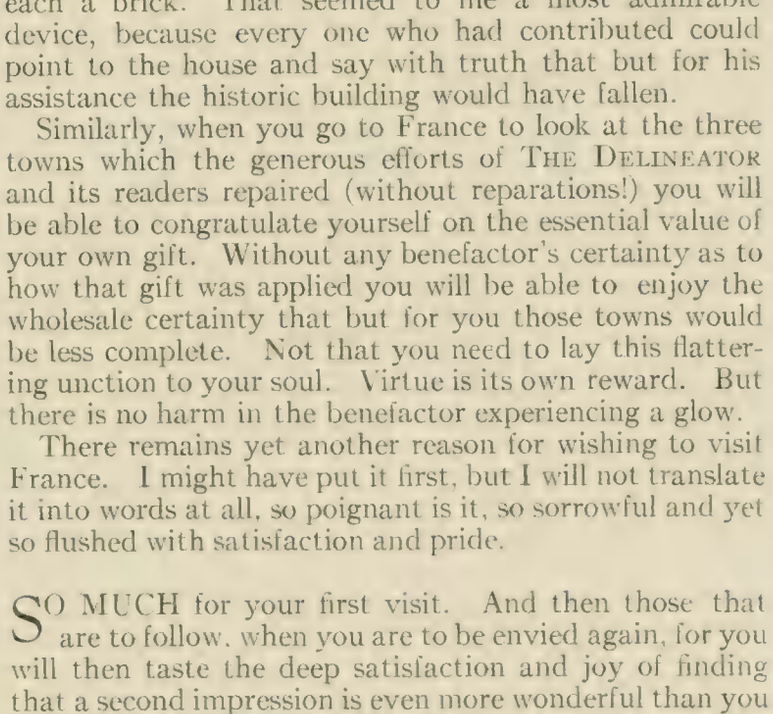
THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS



QUAINT ROTHENBURG



HISTORIC ROME BECKONS TO TRAVELERS



SONG FLOATS ON VENETIAN CANALS



THE ALHAMBRA—MAJESTIC MOORISH STRONGHOLD

Something new in detective tales:

SILVER SHOON

A June bride and a jewel mystery

By ISABEL WALKER and HELEN REDINGTON

Silver Shoon, did you steal from the moon?
With your cloudy hair so bright,
And your dancing eyes alight—
Silver Shoon, did you steal from the moon?

Silver Shoon, when you dance on the dune,
Will you toss a moon-flake white
To a mortal in the night—
Silver Shoon, when you dance on the dune?

RICHARD HEATH, with a sudden impulse, brought his car to a halt under the clump of mulberry-trees instead of sweeping on up to the house. He had not been in this part of Virginia before; would not be here now but for an imperative summons from his sister, Ellen, who was visiting at Stafford Hall. And he was not prepared for the charmed quiet of the place. Just back from Europe, steeped—despite the serpent-trail of modern warfare—in the glory and romance of its medieval past, this first glimpse of the Hall gave him a moment of breath-taking anticipation. Here was the setting for that adventure which always, in his heart, he had been seeking. These old trees, he could see, had once served as hitching-posts, in the days when pillioned maids and beruffled swains had turned their steeds into the hospitable gateways. It was a stately pillared house, tall box-bushes lining the driveway, and across the sweep of lawn an old-fashioned garden. The scent of lilacs, heavy in the late afternoon, assailed him. He had come, this much was clear from Ellen's incoherent letter, to Celia Stafford's wedding. Celia—he was glad that was her name.

And then he forgot his dreaming, for Ellen was running down the path. He sprang from his car to catch her in his arms—the same old Ellen who could stay quiet hardly long enough to kiss him.



AS HE WATCHED THE DETECTIVE SEARCH THE BUREAU, RICHARD WAS SWEPT BY A WILD HOPE, "CELIA MAY WANT TO BACK OUT OF MARRYING DRUMMOND!"

"The child's grown up," he teased, "she's tucked up her hair."

"Oh, bobs aren't stylish any more! Isn't it a nuisance?" She slipped away from him, surveying him with the clear brown-eyed gaze he remembered. "I'm glad you're back, angel." She ended her appraisal with an approving nod. "You haven't changed so much. I suppose you know all about the Balkans now, and everything? Do you think you can do anything for Celia? You'll have to hurry. There's only about an hour left before the wedding."

"Same old Ellen!" He shook her gently. "What under heaven did you think I could do when you sent me that frantic letter? Elope with the bride or murder the groom?"

"Both!" Ellen spoke with explosive vehemence. "It's the only way any one will ever make Celia behave. And as for Blaise Drummond—" She caught Richard's arm and pulled him toward a side garden. "Let's go where we can talk before any more relatives swarm in." And even as she spoke a carriage turned in at the gate held open by a grinning colored boy. "I mustn't stay long. I'm helping Celia dress."

"I don't see why this wedding concerns you." Disapproval spoke in Richard's tone.

"Celia's my best friend!" Ellen was instantly indignant.

"Never heard of her until your letter came," Richard parried. "Then mother explained that you'd been at school with her for as much as a year, and she'd been visiting you for all of a month."

"I introduced Blaise Drummond to her," Ellen confessed soberly.

"The devil you did!" Richard echoed her solicitude. That was different. "Why?"

"You know how careless we've all been since the war. Anybody could go anywhere. And he talked such a lot about how much he'd seen of you on the other side."

"Talked about it, did he?" Richard scoffed.

"Then there really is something wrong about him? I did hope you would say he wasn't so bad." Ellen's head drooped.

Richard hesitated. There was so much that he knew, so little that he dared say about Blaise Drummond. "At that, it seems to me a hasty affair," he said.

"Richard," Ellen turned tear-filled eyes to him, "there isn't a girl in the world who would have been safe if any man pursued her the way Blaise Drummond pursued Celia.

"Is she rich?" Richard's opinion of the man was in the words.

"Mercy, no! She's just—Celia."

"So he's in love." Richard did not believe it.

"Yes." Ellen hesitated, then looked up with a flash of shrewdness. "I've thought, too, that he had an idea of whitewashing himself with Celia's standing and popularity."

She bent to release the sash of her yellow sweater from the clinging spray of bridal-wreath that bordered the path. "What *is* the matter with him, Richard? Nobody in Washington would tell me. Yet every man I know shuts up at the mention of his name. There—" and she drew away from her brother, pointing an accusing finger at his face, "you've exactly the same expression. That's the way they all looked, from the President down."

"You asked them all?" Richard knew that she had.

"Of course. When I got Celia's letter saying that he had followed her down here and that her father and mother thought him splendid, I tried to find out something definite. I knew she wasn't quite happy—not as Celia ought to be. But you can't go to a girl and say there is something wrong with the man but nobody knows what. And you weren't home."

"I'm sorry." Somehow Ellen managed to make him feel that his not being at home was a personal failure. He paused to light a cigaret, then seated himself beside her on a circular seat under the biggest mulberry.

"I came down," Ellen hurried on. "I thought I could at least stand by. And when I got here, they were engaged, and Celia was letting him rush her into this immediate wedding. She hasn't seemed herself. She won't talk. She can't be in love with him, and yet—well—some men do things like that to a girl."

RICHARD was but half listening. This marriage was a more serious tragedy than even Ellen suspected. Yet what could he do? Go to Celia's father? But his own mouth was sealed. Washington orders were definite on this point. Blaise Drummond's name had been blotted off the slate of diplomacy—not for his own sake, but for the young princess, victim of his intrigue, who was officially too important a personage to be touched by scandal. She was under the protection of diplomatic silence.

Was Ellen's theory right? Was it Drummond's scheme to rehabilitate himself by presenting a wife of Celia's undoubted standing and charm? Richard felt sure that Drummond did not know just how definite was the information against him, did not suspect that Mardak was in Washington now, in touch with the State Department.

"I don't like what you're thinking." Ellen's fingers forcibly turned upward the corners of his mouth. "Is it as dreadful as you look?"

Richard shook himself free from the memory of Drummond and of Europe. Since it was too late for action, they need not brood over the affair. He settled comfortably against the broad trunk of the old mulberry and watched a smoke-ring widen and dissolve into the scented, sun-drenched air.

A graveled path, bordered by a double row of white lilacs, led to the boxwood circle, clipped like a frame for the flowering shrubs within—bridal-wreath trailing against a purple mist of lilacs and blossoming mock orange lifting a thousand white and gold drinking-cups for the elves who should dance there at midnight.

"This is your proper setting, angel." Ellen patted his arm. "Oh, I know you've been awfully successful, in spite of all the prophecies that you were too romantic to be diplomatic. Just the same, give you a scarlet-lined coat and a feathered cap, a rapier in your hand and a lady fair to wave you on to noble deeds——"

Richard tossed away his cigaret and smiled. What a gift Ellen had for hitting a fellow's thoughts! "It's charmingly old," he said, "a regular dream place." He paused, then added low, his eyes on the boxwood circle, "a magic ring for fairy feet."

FROM a window opening on the clematis-wreathed balcony above their heads came the sound of a shutter pushed back. "Ellen, Ellen! I can't find my slippers!"

Ellen sprang to her feet. "Why, darling, I put them on the bed, right by your bag—in plain sight."

"They've walked off somewhere, then," came the laughing response.

"I'll run up and find them—I didn't mean to stay so long," Ellen was saying.

Richard felt an absurd reluctance to lift his eyes, so thoroughly did the voice match his mood. Already his imagination had formed the scene. He was throwing the corner of the red-lined coat Ellen had given him across his shoulder, he was sweeping off the feathered cap, he was bending low before her whose voice was warm as sunlight, clear as running water, velvet-soft as the petals of a moonflower.

Ellen, already half-way to the side door, turned around. "Oh, Richard, this is Celia," she called over her shoulder.

Then Richard looked up. He hoped that he made some response to Ellen's words. But more than anything else in the world he knew that a shaft of sunlight, striking through the mulberry leaves, had caught in her hair—hair not red nor gold but yellow flame. He knew that her color was the flush of Summer skies at dawn. And that his heart was pounding madly, "*This is Celia, this is Celia.*"

"—I'm glad you got here, even so late."

How long had she been talking? Had she said anything else to which he should have given some response?

"It is late, isn't it?" For her words brought back to him the realization that this was not only the Celia for whom he had been looking, waiting, dreaming. She was the Celia who was going to marry Blaise Drummond. "Ellen should have told me," he finished savagely.

"Told you? What, pray?" Half-mocking, half-curious, wholly beguiling, she leaned nearer to him with the question.

Ellen appeared for a moment beside her and set a pair of silver slippers on the window-sill. "They were in your bag instead of on the bed where I left them. With these girls rushing in and out of your room, soon you'll not find anything. I'm going to lock the door until you are ready." And Ellen turned away.

"What should Ellen have told you, most provoking person?"

Richard drew a deep breath. She was lingering for talk with him, chin resting on linked hands. He must keep her, somehow he must keep her there.

"I declare I don't believe you hear a word I say!"

Not rapiers for this encounter. He must tempt her into forgetfulness, must hold her— "Do you really wish to know? And will you promise to listen to the end?"

"Of course." An unexpected, wholly distracting dimple appeared at the corner of Celia's lips. "If you don't take forever."

"But I'm going to take—forever." And then he hurried on before she should question or withdraw. "Ellen should have told me that this is haunted ground, an enchanted garden, where all the dreams of Spring are fashioned out of lilac scent and fresh-blown leaves and bird-music. And those the fairy princess does not need to play with herself she sends floating down like bright bubbles to poor mortals chained in the plain, old, everyday world. She's been sending me mine for ever so long."

"The fairy princess—" An air of deep puzzlement darkened Celia's gray eyes, and Richard's heart sang that she should so consent to play his game with him.

His voice softened. "Surely, surely you have seen her? You could never forget—never— Her hair is spun from Spring sunlight, her color stolen from the peach-blossoms. She can't help giving you dreams whether she wishes it or not. Just to see her is enough."

Was it the reflection of the sunset sky that deepened the glow in Celia's cheeks? Her eyes met his, merry and mocking.

Richard leaned an elbow on the trellis that supported the thick growth of clematis below.

"Spare that vine, good sir," begged Celia. "I have a fancy for it. In August the blossoms are like snowflakes."

"August! Who cares for August? It is a full century away." Richard tested the strength of the tendrils. "I think it is a magic beanstalk climbing heavenward."

"Please don't try it now. Ellen will turn ogre in a moment more if I don't hurry."

A sunbeam strayed from Celia's hair and sparkled on the small gleaming slippers poised lightly on the vine-wreathed sill, as if to dance away.

"Oh, no! I wasn't thinking of climbing, only wondering if it is safe for you to come down." Richard smiled up at her disarmingly.

"Come down?" Celia, in the moment of turning from him, paused uncertainly.

"Surely," said Richard, "with your silver shoon." And he began to hum, just audibly enough for Celia's ears, the song that had been haunting him from the moment he first glimpsed those shining slippers:

"Silver Shoon, did you steal from the moon?
With your cloudy hair so bright,
And your dancing eyes alight—
Silver Shoon, did you steal from the moon?"

How unbelievably black were the lashes that hid her gray eyes. She was gathering the slippers in her hand, was turning away from the window.

"Don't go," he urged, in desperate need of keeping her where he might see her. "Don't go—not yet——"

"But I must—" she hesitated, then finished gaily, "I'll see you—after a while."

And the window was only a window, framing emptiness.

RICHARD stood quite still while some one closed the shutters. Always he had believed in the miracle of the one love, instantly recognized, eternally binding. Always he had been searching, never finding, impatient and oblivious of imitations. Celia——

Slowly he turned away.

"Richard!" Ellen was back again at his side. "Richard, if you're going to attend the wedding, you'd better come up-stairs and dress. You haven't much time."

Richard drew a deep breath and tried to reply, but his voice did not come. Wedding! Celia's wedding! It couldn't be. Why, yesterday he had not known that Celia existed, yesterday he had told himself that he probably should never find her. And now he was being asked to dress to attend her marriage—her marriage to Blaise Drummond! He couldn't. Something must be done. Meanwhile he had to speak to Ellen, who was standing there regarding him with those clear questioning eyes that would see what he was thinking, know why he was hesitating——

"I kin go! I kin go! Auntie Ellen, mammy says so."

Richard turned in quick relief at the interruption. Around the corner of the house danced an elf of a boy, not more than four years old, hair as bright as Celia's own, brown eyes blazing with excitement. In his baby fist he clutched a grimy paper bag.

Something of the somberness lightened in Richard's eyes as he regarded the child.

"Oh, Merry!" Ellen bent over him adoringly. "He's Merrill Stafford, Celia's small nephew," she explained to Richard. "Where can you go, honey?" she asked.

Continued on page 71



RICHARD'S HEART LEAPED, FOR CELIA WITH DANCING EYES ANNOUNCED, "MY SLIPPER HAS FALLEN OFF! SOME ONE WILL HAVE TO FIND IT BEFORE THE WEDDING CAN GO ON"



Drawings by Charles R. Chickering

SUSANNA CRUSIT SNIFFED IMPATIENTLY, "WELL," SHE DECLARED, "WE'VE GOT PART-WAY EVEN WITH THAT LETTICE WOMAN!"

THE PEEL TRAIT

By

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Every now and then a popular writer proceeds to go himself one better. That's what has happened with Joseph C. Lincoln in the current installment of "The Peel Trait." He gives here to this forceful novel a turn so shrewd, so funny, that it makes a good story all by itself. But we won't say more. A word to the wise——!

Love and heredity at war in a Cape Cod fishing village

FOR NEWCOMERS TO THE STORY

TO LORDLY old Captain Eliphalet Peel his lovely daughter Lettice (by his second marriage) was the dearest thing on earth. And so, when Wapatomac lads came courting, he maneuvered things by a trick so that she turned down her true lover, Farley Crowell—a young artist whom the cap'n did not consider a good investment—and gave herself in a "common-sense" marriage to Dave Booker, dashing keeper of the Ocean House. Deep in her heart, however, her love for Farley, who promptly left the village, burned bright as ever, but she discovered her father's treachery too late. She was already married to another man, and already that man was running wild with gambling and women. An automobile accident ended his worthless life, but Lettice would not even then forgive her father's cruel ruse. Refusing his plea to come and live with him in the second of three cottages which he owned—called A B C houses by jesting neighbors—she opened a notion shop by which to support herself. Her half brother and sister, Amarias Peel and Susanna Crusit (whose husband kept the general store) turned against her in a tempest of injured pride and thereafter schemed night and day for favor in the eyes of their rich old father, now failing. Following the Great War, Lettice's one-time lover, Farley Crowell, a broken veteran of the camouflage corps, returned to Wapatomac. Perhaps out of shame Captain Peel rented him at low cost the C house, where he set up a tiny business in sign-painting. Lettice and Farley became friends again, in a casual way, but village gossips knew that no marriage would come of it. "A Peel's foot may slip once," they cackled, "but not twice—in the same place!" Prosperity now began to creep into this Cape Cod community. There was talk of the town's buying the middle of the A B C houses and cutting a street through. It would have swelled Captain Eliphalet's purse, but he stubbornly refused to sell. Soon after this he died. Though he naturally left the "bulk of the estate" to Amarias and Susanna, his will (to the amazement of every one) apportioned ten thousand dollars and the A B C houses to Lettice. Farley, embarrassed to find himself the almost penniless tenant of the woman he had loved so single-heartedly all his life, then and there perceived that he must escape from the torment of her dear presence. So he announced to Lettice abruptly that he had definitely made up his mind to leave Wapatomac forever.

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

TOWN-CLERK DIDLOW had called at the Booker notion shop that afternoon. Several people saw him enter the shop and one, at least, had seen him depart. That one was Mrs. Amarias Peel, and she planned to tell her husband about it at supper-time. The Peel supper was late, for Amarias had spent two hours or more with Lawyer Barnes at the latter's office. From that interview he had come home through a heavy rain, glum, downcast, and in anything but an amiable humor. Emeline noticed the storm-signals and dreaded to recognize them, but she felt that her news was sufficiently important to warrant risking the hurricane.

"Amarias," she ventured timorously, "I—I've got somethin' to tell you."

Her husband, whose appetite that evening was anything but robust, pushed a half-buttered biscuit disgustedly from his plate and growled:

"I don't care when you tell it," he declared. "If that hired girl you brought down from Boston is goin' to quit, the sooner you tell it the better. The stuff she cooks is enough to poison a hog. It's pretty nigh killed me, anyhow."

Emeline was startled into something like a protest.

"Oh, Amarias!" she cried. "You aren't goin' to tell Julia to go, are you?"

"Yes. You can do the work, same as you used to do. We can't afford luxuries—not after what I heard this afternoon."

"Oh, dear me! What have you heard?"

"Never mind. I don't want to talk about it."

"But—but, Amarias, what is it? Somethin' Mr. Barnes told you? Somethin' about—about Father Peel's will?"

Amarias's rage broke loose. "Father Peel!" he snorted furiously. "Father Peel be damned!"

"Why, *Amarias!* How *can* you talk so! You a church deacon, and about your own dead father! He's left us—us and Susanna and Abner—the bulk of the estate, hasn't he? That's what the will said. We heard it read."

Mr. Peel's lips drew back from his clenched teeth.

"The bulk of the estate!" he hissed. "Do you know what the bulk of that estate amounts to? Well, I'll tell you. After the bills are paid, and that blasted Lettice has got her ten thousand and the A B C houses, it may amount to five thousand dollars. Maybe not that."

Emeline gasped and turned white.

"Wh—*what!*" she cried. "Five thousand dollars! But, Amarias, Father Peel was a rich man. Everybody knew he was."

"Bah! Everybody *guessed* he was, the same as we did. And maybe he was rich once. But he wasn't when he died. His money had gone—except what that Lettice has managed to hook on to by her sneakin' contrivin'. By the livin' blazes, if I can get even with her—you watch me do it!"

"But, Amarias, there must be some mistake. Where has all the money gone to?"

"Don't ask me. It's been frittered away, I suppose. He gave the Government about a ton of it while the war was goin' on. Gave a thousand to this fool drive and another thousand to that, and scattered it right and left as if he didn't know nor care what became of it."

MRS. PEEL breathed heavily. The disappointment was crushing, but she tried hard to discover a thread of silver behind the clouds.

"Well," she sighed. "Well, I'm awful glad you borrowed as much from him when he was alive as Susanna and Abner did. Father lent you a lot, same as them, and that's some satisfaction— But, Amarias, were Susanna's and Abner's notes there? They're a part of the estate, aren't they? They'll have to pay them, won't they, and then we could collect our share."

Her husband sneered. "They were there, all right," he said, "in an envelope, with Susanna's name on it. And I presume likely there was a letter along with 'em. Anyhow, my notes were there, too, in another envelope with a letter to me. Here! You can read it, if you want to."

He threw the envelope across the table. In it was a little package of papers secured by a rubber band. There was also a short letter. It read as follows:

DEAR AMARIAS: Here are some notes of hand you've given me during the past dozen years or so, for value received. Altogether they amount to sixteen thousand two hundred dollars. I am giving them back to you now with my compliments. You can burn them up or keep them, just as you feel like. Susanna has had about as much and I'm leaving her hers too. Lettice hasn't had any, so I have left her some cash and the A B C houses. As you will see by my will, and as a little figuring will show you, you and Susanna get the bulk of the estate.

ELIPHALET PEEL.

Emeline read the letter through. Then she dropped it with a groan.

"Why—why, Amarias!" she exclaimed.

Her husband swore and prodded the tablecloth with his fork. His wife sighed.

"Well," she said, after a moment, "it's dreadful and I think Father Peel must have been crazy. And when I think of Lettice gettin' ten thousand dollars in real money and those A B C houses— Oh, Amarias!"

"Well, what is it? What ails you now?"

"Amarias, I meant to tell you soon as you got home. I shouldn't wonder if the town *was* goin' to buy the B house. I saw Noah Didlow come out of Lettice's shop this very afternoon."

Amarias leaned back in his chair.

"You saw Didlow in there with her?" he demanded.

"I saw him come out of there. And he must have been in there, mustn't he, else he wouldn't be comin' out? He— Amarias, where you goin'?"

Her husband had risen to his feet.

"Get on your hat," he ordered sharply. "Yes, and go up-stairs and change your clothes."

"But why—where am I goin' to go?"

"You're goin' with me right now to see Lettice."

"To see Lettice! Amarias, it's rainin' awful hard."

"I don't care if it's a blizzard. Go and change your clothes, I tell you."

"But why are we goin' to see her? We haven't hardly spoken to her for ever so long."

"You're goin' to speak to her now, 't any rate, and I'll tell you what to say. You'll be nice to her. Understand? She doesn't know how much, or how little, the old man left us. And she owns those A B C houses. I want those houses and I'm goin' to buy 'em, if I can."

"But, Amarias, I don't exactly see——"

He interrupted. "No, I don't suppose you do," he sneered. "I've told you, but that doesn't make any difference. I want those houses, all of 'em if I can get 'em—and if can't, I'll take two—or one. And I want to buy 'em cheap, before anybody catches on to what they're goin' to be worth. The chances are she hasn't sold the B house to Didlow and the town. He's just hinted at makin' her another offer, that's all. Well, I'll make her a bigger one. After I own those houses the town can deal with me, at any price. I'll win back part of the money I've been swindled out of. She and Susanna and the rest of 'em will find I'm not a dead one yet— There, there! Stop talkin' and hurry *up!*"

EMELINE obeyed orders. Twenty minutes later Lettice, alone after Farley's departure, listening in her little sitting-room to the whistle of the wind and the splash of the rain against the windows, was surprised to hear a knock at the door. When she opened that door and beheld her half-brother and his wife standing under a dripping umbrella—Amarias under seven-eighths of it and Emeline on the outskirts—she was much more surprised. It was the first call they had made upon her since she opened the notion shop.

No one would have guessed it from their manner. She made no move to shake hands, but they made it for her. They entered without waiting for an invitation and Emeline, to whom her husband had relinquished the umbrella as soon as it ceased to be of use to him, leaned the soaked affair against the wall.

"Well, Lettice," began Mr. Peel, "I—er—well, I guess you scarcely expected to see us here this evenin', did you?"

Lettice's reply was entirely frank.

"No, Amarias," she admitted. "I can't say that I did."

"I don't wonder. No, I don't wonder. But the fact is—the fact is—ahem! Sit down, Emeline. Sit down, Lettice. Emeline and I have come to have a real family talk with you—yes, a family talk, we three together. Shall we all sit down?"

He had thrown off his wet coat while speaking. Now he pulled forward a chair. His wife would have taken it, but he took it himself, so she took another. After a moment Lettice took a third.

"Lettice—" began Mr. Peel again. "Are we all comfortable? That's nice, that's nice! Lettice, I am goin' to tell you the truth. The fact is, Lettice, we are a little mite ashamed of ourselves—Emeline and I are. We've been doin' a lot of thinkin' since poor father passed on."

Apparently he expected his half-sister to make some comment on this statement. She remained silent, however, so after an instant's pause, he continued.

"Yes, we've been thinkin', Emeline and I have," he said. "We've been thinkin' that maybe we haven't acted just as we should toward you. Of course, maybe we think we had a little excuse. You haven't been very—er—cordial to us, you know, and——"

She interrupted. "Did you want me to be cordial?" she asked. "I don't remember noticing any signs of it on your part. You haven't been cordial to me, either of you, for a good many years."

"I know, I know—hush, Emeline!—as I say, maybe we have been a little mite to blame, and we realize it now, and are sorry for it. When David took to actin' the way he did, and you persisted in stickin' to him, we felt—well, Emeline and I couldn't help feelin' you ought to think of the family. The Peels have always had the name of bein' proud and—er—carryin' their heads high. We hoped—yes, and we couldn't help feelin', that you ought to leave Dave then and there. But you didn't, you know, and people were talkin' and our pride was hurt."

"And, after all, Lettice," put in Emeline, "you didn't *have* to marry Dave, if you didn't want to."

Her husband ordered her to be quiet, but Lettice did not seem to resent the statement.

"You are quite right, Emeline," she said promptly. "I didn't have to. I was of age, and I was supposed to have a mind of my own. You and Susanna and father were all thinking of my happiness when you worked for the match, and I let you do it. It was nobody's fault but my own. You are right there. Nowadays I do my own thinking—and mean to.

There was significance in the last sentence which Mr. Peel caught but did not understand. He hastened to oil the troubled waters.

"Well," he observed gently, "all that is past and done with. We all make mistakes, Lettice."

"Yes, we do. And

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"AFTER FATHER DIED, HE LEFT THIS LETTER FOR ME." FARLEY READ IT THROUGH TO THE END. HE RAISED HIS EYES THAT MET THOSE OF THE WOMAN HE LOVED

Fire! Fire!



WHEN PHILIP RETURNED, CORLISS TRIED TO READ HIS FATE IN HIS FATHER'S CONTROLLED COUNTENANCE

Drawings by Joseph Simont

By ANNE O'HAGAN

The story of a flame that could not be put out

A TASSEL of wisteria tapped at the front window. Lilac scent, palpable like smoke from a swinging censer, drifted into the hall. And up the stairway came the voice of Violet's end-of-the-season star lecturer—authoritative, weary.

"So we must learn to find it unthinkable that our wills, our tastes, even our standards, should encase our children in a world of our fixation. It is theirs, the world—life is theirs. I say it again and again. Biologically that is all that we are—the abandoned husk upon the ground——"

Philip Mallory, whom the sound of that voice had arrested at the door of his room, above the library where his sister's meeting was in progress, sighed. His own foreboding of that very hour! His own foreboding reenforced by science. Hadn't Violet told him she was importing some eminent psychiatrist for this final meeting of the Rivermead Mother-Teachers Association? He had been right then—at forty-four his day was done.

He listened yet another moment to the spatter of gently applauding hands. He listened to faint murmurings of women relaxed from the strain of attention. He listened to a frightened mother endeavoring to combat the psychiatric doom. Violet helped her. Violet was a dear and patient chairman, her brother thought with tender, amused admiration.

"I only wanted to ask Doctor Wade," the questioner panted, "if we—parents, I mean, and teachers, and all of us older ones—ought to think that we are only husks—only husks"—it was becoming a chant, but with a mighty effort she pulled out of it—"economically, too. If it is true that we are nothing at all bio-bio-biologically, but something you'd sweep into the dust-pan, how about us as providers? And anyway, aren't we—aren't people, I mean—middle-aged people—something besides biologists?—I mean something more than bi—than bi——"

At last she succumbed to the overmastering difficulties of speech, but not before Doctor Wade had extricated her thought from its entangling alliances.

"What Mrs. Thorley is asking," he said, "is whether the human adult, in that stage of civilization to which we have advanced, has no other function than the biological. It is a fair question and——"

"A fair question—I should say it was!" declared a low voice at Philip Mallory's elbow. He swung around, surprised. "That little woman—I know she's little, don't you?—could make mincemeat of the psychiatrist if she had only learned their jargon."

The speaker was a spirited young woman, rather short, sturdy, with hair the dark auburn of an Irish setter's. She had evidently been sitting in a nook at the turn of the stairs toward the third story. She looked with friendly eyes at Philip. "You're Mr. Mallory, of course. You don't know me—I'm Katrina Blakelock."

"Of course you are! I ought to have known you—you are exactly like your mother." He shook her firm, brown hand cordially.

"I telegraphed Aunt Violet yesterday from Boston, asking if I might come here for a night before I sailed. I'm going abroad to-morrow on the *Cedric*. And I ran into this. I told auntie I would come down and help dispense tea afterward, but not to the meeting—no more juvenile psychology for me this season! You see, I teach at St. Monica's, and my vacation has just begun."

Her auburn-hazel eyes, sparkling frankly into his gray ones, had golden lights that might have been reflected from her glinting hair. She was better looking, Philip decided, than her mother had been a quarter of a century ago.

"I'm glad you are going to be with us, even if it is only for a little while," he told her. "I'll see you at dinner."

"Aren't you coming down?"

"No. I have to do some thinking—on being a husk." He smiled.

"Well," she laughed, turning to leave him, "don't forget that you are something besides a 'biologist!' "

PHILIP still smiled as he watched the swing of her body going down the stairs. It wouldn't be so bad, he reflected, to be an outworn shell upon the sands of time if one could have had a child like this. But his son Corliss—Corliss was another matter. Philip's smile faded.

The great authority down-stairs, he supposed, would challenge his theory, but for his part he didn't believe that a child was fairly started whose parents had not whole-heartedly loved each other. And he knew now that what he had called his love for Minna Corliss had survived their marriage only briefly. Poor Minna! Their marriage—he saw it now with the eyes of his maturity—had been of her vehement contriving. In it he had been acquiescent rather than eager, as later he had been acquiescent to the family verdict that he had better take the opening with Wheeler and Henning, cotton brokers. He hadn't really wanted to go into that business. He had wanted to teach the history of the fine arts, to write a play, to explore Africa—he had had all the nebulous aspirations of all young men with educated tastes and without robustly shaping talent. But he had fallen a little in love with Minna Corliss, he had married and settled down because other people thought it a good thing to do.

Two years after his marriage, six months after Corliss's birth, his wife had died, and again he had acquiesced—this time in his sister Violet's plea to be allowed to come and keep his home for him. Violet had been a pretty slip of a girl then, nineteen, pulsing with undirected tenderness and generosity. She lavished it all on the baby Corliss. It hadn't been fair to Violet—and it hadn't been fair to Corliss, either. Philip had acquiesced in it. Half amused, half bored, he had acquiesced in all of Violet's pretty child-training enthusiasms. And what experiments, good, bad and indifferent, had not been tried upon his son! A medley of names and terms straggled through his recollection—almost twenty years of them. Doctor Holt, Montessori, Winifred Stoner, self-determination, Binet, the sacredness of personality, the creative intention of destructive acts—poor, eager, searching Violet! But poorer Corliss!

AUTOMOBILES were beginning to depart. That vivid young creature, Katrina Blakelock, must be near the end of her tea-pouring. He was glad she was to be there for dinner. Sensible woman her mother had been—older sister of a friend of Violet's girlhood. The family had moved west. He had forgotten all about them, except when he had absent-mindedly pretended to listen while Violet read him scraps from occasional letters——

But he had come home from business early, not to think about these things—not even his problem of a son Corliss. Perhaps the boy might not turn out so badly after all! There had been no complaints about him from

Exover, the latest of his schools, for nearly six months now. What was really uppermost in his mind that day was the alarming proposition which Henning had that forenoon sprung upon him.

He had always assumed that some day, in a reorganization of the firm, he was to be allowed to buy into partnership on easy terms. He had been with the concern over twenty-one years. After the first five or six he had been advanced with comfortable, unexciting regularity in salary and in authority.

He had spent the increasing salary without difficulty and without compunction. If he died—so his calculation ran—his life insurance, a heavy one, would care for Violet adequately. Corliss at twenty-five would come into a little from his grandfather Corliss's estate—enough, as much as any young man should have. Meantime they lived well. His sister had given her life for his son and his home. It was only fitting that the home should be of recompensing dignity and charm.

All very reasonable. But to-day Henning had announced that the reorganization of the firm was upon them. Old Joe Wheeler was transferring stock and interest to his son, young Joe. And they had had proposals from Eric Steiger about buying in. Steiger was ready to put in fifty thousand——

"Frankly, Phil," Henning, brusk at first, had become conciliatory once the ice had been broken, "neither my father nor myself would consider it if—if you are ready to buy in. But Steiger's been with us seventeen years——"

"I've been with you nearly twenty-two." Philip had cut in.

"Is it so long? Yes—yes, you're right. But—well, your life is different from Steiger's, your life, your interests. He eats and sleeps and dreams cotton—no friends, no clubs, no outside pursuits. While you——"

"I've always figured that my clubs, as you are referring to them, were a business asset. We've found them so, I think, Sam."

"Yes, I know your wide connections have been of considerable advantage to us. But anyway, as I said, we shan't accept Steiger's offer—though he makes his remaining with us contingent on letting him in, and he's a damned good man. I'd hate to see him go— But we shan't accept his offer if you are ready to come in. Are you?"

WAS he? Could he raise fifty thousand dollars? His investments were negligible. He and his household had always spent the whole of his income, no matter how it increased. To raise the money and to repay it would mean a right-about-face—a first mortgage from the bank on the house, something on his life-insurance policy, the sale of his few bonds, a second mortgage perhaps, and, above all, a strict curtailment of living expenses for five years—ten. Was it worth while?

On the other hand, what of the prospect of being a hired man at fifty-five, at sixty, subject to a hired man's dismissals?

But, wisdom aside, had he any longer the mental vigor for a right-about-face? Could he do it, even if he would?

And Corliss was going to be more and more costly for the next few years. If he succeeded in getting into college, his father might as well write an extra two thousand dollars a year to his budget. And if the boy didn't succeed in getting accepted, he was not likely to be much less expensive——

A hired man at sixty, at sixty-five, out of a job and an income at seventy——

But could a husk—damn Violet's big-wig! his phrase had stuck—could a husk change its way of life? Were not right-about-faces only for the young—for Corliss, he hoped, and for that golden, glinting girl of the Blakelocks?

That golden girl of the Blakelocks! His thoughts dwelt upon her. She seemed to him what he had never seemed to himself—so competent with life. To have had a wife like that beside one from the days of one's youth!

He caught at his runaway thought in surprise. How long it was since he had last seemed actually to see a woman—the real human being beneath the pretty garb of graceful manners and pleasant talk that women wore! Years and years.

He sighed. Life had been lonely. In spite of all the little compensations—Violet and the charming house and the kind hostesses who liked to have him at their dinner-tables. Lonely, and he had not known it. But to-day he knew it. The smell of lilacs on the air made him feel lost and homesick. And there was the realization that no one cared whether he chose the old man's course or still played at being a young man with something yet to achieve.

DINNER had begun rather better than young Corliss dared to hope. He had been desperate in the afternoon when, arriving unheralded from Exover, he had found his Aunt Violet's meeting in full swing. He had come home to lay before her, for transmission to his father at a propitious moment, his story of the little episode which had caused the Exover authorities to send him and his chum Venner away. Two nights before they had escaped from their dormitory, "borrowed" a car—vastly overvalued, he was sure, at thirteen hundred dollars—to run to a dance, and had subsequently smashed it. He wanted to lay the essential blamelessness of the affair before her and to negotiate from her sufficient advance cash for a trip to Venner's, out near Cleveland, until the storm over the ruined automobile should subside. And his plans had collided with one of her deadly, never-ending meetings!

HOWEVER, Doctor Wade's dicta, which he overheard as he loitered impatiently back of the library, had cheered him. He only wished that his father could have heard them, too! Those admirably sane thoughts on making a world adapted to the needs of young life, of fitting youth with its environment, not with age's! No beastly boring idea of endless education! He thought vaguely of the opportunities in South American countries—señoritas, red blossoms, guitars, prime ministerships. He thought of the rapid fortunes accumulated by Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin——

And then he came down to earth, remembering that he was caught at home, where he least wanted to be.

Nevertheless, dinner had begun rather well. His father, in spite of obvious astonishment at seeing him, asked no inopportune questions. The Blakelock girl, though getting on—she must be twenty-four, maybe twenty-five—was not yet senile. Doctor Wade proved to be as good an old scout as his views on youth and age had led Corliss to expect; a little dippy over Aunt Violet, apparently, which was farcical, but, still, emphatically a good old scout. Under the cover of middle-aged laughter over some golf tale, he invited Katrina's attention to the pitiful phenomenon of the scientist's admiration. But she, murmuring "How pretty she is—they don't make us like that any more," directed Corliss's gaze from the psychiatrist to his aunt. What he saw struck a hollow note of dismay in his heart, for his Aunt Violet's blue eyes, starry beneath a faintly silvering cloud of soft-brown hair, told him that the vassal of his whole young life was bowing at another shrine than his.

Before he recovered from the shock of that tasteless revelation, another blow fell. The waitress was standing behind his father and was saying in tones all too distinct: "Long-distance call for you, sir. The headmaster of Exover Academy——"

As Philip left the table Violet's eyes suddenly seemed normal again and fixed themselves upon her nephew with an anguished apprehension. Corliss essayed a laugh, but it broke off in his throat. Katrina Blakelock, humorous and a little hard, appraised the situation.

"Dear Mr. Mallory, we regret to report—" she gibed.

"Where do you get that stuff?" asked Corliss belligerently.

"Oh, I teach in a school myself. And, besides, I have a brother your age."

Well, anyway, she had the sense to recognize the whole affair as usual—Corliss forgave her mockery.

When Philip came back into the dining-room, Corliss tried to read his fate in his father's controlled countenance. He chafed against the social code that forced people to act as though nothing were the matter. He hated the music which followed after dinner.

Philip, however, found it tranquilizing. Katrina sang, Violet accompanied her. "*O schoene Tag*"—pretty thing, that. And Katrina could open her mouth and let her clear true voice out without looking like an unfeathered bird gaping for a parental worm. Lovely girl—if only—

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"I WANTED TO COME TO YOU FIRST, MY DEAR, MY DEAR, BUT I MADE MYSELF DO IT THIS WAY—NOT YOU FIRST—NOT YOU ANY MORE THAN MYSELF FIRST——"

What the "Ductless Glands" are— and how they affect your child's health

By LEWELLYS F. BARKER, M.D.

Emeritus Professor of Medicine at Johns Hopkins University; author of "Endocrinology and Metabolism"

THE HAPPY CHILD IS THE HEALTHY CHILD

with whose body, mind and spirit "all's well!" Do you wish help in keeping your child happy and healthy? If so, for fifty cents a year you can join one of THE DELINEATOR'S "Happy Child" clubs and receive a monthly letter from a skilled child specialist, giving you valuable advice about bringing up your little ones. There are four of these clubs: one for Expectant Mothers, one for New Babies, a third concerning little Runabouts, and a fourth about School Children. Send your dues to "The Happy Child Club," THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., stating which membership you wish, and your first letter will go to you at once



"The world is mine"

The Happy Child Department

Directed by DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

SINCE the aim of THE DELINEATOR'S "Happy Child" department is to give facts to mothers regarding the health, beauty and happiness of their children, a word this month about the "ductless glands" and their relation to physical and mental growth may prove helpful. What part, if any, do these glands and the "internal secretions" they produce play in determining the bodily form, in modifying the functions of the organs, and in influencing the thought, feeling and behavior of the child?

The question is a particularly timely one. Not only have medical men become profoundly interested in it of late, but members of the laity, too, have heard a great deal about "endocrine glands." And as is so often the case with new discoveries, the public has received much misinformation concerning "glandular defects" and "glandular treatment" of both children and adults. The object of this brief article therefore is to record in a simple way some of the interesting facts that seem to be well established.

Every mother would rejoice if told that her child could with proper care be "healthy" and "happy"; and she would be still further gladdened if told it could also be "beautiful." No intelligent mother, accordingly, can fail to be interested in the conditions upon which the health, happiness and beauty of a developing human being depend.

Health is a condition of physical and mental soundness and well-being. *Happiness* depends in large measure, first, upon the possession of a variety of physical and mental powers, and, secondly, upon the opportunity adequately to exercise those powers. And *beauty*, in turn, consists of the manifestation of certain accepted standards as to magnitude and symmetry of body, coloring of skin, grace and flexibility of movement, and external expression of the mind within.

Without such form, and such charm of expression, a human being will be said to lack beauty. He may even be regarded as ugly or ludicrous. For although no two human beings are, or can be, precisely alike, to be healthy, happy and beautiful an individual must not be in structure of body, function of organs, or capacity of mind, too greatly different from what may be called the "ideal human type."

Now, what a human being comes to be, either in form and function of body or in capacity of mind, depends upon his heredity on the one hand and his surroundings on the other. For every human being, like every higher animal, begins in the union of two germ cells, one derived from the father and one from the mother. These two cells unite to form a single cell, which under the influence of nourishment, warmth and other influences of its surroundings grows and divides into two cells, four cells, eight cells, and ultimately into the millions of cells of which the developed body is composed.

The cells that constitute the bony skeleton, the muscles, the nerves, the skin, the sense organs and the various internal organs all originate in this way, though the cells of different groups differ greatly from the single cell from which they have been derived, and from those of other groups as they become specialized for the performance of particular functions.

All the possibilities of development lie in the original fertilized egg-cell; and these possibilities which later are realized are the ones favored by influences in the surroundings both before and after birth.

The surprising thing about development is that it proceeds in such an orderly fashion, leading in each instance to an organism much like other organisms of the same species. It surely is a remarkable thing that the head, arms, legs, heart, liver, kidneys and brain of one human being should come, in their development, to be so much like those of every other. We can not but marvel at the process that gradually transforms the little lump of living protoplasm of which the fertilized egg-cell is composed into the complex creature we know first as a child and later as an adult human being.

That human beings differ from one another ought scarcely to astonish us. Is it not more remarkable that they resemble one another as closely as they do? Evidently, in the division of cells, in their grouping into organs and tissues, and in the specialization of their functions, the processes are subject to regulatory mechanisms that favor development here, restrain it there, and control it everywhere.

STUDENTS of development have been very busy, in recent years, attempting to unravel its mysteries. They have found out a great deal about the physical and chemical influences which determine the shape and workings of the body. Among other things, they have discovered that the products of certain small "ductless glands" or "endocrine organs" are of very great significance in relation to the development of the body and the activity of the mind.

It is not going beyond well-established facts to assert that the height of the human body, its stoutness or thinness, the shape of the skull, the length of the arms and legs, the color, texture and moisture of the skin, the prominence of the eyes and their brightness, the size and shape of the jaw, the development of the teeth, the form of the nose, the sound of the voice, the distribution of the hairs on the body, the tone of the muscles, the speed of thinking, the emotional responses to outside influences, the changes that occur at puberty and the degree of masculinity or femininity manifested, are all, to a large extent at least, determined by the way the ductless glands work during the period of development.

Since insufficient activity on the one hand, or overactivity on the other, of one or more of these glands may be associated with profound modification of the characteristics mentioned above, it is legitimate to assume that normal development is to a considerable degree dependent upon a well-balanced functioning of the several glands of internal secretion.

The ductless glands include the thyroid gland and the parathyroid glands in the neck, the pituitary gland at the base of the skull, the thymus gland behind the breast bone, a suprarenal gland at the upper end of the kidney (on each side of the body), the islands of Langerhans of the pancreas, and the sex-glands. These ductless glands manufacture secretions containing powerful chemical substances; and these secretions do not go into ducts that open on the inner or outer surface of the body; instead they enter the blood and are carried to all parts of the body, thus reaching the cells and tissues which they especially influence.

The more active constituents of these secretions are slowly being isolated as pure chemical substances; thus, that of the marrow of the suprarenal gland is known as "epinephrin" or "adrenalin" and that of the thyroid gland as "thyroxin." The chemical nature of the secretion from other glands is as yet unknown, though powerful extracts have been obtained from some of them, including "pituitrin" from the pituitary gland and "insulin" from the islands of the pancreas.

TO MAKE clear how important the proper working of these glands must be for healthy natural development, examples of the abnormal development that has been found to occur when a gland is artificially removed in early life, or when it has been diseased so as to lessen its function or so as to cause it to overfunction, may be cited.

Thus, some children are born without a thyroid gland, or with a gland that is much smaller and less active than normal. They remain dwarf-like in stature, have sunken, dull-looking eyes, thick, dry, wrinkled skin, and sparse, coarse hair; they are prone to be fat and to have a pudgy look; their bones do not develop properly, and their teeth are late in appearing. More distressing still, they are inattentive, and slow-minded, sometimes almost idiotic.

Surgical operations at which a large part or all of the thyroid gland has been removed from human beings or animals have been followed by the development of similar symptoms. If children suffering from the above-mentioned symptoms are given either small doses of dried thyroid gland substance derived from sheep (or other animals), or the active principle of the thyroid known as thyroxin, the symptoms will largely disappear.

But there are other children who present an entirely different picture, due to an increased and probably a perverted activity of the thyroid gland. These children suffer from what is known as "Graves' disease" or "exophthalmic goitre." In them the thyroid gland is enlarged (goitre) and pulsates, the eyes are very prominent, the lid slits are wide, the skin is thin and moist and the heart beats at a very rapid rate. The patient has a frightened look, is very nervous and restless, loses weight rapidly and often suffers from profuse sweats and watery diarrhea.

Under suitable medical treatment, or by applying X-rays or radium over the thyroid gland to reduce its activity, the symptoms of exophthalmic goitre can be improved. In severe forms of the disease, surgeons remove a portion of the gland, an operation that is often quickly followed by marked improvement of the patient's condition. The disease is fortunately rare in children, but it is a common affection in women between the ages of sixteen and forty.

Sometimes the thyroid gland undergoes enlargement and degeneration because of lack of iodin in the food (endemic goitre). Any one who has traveled in Switzerland has been struck by the great number of large and unsightly goitres to be seen there. Moderate goitre of this type is common on the borders of the great lakes in the United States and Canada. It is interesting that small doses of sodium iodid, prescribed by the family physician for a week or so each year, will prevent the appearance of goitre of this sort in girls who would otherwise develop it.

JUST as striking are the changes in bodily appearance and mental functions that may be associated with disorders of the pituitary gland. This gland consists of three parts, a front lobe, a rear lobe and a middle portion. The first lobe is of importance for the growth of bone and for the sexual functions. The rear lobe and the middle portion yield on extraction a fluid known as "pituitrin," which is a powerful stimulant to contraction of the smooth muscles of the uterus and of the intestine; it also enables the kidneys to secrete a concentrated urine.

Now if, during development, the pituitary gland is too active, there will be overgrowth of bone; the skull will enlarge and the arms and legs will grow to be very long. The "giants" of circuses and the "longest lady" of Barnum's shows, it is believed, were instances of such "hyperpituitarism."

When the enlargement of the pituitary gland occurs in later life, the appearance of the person undergoes a remarkable change. The lower jaw becomes greatly enlarged, the teeth become more or less separated, the face assumes a hexagonal shape, the hands become huge and spadelike in form, and the fingers and toes become sausage shaped. This condition, known as "acromegaly," has frequently been found to be associated with tumors of the pituitary gland.

Concluded on page 71

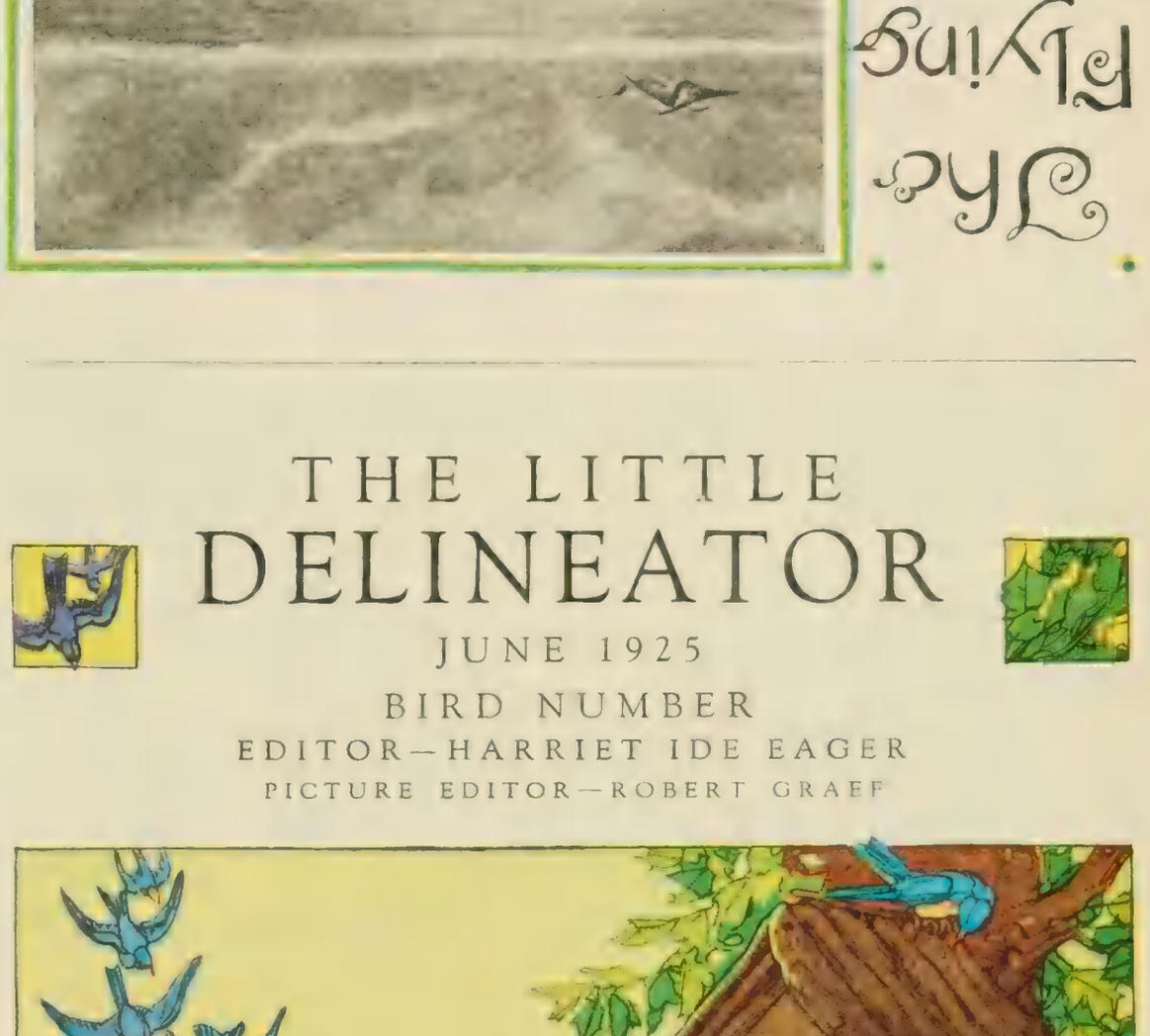
THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

JUNE 1925

BIRD NUMBER

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



IF YOU WANT A BIG PICTURE LIKE THIS, FRAMED, LOOK ON PAGE FIVE



My Little Page

DEAR EARLY BIRDS: That's my hopeful June name for you, because I hope you will all write to me early this month, and try early for the Birdhouse Contest. Don't put it off. Suppose your editor and the picture editor said to each other: "Well, to-morrow, maybe or the next day, we'll make THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. But not now. We're too busy and it's too much trouble." And they would keep putting it off and putting it off, until—suddenly—Great Jumping Grasshoppers! (as Tommy Tiptoe's friend, the Water-skater would say)—there would be THE BIG DELINEATOR, all printed and ready to mail with no LITTLE DELINEATOR inside. How would you feel then, and how would all the other boys and girls feel?

Excuse me if I've scolded too much, for I am still your faithful and loving editor, HARRIET IDE EAGER.

P.S.—My address is always THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of THE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.

HERE'S NEWS! HERE'S BIG NEWS!

Your editor is going abroad! Your editor is going across the ocean, to Europe, and all the interesting things she sees there she will write for you in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. Even our Deli-bear will trot along and have funny adventures in strange countries.

You will make friends with children in different countries—see how they dress, and what they play, and you will have a chance to win real foreign prizes.

Watch for the July LITTLE DELINEATOR—our first foreign number! And watch for all the other foreign numbers to come. Hurray for all the foreign numbers of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR!



Here's Tommy Tiptoe come alive—Alfred Hoblitzell, Junior, six years old, of Wheeling, West Virginia, wearing a green and red and yellow Tommy Tiptoe suit his mother made for him. Isn't he nice!

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AMERICA'S BIRD CLUB

The Audubon Society

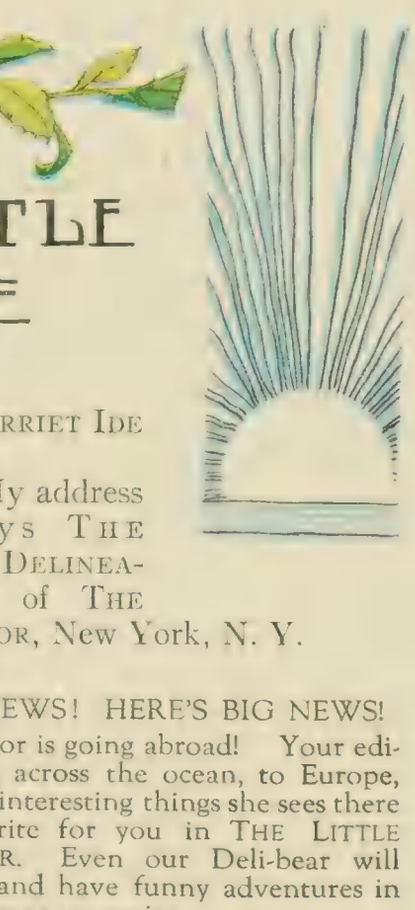
DID you know that if all the birds suddenly vanished from the earth, we should soon have no trees, no plants, no food, and that you and I and every other living creature would die? Birds keep all growing things alive by eating harmful insects which would kill our food, and so kill us.

And birds need friends. They need protection. Every child who loves birds should join a Bird Club. There is a big Bird Club in America called "The Audubon Society," named for our great nature-lover, Audubon. Any person or club or school interested in protecting and studying birds may join, and with the membership comes a subscription to "Bird-Lore," a magazine giving news and pictures for bird-lovers.

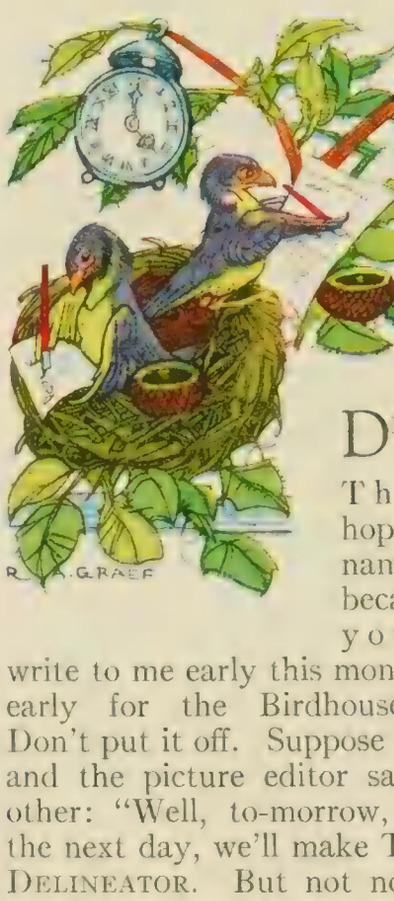
If your school class does not belong, ask your teacher to let you. Membership cost five dollars a year. The Audubon Society publishes interesting leaflets about birds, costing only five cents each, besides many bird books and pictures. Write all your bird questions to The Audubon Society, 1974 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

WIN THIS BIRDHOUSE

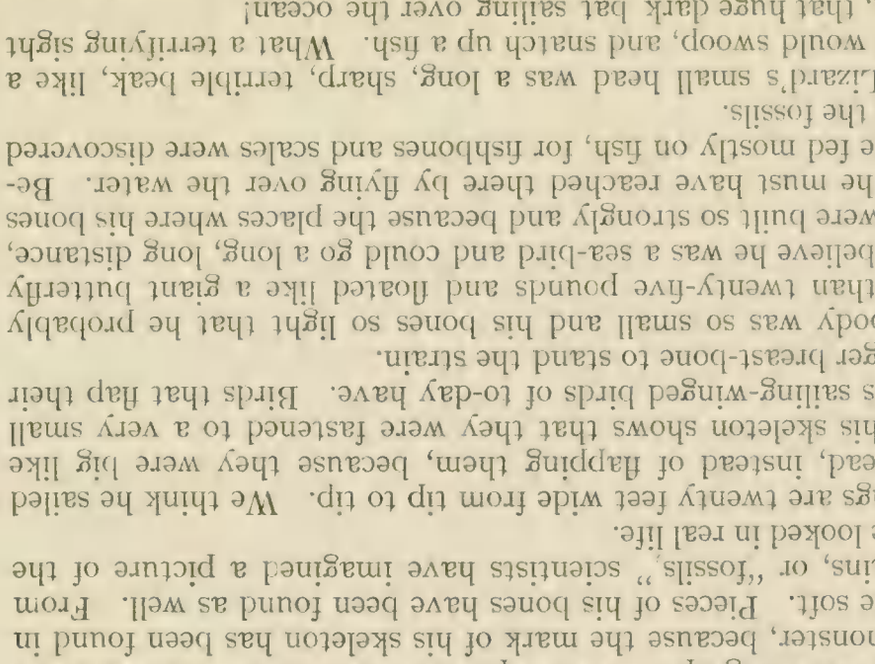
For the most interesting, helpful letters on "How Children Can Help the Birds," we will give three prizes. *First prize*—The birdhouse in the left picture. *Second prize*—The birdhouse in the right. *Third prize*—A big picture like this month's bird cover, framed. Each one must give his name, age and address. Every child who enters the contest and sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope will receive the "Bird-Letter" from your editor, telling names of good bird-books for children and some bird-games to play. Contest closes June 20. Address Bird-house Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.



THE FIRST PRIZE



THE SECOND PRIZE



Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History

That Lived on the Earth Millions of Years Ago

THE FLEW over the young earth millions of years ago, in the days we call "prehistoric," or before history. We can only guess what life was like then, from strange relics dug up in various parts of the world. But we know there was such a monster, because the mark of his skeleton has been found in stone that was once soft. Pieces of his bones have been found as well. From these dug-up remains, or "fossils," scientists have imagined a picture of the Flying Lizard as he looked in real life.

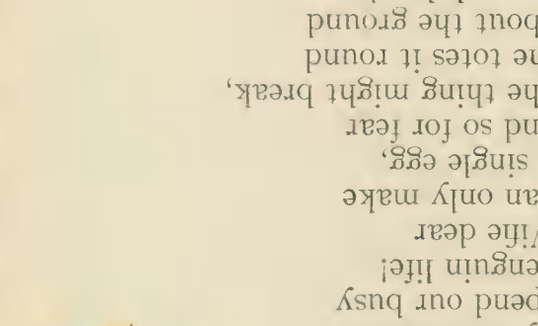
His skeleton-wings are twenty feet wide from tip to tip. We think he sailed with wings outspread, instead of flapping them, because they were big like sails and because his skeleton shows that they were fastened to a very small breastbone, such as sailing-winged birds of to-day have. Birds that flap their wings need a stronger breast-bone to stand the strain.

His lizard-like body was so small and his bones so light that he probably weighed no more than twenty-five pounds and floated like a giant butterfly over the sea. We believe he was a sea-bird and could go a long, long distance, because his wings were built so strongly and because the places where his bones were found, show he must have reached there by flying over the water. Besides, he must have fed mostly on fish, for fishbones and scales were discovered in the ground with the fossils.

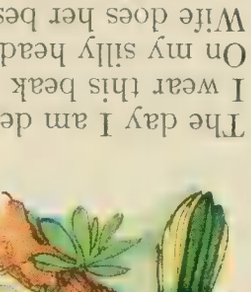
On the Flying Lizard's small head was a long, sharp, terrible beak, like a dagger. Down he would swoop, and snatch up a fish. What a terrifying sight he must have been, that huge dark bat sailing over the ocean!

Other strange lizards lived on the prehistoric earth at that time, but the Flying Lizard was the strangest of them all.

Feathered friend=and Stranger bird



SEE me, see me!
Chick-chickadee-dee!
A cheery fat
Small acrobat!
Head down I cling
To twigs and swing,
Snatch off a worm
'Fore he can squirm,
Turn somersaults,
Quick as a wink,
Till you might think
This sign I wear:
"Any side up,
Do *not* take care!"
On bugs I sup—
Eight, nine or ten.
I have no faults
Harmful to men.
Oh no, I'm nice
And do no evil,
And only eat
Such things as these:
Bad moths I meet
Who hurt the trees,
The pesky lice
And wicked weevil.
In sleet and snow
I'm quite a sprinter.
When others go
South for the Winter,
You'll see me rustling
Through the storm,
Hustling, bustling,
Gay and warm!



KIK-A-RICK!
Kik-a-reck!
Pick, pick!
Peck, peck!
Whack, thwack,
Who's there?
Woodpecker pair!
Gray, white and black,
With handsome red
Bright-feathered head!
No one could call
Us choristers,
But we are all
Good foresters,
Protecting trees
From enemies,
Bad bugs and such
Who eat too much.
Nuts too we stack
And store away,
In hole or crack
For a Winter day.
Kik-a-rick! Kik-a-rick!
Who's there?
Who's there?
Woodpecker pair!



but honest truth in every word.

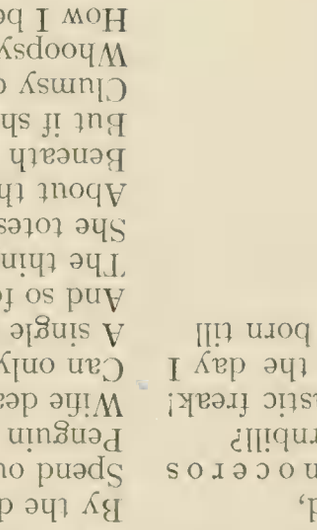




OH, haven't you heard
Of that curious bird,
Rhinoceros Hornbill?
Fantastic freak!
From the day I am born till
The day I am dead,
I wear this beak
On my silly head.
Wife does her best—
Lays only one
Gray egg upon
Our Hornbill nest
In a hollow tree.
And then watch me!
I plaster that door
With mud until
Ma shows no more
Than her yellow bill!
And there she'll wait
Till her Baby's ready.
But I treat 'em great,
And I feed 'em steady,
From morn till night,
On mouse and rat
Till Ma's so fat,
She's a perfect sight!

Pa and wife,
Friends and
cousins
By the dozens
Spend our busy
Penguin life!
Wife dear
Can only make
A single egg,
And so for fear
The thing might break,
She totes it round
About the ground
Beneath her leg.
But if she drops it,
Clumsy creeter—
Whoopsy whopsit!
How I beat her!

THIS Penguin chap
You might not call
A bird at all!
But I can flap
My wings for paddle,
Fast and dizzy,
Widdle waddle!
In the water
Where my daughter,



I'M THE absurd
Flamingo bird
I love to stand
On one long leg
In muddy bogs,
(Oh, not to beg for daily bread
With outstretched hand)
No, with my head
To suck up frogs!
Elegant rose
Are my feathered clothes,
A perfect fit.
Wife loves to sit
On a round mud-hill,
And snuggle there
On her nest until
Crack! go her eggs
Nor does she care
My happy bride,
If her long, long legs
Hang down outside!

The Deli-Club





New joiners—send a two-cent stamp for your badge and a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the June Club-Secret Letter. Old members—send only the stamped self-addressed envelope for your letter.



Little Delineator FotOffice

DEAR AUNT HARRIET:
If I were Tommy Tiploe I would go to the birds and ask them: "Why do your eggs have so many colors? Where do you get your beautiful voices and learn so many songs? Why do you build your houses high up in trees, roofs of houses, under blinds and in chimneys sometime? Why are your wings so pretty? Why do you fly, not walk? What do you build your nests out of? How do you teach your little babies to fly? What kind of food do you eat?" Then, let them take me in the air on their back and show me things I never saw, show me how to build a bird's nest, show me what makes them keep up in the air.

HAROLD MILNE.
(*August Cover prize.*)
(Harold, you sent only your Summer address, and my letter to you was returned. Where are you?—EDITOR.)

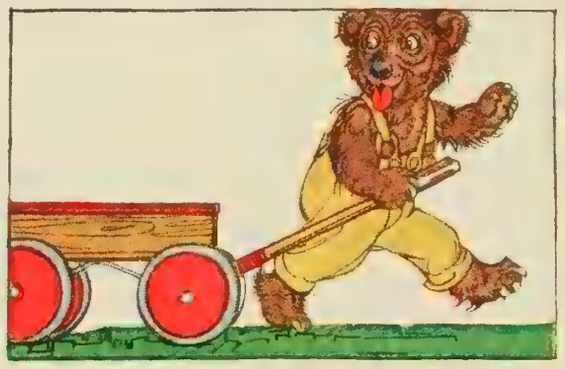
HOME-MADE JACK STRAWS

GET a handful of tooth-picks, a lolly-pop stick, a pin and your paint-box. Color the tooth-picks and the lolly-pop stick. Bend your pin and fix it into your stick and you have a regular game of Jack Straws.

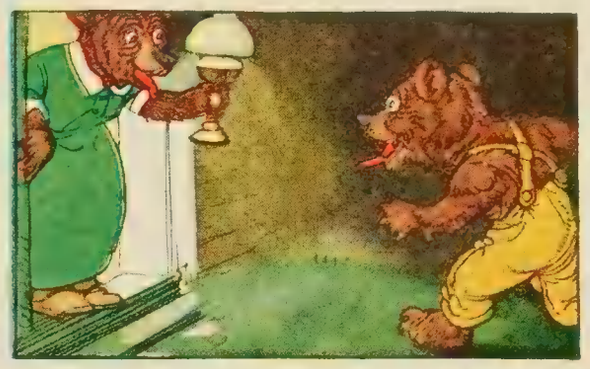
THELMA MAE RHODES (*Age* 10),
Jacksonville,
Florida.
(*Second prize: Tommy Tiptoe Contest.*)

CARELESS DELI-BEAR

Written by William Preston, Jr., E. Cleveland, Ohio (*First prize-winner, November Deli-bear contest*)



Our Deli-bear went out to play
With wagon red and feeling gay.



He played until the shades of night,
Came down and shut out all the light.



The morning came and Deli found,
He'd left his wagon out on the ground.



He looked and looked and felt so sad,
He'd lost the only wagon he had.



His mother asked him why he cried
"I've lost my wagon and I wish I'd died."



"Well I'm sure you'll be careful evermore
You will find your wagon behind the door."

"When a Girl Marries"—

The problem of furnishing begins

By

MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS
Head of the Department of House Decoration

BRIDES

of this year, yesteryear, or years to come: Do the problems of a new home overwhelm you? Are you "at sea" as to the appropriateness of its furnishing? Whether they be the choosing, placing or making of your house decorations, write for the solution of your difficulties, enclosing a stamped envelope. We will send you all the information you desire. Our booklet, "Furnishing the Home," will be found most practical. Address Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building New York, N. Y.

WHEN the bride or beginner sets out to furnish a home, she is usually, at some stage of the enterprise, bewildered by the assortment of house furnishings available. Unless she has some slight knowledge of the recognized principles on which successful house decoration is founded, she will find herself floundering amid a maze of the latest decorating fads, and wondering why she can not attain that bit of beauty so much desired. Caution, please, before buying anything; remember that the most successful homes are the simplest. Small areas of carefully chosen color and good design are worth feet and yards of colorless tones or inappropriate patterns. Any one, for example, may buy yards of white damask and spread upon it white china heavily banded in gold with cut-glass goblets and a vase for roses, but only those who either naturally inherit artistic feeling or who are influenced by the principles of good decoration would have the assurance that a table set with a simple cloth of jade-green linen, buff pottery and a centerpiece of stoneware filled with either bittersweet or ivy would make the little home a very pleasant and individual place to live in.

Generally speaking, in the treatment of walls lies the success or failure of a room. They are the decorator's first consideration always, and are best tackled by comparing them with a picture. It may be necessary to use a neutral flat color to bring out color and design in the carpet or other furnishings if they have already been decided on; while on the other hand, a striped or figured wall-paper may be needed to relieve the plain somber woods and fabrics of contemplated furnishings. Again, the furnishing of a room may be built around a certain color, as many people have decided preferences concerning color. This requires a simple knowledge of the blending of colors, which may be acquired by studying the color wheel. If strictly period furnishings are to be indulged in, only the type of wall decoration which conforms to the traditions or motifs of that particular period should be considered.

After walls come the floors, and indeed their color and finish are of great importance. As floors are primarily intended to be walked on, light colors and cheap materials should be barred from the purchasing list. Buy only the best the markets offer, whether it be rugs, carpets, or linoleum, as it not only adds to the value of the house but to its comfort and attractiveness. It is entirely a matter of choice whether one buys large or small rugs, carpets or linoleum, but in any case the wood floor (if any is left showing) should be several shades darker than the woodwork, and the floor covering should be the darkest of any dominating color note in the room. There are always the Orientals, the Wiltons, the velvets, the Axminsters, chenilles, the linens, fiber, braided, hooked and woven rag rugs in the list of appropriate small-house floor coverings. Linoleum, it should be noted, in the present-day variety of plain colors and patterns is by no means confined to kitchen use; and every room in the house can be made warmer, more quiet and beautiful by its use.

After floor coverings comes the choosing of furniture—a task which should not be hurried. Take plenty of time and look around. If you are not situated so that you can see a variety of furniture at close hand, send for manufacturers' catalogs. They will help you decide and will tell you where you may purchase your choice. Of course, if you are especially fond of antiques, and have one or two cherished possessions to start with, auctions and chance finds are the most reasonable methods of obtaining additional pieces. Antique dealers occasionally have the very pieces you are looking for at about the same price as such a piece of modern furniture would be.

The inexperienced are often uncertain as to whether combining periods in furniture is correct. It is just as permissible as combining colors or fabrics, so long as the various pieces are good in themselves and conform to the general style of the big foundation pieces of a room. If, perchance, the budget is small, and only a small sum has been put aside for furnishings, it is best to invest in two or three comfortable, well-made pieces only. The accessories and smaller pieces can be acquired from time to time.

It is surprising how comfortable and happy a household can be whose living-room boasts of only a rug, couch, desk, lamp and chair. For the dining-room a rug, table, four chairs and a serving-table, which can be used as a sideboard until such time one may be purchased, are ample to start with, while the bedchamber needs only a small rug, a bed, chair, two chests of drawers and a mirror. This amount of furnishing completes the actual necessities and brings us up to the problem of curtaining, which is the most important finish of a room. Keep in mind first and foremost that curtains are hung to secure privacy, to modify light and to lend color and distinction to a room; but durability and quality are very important when purchasing for a permanent home.





A PERFECTLY APPOINTED BREAKFAST-TABLE, WITH JUST ROOM ENOUGH FOR TWO



WELL-SELECTED PIECES LEND A CHARMING DIGNITY TO THIS ROOM



ENTIRELY CARPETED HALL AND STAIRS ADD RICHNESS TO SIMPLE FURNISHING

A Garden Setting for a School

By FRANCES DUNCAN

Author of "The Joyous Art of Gardening"

IF YOU WERE INSPIRED

to start a garden last Fall, you are already rejoicing in blossoming perennials. But there is still hope of Summer bloom for you if you are just now laying out your garden, since it is not too late to put in many annuals. We have prepared several garden "patterns," any one of which we will be glad to send you for twenty-five cents. Write to the Department of Home Building, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and be sure to specify which "pattern" you want. There are the Gold Medal Garden, both practical and beautiful; the Housewife's Garden, whose features are economy and simplicity; the garden for the home where there are no children, and one for the home where there are; and two gardens for the busy and the leisurely home-maker. Each pattern contains full directions for laying out, planting and caring for the grounds



A BIT OF GARDENING ADDS JOY TO SCHOOL AND HAS GREAT EDUCATIONAL VALUE

WE WANT our children to love their schools. But is it reasonable to expect them to do so while the school buildings have the forbidding aspect of county jails? Little children instinctively love beauty—particularly the colorful charm of grass and flowers and trees, and since so many precious hours of childhood are spent in or about the schools we owe it to the children to take away from school premises the reproach of barren ugliness.

This is really a very easy thing to do if the aid of Mother Nature be enlisted, for even a little judicious planting will work wonders in a barren school yard.

For instance, suppose against the bare, windowless front of a New England district school a doorway arch should be erected and a climbing rose or a vine of wild bittersweet planted near it. Or—another suggestion—a two-foot-wide flower-bed, close to the building, made safe from little feet by a caging of boards, could be planted with all the lovely things country children are continually bringing to "teacher." Now and then, no doubt, a mother or grandmother would contribute toward the bed a root from her garden.

Many and varied are the requirements which school-yard planting may be devised to meet. The planting may grace the building and make it more attractive; it may be of educational value to the children; it may be so planned that it will be of interest while school is in session, yet uninjured by the Summer vacation's neglect; it may yield material for nature-study and drawing; it may teach ordinary gardening operations; or, finally, it may be such a stimulus that the child will be tempted to undertake similar planting at home.

FOR the country child, one of the valuable things obtained from school attendance is his familiarity with a lovely bit of roadside. As he trudges schoolward, he watches the development of flower and tree, and is the richer for the intimacy.

This lovely succession is one of the things school-yard planting can provide; so let us consider the planting of our two-foot bed alongside the school building. If the only space be on the north side, shade-loving plants should be set out; if the sunny side be available, the planting should be different. From late February, when snowdrops come, until school is out in June, the bed should always show something in bloom. No one who has ever seen little children spying out the first crocus will have forgotten their rapture.

In laying out such a bed a general plan should be followed. For instance, against the wall could be the naked flowering jasmine, which blooms in March, hardy chrysanthemums, dahlias planted in May for Autumn blooming, Christmas roses and Autumn crocuses.

But let us suppose that, instead of a narrow two-foot space, the school is in the suburbs, has ample grounds and is set well back. Then what shall the planting program be?

In such a case, why not turn the entire half or quarter acre into garden? If there be ample playground space besides, the front could be laid out as a formal garden, each child having his tiny section.

I believe, instead of making this a matter of additional work for teachers, there could be a very delightful co-operation with the local gardening club, which, I am sure, would take the greatest interest in the matter. Probably the more expert gardeners would be willing to take turns at giving an afternoon a week in planting time. Many a root from home gardens would find its way to the school; and the gardening would thus prove a point of contact between townsfolk and children. How pleasant and restful it would seem to a tired teacher to be able to enjoy the garden merely as an interested spectator, not as one responsible for the work!

As for the choice of things to plant, this selection should be kept homey and simple.

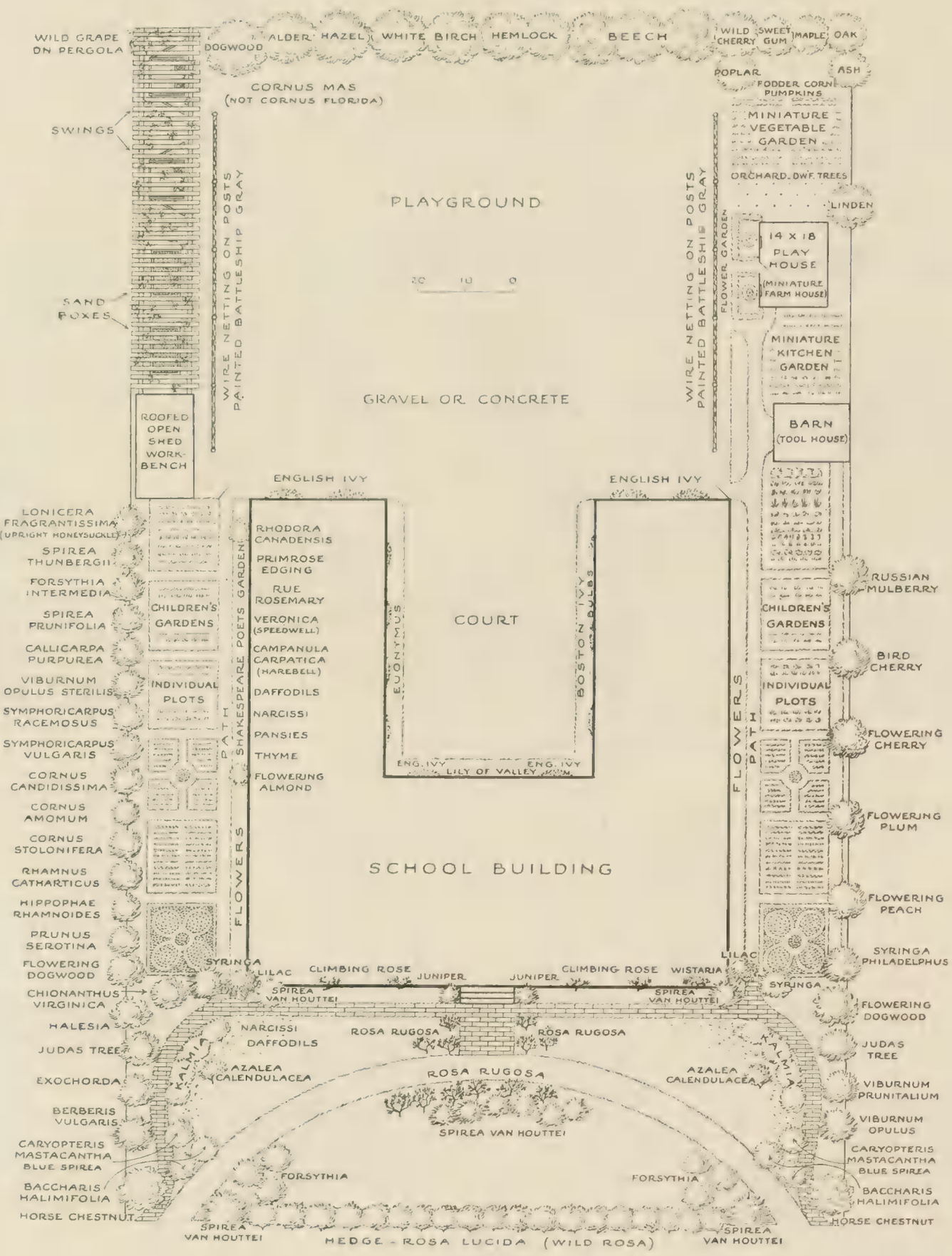
IN THE case of one school building I have in mind the arrangement is as follows: Along the sidewalk is a low hedge of the wild rose (Rosa lucida); the shrubs at the corners are of forsythia, which is golden in the late April, and baccharis, which blooms in the early Autumn. The group opposing the front walk consists of Rosa rugosa, with which are mingled some bushes of spiræa Van Houttei. This group is in brilliant color in June. Beside the front walk are also Rosa rugosa plants with a spiræa as companion.

On the sides, by the half-concealed path, are shrubs to give a succession of bloom and color. Along the boundary fence are low-growing trees—flowering dog-wood, hawthorn, halesia (very lovely in June), redbud or Judas tree. The shrubs are the mountain laurel (Kalmia latifolia), which children should learn to treasure, or rhododendron maximum. If these do not succeed in your locality (and they won't if there be limestone in the soil), you can then use a group of Deutzia gracilis and Weigelia.

Against the building are trained climbing roses (Lady Gay and Dorothy Perkins) and a wisteria. In the flower-beds is a succession of hardy plants and bulbs—peony, dicentra, crown imperial, Darwin tulips and the like. In front of the shrubs at the side and bordering the half-concealed side path are poet's narcissus and many other early plants—anemones, bloodroot, hepatica, jack-in-the-pulpit, trillium. This planting is at its height of beauty in June and will thrive with but slight care.

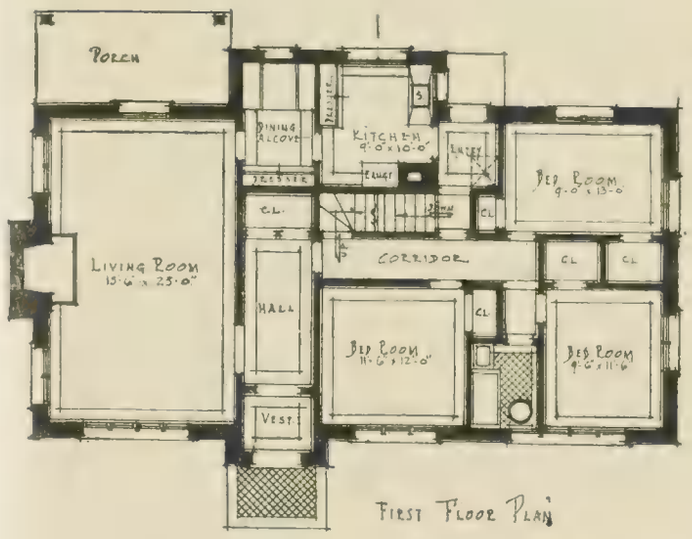
In the school garden there should

Concluded on page 99



A Brick Bungalow in the English Manner

Called Delineator Model House Number Fourteen



First Floor Plan

Designed by

DONN BARBER

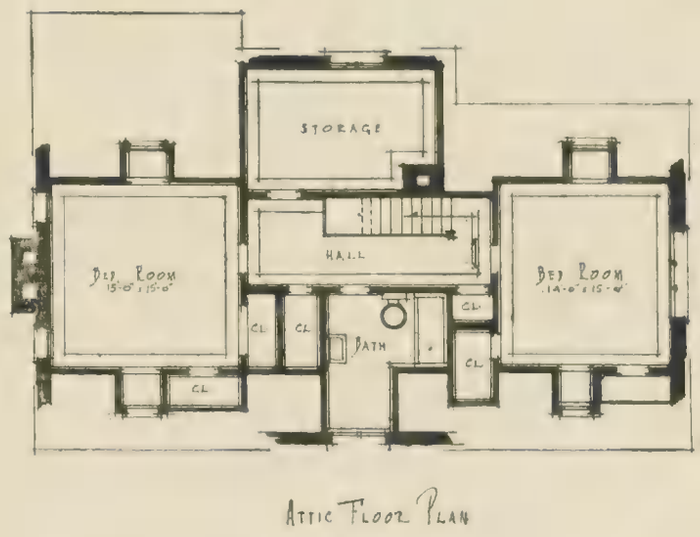
Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, and Architect of the New York Cotton Exchange



Front Elevation



Side Elevation



Attic Floor Plan

THE MELLOWED CHARM

and dignified simplicity of English homes have both been captured by Donn Barber in this plan for a brick bungalow. If you like, our Home-Building Department will send you, for a dollar, a workable, detailed blue-print of it, with suggestive hints for building. Order DELINEATOR Model House Number Fourteen.

Or if this doesn't exactly meet your needs, we'll mail you, without charge, pictures and descriptions of Eighteen other houses for which we have blue prints. Just drop a line and a self-addressed, stamped envelope, please, to the Home-Building Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

THIS interesting brick house is the fourth in our series of DELINEATOR bungalows. While the floor-plans show the attic space developed into comfortable living quarters, the house may be built without the upper rooms and storage space, thus keeping it well within the bungalow class.

It is hardly necessary for us to point out the merits of this unusually well-designed house; only an architect of ability and experience could combine such balance of line with so unique a plan. There is no ornamentation or elevation in excess; and nothing is overlooked in the efficiency of arrangement or comfortable size of rooms. It is suggested that the house as it stands be built entirely of brick, the quality and color depending on individual choice or on the situation chosen for the proposed new dwelling. It will make some difference in the choice of brick whether the house be intended for the city or the country. The design naturally suggests that rough-texture face brick be employed, this being paid up with dark mortar joints to make it most effective; but common brick would be equally desirable if properly used.

As there is a prevailing feeling among architects that no building material can produce a better effect than a popular native material, this house built in certain localities would be equally pleasing in wood or stone. For example, in the vicinity of Philadelphia the use of the native stone would conform to the prevailing custom, while wood would carry on the traditions in certain sections of New England. Brick, on the other hand, may be used in any locality and be correct, producing color and effects that need no precedent.

Whether a common or a face brick be used, the lasting quality—providing it be a solidly burned clay product—is the same. To be sure, the initial cost is slightly more, but considering the saving in maintenance and insurance, a brick house is by far the cheapest in the long run. The solidity and hospitality that a brick house conveys appeal to many who would welcome the introduction of color either in wall surfaces, roof or trim. If the side walls are to be of face brick, a range of soft, blending colors are at the disposal of the home-owner. These range from the creams through the buffs and golden bronze tints to the browns, purples, maroons and gun-metal colors. The most fastidious tastes and complicated color schemes can be met by the choosing or blending of any of these shades.

After selecting your brick, keep in mind the choice of a bond. Mortar is, of course, used to cement the bricks together; but the real bond is the overlapping of one brick on another. A glance at any brick wall will make this clear. It will be seen that instead of one brick resting directly on another, they are always shifted back and forth so no vertical joints come together. In years past, the bonding of brick was only used structurally—to secure strength as a wall; now, however, many attractive patterns may be arrived at by different arrangements of the brick bond; so any one seeking texture and color in a brick would do well to investigate also the various bonds.

Those who build a brick house will find many supplementary uses for the left-overs which they would not find if the house were of wood. Fireplaces, walks, terrace walls, outdoor-porch floors, garden walls and gateways, all may be made of the same material as the house.

The lower floor-plan shows a living-room 15½ x 25 feet, with a fireplace which, to conform to this particular type of architecture, would be of brick. Trim and all other woodwork had best be of oak, mellowed and rubbed with wax or oil. As the bedchambers are in an ell, shut off from the main living-quarters, it would be optional with the home-owner whether or not he continued this hardwood trim throughout or used a pine, birch or ash, decorated.

A rough-finished plaster, tinted or painted, would suit this type of house and be ideal as a background for the heavier English furniture which would be correct in it. American walnut or fumed oak furniture would be a good starting-point from which to choose color for the living-room walls. A cream gray could be stippled with a silver gray; and if buff or burnt-orange fabrics were used for curtains, cushions, etc., these would introduce the necessary color and warmth to make the room attractive. The entrance-hall and long corridor leading to the bedchambers could also be in the same cream gray, while one bedroom in a shell pink, another in a yellow green and the third in pale yellow—tint or paint—would make interesting, restful backgrounds against which any of the glazed chintzes, the cretonnes, the India print muslins or the better ginghams would hang forth in splendor. Wrought iron or burnished steel lighting fixtures and metal bannisters and stair rails could be most effectively used throughout the entire house.



SIMPLE, BALANCED LINES ADD DISTINCTION AND BEAUTY TO THE EFFICIENT ROOM ARRANGEMENT OF THIS ENGLISH BUNGALOW



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

PERFUMES AND PROCESSIONS

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

THE WOMAN WITHOUT PERFUME IS LIKE A ROSE WITHOUT FRAGRANCE

says Celia Caroline Cole. But just as the flower's bouquet is peculiarly her own, so the fastidious woman will choose the perfume which best expresses her personality. Ah, but how? If this puzzles you, write to Miss Cole and she will help you to select just that sort of floating fragrance that is you. She will also gladly answer any other questions about beauty—the care of skin, hair and figure—that you may want to ask her. Her address is THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. All she asks is that you enclose a stamped envelope for her reply

ONE of the blackest hours of our life had to do with a circus parade. And it happened when we were four. Wheedled into a nap by the promise that we should be wakened in time to see the parade, we settled down under a blue coverlet to sleep. And then our mother and our sister and our everybody forgot all about us. And the parade went by. A half hour later we woke up with that wonderful feeling of "This is the Day! Now the beautiful thing will happen!" The parade! Our mother came flying to our shout, her arms outstretched in sympathy and regret.

But life had died for us. We knew, without being told, that the parade had gone by and we'd missed it. Our father took us right out to the circus grounds to make up for it, and our mother let us make a little raspberry pie for supper. But to this day when we wake up suddenly from some dream, real or day, with the feeling (Don't you have it sometimes, unaccountably?) that life has gone by, like a parade, and we've missed it; we see a little blue coverlet that we've kicked off, we hear the click-clack of a horse's feet on the way to the circus grounds, and we feel under our fingers a flat, little, sticky raspberry pie that means nothing at all to us. The parade has gone by while we've slept.

And that's one of the things we simply can't bear to have happen to any one—let the parade pass while she sleeps.

Here is another June. Whole processions of Junes lie back of us. What have we done with them?

June herself is a procession. The trees have formed themselves into a chanting, grandiloquent procession of green; the scared little buds in the garden riot full bloom on their march; in schools and universities all over the country solemn processions of high-thoughted, trembling-kneed youngsters march up to get their diplomas—and, too, there is that most terrifying and longed-for procession of all, with its world-old accompaniments: grave Lohengrin, misty veil, scent of flowers, tearful eyes, confusion, high happiness, fear.

And each parade has its perfume—the smell of elephants and sawdust; the mustiness of old books; the incense of church and roses. No procession is complete without its perfume.

And you, too, are a procession, a more or less public parade of failures and hopes, loves and dislikes, moodiness and steadfastness, impiety and holiness. And you, too, are incomplete without your perfume.

WE FOUND a little group of men, the other day, down on a musty side street here in New York, who know all about perfumes and personality. They are studying the personality of every person they can, in order to translate that personality into perfume. Instead of beginning with a blending of fragrances and then trying to name it according to its type, they are beginning with types of people and trying to translate them into perfume.

Ah, *mes-amies*-of-the-more-beautiful-sex, at last we are getting closer to the spirit of things!

And here is a thing that happened. A few months ago one of the beauty salons in New York gave a "beauty-writer" luncheon just to get us all together for a happy time.

And after the luncheon a Russian princess, who was like a tall, gold iris and a sword-blade and a proud blue flame all blent into one, and who is also a part of that salon, talked with each of us a few moments and then told us what we were, expressed in perfume; and all around that long, flowered table excited little cries of amazement greeted the accurate reading of character—personality—what you will, in scents. Ourself—was read perfectly; and then that tall gold iris of a princess, who had never seen us until that day, told us which perfumes we should always use. We almost made the sign-against-witches to protect us; for she mentioned the very two perfumes which, months before, we had chosen from the products of a famous French perfumer because that blend had called from all the rest, "I'm you! I'm you!"

And that's how much truth there is in no woman being completely expressed unless she be expressed in perfume, too!

We went, for several days, from perfumer to perfumer, sniffing and spraying and becoming more certain every minute that though the day might come when we should have to wear the same hat and the same dress day in and day out, the time would never come when we would not, somehow, afford a bit of perfume.

They say magic doesn't come out of a bottle, but it pretty nearly does when it is a perfume bottle. That little floating touch of scent—no just neat 'n' clean woman can compete with *that!*

First of all, let us consider sachets, because they begin underneath. Little ribbon bags of it, scattered around in all your bureau drawers, and even in your dressing-table drawer on top of your brushes, will give a lovely, faint fragrance to your hair. Crêpe-paper bags of it, filled with cotton and sachet powder—the samples, if you can get them, that the manufacturer carries—slipped into your shoes on the boot-shelf or in the shoe-bag will prove a delight. And do not forget to have little bags of it in the clothes closet and tucked away among your table linen, so that the ruling spirit of the house may be felt everywhere by her fragrance.

Use toilet waters, if you like, but not in place of perfume. Perfume is diluted from the essential oil of perfume; toilet water is diluted from the perfume itself, and loses some of its lovely native quality in the process. But toilet water rubbed briskly over the body tones up the skin delightfully.

Nowadays you can get the most ravishing perfumes at a very reasonable price. We smelled all the French, and adored them, as they sat there in a chic procession high up above Fifth Avenue, bottle after bottle, green, amber, amethyst, each as lovely in line as a Grecian urn. Here, too, they talk in terms of personality, trying to fit the fragrance to the inner woman and her moods. And here they beg you not to use perfume at the last moment of your toilette, because it will come forth too obtrusive, too strong; but, from time to time, to use a few drops on your garments, and to place tiny sachets in the bureau drawers and have them sewn into your frocks and coats and hats; then at the very last of the toilette, to use a touch on the lobes of the ears, across the upper lip, and on the hands.

Perfume, to be at its rarest, should be on the flesh, warm; not on clothes.

THERE is a little book (a poet wrote it for this French maker, we are sure of that) which gives types of women, coloring, moods, habits, and for each type her perfume. One need not smell; one has only to read. This perfume, we are told, is best for Winter; that, with its spicy coolness, is for Summer; this one belongs to the day when a gale is blowing, skirts flying and violets breathing at you; this one, oh, so delicate and silken and *lovely*, is for elderly people; this new one, deep, inscrutable, means: "I—have lived."

We went to the American manufacturers, too. And while on these joyful rounds, we visited a thrilling theater of a room called a "laboratory of flowers," where was pictured for us the story of each perfume. First, against the clear, blue, silken sea was enacted the birth of a certain well-known perfume named after a famous French watering-place—a scent so chic and cool, it enables one to visualize the flash and sparkle of the sea, the brilliance of the throng. It is a crisp, challenging perfume; but there are dreams in it too. And next to it, on a little stage, was that essence of all power and pride—the very aristocrat of perfumes. Beyond it was one so young and joyous and exquisitely alive that one could think of it only in terms of youth, of young, silver moons, slender swaying birch trees—débutantes!

And here, too, were displayed the violet perfumes. One, especially, smelled to me like a huge bunch of violets on its way in the rain to a Yale-Harvard game. Then there were impertinent, bobbed-hair perfumes; and one so clear and happy we could almost hear it sing.

Oh never, never should a woman be without perfume singing out from her, or swaying out from every movement, or stealing out like a lovely hidden secret. For it does something to *you*, not just to the people about you. Wearing the right perfume, you bear loveliness with you wherever you go, and you're comfortingly aware of it!

Perhaps in the next life, when we can look back and see clearly, we'll say, "Why *that's* what I was—that clear, floating, spiritual perfume; and I never knew it and went clumping about with a body and clothes!"

The woman without perfume, like a rose without fragrance, lacks something in charm, in desirability; but, unlike the rose, she doesn't need to stay that way. Without a fragrance that exquisitely expresses her, every woman is sleeping while the parade goes by. Oh, whatever happens, please let us not do that!

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

Summer Clothes Strike a Gay Note With Sporting Prints, Blazer Stripes and Charming Colors

BY EVELYN DODGE

(See pages 27, 28 and 29)

IF YOU are one of those women who have been hypnotized by advertising slogans into believing that you express your personality by your perfume, your overstuffed furniture and the design of your wall-papers, you are going to have a very hard time this Summer explaining your clothes to the Dorcas Society. For materials this season are extremely gay, brilliant and daring.

FASHIONS AND FABRICS reflect a world that is very good to live in and styles have taken on the boyish simplicity of the sports clothes that suggest an out-door life.

The smartest type of dress for general wear this Summer either for town or country is the so-called sports frock. The Chanel version of it with the jumper blouse and kick plait or finely plaited skirt is extremely chic and has the right kind of youthful look even for women—not the detestable mutton-dressed-as-lamb effect that fashionable women avoid. It is sometimes called the jumper frock, sometimes the blouse ensemble. Three versions of it are illustrated on pages 28 and 29. The blue ensemble at the top of page 28 shows the characteristic Chanel blouse and matching skirt. The skirt may be of flannel with the blouse of the same material or of crêpe de Chine, heavy silk broadcloth or silk crêpe in the same color. The sleeveless coat at the right is of flannel to match the skirt, and you may have additional blouses of striped flannel, striped silk broadcloth or heavy crêpe de Chine to wear with it in the country. When you come in town for a day's shopping, the matching jumper and skirt are perfectly suitable for the city.

You can follow the same schedule of interchangeable blouses with the red and white jumper-blouse costume on page 28 and with the green and yellow blouse costumes on page 29. The blouse can match the skirt when the material is striped or plain—in the former case changing the direction of the stripes, having them run up and down in the skirt and crosswise in the jumper gives the play on stripes that is so smart this season. In the latter case when the material is plain, embroidery introduces another color. The embroidered jumpers and peasant blouses make nice little frocks for afternoon. When the skirt is printed (see page 28), you can have blouses that match each of the colors in the print. With a frock in jumper effect you can have a sleeveless jacket or a plain colored flannel blazer to match any of the colors in your frock and which takes care of cool days and the cooler end of the day.

For country frocks the striped flannels and striped tub silks such as crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth and silk radium—all of these wash like cottons and keep their colors much better—are very smart. The same type of frock with long sleeves made in the plain colored crêpe de Chine, etc., is very useful, especially for business.

The new borders, prints, etc., belong more to the leisure-class needs of afternoon frocks.

SUMMER FABRICS—While plain colored crêpes and crêpes de Chine are still very good style and are given freshness by their new pastel colors, the most interesting materials of the season are what are known as "the novelties"—borders, half-and-half materials, crosswise designs, prints in geometrical figures, *ferronnière*, floral and dotted patterns. Stripes used crosswise or lengthwise, or crosswise *and* lengthwise are also new and very smart.

Half-and-half silks and wools are divided lengthwise through the center. Sometimes one half will be plain and the other half a plaid, stripe or check, or floral printed pattern. Sometimes one half, in the case of satin crêpes, will be the shining satin, the other half the dull crêpe. Sometimes the design in one half is printed in one shade of a smart color and the other half of it will be in another shade of the same color.

Crosswise designs are printed or woven in stripes or bands across the material and are made up to run across the figure.

Ferronnière patterns are copied from the really beautiful designs of iron grillwork that is used so much in Latin countries.

Stripes have well-defined 1925 characteristics—there are the rather wide Roman stripes which combine several lovely colors, sometimes on a cream, sand, blue or salmon ground. Sage green, orange, lemon, coral and soft blue are the favorite Roman colors. Blazer stripes are wide and keep to two colors, dividing the field fairly evenly between the two. Tub silks use wide stripes, wide and hairline stripes combined, or groups of narrow stripes.

The prints, *ferronnière* designs, floral and geometrical figures are used for silks or the cottons.

Borders, stripes and crosswise designs are to be found in all materials—silk, cotton and wool.

All these materials are illustrated in characteristic colors on pages 27, 28 and 29.

Plain materials are also used, especially in the warm-weather sports woolens, such as kasha, cheviot, homespun, flannel and jersey; also in crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, flat crêpe, etc.

Mottled or balbriggan effects are very smart in wool jersey.

THE SUMMER COLORS—Colors, on the whole, are quieter than designs. Delicate pinks entirely removed from baby pink by a strong tinge of yellow and known as flesh, *chair*, pastel or crayon pink are very smart for kasha, flannel and crêpe de Chine for the country. Blue in the pastel, madonna, powder, *pervenche* and flag-blue shades is also a great favorite, and quite a little navy blue is used with white. The Summer greens are almond, gray-green, menthe, chartreuse, a yellowish grass-green, and some jade and Irish green for flannel. Yellow is good, especially the Chinese and citron shades, and orange is often used with yellow and cocoa colors. Quite a little clear lacquer red is worn in the solid color, in designs on a white ground, and with black and white in prints. Tomato and Pompeiian reds are smart in printed designs with brown and sepia on a parchment-colored ground. The mauve and cyclamen shades are used mostly for evening, with some Parma violet and orchid for day wear.

White, the pastel shades and bright colors are used for the country and the pinkish beige, rosy beige, cocoa, grège, gray, dark blue and white, gray-green and the natural color of kasha and shantung are the colors for daytime wear in town.

MATING THE MATERIAL WITH THE MODE—It seems perfectly self-evident that certain styles call for certain materials, yet some of the worst mistakes that are made in home dressmaking lie in combining the wrong fabric with the wrong fashion. Styles cut on straight, narrow, sheath lines require materials with a good body and a firm texture. Styles that introduce soft fulness call for soft bodyless materials—if they are to fall in straight lines. In the case of the full-skirted bouffant *robes de style* the spreading effect of the skirt may be emphasized by the stiffness of organdy, taffeta or swiss, but in the styles illustrated on pages 27, 28 and 29 the fulness is suited to the soft silks, crêpes de Chine, cotton voiles, etc. When there are plaits, the material, even if it is as soft as crêpe de Chine, must be of a character that will hold a plait nicely.

Bordered materials, half-and-half materials, and crosswise stripes and plaids should be used for frocks and blouses with straight lower edges. Otherwise the border, stripe, etc., will run into the lower edge on an ugly angle instead of running parallel to it. (See pages 27, 28 and 29.)

You must also consider the width of your material in relation to the purpose you intend putting it to. Many of the new borders and half-and-half materials are fifty-four inches wide and the width is long enough for a one-piece dress. Others are only forty inches wide and must be used for tunic blouses or for frocks with a yoke at the top and a band at the bottom, which give you a dress length. The pink frock and the tunic blouses on page 27 are examples of the use of the narrower novelty materials.

The best patterns tell you which of the new materials are suited to the design you have picked out and what width of material you can use. Never use a material that is not suggested on the pattern, for it would have been listed if it could have been used successfully for that style. The same rule holds true of widths. Do not buy a material that does not come within an inch or two of the widths given on the pattern envelope. If thirty-five and thirty-nine inches are given, you can of course use thirty-six or forty, but not twenty-seven or fifty-four. If the narrow width was omitted, it was because it could only be used with ugly piecing that would ruin your frock. If the wider widths were not given, it was because they were unnecessarily wide for the design and would waste your material and your money.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE BUTTERICK PARIS SHOP SHOW THE EARLY SUMMER MODES OF WORTH, RENÉE, PAUL POIRET, JENNY AND MARTIAL ET ARMAND



Poiret turns to brilliant peasant colors for a blouse frock of two-colored kasha. The jacket-like bodice and sleeve tops are of scarlet kasha, the group-plaited skirt, sleeves, belt, etc., of old-blue wool

Poiret combines a coat and a cape, a square and a circle black satin with white wool and white crêpe in an early Summer wrap. The coat is made of black satin hemmed with white crêpe. The cape is a square of white wool above a circle of black satin



Renée designs not only her fashions but her fabrics. What appears to be a print is in reality a white muslin entirely quilted in an original pattern stitched in black and used for a Summer ensemble composed of a coat, a white organdy blouse and a black plaited skirt

The same print in two colorings—black on white in the frock and black on rose in the band and collar—is used by Martial et Armand for a Summer dress with the molded body and flared skirt of a fashion which Paris is experimenting with this season

Jenny uses a tier, flounce or tunic—call it what you like—with a dip toward the back on a frock of gray wool with rows of silver buttons set between pipings of silver leather. A bouquet of tiny flowers holds down the collarless revers



Jenny is one of the gayest of the French dressmakers in her love of color and in her use of pretty little touches that are characteristic of her work. A coat of navy-blue rep is trimmed with radio diamonds of black braid, and faced with a collar and jabot of buttercup-yellow Georgette

Worth makes a charming ensemble costume of black lacquered mousseline with a collar and hip band of red and yellow pheasant feathers tied with bows of the ciré mousseline at the neck and waistline. The coat flares in front and is worn over a tunic blouse of embroidered crêpe

The Eighteen-eighties are the Die-Hards of the history of dress. Now and then the bustle back turns up in a Paris frock looking very much more attractive than in its earlier incarnations. Renée uses it for a dark blue satin 1880 frock with a row of white buttons in front and three flared frills and a lifted drapery behind



Martial et Armand make a charming frock of lavender Georgette with indented volants which repeat the outline of the bodice sections. The buttonholes at the hem are worked in black and white wool. Paris is using extremely short skirts for its models which are modified when made for the French femme du monde



Worth introduces a young, vivacious note in an evening frock of printed chiffon which touches the high spots of the short skirt vogue at the sides. Godets give it the new flare at the front and sides and there is a train in back



Dress 6111
Embroidery design 10321



Dress 6095



Dress 6109



Dress 6110



Dress 6112

DRESSES PUT ON APRONS, GATHERED, PLAITED OR CIRCULAR, STRAIGHT OR DRAPED, AND DOUBLE THE FRENCH JABOT

Other views and descriptions are on page 100



Dress 6113

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 98.

FROCKS FOR THE NEW BORDERS

HALF-AND-HALF MATERIALS AND PRINTS

(See page 23)



Dress 5925
Hat 5952



Dress
5998



Dress
5814

Tunic Blouse 6007
Costume slip 5631



Dress
5832

Dress
5967



Tunic Blouse 5895
Costume slip 5724

Other views and descriptions are given on page 100

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THE SLEEVELESS JACKET-AND-BLOUSE ENSEMBLES, FROCKS FOR TUB SILKS, ETC.

(See page 23)



Blouse ensemble 6088

Dress 6047

Blouse ensemble 6092

Sleeveless jacket 6001
Blouse ensemble 6092

Dress 6056

Jumper 6051
Skirt 4251

Other views and descriptions are given on page 101

Blazer 5257
Blouse 5498
Skirt 5991

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STYLES FOR THE NEW WASHABLE CRÊPE DE CHINES, SILK RADIUMS AND SILK BROADCLOTHS

(See page 23)



Blouse ensemble 6086

Sleeveless jacket 6001
Blouse ensemble 6086

Dress 6066

Blouse 6065
Skirt 4251
Embroidery design 10329

Dress 6060

Dress 6070

Blouse ensemble 6090
Embroidery design 10324

Other views and descriptions are given on page 102

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THE NEW BLOUSE ENSEMBLE, BLAZER, BROTHER-AND-SISTER OUTFITS, ETC.

Dress and bloomers 6081
Hat 4517
Embroidery design 10934

Brother-and-sister costumes

Blazer 5246
Blouse ensemble 6069
Hat 5904

Suit 6055
Hat 4517
Embroidery design 10934

Dress 6053
Hat 6089

Dress 6071
Hat 5952

Blouse ensemble 6069
Hat 5966
Embroidery design 10312

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 103

Dress and bloomers 6083

Dress 6057
Hat 4491

Dress 5995

Dress 6061

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Dress 6054

Dress 6062

Dress 6082

Dress 6106

Dress 6058

Dress 6094

THE SUMMER FROCK PUTS NEW MATERIALS TO NEW USES

THE collars, jabots and the inverted plait, which disguises the fact that narrow skirts are insisting on the new freedom, are having a tremendous vogue, but not more so than the new prints, crosswise designs, stripes, and half-and-half materials. Among the prints the polka-dot has suddenly come into its own, and stripes are running lengthwise, crosswise and in groups.

Frocks are making use of the lovely and practical tub silks—the silk broadcloths, radiums, crêpe de Chines and pongees, striped or plain and sometimes printed—as these silks wash quite as well as cottons and keep their freshness longer. Linen is smart, and of the cottons there are linen-finished cottons, cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe, cotton shantung and cotton pongee, plain or striped, etc. For afternoon, dresses choose their materials from a list that includes flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, faille, crêpe faille, satin, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma, Georgette and foulard. Sports frocks keep to wool jersey or flannel either plain, striped, bordered or in half-and-half designs.

Other views and descriptions are given on page 103

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 98.

FROCKS ARE SHORT ON LENGTH AND LONG ON LINES, AND HAVE APRONS AND FRONT CIRCULAR FLARES



6072—One takes off ten pounds, more or less, by means of the long shawl collar, the long sleeve and lengthwise stripes. This one-piece dress has a vestee and slips on over the head. It may be made of striped or printed cotton crêpe, linen-finished cottons, cotton shantung, heavy crêpe de Chine, shantung or flannel, striped silk broadcloth or striped linen with plain to match; of gingham or plaid linen with plain to match, plain cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe, etc., with contrasting bindings and vestee.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 32-inch striped silk broadcloth. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6100—Another one-piece frock that is as becoming to large figures as it is to the average one. It has a straight lower edge and an excellent collar. Make it of stripes, or plaids if you are slender, in cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe of good weight, linen-finished cottons, cotton shantung, heavy crêpe de Chine, shantung, radium, linen, silk broadcloth or flannel, or of these materials in plain colors trimmed with the same material in contrast. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch striped silk broadcloth.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 48 bust.

6098—10246—The lowly apron, recognized socially and fashionably, comes to the front for an unusual dress and attaches itself to a bib which crosses over to the back. Embroidery and a hand-made flower trim it. Work in contrast. For this one-piece slip-over dress use plain crêpe de Chine or crêpe Roma with fabric flower in contrast, or, if made without sleeves, with a lace apron. Or use printed crêpe de Chine, foulard, etc. It may have a body lining marked for a camisole top. Lower edge 45 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe satin.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6097—Simplest of all frocks to make is the one-piece kimono style that slips on over the head. The tab and closing are new and smart and the lower edge is straight. It is suitable for plain silk broadcloth, plain heavy crêpe de Chine, plain shantung, flannel, wool jersey, cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton shantung, linen or linen-finished cottons, etc., with contrasting. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 32-inch silk broadcloth.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

Dress 6097

6099—Tumbling down the front of a frock almost to the hem a jabot of Georgette or lace edging centers itself on a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Use printed cotton voile, cotton Georgette, or fine cotton crêpe with Georgette to match, or flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or crêpe satin with lace edging jabot, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma or Georgette with the same material to harmonize or with lace edging, or use printed crêpe de Chine, radium, silk crêpe, satin Georgette, crosswise designs or novelty crêpe satin with a long sleeve and jabot of Georgette to match; wide borders in crêpe satin, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, etc.

Lower edge 48½ inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch printed Georgette.

The dress is attractive and good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6074—Fashion has found a way to eat her cake and have it too—a way to have a frock straight and narrow and full and free. This one-piece slip-over frock fits the hipline closely, but it has a circular flare across the front only. Use crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or crêpe faille—printed with plain to match, printed radium with plain to match or make it all of one material in flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe faille, or crêpe satin.

Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch printed silk.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses

SILK ENSEMBLES AND SHORT-SLEEVE DRESSES WITH CIRCULAR SKIRTS, ETC., FOR SUMMER



6080—For the lovely new wide borders and crosswise designs one needs a frock with a straight lower edge. The plaits at the back give a little ease to this slip-over, one-piece dress close fitting at the hip. Use bordered wide heavy silks, such as silk crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, with plain to match for the tie collar, etc.; bordered wide flannel with crêpe de Chine, plain heavy crêpe de Chine with embroidery; or with long sleeves of Georgette use printed heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, satin, etc.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 54-inch bordered silk. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6010—A Summery ensemble dispenses with coat sleeves and its one-piece frock slips on over the head. It may be made with a body lining. One may use printed heavy crêpe de Chine, radium, satin, pongee, silk crêpe or faille with plain to match for the sleeveless coat, or with kasha. Or use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, heavy crêpe de Chine, with the same material in a darker shade or in contrast, or with kasha, lace or a printed material to match. Lower edge of dress 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 35-inch printed silk for dress and 2⅝ yards 35-inch heavy crêpe de Chine for coat.

The dress and coat are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.


6010


6108


Dress 6108

5981—Ever so many times during the Summer one needs this type of coat to pull on over a sports frock, etc. This one is easily made as there are no buttonholes or notches in the long collar. The raglan sleeve is smart. Flannel, camel's-hair twills, homespuns, cheviot, tweeds, teddy bear, napped sports coatings, fleece coatings, double-faced coatings etc., are used.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6045—6080—10314—The silk coat has the new tie collar which is worn open or closed. The dress beneath is the one-piece slip-over type which fits the hipline closely and is suitable for silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, etc. The embroidery is decorative. Work it in beads. For the coat use wide borders, novelty crosswise designs, ribbed silks, kasha, camel's-hair twills, ribbed wools, cashmere coatings and suitings, with silk braid, novelty faille or satin, etc. The coat and dress have straight lower edges.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch novelty faille and satin (cut crosswise) for the coat 3 yards 39-inch heavy crêpe de Chine for dress. Lower edges, coat 45½ inches dress 46 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; dress for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6078—No wardrobe is strictly 100% smart without at least one jabot dress and one dress with an apron front. This slip-over, one-piece frock has both. The dress, apron and jabot have straight lower edges. There is a separate one-piece slip with a camisole top. Use crêpe Roma or Georgette—entirely or with lace apron and jabot—crêpe de Chine, alone or with lace; foulards or printed crêpe de Chine, alone or with Georgette to match; or lace—over a flesh-colored slip of heavy crêpe de Chine. Without the slip use crêpe satin alone or with lace.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 40-inch flowered Georgette, and ⅝ yard 39-inch plain Georgette for cuffs and jabot. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6108—The woman who wants simplicity in her dress, but with a little more grace than the straight narrow dresses give, will like this frock with its two-piece circular skirt attached at the hipline. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining. Flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe Roma, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or Georgette make attractive dresses in this long body style. Or use printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, satin, Georgette, etc., with plain to match.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 2¾ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 98.

SUSPENDER SKIRTS PULL THEMSELVES UP TO POPULARITY BY THEIR OWN STRAPS



5903—6079—A peasant-style blouse attracts the two-piece suspender skirt. With or without smocking or shirring the blouse is made in overblouse or guimpe lengths. Use crêpe de Chine with skirt of kasha, twills, tweeds, cheviot, etc.

36 bust or 19 yrs. and 38 hip require 2¾ yards 39-inch cotton voile for blouse, 1½ yard 54-inch flannel for skirt. Lower edge 47 inches.

Blouse is for 32 to 40 bust; skirt for ladies 38, 40 bust, also misses 15 to 20 yrs.

6007—5631—5952—A slip-over tunic with a straight lower edge, of printed crosswise designs, printed radium, printed crêpe de Chine or Canton crêpe with plain to match is worn with a slip and a six-gored-crown hat.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch novelty silk for long tunic, 2⅝ yards 35 or 39 inch satin for slip. Lower edge of slip, with plaits out 54½ ins.

The tunic blouse is for 32 to 44 bust, slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust, hat for ladies, misses and girls.

6023—5827—10301—This slip-over peasant-style tunic blouse is also smart shorter. The slip gives the slender silhouette and has a shadow-proof or three-inch hem. The embroidery is cross-stitch. Work in color. Use crêpe de Chine or Canton crêpe with a silk crêpe slip, etc. Lower edge of slip 44½ ins.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin for long blouse and for slip.

The blouse is for 32 to 44 bust, slip for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6073—6063—10301—The three-piece skirt with shoulder-straps has a box plait inserted at the center front. Use flannel, kasha, twills, plaids, stripes, satin, etc. Embroidery trims the blouse, which is described below. Work in cross-stitch. Lower edge, with box plait out, 49½ ins.

36 bust or 19 years and 38 hip require 2⅝ yds. 39-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse, 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel for skirt.

Blouse is for 32 to 40 bust; skirt for ladies 38, 40 bust, misses 15 to 20 years.

6073—10329—This slip-over blouse in peasant style has a stand-up or a Peter Pan collar. The embroidery may be the only trimming. Work in cross-stitch. Use plain crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, Georgette or cotton Georgette.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The blouse is for 32 to 40 bust.

6050—"Reduce in stripes" advises a coat dress with a straight lower edge, which fits the hipline closely. It may have a two-seam long sleeve or a one-seam short one. Use soft twills, kasha, camel's-hair twills, cashmere dress goods, etc. Lower edge 45½ inches.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch striped flannel.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5508—6077—A slip-over blouse chooses a four-piece suspender skirt with a plait at each side front and a straight lower edge.

36 bust or 19 yrs. and 38 hip require 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine; 1⅞ yard 54-inch bordered flannel. Lower edge, plaits out, 58 inches.

Blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, skirt for ladies 38, 40 bust, also misses 15 to 20.





YOUTH FOLLOWS THE OLDER GENERATION IN PRINTS, STRIPES, ETC.

6005—This slip-over, one-piece dress puts feather-stitching to the front. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use linen, linen-finished cottons, plain cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, chambray, plain silk pongee, or wool crêpe with contrasting; plain flannel or wool jersey with contrast or with white linen or piqué. Without feather-stitching, use novelty cottons, gingham or cotton prints with plain to match, cotton poplin with contrasting, etc.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch cotton broadcloth.

It is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6016—Printed or woven crosswise designs, novelty faille and satin, or novelty crêpe satin with plain to match or in contrast, make this one-piece slip-over frock with a straight lower edge. Or striped wide flannel or silk broadcloth with plain to match, bordered heavy silk crêpe or crêpe satin or bordered flannel with plain to harmonize. The collar and cuffs may be detachable.

16 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch crosswise striped silk. Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

5996—A graceful shoulder-line and tie slash distinguish this slip-over dress with a gathered straight skirt attached at the low waistline. Use printed Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, novelty cotton voile or novelty fine cotton crêpe, with plain to match; plain crêpe de Chine with contrasting; Canton crêpe or crêpe faille with satin to match; striped silks with ribbon tie to match, etc. Lower edge 55 inches.

17 years needs 2⅛ yards 35-inch printed silk and 1¼ yard 35-inch plain.

It is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

6104—Adorably young is a slip-over frock with the new gathered front attached below the hipline. It has a straight lower edge, and is smart in printed crêpe de Chine or foulard with plain to match, crêpe satin with reverse side, crêpe Roma, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

16 years requires 2½ yards 36-inch printed silk.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

6102—A plaited section inserted at the sides and tucks in front at each shoulder give softness to a one-piece, slip-over dress. Use printed fine cotton crêpe with harmonizing organdy, cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine—printed with plain to match, etc.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch novelty cotton voile. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 56 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

6105—10112—Like big sister's is a slip-over one-piece frock with a hand-made flower and gathered straight front flounce. The beading is attractive. Work in contrast. Use plain Georgette, cotton Georgette, etc., with contrasting ribbon flower and tie ends; without embroidery, crêpe de Chine, printed in small designs, etc.

13 years requires 1⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6037—5904—Fashionably double breasted is a practical coat made of camel's-hair twill, kasha, cashmere coatings, tweed, homespun, mixtures, plaids or checks with bone buttons, or cheviot with brass buttons. The four-gored crown hat is smart.

12 years and 21¼ head measure requires 1¾ yards 54-inch kasha for coat, ½ yard 27 or more inch silk for hat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years, hat for girls 2 to 12.

6039—The "kick" or inverted plait centers itself on the front of a three-piece suspender skirt with a separate peasant blouse. Use twills, serge, wool crêpe, plaids or stripes, etc., with a blouse of plain cotton voile, crêpe de Chine or soft pongee, etc.

12 years requires 1¼ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse with 2⅞ yards of 27-inch flannel.

The skirt and blouse are for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

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Dress 6076

Embroidery Design 10317

6076

5989

Dress 5989



6101

Suit 6101



French Doll 10296

Dress 6064

Dress 6042

Dress 5987



Dress 6044

6044



Suit 6075



6064 6075 5987 6042

6076—10317—A quaint slip-over frock attaches its tucked full straight skirt at a slightly low waistline and closes at the left underarm. Embroidery trims it. Work in color. Use organdy with Val lace frills and contrasting organdy for collar and cuffs, which may be detachable, or use plain crêpe de Chine, Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette or cotton voile with lace and organdy, etc. Lower edge 2 yards. 16 years requires 2¾ yards 44-inch organdy.

The dress is for misses, 15 to 20 years, and small women.

5989—Summer discards sleeves for a band at the armhole to match one's yoke. Make this slip-over dress with its straight lower edge of printed crêpe de Chine, printed cotton voile, pin-dot voile or pin-dot swiss, with plain to match, or of plain crêpe de Chine, pongee, cotton voile, with contrast or all of taffeta, organdy, etc.

7 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch printed silk and ⅜ yard 35-inch plain.

The dress is for little girls 4 to 10 years.

6064—A hand-made fabric flower in a contrasting color trims the shoulder of this slip-over frock with its frilled straight skirt attached at the low waistline. When made of transparent materials, such as plain Georgette, chiffon voile, cotton Georgette or organdy, it has a camisole lining and narrow drop skirt of flesh-colored satin. Without drop skirt, use taffeta. Lower edge of skirt 2⅛ yards; of drop skirt 46 inches.

17 years requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, and small women.

6101—What the well-dressed *very* young man will wear will very often be double-breasted. This little suit consisting of a waist and straight trousers may be made of linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray, rep, poplin, galatea, madras or pongee. The wide collar is new.

3 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

6044—The pretty type of dress uses tucks and ruffles for softness. The tucks cluster at each side of the front and back. It is charming in plain cotton voile or plain fine cotton crêpe with lace or organdy, or plain crêpe de Chine, batiste, cotton Georgette, or Georgette with lace, etc. This is a one-piece frock and slips on over the head. It has a straight lower edge.

Lower edge 51 inches.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 35 or 39 inch cotton voile.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, and small women.

5987—Simple and easily made is a slip-over one-piece frock with a good neckline and a cluster of tucks at each side front and back. Use plain or printed crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon, silk crêpe, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile or cotton Georgette, etc.

13 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ½ yard 35-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 16 years.

6042—10296—A frilly frock is made of plain cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe with lace or organdy frills, batiste with lace, or plain cotton Georgette, organdy, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc. This one-piece dress slips on over the head and trims itself with hand-made flowers. The French doll wears black and white satin. Lower edge 54 inches.

16 years requires 2½ yards 35-inch cotton voile.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6075—Peter Pan's taste in collars is admired by young theater goers who adopt this style for a suit with a waist and straight trousers. The laced closing is in keeping with the collar. Use linen with linen; or dimity with trousers of chambray, linen or poplin; madras or crêpe de Chine with silk poplin or shantung trousers, or use rep, galatea, etc.

3 years requires ¾ yard 35-inch linen for waist and ⅞ yard 35-inch linen for trousers, etc. The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.



6059 — 6049 — 5966 — The Peter Pan collar on a slip-over blouse may be made detachable. The two-piece skirt has an inverted plait at the center front and is attached to a camisole body for wear with over-the-skirt blouses. It may be attached to an inside belt only. Use flannel or wool jersey with a crêpe de Chine collar, etc. The satin or corded silk hat is smart. Lower edge with plait drawn out 52½ inches.

36 bust and 38 hip require 5½ yds. 27-inch flannel with skirt attached to camisole body, 22-inch head measure ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat.

The blouse is for 32 to 40 bust; skirt 35 to 49½ hip measure; hat for ladies, misses and girls.

6019—10243—For rapid entrance and exit leave a sleeve open in a slip-over dress tied at the shoulder. Daisies spatter the skirt. Work in color. Use plain crêpe de Chine, pongee, chambray, fine cotton crêpe or cotton pongee, or use crêpe de Chine or pongee printed in small designs, light-weight cotton prints, etc. The frock has a straight lower edge and separate bloomers.

5 years requires 1¾ yds. 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is attractive for little girls 2 to 6 years.

6084—The plaited apron and jabot are the new French features of a slip-over one-piece frock made of flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma, Georgette, or crêpe satin, etc. It may be made with or without a body lining. Lower edge 43 inches.

16 years requires 3½ yards 35-inch printed silk.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, and ladies 38, 40 bust.

6085—10149—The "pocket-edition" afternoon dress puts its yoke and sleeve in one. It slips over the head and has separate bloomers and a straight lower edge. Make it of crêpe de Chine, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, or pongee—plain, or printed in small designs with plain to match. Fine embroidery trims yoke and skirt. Work the sprays in color or white.

4 years requires 1⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is adorable for girls 2 to 6 years.

6087—Smocked in bright colors this peasant-style one-piece dress slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. It may be made with or without shirring or smocking. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, pongee, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, cotton pongee, etc.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6067—6089—Spots on one's frock are quite all right if you can prove they are part of the design. This slip-over dress, with or without bloomers, has a cluster of plaits at each side in front and back. Make it of crêpe de Chine, printed in small designs, with plain to match or use chambray, cotton pongee, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, etc. Shantung, etc., makes the six-gore-crown hat.

8 years requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch cotton print for dress, and 20¾-inch head measure requires ⅝ yard 35-inch silk for hat.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years, hat for girls 2 to 12.

6034—The picturesque dress of printed cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or dotted swiss has a tie collar of organdy. It slips over the head and closes at the left underarm. The full straight skirt is attached at a slightly low waistline. Or use printed Georgette, crêpe de Chine, etc.

17 years needs 2½ yards 40-inch novelty voile. Lower edge 2 yds.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also ladies 38 bust.

6068—5952—10230—Silk crêpe, satin and heavy crêpe de Chine are used for a slip-over dress with a two-piece circular skirt attached at the hipline. The embroidered sleeve is smart. Work it to match the collar. The six gored hat is made of crêpe satin, etc.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 40-inch silk crêpe for dress and 21½ head measure ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years and small women; the hat for misses, ladies and girls.

TUCKED AND PLAITED DRESSES, PAJAMA NEGLIGÉES AND THE BABY'S FIRST WARDROBE

6052—10301—Embroidery gives a vest effect to a slip-over one-piece dress. Work in cross-stitch. Use light-weight flannel, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, pongee, cotton pongee or cotton broadcloth—alone or with contrasting; plain, striped or printed with plain to match—striped or printed radium with plain to match, or wool jersey alone or with contrasting. It has a straight lower edge. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch light-weight flannel.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6089—Make this six-gored-crown hat of chintz, printed shantung, heavy cotton crêpe, cotton shantung with plain to match, or plain cotton poplin, etc.

6 years and 20½-inch head measure require ½ yard 32-inch linen crash, or ⅝ yard 35-inch cotton poplin for view A; ⅜ yard 27-inch printed material, with ½ yard 27-inch contrasting for view B, and ⅜ yard 27-inch material and ⅜ yard contrasting 27-inch material for view C.

The hat is for girls 2 to 12 years.

6091—A simple Summer dress has a cluster of tucks at each shoulder in front, a plaited section inserted at each side and a straight lower edge. Make this slip-over one-piece frock of printed fine cotton crêpe, etc., with collar, cuffs and frill of harmonizing organdy, or of printed cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine or Georgette with plain to harmonize, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch printed voile. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6093—Oriental ease and beauty are caught by a pajama negligée made of crêpe de Chine, pongee, satin, silk crêpe, cotton crêpe, cotton pongee or cotton broadcloth—printed with plain to match or plain with contrasting or with printed—or use chintz, cretonne, etc. with plain to match.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch printed silk.

The negligée is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6096—A slip-over one-piece dress has a cluster of tucks at each shoulder in front, and at each side an inserted plaited section. Use plain cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine or Georgette with drawn-work or machine-hemstitching, etc. Straight lower edge with plaits measures out 1⅝ yards.

36 bust needs 3⅛ yards 39-inch voile.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6031—Good-looking pajamas are made of printed pongee or dimity with plain to match, or cotton crêpe, cotton voile, underwear mull, crêpe de Chine, wash silks, wash satin or mercerized fabrics with contrasting. With a pointed scallop edge use Val. lace with cotton voile, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 35-inch cretonne.

They are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6107—Make this wrap-around negligée of crêpe de Chine, satin, silk crêpe, cotton crêpe or cotton voile—plain with printed in contrast or printed with plain to match—or novelty crêpe satin or silk and cotton novelties with plain to match, albatross with contrasting, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 46½ inches.

The negligée is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



Dress 6052
Embroidery
design 10301

Dress 6091

Dress 6096



Pajamas
6031

6031

Pajama negligée
6093

Negligée
6107



Layette 6103



View C

View B

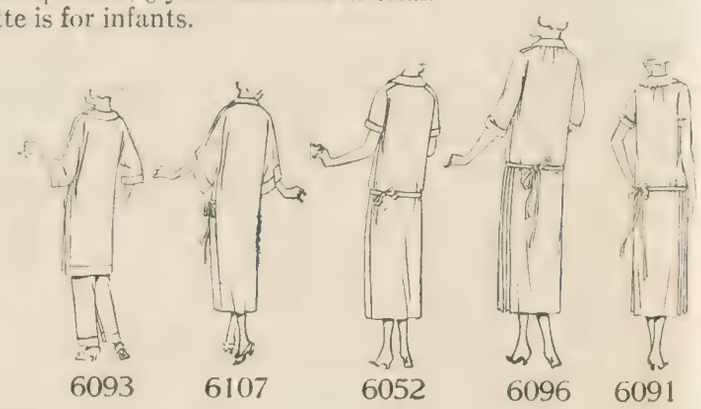
View A

Hat 6089

6103—The baby can be dressed in the easiest way in a 24-inch-length layette approved by the "Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene of New York State Department of Health," "Maternity Center Association" and the "National Organization of Public Health Nurses." It consists of a back-closing kimono dress and nightgown, gertrude petticoat, bib, front-closing kimono or sack, knitted shirt, slip-on knitted band, a flannel band, and bootee. Use muslin, cambric, nainsook, etc., for dress; muslin or cambric nightgown; flannel, cambric, etc., petticoat; muslin bib, etc.

The dress requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch material.

The layette is for infants.



6093 6107 6052 6096 6091

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 98.

Two soups everybody should eat often!



Nature herself invites you to this feast, laden with healthful nutriment. Peas sweetened by the sun to their most delicious and tempting flavor. Celery blanched to snowy whiteness—the crisp, glistening glory of the gardens.

And the appetite simply cannot resist them, in these nourishing and wholesome Campbell's Soups! Enriched with fresh country butter. Seasoned "just so".

Eat such vegetable foods abundantly. Everybody is better for them. Children especially—and doubly blessed is the home of healthy children.

Prepared with milk or cream instead of water, these two soups are even more nourishing, even more delightful to the taste. Treats you should give your family—often!

12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

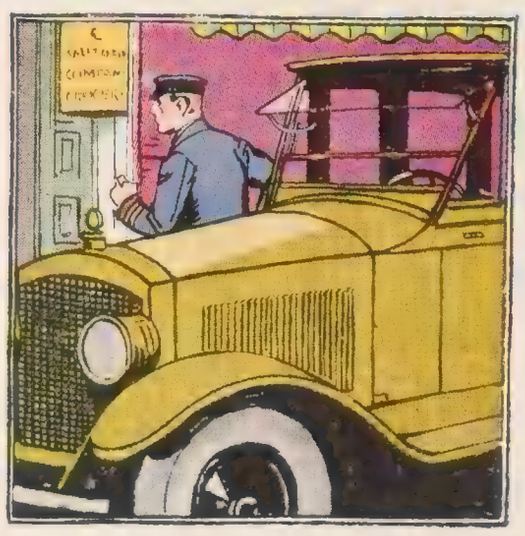


Extracts from the

LIFE *and* LETTERS *of* IVORY SOAP

Being *the authorized biography of*
AMERICA'S *best known product*

IN 1890, when Ivory Soap was just eleven years old, a soirée was held in a fashionable Fifth Avenue mansion, in New York, at which the chief form of entertainment was bubble-blowing. The ladies



and gentlemen who participated in this stimulating sport (prizes being given for the largest bubbles) became entranced with its fascinating possibilities, and the "soap-bubble party" became the vogue of the Social Season.

Ivory was, of course, the chosen soap, because a burst Ivory bubble did not spoil the ladies' clothes, and the pure Ivory suds protected their dainty finger-tips from harm.

That was 35 years ago, long before Ivory Flakes and Guest Ivory, now such important members of the Ivory Family, had even been thought of. Just the other day, while a Procter & Gamble representative was waiting, a chauffeur from one of those very same Fifth Avenue mansions hurried into a fashionable grocery store on Madison Avenue with a message from his employer.

"You left out a carton of Guest Ivory when you delivered our order this morning, and my mistress wants it right away," he said.

Later the representative asked the grocer whether Ivory was as popular with his wealthy customers today as it had been in the past. "Yes, more so," he said. "They often buy it by the case of 100 cakes. There is scarcely a wealthy home on our list that doesn't get Ivory regularly."

FIVE GENERATIONS *and an* IVORY *Poem*

AT just about the same time the chauffeur was delivering his message in New York, the makers of Ivory received the following letter from a woman in Colorado:

"Five generations of my family have been raised with Ivory Soap. My own first recollection of soap was



of Ivory, and the first poem I remember reciting was an Ivory Soap poem published in the Youth's Companion forty years ago.

"I have been married twenty years, and as a mother I can vouch for Ivory's excellence. All good housewives appreciate such products, but seldom take the time to say so. So here is my compliment to you, unsolicited and from the heart."

And not long afterwards came this note from a matron of Texas:

"I don't just *like* Ivory—I *love* it!

"I've been keeping house for sixteen years, and during all that time

Guest IVORY

THE dainty new cake of Guest Ivory, made especially for the face and hands, just fits feminine fingers and the toilet soap holder. It costs 5 cents.



FOR the bath, most people prefer the medium-size cake of Ivory. "It floats," of course, so you never have to hunt for your soap at the bottom of the tub.

Bath IVORY



I've used Ivory for everything soap can be used for. I bathed my baby fourteen years ago with Ivory, and kept her dear little head sweet and clean with it. She and I use it exclusively for our baths today. We both use it to shampoo our hair. We use it on our faces, too, always coming back to it every time after trying other soaps. All these years I've been *using* it, not *having* it used, and my hands are the source of constant envy to my friends. I am so happy that we now have Guest Ivory."

The experience of trying other soaps—because they cost more, or are colored or perfumed, or make wonderful promises—and then finally coming back to Ivory, seems to be a national habit, and everyone knows Ivory purity.



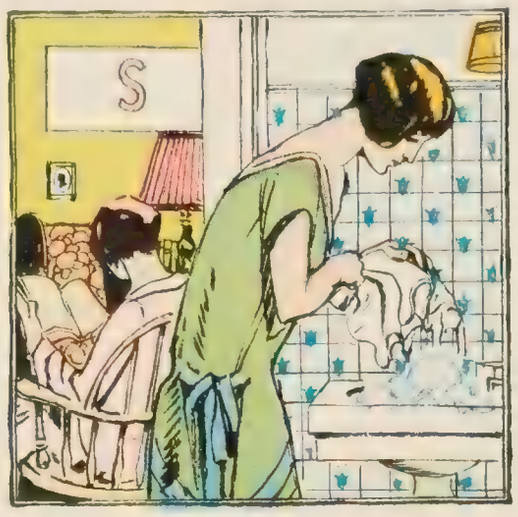
"I guess I'll try Ivory"

When the present biographer of Ivory was preparing this history, he became convinced that the users of Ivory must be the most ingenious people in the world. They have found uses for Ivory which even its own makers had never thought of.

As the result of an inquiry made a few years ago, more than 50,000 recipes for the use of Ivory were received—recipes for making insecticides, cleaning rubber plants, making furniture polish and leather dressing, taking out iodine stains, making foot powder, curing bee and mosquito-stings. Apparently when Ivory users don't know exactly what to do about some problem they say, "Well, I guess I'll try Ivory," and lo! another recipe! (The best of the Ivory recipes have been collected in a booklet called "Unusual Uses of Ivory Soap"— we shall be glad to send you a copy.)

Ivory has traveled all over the globe, carrying its message of cleanliness and good cheer.

A letter from Foochow, China, tells of a Christmas celebration in the missionary hospital at which gifts from home were distributed, and in every package there was a cake of Ivory—for the patients, the doctors, the nurses, the teachers, the helpers in the leper colony, the laundresses, gardeners and the scrubwomen.



Ivory *works hard at* College

Of the stupendous number of Ivory cakes made in the last 46 years, some have helped a good many thousands of students through college (the present scribe is one, and *knows*). But apparently it is in the girls' colleges that Ivory does its most diversified job. From Boston came this letter recently:

"Perhaps it has never occurred to you that the college girl of today cannot get along without Ivory Soap. Here are a few of the things she uses it for in one week:

Shampoo
Laundry *(mostly blouses and lingerie)*
Daily bath
Dishwashing after bridge or tea.

"Did you know that most girls carry a cake of Guest Ivory in their week-end bags, and always pack one in their trunks for emergencies?"

How Johnny Pine *became* Johnny Soap

Ivory has always been a great adventurer, and has been the center of many a romantic and exciting incident.

Mr. Harry Sinclair Drago, the author of a number of novels and many short stories, tells a true Ivory yarn that deserves a place in any Ivory biography.

Mr. Drago and his wife were on a camping trip in Nevada, far from any settlement. They had one cake of Ivory which they prized most highly because if it should be lost they would have to go bathless.

Well, it *was* lost. It slipped out of the pack into the river, and, because of the current, could not be recovered. You may be sure they were troubled. Next day they started downstream, and suddenly came upon a camp of Piute Indians. What specially drew their attention was a group of squaws clustered around an ancient brave known as Johnny Pine, who was immersed to the elbows in an old bucket "so brimful of soapsuds that it looked like a giant ice-cream soda."

The cause of the suds was, of course, the precious cake of Ivory, which Johnny had found floating in the water. But, because it was white, and floated, Johnny was convinced that it wasn't soap, and when Mr. Drago offered to buy it, Johnny refused to sell. Finally, however, after considerable dickering, Johnny parted with the Ivory in exchange for a silver dollar. But he was not through.

"You buy him if me catch him more?" he said with the gleam of a fortune-seeker in his eye.

"Sure, we buy," replied Mrs. Drago.



They heard afterwards that Johnny fished the river for weeks in search of another cake of Ivory to sell for a dollar. And the Indians named him Johnny Soap as the result.

*The "*Ivory Idea*" travels* 2,000 *miles*

A year or so ago, a Massachusetts woman moved to Montana. Recently she saw an Ivory advertisement in one of her favorite magazines, and wrote this letter about it:

"That advertisement brought to my mind a picture of my mother's linen closet back in Massachusetts. She has always used Ivory, both for toilet and household purposes, in bringing up her family of ten. But that had slipped my mind until your advertisement gave my memory a jog and made me resolve to get some Ivory right away.

"I'd been in the habit of buying two soaps for our household—one for toilet and one for general use—thinking that was a necessary economy. Briefly, that advertisement said to me, 'Why, you know your mother is the most efficient and economical housekeeper, and she has always had cakes of Ivory stacked in her linen closet for all purposes, so it must have been good, and economical, too.'

"Then there was the paragraph that recalled to my mind that Ivory is convenient because it does float.



"To make a long story short, I got in a good supply of Ivory and I certainly do think it was a good buy. It makes so much more lather than the washing soap I've been using that it makes my laundry work at least twice as easy, and my babies do have such fun chasing the cake around in their baths! I intend to stick to Ivory from now on, and I expect to do a kind act by passing the Ivory idea along to my neighbors."

Some time ago an inquiry was made among 11,000 families chosen at random throughout America, to discover what soaps they used. It was found that 175 kinds were used for washing faces and hands; 162 kinds for bathing—one family even used a scouring powder for this; 96 kinds for bathing the baby, and 132 kinds for washing dishes. But for every one of these purposes, far more families used Ivory than any other soap.

* * *

We wish there were space enough to quote from letters written by mothers of Ivory Soap babies (and *prize* babies, too); by women who do all their own housework, including the laundry, and give Ivory the credit for keeping their hands soft and white; by managers of hotels who say that their guests actually come and congratulate them upon placing Ivory in the bathroom; from doctors and hospitals; from men who insist that Ivory is the grandest shaving soap in the world; from both men and women who have discovered (either by themselves or at the suggestion of their dentist) that Ivory makes a fine tooth-cleanser; from travelers who can't find any other soap that works so well in so many kinds of water—but all these must be saved for another time. [*to be continued*]

Procter & Gamble

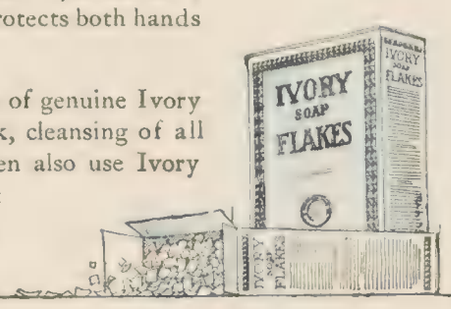
Laundry Ivory



The big economical Laundry Ivory cake is for general laundry and household use—it costs very little more than the harsh laundry soaps and protects both hands and clothes.

These beautiful, tissue-thin flakes of genuine Ivory are particularly for the safe, quick, cleansing of all delicate fabrics. But lots of women also use Ivory Flakes for dishwashing (to protect their hands), and for shampooing.

Ivory *Flakes*



■ 1925 by the Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

ESMOND



BLANKETS

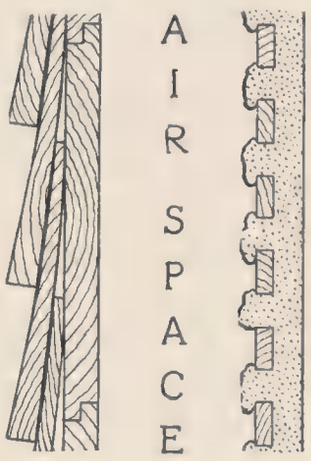
For comfortable sleep—for warmth without weight—use Esmond Blankets on all your beds. They are soft, downy, practical and beautiful. Esmond Blankets have a wide range of design and color combinations to fit in with any scheme of decoration. They are being used by people of judgment and discrimination. Esmond Blankets are built "2 in 1," single length, as warm as a pair and their colors are *woven in*. They are moth-proof, fade-proof, easy to wash and look well after washing. Remember the name—Esmond. It's important in bed blankets, blanket comfortables, dainty baby blankets and Indian and sport designs. Look for the Esmond Ticket and Bunny trade-mark at your favorite store—it means quality.

Made in America

THE ESMOND MILLS, ESMOND, R. I.

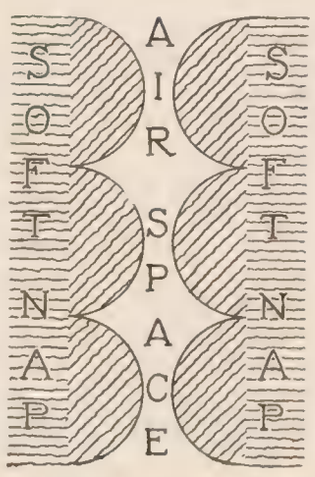
CLARENCE WHITMAN & SONS, INC., SELLING AGENTS, NEW YORK CITY

Through the centuries it has been proven that the double walled house is the only warm house—that an air space is necessary between the outer wall and the inner wall to retain the warmth in the house and keep the cold out. All good houses are insulated with an air space between the outer and inner walls. This is also the Esmond process of Blanket manufacture.





Send 10c for Esmond Doll Blanket. It will please your children and show what Esmond Quality is. The story of Bunny Esmond for children, free on request.



Esmond Blankets are woven two-in-one—two walls with an *air space between*.

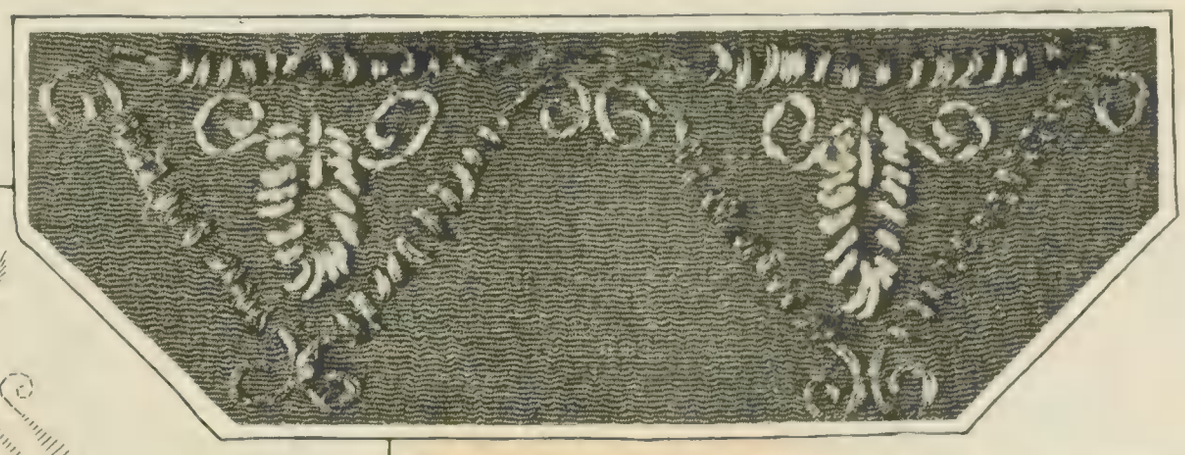
Esmond Blankets are single blankets with the warmth of a pair. In the Esmond process, only one side of the yarn is fuzzed which makes the Esmond stronger, besides warmer, than a blanket made in the ordinary way with only one strand fuzzed on both sides. All Esmond Blankets have the air space between—it is the Esmond process.

ONE AND ONE IN ONE-STITCH MAKE DESIGNS THAT ARE QUICKLY DONE COMBINED WITH BRAID OR WITH OTHER EMBROIDERY STITCHES



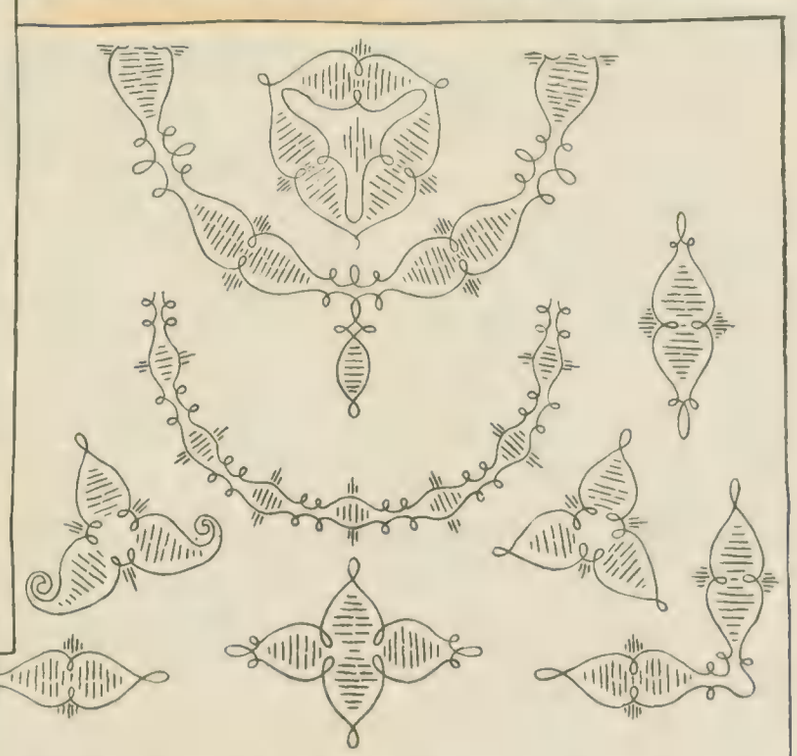
Embroidery design 10347

10347—Heavy-headed June roses are set in circles of feathery one-stitch on Summer frocks and blouses. Finished, the design has every appearance of a very elaborate piece of embroidery, but in reality the roses, which take the longer to work, are few and placed rather far apart and the quickly embroidered one-stitch circles fill in the yawning spaces. Work the roses in the flat unpadded satin-stitch or outline. It can be used also for scarfs, hats and children's clothes, and can be adapted to 3½ yards each of banding 2 and 3¼ inches wide and to twenty motifs in eight assorted sizes.



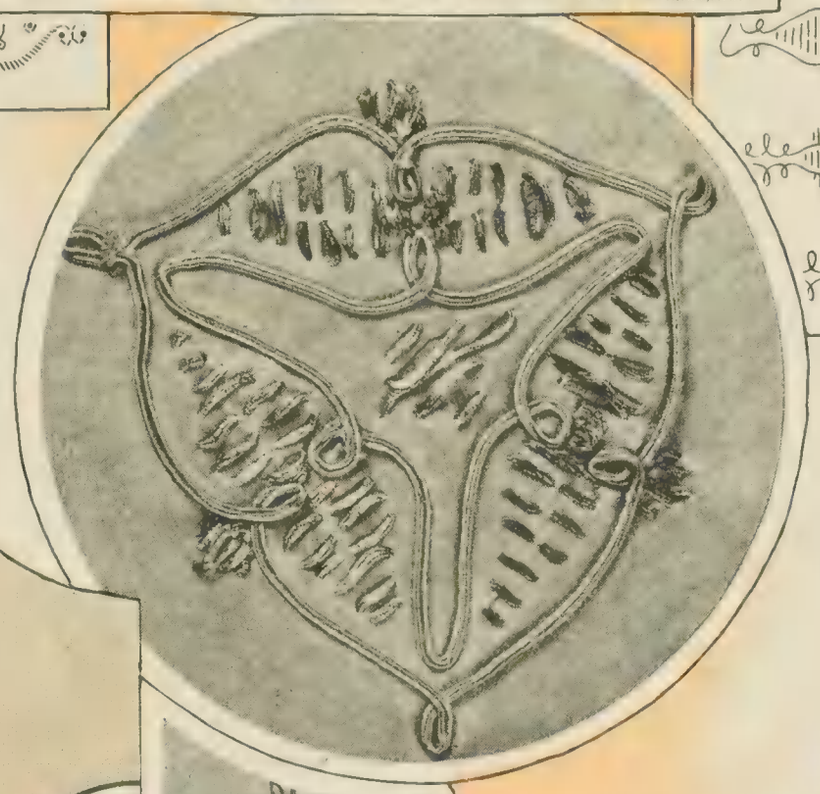
Embroidery design 10345

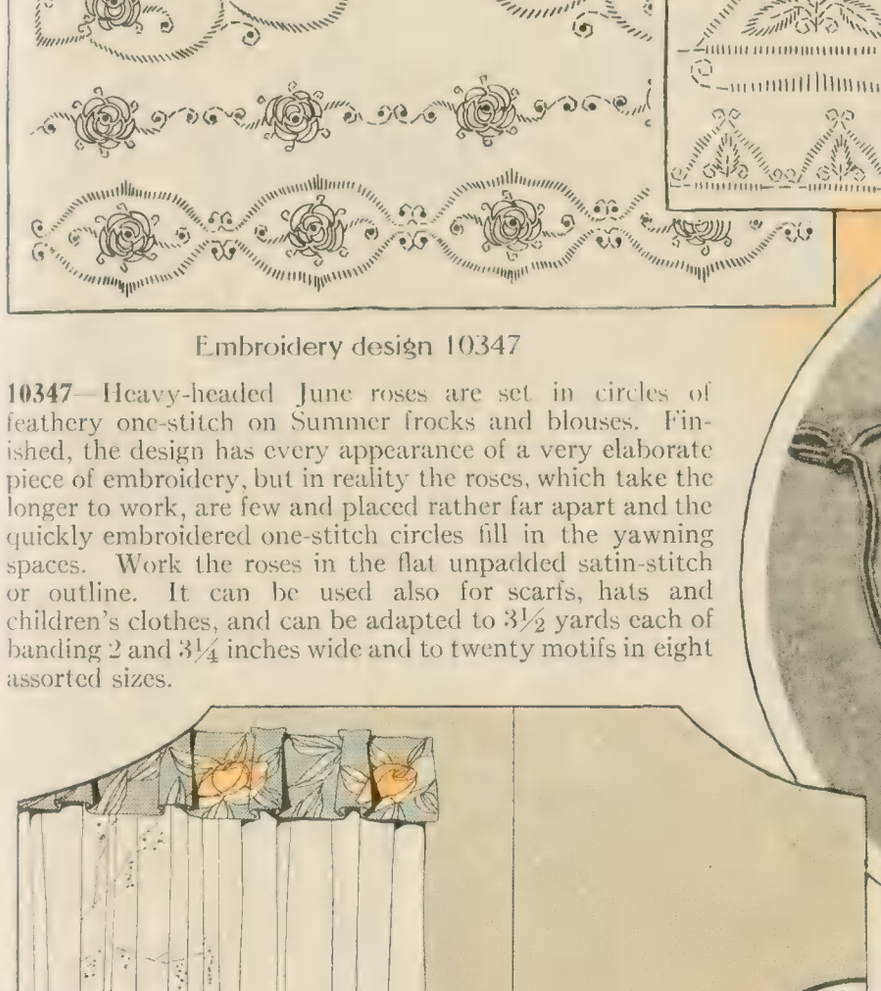




Embroidery design 10348

10348—The hour-glass figure beloved of ladies of a generation ago finds a place for itself on the dresses of to-day. This design is quite striking on honey-colored crêpe de Chine with the hour-glass outline in a self-colored braid and the straight stitches in gold thread. It may be worked in a combination of braiding, outline or chain stitch and one-stitch embroidery and makes a lovely trimming for dresses or blouses, coats, hats, etc. The design can be adapted to 3½ yards each of banding 2¼ and 1½ inches wide, four neck outlines, four corners and twenty-two assorted motifs.





10345—Here is a design that goes at express speed. A stitch here and a stitch there and the thing is done! One-stitch designs must have been invented for the impatient needlewoman who *will* have embroidery on her clothes and who *won't* spend much time at it. Worked in one-stitch it is very nice for dresses, blouses, hats, scarfs, etc. It makes a very beautiful trimming worked in browns, tan and gold or in coral and gold thread on blue. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding 12½ inches wide, 2⅝ yards banding 2½ inches wide, three motifs 10½ by 12½ inches and twelve corners in two assorted sizes and designs.

10349—Gather your roses while you may into an embroidered basket for a beautiful new bedspread. The flowers are quite large and as the stitches are rather long and the design open, the bedspread is soon finished. Pinks from the palest shell pink to the deepest coral, pastel blues and lavenders make lovely flowers on a pale-blue sateen background. The stitches used are lazy-daisy, outline and one-stitch and the design consists of a basket, a pointed motif and two corners and may be used for a double, three-quarter or single bed.

IN NEW AND STRIKING DESIGNS JUNE BRINGS A RIOT OF COLOR TO THE EMBROIDERY WORLD

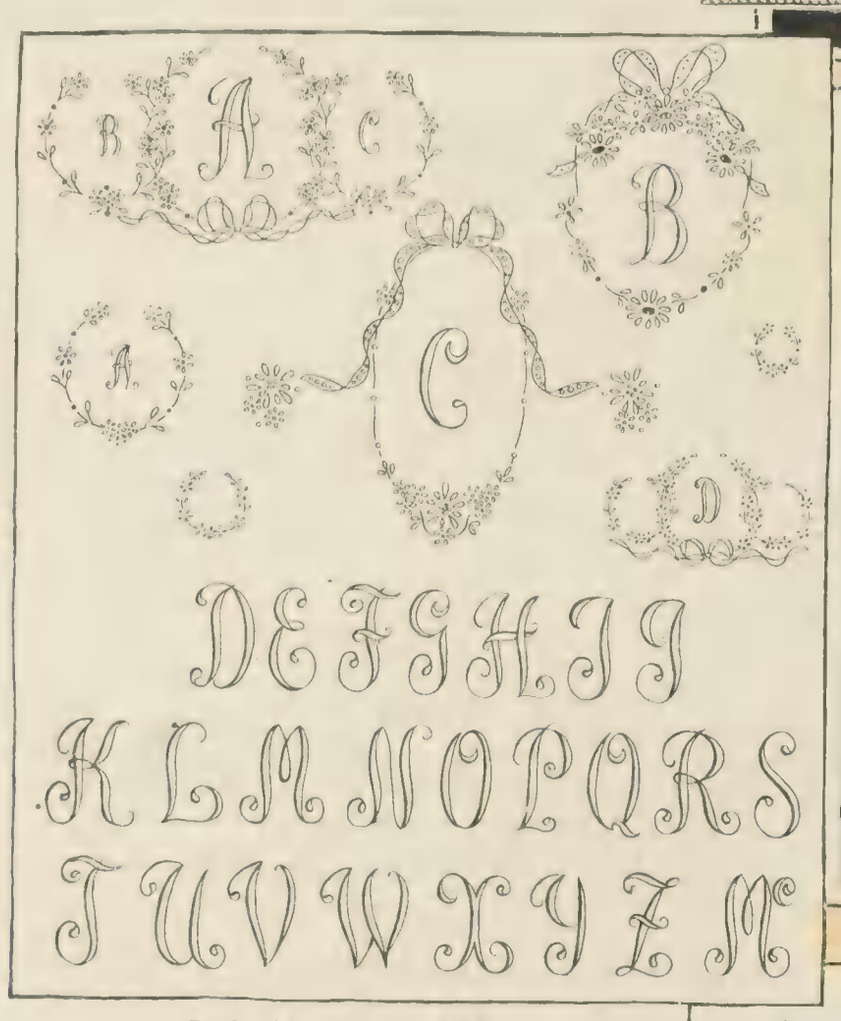


10351—A breakfast-set with a bird design makes a cheerful bit of color for a breakfast-nook or for Summer camps. These doilies are worked in a combination of satin-stitch, outline stitch, cross-stitch and French-knot embroidery. This is a generous design, for it covers a seven-piece luncheon or breakfast-set and a three-piece buffet-set. It can be adapted to two doilies 11½ by 11½ inches, six doilies 9 by 11 inches and two doilies 10 by 10 inches.

Embroidery design 10351



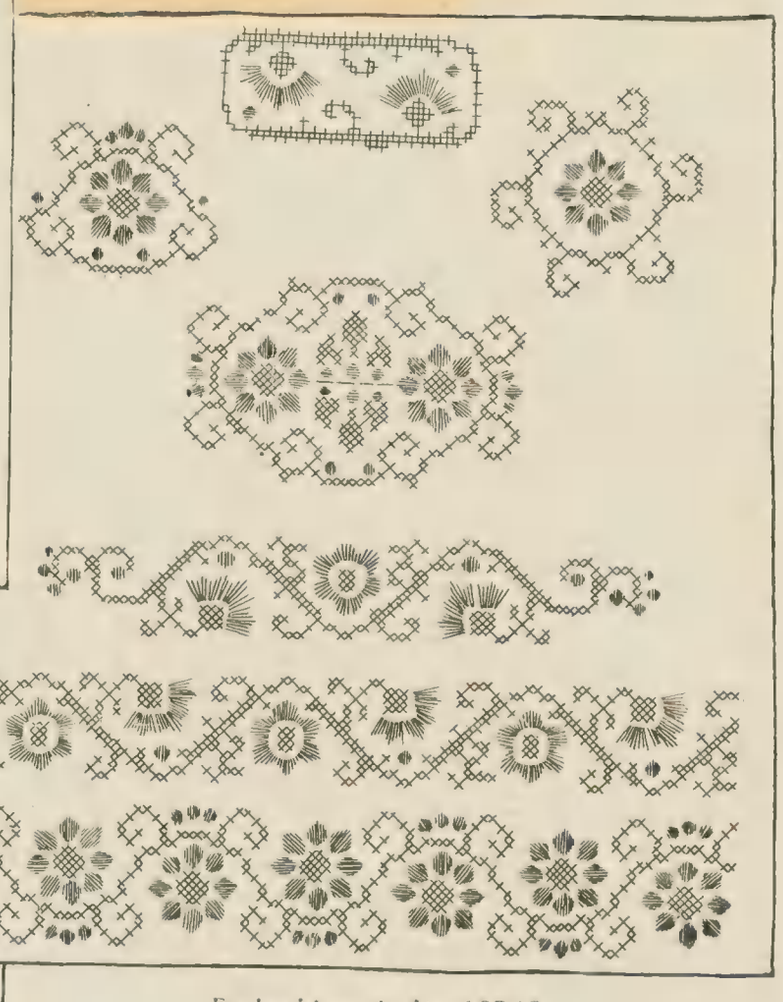




Embroidery design 10350

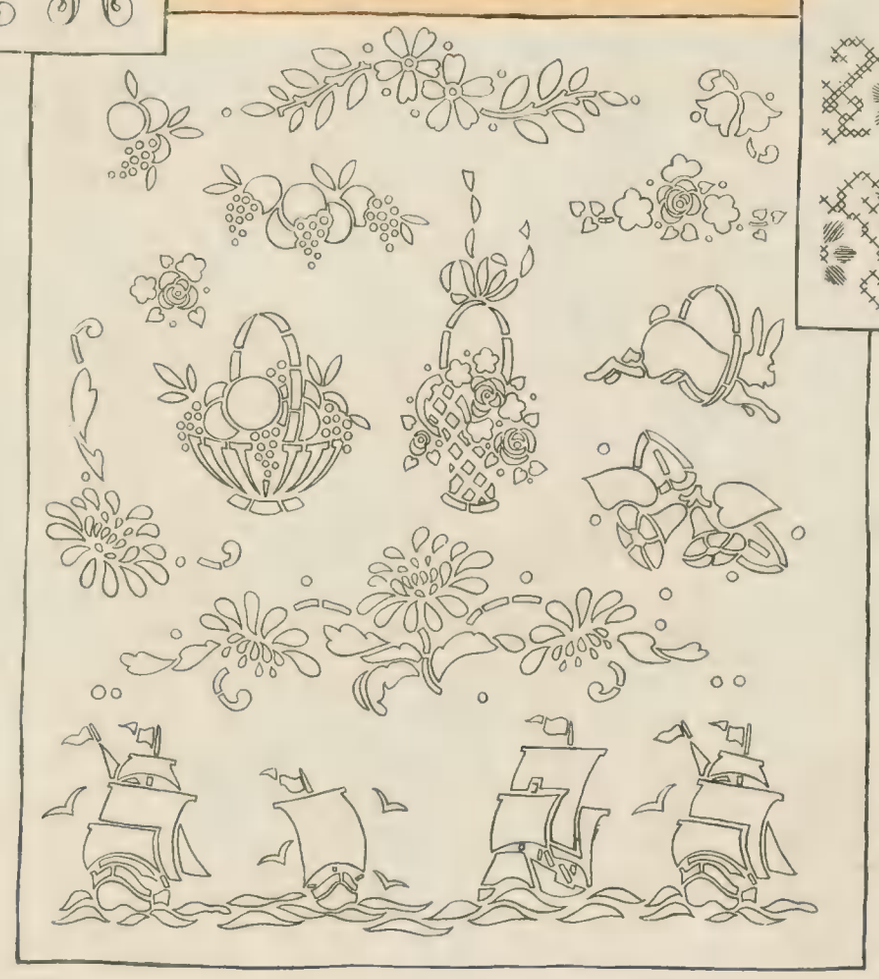
10350—Here is a design of unusual markings for one's odd towels, pillow-cases, sheets, etc. The framed monograms are of exquisite fineness and beauty, and they may also be used to advantage for marking lingerie. The stitches used are satin-stitch for the initials, satin-stitch or eyelets for the flowers, and French stemming and French knots. This design can be used on dresses, etc., as well as on household linens and underwear. It can be adapted to two motifs each of sizes 7½ by 9½, 5 by 6½, 4½ by 9 and 2½ by 4¾ inches, eight assorted motifs and two alphabets each 2½ and 1 inch high.

10352—The ships, flower-baskets, fruits, etc., of this design can be used for stenciling or painting, or for needlework stamping for banding and motifs to be worked in a combination of outline and satin-stitch embroidery. This is a very useful design that can be employed for a great many purposes. It may be embroidered in outline stitch or painted or stenciled on material or oilcloth. It may be used for household linens, dresses, hats, scarfs, etc. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 5¼ inches wide, two motifs 5 by 17¼ inches, two motifs 2¾ by 10¾ inches, thirty-six assorted motifs and twelve corners 2¾ by 7¼ inches.



Embroidery design 10346

10346—The radical red is a color beloved for cross-stitch and here is a design that is very effective in red, black and yellow on white voile and natural pongee. It is worked in a combination of cross-stitch and one-stitch. The one-stitch embroidery is used in the flower petals and the stitches are placed rather more closely than is usual on one-stitch embroidery. So the design has a little of the appearance of being worked in a loose unpadded satin-stitch. It is for use on the new peasant blouses that are so popular with the suspender skirt, on dresses, hats, scarfs, etc. The design can be adapted to 3½ yards each of banding 2 and 3 inches wide, and eighteen motifs in five assorted sizes.



Embroidery design 10352

Adventures in Health

These letters are typical of thousands which tell of the amazing power of one simple fresh food



"I WAS PASSING through that transitory stage known to all young fellows with its attendant eruptions on the face and neck known as pimples and boils. My face was ghastly and my Mother counted twenty-seven boils on my neck at one time. Of a retiring disposition, this made me more so and I became so sensitive that I often crossed to the other side of the street to avoid meeting the female of the species.

"There was nothing I refused to try. An old-fashioned friend suggested Yeast. With the devotion of a martyr I religiously ate my two yeast cakes a day. In four months every boil had disappeared, my face was clearing, and, most important, I regained my lost confidence."

HAROLD V. DEMOND, New York City

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.





"I AM A HOSTESS at a hotel and not a day passes that someone doesn't ask me how I manage to be up late at night and out in the sun every day and still keep my skin so clear and fair and my eyes so bright. My answer is Fleischmann's Yeast. When I first heard of the curative properties of Yeast I 'tried' it—with no very startling results. Two years more of intestinal indigestion brought me to the point where I determined I'd stick at it. Three cakes of yeast dissolved in water became a daily rite. It was three months before I had the results I wanted—relief from indigestion, gas and chronic constipation. To this day I take one cake as regularly as I rise in the morning."

MRS. GERTRUDE W. HOOD, Mount Lowe, Calif.

Eat two or three cakes a day before meals; on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. C-17, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"MY WORK TAKES me to construction camps where we get 'grub' instead of food. I suffered incessantly from diarrhoea; I could neither digest nor assimilate my 'grub' and became so weak I could hardly get about. I had taken green pills, blue pills, yellow pills, red pills. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. That was five months ago. I am now a devotee of Fleischmann's Yeast—I have thrown away my rainbow of pills and now enjoy camp 'grub' with the appetite of any husky on the job."

BERT T. MASON, Burney, Calif.





THERE *are many delicious ways of eating yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on crackers, or eaten plain.*

"IN MARCH, 1923, I had what I supposed was a nervous breakdown. I was restless, irritable, tired and depressed; my sleep was broken. I had headaches and dizzy spells.

"I thought it quite safe to experiment with a food-medicine, so I began to use Fleischmann's Yeast. Gradually my ills disappeared—I became regular, and discontinued the use of cathartics. My energy returned—and in four or five months I was my former self. Not only have I regained my health, but my color and my general appearance have been improved since I have been using Fleischmann's Yeast. And I still use Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. MARGARET ADE SWEENEY, Roxbury, Mass.

"SINCE CHILDHOOD I suffered from chronic constipation. I lived by the 'physic bottle' as religiously as Robert Louis Stevenson ever did. I was nervous and irritable; my appetite was poor, and the food I did eat was not properly digested.

"Three years ago I began the use of Fleischmann's Yeast—a cake before each meal. Results were not instantaneous, but I held tenaciously to the hope that it might help me. It did. At the end of six weeks I felt much better; the daily laxative had become a thing of the past; I had a ravenous appetite. I continued. Fleischmann's Yeast has put me in a state of excellent health."

GLEN C. ANDERSON, Minneapolis, Minn.



Prevent this

(Perhaps bad teeth were the cause—)

Do you think it absurd to say that contagious diseases can result from bad teeth? There is plenty of scientific support for the statement that bad teeth may lead to even more serious afflictions.

Use Colgate's—

It removes causes of tooth decay

You can't be too careful of your teeth, for when tooth troubles start, serious results may follow. Health, good looks and happiness can be ruined by decaying teeth. Give yourself and your family a chance to escape disease by the most effective and inexpensive method in the world—prevention.

Take Colgate's with you wherever you go.

Science proves that many dread diseases are traceable to tooth decay. Because of this, preventive dentistry is sweeping the country. Dentists are trying to prevent tooth trouble and thus prevent much sickness. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is allied with this modern move for better teeth and better health.

"Washes," Polishes and Protects

Colgate's is a preventive dentifrice—safe, effective, and pleasant to use because of its delightful flavor. It *removes causes* of tooth decay by the gentle "washing" action of its non-gritty chalk and tasteless soap. These are the two ingredients that authorities say are most important in a dentifrice.

Right for *Your* Teeth

Colgate's conforms to the modern scientific idea of what a good dental cream should be. It is made right and priced right—and it is on sale today at your favorite store—25c for a large tube.

COLGATE & CO., *Established 1806*



"Lucky thing I brought my tube, Dad."

Free—

Generous trial tube

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 463
581 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

(This offer good only in U. S. A.)

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

EQUIPPING THE BRIDE'S KITCHEN

By Anne Madison

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

AFTER YOU HAVE PLANNED

your arrangement as this article tells you to plan it, let us help you select the right equipment to make your kitchen the convenient little workshop you want.

Consult our list of "Kitchen Necessities," which we have ready to send to you, and avoid the nuisance of an overequipped or underequipped kitchen. Also, if you would whisk your meals onto the table as soon as HE steps into the house, you will need just the right utensils for cooking and serving. Write for "Pots and Pans," a little discussion of what to buy and how to use it.

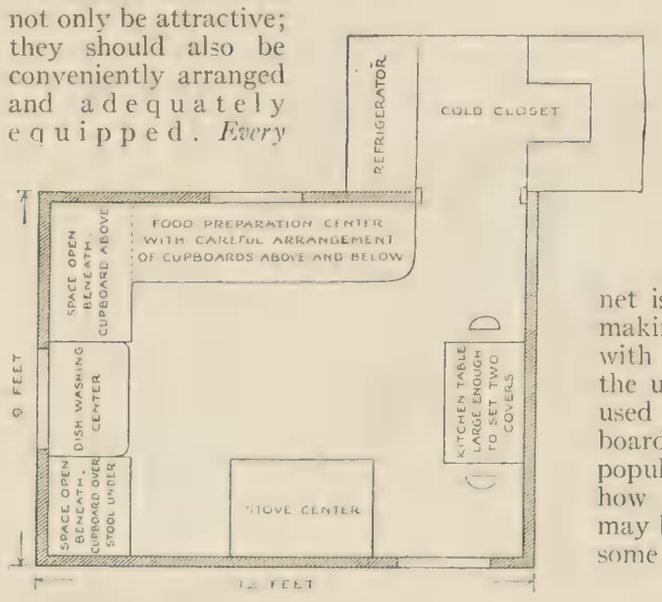
Both leaflets are yours for the asking. Just send a two-cent stamp, for postage, with your request to the Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



Convenient cabinets and cupboards make the tiny kitchen roomy enough for efficient work

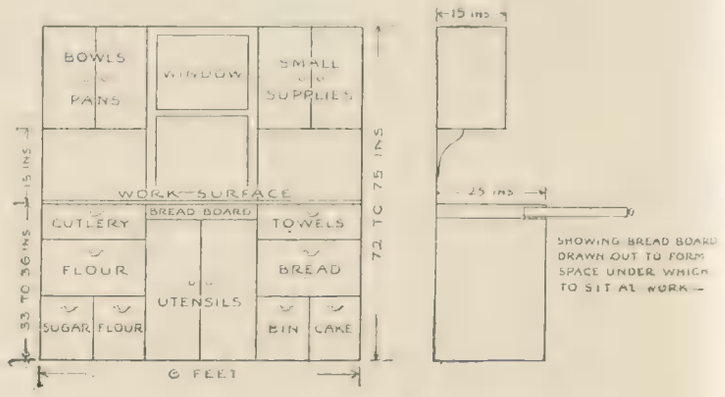
THE old idea that any location and arrangement were good enough for the kitchen has yielded to the modern point of view that nothing is too good. The bride of to-day looks forward to a kitchen which is light and well ventilated, and she plans to have it well equipped in every way. If the house she moves into is an old one and the kitchen is dark and inconveniently arranged, her first job is to transform it into a livable and lovable room, one in which work may be done happily and without unnecessary effort. I know one such kitchen which began as a dark little hole of a place but ended up gloriously. The walls, woodwork and furniture were painted a lovely cream and the old floor a light orange. Artificial lights were skilfully placed to brighten corners which on dull days were still dim and to give good light after dark. The result was that the room always gave the impression of being touched with sunshine. It was a cheerful, delightful little workshop, at once lovely and convenient, where housekeeping was a pleasure.

Kitchens should not only be attractive; they should also be conveniently arranged and adequately equipped. *Every kitchen has three centers of activity, each contributing to a separate interest* and *yet all closely related.* The *first* center and the one which is most often used is the center where food is prepared for cooking or serving. Cakes, bread, muffins or pies are mixed here. Salads are made ready, meats are put in shape for cooking. When we begin to analyze this center, we find that the following things should be included. First, *working space,* a generous flat table surface, high enough from the floor to permit the woman to stand comfortably without bending while she is working. A height of between thirty-three and thirty-six inches from the floor will accomplish this, the lesser height for short women and the greater height for tall women. A part of this work space should be free underneath so as to enable the woman to sit as well as stand at her work. If this work-table is built in a cabinet form, the place for sitting at work may be accomplished by having a large bread-board made to slide into the cabinet which may be pulled out to form a table. A working space six feet long, twenty-five inches deep and from thirty-three to thirty-six inches high is not too abundant provision to make for unhampered work, although good work can be done with less space.



Second, *storage space.* The ideal arrangement would be to have within arm's length all the utensils, tools and materials to be used in preparing food. This is of course impossible, because vegetables and fruits can not be stored long in a warm kitchen. Milk, eggs, butter, meat must be stored in a cold place. Nevertheless everything to be used in this center should be as accessible as possible, and in the organization of the center the location of the refrigerator, pantry and dumb-waiter, if there be one, must be taken into account. The modern kitchen cabinet is an expression of the attempt we are making to surround the preparation-table with cupboards which contain as many of the utensils and as much of the food to be used day by day as possible. Built-in cupboards and cabinets are also becoming justly popular. The accompanying sketch shows how effective a small space in the kitchen may be made if every foot of it is devoted to some useful purpose.

Concluded on page 48



Above—Fewer steps are needed if work centers are planned carefully
Below—Compact kitchen cabinet

MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT

"YOUTHFULNESS *is the real pot of gold at the end of every woman's rainbow! Pond's Two Creams are a wonderful help to this coveted end.*"

Gloria Vanderbilt

MY FIRST GLIMPSE of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt brought a little catch to my throat. I had heard she was very lovely — this young woman, barely twenty-one, two years married to the son of one of America's oldest, wealthiest, most distinguished families, and mother of an exquisite baby girl. But I was unprepared for beauty so compelling, so unique.

"It's partly because she's so tall," I said to my companion, "and so slender. Did you *ever* see such grace?"

Mrs. Vanderbilt is "*brune*" but with a difference. Her hair seems black until the sunlight breaks its shadows into shimmering bronze. In the depths of her dark eyes burn the fires of golden topazes. And in the snows of her delicate skin blooms the rose of her full-blown lips, ruby-red and strangely beautiful.

In spite of her extreme youth Mrs. Vanderbilt carries an air. She might have been born to the purple. For she has the poise and the *cachet* of the woman who has lived her girlhood in the most distinguished society of Europe.

ALL these impressions flashed upon me. As Mrs. Vanderbilt moved toward me with a singing grace, I recalled what I had heard men say, "She dances—oh, divinely!"

"What a *bouquet* she lends that gown," I murmured. "The Parisian couturier who designed it must have thrilled to see its black velvet next arms and shoulders of such dazzling whiteness."

"But the contrast is in the color alone," said someone in our group. "When it comes to texture, there's little to choose between chiffon velvet and Mrs. Vanderbilt's skin."

Mrs. Vanderbilt spoke in a voice whose low modulations and finished diction come from fluency in three languages besides her own.

"It ought to be a good skin," she was saying. "I take good care of it."

"Of course," my friend rejoined. "No doubt you devote hours of every day to keeping it exquisite."

"On the contrary," cried Mrs. Vanderbilt, "only a few minutes—far less time than many of my friends. It's not the *time* that counts. It's the *method!*"

"Do tell us what your method is," we queried.



Steichen

MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT

in a black velvet gown by Vionnet. As Miss Gloria Morgan she spent her girlhood abroad. Since her marriage she has become a distinguished leader in the exclusive society of New York and Newport

"Two Creams," said Mrs. Vanderbilt. "One to cleanse the skin and keep it fresh and firm. The other to protect and give it that 'velvety' finish you've just spoken of. I've used Pond's Two Creams for a long time and have never found any better."

IT is this approval, given by the women of Society who *must* keep their youth and beauty —for Mrs. Vanderbilt is only one of many—that is the final proof of the sterling worth of Pond's Two Creams.

The first step in following the Pond's method of skin care is a deep, thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it lavishly over your face, neck, arms and hands. Let it stay on a few moments so that its pure oils may sink deep down into the pores and soften the dust, soot, hardened excess oil, powder and rouge that choke them.

Wipe all the cream off and note the dirt it brings with it. Repeat the process. And now, to close the pores, dash your skin with cold water, or rub it lightly with a bit of ice.

This daily Pond's cleansing should follow any prolonged time spent out of doors. If your skin is inclined to be either very dry or too oily, you should use Pond's Cold Cream twice or more. And to overcome the dryness that forms lines and wrinkles, leave some of the cream on all night.

The second step in the Pond's Method of caring for the skin is a soft finish and protection with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Fluff just a light film over the skin of your face and hands. It will vanish—for Pond's Vanishing Cream is greaseless.

NOTICE now, how even the surface of your skin looks. The Vanishing Cream has leveled off all roughnesses. It gives you a lustre, too, a soft bright, clear tone.

And how much more smoothly your rouge and powder blend and how well they stay over this delicate foundation of Vanishing Cream. You need have no more fear of nose-shine, now.

You should always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder, and with particular care before you go out. For it protects your skin so that wind, dust, sun and soot cannot rob it of its natural oils, its bloom of youth.

Follow the lead of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. Buy your own Pond's Creams. Find out for yourself that what she says is wholly true—"They constitute as simple, as effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered." You may have the Cold Cream in extra large jars now. And both creams in the smaller jars you are familiar with. The Pond's Extract Company.



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

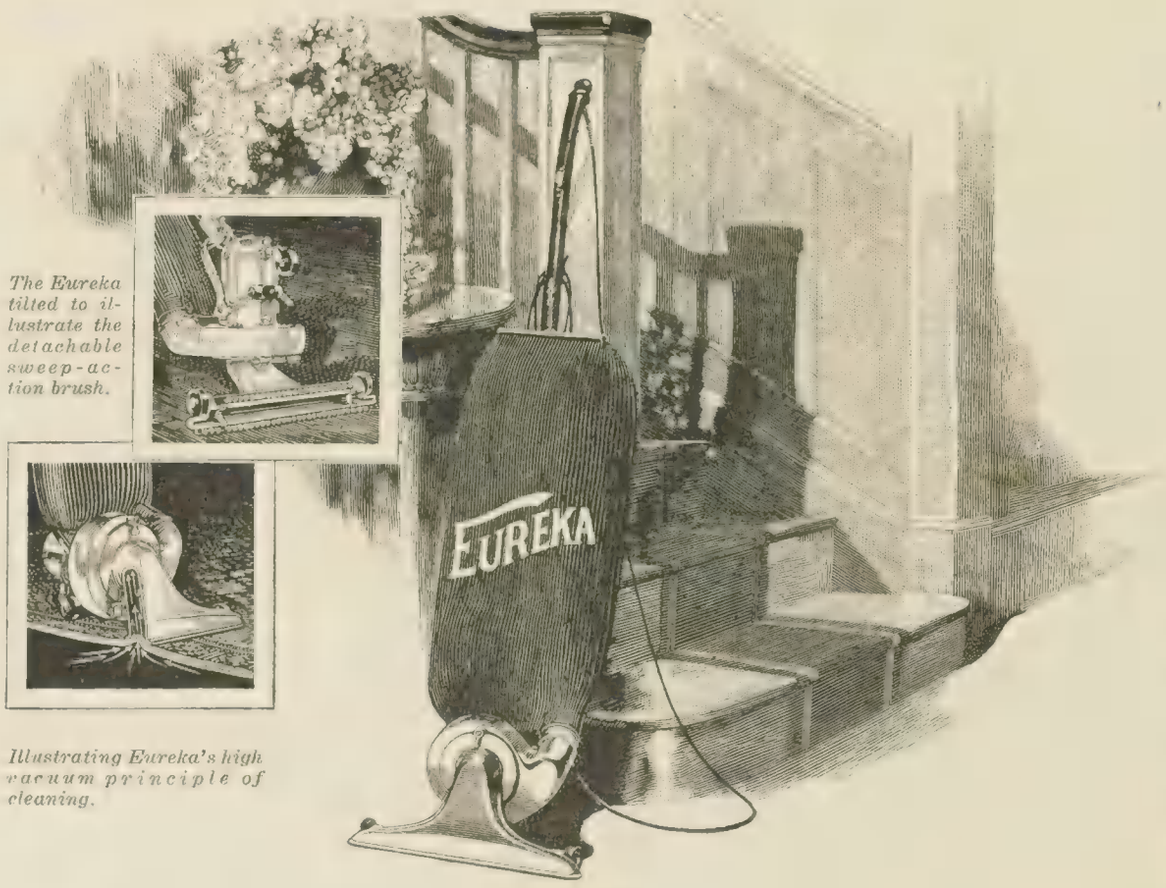
FREE OFFER — Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. F
149 Hudson Street, New York City

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



The Eureka tilted to illustrate the detachable sweep-action brush.

Illustrating Eureka's high vacuum principle of cleaning.

Don't Confuse

the High Vacuum Eureka with Ordinary Electric Carpet Sweepers . . .

Only the "high vacuum" principle of cleaning, as built into the Grand Prize Eureka—involving the movement of a tremendous volume of air at a very high speed through a very narrow nozzle—enables an electric cleaner to maintain its original cleaning efficiency without frequent adjustment and replacement of its vital parts.

In ordinary electric "carpet sweepers" where cleaning effectiveness depends on a revolving brush propelled at a high speed by a rubber belt connected to a high speed motor, it is apparent that the original cleaning efficiency suffers an immediate decrease as these vital parts (belts and brushes) fail to function as when new.

Nothing less than the evident superiority could have won for the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner the Grand Prizes and Highest Awards repeatedly conferred upon it by international authorities, or the place it holds today in more than a million American homes. Let your natural desire to own the best guide you to the choice of the Grand Prize Eureka.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners Since 1909

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The Grand Prize

(175)

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

It Gets the Dirt

EQUIPPING THE BRIDE'S KITCHEN

Concluded from page 46



With modern equipment and a temperature chart meals are easily prepared

IN THE *second* center of kitchen activities, the stove claims the important place. It should by all means be located near the food-preparation center, for often while one dish is being mixed another one which may need frequent attention is cooking on the stove. A step or two should suffice to reach it to give the necessary stir or push or glance before returning to the work at hand.

In addition to a surface for boiling and stewing, the stove should possess a good oven. The oven should be equipped with a thermometer or heat-regulator, for the bride of today can provide herself with a cook-book giving tables of exact temperatures for cooking various foods, and she rarely begins her housekeeping job with experience enough to justify her in using her judgment only. The stove should have a warming oven or shelf, for otherwise the inexperienced bride may be tempted to break the epicurean rule of serving hot foods on hot plates. A small metal-covered table at the side of the stove is a great convenience to serve as a stand for hot dishes as they come from the oven and for foods gotten ready to go into the oven or onto the stove. Unless a hearth of cement or tile or other fireproof material has been built under the stove, a hearth should be made of a large thick sheet of asbestos covered with a sheet of tin or zinc or galvanized iron. If the surface of the stove is so low that it means bending over it when cooking is being done there, its legs should be lifted by being placed on wooden blocks or metal shoes, which may be bought for that purpose and give a world of comfort.

THE *third* center, the water supply, dish-washing center, should also be as near as possible to the food-preparation center. When foods are being made ready for the stove or the table, a quick rinsing of mixing-bowls or spoons or beaters may save much work later. A handy supply of water to wash fruits and vegetables reduces greatly the number of steps to be taken in getting a meal. This center is in many kitchens the most poorly planned of all, a fact which has undoubtedly contributed to the bad favor in which dish-washing is held.

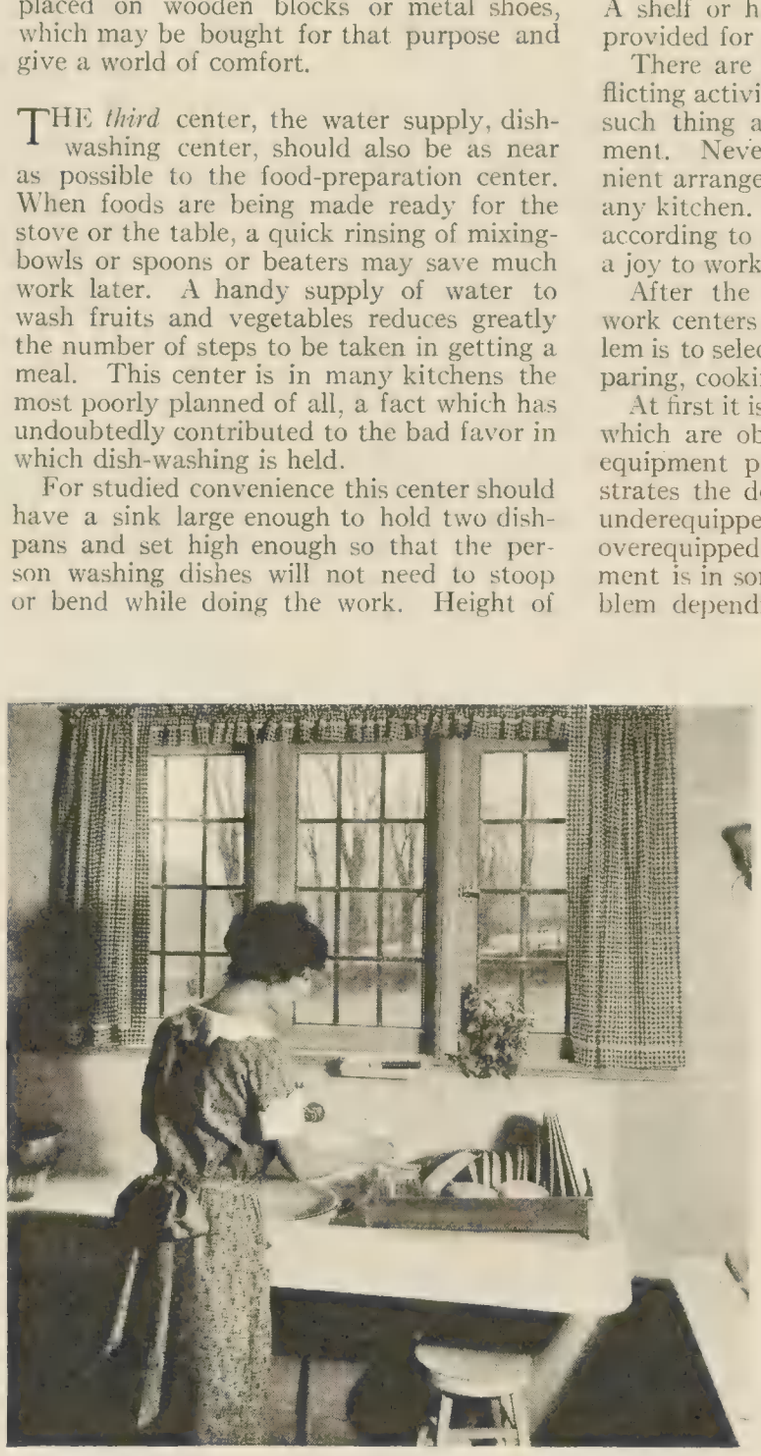
For studied convenience this center should have a sink large enough to hold two dish-pans and set high enough so that the person washing dishes will not need to stoop or bend while doing the work. Height of sink corresponds closely to height of work-table. On one side of the sink a generous-sized table or shelf should be placed for holding the collection of soiled dishes. On the other side a table or shelf should be placed to hold the dish-rack or drainer, with abundant space left for placing the clean dishes as they are wiped. A hinged faucet which combines both hot and cold water and can be swung from one dish-pan to the other or back against the sink when not in use is a great convenience. Over or under one of the shelves, and preferably over, should be built a cupboard to hold supplies of soap, brushes and other cleaning utensils and materials. A shelf or hooks under the sink should be provided for caring for the dish-pans.

There are so many overlapping and conflicting activities in a kitchen that there is no such thing as an absolutely ideal arrangement. Nevertheless some form of convenient arrangement may be possible for almost any kitchen. One bride planned her kitchen according to the sketch shown here and it is a joy to work in.

After the best possible arrangement of work centers has been made, the next problem is to select the equipment needed in preparing, cooking and serving food.

At first it is better to buy only those things which are obviously needed and add other equipment piece by piece as time demonstrates the desirability of having them. An underequipped kitchen is a hardship. An overequipped kitchen is a nuisance. Equipment is in some measure an individual problem depending in part upon the kind of dishes the family taste desires, in part upon the knowledge of food preparation possessed by the bride, in part upon the way meals are planned. Careful planning of the list of equipment is the best way to avoid both over-equipment and under-equipment — and a good list can be used to check up in shopping.

The note at the beginning of this article tells about some valuable lists we have prepared to give assistance in the problem of purchasing kitchen equipment. In these lists no attempt will be made to say that all of the equipment suggested is needed or to maintain that it will be adequate for all kitchens. The lists will, however, serve as something to guide the bride in her choice of those things with which to begin the task of feeding her "dear brute."



Sinks should be high enough to prevent uncomfortable stooping


LISTERINE
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TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE
LAMBERT
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When an antiseptic is needed use Listerine, the *safe* antiseptic
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LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, U.S.A.
TORONTO LONDON MELBOURNE PARIS MADRID MEXICO CITY

An easy way to make better Jam *and* Jelly





EVEN the most inexperienced housewife can now easily make better looking and better tasting jams and jellies than "grandmother used to make". The new way takes only one minute's boiling, never fails to set, costs less and is so simple even a child can do it.

Success in jam and jelly making used to depend entirely upon the presence in the fruits of a substance called pectin. Some fruits contained little or none; others contained a lot while green, which gradually disappeared as the fruits reached delicious full-flavored ripeness. That is why under-ripe fruit had to be used—why there used to be so many failures and no two batches were ever the same.

Now you can be sure of perfect jams and jellies every time. A way has been found to separate, refine and concentrate this jelly-making property of fruit, so it can be used with any fruit or fruit juice to make the best jam or jelly you ever tasted—quickly, easily and economically. This product, called CERTO (Surejell), is simply concentrated liquid pectin, made entirely from fruit. It contains no preservative or gelatine.

Better Color and Flavor

Instead of being darkened by long boiling, the rich, natural color is preserved; and besides, practically none of the delicious fruit flavor and aroma is boiled away. That's why Certo-made jams and jellies look better, taste better and are better.

Makes One-Half More

Jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit than by the old method because practically no juice is boiled away. For this reason more sugar is used with CERTO — simply to make jelly with the juice that was boiled away by the old method.

CERTO is sold by all grocers. Attached to each bottle is a book containing about 100 jam, jelly and marmalade recipes. Get a bottle or two and some berries today. Ripe fruit has the best flavor and CERTO makes it jell. Start this fascinating method of making delicious jams and jellies. Children love them. You cannot have too much. Fill your shelves now while fresh fruits are here. Order CERTO today.

Free Trial Bottle

Let us send you a free trial bottle of CERTO — enough to make 10 large glasses of strawberry jam. To help pay postage and packing cost, send 10c in stamps or money. Use coupon —now, before you forget it.

How to Make Strawberry Jam

Crush about 2 quarts of berries in single layers so that each berry is actually crushed or broken up to a pulp. Best results are obtained by running berries through a food chopper. This allows fruit to quickly absorb the sugar during the short boil, and prevents fruit rising to the top or floating. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed berries into a large kettle, add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard from 1 to 2 minutes, remove from fire and stir in ½ bottle (scant ½ cup) CERTO. Skim and stir repeatedly for just 5 minutes after taking from fire to cool slightly. Then pour quickly and seal hot.

Use same recipe for Blackberry, Raspberry or Loganberry Jam.

1 *Bring fruit and sugar to a boil.*



2 *Boil one minute and add Certo.*





3 *Skim, pour and wax while hot.*

Mail This Coupon Today!

DOUGLAS-PECTIN CORPORATION
900-D Granite Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me postpaid a free trial half-size bottle of CERTO with recipe book. I enclose 10c in stamps (or coin).

My name_____

My address_____



Every girl in the class wants "something different." These dainty peanut sweethearts will be a happy choice for the young hostess

"EATS" FOR THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

By Lucile Brewer

Recipes have been tested and approved by the New York State College of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

A picnic to-day, a tea to-morrow; these are busy times indeed for the young graduate. And every occasion demands novel refreshment. In addition to the suggestions given here, we've prepared a group of recipes for toothsome sandwich-fillings, dainty ices, and tasty cakes and wafers, so that every function you give will have its delightful surprise. Send two cents to cover return postage to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and ask for "Festive Favorites"

JUNE is crowded full of activities and occasions for the sweet-girl graduate, whether she be leaving high school or college. "Eats" for evening parties, "spreads" for class affairs or "pick-me-ups" for impromptu picnics are much in demand. Each girl who entertains besieges her mother to have something "different"—something that will bring forth "ohs" and "ahs" and "ums" from admiring friends. This taxes mother's ingenuity to the limit, whether she is merely asked to provide the idea for something daughter may prepare in her room with chafing-dish and grill, or receives the hint that a timely box of goodies would be welcome, or is requested to help prepare the eats for a local or home affair.

For such occasions the following dishes are suggested for their novelty and attractiveness as well as for their deliciousness and their possibilities of using the class colors in the menu:

HAM ZEST

1 quart finely ground lean cold boiled ham
3 small minced pickles
Paprika to taste
3 hard-cooked eggs chopped
1 minced pimiento
Salt

Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Remove all fat from the ham stock, strain and add just enough of the stock to hold the ingredients together. Turn into any kind of mold which can have a weight placed upon it. Let stand overnight. Turn on to a platter, surround with watercress and serve with a sauce made by mixing two-thirds of a cup of tomato catchup and one-third of a cup of horseradish sauce.

GIBLET TOAST WITH BROILERS

Cook giblets until soft enough to crush with a spoon. Mash thoroughly, adding a little of the stock if necessary. Add an equal measure of butter and one-half as much sweet cream. Season to taste with chopped parsley, lemon-juice, salt and pepper. Heat and spread on slices of toasted bread cut in triangles. Serve as a garnish around broiled chicken.

COMMENCEMENT SALAD

1 pound red cherries
1 pint strawberries
1 cup shredded pineapple
2 sprays mint
Meringue dressing
Pistachio-nuts

Pit and drain the cherries. Slice the strawberries. Cut the mint in small pieces. Combine the ingredients and chill. Just before serving, sprinkle with powdered sugar and shake lightly. On each serving put meringue salad dressing and sprinkle with the finely chopped nuts. Garnish with strawberry leaves.

MERINGUE SALAD DRESSING

⅔ cup sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons lemon-juice
½ cup water
1 tablespoon grapefruit-juice

Cook sugar and water until it threads. Pour the sirup gradually over the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Beat thoroughly, add beaten yolks and cook over hot water, beating constantly until the mixture is thick. Beat until cool, add acid and serve very cold.

CRYSTALLIZED STRAWBERRIES

1 egg-white
Powdered sugar
2 tablespoons water
Strawberries

Select large firm berries. Wash them and remove the hulls. Drain on soft paper. Beat the egg-white until foamy and add the water. Dip the berries one at a time in the egg mixture and roll them in the powdered sugar. Lay them on waxed paper and let stand until perfectly dry. Then keep in ice-box until ready to serve.

FROZEN COFFEE CREAM

1 quart milk
4 tablespoons coffee
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup cream beaten stiff

Heat the milk in a double boiler, add the coffee and let stand for thirty minutes. Strain and add sugar. When, cold add vanilla and whipped cream. Freeze. Serve with finely cut candied grapefruit-rind and chopped blanched pistachio-nuts.

PEANUT SWEETHEARTS

Cut thin slices from date, raisin or white bread and cut in heart shapes. Spread evenly with warm peanut-butter fudge. Let stand a few minutes and cover with second slice. Spread top slice with creamed butter and sprinkle with chopped peanuts.

POP-CORN WAFERS

⅓ cup sugar
1 beaten egg-white
1 cup finely chopped or ground pop-corn
½ cup chopped English walnuts
½ teaspoon vanilla

Add sugar to the beaten egg-white and beat thoroughly and add the other ingredients. Spread on thin slices of buttered whole-wheat bread. Brown in slow oven. Serve hot.

ROSEBUDS

From a white cake baked in shallow pan cut small round shapes. Ice with a soft icing made from beaten egg-white and powdered sugar, tinted a dainty pink with fruit coloring and flavored with almond. Roll the iced cakes in shredded coconut.

Concluded on page 53

"Take extra care in feeding during baby's second summer"

Baby specialists advise mothers



Painted by Maude Tousey Fangel

TIME of grave fears and foreboding — the second summer! Mothers have dreaded it always.

Yet baby specialists tell us that the second year should be less dangerous than the first. The child is older, and better able to resist disease.

The causes of upsets are simply these: In the second year little stomachs are being trained to handle a grown-up diet. Strange solid foods bring new experiences — some not altogether happy.

In addition, there is the fussy business of cutting teeth—enough to make a grown-up grumble.

The important thing during this time is feeding. Three things are necessary in the second summer diet: 1. Food must supply certain essentials for growth. 2. It must be extremely simple and easy to digest. 3. It must be properly prepared and guarded against hot weather taint.

For many years physicians have advised mothers to use one food which ideally fills these requirements — Cream of Wheat!

Cream of Wheat supplies in generous amount, one of a baby's most urgent needs—vital energy. Made of the best hard wheat, it is exceptionally rich in carbohydrates or energy units.

With this high energy value is coupled another advantage—its easy digestibility. The fine granular form of Cream of Wheat is so simple to digest that a baby's inexperienced stomach can handle it with perfect ease.

Ample energy supplied quickly, fully and easily—just what your baby needs during this important period, in a food form which is safe and simple enough for him to digest.

A food for all the family, too! You can serve it in any number of delightful ways; not only as a cereal, with dates, prunes and raisins but in tempting desserts, meat and vegetable dishes. Send for our new recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

How to prepare CREAM OF WHEAT for the Baby

Pour two tablespoons Cream of Wheat into one cup of rapidly boiling salted water, stirring constantly. Cook in a double boiler one hour at least. Give with whole milk or cream. If cooked with milk scald the milk add Cream of Wheat and cook in double boiler one hour

How to reheat CREAM OF WHEAT

Pour a small amount of water (or milk) over Cream of Wheat and heat in double boiler ten or fifteen minutes. When hot, stir until thoroughly mixed. Reheated in this way, left over Cream of Wheat is just as smooth and delicious as though cooked fresh

CREAM OF WHEAT with broth

⅛ cup uncooked Cream of Wheat — 3 pints broth
chopped parsley

Prepare broth as for consomme. When nearly done add Cream of Wheat and cook fifteen minutes. Just before serving add chopped parsley

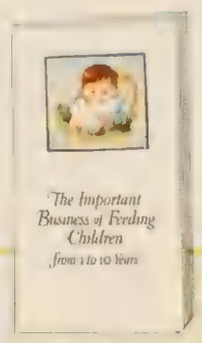
CREAM OF WHEAT Custard

1 cup cooked Cream of Wheat — 2 eggs
1½ cups milk — ½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix Cream of Wheat with milk, beaten egg and sugar; add vanilla. Pour the Cream of Wheat mixture into a buttered baking dish and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. Serve with cream

Send for free sample

and authoritative Babies' Diet Book



"The Important Business of Feeding Children" is a booklet of information on correct diet for children from 1 to 10 years — a book approved by well known nutrition authorities. We will gladly send it to any mother free, with sample box of Cream of Wheat, upon receipt of coupon below

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Dept. 126, Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," together with sample box of Cream of Wheat.
☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

Name .....

Address .....



Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

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"The Mirro Gift," *painted by Roy Collins for Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company, Manitowoc, Wisconsin*

"EATS" FOR THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

Concluded from page 50

MARGUERITE CAKES

Tint white icing a pale yellow. Spread smoothly on small thin cakes. Select large almonds, blanche and separate in halves. Press halves in the cake, round side on top, to form a daisy and form the center from melted chocolate.

DEVIL'S-FOOD DELIGHT

Between two medium-thick slices of plain unfrosted devil's-food cake place a slice of vanilla ice-cream. Over all pour hot fudge chocolate sauce and sprinkle lightly with chopped roasted almonds.

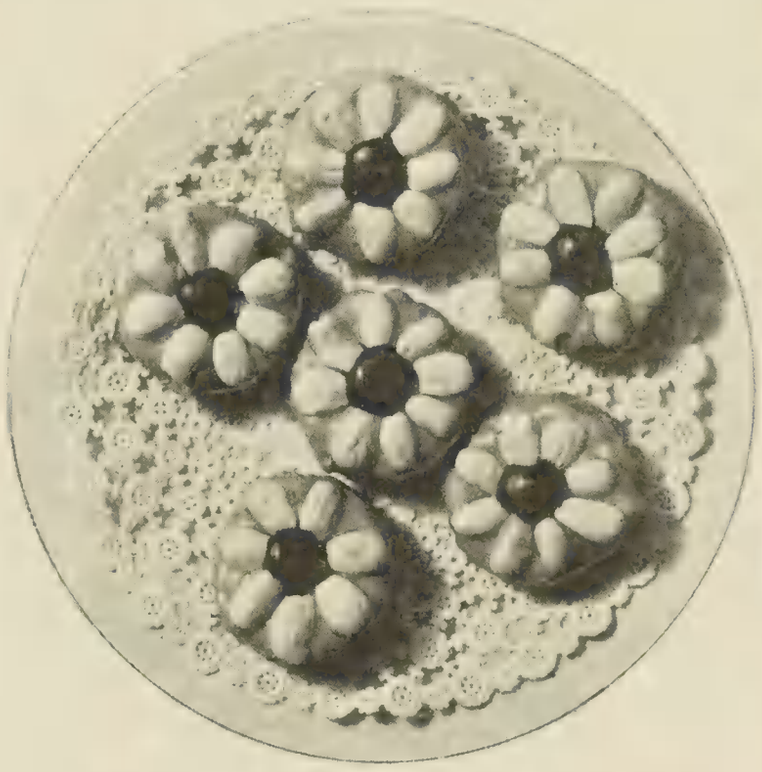
PINEAPPLE TEMPTATION

Lay a half-inch slice of angel-cake on a plate, cover with crushed sweetened pineapple; over this place a layer of vanilla ice-cream. Cover all with maraschino sauce. Garnish with mint.

MARASCHINO SAUCE

1 cup cream
1 egg-white
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
2 tablespoons maraschino-sirup
2 tablespoons minced maraschino cherries

Whip the cream until it begins to thicken, add beaten egg-white and sugar. Whip until stiff and gradually add cherry mixture. Set on ice until ready to serve.



Colorful daisies on a lacy doily! These little marguerite cakes taste even better than they look

MENU FOR CLASS BANQUET

Ginger Cocktail
Fried Chicken *Cream Mushroom Sauce*
Savory Potatoes *Asparagus Sauté*
Clover-leaf Rolls
Lettuce Salad *Mayonnaise Dressing*
Strawberry Rapture
Little Angel-Cakes
Coffee

GINGER COCKTAIL

1 cup shredded pineapple
1 cup diced orange
1 cup strawberries cut in halves
1 cup sugar
⅓ cup water
3 teaspoons minced preserved ginger

Boil sugar and water five minutes. Add ginger and, when cold, pour over fruit. Let stand in a cold place one hour. Garnish with tiny strips of candied citron.

STRAWBERRY RAPTURE

1 quart strawberries
1 pint sugar
1 pint cream
1 teaspoon gelatin softened in 2 tablespoons water

Mix berries and sugar thoroughly. Put over fire and heat quickly. Boil five minutes. Remove from fire; add softened gelatin. Cool and turn into freezer. When mixture begins to freeze, add cream beaten stiff. Serve in glasses on strawberry leaves.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SANDWICHES

Sandwiches are always needed for the affairs in which the June graduate takes part. A few are suggested here:

Jam Dreams—Spread thin slices of bread with an equal amount of any tart jam or marmalade and cream cheese.

Tomato Club—Sliced tomato, crisp bacon and lettuce between slices of hot buttered toast spread with salad dressing.

Bacon-Salad Sandwich—One-fourth pound of bacon cooked until crisp and chopped very fine. Mix with one tablespoon each of minced green pepper, chives, pimiento and lemon-juice. Use with salad dressing as a sandwich filling.

Ham and Tartare Sauce—Moisten one cup chopped cold boiled ham with tartare sauce. The onion in the sauce may be omitted.

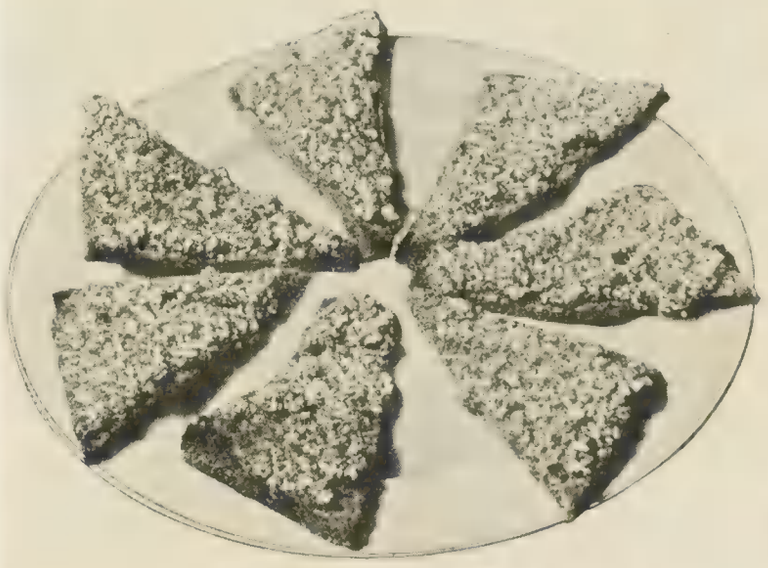
Cucumber Relish Sandwich—Cut thin slices of bread in rounds the same size as slices of cucumbers. Marinate the sliced cucumbers in French dressing and place between the buttered rounds of bread spread also with salad dressing. Garnish with minced parsley.

Chicken Fillers—Use one cup of chopped cooked chicken, one hard-cooked egg rubbed through a sieve, one-third cup of minced celery and one tablespoon of minced parsley. Mix this with boiled salad dressing and spread between thin slices of buttered bread. Garnish with thin slices of stuffed olives.

Ice-Cream Sandwiches—Ice-cream sandwiches may be made from any cake baked either in a loaf or in cup-cakes. If cup-cakes are used, they should be split in half and the cream shaped to fit the cake. Soft or crisp sweet wafers may be used. Serve with hot or cold sauce.

With white cake, strawberry, cherry, raspberry, pistachio, peach or pineapple ice-cream may be used. The sandwiches may be served with maraschino sauce or whipped cream and garnished with tiny pieces of candied cherries, thin strips of angelica, or finely-chopped pistachio-nuts or blanched almonds.

With devil's-food, caramel or gold cake, coffee, chocolate, caramel or raisin ice-cream may be used. Hot chocolate fudge, butterscotch, marshmallow sauce or whipped cream may be served with the sandwiches.



Crisp triangles of giblet toast add a novel touch if you serve broiled chicken



Can mother make it clean?

Indeed she can—quickly and safely, with the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha!

Even dirt ground into the very fibres of a fabric, lets go and slinks away when Fels-Naptha tackles it.

Naptha that useful dirt-loosener works hand in hand with splendid soap in Fels-Naptha. Working together they give you the *extra washing-value that you cannot get in any other form.* Dirt lets go quickly. Clothes come clean safely.

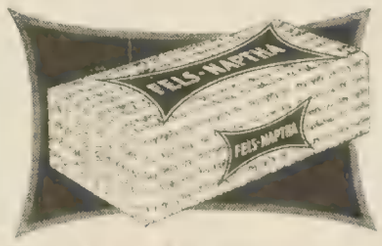
The Fels-Naptha way takes less strength from you.

No wonder millions of women feel that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha! Since they have found a way to make housework easier, why shouldn't you get its benefit, too? Get a Golden Bar or two from your grocer today, and let it prove its extra helpfulness.

TEST Fels-Naptha's extra washing-value. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



Smell the naptha in Fels-Naptha



The original and genuine naptha soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is splendid soap and *naptha*—two safe, useful cleaners in one golden bar, working together to save you work, and to save wear and tear on clothes. *Isn't this extra help worth a penny more a week?*

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* clothes with Fels-Naptha if you prefer. You are bound to get good results any way you use it. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

Be sure to include Fels-Naptha in your camp kit this Summer. It makes short work of cleaning clothes and dishes.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© Fels & Co. Philadelphia



The largest selling high grade syrup in the United States

A wonderful new ice cream "treat" —Log Cabin Sundae

How the first taste that touches your tongue will surprise you!

The cool richness of ice cream, blending with the syrup with its rare taste of maple!

It will give your family and guests an unexpected thrill—this new dish, Log Cabin Sundae. To prepare it, just cover plain ice cream with Towle's Log Cabin Syrup—and, if you like, sprinkle it over with nuts.

For special "treats" of this kind in the summer—as a sweetening for lemonade or as pour-over for Fruit Cocktails—as well as for pancakes and waffles all year 'round, Log Cabin has become America's favorite syrup—because it brings the joy of maple at its best.

Choice maple sugar from Canada and Vermont is blended with granulated cane sugar in Log Cabin, by the Towle process. It is this method of blending, known only to the makers of Log Cabin, which mellows and enhances the goodness of the maple—which gives you a wonderful flavor that no other syrup can have.

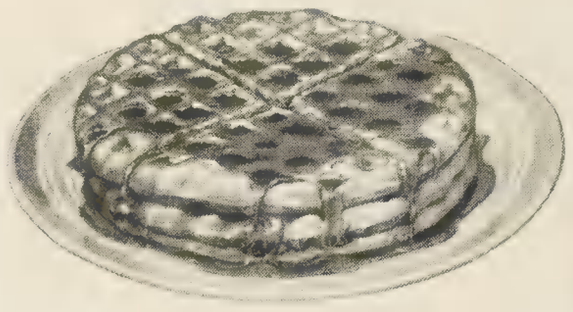
Many tempting foods, such as Maple Puff, Log Cabin Fudge and Log Cabin Cake Frosting can be easily prepared with this syrup. Use the coupon to send for the free set of 24 recipe cards.

Towle's Log Cabin Syrup comes only in the Log-Cabin-Shaped cans—in three sizes. Ask your grocer for a can today.

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY

St. Paul, Minnesota—*the center of North America*

Free—*A set of 24 recipe cards giving delightful dishes, new and old, that can be easily made with Log Cabin*



LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
Dept. G-6, St. Paul, Minnesota

Please send me the 24 recipe cards as described above.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

My grocer's name and address is:.....

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©1925, L. C. P. Co.

MEAL PLANS FOR JUNE

By Jessie Boys

These menus have been edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics. Recipes for any five dishes mentioned here will gladly be sent on receipt of two cents in stamps to cover postage. Mail your request to the Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

MENUS for early June are more easily planned than for the last of the month, for in spite of the greater abundance of both fruits and fresh vegetables in these later weeks the weather is hotter then and it is therefore more effort to plan the appealing things and also more uncomfortable to prepare them. Much appreciation is due the cook who sacrifices personal desires to the good and the pleasure of the whole family.

Left-overs, whether of fruit, meat, fish or vegetables, will give as great satisfaction as at their first appearance if they are jellied and garnished attractively. Some may be creamed or made into sandwiches.

Fruits and Vegetables should be used extensively in their season. The more attractively vegetables are prepared and seasoned the slower will the family be to tire of them. Forms of service as well as methods of preparation need to be varied now and then.

Picnic Luncheons are in demand in the early Summer. The Tuesday and the Wednesday luncheon in the accompanying menus may be used for picnics without change, and many of the others will need but little revision.

June Desserts—For June desserts, fruit ices and sherbets and fruit-gelatin dishes are simplest to make, and they offer sufficient variety to last the warm season through if interspersed with fresh fruit and an occasional shortcake.

Strawberries fresh from the garden may be carefully brushed instead of washed. They are a most refreshing sight if used as a beginning course, served without having been hulled on a plate with a mound of powdered sugar in the center.

Milk—If your milk comes to you in good condition, keep it so; and if it doesn't, investigate the source of supply for yourself. Milk should be placed in the refrigerator as soon after delivery as possible. The shelf beneath the ice-chamber is the coolest and should be reserved especially for the milk and butter.

Afternoon Tea—One of the easiest ways for a young hostess to gain a reputation for hospitality is always to be prepared to serve afternoon tea. The simplest forms of refreshment are often the most welcomed. Delicacy of quality is more to be desired than elaborateness or quantity.

An Emergency Shelf—A well-equipped emergency shelf of food materials is insurance against embarrassment. It also makes for success in entertaining casual guests or for getting up an impromptu picnic.

Biscuit and Shortcake—There is one encouraging thing about mastering the making of a really good baking-powder biscuit: you can always make delicious shortcakes.

Left-over Sandwiches—Incidentally, almost any sandwich left from tea may be wrapped in a damp napkin and toasted for supper with pleasing results.

Hors-d'Œuvres—These delightful before-the-meal titbits lose nothing in their zestful and appetite-whetting qualities even if they are nothing more than carefully prepared radishes, olives and sardines with slices of lemon.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Waffles Maple-Sirup Bacon
Milk Coffee

DINNER

Fresh Pineapple in Sections
Fried Chicken Milk Gravy
Boiled Brown Rice
Buttered Peas Spiced Peaches
Graham Bread
Head Lettuce French Dressing
Chocolate Gelatin
Marshmallow-Mint Sauce
Milk Coffee

SUPPER

Chicken and Almond Sandwiches
Sliced Peaches and Cream Cake
Milk Iced Tea

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Chilled Cherries
Boiled Rice with Cream
Bacon Bran Muffins Marmalade
Milk Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Cheese Fondue Creamed Potatoes
Asparagus Salad
Radishes Jelly
Iced Chocolate Graham Bread

DINNER

Boiled Tongue Horseradish Sauce
Parsley Potatoes
Buttered String-Beans Wilted Lettuce
Rhubarb Sherbet White Cake
Milk Coffee

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced Pineapple
Oat Breakfast Food with Raisins
Scrambled Eggs Toast Jelly
Milk Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Potato Salad Tongue Sandwiches
Cut Radishes Olives
Sunshine Cake Lemonade

DINNER

Onion Soup Croutons
Ham-and-Potato Casserole
Buttered Asparagus
Whole-Wheat Bread
Strawberry Shortcake Whipped Cream
Milk Coffee

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Selected Strawberries Prepared Rice
Ham-and-Egg Omelet Muffins
Milk Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Salmon Salad Mint Jelly
Cucumber Sandwiches
Sugared Currants Cake
Milk Coffee

DINNER

Meat-Loaf Tomato Sauce Pickles
Potatoes au Gratin Beet Greens
Rye Bread
Spiced Peaches in Lemon Jelly
Milk Coffee

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Pineapple
Ready-Cooked Cereal Top Milk
Soft-Cooked Eggs Toasted Muffins
Marmalade
Milk Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Radishes
Milkweed Greens
Fruit Salad Wafers
Milk Iced Tea

DINNER

Cold Meat-Loaf Chilli Sauce
Creamed New Potatoes
Head Lettuce Fruit Dressing
Gooseberry Pie
Milk Coffee

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Strawberries and Cream
Codfish Cakes Currant Jelly
Creamed Asparagus on Toast
Milk Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Tomato Bisque Croutons
Sardine Salad
Creamed New Peas
Whole-Wheat Bread
Strawberry Shortcake
Milk Tea

DINNER

Steamed Fillets of Flounder
Buttered Potatoes Spinach
Dixie Relish Corn Bread
Cucumber-and-Radish Salad
Cherry Pudding
Milk Coffee

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Iced Cantaloup
Prepared-Wheat Cereal with Cream
Baked Eggs Cinnamon Buns
Milk Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Deviled Eggs
Tomato-and-Cucumber Salad
Hot Biscuits and Honey
Fruit Gelatin
Milk Tea

DINNER

Kidney-Bean Salad
Scalloped Potatoes
Radishes Raisin Bread Pickles
Sliced Peaches and Cream
Angel Cake Milk Coffee

GOLDEN RIPE~DRIPPING WITH SUNSHINE & SUGAR

Make your SPRING MENUS SPARKLE *Serve Hawaii's Favorite Fruit*

Springtime . . . . tonic-time . . . . season of lazy appetites, when fruit foods are so necessary to health!

Springtime is *Pineapple-time!* And fortunately, thanks to the miracle of the canners' art, luscious, golden Hawaiian Pineapple is now available everywhere – regardless of season – packed in two convenient forms: *Sliced* and *Crushed.*

Do *you* enjoy this matchless tropical fruit as often as you should? Do you serve Hawaiian Pineapple Salads, Pastries, Ices, Desserts, "ades" and Punches? And do you serve it often for dessert, for breakfast or as a side dish with meat – both the *Sliced* and the *Crushed* – just as they come from the can?

Both *Crushed* and *Sliced* Hawaiian Pineapple are identical in quality and flavor – the same full-ripened fruit, grown on the same model Hawaiian Plantations.

You'll find it pays to keep both kinds on hand!

Hawaii Suggests That You Try These Recipes:

ROYAL FRUIT SALAD: Arrange on lettuce leaves, a slice of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple and a slice of orange (slightly smaller). Over this slice half a banana. Garnish with chopped mint and mayonnaise.

PINEAPPLE SALAD MOUSSE: Soften 1 teaspoon gelatine in 1 tablespoon water and dissolve over boiling water. Thoroughly drain 1 cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and add ½ cup diced oranges, 1 cup very thick mayonnaise, 2 cups cream, whipped, and the dissolved gelatine. When well mixed pour into a mold, cover tightly and pack in equal parts of ice and salt 4 hours. Serve on lettuce with additional mayonnaise if desired. This may be used for a combination salad and dessert course.

PINEAPPLE RICE: Place a layer of boiled rice in a casserole; then a layer of slices of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple and a thin layer of currant jelly. Top with a meringue and brown in oven. Serve cold.

MARSHMALLOW DELIGHT: Drain the syrup from 1 large can of Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Cut ¼ lb. of marshmallows in pieces. Arrange the marshmallows in layers in a serving dish, sprinkling each layer with finely chopped roasted almonds. Pour the pineapple syrup over all and set aside in a cold place for at least 2 hours. Spread the drained Crushed Pineapple over the top just before serving.

Send for Free Book!

For many other equally delightful ways to use Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, write today for your free copy of our booklet, "Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats." It will help you put new variety in your Spring menus.

Address Department 30
ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS
451 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

CANNED 2 WAYS

Sliced —For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

Crushed —For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.

Are the Floors in This Old Manor House More Modern than Your Own?



A fine old home, this Lancaster Manor House. Its stately brick walls could tell you tales of crinoline days, tales of a great Civil War. Yet today, for decorators, architects, home-lovers everywhere, this old American mansion has a newer, a more personal message. Read it. Then come to see the Manor House itself.

"SOFT wood upstairs and hardwood downstairs" was the vogue for floors when this old Manor House was built.

Today, however, this mansion of the '60's is a striking example of a new and growing vogue—the vogue for linoleum floors of color and design.

As you enter its spacious hall, you are met with an old-fashioned welcome. You know that you are in a home of refinement and good taste. Then your eye strikes the floor. What a beautiful floor! How well its neat blocks of black and cream convey a feeling of cheer and brightness. Can this be linoleum?

But wait! You enter the living-room. Somehow you feel you've seen this room before. It's just the kind of living-room you have always wanted. Everything in it seems to belong. A soft, rippling floor of Jaspé linoleum forms the basis for the whole decorative scheme—an ideal background for the fine fabric rugs, a richly mellow setting for the rare old furniture.

The dining-room, too, wins your instant favor. A big room, yet pleasingly trim and inviting. The massive table, the high-backed chairs, suggest the happy family group. And what floor could be more in the spirit of this old-time festive hall than the natural marble floor of Armstrong's Linoleum!







Pattern floors of Armstrong's Linoleum have been laid throughout this quaint old Manor House. In each room, a floor of color and design fits ideally into a definite scheme of decoration. Visit the Armstrong Manor the next time you are motoring through eastern Pennsylvania. A cordial welcome awaits you.

An Invitation: *We invite all who are interested in furnishing and decorating homes to see this old Manor. It's easy to reach. The Lincoln Highway leads right into Lancaster, Pa. The Manor itself is but three miles north on the Lititz Pike. If you plan to come by train, write us and cars will meet you at either the Pennsylvania or Reading Railroad Station in Lancaster.*

You wander upstairs. As you pass from room to room, you are more than ever aware of the new beauty, the new decorative uses of patterned linoleum floors. In one room a pretty green Jaspé floor inspired the decorative treatment. Hooked and braided rugs look their best on such a floor. The quaint old rocker and highboy are right at home, too. The other rooms—there are seven spacious bedrooms—all prove how appropriate a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum is for every room in the house.

Are such floors permanent? you may ask. Yes, for they are cemented in place over a heavy lining of builders' deadening felt and should last as long as the house itself. Are they easy to keep clean? All the housekeeper gives them is a daily dusting with a dry mop. Once or twice a year the floors are rewaxed and polished. Are they costly? They cost no more than ordinary floors of wood, yet they never require refinishing.

Would you like to know more about the new pattern floors of Armstrong's Linoleum? Then come to see the Armstrong Manor House, or write to us for Agnes Foster Wright's new book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color." This book on furnishing and decorating homes will be sent to anyone in the United States for twenty-five cents. Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 866 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the **CIRCLE A** *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*



Books ranged along the sides of a mantel or fireplace seem always to suggest a quiet evening's happy adventuring within their covers

ARTISTRY IN BOOK-SHELVES

By Estelle H. Ries

The Department of House Decoration of THE DELINEATOR is at your service if you wish additional suggestions for artistic book arrangements or desire assistance in any personal book-case or bookshelf problem. Be sure to send a two-cent stamp to cover return postage with your request

WHAT to do with the books that the various members of the family bring into the house is always a problem.

Whether book-shelves shall extend from floor to ceiling or only part way up must be determined by the number of books to be accommodated. Where there is a choice between having one wall entirely filled from floor to ceiling or two walls partly filled, the latter course would in most cases be preferable. It would make all the books more accessible and would permit of window openings above the shelves for better admission of light and air. When shelving is built up to the ceiling it gives a sense of height to a low room.

As to building shelves out into the room or flush with the wall, this is a matter of preference. To me there seems far greater intimacy and companionableness in the projecting shelves. And then, it *is* convenient to have the top shelf stand out from the wall so that you may lay a book down for a moment without having to walk across the room to a table.

Another consideration is the fact that shelves built into a wall so that the books are flush with it are usually more expensive to construct and less flexible to change in case of alteration. One can not readily take them down and use the wall as a solid background for another purpose.

Books should, of course, be within convenient reach, both the low ones and the high ones. They should not be stacked from the very floor. A convenient height for the lowest is about eighteen inches.

On the other hand, it is a mistake to have the shelves too high. Aside from the inconvenience of having to stretch on tiptoe or mount a chair in order to reach the volumes, there is the undesirable certainty that the books themselves will be subject to a higher temperature the nearer they are to the ceiling. Such continuous heat is liable to injure the bindings.

If shelves are constructed of soft wood five-eighths of an inch thick, they should not be much more than two feet long. If they are, they will gradually bend in the middle under the weight of the books.

It is an advantage to cover the shelves with green baize. This is easily stuck on with glue and will be found to be quite a protection to the bindings. It has the advantage of holding the dust which collects and may then be cleaned with the aid of a small vacuum cleaner.

Shelves should not tightly surround the books. There should be free circulation of air around them. If there are glass doors, these should be opened every day. Shelves built against a wall should be the same finish and style as the rest of the woodwork.

Libraries are either inherited or created. For the new library just growing, sectional bookcases commend themselves. They may be built at any height and come with glass doors or without. Also they may be readily dismantled into units and moved with their contents—a decided convenience to apartment dwellers.

In every bedroom, guest-room, living-room or other intimate place where one may relax, as well as in the formal library itself, there should unquestionably be a single shelf set apart for the special books that are claiming general attention at the moment. Place also on this shelf your favorite books and current magazines. Then whenever spare moments offer themselves there will be at hand some interesting volume to meet the mood of the moment.



This bookcase was cleverly evolved from the former opening of a double doorway

Pacific Northwest



Many Glacier Hotel, Glacier National Park

Bring along your tackle!

© R. I. Gifford

The Great Falls of the Yellowstone, Yellowstone National Park

Come to America's great Summer Playland

Sit down some quiet evening with "The American Wonderland" (it's yours for the asking), and let it take you through the vacationland of your dreams.

Follow its absorbing pages into a realm of mountain loveliness—a vast profusion of snow-capped peaks, Alpine lakes, sunny ocean beaches, gleaming glaciers, forests, streams, and tumbling waterfalls. A land where perfect summer days lure one to glorious sport—golf, horseback riding, surf bathing, mountain climbing, motoring, fishing. A playland of charming cities and splendid hotels.

So get acquainted with America's great summer playland—*then plan to see it and enjoy it yourself this summer.*

You can visit Glacier or Yellowstone on your way out or back. You can include the Puget Sound country, the famous Cody Road, the Oregon beach resorts, the Spokane country, the Columbia River drive—or any of hundreds of other fascinating vacation haunts.

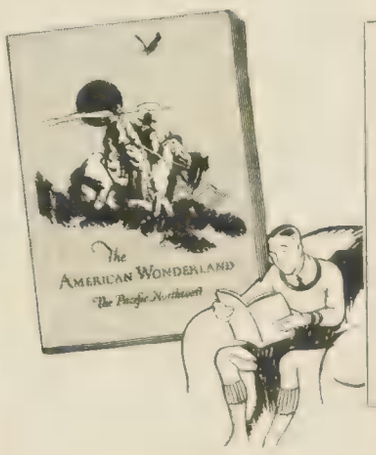
Arrange a tour (we will gladly help you) that will include one or more of these great scenic features:

Glacier National Park
Yellowstone National Park
Rainier National Park
Crater Lake National Park
The Alaskan Tour

Low round trip excursion rates this summer. Through trains providing service which anticipates your every travel wish. You can go one way and return another. (Through Scenic Colorado at no extra transportation cost.) Stop off where you wish along the way.

Mail the coupon now for the free book, "The American Wonderland."

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
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FREE TRAVEL BOOK

Travel Bureau, Dept. 32-F
Burlington Railroad Building
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me without charge the illustrated book, "The American Wonderland."

Name .....

Address .....

Many a mother has put weight on thin children by feeding them milk which has been made more nourishing with

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

THE addition of Knox Sparkling Gelatine to milk insures the complete digestion of the milk, thus increasing the obtainable nourishment by about 23%. It is as good for healthy children as for frail ones—as effective for grown-ups as for youngsters.

How to add Gelatine to Milk

Soak for ten minutes one level tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ½ cup of cold milk taken from a quart of milk; cover while soaking; then place the cup in boiling water, stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk from which it was taken. For smaller quantities of milk reduce gelatine in proportion. In infant feeding, add the dissolved gelatine to the regular formula prescribed by the physician.

Write for Free Book

Write for "The Health Value of Gelatine." It is full of interesting information on feeding the family healthfully. Sent free for 4c postage and your grocer's name.

Health Department
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.



BUTTERS—PIQUANT AND SWEET

By Estelle Lambert Matteson

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University



For a savory picnic or luncheon sandwich try a spread of lobster butter with crisp slices of cucumber and lettuce

WHEN it's still an hour or so before dinner or when the little ones romp into the house with appetites whetted by play outside, no combination could be more healthful, appetizing and satisfying than home-baked bread and fresh butter and milk.

But frequently we are not content with just that combination. Our palates often require tickling and our minds run to something new and zestful.

With butter as a base, the spreads given here will more than please the most captious appetite. The piquant butters are ideal for butter-balls and, served with bread at the table, they fit in with almost any entrée or meat. They can be kept in a jar and used for sandwich spreads. With a crisp lettuce leaf and fresh bread they are savory, easy-to-make sandwiches for Summer picnics.

Thin pastry cookies spread with the sweet butters are just as good as sweet tarts, and can be more conveniently packed. If bread is preferred, it should be cut thin and the filling should be generous.

Some people do not care for fish flavors, but we have prepared a few butters that contain fish. These are very uncommon in their preparation and appetizing in their use. Every housekeeper might, in this case, adopt as her slogan, "Try anything once."

HERB BUTTER

Have on a cold plate one-half cup of butter, one teaspoon of thoroughly dried and finely chopped parsley, one-half teaspoon of powdered Summer savory, one teaspoon of lemon-juice, two saltspoons of salt and one-quarter teaspoon of white pepper. Mix the whole together thoroughly with a fork and use when required.

This herb butter should always be kept in a cool place until required.

PIMIENTO BUTTER

Place four pimientos in a bowl and mash to a pulp. Remove the pulp and press through a sieve into a bowl; add one-half cup of butter and one-half green pepper finely minced. Mix and use as required.

HORSERADISH BUTTER

Take one-half cup of fresh butter and add to it one tablespoon of freshly ground horseradish. Mix well in a bowl with a fork and when it is very evenly mixed add one tablespoon of minced parsley. Put the butter in a jar and place where it is cool, for future use.

GREEN BUTTER

Take the heart of an onion, four branches of parsley, two branches of watercress or peppergrass, one-half cup of butter, one and one-half saltspoons of salt and one-half saltspoon of cayenne pepper. Place all of these ingredients except the butter in a bowl and mash very smoothly. Then add the butter and mix again until the whole is thickened. Pass through a strainer into a bowl and keep in a cool place for use as required.

CREOLE BUTTER

Take one-half cup of butter, two saltspoons of ground English mustard, two teaspoons of good white malt vinegar, two teaspoons of Worcestershire sauce, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of cayenne pepper and two egg-yolks, boiled. Place all of these articles in a bowl, mix thoroughly with a spoon and use as required.

GARDEN BUTTER

The ingredients for this butter are: two tablespoons of chopped parsley, two tablespoons of chopped celery, two tablespoons of chopped chives, one teaspoon of tarragon leaves and one teaspoon of chopped watercress or peppergrass. These should all be well washed and thoroughly drained. Place these ingredients in a chopping-bowl with a tablespoon of capers, chopped pickle, the yolks of two cold hard-boiled eggs, and mash until they are fine. Remove and press through a colander into a bowl. Add half a cup of butter; beat sharply with a wooden spoon for five minutes, store and use as required.

BACON OR HAM BUTTER

Fry thin slices of lean bacon or ham until crisp. Lift the slices from the fat and pound to a paste on a meat-board. Add enough butter to make a smoothly spreading paste. To two tablespoons of paste add one teaspoon of horseradish or mustard.

ANCHOVY BUTTER

Place half a cup of butter in a bowl. Add one tablespoon of pounded anchovies and the strained juice of half a lemon. Mix well together. Keep in a cool place for future use.

LOBSTER OR CRAB BUTTER

Pound to a paste one small can of the best lobster or crab (or the equivalent of a small can if you use the fresh fish) and one-half cup of butter. Season lightly with pepper. When using this butter for sandwiches, spread one piece of bread with mayonnaise and the other piece with the lobster or crab mixture. Put a lettuce leaf or thin slice of cucumber between the two.

SARDINE BUTTER

Take one-fourth cup of butter, four large sardines, skinned and boned, and one teaspoon of lemon-juice. Pound these into a smooth paste. When using this paste, spread one half of the sandwich with the paste and the other half with mashed hard-boiled egg or a thin layer of minced onion.

CHEESE BUTTER

Mash together one-half cup of American cheese and one-half cup of butter. When using this butter, spread one half of the sandwich with this mixture and the other half with a tart jelly. Either crackers or saltines or bread can be used. Also any

Concluded on page 61

Many a woman has added to her reputation as a clever hostess with dishes prepared with

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

EVERY housewife should have Knox Sparkling Gelatine on her pantry shelf.

One package alone makes *four different desserts, salads or other dishes, each sufficient for six people.*

Try this delicious recipe today:

Strawberry Bavarian Cream

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¼ cup cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Strain into 1 cup strawberry juice and pulp mixed with 1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Add ½ cup sugar, and when sugar is dissolved set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in 1½ cups heavy cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into wet mold lined with strawberries cut in halves, and chill. Garnish with fruit, selected strawberries and leaves.

Recipe Books—Free

Write for Mrs. Knox's "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," two very practical recipe books. Sent free for 4c in postage and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.



The Queen of the Belgians
The King of England's daughter
The Queen of Sweden

How their precious possessions were restored to dainty loveliness

The Queen of the Belgians

"When the King and Queen of the Belgians visited this country a banquet was given their majesties at one of the famous New York hotels. As I am an old newspaper woman I got one of the guards to let me go up to the banquet floor.

"I met one of the parlor maids sobbing bitterly, closely followed by a housekeeper who also seemed distressed. I asked what was the matter and the housekeeper explained that in some unaccountable manner the wrap that the Queen left in the dressing room had been soiled by a hotel attendant. The Queen always wears white and this particular garment was of beautiful heavy brocade trimmed with white fur.

"I suggested sponging it with Lux, and finally persuaded them to let me do it. I sponged it with lukewarm water and Lux, until all soiled places disappeared. I rinsed it the same way and pressed it with a warm iron over a clean cloth.

"When I removed the cloth there the wrap was spotlessly clean—saved by Lux!"

Kathrine Stone Brown, L. I.



The Queen of Sweden

"There had been a state dinner at the home of the Marshal of the Court of Sweden. The following day when I happened to be with the wife of the Court Marshal, one of her maids came into the room holding some priceless doilies of cobweb fineness—sadly soiled. Her Ladyship told me the doilies had been lent her for the dinner by one of the Ladies-in-Waiting to the Queen. She would have to return them personally with apologies!

"Here I interrupted: 'If you don't mind I would like to save the situation!' (confident that I could safely depend on Lux).

"The precious lace doilies were handed over to me. When the little things had dried I examined them and indeed, I felt proud. I could see no trace of soil whatever."

Mrs. S. Fagrell, Calif.







The King of England's Daughter

"When the people in Ireland heard of the intended wedding of the King's only daughter, they decided to send some of the beautiful lace for which Ireland is famed.

"After it was ready, the most rare and beautiful piece was found to be soiled. There wasn't time to make another and without this the other pieces would be incomplete. The workmanship was so delicate that to trust it to any one but an expert might ruin it altogether.

"At last an old Irish woman pleaded to be allowed to cleanse it, stating she knew of a wonderful preparation that would remove spots without injuring the most delicate fabric.

"Great was the joy when the lace was returned free from soil and as beautiful as ever. When questioned the old woman announced she had washed it with Lux."

Mrs. Wesley M'Leon, Mich.

Now the Big New Package too

In addition to the well-known uses — washing silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens — use Lux for dishes, the family laundry, shampoo, babies' milk bottles, paint, porcelain, woodwork, rugs and linoleum. Lux won't harm anything that water alone won't harm.
Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



A sanitary floor easily cleaned. A comfortable floor—springy and restful to the feet. A beautiful floor—in unusual, colorful patterns. This example is Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7105/8.

New beauty and economy in a long-famous linoleum

WHEN she fitted out her own kitchen she didn't ask her mother what kind of refrigerator or cook-stove *she* had. Modern things are so much better. Yet she *did* want the same kind of linoleum. That floor of Nairn Inlaid Linoleum in her mother's home had worn for years.

But how much more lovely and colorful she found the modern Nairn patterns, especially in *Belflor* Inlaid, the newest Nairn Flooring. Here was beauty that her mother never dreamed of seeing in a linoleum flooring. And what a pleasant surprise was the low price. For a patented process of manufacture brings this beautiful flooring within everyone's reach.

The soft, clouded effects found in *Belflor* are duplicated in no other linoleum. In fact, *Belflor* Inlaid is so different from what you ordinarily think of as "kitchen flooring" that it's being used in many homes for the dining-room, bedrooms, and sun-room. It makes a marvelous background for rugs. Its colors add new rich values to the decorative scheme.

Not only is *Belflor* Inlaid more artistic than wood, but it requires less attention. It never needs refinishing. Its colors go clear through to the burlap back and an occasional waxing keeps them fresh.

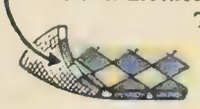
Send for the folder showing the Nairn patterns including *Belflor* Inlaid. Or see them at the nearest Nairn dealer's.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Atlanta
Kansas City San Francisco Minneapolis Cleveland
Pittsburgh Dallas New Orleans

This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back of every yard of
NAIRN LINOLEUM

Belflor Inlaid—a new line of 46 marbleized pattern effects of rare beauty. Made in light and heavy weights.
Straight Line Inlaid—clean cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid.
Dutch Tiles and Moulded Inlaids—the mottled colors merge slightly to produce softened outlines.
Moiré Inlaid—a rich two-tone, all-over effect.
Granite and Moresque Inlaids—popular all-over mottled effects.



The edge shows you *that the inlaid patterns are permanent, the colors go through to the burlap back.*

Battleship Linoleum—heavyweight plain linoleum—made to meet U. S. Gov't specifications. In five colors.
Plain Linoleum—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum. In six colors.
Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring.
Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum. Has a tough, glossy surface.
Linoleum Rugs—linoleum printed in handsome rug designs.
Pro-Lino—attractive patterns printed on a felt base.



Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7101/4

Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 2047/3

Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7146/1

"A Quality Product Since 1888"

NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM

BUTTERS—PIQUANT AND SWEET

Concluded from page 58



Decorative, as well as good to eat, are dainty balls of cheese butter

pungent cheese can be used instead of the American cheese if desired.

LEMON BUTTER

Mix one and a half cups of granulated sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon, one-fourth cup of fresh butter and three eggs. Boil all the ingredients gently in a saucepan, stirring constantly until the mixture is as thick as honey. Put it in jars and cover with a cloth or waxed paper which can be tied down when cold, but do not put wax on the top. This butter will keep for months if it is stored in a dry place.

ORANGE BUTTER

Beat to a cream one-fourth pound of butter, the yolks of three eggs, one cup of powdered sugar, the grated rind of one orange, and its juice. Cook the mixture over hot water, stirring all the time until thick.

DATE BUTTER

Mix one cup mashed dates, and one-half cup of butter with the oil squeezed out of the rind of a lemon. Mash these together into a paste. When using this butter spread it thickly on bread or crackers.

HAM BUTTER

¼ pound or ½ cup cooked ham
½ cup butter
Yolks of 2 hard-cooked eggs
Pepper

Grind the ham and pound smooth with the butter and the yolks of the hard-cooked eggs and season with pepper.

SHRIMP BUTTER

1 cup cooked shrimps
Salt
⅛ teaspoon cayenne
1 cup butter
About ¼ cup tarragon vinegar or lemon-juice

Pound the shrimps in a mortar with salt and cayenne. Add an equal portion of butter and moisten the mixture with the tarragon vinegar or lemon-juice.

PEANUT BUTTER AND FRUIT

¼ cup figs
¼ cup raisins
2 tablespoons light sirup
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup peanut butter

Wash figs and raisins and put through a food-chopper. Add salt, peanut butter, lemon-juice and sirup, and mix well.

PEANUT BUTTER AND ORANGE MARMALADE

½ cup peanut butter
¼ cup cream
½ cup orange marmalade

Mix peanut butter with cream or milk until it is smooth and light in color. Spread generously on thin slices of bread, and add a layer of orange marmalade. The marmalade may be mixed with the peanut butter, if preferred.

PEANUT BUTTER AND BANANA

½ cup peanut butter
¼ cup cream or hot water
½ cup banana pulp or 2 bananas
Lemon-juice

Mix the peanut butter with the cream until smooth and light in color, then combine with banana pulp and lemon-juice, or slice banana over layer of peanut butter on bread.

PEANUT BUTTER AND PICKLE

½ cup peanut butter
¼ cup hot water
½ cup chopped pickle

Cream peanut butter and water together and add chopped pickle.

PEANUT BUTTER AND ONION

1 cup peanut butter
¼ cup mayonnaise
1 small Bermuda or Spanish onion

Beat peanut butter, add mayonnaise and spread sandwiches. Slice onion in very thin slices and put a layer of these over mixture on bread.

PEACH BUTTER

2 quarts peach pulp
4 cups sugar
1 cup water

Pare, stone, slice and measure the fruit. Place it in the preserving-kettle with the water and heat it very slowly. When it is soft, pass the peaches through a fine sieve, return the pulp to the fire, add the sugar, and cook until thick and clear. Pack in hot, clean jars and seal.

EAT SUMMER'S FRUIT NEXT WINTER

The luscious fruits and vegetables of Spring and early Summer will soon be out of season. Preserve their deliciousness for next Winter. You can do it in so many ways.

Send for our booklet "Canning, Preserving and Jelly-Making." It tells you how to can, how to use the efficient cold-pack method, how to make the right sirups for preserves, how to use the pectin test for jelly; in fact, all you want to know about the processes of canning, preserving and jelly-making.

Carefully follow the directions given in it. With not half so much work as you think, you can line your shelves with jars of golden fruit in clear sirup, sparkling jellies, and smooth, flavorsome preserves—the kind you are proud to serve and glad to eat.

The booklet costs only twenty-five cents and will be sent to you promptly upon receipt of the money and your address by the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

for all those pineapple dishes you like so well



SLICED *or* **CRUSHED**

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

Remember the importance of quality!

With pineapple—as with every other canned fruit—you are sure when you say DEL MONTE.

You always know in advance exactly what this label stands for—the same uniform goodness—the same mellow flavor of sun-ripened fruit—no matter when or where you buy.

Why not be particular—when it's so easy?

California Packing Corporation
San Francisco

When Minutes Count

And Energy Food, needed—



QUICK QUAKER—Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

—that's quicker than toast!

BECAUSE of lack of time, you needn't deny a nourishing breakfast to the family. . . "Hot oats and milk"—that's the world's premier start for an active day.

Quick Quaker, the new Quaker Oats, was perfected to meet the time limit for cooking set by busy wives and mothers.

You cook them in less time than coffee. They make oats the quickest breakfast—hot, savory and enticing, they're as easy now as plain toast!

All the richness and rare flavor that won the world to Quaker, you'll find here. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference.

Try Quick Quaker—you'll like it.

Your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and Quick Quaker.

Standard full size and weight packages—
Medium: 1¼ pounds; *Large:* 3 pounds, 7 oz.



Quaker Oats

The kind you have always known



Quick Quaker

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

SAVE ALL THE STEAK

WHEN you buy a porterhouse steak, have the butcher cut off the long end piece, leaving the tissue. Have him put this section of the steak through the meat-grinder twice and then put it back in the steak, using the tissue to hold it in place. Every bit of the steak is tender, in fact it is all quite as tender as the tenderloin and looks very attractive when served.—Mrs. J. E. C., Washington, D.C.



SAVE HUNTING FOR A BODKIN

To save the work of running a ribbon in lingerie, each time it is laundered, fasten a piece of common twine to one end of the ribbon; then pull the ribbon out and leave the twine in. After the garment is laundered, fasten the ribbon to the twine, pulling it in as the twine is removed, and an otherwise slow job is quickly finished.—M. A. W., West Newton, Pa.

SAVE FOOD FROM GETTING COLD

Every woman who cooks on an oil-stove knows how difficult it is to keep food and plates warm. I have found that an old oven, placed on top of the one in which you are baking, makes a perfect warming-oven just right in size and temperature.—Mrs. A. P. O., Rogers, Ark.

EGG YOLKS CAN BE SAVED

I find that one or two tablespoons of salad oil poured over the yolks of eggs will protect them from the air and keep them soft. The yolks thus saved may be used for mayonnaise, muffins, cake, or for practically any purpose.—Mrs. R. J. A., Norfolk, Va.

SAVE TEARING LETTUCE LEAVES

In some varieties of lettuce the leaves grow so closely together that it is almost impossible to separate them without tearing them. By cutting the root end very closely, even cutting it out a little, and letting the cold water from the faucet run down into the the heart of the lettuce the leaves can be loosened without being torn. Mrs. B. H. F., South Orange, N. J.

SAVE BUYING CLAY FOR CHILDREN

A very simple but satisfactory molding clay may be made from one cup of flour, one cup of salt, one teaspoon of powdered alum, mixed with enough water to mold easily. By wrapping it in a damp cloth after the children are tired of playing with it the clay can be used again and again.—Mrs. F. P. B., Rushville, Mo.

DON'T BREAK THE BOOK'S BACK

A new book should not be used until it has been opened properly. To do this hold the book so the back is on the table and the covers and leaves are upright, take six or eight pages, first from the right and then from the left side, and press them down gently against the covers. Continue this until all the pages have been pressed down.—Mrs. F. D. B., Manhattan, Kans.

HOLDERS THAT SAVE BURNED HANDS

When making cloth holders for handling hot pans and dishes, use several thicknesses of cloth, sewing them together on three sides but leaving the fourth side open. The hand can then be slipped inside the holder and protected from the heat of the oven and from the top of the stove. Holders made in this way are also a great protection when boiling water is being poured from an uncovered kettle.—Mrs. B. I. C., Syracuse, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY ON GARDEN FLOWERS

Several Summers ago we found that our income left us no spending-money. So we studied to discover a way in which the income might be increased. One evening at a lodge meeting I noticed that the women who lived in apartments were eager for the flowers which had been used for decorations. An inspiration came to me which proved to be profitable. In my garden were several long rows of sweet peas and nasturtiums in full bloom. I made up several bouquets of these flowers and permitted my ten-year-old son to take them to the apartments to sell. In an hour he was back with an empty basket and two dollars in cash. That afternoon he made a second trip. By evening all the flowers were sold. For the remainder of the Summer the boy made two trips a week, following a regular route. In the Fall there were zinnias and marigolds—but never enough of any flower to meet the demand. The next year most of our garden was planted with flowers. Both the boy and I have a very tidy income from the flowers.—Mrs. R. J. S., Cambridge, Ohio.

A NEW BED FROM AN OLD ONE

Old brass beds which have become unsightly may be made most attractive by using a walnut finish. I had two such beds. I first gave them two coats of flat cream paint, and, when they were dry, covered them with a good walnut stain.—C. K., Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO MEET BILLS

My husband earns three hundred and twenty dollars a month, and I seemed to have no ready cash when the bills came in. Now I have a number of envelopes, each one labeled with one item as cash, electricity, rent, furniture, insurance, etc. I figure one-fourth of the monthly cost of these items, thus finding the weekly average. Each week I take out from my husband's wages the amount required for the various items for a week and place this amount in the envelopes. At the end of the month the money is ready and I no longer need to worry.—Mrs. L. A. S., Toledo, Ohio.

KEEPING THE MIXING-BOWL FROM SLIPPING

When beating ingredients in a bowl with one hand and adding material with the other, the bowl is inclined to slip around on a smooth table-top. This can be prevented by placing the bowl on a folded towel.—Mrs. C. G. W., Bell, Calif.

WHEN YOU PRICK YOUR FINGER

The pricking of a finger has resulted many times in blood spots on a delicate fabric. These may be perfectly removed from white fabric with peroxide.—Mrs. D. S. B., Greene, N. Y.

SAVE SNAPS FROM FLATTENING

I have found that if snaps are fastened before the garment is washed they usually are not injured by being put through the wringer.—Mrs. T. M., Rochester, Ind.

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, The Delineator, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)



Your Kitchen—

not just a place to work but a room of comfort and convenience

—with the improved 1925 Hoosier Highboy!

Somber dark brown calico or pretty, clean, colorful linen—which will a woman choose for a dress?

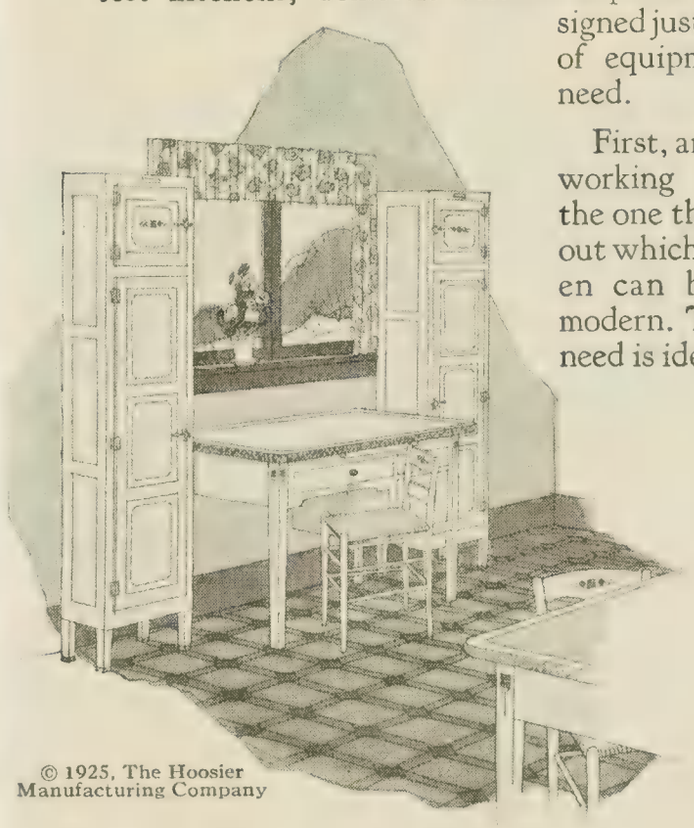
Somber dark brown kitchen or pretty, clean, colorful room—which will she choose for her work place?

A drudge's dress and a drudgery room have no interest for a woman nowadays. She must have beauty, cleanliness, convenience in everything.

Most of all she must have it in the kitchen. And fortunately she *can* have it—easily and inexpensively.

A Hoosier kitchen
inviting, efficient, inexpensive

The Hoosier Manufacturing Company has made it possible for you to make this most important room a well-ordered, pleasant place to work. In the Hoosier test kitchens, domestic science experts have designed just the units of equipment you need.



© 1925, The Hoosier Manufacturing Company

Quite the most constructive step in kitchen efficiency since the first Hoosier cabinet was designed, are the Hoosier storage units. The broom unit holds all cleaning accessories and the shelf unit gives ample room for pots, pans and staple supplies

First, an efficient working center—the one thing without which no kitchen can be called modern. This great need is ideally filled by the Hoosier Highboy Cabinet. Every detail is scientifically planned and perfected to save time and work. Not in years of housekeeping can so many conveniences be assembled, and certainly not in one such capacious working center!

And it is such a handsome piece of furniture, too! Imposing in proportions, elegant in finish, yet dainty in decoration, the Highboy gives to the kitchen a planned, completely furnished look. You can have it in White or French Grey Enamel or Golden Oak.

With the Hoosier Highboy as the central working unit, movable cupboard units have been designed to complete the equipment. A roomy broom closet and a handy shelf cupboard for dishes and utensils give the storage which every kitchen needs, in addition to that afforded in the cabinet.

The Hoosier Breakfast Set of table and chairs adds cozy convenience. It is finished to match cabinet and units. The table has the regular Hoosier quality porceliron top; the chairs have cane seats.

With Hoosier equipment you can completely modernize your old kitchen with no remodeling, no tearing out or building in! And for new kitchens architects are installing it as the most complete, uniform equipment possible to get.

The Hoosier Easy Purchase Plan makes ownership easy!

Don't wait to enjoy the convenience of a Hoosier Highboy—you can have one *now*, easily and economically. The Hoosier store in your town will gladly tell you of a special purchase plan whereby a small down payment puts the cabinet in your kitchen *now;* the rest on convenient terms. See Hoosier Equipment; select what you need; then begin to enjoy it *immediately* through the Hoosier Easy Purchase Plan. Be sure to ask about it at the store or write us for details.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO.
625 Delaware Street, Newcastle, Indiana

The 1925 Hoosier Highboy is finer than ever now, with no increase of cost. These are the new improvements:

New combination glass and wood panel double doors. Combining the artistic and practical. Handy metal and wood racks and trays on inside of doors

New type flour bin. Has shaker sifter and is suspended from lower shelf. Accessible; easy to fill

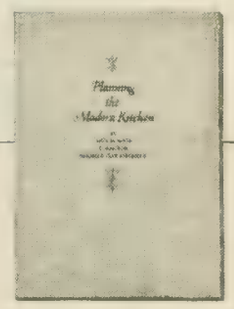
Greater shelf storage space. Unequaled storage space above. Shelves full 12 inches deep

Genuine porceliron storage drawer. All porceliron, completely enclosed, moist-proof and dust-proof. Can be used for surplus flour, if needed

Genuine porceliron bread and cake box. Just above storage drawer. All porceliron

Sliding cutting board. Finest rock maple. Slides over bread and cake box

Other special Hoosier features. Spacious white porceliron top, 25 x 40½ inches, on roller spring tension; mouse-proof; ant-proof; shaker flour sifter; 14-piece glassware set; velvet-lined silverware extension drawer; 10-piece cutlery set in extension drawer with compartments



A helpful book on kitchens free to you —send coupon

The Hoosier Manufacturing Co.
625 Delaware St., Newcastle, Ind.
British Address:
Ideal Furniture Equipment
9 Preston St., Liverpool

Please send me, free, your new booklet, "Planning the Modern Kitchen."

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Restful Sleep *and quiet nerves*



A natural means to restful sleep—a quick restoration to your tired body

How to get the sound, natural sleep that keeps you young in looks and spirits

Approved by 20,000 foremost doctors. See what 3 days will do for you

No more wakeful nerves at night. No more logy mornings. No more afternoon let-downs.

Here is a *natural* means to sound, peaceful sleep. It brings quick restoration to your tired body. It soothes your frayed nerves. And as you sleep you are gaining strength.

In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being, eager with the joy of life. With youthful energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.



Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep quickly, naturally

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Luxurious Sleep That Restores

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine mixed with milk, brings sound restful sleep, quickly and naturally. This is why:



First—it combines in easily digestive form certain vitalizing and building-up food-essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has *more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.*

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually *to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods* which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

There is quick restoration for your tired mind and body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Restful sleep comes.

In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being for a new day. You are alive with energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. It has been used in Switzerland for 30 years and is now in universal use in England and its colonies. During the great war Ovaltine was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today it is used in hundreds of hospitals. More than 20,000 leading physicians know and recommend it not only as a restorative but also for nursing mothers, convalescents, invalids, backward children and the aged.

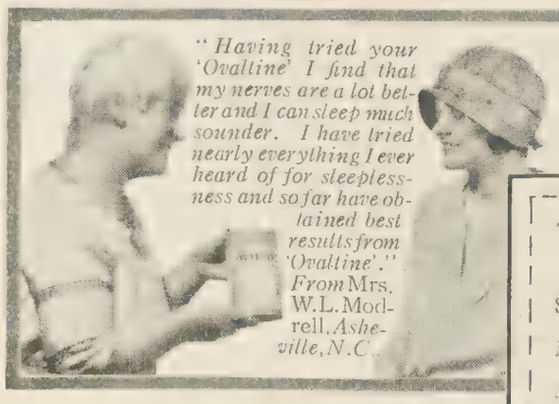
Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick-up" drink.

A 3-day Test

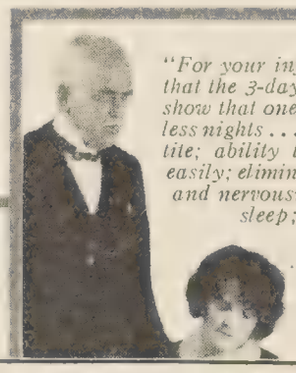
Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents in stamps.

OVALTINE

Builds Brain, Nerves and Body



"Having tried your 'Ovaltine' I find that my nerves are a lot better and I can sleep much sounder. I have tried nearly everything I ever heard of for sleeplessness and so far have obtained best results from 'Ovaltine'." From Mrs. W. L. Modrell, *Asheville, N. C.*



"For your information I will say that the 3-day trial can proved to show that one can overcome sleepless nights . . . I have a better appetite; ability to concentrate more easily; elimination of tired feeling and nervousness; a better night's sleep; able to rise without hesitation for another day's work." Letter from Mr. Ernest W. Giese, *Houston, Texas.*

Send for 3-Day Test

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 265,
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

(One package to a person.) Write plainly.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—THE DELINEATOR offers mothers a unique program in child health. Besides the articles published every month there are four "Happy Baby Clubs" which mothers may join. These are under the direction of Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw and are told about every month on the Happy Child page.

In addition, THE DELINEATOR presents a series of pamphlets which were written during the time that the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt was director of the Happy Child Department. These pamphlets were prepared under the direction of this most eminent of child specialists and were written, some by him and others by his distinguished associates. They cost only ten cents each and treat the following subjects: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding," "Diet Problems of Childhood," "Early Childhood," "The Child's Teeth," "The School Child," "The Mental Health of the Child," "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood," "Play, Eyes and Movies" and "Correct Posture."

If you would like to have the first seven of these in durable and attractive book form, you should purchase "The Happy Baby," which costs one dollar.

Then there is the "Baby's Record Book," which has been proven most popular. It is nicely bound, and is very complete with charts on which to record the little one's growth and health, and blank pages for remarks and photographs. This costs one dollar.

Home-making—This department has a score of leaflets that will help you to systematize, simplify and improve your housekeeping. Write for a list of them. And remember that you can ask any question that troubles you concerning household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home," "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," "How to Know Good Furniture" and a new one, just prepared, called "Methods of Painting Furniture," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Beauty—The beauty editor will answer personal questions and send complimentary folders on the care of skin, hands and hair, or lotions and cosmetics. Tell us which you want—and enclose postage at rate of two cents for two folders.

Health—This department has just published a booklet called "Reducing in Spots," by Dr. Lillian E. Shaw, who is a doctor as well as an expert in physical training. In addition to scientific exercises for reducing different parts of the body, this booklet includes a number of special exercises for correcting body faults. The price is twenty-five cents.

Etiquette—A new booklet called "Table Hospitality" gives explicit directions for setting the table for formal and informal meals and for entertaining with and without a maid. This is ten cents, and Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette, such as "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These cost nothing but the postage, which is estimated at two cents for two folders.

Entertainment—Do not hesitate to ask us about any entertainment that you may be planning. We have many interesting suggestions to offer you. Among the most timely are "A Perfect Circus," "A Class-Day Banquet" and "Will Shakespeare Class Day," newer than it sounds. Send only two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE—THIN

By Flora Rose

Director, New York State College of Home Economics, Cornell University

You remember old Cæsar with his "Give me men that are fat." For the sake of your health and appearance, consider your weight, and don't be a "lean Cassius." If you are underweight read this article and then write to the Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and ask for the additional information we have prepared. We shall be glad to send you suggested menus, exercises, and rules for correct living if you want to increase your weight. But please send two cents to cover return postage

BEING too thin is one of the commonest difficulties brought to the door of the dietitian with a request for assistance. Often it is accompanied by the statement: "And I've drunk just quarts of milk trying to gain a few pounds."

Underweight is not by any means altogether a problem of diet. The person who is underweight is often one who is ambiguously described as "not being free to gain."

This may mean that there is some evident handicap which interferes equally with gaining or growing, such as diseased and enlarged tonsils, masses of adenoid tissue or infected teeth. Or there may be some obscure physical cause which can not be easily located. Sometimes a mental conflict of which the individual is unconscious, but which keeps him in a continual state of nervous tension, is to blame, or else some unrevealed focus of infection is responsible.

In any case the first thing to do if one be sufficiently underweight to be troubled by it, is to sit down with the situation and see if it be possible to determine the cause. Having done this, the next step is to go about removing the cause. Those who are underweight because of faulty food habits or faulty health habits are the only ones whom the dietitian is prepared to assist.

If underweight be due to faulty food habits, it may be ascribed to several things. For example, some underweights lack sufficient appetite to encourage them to eat as much food as is needed both to support activity and to increase weight. In this case, the solution may lie in selecting foods for their appetite-stimulating quality, thus building up a desire for larger quantities of food.

It is an interesting truth that with lack of appetite and a small consumption of food, goes a small stomach capacity for food. As appetite increases, and as the amount of food eaten each meal increases, the capacity of the stomach for food increases. This increased size of the stomach then reacts to increase the desire for food, because a full stomach gives its possessor real comfort.

With other underweights, the amount of activity may be out of all proportion to their structural ability to hold the food required to support that activity and at the same time

Concluded on page 67



Make this your breakfast tomorrow morning

Strawberries and Post Toasties, Double-Thick Corn Flakes! The combination is delicious. A heaping bowl of scarlet and golden goodness,—ripe, luscious berries that fairly melt on your tongue; crisp-toasted Post Toasties, the best Corn Flakes you've ever tasted! Hearts of white corn, flaked Double-Thick, Post Toasties have all the flavor of the corn. Expertly seasoned, specially toasted to crisp, crackling brown, their flavor is beyond compare.

Packed always in the red and yellow, *wax-wrapped* carton to protect their flavor and their crispness Post Toasties are corn flakes at their very best. Be sure to ask for Post Toasties at your grocer's and get the genuine, Double-Thick Corn Flakes that stay crisp in cream.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc., Dept. 6-104
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

Makers of Post Health Products: Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*), Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum.



Write today for free test package and make the Milk or Cream Test for corn flakes crispness.



Post Toasties

DOUBLE THICK Corn Flakes

stay crisp in cream

© P. C. Co., 1925

Few things are easier to make than good mayonnaise.

Wesson Oil and a fresh egg—beaten together and seasoned to taste—and you have a mayonnaise you'll be proud of!

Quickest results are obtained if the oil and egg are not too cold. The ordinary temperature of your kitchen is just right.

Break the egg in a bowl—

Add about a tablespoon of Wesson Oil.

Beat vigorously with an egg beater or a fork—until the oil and egg are *thoroughly mixed*. How long will that take? Perhaps while you count fifty—not as fast as you can count but as fast as you can beat.

Add another tablespoon of oil and beat again—*vigorously*. Two tablespoons and beat again. Two or three more and beat again.

Your mayonnaise will begin to thicken a little.

Then add Wesson Oil four or five tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition—until your mayonnaise is as thick and stiff as you want it. The more oil you beat into it the thicker your mayonnaise will be—about two cupfuls is the usual amount. [Never add more than a quarter cupful of oil at any one time.]

After your mayonnaise is made, add seasoning. Mix a half teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon each of sugar and mustard, a generous pinch each of paprika and red pepper—add a tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar and stir until the salt and sugar are dissolved—then pour into the mayonnaise and beat well.



TO BE OR NOT TO BE—THIN

Concluded from page 64

increase the weight. This means that to increase the eating of food to the point where such activity can be maintained may prove impossible to accomplish. The advice to this group is to increase the time given to sleep or to physical relaxation and rest.

Then there are the underweights who have appetite and who are at work on the problem of trying to gain, but who do not know what foods to select as a basis for gaining weight. The directions to be given to this group will help to meet the needs of the others as well.

First—Stimulate the appetite by a judicious inclusion of foods which possess stimulating properties. Succulent vegetables are particularly good. Breads and breakfast food containing the outer layers and germ of the grain, and made with an abundance of yeast are also good; and soups are invaluable.

Secondly—Always supply the needed abundance of those foods that are required to maintain any individual at his best, before adding other foods. These are: a quart of milk a day for the child, and a pint for the adult; a serving of meat a day for the adult and older child; an egg or a piece of cheese a day; two vegetables a day, other than potatoes, one of these preferably a green vegetable and as often as possible served raw, as in the case of cabbage, lettuce, celery; two fruits a day, and one of these an orange or a tomato, a piece of grapefruit, or some lemon-juice; and breads and breakfast foods to include, in so far as practicable, the germ and outer layers of the cereal grains.

Thirdly—After the day's diet has been planned to include the foods mentioned under "*secondly*," then and only then should the problem of weight-gaining be considered. Now it is a safe plan to reinforce the diet in weight-gaining foods. This is where the person who has drunk quarts of milk a day, and failed to gain in weight, finds the explanation. Gains in weight, for those free to gain, are accomplished when the individual spends in his activities each day less energy than the food for that day has supplied. It is a balance problem.

Milk, valuable as it is, should not be too largely depended upon to bring up the day's food on this basis. It is too dilute an energy food. This becomes evident when we show that it would require about four quarts of milk a day to meet the energy-need of the average adult living an inactive life. So when adapting milk to a weight-gaining program, use it to the limit of its value—that is, up to but no more than, a quart a day for either child or adult. After that point has been reached, more concentrated foods should take its place.

With the right basic dietary of milk, fruit, vegetables, eggs, cheese, and meat well established, the way to gain in weight is to study each meal and to plan to hide in it increased amounts of foods which are concentrated, that is, which have high energy values.

For example, at breakfast eat fruit with a little added cream; butter the toast more generously than usual; eat an extra piece of toast; or include marmalade with the meal. At lunch eat an extra piece of bread well buttered. At the close of the meal eat a piece of candy, or better a tablespoon of salted nuts.

At dinner eat with meat some tart jelly or preserve in place of pickles. Have a dessert that combines fruit and cream. Eat an extra piece of bread well buttered. When the vegetables are cooked, season well with fat. This is one of the ways fat can be included without causing digestive upsets.

A little ingenuity will soon show how to increase energy values in meals almost without the consumer being conscious that this has been done.

When the underweight person begins to put on flesh, every effort should be made at the same time to insure the good quality of that flesh by a correct background diet, such as has already been described, by right habits of exercising out-of-doors, and by sufficient periods of rest.

A tablespoon of cod-liver oil a day is the best possible accompaniment to the foods suggested; since it will aid in making a normal disposition in the body of some of the substances supplied in the food. With slight modifications, these dietary directions will apply to children as well as to adults.

ASK US

Ask us anything you want to know about housekeeping and we will answer it personally. From our recent correspondence we publish the following questions and answers as being of general interest to all home-makers

QUESTION—My little girl, who is six years old, is underweight. I have just taken her to the doctor, who tells me she is perfectly well but that she is too active for the amount she eats. Her appetite is small. Can you tell me how to improve it?

Answer—There are two things for you to do. First, improve the appetite, and second, increase the rest periods of the child. The appetite may be stimulated by giving the child a glass of fruit-juice and a cracker in the middle of the morning and again in the middle of the afternoon. In addition to this, give her a carefully cooked green vegetable each day and a serving of some other vegetable. As far as possible, give her whole-wheat bread and whole-grain breakfast foods. Fruits, vegetables, whole grains and the yeast in bread are all appetite stimulating.

Question—Is the water in which vegetables are cooked any good?

Answer—In so far as possible, every bit of water in which vegetables have been cooked should be served with the vegetable or used in soups or gravies. This is because the minerals in vegetables soak out into the water in which they are cooked and an important nutrient is often poured down the drain. One of the ways to increase iron in the diet is to use the water in which vegetables have been cooked, or steam or bake the vegetable to prevent loss of iron.

Question—Why are starches and sugars fattening when they contain no fat?

Answer—This is because if more sugar or starch is eaten each day than is needed as fuel to keep the body warm or help it do its work, it is finally stored by the body as fat.

Question—How may I make my dark kitchen light and cheerful?

Answer—Two things need to be done to such a kitchen. First, it needs to have, if possible, more windows, or to have glass put in the upper part of the door, or to have the windows raised closer to the ceiling. Second, it needs to be painted with some color which will seem to bring light into the kitchen. White and cream color, with a little orange added, will do this.

Question—Please give me a recipe for fresh blueberry muffins.

Answer—:

¼ cup fat
¼ cup sugar
2 eggs
1 cup milk
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup blueberries

Cream fat and sugar. Add beaten eggs and milk. Add all but one-quarter cup of flour mixed and sifted with the baking-powder and salt. Mix the blueberries with the remaining flour and fold into the batter. Bake in small, well-greased gem-pans or in well-greased layer-cake or pie tins.

Question—How can I reheat rolls and biscuit and keep them from drying out?

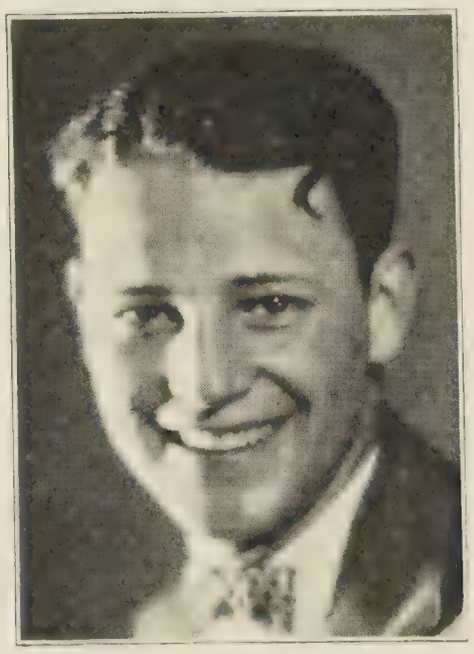
Answer—Put them into a paper bag, fasten the bag and put it into a moderate oven (350 degrees to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for ten or fifteen minutes or until the bag begins to get a little darker brown. The rolls or biscuit will be almost like fresh baked products.

FREE 10-day test. Send the coupon

Cloudy teeth—dull teeth

How to make them whiter—quickly

The new way world's dental authorities advise. What to do



THOSE whiter teeth that you envy. Don't think that they are beyond you. You can now lighten dull and dingy teeth—make them gleam and glisten.

Modern science has discovered a new way. A method different in formula, action and effect from any you have ever used. This offers you a test. Simply use the coupon; it brings free a 10-day tube.

Look for film on your teeth—that's the cause. How to combat it

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a film. That's the cause of the trouble. You must fight it.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dingy teeth mean more than loss of good appearance. They may indicate danger, grave danger to your teeth.

New methods now that mean greater tooth beauty plus better protection from tooth troubles

Ordinary tooth pastes were unable to cope adequately with that film. Not one could effectively combat it. Harsh grit tended to injure the enamel. Soap and chalk were inadequate.

Now modern dental science has found new combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new-type tooth paste called Pepsodent—a scientific method that is changing the tooth cleaning habits of some 50 different nations.

Don't you think it worth while to try it for 10 days; then to note results yourself?

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada



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Make the test today. Clip the coupon for a free 10-day tube. Or get a full-size tube of your druggist. Why follow old methods when world's dental authorities urge a better way?

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

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The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authority

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Your Whole Appearance Depends Upon Your Hair

Without beautiful, well-kept hair, you can never be really attractive.

Soft, silky hair is the most ALLURING CHARM any woman can possess. It makes the plainest features appear soft and sweet.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



BETTER HEALTH CLUBS FOR WOMEN

Concluded from page 2

the hips or shoulders to sway from side to side. Every movement of the whole body should be straight forward.

Always keep the chest expanded forward, rather than upward, when walking. Be sure to take full deep breaths with each step, so that plenty of oxygen is taken into the lungs, and breathe with the mouth closed. The length of the walk should be gradually increased with each succeeding trip until it covers from eight to ten miles.

Although no other activity is quite so universally applicable as walking, there are many more strenuous sports from which excellent programs can be selected.

Golf and tennis appeal throughout the Spring, Summer and Fall. Any group of women can easily combine to form a tennis club, and provide interesting, healthful and stimulating exercise for six or seven months of the year, or all the year round in those kindly climes where there is no "closed season" for the brassie or racquet.

Most cities have municipal tennis-courts and many are now providing municipal golf-grounds. But almost any group of women can construct a tennis-court of their own. A thoroughly serviceable court is expensive, but its usefulness would soon compensate for the expense. For all-round use the concrete court is perhaps the best. Once built it requires practically no attention and is always in condition to be used; of course, other courts can be constructed at a smaller initial cost. They will, however, require much more attention to keep in condition. Furthermore, a considerable time is required for them to dry after a rain.

Precaution is necessary, when playing on concrete courts, not to blister the feet. To prevent this trouble, tennis players should wear heavy stockings; or if preferred a woolen sock covering only the foot can be worn under a light stocking. In addition it is wise to wear heavy rubber or crêpe-soled shoes.

Golf is an excellent game for women, since it combines wholesome outdoor exercise with pleasant social relations.

THE ideal Summer sport, in addition to golf and tennis, is swimming. Perhaps there is no sport more suited to a woman's needs than swimming. This activity calls into play every part of the body in such a way as to develop smooth rolling muscles. In addition, a brisk plunge serves as an ideal tonic to the circulatory system, especially if it be in salt water.

Canoeing and boating have an important part in Summer activities. Rowing is especially delightful in the evening under a Summer moon. Nothing is more beautiful than to glide silently across a star-mirrored lake in a still, graceful canoe.

Along with swimming and canoeing, go picnicking and beach excursions. Whenever possible these should be planned far away from the popular resorts where the commercial amusements and throngs of people crowd out any chance for wholesome activity.

When it is very hot and there is little desire for venturing into the sun, a lively interest can frequently be maintained in croquet. This game lends itself to warm weather, because it calls for only mild activity, and because it can usually be enjoyed in a cool spot under the shade of trees.

What is true of croquet is true also of archery and quoits. Many women become most enthusiastic over these ancient pastimes. They require but little equipment and afford splendid rivalry.

In the Summer volley ball is great fun out of doors on a plat of grass or on clean sand. The only equipment necessary is a volley ball, a net, two upright posts or trees to hold the net, and a level piece of ground. The playing space should be approximately thirty by sixty feet, but it may well be smaller. Normally a team consists of six players, but the game lends itself readily to varying numbers. Any number from three to ten can easily play on each team.

Perhaps the Winter months see a greater neglect of wholesome outdoor exercise than any other season. Yet there are many invigorating and delightful Winter exercises. In northern climates there is no better Winter sport than skating. It is one of the most ideal forms of exercise for women, and a pleasure one is never too old to enjoy. Figure skating, especially, combines grace, poise and skill.

Snow-shoeing and skiing are somewhat more strenuous, but are sports greatly enjoyed by women in some localities. One of the most active ski clubs in the country is in Denver, Colorado. The club has a membership of two hundred and fifty and owns ten acres of land and a complete club house. There are occasional public exhibitions, but most of the time the course is held for the enjoyment of the members. Both men and women belong, and skiing parties have become very popular. On a splendid hillside where snow is found from late October till March, are two take-offs for jumping, one for the beginner and one for the accomplished performer. As a result of this parent club several others have been formed in the vicinity of Denver, where nature specially favors this sport.

In Minneapolis the Municipal Play-ground Department has established thirty neighborhood skating-rinks, two toboggan slides, five official, lighted hockey-rinks, two ski slides, one official, speed skating-rink, and one official, figure skating-rink.

What Minneapolis has done other cities can do for activities suitable to their climates. All this will make the program of outdoor activity easier. But whether the municipality supplies the facilities or not, the club-women can themselves provide all they need for wholesome, pleasant and beneficial exercise.

IN ALL outdoor activities dress plays an important part—especially in Winter sport. Vivid blues and reds and yellows that everyday garb forbids have an important place in the dress for Winter sports. Also costumes of all white, or white with black trimming are appropriate and frequently very attractive. Colors, however, are also very popular. Full skirts of bright plaids are excellent with a white or colored sweater or jacket.

The blanket coat, white or gray or colored, is still the popular garment for the snow-shoer, with woolen toque and sash and mittens of some bright contrasting shade.

Skiers must keep clear of loose, flowing garments. A closely-woven wool sweater, knickers and a shirt coat are appropriate.

For any physical activity, Winter or Summer, all dress should be sufficiently loose to permit free play of all muscles. There should be no binding or cramping of any kind.

With skating and hiking, kodaking, snow-shoeing and skiing in the Winter; with golf, tennis, riding and hiking in the Fall; with swimming, picnicking, boating, croquet, archery, quoits, volley ball, tennis and golf in the Summer; with nature study, kodaking, golf, tennis and driving in the Spring—no club need lack for interesting programs for any time during the year.

There remain also a variety of programs that can be worked out in gymnasia, preferably under trained leaders. Formal calisthenics, folk-dancing, natural dancing, gymnastics, mass games, and many other activities known to any leader of gymnastic classes are well suited to the needs of women. Volley ball, basket-throwing, archery, keep-away and other competitive games can be employed to advantage. It is simpler, however, and more wholesome and better fun to follow the outdoor programs through their respective seasons.

My suggestion for getting a program started in this: At the next meeting of your club, find out which of the women enjoy the same sort of sport that you do. Get five or six to agree to spend an afternoon hiking or swimming or playing tennis with you. Make it a weekly affair. Go out of your way to enjoy the afternoon to the limit. Soon you will find others wanting to join you. Still others who may not be interested in your particular line of recreation will find that they, too, have kindred spirits, and it will not be long before they will form a group to enjoy some other set of activities. If you have enough enthusiasm and zest you will soon have your whole club doing something. Try it! You will add years to your life, color to your cheeks, vigor to your body and brain, and the beauty that comes with perfect health—to say nothing of doing the same for your friends, and of enjoying a glorious good time.



TWIN COMFORTS OF THE HOME

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For your children's sake — Radiator Warmth

ASK your doctor. He will tell you that the even temperature of the radiator-warmed home helps to keep growing children healthy.

Why?

Because every room has the same comfortable temperature; no chilly drafts; no cold floors; a home where children can romp *anywhere* in perfect safety.

Radiator warmth is health insurance for the whole family; now is the time to plan for it. Ask your Heating Contractor for an estimate. Let him tell you of the dependable warmth of an IDEAL Boiler and American Radiators. You will be agreeably surprised at the low cost. . .



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IDEAL BOILERS AND AMERICAN RADIATORS FOR EVERY HEATING NEED





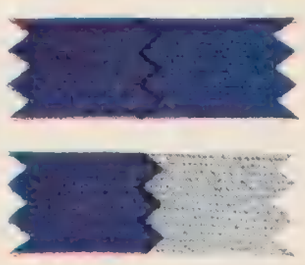
¶ *Many a woman has found herself in this distressing situation. Do you know how to avert it?*

And the pity of it is it need never have happened

ALL her time and money and work gone for nothing! The dress was *ruined*—its pretty color faded and streaked in a single washing. If she had only made it of Everfast—it could even have been boiled, without fading it a particle.

For, Everfast fabrics are fast to washing and boiling, fast to the strongest soaps and washing powders, fast to sunlight, fast to perspiration, fast to everything. That is the tremendously satisfactory thing about Everfast—it is fast color under all conditions.

Reproduction of Everfast and ordinary wash fabrics before and after being boiled with washing soda. *Note there is not the slightest change in the color of Everfast.*



So sure are we of this, that every Everfast fabric is sold under the following guarantee:

If any Everfast Wash Fabric fades, for any reason whatsoever, we will refund through your dealer, not only the purchase price of the material, but all making costs of the garment as well.

And you have such lovely Everfast fabrics from which to choose! Exquisite voiles, linens, ginghams (plain and checked), suitings, poplins, broadcloths and other smart weaves, many exclusive to Everfast.

They are suitable for frocks and gowns of every kind and for every occasion—garden parties, teas, sports, street wear, house and porch dresses—and even for lingerie too. And they are just as appropriate for children's clothes, for dress-up, school or play.

You'll love the colors, of which there is a wide, wide range. Soft blues and browns and those of the deeper tones, gorgeous hues of yellow and gold, lavenders, orchids, rose and pink—and others too numerous to name.

Everfast Wash Fabrics cost but a trifle more than ordinary cotton materials. And yet how much more they give you! This year, make all your clothes of Everfast—the fabrics that will not fade. Your favorite store probably sells Everfast Wash Fabrics and ready-made apparel of Everfast. If not, write us and we will direct you to one who does.

Look for the name Everfast on the selvage. N. Erlanger, Blumgart & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

THE GENUINE **Everfast Wash Fabrics**



WHAT THE "DUCTLESS GLANDS" ARE

Concluded from page 16

On the other hand, children who have very small or defective pituitary glands may develop in an entirely different way. They remain dwarflike in stature, have small heads, hands and feet, and show an excessive obesity. There is defective development of their generative organs, and the mind remains childlike even late in life.

TURNING to the suprarenal glands, it has been found that when they have been largely destroyed by tuberculosis or by tumor growth, the patients become of a bronze color and exhibit profound muscular weakness; moreover their blood pressure falls to a low level. This condition is known as "Addison's disease."

There are two parts to the suprarenal gland, namely (1) the marrow of the gland (which produces epinephrin or adrenalin, a substance that raises blood pressure by contracting the small arteries, but relaxes spasm of the bronchi and is accordingly a valuable remedy in asthma), and (2) the rind or outer covering of the gland, which has an entirely different function from that of the marrow of the gland.

Children with tumors of this rind of the suprarenal gland may become profoundly altered; thus, if the disease of the gland occurs before birth, changes in the organs take place that make it difficult for the layman to tell whether the child is a boy or a girl, but if the disease develop during infancy the child may undergo at the third or fourth year the maturing process that ordinarily occurs at the age of twelve or fourteen, a change known as "premature puberty."

Tumors of the outer covering of the gland occurring in later life are often accompanied by abnormal growth of hair over the body (hirsutism); the "whiskered woman" of the circus and the so-called "dog-faced man" are believed to have been examples of such disorder.

Space will not permit of a description of all the conditions now known to be associated with disorders of the several ductless glands in infancy and childhood, but it may merely be mentioned (1) that sudden death occurring during slight accidents or minor surgical operations is often due to the existence of an abnormal thymus gland; (2) that the spasm disease known as "tetany" (not "tetanus") occurs when there is insufficiency of the parathyroid glands; and (3) that the whole bodily and mental state of a person (or of an animal) is profoundly affected by excision of the sex glands or by destructive disease of the same in early life, as we know from the study of human eunuchs, and as every farmer has well learned, since the difference between the docile ox and the unruly bull depends upon early excision of these glands in the former and their undisturbed function in the latter.

ENOUGH has been said above, perhaps, to permit the layman entirely untrained in medicine to understand that gross disturbances of the glands under discussion may be of very grave significance for the developing child. No person acquainted with the facts just referred to can fail to be interested in the progress of knowledge in this domain. For in the growth of knowledge lies the hope, on one hand, of preventing such disturbances from occurring, and, on the other, of curing the patients or reducing their sufferings once they have occurred.

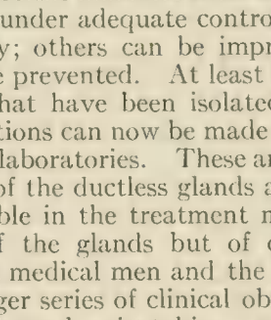
But thus far the methods of prevention of diseases of the ductless galnds, of their cure, and of bettering of the symptoms they produce, are far less advanced than we should like them to be. Many laymen seem to think that knowledge of the ductless glands is more definite than it really is. The idea has got abroad that almost any serious or obscure disease in a child may be due to a "disorder of a ductless gland" or to an "endocrine imbalance," and that if only the "guilty gland" can be detected and "suitable glandular therapy" be inaugurated, all will be well with the child!

The prevalence of this idea is exceedingly unfortunate, for in countless instances it has raised false hopes that later had to be shattered, causing intense disappointment to those who had been over-expectant. Physicians, and especially consultants, are ever being besieged by parents who bring epileptic or hopelessly feeble-minded children to them with a piteous appeal for "gland diagnosis" and remedial "gland intervention."

High-minded, conscientious physicians are doing what they can to educate the public to their limitations in this field and to protect anxious parents from exploitation by quacks and by ignorant, deluded, or unscrupulous vendors of endocrine products. Even in cases in which the maladies are really of endocrine origin, the treatment that can be successfully applied in the present state of medical knowledge is relatively limited.

Some endocrine maladies there are that can be brought under adequate control by scientific therapy; others can be improved, and some can be prevented. At least two active principles that have been isolated from internal secretions can now be made artificially in chemical laboratories. These and extracts from some of the ductless glands are exceedingly valuable in the treatment not only of disorders of the glands but of other maladies. But medical men and the laity must await a longer series of clinical observations, and of prolonged painstaking researches in experimental laboratories, before much success can be expected in either the prevention or cure of the majority of endocrine disorders. What is needed now is more money, and more well-trained scientists, for the prosecution of original research in this field.

Fame and the gratitude of mankind will be well deserved by the scientific inquirer who will make the discovery of another endocrine product or principle commensurate in importance with the discovery of pituitrin, of insulin, of epinephrin or of thyroxin. And the satisfaction to be derived from endowing scientific research, of building and equipping laboratories and of manning them with suitably trained investigators, should not be overlooked by those in a position to make large gifts for the benefit of mankind.



SILVER SHOON

Continued from page 11

"I'm to frow the rice." He held up the bag. "Soon as it's all done, mammy says I kin frow the rice." And off he danced again down the garden path toward the front door.

"Soon as it's all done." The words echoed in Richard's ears as he followed Ellen up on the porch. He was too dazed, too completely lost in a whirl of emotion, to do more than follow.

JUST inside the doorway he paused, arrested by the sound of familiar voices. On the left, the parlors were already buzzing with guests, relatives for the most part, early assembled for the ceremony. But on the right the sitting-room was empty—since the ceremony was to be performed at its arched doorway—save for two men, whose voices had challenged Richard's attention. One was Blaise Drummond, with sleek black head and eyes too close together. Richard had not seen him since that day in Europe when he had given him Washington's formal instructions to return home at once. And with Drummond was Mardak, who had crossed the ocean, so he had informed the State Department the day before, to find this man Drummond and put certain questions to him.

Ellen it was who relieved the embarrassment of their recognition. She advanced to Blaise with the reminder that he must remember her brother, Richard. Then she awaited his flushed and uncomfortable presentation of Mardak.

"How very nice," she said cordially. "The relatives have been much disturbed that Blaise was so apparently friendless, not even a best man that he could call his own. Of

Continued on page 72



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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea



SILVER SHOON

Continued from page 71

course you are standing up with him, Mr. Mardak? I was about to offer him Richard."

And while Mardak was giving courteous if amused consent, Richard found time to wonder if Ellen realized the position she was forcing upon Drummond. It must have been apparent even to the casual onlooker that it was not a friendly conversation they had broken in upon. Well, whether Ellen suspected or not—and she was capable of just this sort of deviltry—she had not added to the groom's happiness.

"You two will have to change quickly," the girl continued. "And Blaise, you won't mind if they use your room? The house is overflowing, you know," she added in explanation to Richard and Mardak. "Perhaps you'll take them up?"

"Sorry," Drummond muttered, his voice thick with a disturbance that even Richard could not explain. "Can't go up just yet. Follow in a minute."

Ellen it was, therefore, who piloted them. And Richard, in the big, square, old-fashioned room up-stairs, let his fingers do the duties of them while his brain repeated that Celia, his just-discovered Celia, was marrying Blaise Drummond.

"Queer, meeting you thus," Mardak interrupted his thoughts. "I can't explain to myself your presence here."

Richard told him briefly of Ellen's connection with the affair.

"Yes." The man, now that Richard's attention was called to him, appeared to survey the room with curiosity of a sort scarcely needed for mere toilet matters. "Yes. If I were your sister, I would find means to delay the wedding, say, for an hour. In that time I think Miss Celia might wish to back out of marrying Drummond."

"Back out of marrying him?" Richard, swept by a sudden wild hope, turned to find Mardak systematically searching Drummond's bureau-drawers.

"Not," he murmured, "that there is any chance to find them here."

"Mardak," Richard spoke with enforced deliberation, a habit acquired in his diplomatic service, "what do you know about Drummond that could be used to delay this wedding?"

"Nothing." The other did not pause in his search. "Nothing yet. I merely hope."

"Of course I have been given to understand," this was going farther than he had a right to go, but Richard was playing for high stakes, and he must take some risks—for Celia. If he could get information definite enough to give him grounds for action—"I know that Drummond is officially dead, has been since that affair——"

"An affair," interrupted Mardak suavely, "of which we do not speak, my friend."

Richard was impatient of delicacies that spared a woman of high birth on one side of the ocean to sacrifice another, and that Celia, here at home. "But you said that within an hour——"

"I said what I said. I can not explain. But were I a friend to Miss Celia——"

And before Richard could question him further, Drummond entered the room.

"I fear we discommode the bridegroom." Without any pretext at concealing his activities, Mardak turned from the half-open bureau drawer. "You would assist us, perhaps? I seek—well, shall we say I seek a collar-button?"

"Yes?" Blaise Drummond raised eyebrows as politely expressionless as Mardak's own. The discomfiture of the meeting downstairs was gone. The man was now master of himself, apparently of the situation. Something, it would seem, had happened to give him renewed confidence in his position. And his bearing took from Richard the half-formed determination to attempt some sort of interference.

"I think I can supply you," continued Drummond, and moved toward the highboy, where he found and offered the collar-button.

"So." Mardak slammed the open drawer. "It was not here that I should have been looking." And he made no motion to take the offered article. "Your hands are dirty, my friend."

And again Richard saw Drummond lose his composure. What was there about soiled fingers to bring color to a man's cheeks? The affair was maddening, so near did he seem to the information necessary to save Celia from impending disaster.

"So they are." Drummond moved with deliberation to the old walnut washstand by the window. "I came up to wash them." And he began pouring water into the blue china bowl.

WHAT an impossible situation! Richard knew one overpowering impulse, to have a moment alone in which to organize his confused thoughts. Abruptly he left the room. At the staircase he paused. Then, to escape the chattering groups of girls and the crowd of older relatives already gathered importantly in the front hall, he made his way to the back stairs. Here he unexpectedly met Ellen, every rose-colored ruffle fluttering with haste. She paused at sight of him.

"Richard, are you ready?" she began. Then, "Why—you look like a ghost—what on earth—are you ill?"

He avoided her anxious dark eyes and tried desperately to summon a reassuring smile. "Not a bit of it. How much longer before the wedding?" He attempted a casual tone.

"About ten minutes. You'd better find a good place to see. The hall's filling up." Ellen continued on her way to Celia.

A place to see! It was the last thing Richard wanted. Must he witness the sacrilege of Celia's wedding to Blaise Drummond? Yet how to prevent it, how even to delay it until Mardak's hinted disclosures were ready? What he knew of the State Department's attitude toward the man he might not tell. That was a question of honor between nations. As Mardak had so definitely stated, it was a matter of which no man might speak. Moreover, he doubted if his information was definite enough to get action. It might have influenced Celia's decision, it would hardly stop a wedding ceremony. What, then, was to be done? Must he stand there, silent as a shadow, and watch the woman of his dreams condemn herself unknowing— It was unbearable.

He wandered outdoors, across the edge of the old garden and back to the mulberry-tree at the side of the house, the place where he had first seen Celia. It was very still. A subdued hum of voices floated out to him from the open side door, where the pointed leaves of the clematis vine clustered and twined up to the small balcony above. The daffodil sky was paling. Early twilight wrapped the garden softly, like gray gauze. The perfume of the dew-drenched lilacs, delicate yet poignantly sweet as remembered happiness, filled the air.

He could not endure it here. He hurried across the thick young grass and made his way stumblingly up the three steps into the side hall. To his momentary relief he found it quite unoccupied. The guests were sitting or standing either in the wide front hall or in the open doorways of the rooms facing the broad staircase down which the wedding-party would come. Every point of vantage was filled.

So, thankful for the semiobscurity of the candle-lit side passage, Richard took up his stand in the shadow of the curving stairs. Here he could at least watch Celia unobserved, here his own desperate unhappiness need not be revealed to the crowd.

FROM the depths of the parlor the musicians veered into the wedding-march. There began the vibrant whisperings that announce the entrance of a wedding-party, followed by the usual hushed silence. Richard, looking up, caught the first glimpse of her at the turn of the stairs, a drifting cloud of white, coming slowly, slowly, on her father's arm.

Already Drummond with Mardak beside him waited at the arched doorway of the sitting-room. Now she was crossing the platform, Ellen's rose-colored ruffles close behind her. Celia paused for a barely perceptible second. Did real or fancied reluctance make her lilting steps so slow? Now he could see plainly the sweep of dark lashes hiding her eyes. Not so would he have had her come to him, as if hesitant—doubtful. But she would never come to him. Celia—Celia. It was meant that she should. He knew it with the sureness of spiritual revelation.

Continued on page 75



The dangerous toast-and-coffee breakfast

THE meagre breakfast, hastily eaten, is becoming a national bad habit. We may not need the amount of food our ancestors ate. But we need more real nourishment. For in this age of intensive work we use up considerably more nervous energy. Therefore, if *your* appetite dictates a small breakfast, be sure the food you eat contains the vital elements of nourishment you must have.

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NATURE demands that your body be supplied daily with a variety of food elements if it is to be properly nourished—but the modern diet rarely gives you all of them in sufficient quantities.

From an infinite number of foods, how can you select those which give you these vital elements? Unless you thoroughly understand foods and their values, it is an impossible task for you—and for millions of others. Realizing this, a man who understood food values originated Grape-Nuts.

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Grape-Nuts is an appetizing food—small, crisp kernels composed of two healthful grains, wheat and malted barley. The delicious flavors of these golden grains are brought out with a richness unmatched in any other food. That is why Grape-Nuts, with cream or whole milk, is a favorite breakfast dish in millions of American homes. Buy a package today.

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SILVER SHOON

Continued from page 72

And Mardak said he needed only one hour. Ten steps more and she would be at the foot of the stairs. Drummond—wanted in Washington, wanted in Europe.

She must not reach the bottom of that stairway. Anything to delay her! Before his eyes gleamed the silver shoes. He moved closer to the banisters. Eight more steps. Again, as if to mock his despair, the song echoed in his heart:

"Silver Shoon, did you steal from the moon?"

Such fairy feet, so slender, so small. Now they were poised for the next step. Now—now—swiftly, almost without conscious volition, his hand shot between the banisters, closed on the tiny, lifted heel of the slipper nearest him. A deft twitch and it was off, completely concealed in his pocket. Only the sharp edge of the rhinestone buckle pricking his palm convinced him that this was reality and not the maze of an incredible dream. He shrank back deeper into the shadows. Celia stopped in her descent, stood a moment absolutely still. The wedding was halted.

"Why—" For a moment Richard's heart misgave him, so surprised, so dismayed, so bewildered was Celia. The soft strains of the wedding-march continued to float up from the parlor below. The bridesmaids huddled down upon each other, startled at the break in the regularity of their march. Impatiently the dignified, white-haired father of the bride turned to her, feeling the tug on his arm, interrupted most unwillingly in his stately descent. Beneath the arch where the groom stood, attended by the sardonic, graceful Mardak, there was an answering stir of uneasiness. Richard saw the impatient, anxious glance which Drummond gave Celia.

And then his ears caught a signal that all was well. For Celia giggled. A small giggle, almost imperceptible, nervous perhaps—but was he imagining when he thought he caught a note of relief in it as well?

He glanced up at her, standing poised, one foot tucked up out of sight beneath the hem of her dress, one hand still on her father's arm, the other on the stair-rail to steady herself, unable to proceed, equally embarrassed to explain the cause of the delay. Did he fancy that her eyes met his in that instant? One thing only he knew. She had not taken that next downward step. For the moment at least the march was stayed, the groom waited, but the bride——

"My slipper," he heard her gasp. And again that catch of laughter in her throat. "I've lost my slipper."

Her father turned indignant eyes upon her.

"Celia! What is it?" Ellen, close behind her, was whispering. And again Richard's heart leaped, for Celia with dancing eyes announced:

"My slipper has fallen off! Did you ever hear anything so foolish? Some one will have to find it before the wedding can go on."

"What is it?" every upturned face in the waiting crowd seemed to echo.

"Richard"—it was Ellen who spied him—"look! Celia's slipper has dropped off. Do you see it?"

Richard bent to examine the floor with meticulous care. He scanned the stair-step. "It doesn't seem to be anywhere about," he murmured with apparent regret.

"It can't be lost!" Celia exclaimed, by this time speaking in her natural voice. "Why—it—can't be!"

Richard marveled that so simple an impulse should be so completely successful. He had thought that the only way to stop a wedding once started was to challenge the ceremony during that awesome moment when the minister said something about objectors speaking now or forever after holding their peace. But all one needed to do was to remove a bit of silver and rhinestone from a small, silk-clad foot, and the deed was done.

"Where is it?" Celia leaned far out over the banister. "It must be down there, Mr. Heath. Some one get a candle."

By this time it was evident to the watchers below that something had happened. The musicians improvised a phrase or two that would carry them back, and broke anew into the Lohengrin refrain. Mardak, with a whispered word to the obviously disturbed Drummond, moved to Richard's side.

"What is it?" he asked.

"One of my slippers is gone!" exclaimed Celia in a tone that carried above the strains of music.

"Slipper!" The exclamation came, not from Mardak, who had asked the question, but from Blaise Drummond. He left the minister to wait alone beneath the flower-decked arch while he mounted the stairs. "Slipper!" He spoke the word a second time from his place at her side, his hand on her arm, his color rising. "You can't have lost it!"

Celia looked at him curiously, and for answer extended a slim foot, slipperless.

"This is utterly absurd!" Drummond was on his knees, examining the steps, then peering over the banister at the floor below. A candle showed clearly that for a space about the stairs the polished floor was bare of any object so noticeable as a slipper.

"You can't have lost it!" He turned again to Celia, in his agitation gripping with tense fingers the arm he held.

A look of displeasure came into Celia's gray eyes, her chin lifted. "I have lost it," she said, low-voiced and calm. "And please do not hurt my arm." She moved beneath his touch as if to escape from him. "If you'll bring me another pair, Ellen?"

RICHARD had not thought of that. His heart sank. It was a simple matter for Ellen to run up-stairs and return with substitutes. He had made all this foolish fuss and had accomplished nothing.

"But I tell you you've got to find that slipper!" What was the matter with Drummond? Richard could see that he was trying to get control of himself, but the man's voice had an inflection of hysteria.

Celia was looking at him queerly, so was the whole breathless crowd. And so particularly was Mardak. There was a blazing regard in Mardak's eyes that drew Drummond's. For a moment they stood, the one on the stairs, the other below him, and beneath the look Drummond's face went from red to deadly white.

"Since the slipper seems of so much more importance to you than the wedding," said Celia, in low-toned scorn, "we'll abandon the latter and attend merely to the former. Everybody hunt."

A surge of whispering swept the curious guests, too distant to get the import of what was happening at the turn of the stairs.

With a royal wave of her hand, Celia seated herself on the step, her veil slipping back from the gleaming hair as if to free her from the thraldom which had been impending. "Go on down there and hunt," she bade Blaise Drummond.

Again Richard's heart knew the leap of joy that he had felt when the slipper came so easily into his grasp, when he heard her gasp and pause, when he knew that he had delayed the ceremony. If she meant to postpone the wedding until the slipper was found——

He turned recklessly to Mardak. "The wedding is held up, my friend. Can you make the break permanent?"

Mardak nodded, his eyes still on Drummond. "Yes," he said. "Yes. Just so soon as we find that slipper. Where do you think it is?"

Richard shrugged. This was something he was not likely to tell, not while the present confusion so well served his desires.

"Celia," he whispered. Through the banisters she looked at him. And in her eyes he caught the gleam of promise, of regret, of mystery that he had seen in the garden.

"It's rather a failure as a wedding, isn't it?" commented Celia with the dignity of one who has inadvertently had a dance interrupted. Richard thrilled with admiration. What a girl! She was calm, except for the hot anger in her cheeks.

"Ellen will be here in a moment with another pair," he began. "Then——"

"You don't really think I mean to go on with it?" She looked into his eyes, her own wide and dark. "When a man chooses between a slipper and a bride—he doesn't get both."

"You mean it?" Richard felt the blood pumping through his veins. "You are not going to marry him?"

"No, of course not. Would you?" And

Continued on page 76



There is the Caress of Soothing Almond in Princess Pat Complexion Powder

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But of immensely greater importance is the *beneficial* effect of Princess Pat. Heretofore, women have not expected powder to *improve* the skin. It was not definitely made with that result in view.

How Princess Pat Powder Benefits the Skin

Here you have the idea which *identifies* Princess Pat—the idea of abandoning the starch formulas, handed down from grandmother's days, and finding in Nature's storehouse *a new powder base!* Almond suggested itself above all things else. It is good for the skin, in lotions and creams. Its many virtues are known to every woman. And now the difficult problem of using Almond for Princess Pat Powder is an accomplished fact. The new process is exclusive with Princess Pat. You will not find the Almond Base in any other powder.

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"What happened?" asked the girl of herself. "He seemed so interested at the moment of meeting. I know I looked well and I certainly was up on my toes to entertain. Did I slip up somewhere?"

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It is a physiological condition. You see, the perspiration glands under the arm are unusually active. Heat, excitement, nervousness affect them easily.

The hollow of the underarm and clothing prevent normal evaporation of moisture. This results in a disagreeable odor which is very noticeable to those about us but is hard to detect on ourselves.

Then those horrid "half-moons" of stain under the arms! What is uglier, more unsightly? And so ruinous, too, for the most expert dry cleaning cannot blot them out of blouses and lingerie.

Soap and water are not enough

Most women, and men, too, *mean* to be above reproach in personal cleanliness. And they *are*, so far as soap and water go.

But this repellent form of uncleanliness is something that cannot be washed away. The only thing that can cope with perspiration odor and moisture is a scientific corrective.

If women could only understand that the underarms must have regular, special care just the same as the teeth, the hair, the fingernails! If they could only realize that without this care they themselves are almost certain to offend in this thing they so criticise in others!

The underarm toilette of 3,000,000 people

There is one best way to do everything. 3,000,000 have found the one best and surest way to attain perfect personal daintiness is by regular use of Odorono, the underarm toilette.

Odorono is an antiseptic liquid formulated by a physician to correct both the evils of excessive perspiration. It is the *original* corrective for *both* perspiration odor and moisture.

Clear and clean, Odorono is just like a dainty toilet water to use. Put a little on the underarms just twice a week and you need bother with no other precautions! One application lasts for 3 days; daily bathing does not affect it.

Attention to the underarms takes so little time and effort and it means so much! This one little spot can undo all you have put into achieving a perfect toilette in outward appearance.

Get into the twice-a-week Odorono habit and enjoy perfect freedom from any trace of odor; from disagreeable moisture; clothing always dry and odorless with no taint or stain to ruin it. You can get Odorono at any toilet counter anywhere; 35c, 60c and $1 a bottle or sent by mail postpaid.

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I have a dainty sample set of the complete underarm toilette—Odorono, Creme Odorono and Odorono Depilatory, I will send you this set and a helpful book of information on perspiration problems for 10c. Fill out and mail coupon *now*.

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The Odorono Company, 226 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Canadian address: 107 Duke Street, Toronto

Mail coupon now for Sample Set

RUTH MILLER
226 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me sample set of Odorono, Creme Odorono (for odor only) and Odorono Depilatory with booklet, for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....

Address.....

(NOTE: *Sample of any one, 5c*)





SILVER SHOON

Continued from page 75

she smiled upon him. What a gallant, lovely thing she was!

"Then—" he paused, by a glance assuring himself that they were for the moment unobserved by the ever-shifting groups of inquisitive people—"the slipper is found." And he drew it from his pocket and handed it to her through the banisters.

Not for one moment did her steady regard falter. Though she took it, still she questioned him. And all that he had to say to her was in his eyes; he had stolen her slipper to break off the wedding. What would she do with him now?

Quietly she came to her feet. Shoe in hand, she stood looking down upon the confused mass of guests below her. "You needn't look further," she said. And though her voice was not raised, there was a sudden hush in the room. "Here it is."

WITH an exclamation Drummond sprang toward her, his hand extended.

Eyebrows raised, she looked at him. But Drummond's eyes were fastened on the glittering thing in her hand.

And in that moment Merry Stafford, holding fast to Ellen's hand, came stumbling step by step down upon them.

"Is it time to frow the rice?" his eager voice begged. In his fist was still clutched the grimy bag. "Mammy said I could. Here I am. I came to frow the rice."

Celia stooped to him, kissed him. "You're too soon, honey child. Or too late. We aren't going to have any rice-throwing tonight. I'm sorry," as the small face puckered in disappointment.

"Mammy said—" The baby fingers began plucking at the sparkling slipper-buckle. Instantly the child's attention was diverted and he stared up at Celia in quick excitement. "I got some of those!" he exclaimed proudly. "Mine are shiny, too."

"Those?" She looked from the slipper into the upraised eyes. "Slippers, you mean? Yes, dear, yours are shiny, too, nice and black and shiny."

But the little boy shook his head violently.

"Not shoes. Shiny stones." He plucked at the rhinestone buckle. "I digged 'em f'm out under the box-bush where that man hided 'em." And he pointed at Drummond.

Richard heard Mardak, again at his side, draw a quick breath.

"So that's it," he murmured in Richard's ear, and moved over to the staircase. "Come down here, youngster. Let me see your stones."

"No." Merry shook an obstinate golden head.

"We'll all come down," said Celia, putting on the slipper, and made the descent which was to have been so momentous. "Now, let's see what you have, Merry, boy." And she lifted him to the step that brought him level with her own eyes. Drummond, Richard noticed, was edging to the outer circle of the crowd. But Drummond was no concern of Richard. If Mardak was interested in his movements, he gave no sign.

"That man," reiterated Merry, digging deep into his small trousers pocket, "he comed out on the porch, all alone. An' he comed down the steps. An' he looked all 'round, but he didn't see me, 'cause I was hiding in the box-bush. An' he stooped down quick, an' he poked a hole in the dirt."

Richard remembered—as did Mardak, for they exchanged quick glances—the dirty fingers of the bridegroom.

"An' he took som'in' out of his pocket, an' he dropped 'em in the hole. An' he went into the house, fast as he could. An' I went an' poked in the hole and found 'em"

"'Em" turned out to be slipper-buckles the exact duplicates of those Celia was wearing.

"Why," Celia exclaimed, "how strange!"

"I think not," said Mardak. "May I see them?"

Celia, with one glance into his steady eyes, yielded him the buckles.

"May I ask where your buckles came from, Miss Celia?" he said, examining the stones with a lense pulled from his pocket.

"Why—" Celia's eyes sought Drummond, now on the outer edge of the circle. But he did not meet her gaze. "Why—they were a—wedding-present."

"From the groom?" Mardak's casual question was accompanied by a shifting of the glass to examine the second buckle.

"Yes." She looked from the buckles on her shoes to the ones in Mardak's hands. "He pinned them on for me himself."

"Pinned." Mardak paused, glanced from the buckles in his hand to the ones on Celia's slippers. "Easily exchanged, then," he mused. "Did the bridegroom have access to your slippers after my arrival?" A smile was curling his lips.

"Yes." Celia's bewilderment did not prevent an exchange of glances with Ellen. And Richard remembered the disappearance of the slippers earlier in the afternoon.

"Take these back, youngster." Mardak handed the buckles to Merry. "They're not what I'm looking for. Miss Celia," and his smile was brilliantly ingratiating, "I'll have to ask you to let me examine those." His gesture indicated the slipper-buckles she was wearing.

RICHARD saw Blaise Drummond slip out of a window that led to the porch.

"Do you want Drummond to escape?" he asked Mardak.

"Indeed, yes," murmured that gentleman. "I have associates outside waiting for him to make quite sure that he escapes. Also that he gets aboard the boat your Government has so kindly provided for his accommodation. It is meant that he shall not trouble either your country or mine again."

Celia turned to Ellen, taking from her the white slippers she had brought.

Richard, on one knee before her, was permitted to make the exchange. He handed the silver things to Mardak.

"Clever," he murmured after an instant's close scrutiny. "Clever. The rhinestone buckle he gives to his bride. But the duplicates, with the diamonds, he keeps. When he finds that he is traced, he pins the diamonds on the silver slippers. They will never be examined. But he must not be found with the others in his possession. So he buries them where the child finds them. Had that not happened, and had he not betrayed himself in his excitement over the loss of his bride's slipper, I think his trick would have succeeded. It would never have occurred to me to look for them there." And he tapped the buckles on the slippers.

"Diamonds!" Richard's eyes blazed. "I didn't know——"

"No." Mardak spoke in tones too low for any but Richard and Celia to catch. "Nobody knows. Not Washington. Not you. They go back to the princess before their loss casts its shadow upon her name."

Richard nodded in quick comprehension. That Drummond's intrigue in high circles had cost him Washington's confidence he had known; but that the foolish girl-princess had trusted him with jewels that were not hers to give he had not known. The stones must go back to Europe in Mardak's care, and secretly.

"These are mine, then?" Mardak bowed in courteous request to Celia.

"You need only the buckles'" Richard interposed quickly. And taking the slippers, he unpinned the glittering tokens of Drummond's treachery and handed them to Mardak. "These," and Richard smiled daringly at Celia, "I think are mine." And he tucked a silver trifle into each pocket.

"I am glad," Celia's color was high, and she spoke across Richard directly to Mardak, "that the matter has been so satisfactorily adjusted. Extend to your princess my congratulations on the skill and effectiveness of her agent." And without a glance for Richard she turned and went quickly up the stairs.

With her going, the room broke into a buzz of questions, of wonder, of dismay. What had it all been about? Few had caught the words, none their import. Outside sounded the purr of a departing motor.

Richard turned to satisfy the curiosity of those pressing close upon them.

"Most unfortunate," he said. "Yes, the man was a rascal, Mr. Mardak knew it, and Drummond ran away to escape exposure. You are all to be congratulated on finding him out in time." And, being diplomatically trained, he managed by his inflection to imply that it was the astuteness of the guests assembled that had brought about this fortunate turn of events.

Somehow he worked his way through the

Concluded on page 78



She refused to become a "Cripple!"

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of a Nation. Number 8.

"ALL that the women of my family ever talk about is how terribly their feet hurt," Mary B——, of New York, said one day shortly after her graduation from college.

"Aunt Jane can't dance because she can hardly stand up. Aunt Ethel can't entertain because it kills her to be on her feet more than an hour. And even you, Mother, won't go down town to luncheon with me because of your pesky old feet."

Her mother smiled a bit wistfully. "I guess weak feet run in our family, dear. All the B—— women have been troubled in the same way."

"All the B—— women!" There was defiance in Mary's voice. "Well, I can name one woman in this family who isn't going to have awful old feet. I refuse to be a 'cripple!'"

"Of course," replied her mother, "you can wear the ordinary health shoes, if you wish. They're so ugly, though. I'd rather have aches than to try to appear in them."

"No, I don't mean to do that. I don't believe it is necessary to suffer with your feet just because you insist on being well groomed. I believe there are correct shoes that are both stylish and healthful and that will keep my feet comfortable. And I intend to find them right now before I have a single ache. I'll try every shoe in the world until I do find them."

It was six years ago that Mary B——looked for and found the one shoe that felt best on her well feet and also satisfied her ideas about appearance.

She is twenty-eight now, well into the "foot suffering" age in her family. She is a young mother, too. But she is happy and healthy and enjoying perfect feet. She plays tennis and golf, dances, and often walks for miles through the country with her husband and young son.

She refused to be an old-young woman. She refused to wear "unsightly health" shoes. She proved that no woman in her family, in spite of tradition, need have a single foot ache or pain.

She found in the Arch Preserver Shoe the features which keep feet well, features which allow the feet to function normally, without strain or abuse.

She has learned how wonderfully the concealed, built-in arch bridge supports the feet, preventing any tendency to sag and weaken. She has learned how perfectly the inner sole, because it is flat, eliminates the pinching and "bunching" of the forepart of the foot. She knows that the blood-vessels, bones and nerves of the feet are not interfered with in any way in her Arch Preserver Shoes.

And finally, she has learned that because this shoe is fitted differently — from heel to ball — she never has to worry about getting a comfortable pair, or about "breaking them in."

She wears the Arch Preserver Shoe to all of her social functions, and she is pridefully upholding the traditions of the B—— family regarding the appearance of its women. In other words, she is living a normal, happy, healthy life, without a thought to her feet.

Instead of being held back by the old-time foot problem she is being constantly urged by her vigorous feet to do more, to take part in things. She has proved, too, that it is so much more satisfactory in young womanhood, or, at least, before foot troubles begin, to adopt the right shoe, the shoe that keeps feet well.

It might also be interesting to note that Mary's mother, grandmother and aunts are all wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe now.

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No. 78

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No. 125


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SILVER SHOON

Concluded from page 76

crowd, left them chattering behind, left Mardak to invent plausible explanations, and stepped outside into the moonlit night that was not Celia's wedding night. Away from all the confusion, he entered the quiet garden and found his retreat under the old mulberry.

FOR a man who had so promptly and effectually broken off a wedding and saved the girl of his heart he was in a remarkably restless and unhappy state of mind. What of Celia? How did she feel toward him? Would she not always identify him with the whole miserable debacle? One moment he hoped she might in the course of time forgive him. The next he was wretchedly sure that she would not.

His ability for clear and accurate conclusions, which had won praise from many older heads in the past, now completely deserted him. Since Celia had gone upstairs he dwelt in a black and formless void.

But the slight sound of a shutter pushed ajar above his head roused him at once. He looked up and became instantly aware that the garden was a place of silver enchantment.

"Celia," he said, "Celia," unconscious that he had spoken aloud.

She leaned farther over the vine-covered sill. "Did you call me to give back my slippers?" asked a magic voice.

The bridal veil no longer hid the bright hair. For the wedding-gown she had substituted a simple frock of leaf-green. Celia, the lady of his dreams.

"I did not know that I called you aloud," said Richard, coming to stand directly beneath the window, fearful lest she vanish, "but I think I have been calling you all my life. That is why— Oh, you must understand?" Did his incoherent earnestness touch her sympathy?

A light undercurrent of laughter rippled in her next words. "I understand that you have my slippers. Even without buckles I've a fancy for them."

Richard reached in his pocket. "I'll give you one," he said, somewhat breathlessly. "I think that's fair enough," and he balanced it, slender and shining, on the palm of his extended hand.

Celia rested her chin on one small palm, a provoking smile lifted the corners of her mouth. "Why one, pray? You would have me go a-limping through life?"

"No," Richard insisted with intense eagerness. "No. You shall have both when you claim mine with the proper formula. They are bewitched——"

"What makes you think so?"

"Chiefly," he answered, "because of your real name—which I alone know."

After a second's pause came more softly still from the window above him, "And what is—my—real name?"

"Miss Silver Shoon. What else could it be?" And he sang softly:

"Silver Shoon, when you dance on the dune,
Will you toss a moon-flake white
To a mortal in the night—
Silver Shoon, when you dance on the dune?"

He held the two gleaming shoes in his hand. "Will you claim them?" he finished daringly.

"Claim them?" The question was the merest echo.

"They must be danced in this night," he explained, not venturing to look up. "It is their due."

A quick-drawn breath, the music of faintest laughter. It was but a step from the window to the heavy trellis. A rustle of leaves—the glint of moonlight on her golden head— He came forward swiftly, but she stepped to the grass beside him, scarcely brushing his extended hand.

"And now, sir?"

Quickly he dropped to his knees, for the second time that evening holding the silver slippers for those slender feet.

"And so," she said, "as you wish."

Humming the air of the song, she began to dance within the boxwood circle, weaving many patterns on the dew-starred grass. Lovely and unreal she seemed, a moon-fay dancing in a magic ring. Richard stood spellbound, unable to move even when the swaying figure sank lightly before him in a final curtsy so profound that the bright head above her ruffled skirts of green bloomed at his feet like an enchanted flower.

Richard stirred from his trance, bent toward her, but she was gone, flitting across the lawn, back to her trellis, that fairy staircase to a magic casement.

He moved closer beneath her window.

"Are the slippers redeemed?" she queried. And then, kneeling on the window-seat, she managed to lean very far out indeed, so that her voice came hardly above a whisper. "Thank you—for—everything."

"My dearest—" breathed Richard. Above his head the shutters closed softly. There was silence in the garden, but emptiness no longer. The perfume of the white lilacs drifted in the air like incense. From the feathery fronds of the mimosa-tree came subdued stirring of wings.



THE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 7

then chaps like you and Andrew, chaps without a care or a tie in the world, come along and tell me that no doubt I'm *content* to live in it!" He gave a bitter and an ironic sound. "Ha! Well, I've got some fuss with the cellar door to see about. I'm the only person who ever can do anything in this enviable house. Excuse me for a bit."

Sim said, "Poor old Charles! I say, I am so sorry, old man," and, Charles making no response, "What's the cellar door fuss? Let me help. I'm a whaler at tinkering."

Charles was moving out of the room. "Not the least need, thanks. I know just what it is. Besides—" He gave a look that, as he intended, quite clearly signaled the difference between Sim's well-cut light tweeds and his own rather dingy clothes—"you'd only dirty that Bond Street suit of yours." He laughed meaningly. "You'll scarcely be able to spend so much on your tailor now you're one of the unemployed, Sim. No, you'd better go and make your bow to Alice. I heard her come in just now."

Sim gave no attention to look or laugh. "Did you? I never heard her."

Charles said, his face all twisted: "There isn't a sound in this house I don't hear and know."

"Poor old Charles!"

Charles went off without reply.

He did not go to the troublesome cellar door. He went to the room which he called his study and sat down at the table. It was the only chair in the room he ever occupied, and his most common attitude in it was, as now, staring before him, at intervals pressing his eyes—his eyes always had a burning feeling, relieved by pressure—and fumbling his lips. He was glad, his thoughts went, that he had had a go at Sim about the house, but he was also sorry. He was glad because it riled him more than anything else in the world that "these chaps" should profess to think him lucky in living rent free; if they didn't realize what his life was it was right that they should be told and it was thoroughly satisfying to tell them, to tell them straight. But he was sorry because all this outburst and all his snarling at Sim in these very first moments of Sim's arrival were precisely what he had settled with himself this time not to do. This time! On every occasion of meeting one of his brothers, and particularly Sim, it always was "this time" that he was not going to be, as he knew was his habit, bearish; and always, immediately, bearish he was.

He pressed his eyes.

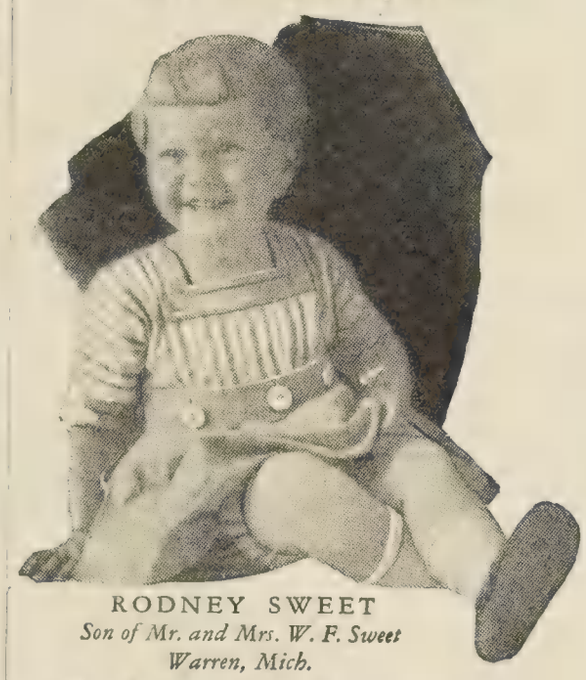
But it was their fault! It here was Sim's fault—from the very start. He had arranged, genially, for Sim to begin his visit to them on a Saturday, so that they could have the weekend together and he could go thoroughly into this extraordinary freak of Sim's retirement

Continued on page 81

Michigan's prize baby
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WHEN little Rodney Sweet was only nine days old he was left motherless, and for the first two years of his life had only the care of housekeepers and neighbors. For months the baby struggled along, making little gain, until someone finally took him and started him on Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

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"I Won't Be Home for Dinner To-night!"



How often does your husband say that?

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Just a Few Items from the table of contents

APPETIZERS
SOUPS
SOUP ACCESSORIES
GARNISHES
STUFFING AND SAUCES FOR FISH, MEAT, POULTRY AND GAME
PRESSURE COOKER
FRENCH RECIPES
ENTRÉES
MADE-OVER DISHES
MEAT SUBSTITUTES
CHAFING-DISH RECIPES
CASSEROLE COOKERY
FIRELESS COOKER

Can You Carve Turkey Properly?

Charles Faissole, maître d'hôtel of the Ambassador Hotel, New York, shows you with pictures on pages 83-87, the correct way to carve a turkey. In The New Butterick Cook Book you are also told how to carve roasts, fish, steaks, legs, saddles and even roast pig.

In Case of Illness

can you prepare an invalid's tray day after day so that it will be both tasty and nourishing? Beef tea, egg-nogs, chicken broth, rice jelly—these are a few suggestions in The New Butterick Cook Book. See page 662.

What Does Your Husband Really Think of Your Pie-Crust?

Not what he *says*, but how he *eats* it, will tell you the truth. A good pie-crust covers a multitude of domestic sins. Give a man good pie and good coffee and he will tell the world you are a good cook. Good pastry isn't hard to make—but you must know—not experiment; you must measure—not guess. See The New Butterick Cook Book.

The New BUTTERICK COOK BOOK

What Shall I Have for Dinner To-night?

Don't ask yourself this worrying question. Just turn to the chapter on menus and meal-planning in The New Butterick Cook Book, page 46. Dinners with and without meat, breakfasts, lunches, suppers, special vegetable luncheons, special menus for Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, weddings, card parties, children's parties, etc., are given in The New Butterick Cook Book.

Don't Peel To-night's Potatoes

until you have seen the 40 different potato recipes given on pages 415-425 of The New Butterick Cook Book. Variety is the spice of life, especially in cooking, and you get plenty of it in The New Butterick Cook Book—50 recipes for eggs, 60 kinds of salads, etc.

53 Ways to Quench Your Thirst

Drinks for hot weather, cold weather, any weather—you will find concoctions to suit every taste in the beverage section of The New Butterick Cook Book, starting page 603.

Every Up-to-Date Housekeeper Should Have

at least one pressure cooker. This quick economical method of cooking by steam pressure is thoroughly explained in The New Butterick Cook Book. On page 639 you will find pictures of three different kinds of pressure cookers.

A Chafing-Dish Party

Seventeen delicious recipes for late-at-night suppers—lobster à la newburg, crab rarebit, etc.—you will find them in The New Butterick Cook Book. See page 617.

Unusual Recipes

En Casserole cooking, made-over dishes, meat substitutes, appetizers, garnishes—these are all found in The New Butterick Cook Book.

Every Possible Kind of Pickle, Preserve and Jelly

is included in the "canning" section of The New Butterick Cook Book, starting page 673. The cold-pack method of canning, the open-kettle method, various hot water-bath processes, are all discussed; time charts for all these methods and the various foods are also given.

A Day of French Cooking for a Change

Fish en coquilles, potatoes a l'archiodoise, mocha pudding—for these and many other Parisian delicacies see pages 643-661, The New Butterick Cook Book.

Can You Serve a Formal Dinner In Russian Style?

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9 9



THE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 78

from the army and discuss the future with him and help him. And how did Sim respond to these most brotherly intentions? Why, from the start, from the very minute the train came into the station, Sim riled him—utterly. He riled him by arriving first-class. He riled him by springing out of the carriage and greeting him in immensely good spirits. He riled him particularly by the marked elegance of his dress and the distinctive air he had about him. He riled him by his airy, free and easy ways—not offering to pay for the cab, giving his own instructions about taking his luggage to his room. He riled him particularly again by never, right up to this point, making the slightest reference to the real reason of his visit. He riled him by immediately, in his room, starting to unpack from very expensive-looking suit cases—and indeed it was this last, the trouser-press, the smell of good leather, the brisk opening of drawers and neat stowing away of fine raiment "as if he's come for life" that, when was thrown atop of them the riling remark about the house, had caused him to blaze up from his increasing bearishness. He was right thus to have burst out and let Sim have it straight.

And yet——

Sim had said, "Poor old Charles!" Sim had said, "I am so sorry, old man." He wanted that kind of thing, that kind of sympathy, that kind of tenderness, more than anything on earth. Why didn't he respond to it? Why in pity's name could he not have opened his arms to it and told Sim how desperately he wanted it, and how down-and-out he felt, how beset, how near the end of his tether? Why *couldn't* he?

And yet——

Why *should* he? Ten to one, a thousand to one, if he got up right now and went and broke down before Sim, a thousand to one Sim would say, "Well, anyway, old man, you do get your house for nothing."

He said aloud, "For nothing! My God!" He raised his eyes and stared up at the ceiling. From the room above came sounds the meaning of which, as of every single sound in the house, he could perfectly interpret. He said aloud, "Rent free! Freedom! My God!"

IN THAT room above the study of Charles was the man who owned the house and who gave Charles free occupation of the house.

This was a very old man, close on ninety. And he lay stretched upon a bed, incapable of movement, incapable of speech, capable only, astoundingly, of sustaining life month after month, year after year, and capable, further, of continuing the dominance that all his life he had asserted over all about him.

Sim now was by this old man's bed, come up with Alice, Charles's wife, to visit him; and standing at the foot, silent and uncomfortable after awkward attempts at greeting, gazed upon him and felt that dominance anew.

This very old man lying there was of great frame, but in flesh was so emaciated that each of his bones could be discerned through the skin. He lay always on his back, always along the precise center of the bed, always with the clothes precisely at the same alinement along his chest; his toes always were the same small promontory at the foot; his face always was the same graven and impassive effigy upon the pillow. It had the aspect, his face immutably set there, of a plaster cast displayed for exhibition; and the male attendant who ministered to him, by name Jule, a spare, olive-skinned man of about twenty-five, always gave Sim the impression of a dealer exhibiting a specimen which he knows perfectly well his visitors have no intention of purchasing.

He stood now, this Jule, impassive, close-lipped, having in marked degree the inscrutable reserve of a well-trained man-servant (but he was of superior station), facing Charles's wife across the bed and steadily regarding her. And it was noticeable that whenever she glanced up to his look he at once looked down toward his patient, then up to her again. The implication (to Charles's wife) was as of a message between the two and she the subject of it.

That very old man lying there, Alice and Jule on his either hand, Sim at his feet, had always been uncommunicative toward the members of his household; his eyes, in those days penetrative, commanding, always had been to those same persons the signals of his mind. He lay there now, and his eyes, moving slowly as it were upon the face of a tomb, were lusterless, having a dead, drowned look.

They brooded now on Sim.

Sim tried again.

"Hullo, Gand!"

His voice seemed to come back on him as though he spoke against a window of plate-glass through which no sound could penetrate. He looked at Alice. Alice had just looked up and now was looking down, fingering the quilt, a tinge of color on her cheeks. He looked at Jule. Jule, who had brought his eyes from Charles's patient up to Charles's wife, moved them to Sim, then back again toward his specimen upon the bed.

"Hullo, Gand!"

This stricken and speechless man whom he thus addressed was Sim's great-uncle. Always more in the relation to them of grandparent than uncle, he was called by the three brothers "Gand"—infancy's lisped attempt at "Grand." Jule always called him "Patient." Never "the patient," or "my patient."

Hesitatingly, a forced cheerfulness in it, Sim went on: "Hullo, Gand! Hullo! Are you glad to see me? I'm glad to see you, Gand, very glad indeed. I declare you are looking stronger, better. You are wonderful, aren't you? Good for years yet. I've come to stay with Charles and with Alice for a bit. I've chucked the service, you know. I've——"

He stopped. Old Gand, who fixedly had been regarding him, began with enormous slowness to turn away his eyes and to direct them toward Jule. There was in their deliberate motion a suggestion of contemptuous dismissal; there was in the manner of their going to his attendant a suggestion of confidence here of finding rest.

This in itself had a certain pathos, and the attendant seemed to respond to it. He gave to those dull and heavy-ladened eyes the shadow of a glimmer about the corners of his mouth; a look, as he passed it on to Sim and to Alice, that seemed to say, "I know—we know, you and I." Then, with that same kind of glimmer toward the visitors and a murmur to old Gand, "Back in two minutes," he silently moved across and left the room.

SIM said to Alice in a low voice, "Does he never talk, that chap?"

"Scarcely ever when any one is here. When he is alone, he talks to Gand a lot. We hear his voice. He tells him everything that goes on. I don't like it."

"I don't like him," Sim said. "Do you still call him Swiss Jule?"

She very slightly smiled. "We do. He got out of being conscripted on his papers, but I believe he's no more Swiss than I am. He hasn't the trace of an accent."

"Suits him somehow, though," Sim said, "the hiss sound about it goes well. He's got a snaky look, that gentleman." He looked at old Gand, whose eyes were now upon the door, waiting. "He's wonderfully devoted to old Gand, though, for all his manner."

Alice seemed to agree. "He never leaves him," she said.

Old Gand's eyes enormously slowly had come again to Sim. "Poor old Gand!" Sim said.

Alice was speaking now to old Gand. Swiss Jule reentered. Both sounds died in his ears. He was conscious alone of that great but incapable form and of those eyes which, dull and expressionless, still mysteriously were old Gand. Death in life. This wasted body, to all active purposes dead, had within it life; the ribs were bars; the frame a prison.

Sim had never loved this very old man, this power, this tyrant, now this shackled and incarcerated prisoner—as a child he had stood in fear of him, as a young man in awe of him, as an older man with no smallest sense whatever of attachment to him. There overwhelmed him now, standing before his prison bars, an infinite compassion for his plight. He had a longing, he almost gave way to it, to call out, "Gand, old Gand, can I help you? Can I do anything for you? Can I get in touch with you somehow? I must get to you, Gand. I never loved you, old Gand, but I am torn with love, with pity, for you now."

Continued on page 82

Why the Baby Powder must be *carefully chosen*



How should the infant's skin be cared for to prevent chafing?

FIRST, not too much nor too strong soap should be used; second, careful rinsing of the body; third, not too vigorous rubbing, either during or after the bath; fourth, *the use of dusting powder* in all the folds of the skin—under the arms, behind the ears, about the neck, in the groin, etc. *This is of utmost importance.*

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VAN ESS

Liquid Scalp Massage



THE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 81

"Well, well," Charles's wife was saying, and was touching him and motioning departure, and he presently was outside the door and going down-stairs with her.

On the floor below where was the drawing-room, into which they turned, Alice said to him, "He's not changed much since you last saw him, do you think?"

He uttered absently the one word, "No."

Charles's wife looked at him curiously. "*You've* changed somehow, you know, Sim—a lot. Do you know you have? What is it?"

He aroused himself and laughed. "Why, I believe that, rather late in life, I've started to do a bit of thinking, Alice."

THE wife of Charles, who now was thirty-two, was pretty in a pale way. She was fond (she told herself) of Charles, but she was as passive toward Charles as Charles was toward her. She did not quarrel with him, she did not neglect him, but, as he her, she nothing active toward him, she merely accepted him. The case of those two people was, put in common words, that in the eight years of their married life the fires of love had burned out. They sat, as sit so many couples, on either side of a hearth where once had been a glowing blaze; where later had been waning light; where now were embers, almost cold; where soon, unless one stirred to tend the almost vanished warmth, ashes would be.

Alice, when she told herself that she was fond of Charles, might be thought thus to be stirring to kindle before it died away the final gleam. In fact, her gesture when she thus assured herself was rather that of one glancing at the fire and saying. "It will suffice; no need yet to attend to it." In fact, grown well-accustomed to this hearth and believing that what had gone on so long without attention always would go on, she was playing with other fire; and it was when this other fire sometimes alarmingly would blaze that, alarmed, she would look toward the blackening hearth and tell herself it yet had life. In fact, it was when the new attraction she was finding attracted her with sudden force that, dismayed a little, she would look toward Charles and tell herself she was fond of him.

Sim very early in his visit thought that he noticed a change in Alice since he had last seen her. There appeared to him frequently a certain nervousness in her manner, rather as though she were apprehensive of something. But when he thought he observed it, he could neither see nor imagine any reason for it. He kept thinking that he noticed it, nevertheless, both in her manner toward him (and they were excellent friends, he and Alice) and in her manner with Charles; and though Sim knew that Charles and Alice were far from being what is called a devoted couple, their relations always appeared to him ordinary enough.

On the third evening of his stay, sitting with her in her drawing-room, Charles just left to write some letters, he touched the matter.

"Alice, you told me the other day that you thought I had changed. Do you know, I think *you* have, somehow."

She flushed.

She held up the needlework on which she was engaged. The action was as though to examine it at arm's length; but she had felt herself flush. She knew it was the fire with which she was playing that thus had caused her cheeks to redden.

She lowered it and laughed. "Sim, that will never do. Didn't you tell me that the change in you is because you are now doing some thinking?"

Sim also laughed. "That doesn't catch me in the least," he said. "I say that you have changed. That's the observation of the heavy thinking directed upon you."

Alice averted her face. "Sim, for goodness sake don't! It's like being watched."

He said lightly: "That's all right. It *is* being watched."

"I mean being spied on."

Her tone was quick and nervous, a part of that very nervousness of manner which had made him think her changed, and he noticed it. "Oh, don't be a goose, Alice! As to spying, the position is already filled in this house."

She looked up. "You mean Swiss Jule?"

He nodded. "He always gives me the feeling of spying, spying to tell old Gand."

Alice said: "He does me. I'm sure of it." She laid down her work on her lap. "Oh, Sim, I'm awfully glad you've come. It's jolly to have you in the house."

He leaned over and patted her shoulder. "Nice Alice. It's nice to hear you say that."

She smiled up at him. "Tell me how I have changed, Sim."

"Oh, it's nothing. It's only fun."

"No, you wouldn't have said it for fun."

"Well, it's only fancy, then."

"What have you fancied?"

"Why, nothing at all. I don't know. It's hard to say. I tell you what—to make a shot at it. I remember two times in my life—once with old Gand when I was a kid, once with my adjutant when I was a subaltern—when I was desperately anxious that a certain subject should not come up in conversation. Whenever there was a pause, I dashed in with something to prevent it. Whenever there was talk and the talk getting warm, I dashed in with something to lead it away."

She said, "Well?"

"Well, I believe that is rather the kind of impression you've given me, of—of dodging some subject."

She breathed, "Oh, Sim!"

At her tone he turned to her quickly. "Why, Alice, what's up. *Is* anything up?"

She shook her head.

"There is, though. The way you spoke just now. What's the trouble? Tell me, Alice, old girl."

The door opened and Charles came in.

Charles said, "Sim, I've got Conrad Bryne on the phone. He's just rung up. Would you mind very much if he came in to-night for some more chess?"

"Not in the world, old man. Why should I?"

Charles seemed hesitant. "Well, we were playing last night and it seems rather rotten when you've just arrived——"

"What rot!" said Sim gaily. "Matter of fact, I'm very keen to take Alice on at picquet again to-night. Alice and I play picquet and no chess, you and this new doctor chap chess and no picquet—it's a kind of Jack Spratt and his wife. Fine arrangement, I call it. Have him in, by all means."

"Well, if you really feel like that. You agree, Alice?"

She said quietly, "Oh, yes."

"I'll tell him then," Charles said, and left.

CONRAD Bryne, the "new doctor chap" of Sim's phrase, was new since Sim's last visit to Charles's house. The doctor who always had attended old Gand had suffered a break down and had gone away for a year's rest and travel. Conrad Bryne had come, six months ago, to take his place. He had been in to dinner on the previous evening and in the course of it had made some joking remark to Alice in French. Alice had responded in French, and Charles also joining in, it then had been explained to Sim that (a fluent French speaker, and Charles and Alice fair but "rusty,") Conrad Bryne dined regularly once a week when, for the fun of the thing, only French was spoken. Bryne also, as the conversation then went on to show, was a great chess-player, as was Charles, and here, too, by the new doctor's aid, rustiness was being rubbed away. Sim had liked him, a youngish man of not more than thirty, dark, clean-shaven, with something of a navy air about him which was explained when he told Sim, chatting over the cigarets, that ever since he took his degree he had pursued his profession knocking about the world on liners as a ship's doctor. It seemed from the way he spoke that he had some private means and need not tie himself. This was his first home practise "and I'm rather enjoying a settled spell for a bit," he had said, "not too much to do and some good friends," and he had smiled across the table to Charles, who had nodded and smiled back.

Charles seemed indeed to have struck up quite a friendship with the new doctor, and when, returning to the telephone, he had left Sim with Alice again, it was on this fact that Sim, but not immediately, remarked. On the closing of the door his immediate words, resuming those which Charles's coming had interrupted, were, "Now, Alice, what were you saying just now when Charles came in?"

"No, no. It was nothing, Sim."

Continued on page 84



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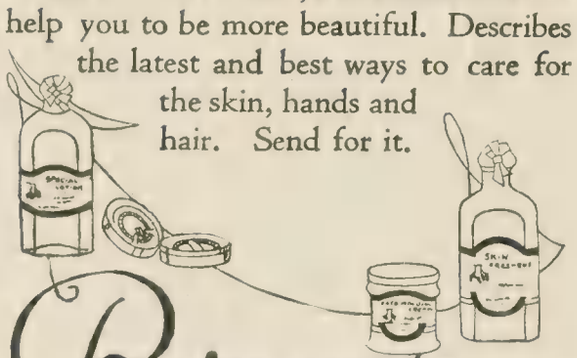
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THE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 82

He playfully mocked her. "Yes, yes, it was something. You had something to say to me. You wouldn't have said 'Oh, Sim,' like that, if you had not."

She said entreatingly, "Please, nothing, Sim. Please—another subject."

He did not know how to take her, but he took the real entreaty in her tone and thought to banter it. He put his hand to his forehead, simulating deep thought. "Another subject! I never can raise one when I want to. Well, then, Bryne."

She stooped to gather some threads that had fallen on the carpet. "Yes, what of Doctor Bryne, Sim?" The stooping seemed to have caused her face to flush a little.

"Why, what I notice, and I'm glad, is that Charles seems to have taken a great liking to the man."

She assented very cordially. "He has. They're great friends." She then said, "Why are you glad, Sim?"

"Why, because I think it is good for old Charles to have a pal. He hasn't many."

She affirmed, "No, not many."

Sim was silent for a few moments. He then said, "He's rather a lonely bird, don't you think—Charles?"

She had been watching Sim while he sat silent. She now responded very quickly, "But Sim, I am very fond of Charles."

"Why, Alice, of course you are." The challenge in her words was so pronounced and yet was so uncalled for that he laughed at it as one laughs at the capricious indignation of a child. "Now, come, you can't pretend that I was suggesting——"

She said in the hurried tone in which one, having a charge to lay, skirts the direct issue: "No, no, I am sure you were not." Then came on the flank: "Not intentionally, Sim. All the same, in what you said, there is an implication. If Charles is lonely, if he strikes you as being lonely, am not I accused of—of neglect—of——"

"Alice!"

But she persisted, though, still skirting, she modified: "Well, well, of—of letting him be lonely?"

He laughed. "You are a goose, Alice; not a scrap in the world are you accused, not a crum. Old Charles all his life has had a bit of a sore head. I've always noticed it. So has Andrew. We've frequently laughed at it. Well, look, Alice, the funny thing with me is that the things I used to laugh at I don't laugh at now. They get me differently somehow." He smiled. "I'm doing a bit of thinking now, as I told you, and instead of laughing at them I think about them. Charles is an instance. I used to laugh at his sore head; now, somehow, I see him as lonely. That's what I meant when I used the word."

She smiled. "I like you, Sim, I like having you in the house."

He pantomimed a bow.

She said, "No, no, I'm not throwing bouquets at you. I just mean it, I just mean that there's something—something very clean about you, Sim."

His eyes in all this showed their familiar quizzing look. "Oh, I have a thorough good wash almost every day," he said.

She waved aside the banter. "Sim, if now you are going to think—going to be—what shall I say?—understanding, you will be more clean, more—helpful." She stopped. Then she said, "Sim, you couldn't, could you, stay here always?"

Her voice, with her question, had suddenly the note of appeal. Her question also was in itself surprising to him. His banter left him. "Always, Alice? By Jove, that's a long time."

"Sim, but I am serious." Her voice retained its note of appeal. "Hasn't Charles spoken to you about, now you've left the army, coming with him into the business?"

"In a way—yes, in a way."

"He will again. He'd like you to. He is fond of you, Sim—much fonder than of Andrew. Sim, if you did come into the business, you could live here. You haven't got a home now. This could be your home. Sim, it would make such a difference, having you here, to—to Charles."

She unmistakably was earnest. He said, "Alice, it's not a thing I could decide straight off, I mean coming into the business. I've only just given up the army. I want to look around a bit."

"Have you thought about it?"

"It's one of the possibilities, yes. But when I say look around a bit, there's more in making up my mind than—well, more than I can explain."

She said slowly, "I can see you will not."

"But I don't say that. It's a possibility. I might."

She shook her head. "Something tells me you won't."

Her words were a murmur as though, spoken to herself, they but echoed a certitude previously made to herself. She sat up then in her chair and on a new note said, "Sim."

He gave her his attention.

"That won't happen. I know it. There is something instead that I want from you."

He smiled, "The half of my kingdom, Alice."

"No, it's serious. I want a promise, Sim Just this." She stopped as though hesitant to propose it. Then she said, "I want you to promise me that if ever Charles wanted you, you would come to him immediately."

"You don't mean wanted me in the business——"

She shook her head.

"Just wanted to see me? Of course I promise. That's easy."

She said, "I've made it too easy. He might not ask you. I mean promise to come to him immediately if—if some trouble came on him—some big trouble."

Sim said, "Why, Alice, this does sound serious. Trouble? Is some trouble likely to? Old Charles——"

"Sim, I only want your promise."

"But, Alice, you must tell me. Trouble? Sickness, do you mean? Business? Is he ill? Worried?"

She brought her hands together in her lap and tightly clasped them. "No, no—nothing of that—nothing whatever. I said I had made this too easy. Now I have taken it too far. Listen, Sim. This is a chance to talk to you and perhaps I won't get another. Just only listen, Sim. I told you just now that I am very fond of Charles, didn't I?"

He nodded.

"Well, you know how it is about a man making his will—they say that when, putting it off, he does it at last, he feels immensely happy, satisfied that whatever may happen now he has left everything settled. Well, this—this is my will that I want to make. I'm not going to die, so far as I know, but I'm fond of Charles and I'd want to know—I've been thinking about it lately—I do want to feel, to know, that if ever he wanted help, was in bad trouble—like, just for example, anything happening to me—you would go to him at once." She stopped.

Sim said immediately. "Of course I promise, Alice."

She leaned back in her chair and faintly smiled at him, conveying to him precisely the simile she had drawn—that of a man relieved, made happy, assured, by having at last made his will.

He smiled return and said again, "Of course I promise, Alice." He got up and went over to her. "Now just fancy you worrying about old Charles and what he'll do if anything ever happens to you, like that!" He touched her face and she put up her hands and patted his hand. "You are a good little soul, you know. That's how I have always thought of you—one of the good ones."

She seemed to flinch. "Ah, don't say good."

"Real good."

She pressed his hand against her cheek. She said aloud, "But Sim, it has been serious, hasn't it? First, that you promise to remember always that I am fond of Charles; second, that if ever he should be in trouble—"

"Remembered by heart—promised by oath—*Sim Paris, his mark*."

He bent and made as it were a sign upon her forehead with his finger.

She caught her breath, "Oh, Sim!"

CHARLES'S wife that night scarcely exchanged words with Conrad Bryne. The young doctor, Charles's new friend, arrived while she was at picquet with Sim; and Charles, who had been looking on, went out to greet him and took him straight into the dining-room where was set out the chessboard. He left in a hurry, having a case to call in at before he went home, he said; no more than looked in on the picquet-players;

Continued on page 86



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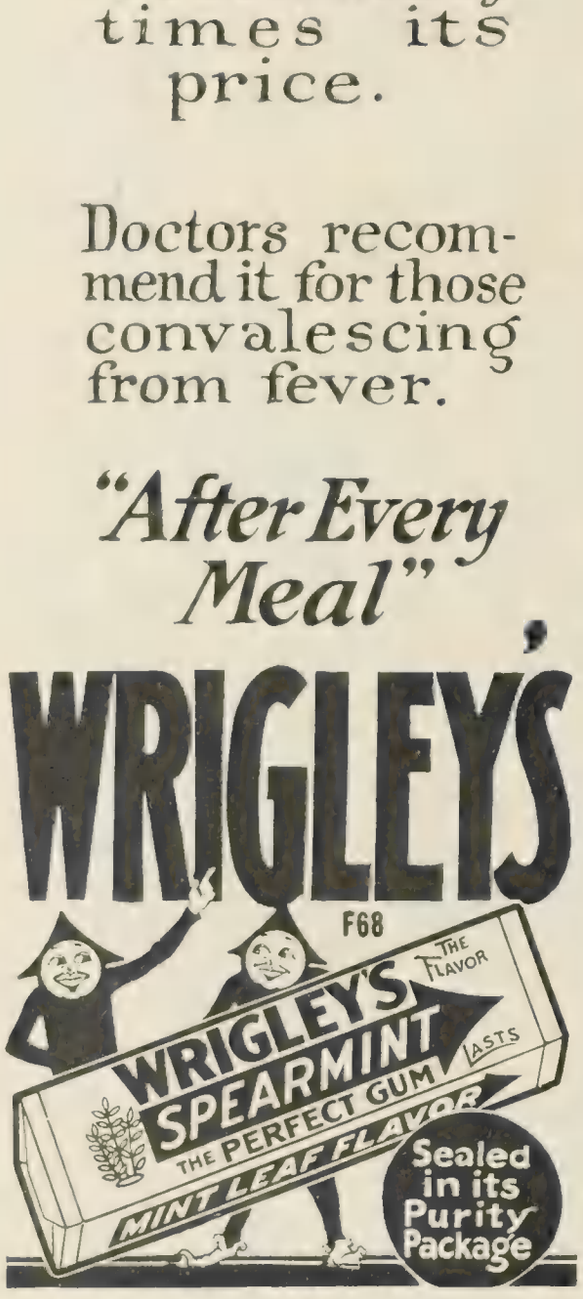
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THE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 84

announced that he would just take a peep at the patient upstairs; came down with," Dozing quietly, all well," and then with, "Well, I'll be round in the morning, Mrs. Paris," was gone.

The picquet had finished. Outside was the sound of the starting of the doctor's car, Charles with him. "Coming again to-morrow, is he?" said Sim. "He seems to attend old Gand much oftener than the other chap did. What was the old doctor's name?"

Alice was across the room, setting the cards in a drawer. "Blake," she said. She made no comment.

Charles came in.

Sim said, "Ah, old man, let's see—I'm coming up with you for a day in town when you go to office to-morrow. What hideous hour did you say?"

"Nine-five from the station, quarter to nine from here, eight-fifteen breakfast."

"Like a book! Right, I'll stagger down eight-fifteen on the tick. How did the chess go, Charles?"

Charles rubbed his hands together. He was more animated than was his wont. "I won. Two out of three."

"Good for you. He's a nice fellow, that doctor. I like him."

"Oh, he's a good fellow, yes. We're great friends."

"Attentive, too, at his job, I mean. Comes pretty well every day, doesn't he?"

"Every second day. Oh, yes; he's keen!"

"He must be. You'd have thought that, seeing old Gand quite O. K. just now, he wouldn't have wanted to come to-morrow."

Alice said, "Well, I'm going to bed. It's bedtime, I think."

SHE had heard the result of the chess. Nevertheless she asked it of Conrad Bryne when on the morrow he came to his patient. He was shown in to her in the morning-room. When the maid had closed the door, "I scarcely got a word with you last night," he said.

They had conventionally greeted at his entry. She now was standing facing him and at his remark she returned no words, but made with her hands a little outward gesture. "What would you?" it seemed to say.

He stood looking at her. Doctor Blake, who had not shown himself so attentive in visits here as his successor, always went his round punctiliously tail-coated and silk-hatted. Conrad Bryne, who had left a hard felt hat in the hall, wore a blue suit, the jacket cut reefer fashion, contributing perhaps to the navy air he had about him. He was strongly built, deep-chested, his arms long and their wrists and hands noticeably powerful. His face, with no soft contours, was of the chiseled sort, the eyes set deep, the mouth long and firmly chinned, his hair a little gray at the temples. He was to be noted, seen in repose, as the type that breathes deeply, giving, with strength of figure and of face and with steadiness of eye (as had he), the impression of much force of character, much strength of purpose. Nevertheless, though in repose now as he stood and looked upon the wife of Charles, his breathing was not deep, but quick; the expression of his mouth not firm, but emotional; of his eyes not calm, but speaking.

Her own eyes, fixed on his, were also speaking.

She took her breath on a sharp catch. It was as though the thoughts she read within his eyes, mingling with those she knew he read in hers, caused an emotion that, mounting, choked her. But her words, to cover perhaps a signal he might take from that catch at her breath, were conventional.

"Who won the chess?"

"He did."

Conrad Bryne paused and then he added, "He wouldn't have. I let him."

"Why did you let him?"

A space before she had answered a question of his, also relating to the previous evening, by gesture. It now was he who gestured and his motion was the same as hers had been, an outward turning of his hands. Hers, replying to why they had not talked, was "What would you?" and it was code, done in that swift understanding which those in the relations of these two have for "How can we speak when we are watched?" His now, replying to why had he let Charles win, was "How could I other?" and in the code-book she read, "I am terribly wronging that man—how can I bear to triumph over him?"

Again she caught her breath. Here was the fire with which she was playing—and she was at bottom too virtuous to be able to warm her desires at it without suffering pang for the man she was deceiving. The like infirmity was Conrad Bryne's. Here was the reason that brought him to this house—and he was at bottom too upright to be able to foster his passion for her without suffering pang for the man he was betraying.

Wrong—if falseness to honor may be called wrong in an age that holds right and wrong to be but arbitrary standards, self-determination to be the only principle of conduct—demands a bolder front than such.

"We had better go up-stairs," she said.

UP-STAIRS, "Patient is well this morning," Swiss Jule greets them.

Swiss Jule's voice—when he does speak—is entirely without tone, expressionless. He speaks—when he does speak—in no kind of exclamation or explanation, but in plain and undecorated statements; and he speaks them as if he were reciting from a paper bald announcements in which he personally has neither part nor interest. "Patient has been in conversation ever since breakfast."

"Not spoken, has he?" inquires Conrad Bryne.

Patient at rare intervals is known to make a few words (one of the reason's why Charles dare not ever leave the house on holiday), but the question is perfunctory. Yet the sailor in this doctor gives even his perfunctory remarks a sturdy ring; he knows what Alice and what Charles think of Swiss Jule; but for his own part he just takes Swiss Jule as one of the slow dull sort, and always has a fresh, encouraging way toward him. "Not spoken, has he?"

"Patient has not spoken."

"Understands as well as ever?"

"Patient perfectly understands."

"Maintains the interest?"

"Patient will listen by the hour."

"How you find things to say to him!" comes murmur of Charles's wife.

Conrad Bryne has crossed to the table where lies the nursing-chart and has taken it up and is deep in it. Charles's wife has met Swiss Jule's eyes, has felt the silence, and to break it has given the sound of a little laugh and of that murmured sentence. "How you find things to say to him!"

Swiss Jule smooths back a whisp of hair from Patient's brow and looking down addresses Patient. "There is plenty to say. Patient is interested in everything that goes on in the house, isn't Patient? Patient heard doctor's arrival and would know what kept him so long down-stairs, wouldn't Patient?"

Conrad Bryne has done with the chart and lays it down and comes toward them. "Eh, what's that?" says Conrad Bryne.

Swiss Jule's eyes with his question to Patient have lifted up to the eyes of Charles's wife (who averts hers). Then his eyes go to Conrad Bryne. "Patient is pleased, I am telling Mrs. Paris, by the greater frequency of your visits, doctor, than of Doctor Blake's. Patient would have me tell you that he has noticed it."

Conrad Bryne, the sailor, takes face-values and at the face-value of this is pleased and laughs. "More time on my hands, perhaps." He comes to the bed and smiles down genially on Patient. "Well, how are we feeling to-day? Pretty fine?"

Charles's wife, the woman, looks deeper than face-values, and looking deeper here seems in Swiss Jule's words to find that which causes tinge of color on her cheeks and makes her look away. Professional whispers now engage the doctor and the attendant.

Remotely crouched away behind those bars that are his wasted body, old Gand, not Patient, dimly is discernible by Charles's wife. Of what is he thinking while he has received those questions of Swiss Jule about the doctor's long delay down-stairs? What has Swiss Jule been saying to him? What to Swiss Jule have those eyes in reply been saying? Dimly within those clouded orbs of his the wife of Charles perceives him as of old she knew him, the power, the autocrat. His

Continued on page 88



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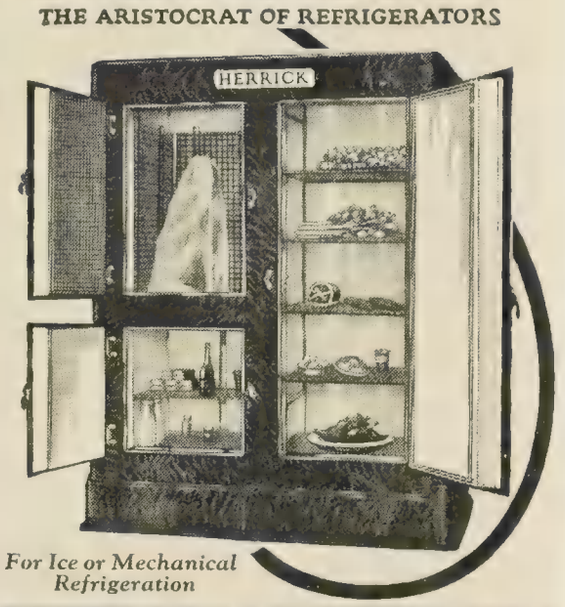
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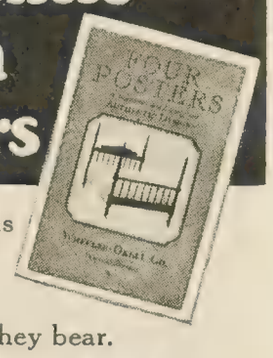
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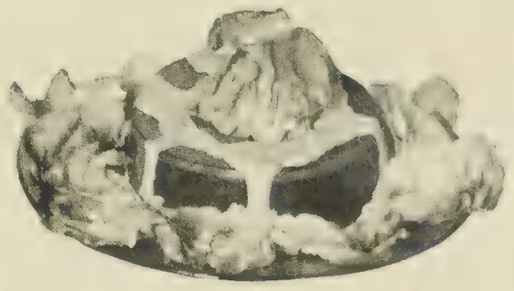
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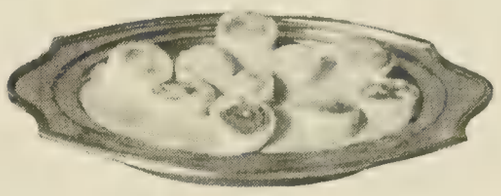
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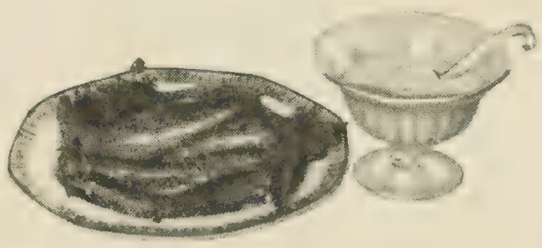
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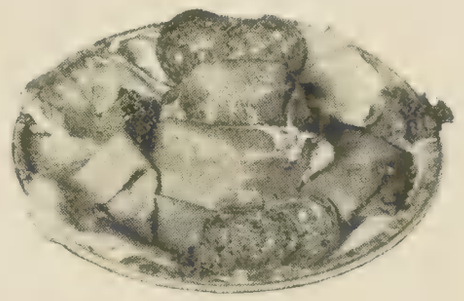
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THE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 86

lower lip has fallen away from his teeth, and dimly in that sardonic, sulky twist it has she can perceive him as she has been told of him of old, the dragon and the mighty one. His eyes are moving. Slowly, laboriously they move from Swiss Jule, laboriously crawl along to Conrad Bryne and fix on him and settle there. What thinking?

Conrad Bryne, receiving Jule's report while he listens and questions, is touching old Gand here and there; inserts a finger down the neck of his sleeping-suit; rests fingers on his wrist; slightly raises a hand and lets it drop; touches the forehead; twists between finger and thumb a wisp of the grizzled hair; with the back of his knuckles nonchalantly presses up the corner of the drooping, sulky lip and lets it fall, sardonic, sulky, back again.

It is, as Sim had said to her, all rather horrible. Old Gand might be a corpse. But old Gand is not a corpse. Patient is a corpse—Patient receives these indignities mute, indifferent, imperturbable as death. Old Gand, no corpse though crouched unfathomably deep within a corpse, is here, is watching Conrad with those dull unfathomable orbs, is thinking—what?

A small shudder takes Alice. "The bedsore spot is healed," comes Jule's voice, and she is returned to that going on between the doctor and the nurse of him upon the bed.

"Will you care to look?"

The words are a question, but Swiss Jule's toneless voice delivers them void of interrogation, a toneless statement only; and to emit them his mouth, a thin dark line upon the olive face, seems scarcely to open, his lips do not appear to move at all.

"Will you care to look?"

"I'd better look," says Conrad Bryne.

Swiss Jule—salesman indifferently heaving up a specimen—puts his hands beneath Patient, and Conrad Bryne a hand on Patient's shoulder, and they roll him over, the mighty one, and strip his back, the autocrat, and point and peer and roll him back and pat him down again, the power and the driving force.

The back of his head is on the pillow again. His eyes, the wife of Charles observes and catches at her breath, again are awfully slowly moving. They have done with Conrad Bryne; discovered what? They now, laboriously and awfully slowly, are seeking (well she knows it) her. She would move, move her gaze or her station, but those eyes are old Gand's eyes, commanding her (she knows) to wait there; and as in a nightmare, leaden, incapable, terrified, she watches them most awfully slowly crawl toward her. They reach her, fix her, settle down upon her. She tries to smile. She can not. She is aware, perfectly aware though she can not see it, that Swiss Jule is looking at her, studying and perfectly well understanding the ordeal she is going through. The eyes are on her; knowing what?

She makes an effort; she puts out a hand between those eyes and hers and turns it this way and that as though examining something upon it; behind its shield she averts at last her gaze, and it is then Swiss Jule's look she meets, the look that has that glimmer at the corners of the mouth, and tonelessly he says to her, "Patient is wonderful, is he not? Patient understands everything that is going on."

IT IS over. They leave the room and come down-stairs.

The stairs in that big Victorian house were wide and they trod down together. "I dread that room," Alice said, and spoke the words on the emotional catch that was the setback of the strain she had been undergoing.

Conrad Bryne's hand hanging beside hers took hers and pressed it. "I know you do."

They went to the drawing-room. The door was ajar and he pressed it open for her and followed her in.

"I hate to hear you say there is anything you dread. I hate that in all the world there should be anything to give you unhappiness. That is how I think of you."

She averted her eyes. "He is a spy, that Jule."

"What can he possibly have to spy on?"

"He knows what there is between us."

He gave an exclamation, a sound as though control were leaving him. She was turned away from standing with him in the middle of the room. He put his hand about her elbow. "You say he knows what there is between us. By God," his voice was trembling, "by God he knows more than I do. What is there between us?"

She turned toward him and gave him swimming eyes.

"Oh, how can you ask?"

He said, his voice not trembling now but immensely deep, making within her chords to vibrate, "What has there ever been between us that any one might not see?"

"Oh, how can you ask?"

He said, "There has been nothing. Looks, thoughts, secret understandings, what has there been to see in these? There scarcely have been words that all the household might not hear. Only thoughts. Alice, I can go on, on thought alone, no longer."

HE CAUGHT her hands. "Alice, there shall be, there must be, things between us that others, by our fate, must not see; there shall, there must be, words between us that others may not hear. There shall and must be—now. I love you; I love you."

Alice gasped, "Oh, this is terrible."

But Conrad Bryne caught her to him, his arms about her, his face alight with adoration bent to hers, his voice impassioned. "Oh terrible only in the immensity of my love. I love you; I love you. I have fought against it. I have held out my hands to the things that stand between us, to what they call honor, to what they call right, and begged them to defeat me and overcome me. Alice, in the night, night upon night, I literally have stretched out my arms into the darkness and besought the powers of these things to stop my heart, to stop my love, to call upon everything that is sacred in me to join them and defeat me and help me tear you from my life and help me go away; and in the morning, always, I have gone to my beloved and my darling for one more look——"

"Oh, terrible!" her murmur came.

"And I have seen my lovely darling, seen my darling dear; and I have known that nothing in me is sacred, that nothing to me in all the world is sacred, but only she, but only you, beloved."

Her eyes were almost closed; her head hung slightly back; the weight almost of all her body was upon his arms; almost she seemed to faint.

He said, "Now, now. there have been things between us which others may not hear. My heart that would have burst within me otherwise is welling now on you, on you. Oh, Alice, how do these things happen? I had known you weeks. I thought nothing of you. There suddenly was a night here in this very room after dinner when I looked up and saw you with half the lamplight, half the shadow on your face. God, how do these things happen?"

"Why do they happen?" came her voice.

He cried with an intensity greater suddenly than yet his voice had had: "Because of love. Because love knows its own and seeks its own, and finds through every obstacle its own, and—Alice, listen to me."

He stopped. She was commanded, and she breathed, "Oh, what?"

"Open your eyes."

She opened them. As if her eyelids had been veils which lifted for the first time revealed her fully to him, he breathed, "Oh, Alice."

He said, "And it has happened because love through every obstacle must join its own."

He put his mouth on hers.

"Return my kiss."

He felt her lips just move.

"Say that you love me. I must hear it. Say 'I love you.' "

Her whisper came "I dare not."

"Say it."

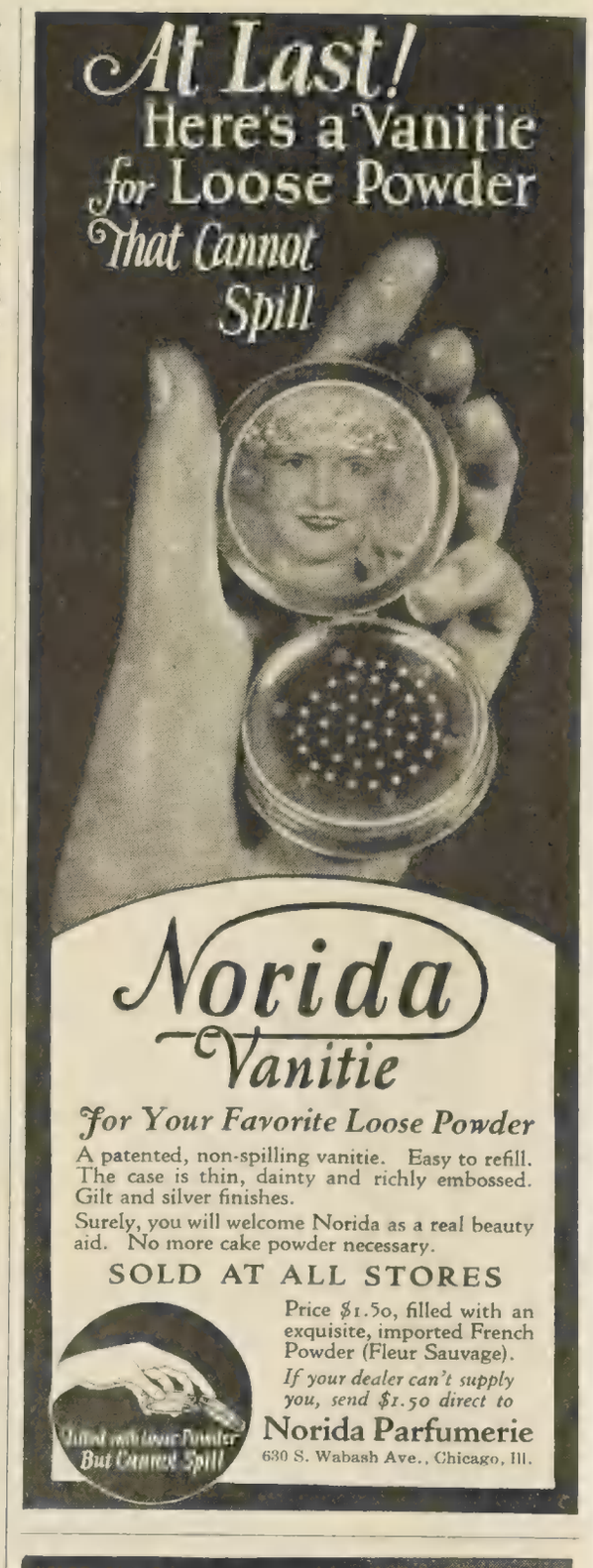
She gave a broken sound. "I dare not say that I love you." She gave a sound of laugh that broke a sob or sob that broke a laugh. "I will say it in French."

"In French then."

Her hands while he held her had been upon his elbows. She puts her arms suddenly about him in clasp the equal of his own. She cried, with drawn-out bliss of utterance upon the intimate and passionate "thee":

"Je t'aime! Je t'aime!"

Continued in the July DELINEATOR



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My Hands
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By Edna Wallace Hopper

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Yet my hands are soft and smooth. They form one of my chief attractions.

I spent 25 years to find a lotion which would do that. I tried numberless kinds—almost everything that experts submitted. But I have only lately found my ideal. Now I offer it to all women, as I do with every great help I have found. I supply it to all toilet counters under the name of Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Hand Lotion. It is made in the laboratory which evolved it, exactly as I use it.

I ask you to try it. Apply it at night and see what a change comes by morning. Apply it whenever your hands touch water which may harden or dry or chap them. Use it to keep your hands looking as young and soft and tender as your face.

I will mail you a sample of my Youth Lotion free if you will send this coupon. Do that, for your own sake. Learn the best that I have found in many years of searching. Clip coupon now.

Trial Free

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I want to try Youth Hand Lotion.

.....

.....



AS PIONEERS IN THE FIELD OF ORAL HYGIENE, WE BELIEVE THAT THE MAKERS OF LISTERINE ARE LOGICALLY QUALIFIED TO INTRODUCE THIS NEW AND DRASTIC NOTE INTO DENTIFRICE ADVERTISING. AND WE BELIEVE THAT A VERY DEFINITE PUBLIC BENEFIT WILL RESULT FROM THIS ENDEAVOR TO MAKE THE NATION PROPERLY CONSCIOUS OF THE DISEASE DANGERS THAT MAY RESULT FROM TOOTH ABSCESSES.—LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY.

YOUR DENTIST MAY BE ABLE TO ADD MANY PRECIOUS YEARS TO YOUR LIFE—BETTER SEE HIM!

Hidden wells of poison

To all appearances she was the picture of health, yet a dental X-ray revealed hidden wells of poison that, neglected, might have cut short her life by many years

She was a beautiful girl. She had a host of friends and many suitors. To all appearances she was the picture of health. Rarely did even a slight illness interrupt her program of pleasure.

Suddenly one summer she started complaining of a rheumatic ailment. The trouble became more intense, and she finally sought the aid of a physician. His remedies did not help her.

So she changed doctors. And the first thing the new physician did was to send her to a dentist for an X-ray of her teeth and a report as to their condition. Outwardly they appeared all right. But the X-ray picture revealed several bad abscesses. These hidden wells of poison had been seeping their deadly bacteria into her system and had unquestionably caused the rheumatism.

Once attended to by her dentist, the rheumatic trouble disappeared. Neglected, they might have brought on many other ailments and, in fact, might have cut short her life by many years.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

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this safe, economical way

IF you have ever had skin blemishes, enlarged pores or blackheads you know how unsightly they are. How they can ruin even the most perfect complexion.

This offers a new way to remove cold cream and cosmetics. A way known to America's most famous actresses—women who use heavy makeup constantly. Their problem was to keep their skins soft and lovely in spite of hard use.

This new way is Kleenex—a soft velvety absorbent made of Cellucotton. It is clean, sanitary, safe. It is economical—simply throw it away after using.

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Kleenex, besides being safer, is more economical. You owe it to your skin at least to give it this simple care. Get Kleenex, *today*. There are about 200 sheets (size 6 by 7 inches) in a 25c box, enough for about a month. At all drug and department stores.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

KLEENEX

The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover





THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 13

some of us pay for them—Amarias, what *did* you and Emeline come to see me about to-night? What was the real reason?"

Amarias was the picture of innocence, innocence hurt but forgiving.

"Why, just what I told you, Lettice," he declared. "We've been thinkin' about poor father, how much he thought of us all and how he would like to see the family—er—united again, as you might say. We've come to tell you we're sorry for the way we've treated you—if we have treated you that way—and ask you to do as we're goin' to do, let bygones be bygones. After all, we're all Peels."

"Yes, so we are. I realize that. Perhaps that is why I asked you what you came for. What was it, Amarias?"

"Why—why, nothin'. Nothin' except what I've said. And, because we're interested, as members of the family, to ask you what you planned doin', now that you've got the ten thousand and—and the—er—rest of it. Are you goin' to keep on with the shop?"

"Probably. I haven't decided yet."

"Um-hum. I see. Well, that's right. Take plenty of time and think it over."

"I shall."

"That's right, that's right— Er—how about the A B C houses? Goin' to keep those, are you? Or sell 'em?"

"I don't know. Do you know any one who might buy them?"

Mr. Peel shook his head. His wife was watching him intently, but he did not so much as glance at her.

"No-o," he said slowly. "No, I can't say as I do, exactly. They're all pretty well run down and ain't worth much. Of course that B house now, the one we all used to live in, you might dispose of that, perhaps. There was some talk of the town's buyin' it, but that may have blown over. You haven't heard anything along that line, have you, Lettice? Not that it makes any difference to us, of course. We're only interested on your account."

BEFORE she could answer there came another knock at the door. It was after nine o'clock, the rain and wind were as violent as ever, and the knock was a great surprise. Emeline started and looked at the clock.

"For mercy sakes, who's that?" she whispered. "Who else is comin' here, at this time of night? And *such* a night!"

Lettice was as surprised as the rest, but she rose and opened the door. A burst of wind-driven water entered and with it two bedraggled figures, the figures of Susanna and Abner Crusit. Amarias and Emeline stared at them and they—as soon as breath and clear vision returned—stared at Emeline and Amarias. Lettice looked at all four of her visitors. Her expression was at first one of great astonishment. Then it changed. Her lips twitched and, for an instant, she seemed on the point of bursting into a laugh. But she did not. When she spoke—and she was the first to speak—her tone was as casually cheerful as if the call was the most natural thing in the world.

"Good evening," she said. "How nice of you to come on such a stormy night! Give me your umbrella. Take off your wet things right away and sit down."

Mr. Crusit was holding the soaked umbrella and she took it from his unresisting fingers. Then she moved to assist his wife with her waterproof. Susanna was struggling hard to recover her composure. She glanced at Amarias and Emeline, frowned, swallowed, and managed to force a smile.

"It is an awful night," she admitted. "Good evening, Amarias. Good evening, Emeline. No, Lettice, I don't know as we would have come if we had realized how bad it was. But we thought of course you would be all alone, and——"

Her husband put in a word. He had been carefully schooled before leaving home, had rehearsed his lesson over and over again, and now he felt it time to begin the recitation.

"We cal'lated you'd be surprised to see us, Lettice," he announced. "We knew you would. But the fact is Susanna and I have been plannin' to come and see you ever since Father Peel died. We've been thinkin' things over and it seemed to us that——"

Susanna cut him short. Amarias and Emeline were pricking up their ears and she felt it high time to prevent further disclosures.

"There, there," she interrupted sharply. "Don't stand there preaching, with that sopping wet coat on."

"Eh? Why, Susanna, I was just goin' to say what you——"

"Take off that coat, I tell you. You can talk afterward. Thank you, Lettice. Oh, just hang it up anywhere where it won't drip— Well," turning to her brother, "I didn't expect to see you and Emeline here, Amarias. What started you out in such a rain-storm?"

Amarias looked hurt. "Lettice is my half-sister as well as yours," he said reprovingly. "Emeline and I knew that she was all alone—that is, we expected she would be, naturally—and we felt it our duty to come and see her. That was all. So we—er—we came."

Susanna nodded. "Yes, I see you've come," she observed. "Be still, Abner—It's the first time you've come for a long time, isn't it?"

Mr. Peel coughed. "It is—er—yes," he admitted. "But better late than never. Emeline and I have been tellin' Lettice that—we ought to please father by gettin' together again, lettin' bygones be bygones and startin' fresh. I told you that is what we came for, didn't I, Lettice?"

Lettice nodded.

"That is what you told me, Amarias," she answered gravely.

Mr. Crusit's mouth opened.

"Why, sho! That's odd," he exclaimed. "Susanna and I came here to say the very same thing. Didn't we, Susanna?"

"Why—why, yes, it was," she affirmed. "That was it, exactly. Abner and I have been thinking a great deal since poor father—er——"

"Passed on," suggested Emeline.

"Yes, that's it. We came to the conclusion that perhaps we hadn't acted exactly right to you, Lettice. Though," with a sudden dash of acidity, "we didn't suppose—we hadn't the least reason for supposing that anybody else felt the same way."

Lettice beamed upon them all. "But you see they did," she said. "This is a real family reunion, isn't it? Now we can chat about family affairs and enjoy ourselves."

Apparently they could, but nevertheless they did not. The talk which followed dealt with almost everything except the affairs of the members of the Peel family. There was a general air of restraint and embarrassment and, of the five, Lettice Booker seemed to be the only one who was enjoying the reunion. The time dragged and so did the conversation. Ten o'clock struck and so did eleven. Emeline stifled a yawn and glanced at the clock on the mantel, then appealingly at her husband. Abner Crusit's eyes shut and remained shut for minutes at a time. He, too, looked wistfully at his wife. But Susanna was as oblivious of the look as Amarias seemed to be of his wife's behavior. Neither of them made a move to go. At last, however, Emeline, in desperation, called attention to the hour.

"I—I don't suppose you noticed it, dearie," she said, addressing her husband, "but—but don't you think we ought to be startin' home pretty soon? Course we've all had such a nice sociable talk together that we haven't thought of the time, but it's most twelve o'clock."

Mr. Peel received this suggestion with a tightening of the lips and a venomous glance in her direction. But Mr. Crusit came promptly to the rescue.

"We've all got to be goin', I should say," he declared, taking care not to look at his wife as he did so. "Lettice must think we're planning to stay to breakfast. Come now, Susanna. Get on your things."

Mrs. Crusit's glance was a counterpart of her brother's. She and Amarias regarded each other defiantly. Lettice's smile was the essence of cordiality.

"Oh, don't hurry!" she begged. "Just think how long it has been since we were all together like this. And I am having *such* a good time. Aren't you?"

Emeline and Abner vowed that they were. Susanna and Amarias said nothing, but continued to look at each other. Then the former rose from her chair.

"We must go, of course," she said. "It is

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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 90

the middle of the night and we must all go. Get my waterproof, Abner. Amarias, you and Emeline will walk along with us. We're all going in the same direction. Come."

Amarias hesitated, but, as she made no move to don the waterproof which her husband was holding for her and it was obvious that she would not do so until he put on the coat which Emeline had ready for him, he also rose.

"I suppose we have got to be goin'," he admitted. "As you say, Susanna, we'll all four walk along together. Good night, Lettice. This has been a wonderful evenin'. I hope father knows about it. It would make him very happy."

Lettice nodded. "Yes, wouldn't it?" she said.

Susanna clasped her hand. "You'll come and see us, won't you, Lettice," she urged. "And, remember, if there is anything Abner and I can do to help you in any way—if you want advice about—well, business or anything—remember to call on us for it. Abner's a wonderful business man. Father always said so."

After the others had crossed the threshold Amarias, who had maneuvered into the position of rear-guard, breathed a word in his half-sister's ear.

"Lettice," he whispered hurriedly, "could you see me alone some time to-morrow? Not in the shop, you know, but here. I've got a little matter I want to talk with you about."

Lettice reflected.

"I generally shut up the shop for an hour at noon," she whispered in return. "I shall be alone here to-morrow between twelve and one."

"All right, I'll be here sharp at twelve. Don't tell anybody I'm comin'. And, Lettice, don't— Yes, yes, Emeline, here I am."

The door closed behind them. A moment later, however, it opened again and Mrs. Crusit slipped in.

"I declare if I didn't forget one of my rubbers," she explained. "Only put one of them on and not until I stepped right in a puddle did I find it out. Oh, and Lettice, there is a little something Abner and I want to talk over with you. Kind of private, just between you and us, so don't tell Amarias or anybody. Suppose Abner and I came around here early to-morrow morning before you opened the shop—could you see us right after breakfast—well, say, at half-past seven?"

"Certainly, Susanna."

"All right. We'll come then— Oh, is that you, Amarias? Yes, I've found my rubber. Good night, Lettice."

Her brother glanced sharply at her and at his half-sister, but Susanna gave him no opportunity to speak or question. She took his arm and pulled him away from the door. Lettice heard their footsteps splash away into the rainy darkness. Then she closed the door once more and smiled, a smile which broadened into a laugh. Then she sat down by the stove to think. It was after one when she rose to prepare for bed.

THE Crusits were prompt in keeping their appointment. As a matter of fact, it lacked ten minutes of the agreed-upon hour of seven-thirty when Lettice heard them coming up the walk to the back door. When she opened that door, they entered hurriedly and Susanna took pains to close it carefully behind them.

"I don't want anybody to see us here so early," she explained. "There has been talk enough about us Peels already and there is no sense in starting more. Lettice, Abner and I have come to talk over a little private business and we want it kept private. Abner, pull down that curtain."

Mr. Crusit, obedient as always, drew the window-shade down to the sill. His wife pulled a chair up to the table and sat down.

"Sit down, Lettice," she urged. "Abner, you sit down, too, and let me do the talking. Lettice, we've been thinking, Abner and I, about those three houses of ours—I mean of father's—yours they are now. What everybody calls the A B C houses. Have you decided yet what you are going to do with those houses?"

Lettice looked puzzled.

"Do with them?" she repeated. "Why, what do you mean?"

Abner opened his mouth, but his wife promptly closed it.

"Sshh!" she commanded. "Didn't I say I'd do the talking? Listen, Lettice. There is a story going around that the selectmen have dug up that old plan of theirs to buy the B house—the one we all used to live in, the one father lived and died in—and tear it down so that Cross Street can run through to Water Street. You've heard the story, I guess, haven't you?"

The look which accompanied the question was sharply scrutinizing, but Lettice gave no sign that she was aware of the scrutiny.

"Yes," she said calmly, "I've heard of it."

"I thought so. And hasn't Noah Didlow been here already to see you about buying the B house?"

"Yes. He came yesterday."

"I knew he did," triumphantly. "Somebody saw him go into your shop and that somebody told Abner, and I told Abner that was exactly what he came for. Lettice," anxiously, "you didn't sell that house to the town, did you?"

"No, Susanna."

"You didn't say you would sell it, did you?"

"No, Susanna."

"What did you say?"

"I said I would think it over. I said I hadn't made up my mind what to do with any of those houses yet. Why?"

"I'll tell you why in just a minute. My, I'm thankful you didn't agree to sell. But just tell me this first—how much did that Didlow man offer for the B house? You don't mind telling us, do you? It's all in the family."

Lettice smiled. "I don't mind at all," she replied. "He offered me two thousand dollars for it."

The Crusits looked at each other. Susanna shook her head.

"That's a lot of money for that old house," she declared. "And there isn't much land. Yes, that's a lot of money— But, Lettice, I'm awful glad you didn't sell. Why didn't you?"

"Because, as I say, I'm not sure what I want to do with those houses yet. Why are you so glad?"

"Oh, for a lot of reasons. I suppose most folks would say I was foolish and sentimental, but I can't bear—Abner and I can't bear—to think of that house going out of the Peel family. I lived there when I was a girl."

"Yes, we all lived there. Father and you and I—and Amarias."

MRS. CRUSIT noted the momentary hesitation before the name of her brother. She leaned forward.

"Amarias," she repeated. "Amarias hasn't been here since last night, has he?"

"Why, no. What makes you think he had?"

"Nothing, nothing. There isn't any reason why he should, of course. Lettice, don't sell that house to the town, will you?"

Lettice seemed to hesitate. "I don't know," she said. "I haven't a great deal of money and——"

"No, no, of course you haven't. We understand that, Abner and I. Don't we, Abner?"

"Sure thing," declared Mr. Crusit eagerly. "That's what we've been thinkin' about. We realize you might feel you'd ought to sell all three houses, and so——"

"Sshh! I'll tell her what we realized. Lettice, Abner and I have been thinking about your affairs, just as he says, and we could see how you might feel obliged to sell so as to have the money to live on. We don't blame you for that at all. But we can't bear to let the old house go out of the family, and so we've decided to do something to help you out. We can afford to, can't we, Abner?"

"Sure thing we can. You see, Lettice——"

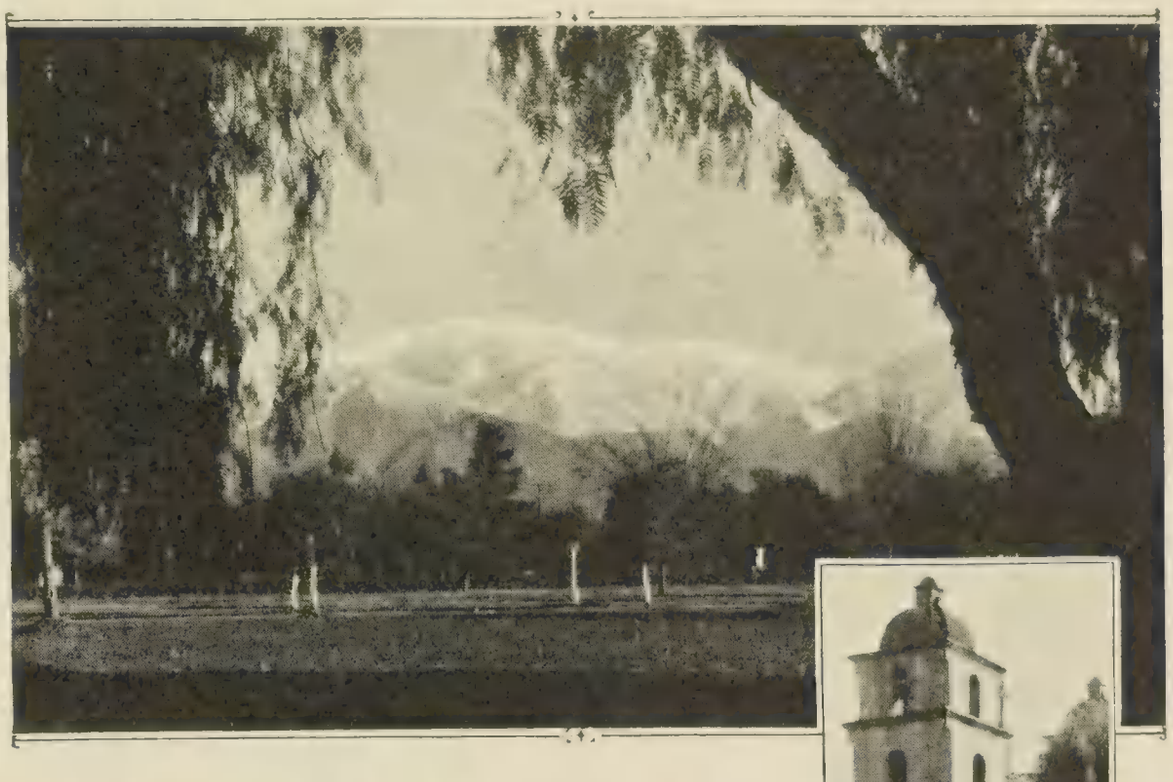
"Hush! Yes, we can afford to. Abner's doing very well in his store and we've got some money to spare. Lettice, we'll buy that B house of you and we'll give you—yes, we'll give you just as much as the town would give. We will—and we'll pay cash, too."

If Lettice was not surprised, she certainly gave a good imitation of being so. Her surprise was gratifying—and reassuring.

"Why—why, Susanna," she exclaimed, "do you mean that you and Abner really want to buy father's old home—yourselves?"

Susanna nodded. "We mean just that,"

Continued on page 92



The Children's Greatest Summer

—let it be their next

THE *routine of school,* as well as that of business and household affairs, is wearing. A child's need of change is even greater than an adult's. That's why school vacations are so long. The more different that change the better for the child.

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THE PEEL TRAIT

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she affirmed. "Of course we don't really *want* to buy it—why should we?—but we *will* buy it rather than have it go out of the family. If you feel you've got to sell, we'll buy. You won't lose anything and the B house will belong to a Peel the same as it always has. That's what we mean. Now what do you say?"

Lettice said nothing at the moment. Then she slowly shook her head.

"It's awfully good of you, Susanna," she declared. "But I'm afraid I can't sell that house—not yet, at any rate."

Mrs. Crusit's expression changed.

"You can't!" she cried, her voice rising. "Why can't you? Don't you need the money?"

"Yes, I need it very much. But I can't—not yet, at any rate—make up my mind to sell the old home. Perhaps I may have to some day, but I sha'n't until I do have to. Not even to you."

"But—but we might—it is ridiculous, but we might give you a hundred dollars more than the town offers—just to help you that much, of course. There's no other reason."

"I know, and I thank you. But it isn't altogether a matter of price. Perhaps I am sentimental, too. No, I can't sell the B house—now."

"What *will* you do with it? If something isn't done pretty soon, it'll fall to pieces. So will the other two, as far as that goes. Now, Lettice dear, be reasonable. You are father's daughter, just as I am. You must use your common sense. That is what he would say."

"But *he* wouldn't sell when he was alive. No, Susanna, I shall keep the B house for a while. I may go and live in it myself. I have thought of that."

"Live in it! Live there all alone, when you're so snug and comfortable here?"

"I am snug enough, but as for the comfort— And father lived there alone."

"No, he didn't, he had a housekeeper."

Lettice smiled, a smile which later on the Crusits remembered.

"Well, perhaps I could find some one willing to live there with me," she said. "And, at any rate, I shall keep that house for a while. But I'll do this, Susanna, if it will please you and Abner. I will promise you not to sell the old home without giving you due notice. Then, if you still want to buy, you will have the chance."

THEY had to be contented with that, and, after all, it was a good deal. It blocked the town's bid and also Amarias's, should he be scheming as his sister believed him to be. Susanna sighed resignedly. Then she played the second best card in her hand. What was Lettice thinking of doing with the A and C houses, she asked.

"Of course you will get rid of *them*, at any rate," she said. "They'll only be white elephants on your hands and expensive ones, too. You intend to sell them, don't you?"

"Why, I might—if any one was foolish enough to buy them. That is, I might sell the A house, for that is empty. There is a tenant in the other."

Then followed a long, circuitous game in which Mrs. Crusit used all the skill she possessed. She spoke often of the Peel family, of her love for her dead father and of her desire to do anything in her power to make life easier for her half-sister. She and Abner were well-to-do, they could afford to make some sacrifices and wished to make them.

"Let us do this much for you, Lettice," she pleaded. "Let us take those other two houses off your hands. Of course we couldn't pay much, for they aren't really worth anything, but we'll pay a fair price."

"What do you think would be a fair price?"

"Well, I don't know. As I say, those two houses are falling to pieces, and I'm sure I don't know what we could do with them after we got them, but——"

And so on. At last it was divulged that the Crusits felt they might pay twelve hundred dollars each for the A and C houses. Lettice shook her head.

"I don't think I shall sell the C house," she said. "Some one—Mr. Crowell—lives there and, although the rent he pays isn't very much, it amounts to more than the interest I could get from twelve hundred dollars. In fact, it might be better business for me to keep both of them and see how things develop."

Susanna did not think so, neither did Abner. Besides, they had set their hearts—Susanna declared that she might as well own up to that—upon owning those houses, if not all three, then two, or even one.

It was after nine—long after the usual opening hour of the notion shop—when the visitors departed. A definite conclusion had been reached and a bargain made. Both conclusions and bargain were not entirely satisfactory to Mrs. Crusit and her husband, but they felt they had gained something. The B house Lettice had firmly refused to sell. She was quite as firm in her refusal to sell the C house. But the A house, the first one in the row was theirs. They were to pay her fourteen hundred dollars for it and the deeds were to be ready and the cash to be turned over at nine o'clock on Monday morning, two days later.

Susanna's emotion all but overcome her as she parted from her half-sister at the door.

"I'm so glad this has turned out as it has," she declared feelingly. "Abner and I have the satisfaction of knowing that we've helped you to get along a little easier, and now we are going to own at least one of the houses that father built with his own hands, as you might say. You'll keep the other two, for the present——"

"For the present—yes." Then, with the faint suspicion of a smile, she added: "I wonder what Amarias will say when he knows about it. He will be surprised, I guess."

Mrs. Crusit turned quickly. "I wouldn't say a word to him about it," she exclaimed. "*I* sha'n't and perhaps you hadn't better. He'll think we're foolish—he hasn't got a bit of sentiment—and he wouldn't understand. Suppose we don't tell him, not until after Monday, any way. Let's promise we won't. Shall we?"

Mrs. Booker promised. "I won't tell him," she said. "Good-by, Susanna. Good-by, Abner. Thank you very much for—for being so thoughtful of me and—so generous."

AS THEY passed out of the yard, Mr. Crusit voiced the doubt in his mind.

"Fourteen hundred is a whale of a price for that old shack of an A house," he mused. "It's more than anybody else would pay, by five hundred anyhow."

Susanna Crusit sniffed impatiently. "It's a thousand less than we can sell it for the minute Cross Street goes through to Water Street," she declared. "I only wish we could have bought the other two. Well, we've got back a little of our own that father cheated us out of, and we've got partway even with that Lettice woman. One of the best things we did was to get her to give us the refusal of the B house. That's a spike in Amarias's guns. He was planning to buy those houses, you mark my words. He'll have to give in that I'm just as much of a Peel as he is, when it comes to business and common sense."

Abner grinned. "You'd never think Lettice Booker was a Peel, would you?" he observed. "Just think of her not takin' fourteen hundred for the C house when she had the chance. Just because Farley Crowell's payin' her fifteen dollars a month for it. Ho, ho! Not much common sense about that."

Susanna's smile was at least a half sneer.

"Can't you see why that is?" she exclaimed. "I can. It's because he is Farley Crowell, that's why. She was head-over-heels in love with him in the old days and I presume likely she hasn't got all over it yet, even if he has turned out to be a good-for-nothin' and a cripple. I suppose she pities him. Well, I guess he needs all the pity he can get. From what I hear he isn't earning enough to pay even fifteen dollars a month very long. When he has to move, you and I will buy that house, too. Then'll we'll have another laugh at Amarias and that hateful Lettice."

Lettice was busy in the notion shop the rest of the forenoon. At twelve she closed and locked its door and went into her living-room at the rear. Amarias Peel was there already, waiting for her.

FARLEY CROWELL had finished his lonely supper on Monday evening and was sitting by the stove in the kitchen reading, or trying to read, the Boston morning paper. He had spent three miserable days

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since his call upon Lettice Booker. The depression of spirits which followed that call had lasted ever since, and he could not shake it off. The determination not to remain in the C house as her tenant was still firm. He would move out just as soon as he could, and if that move took him away from Wapatomac, so much the better.

But where he should go, and, if he went, by what means he could earn a living, these were questions still unanswered. He had built up a small business in Wapatomac, enough to supply his simple wants, and the prospect that the business might grow was not impossible. The Winters were certain to be dull enough, but the Summer visitors seemed to have taken a fancy to his toys and mills, and it was from them that the increased patronage might come. If he left Wapatomac, he would be obliged to start all over again, amid new surroundings and among strangers. Yet he was determined to go. It had been forced upon his realization, the fact that, if happiness, or something akin to it, was to be his, it must be looked for in some place where Lettice Peel—he never thought of her as Lettice Booker—was not, where he could not see her and meet her and talk with her almost daily.

This was foolish and crazily absurd, of course. She herself, in that very room, had reminded him of their ages, and had declared that the feeling of the old days between them was over and done with and could never be again. She was right—a thousand times right. It could not be; or, if it was—if on his part it was and always would be—he would never admit it. She should never know. Better, far better, to run away now, while he had a reasonable excuse for running.

His search for a way of escape was so far fruitless, but he must continue it. It had occurred to him that his former employers in New York might possibly have some sort of opening for him, and he considered writing them. Now, as he sat there by the stove, trying to read, but seeing nothing of the printed words before him, he reached the determination to write at once. He threw down the paper and rose to get pen, ink and paper. Then some one knocked at the door.

"Yes," he said. "I am here. Come in."

THE door opened and Lettice entered. He stood there, gazing at her. It was as if his thought had been an incantation and her spirit had answered the summons.

"Why—why, Lettice!" he exclaimed.

She smiled brightly. "I have surprised you, haven't I, Farley?" she said. "You didn't expect me, of course. You are alone, aren't you?"

He nodded. "Yes, yes, I am alone," he stammered. "I usually am at this time. Won't you sit down?"

She accepted the chair he offered. "Yes," she said, "I will. And I want you to sit down, too, for what I have come to talk about will take a good while. Why do you look so queer? Aren't you glad to see me?"

He took a chair at the other side of the table. "You know I am glad to see you, Lettice," he said gravely. "Of course you know it. But you know, too, that I am not altogether glad to see you here. It is early, and——"

"And you are afraid the neighbors may have seen me. When I came before, you were worried because it was so late. You care too much about what your neighbors see and say. I don't now, at all. I have a great deal to say, myself, and I want you to listen. It is no business of the neighbors whatever. It is just our own, Farley—yours and mine."

He shrugged, but he looked at her keenly. Her manner, so it seemed to him, was peculiar. Her tone was brisk and matter-of-fact enough, but underneath it there was, or so he imagined, a certain suppressed excitement. Her eyes sparkled and there was a smile at the corners of her lips. As she met his gaze, the color rose to her cheeks.

"What is it, Lettice?" he asked curiously. "Has anything happened?"

She smiled and nodded. "Yes," she said, "a lot has happened. I am going to tell you about it and you mustn't interrupt. Farley, I have sold the A house, the one at the other end of the row. My half-sister, Susanna Crusit, has bought it—she and her husband together, although he doesn't count."

He was surprised, and the surprise caused him to disobey orders so far as interrupting was concerned.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad of it. I hope you got a good price."

"I think I did. Susanna paid me fourteen hundred dollars for it. And I have the money— Hush! That isn't all. I have the offer from the town for the B house, father's old home, the offer I told you of—two thousand dollars."

He nodded. "You did tell me of that," he said. "And you have decided to accept it?"

"I don't know whether I shall accept it or not. That remains to be seen. But there is more. Farley, you remember that, on Friday evening, when you came to see me, you told me you had definitely decided not to stay here in the C house as my tenant, but that you were going to move as soon as you found another place. You remember that?"

"Certainly I remember it. I meant it, Lettice."

"I know you did. And do you remember, too, that you asked me to promise if I had a chance to sell this house I must not let any thought of you stand in the way?"

He looked at her. "I remember that very well," he said, a trifle stiffly. "Have you had such a chance?"

She nodded. "I have had more than the chance," she declared. "I have sold the house—C house, this one here—to my brother, Amarias, for fifteen hundred dollars cash. The title passed this afternoon. What do you think of that?"

He thought much, but he said little. The fact that as shrewd a bargainer as Amarias Peel should pay fifteen hundred dollars for a tumbledown dwelling like the C house was amazing of itself, but her attitude—the cold-blooded manner in which she had announced it to him—was more amazing. And she had done it, had sold the roof over his head, without troubling to consult him, or warn him, without giving him a moment's notice. This was the Peel common sense with a vengeance. Yet he smiled.

"I think you have done well," he answered. "I congratulate you. I suppose it is part of the deal that I get out at once. Well, I will."

She shook her head. "No, it isn't," she said. "The agreement between Amarias and me is that you are to stay on here at the same rent for another year, if you wish to. That is all set down in writing, signed and sealed. Amarias agreed to that. I made him."

He shrugged. "I'm very much obliged to you both," he observed, "but I shall go at once. By the end of the week, or sooner."

"Where will you go?"

"I don't know. That needn't trouble you, however."

AGAIN her manner changed. The cheerful eagerness, almost an air of triumph, which she had worn since she began telling of her fortunate trades, vanished, and she became grave.

"Farley," she began once more, "although I made that agreement with Amarias, I didn't expect you to be willing to stay here as his tenant. I knew you wouldn't want to do that, and—yes, I hoped you wouldn't. But will you consider another plan? One that—that I have been considering ever since Saturday, when Susanna and Amarias bought those houses of me? Yes, and before that, although my selling them has made it so much easier. Will you listen to the plan and—and consider it *very* carefully? Will you?"

He was silent for a moment. What she meant he could not imagine. And her tone and manner were very odd.

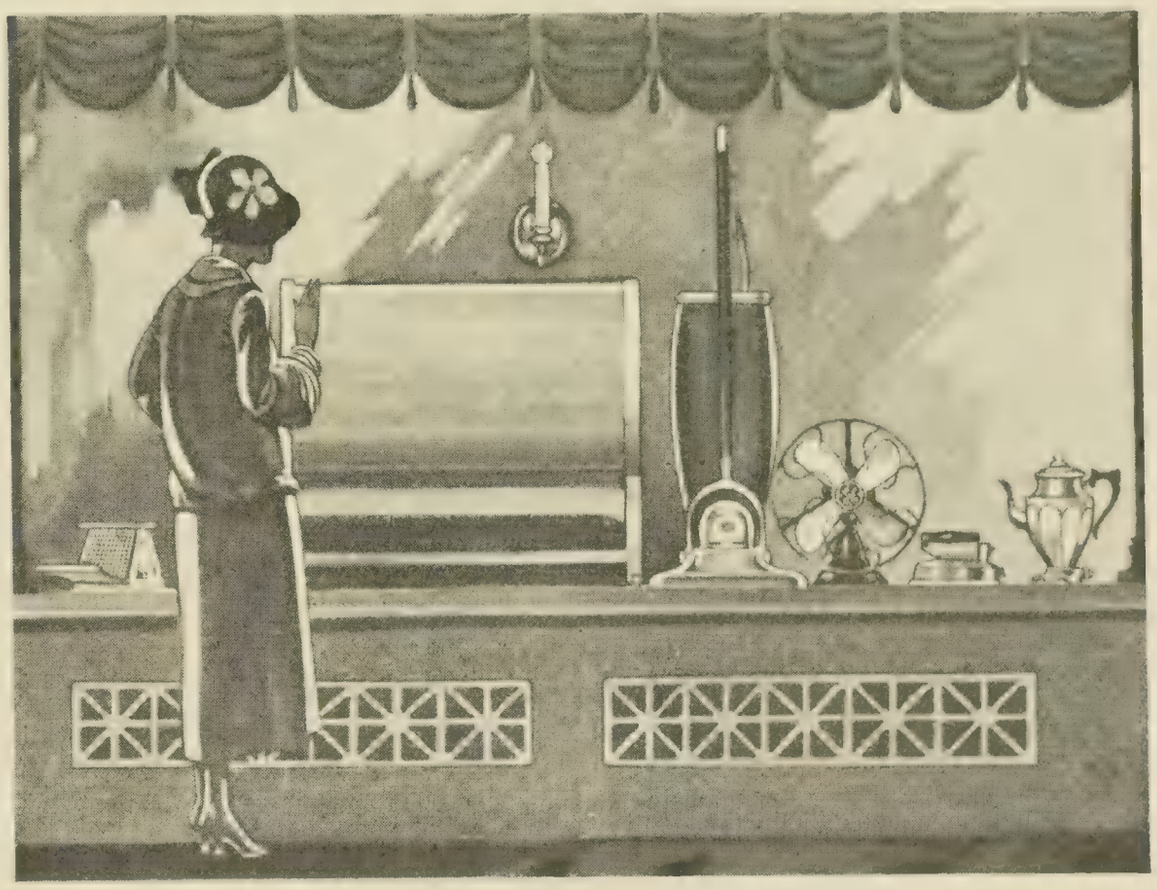
"I don't understand," he said.

"Of course you don't—yet. But you will let me explain, won't you? Farley, when we talked together Friday evening, you told me what you were making here from your painting and your toys and windmills. Eight hundred dollars, wasn't it?"

"Yes. That is about what I cleared last year. Why?"

"I'll tell you in a minute. First I want to tell you what I am making at the notion shop. Last year I made almost a thousand above expenses, rent and everything—Wait, please. Father left me ten thousand with interest at six per cent. I have the twenty-nine hundred from the sale of the A and C houses and Mr. Barnes thinks he can invest it for me at five or six per cent. and where it will be safe. If it is only five per

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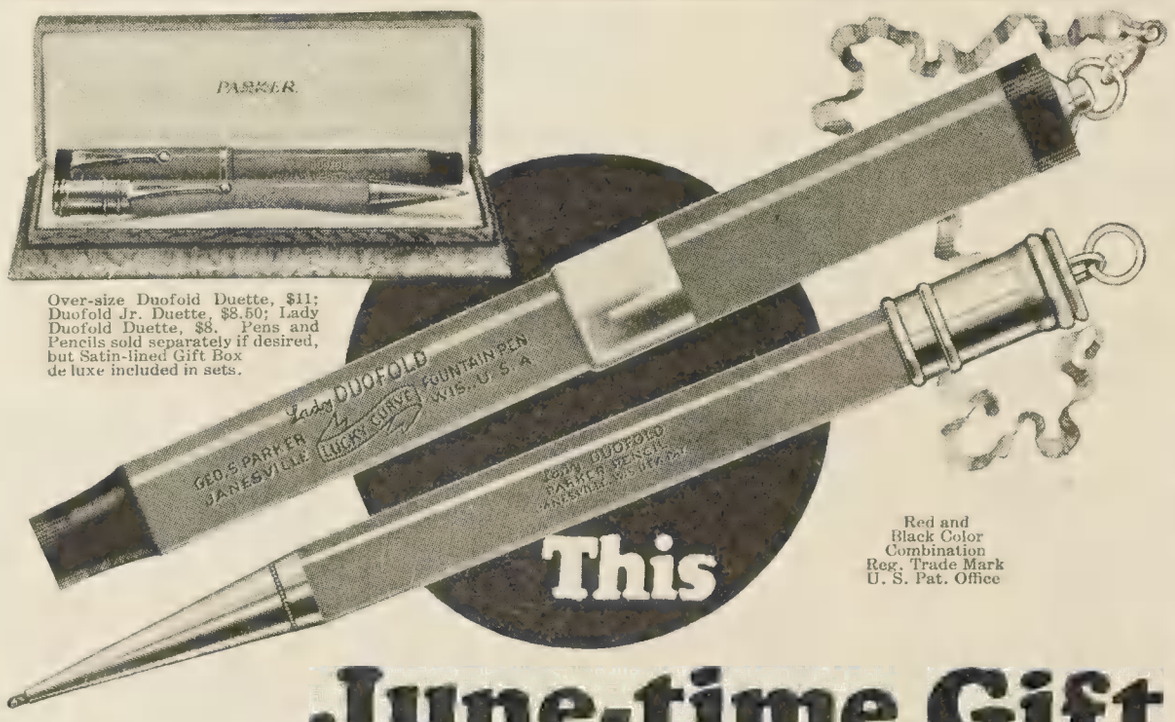
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cent., my income from the investments and the thousand I make from the shop will bring me in about seventeen hundred a year. That is the way I figure it."

She paused. Why she should tell him this was beyond his comprehension.

"Well," he observed, after an instant's hesitation, "that is not bad, is it? Did you expect more?"

"I never dared expect so much. Farley, do you remember how we used to talk about traveling? And we've talked of it since you came back here. We both said that we wished we might travel, we'd rather do it than anything else. It was the Grand Canyon we wanted to see most. I don't know why we picked that before anything else, but we did, didn't we?"

He smiled sadly.

"I believe we did," he admitted.

"You know we did. Well, I want to see it now just as much as ever. I want to go to the Grand Canyon."

Again she hesitated.

"Well," he said, "you can go now, can't you? I should think you could."

"Yes—yes, perhaps I might. But—but I don't want to go alone. Farley, I—I want you to go with me."

He leaned back in his chair, staring at her in complete bewilderment.

"Lettice!" he gasped. "Lettice, are you——"

"No, no, I am not crazy. I am as sane as I ever was in my life. And what I am going to say is the most sensible thing in the world, the only sensible thing for you and me—if—Farley, you and I used to care a great deal for each other. Tell me, do you still care? I—I think you do. Do you?"

He continued to stare and she met his gaze without faltering.

"Do you still care for me, Farley?" she asked again. "As you used to care?"

He drew a long breath. "Lettice," he faltered, "I—I— Oh, *what* are you saying?"

"I am asking you if you still care for me as you used to care. Because if you do, why shouldn't we be happy together?"

He put his hand to his forehead.

"Lettice," he demanded, "are you—are you proposing to—to marry me?"

IT WAS not precisely the way he would have phrased the question if his mind had been in anything but its present chaotic state. In spite of her earnestness she smiled.

"Why, yes," she replied. "I am. I am asking you to marry me, if you will. If you care for me as—as I care for you, as I have always cared. If you do care for me in that way, then the rest of it is common sense and nothing more."

This was too much. She must be insane.

"Common sense!" he cried. "Common sense for you to marry a good-for-nothing fellow like me! A cripple, without a cent—Oh, you are joking. What is all this? What——"

"Hush! It is just what I called it, common sense. Farley, you are alone in the world. So am I. Oh, yes; I have a half-brother and sister, but they don't care for me. They have always been jealous of me. They hate me and I know it. They bought those two houses of me because they believe that when the town buys the B house and the two streets come together they can sell them for ever so much more than they paid me. They think they have made a sharp bargain and have got the better of me besides. Oh," indignantly, "the hardest part of it all was to be obliged to keep still and not let them see I knew perfectly well what they were trying to do. Did they think that they were Peels and I wasn't? Do they suppose— But there, never mind them. They are nothing to me, nor I to them. I am alone in the world just as you are. Listen, Farley, please——"

He would have spoken, but she hurried on.

"It is just—well, almost a plain business proposition, this plan of mine," she continued. "You must work for your living, and so must I. I like my work in the shop. I can earn a thousand a year. Pretty soon, unless what every one says isn't true, you will be earning more than that. Then there is the income from my bonds and the rest. Don't you see, Farley? Why, we should be almost well-to-do. We could be comfortable and busy most of the year, and once in a while we could take a vacation and travel. Oh, there are so many places I want to see. Washington and the Mammoth Cave and California. And the Canyon. Oh, so many! And we could see them together, just you and I. Oh, Farley, think!"

But he had been trying to think and his thoughts centered upon only one point, the utter impossibility of it all.

"No, no, no!" he cried. "Lettice, you can't be serious. Even if—oh, do you suppose I could ever let you do such a wicked thing? Throw yourself away upon a chap like me, a failure, a wreck, a——"

"Stop! You mustn't talk that way."

"But it's true. And what do you think Wapatomac people would say? What——"

"Stop! You know I don't care what they say. They have said about every mean thing they can say already. What they say doesn't count at all. I mean to live my own life now and to be happy if I can. Farley, *do* you care for me?"

His answer was given without thought. If he had had time to think, he might have lied, perhaps.

"Care for you?" he groaned. "I have never cared for any one else—no, nor anything else. When I lost you—when I threw your love away by my own wicked foolishness—I threw my life with it. I deserved what I got, but—oh, *don't* ask me any more! I care for you, God knows I do, and always shall. But that is the very reason why I——"

"No, it isn't. It is just the reason why we must marry."

He shook his head.

"We can't! We can't!" he cried. "Think, Lettice. You *can't* have thought. Think of—well, of your father. What would he have said?"

TO HIS surprise she smiled. Her eyes were wet, but she was smiling. She took an envelope from the bosom of her dress.

"I am glad you asked that, dear," she said. "Here is the answer. After father died, he left this letter for me. I have read it, of course, and many times more than once. I want you to read it, too."

She handed it to him and Farley read:

MY DEAR LETTICE:

I am writing this because I am about through with my life voyage and I want you to know how I have come to feel on a certain matter. I have thought a sight of you all my life and I have tried hard—according to my lights—to make you happy. One time anyhow those lights must have been pretty darn dim, for I made a big mistake. Two mistakes, I guess likely you might call them, and I own up to making them, which is something I don't do very often. The owning up, I mean. One was in cutting you out with Farley Crowell, and the other was in influencing you to marry David Booker. Well, Booker is dead and a good job too. But this letter is about the other one—Farley Crowell. Lettice, I have been used to sizing up folks ever since I first went to sea and unless I am mighty mistaken again you think just as much of him as you ever did. And I should not wonder if he felt the same way to you. Well, Lettice, marry him if you want to and he wants to. He isn't much account as a business man and never will be, but he is honest and decent and he did fight for his country, which is more than a whole lot of cowardly swabs in Wapatomac did. My own son Amarias amongst them. All Amarias ever shot off in the war was his mouth. Why don't you and Farley get married, Lettice? You might as well. I have left you something to help pay the cost of passage, and if you don't want to sell the old home to the town you and he might live in it. And you would be happy, I calculate. I have always made brags about steering my course by common sense, but now that I am on my beam ends and in the breakers I have come to the conclusion that to get the most happiness out of life is the best kind of common sense. A lonesome voyage is a miserable one, and nobody knows that better than I have come to know it since your mother died. He may hold off on account of your having more money than he has. If you ever have the chance, you can tell him that it is my money and that I am just paying my debts, that is all. I was responsible for keeping you two apart. That was bad business and now it is up to me to pay for the mistake and pay what it costs. If he still says no, tell him not to be a fool.

Your loving father,
ELIPHALET PEEL.

Farley read the letter through to the end. He raised his eyes and met those of the woman he loved.

"So you see, Farley," she cried eagerly, "it is just common sense, isn't it? Father says so, and he knew. Farley, shall we go to the Grand Canyon together?"

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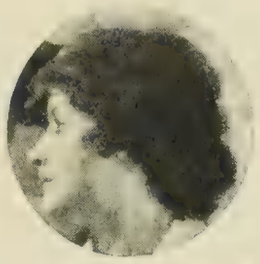
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THE PEEL TRAIT

Continued from page 94

He made one last appeal to reason. He was wavering, but he made it.

"Lettice," he said, "you—you can't really mean it. Why, when you first came to see me, in this very room, that night when you washed my supper dishes, you told me then that we could never be again the kind of friends we used to be. That was all over and done with, you said. And——"

She came swiftly around the table and put her fingers to his lips.

"Hush! Hush, dear!" she said. "I know I said that, but can't you understand why I said it? I said it because—oh, *can't* you see? That wasn't common sense—or the truth, either. It was like the make-believe you painted over in France. It was just camouflage."

AWAY back at the beginning of this tale of the Peel family mention was made of a conversation which took place at the post-office between Town Clerk Noah Didlow and Captain Ziba Bangs. A portion of this conversation was recorded and the fact of its interruption by the distribution of mail was recorded also. As was likewise said at the time, this conversation was resumed later on at Mrs. Salt's table. Captain Ziba, having finished his plate of fish chowder a good six spoonfuls ahead of every one else, asked Mr. Didlow a question.

"Noah," he observed, "you started to tell me last night up to the post-office somethin' about a letter your sister Sarah had got from Lettice Booker—Lettice Crowell, I should say. Don't know's I'll ever get used to callin' her by her new name. What did she say in the letter?"

Mr. Didlow coughed, glanced up and down the table to make sure that he had the attention of his fellow boarders, found that he had, and made answer.

"Well," he declared, "she said a good many things. She and her husband are havin' a pretty fine time, I judge. They went to the Grand Canyon first off, but they didn't stay there only a couple of days on account of the hotel bein' so expensive. They're in California—or was when she wrote—at a little boardin'-house in Los Angeles, I believe. Lettice says they're seein' all the sights—all of 'em that don't cost too much to see—and they are enjoying every minute of it. They're comin' back home from there, she says, so I cal'late they'll make Wapatomac in a month or so at the latest. Be some talk when they get here, I guess likely."

Mrs. Salt helped herself to the last biscuit on the plate, the biscuit which Solon Pepper had been regarding longingly.

"There can't be much more talk than there has been already," she snapped. "Nobody that I know of has been able yet to make out why she married that Crowell cripple. If he had money of his own, that would be one thing; but he hasn't. *She's* the one with the money. All he owns is the crutch he hops around on. If she *had* to have a man—and the land knows what any self-supportin' woman wants of one, anyway—why didn't she pick out a whole specimen, not a—a remnant?"

Miss Hercelia Ginn sighed. "She and he were old lovers," she suggested. "That was why, of course. It is just like something in a book, isn't it?"

Mr. Pepper put in a word. "I met Amarias yesterday," he observed with a chuckle. "I asked him what he was plannin' to do with that C house he bought of his sister. I was awful polite about it, but he glowered at me as if I'd called him names or somethin'. But I understand he tells other folks that he's perfectly satisfied with his bargain."

Mrs. Salt smiled acidly. "Susanna Crusit tells everybody she is more than satisfied with hers," she declared. "But I notice those thin lips of hers tighten up when she says it. She and Amarias don't speak nowadays, and the whole Sewin' Circle thinks it is on account of those houses. How in the world meek little Lettice Peel—or Booker—or Crowell—or whatever her name is at the minute—how she ever unloaded those good-for-nothin'

Concluded on page 96



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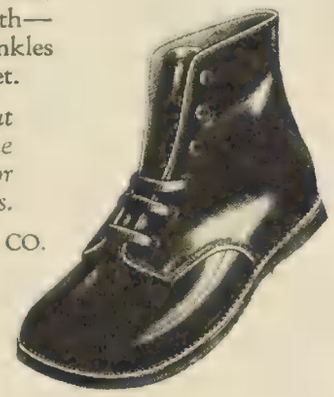
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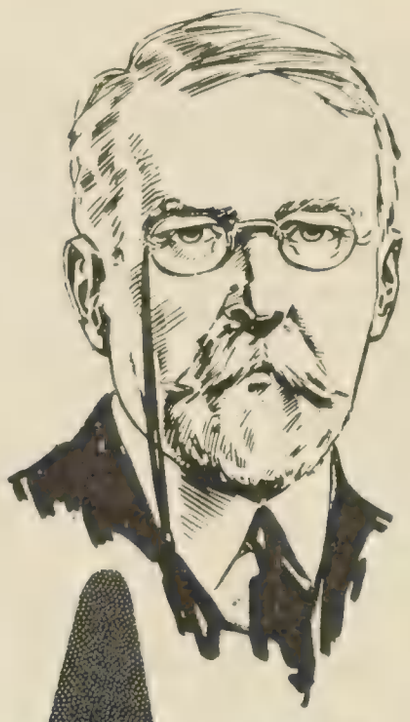
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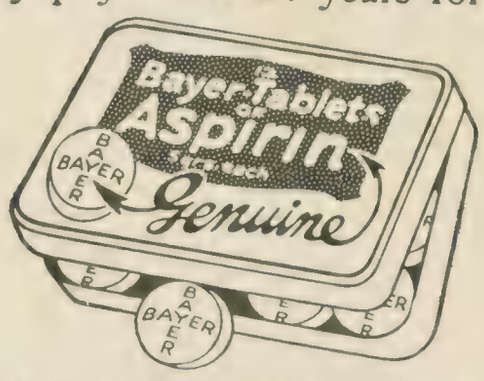
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THE PEEL TRAIT

Concluded from page 95

shanties onto those two smart ones I can't understand, I vow I can't And neither can anybody else. Why did they buy 'em—and pay such prices for 'em, too? Some folks pretend to say they bought 'em on spec, figurin' the property would go up when the town buys that B house. But the town hasn't bought it yet. And, so far as that goes, why didn't one or the other of *them* buy the B house, while they was about it?"

Noah Didlow looked wise.

"They didn't because she wouldn't sell it, that's the way I size it up," he observed. "And as for her puttin' anythin' over on them, they put it over on themselves, I cal'late. They're Peels—they saw the chance to make money by gettin' those houses of her cheap. They set the trap for her and she just let 'em walk into it."

Solon spoke again.

"I presume likely that's so," he agreed. "Anyhow, a good many folks seem to think 'tis. But what I can't see quite is how, if that was the way of it, she come to split 'em up, sell one house to one and one to the other. If there was liable to be a big profit in one, there'd be twice as much in two. That stands to reason. If she was willin' to sell at all—if she didn't care about makin' that profit herself and had rather have a bird in the hand than a flock of 'em out in the bushes—why didn't she let 'em both go to whichever came after 'em first? That puzzles me."

Captain Bangs volunteered an answer to the Pepper riddle.

"Accordin' to my notion," he said, "that was about the smartest move she made. If she had sold Amarias both of those houses, Susanna might have made trouble. Same way, only turn about, if she sold Susanna the pair. Now everthin' is divided up lovely. Amarias owns one and Susanna the other and Lettice the third. She hasn't shown any partiality. She's treated the whole family just alike. Each one of 'em owns one of their father's houses. Who could find fault with that? Amarias can't and Susanna can't. You've heard 'em say they're satisfied. They have to be—in public. Ho, ho, it's funny, because, as things stand now, the house that Lettice owns is the only one that's worth anythin', and if she really does decide to keep it and live in it, the others will be worth less every day. Think she will sell, Noah? What's the latest upshoots along that line in selectmen's meetin'?"

The town clerk shook his head. "There ain't any," he admitted. "We've raised our offer another two hundred, but she hasn't said 'yes' yet. She hasn't said 'no,' either.

"But," Captain Ziba continued questioning, "if she *does* sell to the town, those houses Amarias and Susanna bought may turn out to be good bargains, after all, mayn't they?"

"Why—yes, if she sold right away they might turn out so. But every day she holds off makes it more necessary for those other houses to be put in repair. Amarias and Susanna will *have* to spend money on 'em pretty soon or they'll lose everythin' but the land they stand on. And the land alone will never be worth more than the prices they paid, if that. As it is, they must pay taxes. Will she ever sell the B house? I don't know. The town wants that house as bad as it can want anythin', and the longer she holds out the more it will want it. She just knows she can afford to wait. She's sittin' pretty, as the boys say, and she's got Amarias and Susanna on toast. Hi, hum! You can't beat a Peel, can you?"

"You couldn't beat old Cap'n Eliphalet," vowed Solon. "Nobody used to think so, but it does look as if Lettice had more of his common sense than the rest of the family, a good deal more. What are you laughin' at, Cap'n Ziba?"

The captain finished his laugh.

"Why, I was just thinkin', that's all, Solon," he said. "Common sense, do you call it? Well, I'll give in right off that Lettice Crowell has plenty of sense. But I'll be everlastingly blessed if I'd say the kind of sense she's got is *common!*"

THE END



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FIRE! FIRE!

Continued from page 15

"Thirteen hundred dollars' damage. Not a single criminal tendency, but utterly irresponsible"—*O schoene Tag*——

The caressing warmth of the afternoon had given place to oppressive heat and now this dissolved in a crash of Spring thunder and in driving rain. The music had to cease, unable to compete with the elements. Windows were closed. There was auction for a while.

Katrina and the three men played. Violet, who hated cards, still sat at the piano, running her fingers softly over the keys. What pretty brown hands Katrina had! The knuckles still dimpled like a baby's——

Philip pulled himself up. He had become startlingly aware of a desire appearing unheralded out of forgotten recesses of his nature, a desire to— Impossible! He had not, he could not have desired to kiss that little dimpled fist. He had not kissed, he had not thought of kissing a woman's hand in twenty years. And Katrina was a child and he a husk. And he was, besides, a fool to imagine that in her eyes there was a light—understanding, sympathy, championship—for him. Moreover, he had to make up his mind what he was going to do with this "utterly irresponsible" and expensive son of his.

He had come to no decision by bedtime when he called Corliss into his room for a talk. The boy admitted the incident of the Ellsworth car, the unpermitted borrowing and the damage. But he fiercely questioned the amount of the claim. And anyway, the accident had not been his fault, his and Venner's, at all. Quite the contrary. No lights, no guarding rails, over into the creek——

"It's a miracle you're alive, you two boys," his father interrupted. His anger had been short-lived. He was only grateful that he had him, whole and sound and straight-limbed.

"We'll finish this up in the morning, my boy," he said. "I am not going to town early." And then the troubling recollection of Katrina Blakelock's hands stirred him. He wanted to speak of them, of her; he wanted, absurdly, to say her name——

"Nice girl, that Katrina Blakelock." He spoke casually, lighting a cigaret.

"Well," answered Corliss indifferently, "she isn't solid ivory from the neck north, but I didn't think her such a ball of fire."

Philip, who had heard without rage that an escapade of his son had just cost him thirteen hundred dollars, grew wrathful. He pounced upon the boy's figures of speech so hard that he departed dazed at the fierceness of his father's guardianship of pure English.

The rain, gusty and variable, kept on, though thunder and lightning had ceased. Philip found that rain blew in each window he tried to open. He could never sleep in a closed room. But he did, by and by, and it was to dream, not of his perplexities, but of his mother, strong, capable, hard-working. He saw her hands busy over a vegetable basket. And waking, soothed and sustained by the old childish sense of safety, he thought once more of Katrina's hands, the brown vigor of them, the dimpled softness of them; the promise of competence in their fingertips, the promise, too, of tenderness.

CORLISS was restless after the talk with his father. It was too indefinite—what was the old man going to *do?* And it was absurd to expect him to be tremulously grateful for finding himself alive and unmaimed. Anything else would have been an outrage. But when all the pow-wowing was over, what was going to be forced upon him? About schools, work, a career?

He tried for a while to sleep, but with the rain dashing against the windows so that he could not open them he found sleep impossible. He punched his pillows, kicked the blanket off on to the floor, tossed about. By and by he turned on the lights again and got up to look for something to read. He found a blue and gilt "Ivanhoe." With it in hand he went back to bed, ignoring a rule of his aunt's that had forbidden him to read there, and that had, as an aid to enforcement, refused him a bedside lamp. The side-lights by the bureau were remote and inadequate. He took a branched candlestick from the mantel-piece, lit its three dusty and hitherto untouched bayberry candles and settled himself. He smoked as he read, considering that he had long outgrown the prohibition against cigarets in bed, and not caring particularly whether he had or not.

His taste for reading was not strong. He dozed, dreamed, started awake. It was quiet now, the rain over. But he was too drowsy to get up to open a window. He read again, and by and by "Ivanhoe" slid from his loosening grip and fell upon the blanket on the floor. He slept, young and beautiful in the soft candlelight, with dark lashes on his cheeks, with sensitive brow, with his customary look of peevish rebellion gone from his features. And by and by one of the bayberry candles toppled gently down upon the open "Ivanhoe"——

PHILIP awoke again from a new, troubled dream, about what he did not remember. He felt heavy, inclined to drop back into sleep—into stupor. But below the impulse something kept urging him to wake—wake wholly and fully. He struggled, threw off a weight and then sat erect in bed, his senses suddenly alert. The room was full of smoke. He started for a window—recalled sharply that to let in a draft might set the place in a blaze. He jerked on trousers and coat, filled a sponge with water in the bathroom, soaked a great Turkish towel. Then he made for the hall.

Smoke, smoke everywhere. He pounded on a door across the hall. Doctor Wade, staggering and gasping, emerged. At the new current of air the room behind him was suddenly ablaze.

He slammed the door. In spite of smoke that filled their lungs, that blinded their eyes, they ran the length of the hall. Philip entered Violet's room, carried her, dragged her out, delivering her almost inert body to Wade, who bore it on down the stairs.

"An alarm, an alarm!" Philip shouted after him. Then he was fiercely forbidding the servants to come down or to jump. "The engines will be here in a minute with the ladders, hose—you are safe——"

Again he was back, pounding on Corliss's door, opening it, seeing with horror that the fire, with a leisurely, selective air, had burned all along one side of the room. But the bed, though obscure in smoke, was not yet ignited. He caught up a rug from before the bureau. He dragged his son, half suffocated, out in it, delivered him, too, to Wade. And then, oblivious of scorch, of blisters, of pain, he was at the next door—Katrina Blakelock's. The sponge was wet again, and he held it to her face as he carried her through the burning caldron that the second-story hall had become to the front window. Unconsciously he must have heard the clangor of the fire bells, the rush of the engines, for he seemed to be expecting the fireman's helmeted head that faced him on the other side of the glass.

"Stand back!" the man shouted to him, and he stood back while the broad window crashed in. And he was saying thickly to the girl over and over—or was he merely thinking it?—"I wanted to come to you first, my dear, my dear, but I made myself do it this way—I made myself do it this way—not you first—not you any more than myself first——"

Then he felt himself falling back upon the floor.

IT WAS to a peaceful sense of accomplishment that he came to himself in the Rivermead Hospital. He had had something to do—he did not at first recall what it had been—and he had done it. Oh, yes, he did recall. But had he done it? He stirred and was conscious of an immense pain in his right arm. Then in his left one also.

At the faint sound of his moving there appeared from behind a screen one of those starched and smiling young women designed before time was to be trained nurses. As he tried to meet her eyes, he was aware of bandages on his head. He spoke—croaked—"Everybody? Everything?" She answered, beaming: "All right, every one of them. You and Doctor Wade had really saved them all before the engines got there. But the firemen were some use—they saved the house. Only the second story was badly gutted."

"How long ago?" again he whispered. And irritably: "Matter with my voice?"

"The night before last. A paralysis of the bronchial passages from smoke. It'll come back. Don't worry. And you aren't going to have pneumonia. You got off with a simple concussion and some burns. There's some one wants to see you—two minutes."

Concluded on page 98

To Bob or Not To Bob When Gray Hair Comes



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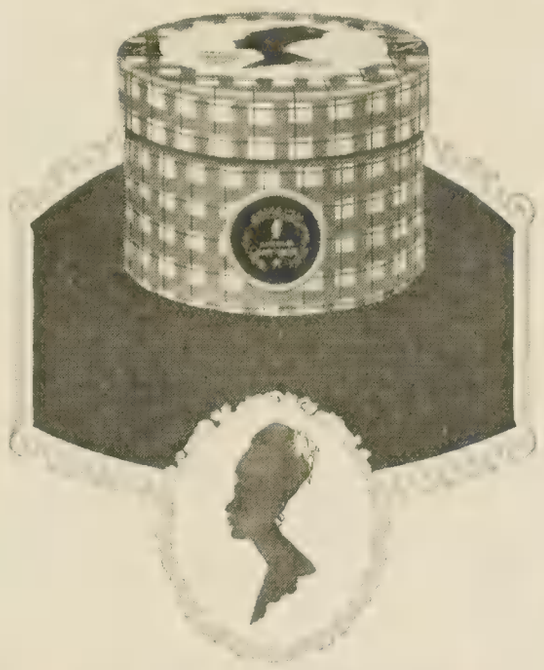
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5868	45	5928	35	5988	45	6048	40	6108	45
5869	30	5929	40	5989	35	6049	35	6109	45
5870	45	5930	35	5990	40	6050	45	6110	45
5871	45	5931	45	5991	35	6051	35	6111	50
5872	45	5932	30	5992	45	6052	45	6112	45
5873	35	5933	50	5993	35	6053	35	6113	50
5874	40	5934	45	5994	45	6054	45		
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5877	35	5937	45	5997	35	6057	35		
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5879	30	5939	45	5999	35	6059	35		
5880	45	5940	30	6000	45	6060	40		
5881	35	5941	50	6001	35	6061	35		
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5883	35	5943	45	6003	30	6063	35		
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5909	35	5969	50	6029	35	6089	25		
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FIRE! FIRE!

Concluded from page 97

Corliss had been waiting outside the door, it seemed, for some thirty-six hours. He was a new Corliss, humbled, shocked into manhood. He glanced furtively around, saw that no one was looking, and stooped and kissed the bandaged head, crying unashamed.

"If you hadn't been Johnny-on-the-spot, sir—but you were. You always are, dad!"

"Always Johnny-on-the-spot?" He mumbled it. He took it into consideration. In spite of aching muscles and throbbing temples and patches of blistered flesh, he had a feeling of comfort and assurance that he had not known in years. It was true. He had been Johnny-on-the-spot. Fit for the task. Disciplined. That was what Wade had been, too—seasoned, tried, competent. Two good old husks. He thought about it comfortably, and dozed off again.

When next he awoke, he said to the nurse in a tone more easy to control:

"I want a message sent to my office. Right away. What's that? Been here, sent messages, have they? All right, but I want a message sent to them just the same. Tell Mr. Henning I have decided to buy in. He will understand. Oh, is that you, Violet, my dear?"

It was—Violet in tears of gratitude, of contrition, Violet begging forgiveness for Corliss and his lighted candles. "It's all right," he told her. "We've come to an understanding, Corliss and I." Of course that was true—they hadn't needed any words for it. "He's going to work this Summer. Everything settled. But tell me about Miss Blakelock, about Katrina——"

"She's down in the waiting-room. She wants— But Corliss at work? But what can he *do*, Phil?"

"Lots of things. I want to see her, Vi."

Violet went, and Katrina came in. She sat down beside the bed. Her auburn eyes looked at him without Violet's sheen of tears, without Violet's pity—but with what look was it?

He remembered something suddenly.

"I thought you were sailing for Europe yesterday?"

"I am not going. I canceled my sailing."

"Why?"

The ruthless young determination of her face wavered, failed. Color flowered over her, up to the line of her bright hair, down to the neck of her blue linen frock. But she did not lower her eyes.

"I—I—I didn't want to go." She stuttered it, inarticulate, but with defiant gaze.

"Why?"

Blushing and angry and subdued, she looked at his bandaged head and did not see the bandages; she looked at his burned eyebrows and did not see the scars.

"That," she said inadequately, "is not any of your business."

The childishness seemed perfectly to satisfy him.

"I want to kiss your hands," he said. "Will you please come near and let me? I dreamed about them——"

But it was her lips, shy and bold, that she pressed to his.

He tried, with his maimed arms, to hold her away, to push her off.

"You mustn't. I am old, you are young. I love you, my dear, but there are years and years before you——"

"They're no good to me except with you. The only thing I was afraid of was that you might not have fallen in love, too. It seemed—presumptuous—to hope it. But if it is true—if you have——"

"I have. But——"

"Then the only thing is to make sure we don't lose one, not a single one, of the days that are left."

He tried to fight against the gladness of her look, its pride, its promise. But he could not.

"We'll be poor as the dickens for a while," he said, surrendering. "Poor as the dickens. I'm starting fresh. At my age. A husk——"

"A husk!" she bantered. Her face was soft and gay and tender. "You mean a husky——"



The best present—

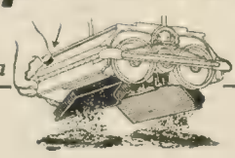
for the bride is one that will be useful and helpful. She will appreciate a Bissell. Her mother has used one for as many years as she can remember. She knows it is efficient, indispensable in keeping her rugs clean and speckless.

She knows it saves time and back-breaking effort. She knows how well it picks up dirt, lint, crumbs, threads—the inevitable litter of a busy day, keeping down the dust and saving dusting.

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A GARDEN SETTING

Concluded from page 20

be no rare horticultural varieties, but only the common plants known and loved for centuries. Daffodils, narcissi, primroses, peonies, violets, English ivy, eglantine—all these are woven into the history of our race.

Again, the school garden is no place for annuals, but only for the hardy plants and bulbs that, once set out, come up year after year. We do too little of hardy gardening with children, too much of the transitory sort. They get the impression that a garden is something which begins in the Spring and ends in the Autumn, dead and done for.

Also, the shrubs, besides giving a succession of bloom, should be of those sorts from which branches can be cut for indoor forcing, so that the plot may be rich in subjects for botanical experimentation.

A varied planting, such as I have suggested, will familiarize the child with the ordinary gardening operations—the pruning of roses, the planting of shrub and root, the setting of bulbs, the dividing of plants in the Autumn.

One of the interesting secondary effects of school-yard planting is that the children invariably carry their gardening enthusiasm and skill home and apply it there.

NOW let us turn our attention to a consideration of the community playground for children and the possibility of beautifying it.

As a rule it is quite barren of shade; it affords no opportunity for playing the quiet games little folk have loved for centuries; not any chance for a child who is tired to sit and rest and watch the others. It is a mistake to offer children only violent play in the hot sun. Even country children prefer to play in the shade in the hottest part of the day; and city children less used to the sun require the shade.

In the case of one playground I know about, the trees are set close against the fence, thus taking almost nothing from the play space. Their roots go underneath, their branches over the children's heads. These trees are at the north side, affording some protection and giving the birds a place in which to build their nests. Along one side of the playground is a long pergola. This is separated by a wire screen from the rest of the playground. Here are swings for the smaller children; here are low tables and benches, where little girls may play "tea-party" and dolls may entertain. Here is the ring for marbles; here, on warm days, a teacher may take a class.

Next the pergola is the roofed-over, out-of-doors work-bench, where, on a misty day, kindergarten tots can hammer and nail at their houses. Here bigger boys, after school, can manufacture their scooters from one-time roller-skates, if forbidden the joy of hammering at home. They can also make all sorts of playground equipment. Modern children are as vitally in need of this constructive play as they are of more violent exercise.

An interesting feature of one playground I have in mind is its miniature farm. This is separated by a white painted picket-fence from the playground proper; and its little house, which is really a tool-house for the boys, is built to represent the home of an early settler. It has a lilac bush at one corner and a sweetbrier bush at the other. A tiny grape trellis of juvenile manufacture is at one side. Beyond the house is the "orchard" of dwarf trees. In the farm are grown what field crops are possible in the scheme of the school year. In the kitchen garden are early-maturing crops—radishes, lettuce, beets, onion sets.

The space at one side of the 'farmhouse" is given over to the children's individual plots. Alongside the fence are flowering shrubs chosen to give a succession of bloom or fruiting interest.

The playground is for the children, as is the school. If it be possible to make both, while serving the purpose of education, attractive and delightful to look upon, by all means let us do so.

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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 26

6111—10321—A circular apron, long in front, makes this slip-over one-piece dress suitable for large figures also. The embroidery is smart. Work in one-stitch. The dress fits the hip closely and has a separate one-piece slip with or without sleeves. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with crêpe de Chine slip to match or in flesh color; crêpe roma or Georgette with a satin, silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine slip, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6112—Graduated tucks imitate the style of crosswise-running designs and double cross themselves with a jabot. Make this one-piece slip-over dress of plain Georgette, plain crêpe de Chine or plain chiffon voile, all of one material or with contrasting for jabot and collar. Lower edge 46½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch Georgette (cut crosswise and pieced under tucks).

The dress is for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses.

6095—A square neck sets this slip-over one-piece dress apart as "different." Make it of prints in cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton broadcloth, cotton shantung, linen-finished cottons, heavy crêpe de Chine or shantung with plain to match, or use these materials plain with collar, etc., in contrast; or striped with plain to match; or use plaid linen, plaid cotton crêpe of good weight or gingham with plain, etc. The lower edge is straight.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch cotton print. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6109—The plaited straight apron front gives the rather "dressy" look to this one-piece frock which slips on over the head. The frock is close fitting at the hipline and may have a body lining. It is attractive made of flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with contrasting or all of one material; or use prints in heavy crêpe de Chine, radium, silk crêpe or crêpe satin or foulards with plain to match.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

6113—Another new and smart type of apron in a season of them is draped and has handmade flowers grouped above it on a slip-over one-piece frock which fits the hipline closely. Use crêpe roma, Georgette, crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin entirely, except for ribbon flowers to harmonize or with lace apron, or use foulards, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

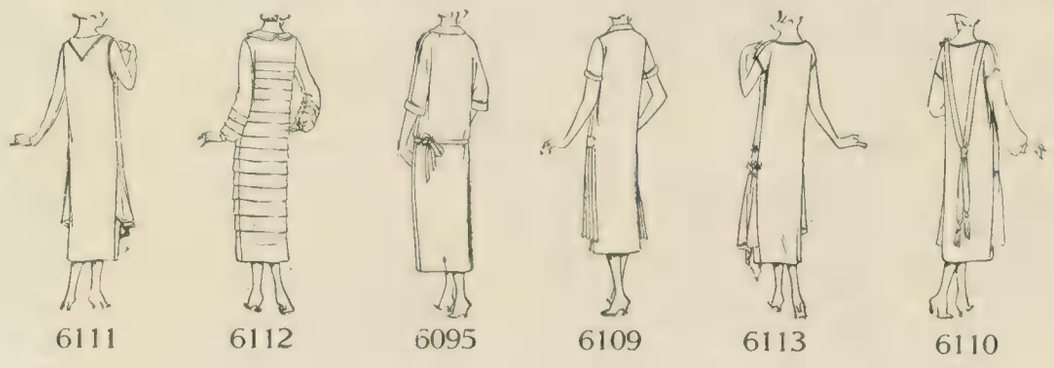
36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch Georgette, and 1⅛ yard 24-inch lace flouncing.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

6110—Printed flowers on the silk and handmade flowers on the shoulder decorate this simple one-piece slip-over frock with its gathered straight apron front. It fits the hipline closely and may have a body lining. Use printed crêpe de Chine or Georgette, crêpe roma, crêpe satin, with plain to match or plain crêpe de Chine or Georgette, etc., with lace edging, banding and flowers in contrast; foulards with Georgette to match, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 40-inch printed silk. Lower edge 44 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



6111 6112 6095 6109 6113 6110

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 27

5925—5952—The lovely new borders are best suited to simple slip-over one-piece frocks. Use wide borders in heavy silks or cottons, novelty crêpe satin, novelty faille and satin or half-and-half crêpe satin; printed Bayadere designs, satin, with plain, etc. The hat has a six-gored crown. Lower edge 45 inches.

36 bust and 22-inch head measure require 1¾ yard 56-inch bordered silk for dress and ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; hat for ladies, misses and girls.

5832—A scarf may accompany this one-piece slip-over dress, suitable for 54-inch wide bordered prints, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, or cotton crêpe, printed with plain to match; or use soft satin, silk crêpe and heavy crêpe de Chine. It may have a body lining. The straight lower edge measures 53 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch bordered silk.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5967—A one-piece slip-over frock is made of silk or heavy cotton borders or printed crosswise designs; heavy crêpe de Chine, or silk crêpe, printed or embroidered; printed radium, novelty crêpe satin, novelty faille and satin or printed heavy cottons; or crêpe satin with embroidery. The lower edge is straight.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 56-inch bordered silk. Lower edge 44 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5998—Here is a belted dress that is suitable for borders in heavy silk crêpe, crêpe satin, etc. The crêpe de Chine tie matches the border. Or use crosswise designs, novelty faille and satin, novelty crêpe satin, printed crêpe de Chine or printed silk crêpe with plain matching tie; or use plain silk crêpe, faille silk, satin, flannel, etc. This one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge.

36 bust requires 2 yards 56-inch bordered flannel. Lower edge 45 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5895—5724—The slip-over tunic blouse attracts borders in silks, cotton voiles and cotton crêpes; prints in crosswise designs, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, shantung, etc. It may be longer and it is worn over a costume slip with a three-inch or deep shadow-proof hem. The lower edges are straight. Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 40-inch bordered silk with slip of 2⅝ yards 35-inch plain silk.

The tunic blouse is for 32 to 44 bust, the slip for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5814—A frame for lovely half-and-half prints in 34-inch width is made by the plain matching yoke in one with a short sleeve, and the straight band lengthening the skirt. This slip-over one-piece dress has a straight lower edge.

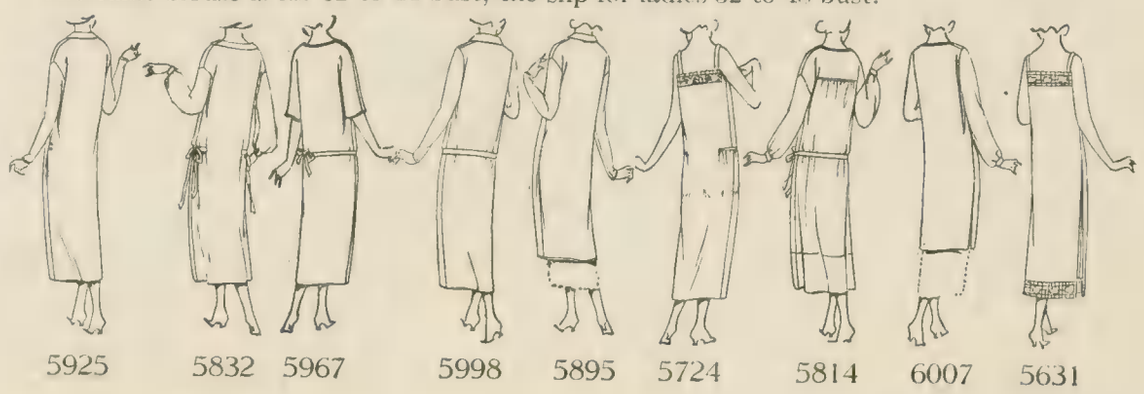
36 bust requires 1¾ yard 34-inch half-and-half prints and 1⅝ yards 35-inch plain for yoke and band. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6007—5631—This slip-over tunic blouse of novelty faille and satin, ribbed silks, etc., may be made longer. It has a straight lower edge and is worn with a costume slip.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 44-inch bordered silk (for shorter length) and 2⅝ yards 35 or 39 inch material for slip. Lower edge of slip with plaits drawn out 54½ ins.

The tunic blouse is for 32 to 44 bust, the slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



5925 5832 5967 5998 5895 5724 5814 6007 5631

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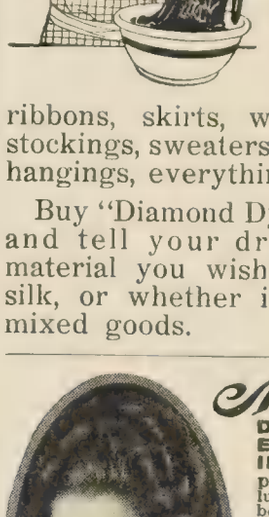
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

6047—A bosom is smart on a one-piece slip-over frock. Use cotton broadcloth, cotton pongee, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee or silk broadcloth, striped; with bosom, sleeves, etc., of the lightest shade of stripe, etc.

18 years or 35 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch striped cotton broadcloth, with 1½ yard 32-inch plain. Lower edge 52 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6088—The new "blouse ensemble" or "jumper dress" has a slip-over blouse with a straight lower edge and straight skirt (attached to a camisole body) with a center-front inverted plait. Use silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, etc., striped with plain to match; striped flannel, etc.

16 years requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch striped radium. Lower edge with plait out 50 ins.

The blouse ensemble is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6092—Another blouse ensemble or jumper frock has a slip-over blouse with a straight lower edge and a straight skirt with an inverted kick-plait at the center front. Make it of wool jersey, plain silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, or silk crêpe with contrasting, plain satin with contrasting silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 52½ inches.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch flannel.

It is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6001—6092—The blouse ensemble described above adds a sleeveless jacket of flannel to match the skirt, when the blouse is made of a plaid in contrast to the skirt or of striped silk broadcloth or crêpe de Chine for warmer days. The jacket may be made to slip on over the head without a closing.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 27-inch flannel for jacket and skirt, and 1¾ yard 35-inch plaid silk for blouse.

The jacket is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; blouse ensemble for ladies 32 to 44.

6056—A one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and kimono sleeves is particularly easy to make. Use cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton shantung, crêpe de Chine, shantung, flannel, radium or linen, striped or printed with plain to match; gingham, etc. Lower edge 46 inches.

19 years and 36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 56-inch striped silk broadcloth.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

6051—4251—This slip-over "jumper" may have detachable collar and cuffs, and is worn with an accordion or side-plaited, straight skirt of satin, charmeuse, etc. Make the blouse of silk broadcloth, pongee, cotton broadcloth, cotton pongee, etc.

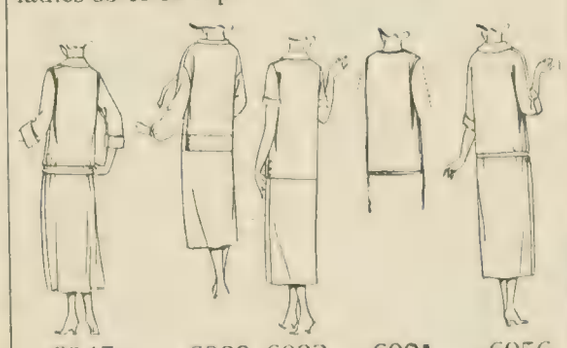
36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine (including band on skirt), and 3⅛ yards 39-inch print (including trimming on blouse) with skirt attached to camisole body. Lower edge with plaits out 2⅞ yds.

The jumper is for 32 to 44 bust, skirt for ladies 26 to 34 waist or 35 to 42½ hip.

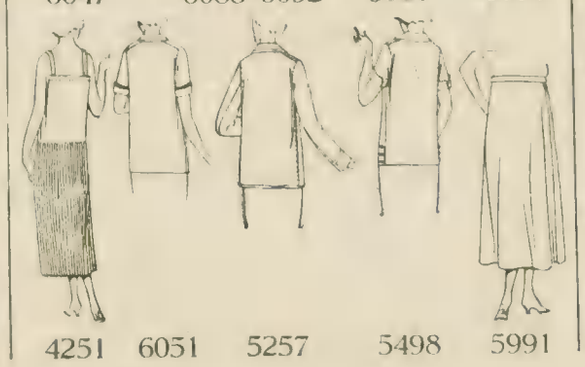
5257—5498—5991—A blazer of plain or striped flannel is worn with a slip-over blouse and a two-piece flare skirt, attached to an inside belt only. Use flannel, or camel's-hair twills, kasha, homespun, cheviots, cashmere, tweed, plaids, stripes, etc., for skirt, and silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc., for blouse. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅛ yards 46-inch striped flannel for blazer and 2⅛ yards 46-inch plain flannel for skirt.

The blazer is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, blouse for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses, skirt for ladies 35 to 52 hip.



6047 6088 6092 6001 6056



4251 6051 5257 5498 5991

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

6086—The fashionable blouse ensemble or jumper frock is easily made as the slip-over blouse has a straight lower edge and the skirt is also straight. It is attached to a camisole body and has an inverted center-front plait. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use silk broadcloth or heavy crêpe de Chine, striped with plain collar, wool jersey, etc. Lower edge 51 inches.

17 years requires 1⅞ yard 27-inch plain flannel, 2⅜ yards 27-inch plaid.

The blouse ensemble is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6086—6001—The sleeveless jacket is smart worn with the blouse ensemble or jumper dress described above. Use plain flannel, kasha or camel's-hair twill, satin, etc.

34 bust or 17 years requires 1½ yards 27-inch flannel for jacket; for blouse ensemble, see above.

The blouse ensemble is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; the jacket for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6065—4251—10329—This peasant-style slip-over blouse is worn with an accordion or side plaited straight skirt attached to a camisole body when worn with over-the-skirt blouses. The embroidery is smart. Use soft satin, Georgette, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, etc., with satin, etc., for skirt. Lower edge, with plaits out, 2⅞ yards.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine (with skirt attached to camisole body).

The blouse is for 32 to 40 bust; skirt for ladies 35 to 42½ hip or 26 to 34 waist.

6066—An inverted plait at each side of the front makes easy going when one wears this slip-over one-piece dress. Make it of flannel, silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, cotton pongee or cotton broadcloth, etc.; striped with plain to match, etc. Lower edge, with plait drawn out, 1⅝ yard.

16 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch striped silk broadcloth.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years; ladies 38, 40 bust.

6060—The straight lower edge of this dress makes it suitable for wide borders in wide flannel or heavy crêpe de Chine with plain to match. For stripes use silk or cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton shantung, linen, linen-finished cottons, heavy crêpe de Chine, shantung or flannel, all of one material, or plain with contrasting. Lower edge 45 inches.

18 years or 35 bust requires 3¼ yards 35-inch striped cotton broadcloth.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

6070—Paris puts the new jabot frill on a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge, suitable for striped or bordered wide flannel or striped wide silk broadcloth with plain crêpe de Chine to match; heavy crêpe de Chine either bordered wide with plain to match or plain with contrasting, etc.

18 years or 35 bust requires 1¾ yard 54-inch striped tub silk and ¾ yard 35-inch plain silk. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years, 33 to 35 bust also ladies.

6090—10324—The afternoon version of the blouse ensemble or jumper dress uses beading. Work in self-color. The slip-over blouse has a straight lower edge and the straight skirt is made with an inverted plait at the center front and attached to a camisole body. Use plain heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or satin with contrasting; plain silk broadcloth, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge with plait out 52 inches.

The jumper dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.





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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 30

6053—6089—A six-gored crown hat is smart with a slip-over one-piece dress with a straight lower edge. The Peter-Pan collar and cuffs may be detachable.

12 years and 21¼ head measure require 2⅛ yards 32-inch cotton print for dress and ½ yard 32-inch silk for hat.

Dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

6081—4517—10934—A good style for Sister's dress in a brother-and-sister ensemble is a slip-over frock with separate bloomers and cuffs and Peter-Pan collar that may be detachable. The hat has an embroidered Brownie. Use chambray, etc., for dress.

4 years and 19¾-inch head measure require 1⅞ yard 35-inch material for dress, with ½ yard 36-inch piqué for hat.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; hat for girls and little boys 2 to 8 years.

6069—5966—10312—Embroidery is smart on a blouse ensemble or jumper dress. Work in contrast. The slip-over blouse has a collar which may be detachable and the straight skirt an inverted plait at each side front and back. It is sewed or buttoned to an underbody. The hat is good style.

12 years require 1⅞ yard 54-inch flannel for jumper dress.

Blouse ensemble is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; hat for girls, ladies and misses.

5995—For parties, one wears hand-made roses on the straight bertha of a little dress plaited at front and back. It may be made without the bertha. Use plain Georgette or crêpe de Chine with contrasting Georgette flowers, or printed in small designs with plain Georgette bertha to match, etc. The lower edge is straight.

8 years requires 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for girls 4 to 10 years.

6083—A little smocked dress with separate bloomers is made of crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, or fine cotton crêpe, with contrasting, or printed in small designs with plain to match, etc. The lower edge is straight.

5 years needs 1¾ yard 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5246—6069—5904—A blazer is worn with a hat and a blouse ensemble or jumper dress.

10 years and 21-inch head measure require 2¼ yards 54-inch flannel for blazer, skirt and hat and 1¼ yard 39-inch silk for blouse.

The blouse ensemble is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; the blazer for juniors and girls 4 to 16; the hat for girls 2 to 12.

6055—4517—10934—This suit, with a blouse and straight trousers, and a similar dress make adorable brother-and-sister costumes The Peter-Pan collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use chambray, rep, madras, etc. The embroidery on the hat is quaint.

2 years and 19-inch head measure require 1⅜ yard 35-inch linen for suit and ⅜ yard 36-inch piqué for hat.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years; the hat for girls and little boys 2 to 8.

6071—5952—Stripes and a contrasting material trim a one-piece slip-over dress of cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton shantung, linen, linen-finished cottons, etc. The faille silk, etc. hat has a six-gored crown.

12 years and 21-inch head measure require 2⅛ yards 35-inch striped cotton broadcloth for dress and ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; the hat for girls, ladies and misses.

6057—4491—A fair-weather dress slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. It may be made with bloomers. Use crêpe de Chine, radium, cotton voile, etc. The hat has a shirred brim.

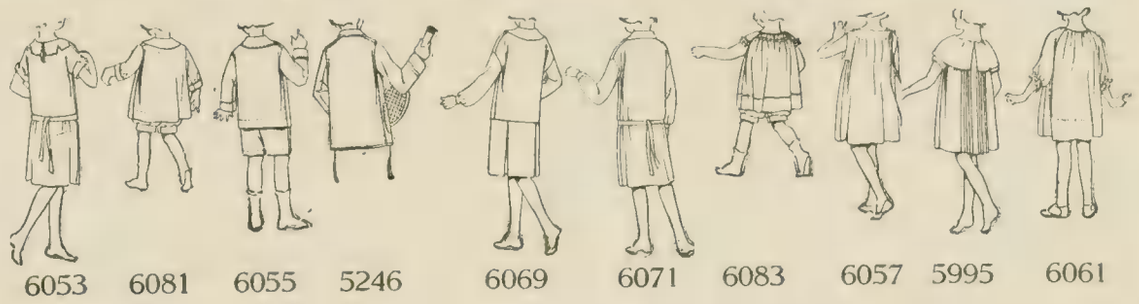
6 years and 20½-inch head measure require 3⅜ yards 32-inch dotted swiss for dress, bloomers and hat and ¼ yard 32-inch contrasting.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years; hat for girls 2 to 12.

6061—Crêpe de Chine, soft pongee, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, chambray, or soft cotton pongee makes a little peasant dress in slip-over style. Or use pin-check gingham, etc. The lower edge is straight.

7 years needs 1¾ yard 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years.



6053 6081 6055 5246 6069 6071 6083 6057 5995 6061

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 31

6054—The circular apron arrives in two sections for a one-piece slip-over frock that fits closely at the hipline. Use flat crêpe, plain Canton crêpe, plain crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or crêpe faille, entirely or with contrasting; or printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or crêpe faille with plain to match. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

6082—A jabot frill will go to any length on a slip-over one-piece dress closefitting at the hipline. Use prints in crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, satin, faille or radium, novelty crêpe satin, novelty faille and satin, or crosswise designs with crêpe de Chine to match; etc. The straight lower edge measures 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch printed silk, with 1 yard 40-inch contrasting.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6058—The jabot doubles itself on a slip-over one-piece dress, close fitting at the hipline. The straight lower edge makes it suitable for wide bordered heavy silk crêpe, crêpe satin and crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 32-inch printed crosswise design and ⅝ yard 35-inch material for jabot. Lower edge 44 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6062—This slip-over one-piece frock inserts a plait at each side of the front. Make it of flannel, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, cotton pongee, or cotton broadcloth, striped with plain to match or plain with contrasting; striped radium with plain, etc. Lower edge with plaits out 52 inches.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 35-inch striped silk broadcloth.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6106—Flannel, heavy crêpe de Chine, shantung, cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton shantung, plain with contrasting or striped or printed with plain to match are used for this one-piece, slip-over frock. Or use bordered wide flannel, etc. The straight lower edge measures 46 inches.

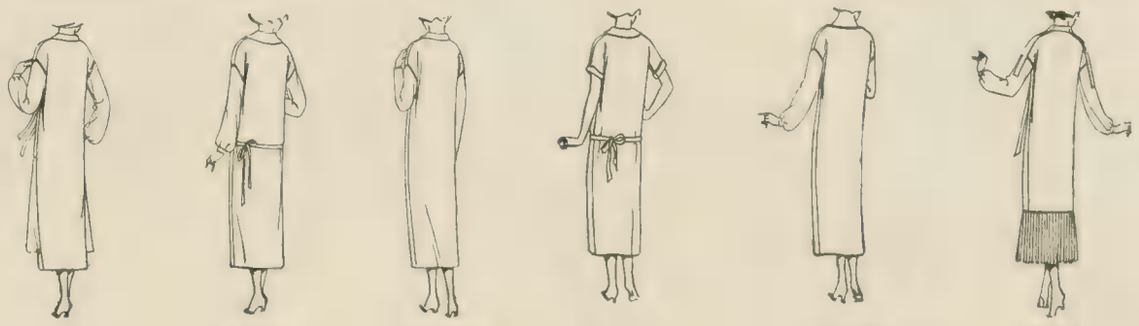
36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 32 or 35 inch striped silk broadcloth.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6094—The plaited straight flounce and the tie collar are smart features of this slip-over one-piece dress. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe roma, crêpe satin or Georgette or use printed crêpe de Chine, radium, silk crêpe, satin, or foulard, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine, with dress cut away beneath flounce.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



6054 6062 6082 6106 6058 6094



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A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Coming! The Biggest Show on Earth

Every Summer morning for years past when the world's biggest circus had spread its acres of white canvas and settled for a breathing space before the noon parade, an industrious young woman might be seen on almost any part of the lot diligently pounding a small portable typewriter. With something of the performer's disregard of curious observers and the artist's gift for sustained concentration, she could carry on regardless—whether in a comparatively quiet corner of the menagerie, in the shadow of the calliope or on one of the huge star-spangled tubs that serve the performing elephants for footstools. Out of such an atmosphere came "Little Texas," a novel of circus life written in such intervals as its author could seize between performances. No wonder it has all the romance and glamour of the world under the big top, that in it are packed the color, the movement, the thrill of adventurous living, the very sights and sounds and scents of the circus. But to return to the lady with the portable typewriter. For convenience she had slipped into the habit of storing the machine—of all places!—in a bear's cage, where it was easily accessible at times when it would be inconvenient to open the company baggage. The arrangement worked admirably until friend Bruin discovered that the small black case made an acceptable seat from which to review the line-up of visitors. For some time thereafter the dismayed author left him in undisputed possession of his squatter's rights. That explains how "Little Texas" came to be written in part with a pencil. Dixie Willson is the author, and when her novel begins in next month's DELINEATOR we are confident you will agree that she has made the most of a treasure-trove of fascinating material gathered at first hand from her own experiences and observations as a circus rider.

From a Blue-Ribbon Canner

Grateful acknowledgment of the aid supplied by our service editors is not uncommon in this office. It is fortunate, too, for nothing is so stimulating to our best endeavor as tangible evidence that our efforts are appreciated. As a rule we refrain from printing mere letters of thanks or congratulation that serve no other purpose than to show that we receive bouquets from all sides as part of the daily correspondence routine. In the instance here mentioned we are tempted to depart from custom because the Kentucky woman who wrote the following letter has received public recognition of her skill in home-making. If we were given to the habit of pointing a moral we should say that DELINEATOR articles of value to so competent a home-maker can not fail to be helpful to less skilful or fortunate readers. "I am greatly interested in fine cooking, and have had lots of help from your pages. I won more blue ribbons at our last fair than any other woman exhibitor, took premiums in the baking contests, as well as in needlework, and won the silver trophy given for the highest number of premiums in the fruit contests (jellies, preserves, pickles, etc.). This was a surprise to me, as I did not know I was in the contest; I had only entered fruit twice, and the ones who try for the cup try to enter nearly all of the sixty classes. I was tied with the lady who won last year, the first tie in the history of the fair. I sent down sixteen jars and won nine blue and two red ribbons. The competition was closer than ever this year, and I am going to try to make it closer next year, as I have acquired so much confidence and have learned more about fruit."

From Darkest Africa

Wembo Nyama is the euphonious name of a far-off settlement in the Belgian Congo whence came one of the first enrolments in THE DELINEATOR'S Baby Clubs. The subscriber, a missionary working among the black natives of the tropical rubber forests, enclosed a remittance sufficient to cover her membership for three years in all four clubs. So far this member holds the record for distance from headquarters, but the enrolments from points in between continue to pile up in encouraging numbers. Just as a reminder, we add for the benefit of the mother or expectant mother who may have missed earlier announcements that there are four DELINEATOR Baby Clubs—one for expectant mothers; a second for mothers of infants; a third for mothers of two-to-six-year-olds; and a fourth for mothers of school children. Fuller details are given in connection with Doctor Barker's article on another page.



Etching by Paul Roche

FREE TO TEACHERS—Each of the first five hundred teachers who writes to THE DELINEATOR may have a large copy of this exquisite dry-point etching of Sir James M. Barrie, to use as a prize in English composition. No reward could be more suitable for that youngster who writes so well and who loves books and their authors

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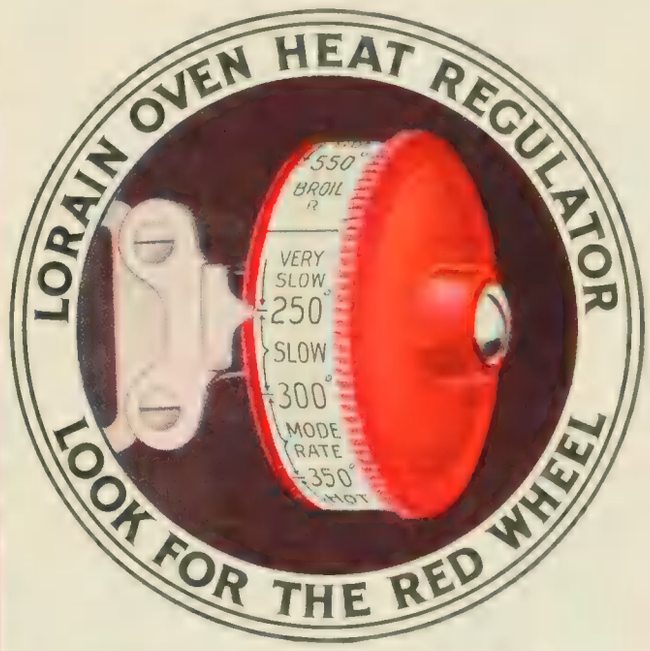
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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

IF WE are ever to get anywhere with our task of improving the minds, morals and manners of the never-sufficiently-praised sex, it is evident that we shall have to dispel an unfortunate impression now prevalent in some quarters. From various signs and portents it appears that our humble and well-intentioned self is atrociously misrepresented as a sort of combination of Jack-the-Giant-Killer, Bull Montana and whoever your favorite Candy Poisoner may be. ◈◈◈ For example, in an otherwise delightful letter from a *Tulsa, Oklahoma*, lady who tells us that she is seventy-two years old, we are suffused with chagrin when we read: "Please, if you answer, let it not be *sarcastic*, for I am just recovering from a nervous breakdown and could not stand harsh words" ◈◈◈ The opening of a new five-and-ten-cent and one-dollar store in *Brooklyn, New York*, brought bargain-hunting women in such numbers that nineteen police patrolmen, two mounted policemen and twelve firemen had to be called to preserve order. When the doors opened, five thousand shoppers tried to rush the main entrance at the same time, with the result that ten of them fainted and five thousand dollars' worth of mirrors, plate glass and fragile merchandise was destroyed ◈◈◈ A *Michigan* woman who advertised for a husband in one of the matrimonial journals received a reply from her first husband. She turned him down because his references were unsatisfactory ◈◈◈ The most tactful lady of our acquaintance had the misfortune to be the daughter of a gentleman who was hanged. Thereafter she referred to him as "having died suddenly upon the platform at a large public meeting" ◈◈◈ Now that women who blush are as scarce as hen's teeth, a *University of Chicago* professor has discovered all there is to know about the habit. "Blushing occurs," he explains, "when the area of reserve has been penetrated and is the result of a sense of social responsibility." He adds that there are women who never blush, but then, neither do very young children nor idiots, and for the same reason—because they have no sense of right and wrong ◈◈◈ One of the accountants we employ to check up statistical information about the never-sufficiently-praised sex observes that a woman's stock of words is smaller than the ordinary man's, but that the *turnover* is greater ◈◈◈ A foreign fad of the moment that we hope will stay in the smart *European* watering-places where it is reported as flourishing is a woven-hair riding-crop. The swanky young blood collects the tresses of some favored lady when she gets her hair bobbed and struts about the boulevards dangling a whip that looks like the watch-chains you see in daguerreotype albums ◈◈◈ In *Murray's* Dictionary we find that the verb "to shingle," as applied to human hair, was originated by an American barber back in 1857. In that year he advertised, "I warrant I can shingle hair better than any one in the town" ◈◈◈ The prize for the best yarn reported this month goes to a *Syracuse, Nebraska*, woman. Five years ago she lost a ring in the woods near her home ◈◈◈ Recently her husband bagged a flock of prairie chickens near the *Wyoming* border, five hundred miles away. In dressing one of the chickens the lady found her lost ring, plainly identified by her initials ◈◈◈ If you know a better one, please write ◈◈◈ The following official notice has been observed posted in coaches of *Netherlands* trains passing the German frontier: "In accordance with the styles of the last few years, which demand more and more that the clothing of women leave uncovered more than the head, neck and hands, many women employees are wearing dresses which, especially where men and women are occupied in the same room, are not conducive to the proper progress of work. We can not suffer this condition to go on. Women must be more simply dressed during the hours of service. Therefore, we request that all such employees be compelled to wear in service a simple, untransparent dress closed at the neck and with sleeves reaching to the wrist." ◈◈◈ For the benefit of the sweet girl graduate, crop of 1925, we suggest: (1) that she read and ponder the following quotation from that famous American educator, *William James:* "The final aim of education is to teach us to know a good man when we see one"; (2) that she mention the DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers.





One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of any measured and controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Unless the Regulator has a Red Wheel it is NOT a LORAIN



Lorain Oven Canned Fruits Look Better, Taste Better

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The Lorain Oven Canning Method is economical because you don't have to buy any expensive canning equipment. The fruits are all canned right in the jars without wastage, and the process prevents wastage of gas. With the Lorain Method the house does not get all steamed up, and the stove-top is kept clear for other cooking such as preparation of meals. And, best of all, the Lorain Oven Canning Method retains the color, firmness and flavor of the fresh fruit.

Wherever gas is available you'll find a gas company, department store, hardware, furniture or stove dealer that sells these famous Red Wheel Gas Ranges with self-regulating ovens. These agents will gladly demonstrate any of the features mentioned in this advertisement. Go soon and ask for full information. But, no matter what kind of a stove you use, write for a free copy of our 1925 Oven Canning Chart. You'll find it interesting as well as instructive.



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WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel *provided* you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

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HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

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Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these

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Del. 6-25

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Originator of Cutex, the most used manicure in the world

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CUTEX *Liquid Polish*

THE DELINEATOR

JULY 1925



FROM PAINTING BY CLYDE DELAND

"First Public Reading of the Declaration of Independence," Philadelphia

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick Asks a Question

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GOLD DUST



THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

THE MAN WITH A COUNTRY

ONCE the cross was a sacred symbol to a multitude. It is still sacred, but there is also a multitude following it mechanically, thoughtlessly, even sometimes with the contempt that comes from long familiarity.

We had a United States Commissioner of Education a few years ago who in a public speech in Boston referred to American sentiment about the flag as "cheap sentimentality" and described the banner as a "painted rag."

Without faith there is no life. Empires, republics, individuals, drop into oblivion when reverence dies. Those of us who watched the return of the American army after the Armistice saw tears spring into the eyes of strong, rough men when they came in sight of the harbor and the flags of their land unfurled.

EDWARD Everett Hale, in "The Man Without a Country," told a story that has moved millions of people by the fictionized history of a man who once scorned the emblem of his native land.

Deep in the hearts of most of us there is a strong sentiment about the flag. There is a real reverence for it. If it were not so, the ruin of Russia would be upon us. But America is not without her patriots—her quiet, loyal servers. For instance:

For a generation Dr. W. J. Spillman has worked in the office of Farm Management in the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C. That is a dull-sounding place, but on the painstaking investigations which are directed within its walls depend many important things. For instance, whether you and I and others shall have plenty to eat, or whether our national crops shall be devoured by insects or destroyed by disease. So important, indeed, are these quiet researches, and so great is the ability of this one of the department chiefs who carries them on, that from time to time big corporations and colleges have offered him rewards to leave the service of the people and his meager salary.

One day one of his associates noticed that whenever these temptations of material advancement came to Doctor Spillman he would raise his eyes, look thoughtfully out of his window for a few moments, and then give his positive and final refusal. Through his window he could see the Stars and Stripes flying above the south wing of the House of Representatives.

BEHIND the long years of service to his Government lies a great American story:

In the early days of the Western land-grants, a few brave men and women went out and faced the hardships of pioneer life. Among these were the father and mother of Doctor Spillman. For twenty-five years they lived ninety miles from the nearest railroad, twelve miles from the nearest village. Their home was a log cabin, the children's clothes were made by their mother, and at her knee they received their early schooling.

Three things Mother Spillman had brought with her and treasured through all the ups and downs of the pioneer life—a box of books, including the Bible, a workbasket, and an American flag.

It was a battle-flag, anointed by sacrifice. It hung over the fireplace in that little cabin. To Mrs. Spillman it was an altar-cloth, a sacred thing. It was the emblem of free men. It stood for ideals and protection. It meant that into the world had come a creed next to her religion, even a part of her religion; it taught that life was cheap to yield if the yielding insured to posterity liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

And so through all the years of work and struggle those boys were taught to pray, to revere the flag, and to look forward some day to serving it. That and the winning of a college education their mother left with them as two of their chief aims in life.

The hardships of a pioneer's existence finally broke the father, and when Doctor Spillman was seven years old death suddenly came to the cabin.

Twelve miles from the village, a mile from a neighbor, and death in the house! The neighbors, with the aid of the Spillman boys, constructed a crude coffin, and then, folding the sacred battle-flag around their beloved, they marked the last resting spot of the patriot.

The college years that followed were hard, for they had to be earned by physical labor; but always spurring on those two boys was the early teaching of the mother who believed in the obligation of service.

At last hard work, earnest study and a keen mind brought the young Westerner an expert knowledge for which the world of business was willing to pay well in dollars and cents.

But the people, in their laboratories in Washington, needed just his kind of mind and just such expert knowledge, though they could pay for it only the meager salary of a government employee. So there he sat, year after year, in the old Agriculture Building, serving his country in the way Fate had chosen for him. Through his window he could see the sacred banner which flutters day by day over a more or less clay-footed group of politicians who do much talking about the Stars and Stripes.

A WOMAN OF FORTY

When by the mirror I must pass
I see a strange face in the glass
As though another, suddenly,
Usurped the space where I should be
And looked at me with listless eyes,
Too dull to judge or criticise,
With that unseeing look one meets
From any stranger in the streets.

I wish a ghost would come some day
And brush that woman's face away,
And show me one I used to know
In many mirrors, long ago,
A face that only looked to see
If all Love said of it could be;
Young eyes, young lips that know no ruth,
The vital, eager face of youth.

I would go softly out and close the door,
And never look at mirrors any more.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

WOMEN PATRIOTS

WOMAN'S patriotism is as old as the nation. From the days of the Pilgrim Mothers each generation has seen its women serving in some big way. In the historical records of our country there are many chapters showing the proud position the weaker sex has taken and worthily held.

Out of their determination to make their service most effective various patriotic organizations have grown, and to these great numbers of American women are eligible. THE DELINEATOR undertook, in February, to collect the data for a booklet which would be an authoritative guide to those of its readers who wished to participate in the work of such societies, telling them what were the history, aims and membership requirements of each, and where the national headquarters were located.

This proved an unexpectedly difficult piece of work, since no complete list had ever been compiled, and the sources of information were scattered from coast to coast. However, the booklet has now been finished, and will be mailed to any one wishing it, for twenty-five cents—a sum which does not nearly cover the cost of the printing and research.

Due also to the unexpected delay in getting the necessary data, several of the largest and most active of the women's patriotic organizations were not listed in the February announcement. Among these was the National Women's Relief Corps, to which Clara Barton, Susan B. Anthony, Frances Willard, Lucy Webb Hayes and many other women prominent in the Civil War period and the years that followed it belonged; also the Daughters of Veterans, and the Ladies of the G. A. R.

The women's organizations of the Revolutionary period and those of the Civil War have preserved some of the most priceless records of our history. They have marked the location of important events with tablets or monuments, and have restored or protected historic buildings. We feel that every woman who is entitled to belong to one of our country's many patriotic societies should do so. It is for the honor of her children and the strengthening of the Republic.

THE REVOLUTION IN OUR MEALS

"ALMOST sinful feast again!" writes John Adams in his diary, after dining with Major Powell during the Constitutional Convention in 1787. "Everything which could delight the eye or allure the taste—curds and creams, jellies, sweetmeats of various sorts, twenty sorts of tarts, pork, trifles, floating islands, whipped sillibub, etc."

Such fascinating references to famous dinners and quaint dishes can be found on page after page of Adams's diary and in other diaries and histories of the days of the Revolution.

Washington, according to George Washington Custis's "Recollections and Memoirs of Washington," entertained at dinner every Thursday while he lived at Mount Vernon. His dining hour was four o'clock, and he waited no longer than five minutes after four for his visitors to arrive. When the lagging guests did come, after the President was already at table, he said only, "Gentlemen (or sir) we are too punctual for you. I have a cook who never asks if the company has come, but whether the hour has come."

SINCE we are not the first President and General of the United States, we could not, perhaps, emulate Washington's punctual dinner habit without offending our guests. But wouldn't it be a quaint idea to make the Fourth this year a Revolutionary Celebration complete in other details and imitate the meals and customs of our forefathers?

Invite your friends to a "Revolutionary Party" and serve what Adams called "a most genteel dinner." It is surprising to realize how delectable such a dinner can be made, in addition to its historical interest.

The Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR has prepared an interesting little leaflet which will help you introduce the unusual into your Fourth of July celebration. It gives several early American menus and the necessary recipes, and describes some of the customs that you can adopt for your dinner.

A two-cent stamp for postage will bring it to you. Write to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and ask for "Revolutionary Menus."

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 82

Are we producing Character?

A challenge for the Fourth of July

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK



Drawings by Clara Elsene Peck

BEFORE the great fireplace of a Puritan house, such as was built in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, this message is being written. To a modern American this old-time room seems rugged and simple, bare and plain. To be sure, the weathered wood of beam and furniture is beautiful; the shapely outlines of chairs and tables and the carving on old-fashioned chests charm the eye. Yet one marvels at the grateful enthusiasm with which in 1654, in his "Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England," Edward Johnson spoke of such simple homes: "Further the Lord hath been pleased to turn all the wigwams, huts and hovels the English dwelt in at their first coming, into orderly, fair and well-built houses, well furnished many of them."

No longer do such ancient rooms look out on forests haunted by the fear of Indians. No longer are they the scenes of animated arguments on the state of the Colony, or of rejoicing over the arrival of belated English packets. No longer must their owners wrest a living from farmland so stony that one could cross it without touching ground; on which, as an old Puritan said, if they could not raise crops, they could at least raise men.

For this room now is safely housed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the city of New York. It looks out upon Fifth Avenue and a long line of palatial residences. Past it thunders the traffic of the metropolis. Around it grows the wealthiest civilization that history has known.

Strange contrast! On the anniversary of the nation's birthday a message well may come from this old room with its bare yet beautiful simplicities, set so significantly in the midst of our richest and most populous city.

As one sits here before the fireplace the room seems to grow vocal as though proud of what it has stood for in the nation's history. One feels this simple kitchen, unabashed by the magnificence around it, wanting to speak to huge, luxurious New York and to the country that it represents. And this is what the old room seems to say:

"Whatever we may have lacked in those departed days, we *did* produce character. From homes like this there did come sturdy men and women. It was the glory of the new land with its hardships and discipline that it reared strong personalities. Has the emphasis shifted? With all your new abilities you are producing things. No nation ever produced so many things. In all that invention can devise, skill make, energy multiply, salesmanship market, you are the wonder of history, and you are growing rich producing things. Yet a nation's life, like a man's, does not consist in the abundance of the things that it possesses. Let a Puritan home, set now by strange adventure on the world's wealthiest avenue, cry to this new luxurious America: *With all your power to produce things, beware lest your interest slip away from those forces in the national life that produce character.*"



THE NEW LAND, WITH ITS FIRM DISCIPLINE, REARED STRONG PERSONALITIES

A NATION'S HOME LIFE IS THE GARDEN OF ITS MANHOOD

AN INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM SHOULD CREATE NOT ONLY WEALTH BUT PERSONALITY



I thought I heard the old room say that.

History is clear about one truth: The final test of any institution or civilization is the quality of personality that it produces. Any land or organization, let it create whatever else it may, if it fail to create character is committing suicide. Long ago Jesus stated that law in succinct and telling form: "Whosoever would be first among you, shall be servant of all." That is to say, nothing is really great except in so far as it helps personality.

How simple that sounds! How brief the formula is! So Newton's formula of gravitation—bodies attract each other directly as their mass and inversely as the square of their distances—is brief and simple. Yet mankind lived on this planet many millenniums without guessing it, and when once seen that simple statement organized the whole universe into coherent and understandable order. Such also is Jesus formula of abiding greatness. Ages had passed and had not seen it. But He did see it. He precipitated it into a phrase. It is the law of gravitation in the moral universe: No abiding greatness in man or institution except in usefulness to personality.

When He said that, Rome was mistress of the world. She seemed very great. Set on her seven hills, she whistled to the nations like a shepherd to his dogs and they obeyed. Moreover, Rome had been really great; she had produced men. But imperial luxury and decay already had set in. Still Rome was resplendent, but she was not producing men. Strange that far off in one corner of the empire One whom they so despised that they crucified Him should have summed up the law by which the empire fell; "nothing truly great except to serve, to produce great personality."

Is America in the future going to meet this test? Is that going to be true of her which long ago a Hebrew psalmist sang, who knew where the real worth of a nation lies, "Of Zion it shall be said, This one and that one was born in her?" Then to some neglected factors in our nation's life we must attend with a deeper and more intelligent devotion than we are showing now.

Let us look to our *homes!* A nation's home life is the garden of its manhood. There are the roots of our character and the sustenance of our quality. No people ever can rise above the level of its homes.

The president of one of our greatest colleges recently has said that behind every case of serious discipline with which he dealt in his student body, in the preceding year, he found a wrecked home. We never can cure this evil of ruined family life by merely tinkering with symptoms like divorce. The source of the trouble lies deeper. Too many people seek marriage as a means primarily of selfish happiness. They measure marriage alike in prospect and in their estimation of its success or failure by the test of personal pleasure only, and real homes can not be built upon that basis. Some of us had fathers and mothers who were happy. They weathered the storms, bore the burdens, faced the problems, rejoiced in the privileges of life together. They were very happy, but it was largely because they were not thinking primarily

Concluded on page 64

How to escape the commonplace troubles that soft food brings to gums

THERE is no doubt that gum troubles are due to soft and creamy food. There is no doubt that this food of yours takes from your gums the exercise that nature counted upon to keep the blood within their walls in healthy circulation.

These facts are known. They are attested by highest authority.

But, since your food fails as a stimulator of the gingival tissue, is there anything which will help to repair the lack and to keep your gums in a sound and healthy condition?

Yes, there is. Massage. Ipana Tooth Paste. With these aids, you can, in just a minute or two a day, build the health of your gums when and while you brush your teeth.



Modern food, soft and creamy, deprives the gums of wholesome stimulation

Repairing the damage that soft food does

"We can safely infer," says an eminent British authority, "that inefficient mastication is a potent cause of pyorrhea; and the chief cause of inefficient mastication being the eating of soft foods, we must also conclude that the latter practice is chiefly responsible for the disease in question."



You must care for your gums as well as your teeth

Today, dentists are thoroughly awake to the importance of proper care of the gums. At home as well as abroad, dental opinion checks on this point: that if we are to keep our gums in health, stimulation and massage of the gums must be made a part of the daily care we give our teeth. Important as it is to keep the enamel of our teeth clean and white, that alone is not enough.

The simplest and best way to care for your gums is through massage and the use of Ipana Tooth Paste. As you clean your teeth, pass your brush gently but firmly over your gums *toward* your teeth, not away from them. In addition, many practitioners order a finger massage of the gums with Ipana after the regular brushing with Ipana.

How massage with Ipana helps to build sound gums

For, because of its tonic effect, Ipana helps the massage. This it can do because of the presence of ziratol, an antiseptic hemostatic known and used by dentists throughout the country. It is ziratol that gives Ipana its remarkable power to tone and to strengthen weak, undernourished gum tissue.

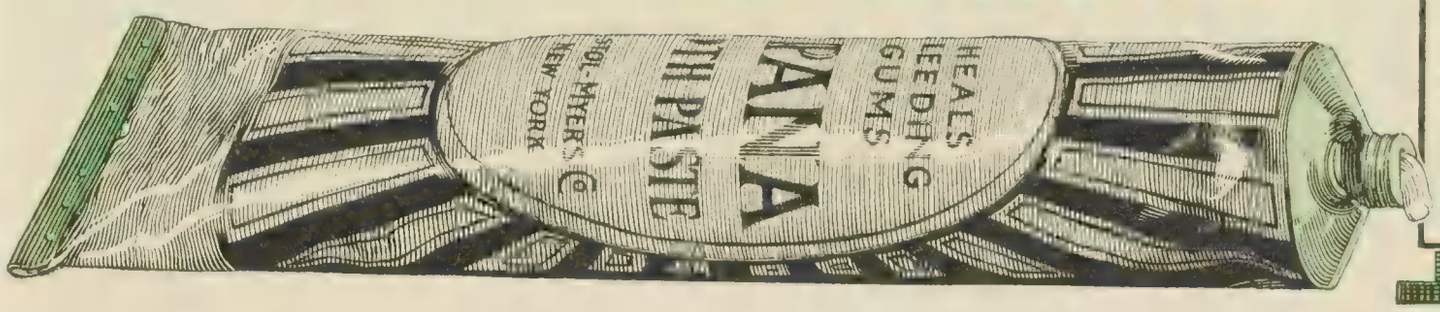
Ipana is an aid to the dentist, not a substitute for him. Ask him about its properties, its fine cleansing power, its delicious taste. Then switch to it for one month. See for yourself how good, how effective, it really is.

Get a tube of Ipana today

Despite the coupon on this page, the best thing to do is to get a large tube at your nearest drug store. The ten-day tube can only start the good work. A full-size tube, which will last for a hundred brushings, will show you the start of firmer, harder, healthier gums and a clean, sweet and wholesome mouth. . . . . .

Perhaps your own toothbrush seldom "shows pink"—perhaps it never does. Still, the best time to fight gum troubles is before they start. You can build no better foundation for the health—present and future—of your gums and teeth than to brush them twice daily with this delicious dentifrice.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-75
42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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Is this what happens to *your* lovely silk things?

Even after one or two wearings, while not obviously soiled, a silk garment which comes into contact with the skin has in it enough perspiration acid to injure its delicate fibres and colors. And hamper-dampness keeps the acid moist and active.

If only everyone realized how quickly silk things are faded, streaked —yes, actually *destroyed*— when allowed to lie huddled in the hamper with soiled linens and other household laundry, surely a lovely silk blouse would never find its way there!



This simple method protects delicate fabrics

A quick tubbing in Ivory suds as soon as possible after wearing will prevent acid action and premature wear by perfect cleansing.

THIS takes but a few minutes, and Ivory cannot hurt fabrics or colors, no matter how often they are washed, provided they can stand the touch of pure water. Yet think what it means if you take care of your silk things this way!

They wear longer. You have the luxury of fresh garments daily. You can manage beautifully on a very few fine garments. They come out unstained and unfaded. They are entirely free from soapy odor. They are safe from the dangers of carelessness.

If it were not for the purity and gentleness of Ivory you might think twice before subjecting your fragile garments, or even your hands, to such frequent tubbings. But with Ivory, you don't have to worry, for millions of women use Ivory on their faces, and a soap fine enough for your face is fine enough for the most delicate garments.

Procter & Gamble

IVORY *Flakes*

For a very special need— a sample, FREE

If you have a particularly precious garment that will stand the touch of pure water, let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes to wash it with. We shall also send you a beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments", which is a veritable encyclopædia of laundering information. Address a letter or postcard to Section 17-GF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Your *personal* laundry

Below are listed the washable articles in the wardrobe of the modern woman.

Every one of these garments requires the care and protection provided by Ivory (cake or flakes).

silk stockings, silk lingerie**
*silk nightgowns**
silk blouses, sweaters*
scarves, dresses
handkerchiefs
ties
cuffs and collar sets
sports skirts
silk negligées

** The garments indicated thus should be tubbed in Ivory suds as soon as possible after they are worn.*

IVORY

99 44/100 % PURE

CAKES *FLAKES*



Have you ever considered this?

A great many women do their entire household laundry with Ivory Soap—for their hands' sake as well as for the sake of the clothes. Why not try Ivory for your weekly wash and other household tasks?

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Here comes a circus!

LITTLE TEXAS

By DIXIE WILLSON

ONE June afternoon when the air was full of wild-flower dust and sleepy sunshine, the plump conductor of a passenger train in southern Missouri sat by the open door of the last coach, watching the railroad track unwind behind the moving train like a long gray ribbon across the fields.

The windows were open, the warm wind blowing through, and dusty patches of sunshine crisscrossed over dusty red-velvet seats. It was a lazy afternoon. Most of the passengers were dozing—in the drawing-room car, where wealthy gentlemen ride, iced-tea was being served—but here in the last coach everybody was just very warm and very tired.

The conductor's blue cap was pushed back from a hot bald forehead, a damp handkerchief was tucked inside his collar and a drooping Black-eyed Susan in his buttonhole looked like just another small passenger as warm and tired as the rest.

He had almost begun to doze himself when he was conscious of a childish voice over his shoulder.

"Can't we give your flower a drink, Mr. Conductor? It's so *thirsty!*"



LITTLE TEXAS HERSELF

Drawings by Gerald Leake

THE little somebody had a pretty way of speaking—an odd little accent at the end of the words—and what Mr. Conductor saw when he looked down was a mass of short, tumbled, sunny-brown curls, wide, wistful, gray eyes, a childishly beautiful face with a sweet serious something about it you wouldn't forget.

He had noticed her considering his buttonhole before. He had noticed her stubby shoes and faded little dress and the rather shabby young man with her, who seemed too large for his clothes.

"All right, little girl," he laughed, "we'll keep the daisy healthy," and he went to the drinking-tank, and came back with the limp flower hanging its head out of a water-filled bottle.

"There, how's that?" he wanted to know, and stood it in the shady corner of her window.

She smiled shyly up at him, and the young man with her smiled too.

"That'll settle her mind a lot," he said to the conductor. "She worries about everything that don't look just satisfied."

The conductor sat down beside them.

"Going far?" he asked.

"St. Louis—that's all," said the boy. "She was promised she'd have a grandpa when she was twelve, and that was yesterday, so we're going to find him, ain't we, little Texas?"

He poked her small nose with the end of his finger.

"Yes, we are," the child said confidingly. "I've been waiting so *long* to be twelve years old, till I could find my grandad! And the *most* fun of it," she said, leaning forward and putting one little hand on the conductor's plump knee, "is that he doesn't know he's even *got* a granddaughter at all! But I know just exactly what I'm going to say when I find him," she smiled, with pretty mischief in her eyes. "I'm going to say, 'Grandad, you old scamp, give Texas a kiss!' "

The boy winked up at the conductor.

"She's got it all fixed," he said. "She's made up her mind to have him just like she wants him!"

"And he's in St. Louis—this grandfather?" the conductor wanted to know.

"Well, we *think* so," the boy told him. "We don't know for sure, but we've got a card to his lawyer from ten years ago, saying his name is Kingsley Fitzgerald, and saying her dad was his son. Of course, a lot can 'a' happened in ten years, but we're pretty mighty sure we're goin' to find a grandfather there—ain't we, honey?" and he folded her warm fingers into his.

"You see, mother and I want a grandfather very much," the little girl explained, her eyes even more wistful for a minute, "because he'd be a relation and we haven't any relation. So Joe's going to find him the minute we get there, aren't you, Joe?"

The big boy she called Joe drew a card from his pocket and held it so the conductor could see.

"I am, if this'll do it," he said. "That's her grandfather's name written on it," he explained, "Kingsley Fitzgerald. It's her name, too, but we call her just Texas!"

"Kingsley Fitzgerald," the conductor repeated thoughtfully, "Fitzgerald—" Then suddenly he got up.

"Well I vum!" he said. "Excuse me a minute."

TEXAS watched him hurry down the aisle toward the forward car.

"My goodness, how fast he went away!" she said, "and aren't fat people *fat* when they hurry, Joe! It will be nice if grandpa's fat and smiley like the conductor, won't it? I wonder what my grandpa's like! I wonder what he'll think when he knows he's got a grandchild!"

Joe drew her tumbled head against his shoulder.

"Well, if he's fat, little Texas, or if he isn't," the big boy said, "I don't know. But I do know he's the luckiest grandpa in *this* old wide world!"

In the drawing-room car, where the iced-tea glasses were clinking, was a certain iron-gray gentleman, tall, with thin twitching lips, a close-cropped gray mustache and deep-set steel-gray eyes. His hands were slim, with long aristocratic fingers. His shoulders were straight, determined shoulders, and what the conductor had suddenly remembered was that on this gentleman's bag were important-looking letters that said "Kingsley Fitzgerald," and that his ticket had read to St. Louis.

The plump conductor stood in the doorway a minute, looking the gentleman up and down, then he straightened his cap, cleared his throat and approached him.

"Are you Kingsley Fitzgerald of St. Louis?" he asked.

"I am," the old gentleman answered bruskly.

"Have you a granddaughter?" the conductor asked again.

Mr. Fitzgerald looked up, very evidently annoyed.

"No," he said icily. "No indeed!"

"Have you a son?" the conductor went on.

"My son is—dead," Mr. Fitzgerald replied curtly.

But the conductor persisted.

"Your son's daughter," he said, "is on this train going to St. Louis after you."

Mr. Fitzgerald rose with a short word under his breath.

"What—what are you trying to say?" he asked.

Those stern eyes almost made the conductor forget what he *was* trying to say, but he repeated to Mr. Fitzgerald what Joe and Texas had told him.

"I never was aware that my son had a daughter," the old gentleman said. "Is she—what does she look like? Who is the person with her?"

"The young man didn't say who he was," the conductor replied, "but the little girl mentioned a mother as her only relation. She's twelve years old, she said, and not very well off, I should think, by the looks of it."

The distinguished-appearing old gentleman tapped his fingers against the back of the seat.

"So *that's* it!" he said. "*That's* the idea! Yes, I understand. They need *money*—so they intend to present themselves to my lawyer and find *me!*"

He drew his thin lips down at the corners.

"Well," he said, "I shall simply arrange that it will be impossible for me to be found. I appreciate your information that has prepared me."

The plump conductor thought of that eager face—those wistful gray eyes.

"You might walk through the car and take a look at the little one," he suggested.

Mr. Fitzgerald hesitated a moment, then reached for his ebony stick.

"Yes, I shall," he said briefly. "I can make up my mind, when I see her, whether I choose to acknowledge her or not. If I do, I shall speak to her at once; but if I deem it better to have her lose track of me entirely, I shall pass her and say nothing, and trust you to do the same."

He bowed slightly and preceded the conductor into the last coach, where the dusty patches of sunshine crisscrossed over dusty red-velvet seats.

Joe had made a rag doll from his blue pocket handker-

chief and Texas, one foot curled under her, her head cuddled against his shoulder, was absorbed in watching nose and mouth appear in red pencil lines.

Mr. Kingsley Fitzgerald went slowly down the aisle to the open door at the end of the train, looked out at that ribbon of track for a moment, then shifted his gaze to the sunny-haired child.

Little Texas glanced up at him. *His* gray eyes, deep and stern, met *her* gray eyes, wide and wistful, for just one second, then he turned away, passed directly by, and went back into the drawing-room car where wealthy gentlemen ride.

THAT June day was circus day in the little town of Three Trees, Arkansas. The town had been alive since early morning, with folks out waiting for the balloons and the flags and the music, with every one crowding down over the bridge to the flats where The Great Melbourne Circus was showing.

Almost before sunrise the canvas tents were up, the wagons rumbling through town with seats and poles and animal cages, and by ten o'clock, when parade was ready to start with its flash of banners and spangled horses, the streets of the whole place had turned into a holiday.

In a little gray house at the end of the town a little gray lady in a faded black bonnet was sitting by a window filled with morning-glory vines and purple blossoms, rocking nervously back and forth.

She held a letter in her fingers, a worn yellow letter, and now and then, when she looked at it, tears came up in her eyes. The shades were drawn against the sun, the little room was spotlessly clean, with its strips of rag carpet and painted wooden furniture.

"You see, Car'line," the little old lady was saying to a woman who sat on the floor with a sleeping baby in her arms, "you see, I haven't any place that's home to me. Your house here is just right for your family without counting me in, and I haven't any money to pay for what I eat, so I want to go out, Car'line, and work for my keep like other folks."

"But Lucy, why don't you write Jason?" the woman on the floor said. "He's been waiting all his life."

A blush came into the faded old cheeks at mention of Jason.

"No, Car'line," she answered. "When I was pretty and young, I took Sunny Bill instead of Jason, and it isn't right I should go to Jason now, just because I'm old, without any folks and without any home. Jason hasn't heard a thing about me for years. He's most likely forgotten all about me by now. Most likely he wouldn't even *want* to hear from me again!"

"Oh, yes, he would, Lucy; it would make him awfully happy," the woman on the floor said, leaning back against the wall. "Jason's gone without anybody just because he couldn't have you."

But the little old lady shook her head.

"No, Car'line," she said. "I wouldn't ask Jason to take me now. It'd seem almost like charity. I'll just go and work, and where Bill always worked is where I want to work, so I'll do like he told me to. The parade will come by at eleven o'clock, and I'll follow it back to the circus grounds, and find Papa Saunders like Bill said I would."

The woman on the floor shifted the baby from one arm to the other.

"You're right welcome to stay here as long as you want to," she said kindly. "I can't think of you gettin' work in a circus, hardly!"

"Yes, it does seem kind o' queer, me trying to do that," the little old lady smiled, "but Bill always said I could if ever I'd say the word, and I've been thinking that having it come right here to town is sort of like it's coming on purpose to give me the chance! Seems that God kind of knows how much I want a home somewhere, and He's sending——"

THE flare of a brass band broke into her sentence. She started from her chair and hurried to the open door, the woman following her, the baby waking with wide eyes, as down the street with glitter and glare, with velvet and scarlet, came the circus parade.

The little old lady watched as it flared by, her heart fluttering half with joy, half with fear.

As long back as she could remember, her husband, Sunny Bill, had told her about the folks in the circus—the long cars they lived in, the big cook-tent they ate in, the happy days they spent together in green meadows under blue sky, those mornings of parade up the long main streets of little towns. Sunny Bill had been a tumbling clown for forty years in the circus ring.

Every Summer he had left Lucy in their cozy cottage, had written her from every town, and had come laughing home again early every November, to take care of the Winter wood and cover up their little garden, till one January day he had gone to sleep—just hadn't wakened up again—and she had been left alone. Then things had happened as things do—the cottage was lost—and the money gone—and for six long years in her all-alone hours it had seemed to the little gray widow that all she'd ask of life was if somehow, somewhere, she could be part of that meadow and blue sky Sunny Bill had loved so long.

Bill had left her a letter to give Papa Saunders, the big circus manager. She had counted six summers pass, not daring to do it—but now, with The Great Melbourne Circus in the very town of Three Trees, Arkansas, it seemed to Mrs. Sunny Bill it had come on purpose to give her her chance.

"Isn't the parade beautiful," the old lady whispered, her faded eyes sparkling.

Car'line swung the baby against her shoulder to the beat of the music, while the elephants shunk-shunked out of sight, and the calliope wheezed by. When the spangle of the flags flashed away down the street, the little old lady turned to Car'line, her lips trembling.

"Well," she said, "I guess it's time to go now. You've been good to keep me. If—if Papa Saunders isn't there any more, maybe I'll have to come back—but Bill wanted me to try, so—so good-by, Car'line. Take good care of the baby."

The woman watched her out of sight in the crowd that surged gaily after the parade. A little old lady in a faded old bonnet!

"Poor soul," Car'line said to herself as she joggled the baby to sleep again. "Wonder what she thinks they're ever goin' to do with an old lady like her in a circus! Poor soul!"

THROUGH the streets full of squealing whistles and bobbing balloons the little old lady crowded along with the rest, over the bridge, down the hill, to where the circus tents had come up like magic in a glitter of flags and bands playing. The crowd stopped in front of the side show, and the little old lady, clutching her letter against her dress, stopped too. A little brown boy, with a leopard skin over bare brown legs, beat four drums at once, while a man with a wide tan hat and gold watch-chain called out the wonders that for one dime could be found inside.

"We have here," he shouted, "Miss Tiny! Miss Tiny! The little lady so small I can bring her out of my silk hat!"

And out of the hat on his arm, with a flourish, he lifted somebody like a doll come to life, a tiny, sweet, dimpling, pink, fluffy-haired somebody, with a laugh like the sound of a little silver bell.

"She measures twenty-nine inches from the tip of her head to the soles of her feet! She can stand in the palm of my hand," the man shouted, as he turned her around, while she hung to his ear and some one in the crowd offered to buy her for a thousand dollars.

Every one was in raptures over Miss Tiny, when the second attraction appeared on the platform—Eddie the Rubber Man.

"The strangest person alive!" the man shouted. "He has baffled and mystified the scientists of three nations, and is being shown in this country for the first and last time! Watch him! Watch him!"

Whereupon Rubber Eddie doubled himself into a ball of head, hands and feet that rolled down the platform and bounced back into the tent, while the man with the tan hat made room for Exhibition Number Three.

The people stepped back from the platform a little at the appearance of Exhibition Number Three, for the man who came *out* where Rubber Eddie had rolled *in* was eight feet six inches tall and weighed three hundred pounds.

"Pictured on the banner at your left, and here on the stage," the tan-hat man called with a gesture, "you see Captain Gordon, the modern Her-cu-les! The man who stands head and shoulders above any other inhabitant on the face of the globe, and makes the ordinary human being seem like a pigmy!"

A startled gasp came from the crowd as the man with the tan hat dropped Miss Tiny into the giant's great arms! He might have crushed her with just the closing of his hands around her, but the man with the tan hat *could* have told, had he wanted to, that the two were such chums the show folks called them "The Twins." It seemed one never went out without the other. Captain Gordon carried Tiny everywhere on his arm in a market-basket, brought her a box of chocolates every day, and then held her in her basket half an hour at a time while she fed his candy to the horses in the pad-room.

The little old lady in the faded black bonnet put fifty cents up to the window of the ticket-wagon in a quick, half-frightened way, and surged along with the people into the menagerie.

The lions with their fat paws like overgrown kittens, tigers, swaying white bears, the brown velvet seals, men

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THE NOTE TO MEG, HER BUTTERFLY MOTHER, BROUGHT THE FIRST ACTUAL PROOF THAT LITTLE TEXAS WAS——GONE!

DIANA and the HOUSE of HATE

A new style Ghost story

By EVERETT YOUNG



"YOU DEAD-GAME LITTLE SPORT! YOU BRICK!" GEORGE SAID BROKENLY

THE heat bore down, muffling, breathless, not even relieved by their close proximity to the Potomac. Ahead of them, against the declining sun, suds of dark clouds were climbing. Even the rare views opening out at certain bends in the twisting road were lost to them, for sight seemed blocked by that dense mass of potential thunder.

Diana Treadwell slipped off her hat and leaned her blond head wearily against a leather cushion. Slumping rather far down in her low seat in the roadster, she offered a picture of boyish slender grace. Out of the tail of his eye, George Trench noted her perfection without pleasure. In his present state of parboiled discomfort her cool crispness irritated him. He actually wished that for once she would look hot, or awkward, or dishevcled.

Aloud he said grumpily, "Not a bit cooler here. Thought it was going to be."

"Oh, well, it looks so, anyway," she replied. "The water sounds nice. If I'd smelt those Washington pavements another minute, I'd have developed hydrophobia and run around in circles, barking and trying to get a cop to shoot me."

Trench laughed. He was a cheery soul at bottom.

"Bad as that, eh? What say we run over to the Lock Club for dinner after we get through with this? That's within earshot of Great Falls and bound to be a few shades fresher after dark than town will be."

She accepted as casually as he invited, but deep down in the heart of each was the same disappointing knowledge that the mock-orange-scented darkness of the old place where you dined by candle-light and the rush of unseen waters would prove, as so often before, merely a wasted setting.

Their friends claimed it an outrage that they did not marry. By birth and tastes they were well mated already—he a Trench of Albany and the engineering member of a prominent firm of Washington architects, she a Virginia Treadwell and an interior decorator who, in spite of her youth, was already making herself felt in the artistic world. They had played together as school-children when Trench's father was serving two terms as senator and Diana's family represented the venerated "cave dwellers" in an ugly but dignified house on Capitol Hill. When Trench took a job in Washington after the war and renewed the old friendship, it was natural for their mutual acquaintances to take an interest in the affair.

But somehow Nature, for reasons of her own, mislikes these heaven-made marriages. It almost seems as though, in her matings, she counts on the clash and shock of the unexpected to strike a new spark of life into the world. And so, in the face of reason and perhaps because of it, Nature had restrained Diana and Trent to no more than the best of friendships, which, to be sure, wore a trifle thin at times, since they were both young and in their separate ways impetuous.

"Who'd you say had bought the place?" Diana inquired listlessly. "Good of you to throw the decorating my way, old son. Thanks a lot, if I haven't mentioned it before."

"Bender—Congressman Milo P. Bender—bought it. Wants it for a Summer place when the House is in session. He picked you himself."

She wrinkled her white brows, from which waves of gold hair swept backward, crisp and flat. "What're you doing with it? Remodeling?"

"Bathroom or two, I believe, and seeing if some badly placed doors can be changed without weakening the structure. I haven't seen the house myself yet."

THEY rumbled over a tall iron bridge paved with rattling wooden boards, after which the Leesburg road obliqued slightly from the course of the river on an ascending grade. The heat fell closer, moister. Under its clammy hand they relapsed once more into a silence until Trench snapped the car into a rutted lane running back to the edge of the bluff now far above the level of the river. Many grunts and moans had been shaken from the two of them by the time Trench jerked his maltreated roadster to a standstill before a low brick wall backed by a line of cedars.

"Sweet approach!" Diana vouchsafed, patting her waved hair into place and casting a morose eye on the cow-path they had just traversed.

"Money in little Georgie's jeans," that gentleman remarked with somber exultation. "I'm supposed to do the road over for him. And he has kale to burn."

"He'll need it," she growled, wrestling with a once white gate. "Just look at that lawn! I hate these American cedars, anyway. Graveyardy."

By way of revenge one of the branches caught at the fair head and pulled a strand of well-kept hair over the aristocratic little nose—and Diana, I very much fear, uttered a monosyllable ending with L.

Trench chortled. "Got even with you that time—nice old cedar! I never saw you mussed up before. Does my soul good. Come on—let's see the outside of the house first."

They skirted a grove partially concealing a square Colonial house of medium size, and, guided by a little wind-break of the eternal cedars, made their way to the rear. Here a surprise awaited them, for only a ledge, barely twenty feet wide, separated the house from a deep gorge at the foot of which the river ran muttering over its bed of sharp rocks.

"Well, of all stupid things—" Trench wondered.

"There must have been a landslide or something," Diana assured him. "Nobody in a sane mind would deliberately build a house as near the edge as that. Why, if the earth cut away the least bit more——"

Trench approached the gorge and peered over.

"There's a big boulder jutting out a couple o' dozen feet below us. Think I'll go down and give it a look."

He took off his coat and eased himself over the stark edge. At such moments it annoyed him that Diana did not follow him with little feminine, useless admonitions.

He did not realize that it was her point of honor to be as cool about the minor dangers of life as any man, but that she was waiting with clenched teeth for his reappearance.

He climbed back to safety after an interminable time, and her "Find anything?" was as casually cold as a mountain brook.

"The boulder's certainly what's holding us up, though whether it's an isolated one or the spur of a whole supporting ledge of rock I can't say. And the river's cut under it badly, too. Think I'll recommend some shoring up down there—Milo P. can stand it!"

"I think you're perfectly vulgar about that poor man's money!" Diana attacked unexpectedly. It was the heat, and nervous relief that George had actually returned unharmed.

He was hot too. "What can you expect of a damn

Continued on page 75

The INCREASING PURPOSE

He took three years to write it

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Author of "If Winter Comes" and "This Freedom"



ACROSS THE GLEAMING DANCE FLOOR ANDREW GLOOMILY REGARDED HIS WIFE EXQUISITELY DANCING

Love lost — and found

THE STORY THUS FAR

SIMON was the youngest and gayest of the three Paris brothers—gay, that is, until the war crashed upon Europe. He fought through the thickest horrors of it for four terrible years, and terrible were its effects upon his sunny, unquestioning disposition. Friends, fellow officers, his men fell by thousands. Yet he, Simon, was spared. Why? Why? Suddenly, one desperate night, came a wordless answer to him as if from his dear dead mother. He was being spared—she comforted him—for a purpose. This knowledge sustained him. But after the war it began to fill him with a restless wondering and loneliness. Where was some one to whom he could bare his troubled soul? Where was Elizabeth? But he could not find the girl whose understanding letters had cheered him at the front. Groping for some further knowledge of his purpose, Sim gave up his job (he was a major in the regular British army) and went for a time to visit his brother Charles. Charles Paris, with his wife Alice, lived on the outskirts of London in a vast old house, the home of their tyrannical great-uncle, old Gand, now speechless and paralyzed. This household was a volcano covering suppressed rumblings and storms. Charles's discontent with his dull business life and Alice's discontent with dull Charles were fast reaching a crisis—a crisis of illicit love between Alice and Conrad Bryne, old Gand's doctor, who came to the house each day. Only one person suspected Alice—not Sim, who affectionately humored her when she begged him to go to Charles if ever he was in trouble—but old Gand's male nurse, a Swiss named Jule, who was spying upon her and her secret lover.

PART TWO

SIM, after eight days, moved on from his stay with Charles to stay with Andrew.

"Well, we don't seem to have done much in your visit," was Charles's opening of their farewell exchanges together.

This was at Cannon Street Station. Sim had come up by Charles's usual morning train, and the brothers stood waiting for the taxi that was to carry Sim to Andrew's house in Mayfair Street.

"Oh, it's been jolly, Charles," Sim answered quickly, "jolly seeing you and Alice again. I've enjoyed it."

"I haven't done much toward getting you fixed in any plans," Charles went on, "even toward discussing them. What *are* you going to do, Sim?"

Sim's gay, careless laugh, "I'm dashed if I know," and the instant defeat in Charles of an impulse to be kind.

"You've never even told me what means you've got," he growled. "What's your retired pay, Sim?"

"Far as I can make out, a hundred and fifty."

The careless estimate, as the careless attitude toward so meager a sum, annoyed Charles.

"Far as you can make out? Sim, surely you must know?"

"Not exactly, yet. There are odds and ends, some off, some on. When all's done, I reckon I can count on a hundred and fifty pounds cold."

Charles bit a lip. "You're likely to find it cold, I should imagine, on that."

Sim laughed. "That's rather witty, Charles. Feel the draft, you mean?"

"Nowadays and with your tastes, yes."

A pensive look replaced the laughter in Sim's eyes.

"As to the tastes," he said, "I can cut them out. In fact, I have. They've slipped away, somehow."

His voice had changed with his expression. He spoke it slowly as though he wondered why or how they had slipped away.

Charles regarded him. "There's something up with you, Sim. I can't think what it is. You've changed somehow."

"They're all telling me that."

"Well, what is it?"

"I don't know."

"This was madness, this chucking the service. Don't go away saying I haven't offered to help you. I've suggested the business. I offer it definitely now. Will you come into the business?"

Sim shook his head. "It's jolly good of you, Charles. No. I've thought it over. It's not what I want. It's not what I'm looking for."

"What are you looking for?"

"I don't know."

Charles gave a short whistle, expressive of, and meant to express, his irritation. "Whew-ew! Well, here's your taxi."

The cab drew up. Sim followed his baggage aboard. Through the window the brothers exchanged goodbys. But as the engine of the taxi began to work up, Charles could not restrain the shaft of his irritated whistle.

"I'll just tell you one thing, Sim," he said, "if you don't mind. You said coming up in the train that you wondered what all those people, up and down every day, thought they were doing with their lives. I submit to you that, working at jobs, they might with a good deal more reason ask you what you think you are doing with yours."

The cab moved away. Trouble now was in the eyes that regarded Charles from it.

"I know, old man," Sim said.

ANDREW'S house in Mayfair Street, where now Sim came, was No. 26. Twelve houses stood on each side of it. The position thus held the distinction (according to the real-estate agent who rented the place to Andrew Paris) of being within a few feet of the precise center of the exclusive Mayfair district of London.

But Andrew disregarded the proud boast.

"It suits me," he said in his stern way, no response whatsoever in his manner to the agent's amiable fawnings. "It suits me. I will take it. Give me a pen, will you?"

The lovely creature, exquisitely dressed, who sat at the table beside him—Linda, his newly-married bride—smote together the palms of her white-kidded hands in silent clapping and radiantly beamed upon him. The agent, who was awed by Andrew and ravished by Linda, thought he had never seen so swift a change in a face as the responsive smile with which Andrew replied to Linda. His thought was (he was a slangy man) "Talk about



MR. STUPENDITY RECEIVED ON A CIRCLE OF BLUE PLUSH CARPET. LIVERIED ATTENDANTS CRIED OUT THE NAME AS EACH GUEST ADVANCED TO SHAKE THE HAND OF THE GREAT DEPARTMENT STORE GENIUS

worship! I reckon that flyaway bit could have the eyes out of that stiff for the asking." He was right.

The rent, in common with all the houses in Mayfair Street, was very high, but Andrew could well afford it. He then had been only a few years with Lord Staverton as his financial secretary, but his salary was commensurate to his services. And Lord Staverton, multi-millionaire chairman of a great banking corporation, of a great insurance corporation, of a great railway corporation, of the great firm of engineering contractors which was the foundation of his family's fortune, with shipping interests, newspaper interests, oil interests, mining interests, counted Andrew Paris the most valuable thing he had touched in his career.

Andrew's proud and cold face was his fortune. Immediately Lord Staverton saw it, it won for him the position which he sought. Not right-hand man but another right hand to the magnate he became.

He was by virtue of his position immensely sought after. To "get Paris" was considered by those who desired to "get Staverton" as good as, or indeed better than, getting Lord Staverton himself. But the attitude he set himself in this regard was that where he had accepted smiles he would be expected to give smiles; and as his master's servant he felt that smiles, being his master's smiles, were not to be given. To instance a very small point, and yet a point well illustrative of the absurd lengths to which he carried his attitude, he found himself, directly his position and his influence became known, receiving passes to every kind of social show, theatrical first-nights, exhibitions, meetings and the like.

He returned them.

But when he married his wife he found all this not so easy to maintain.

LINDA, Andrew's wife, always made Sim catch his breath whenever after an interval he first saw her again. It was her beauty that caused it. Her loveliness, and an extraordinary radiance her loveliness had (as if her spirit shone through her lovely flesh), came to him always like a sudden and delicious perfume. And this impression was not singular to him alone. All men, and even many women, who met her declared to it. Her beauty dazzled them.

Her toilettes themselves were dazzling. On any one else her frocks, her whole get up, would have been (people said) striking to the point of being "too well dressed." On Linda, however, and for whatever occasion she was costumed, it was the lovely creature's natural plumage, natural to her as its astounding blue to the kingfisher, shot by in a gleam that none who has not seen it knows what blue can be. Even men, who normally never can remember a woman's dress, often would tell one another what Linda Paris (as every one called her) was wearing when last seen. And with the description invariably would go the old joke to the effect that if you had not seen the dress of Linda Paris now under discussion you never were likely to—she never had worn it before—she probably never would wear it again.

But dress, and even such as Linda's, is but the wrapping. It was to see herself, the simply lovely thing she was, that caused that catching of the breath in Sim and in beholders all. By day from her enchanting face, in the evening from arms and breasts and shoulders, there positively was a gleam, an aura that one would think a finger must pass through, and yet feel nothing, before it touched the living lovely flesh. It was not white. Her hue, her radiance was deeper and more gleaming than white can go or gleam. Her hue was golden.

It was while Sim, still in the first business of arrival, was bantering with this golden creature, renewing the affectionate fun there always was between them, that Andrew appeared. Andrew, that black Paris, stood beside this radiant thing, his wife—and there was presented to Sim the striking contrast in the pair. Andrew so vivid black, she so gleaming golden.

It was a contrast that everybody noticed, but it was a contrast never so vivid as when, with no eye there to see, it first had been made. That was when, plighting their

troth. Andrew first held her in his arms, caught her to his breast within a shadowed room, her face to his. It was then as though he held a lamp of burning gold against his face, as though within the dimness of that room, her father's rather shabby study, Andrew's face, passionate in triumph and in adoration, was illuminated by some glow of hidden source.

That was their contrast physical. But their contrast lay much deeper than that. They were in every sense shaped at the poles of Nature's plans. Andrew ran slow, Linda quick. He was purposeful, she purposeless. He was grave, sober, an intense and silent man; she light, gay, a careless and a gleeful sprite. They were extremes—and on that night of their betrothal at the point of their extremes they protested their affection. His voice was terrible in its intensity as he declared his love; her voice, her eyes, her lips, her heart were laughing.

But not so all the time.

She first was laughing—then the deep passion of his voice reverberated in his breast and it was felt by her in all her body (pressed to his) and she was breathing then in sharp, quick catches of her breath, and kissing him with lips that now laughed not, but consumed his own.

They call it love.

It is not love. Such passions, Andrew's for Linda, Linda's (at that and at such moments) for Andrew, are passions only, gusts of appetite, inflamed desires, and nothing have to do with love. It is the sex attraction, nothing more. Love is not blind, it is all-seeing. Passion is blind, its appetite its only guide. Love is a helping and a sharing, a giving and forgiving, and in the process welding two indissolubly one. This sex attraction is all-taking—a thing that hunts its prey, whose zest depends on chase and on denial until it wearies of the hunt and then is staled. It holds—while it attracts. While it attracts it holds as bindingly as love. It then repels.

It had held Andrew Paris to Linda for more than eleven years. This was the chase, this pretty dance that she led Andrew. She is likely, for that matter, to lead him a pretty dance for all time, as things go. Her nimble feet are weariless. She still, after eleven years of it, tantalizes him, still draws him ravished on. Her danger is when, for him, her lovely beauty fades or stales.

Already now, he sometimes halts in his pursuit, and ponders—then dashes on again.

SIM, more observant on this visit, more susceptible to secret emotions in those about him, sometimes noticed these halted, brooding moments in his brother. One occasion was that of a little dinner-party in the house, another at a little private dance in the house following a dinner. He noticed during his stay how frequent were these little parties. He noticed also on the nights when no guests were entertained how very rarely was an evening spent at home—invariably there was a show of some kind to be attended. And he noticed, further, all the costly, carelessly luxurious style in which the house was run—two men servants, two chauffeurs, three cars—things like that—all strikingly different from the régime of Charles's house; all slightly surprising in the Andrew of Sim's accustomed imagination.

But what he had particularly noticed at the dinner-party, as at the dance, was the look, suddenly caught, on Andrew's face.

Across the costly table, Linda, supreme, superb, holding all her guests in rattling banter; across the gleaming dancing-floor, Linda, exquisitely gowned, exquisitely dancing—across all that glowing life and color, Sim had glanced up and seen Andrew, withdrawn into himself, gloomily regarding them.

Those moments in which he thus caught Andrew were Andrew halted in the chase, conning the lovely creature who has led him on thus far.

How? he brooded. How was it possible that a girl, taken out of the dull, almost straitened surroundings from which he had taken that gleaming creature there, could have sprung into the extravagant, pleasure-seeking child of joy that she at once, on their very honeymoon, became?

How?

Andrew desired place and power, and it was characteristic of his temperament so to desire them, not for what they brought, but for what in themselves they were. Linda was precisely opposite.

They had been married less than one year when came an evening when Linda told that she had been dashing round fruitlessly all the day to secure seats for the first night of a play which was expected to be the event of the theatrical season. "And they're not to be had for love or money," Linda declared. "Sickening!"

Andrew laughed. "That's all you know. I've not an hour ago returned a box."

"Returned a box!" Linda extravagantly gestured mock amazement. "Returned a box! You never have! You wouldn't! Who sent it?"

Andrew named a man. "And I wasn't taking any," he said. "not from that quarter."

She had a trick, done for the amusement of others and always amusing Andrew, of exaggerating trifles into crises and acting them with ludicrous theatricality. They were standing together in the drawing-room and she threw herself into his arms. "Knight of my soul, for goodness sake, why not?"

He laughed and hugged her. "Because he's out to get in on a big combine Staverton is negotiating."

"Light of my life, why shouldn't the man?"

"No reason at all—if he can and at the right time. But not by any early doors."

"Star of my night, explain!"

Andrew caressed her again and fondly looked down upon the lovely laughing face. "Why, idiot, he wants information in advance."

"Well?"

"Well, he doesn't get it. No one does, from me."

"Well?"

"Well, he wants to try to—he wants to stand in well with me. Hence the box."

She now had lowered her face from his and with her head bent, was twisting a button of his waistcoat. "Well?"

"Well, Linda. I can't afford to let any one stand in well with me. I'm always being offered things I can't take."

"You know, Andrew," she said thoughtfully, "I think that you carry that idea a bit too far. It spoils heaps of fun."

Here she lifted her head and beamed at him. "You wait till they send 'em to me!"

It was a challenge—of the kind done for amorous sport—and Andrew accepted it, kiss and lively hug the form of his acceptance.

"You wait till they send 'em to me!" she had threatened. Very soon that was what people began to do.

The next occasion was much the same—a favor—cards to a Gold-Cup Day party at the races, presented by some one from whom Andrew would take no favor. He could not in any case go himself, and he ordered Linda that she should not go in that particular company.

She laughed mischievously. "Well, I'm going to!"

He also laughed, fondly. "You bet you're not!"

"You bet I am. Dare me to?" and enticingly her eyes dared him.

He loved this. "I dare you to!"

She went.

She did not come down to breakfast that morning and he was occupied in his study till shortly before eleven when suddenly she presented herself to him, in a new Ascot frock, radiant, a vision.

After exchanges—on his side first of admiration of her, then when he heard with whom she was going, of surprised disbelief; on her side of mischief-mounting glee—after these, "But look here," he said, "this is serious. I absolutely don't want it done. I told you why, Linda. I absolutely forb——"

She was in highest spirits. She waved the long gloves she carried and trod a little jig of mischief. "You dared me to! You dared me to!" and she came to rest within a pace of him, a nymph, a Circe.

The sex attraction! He caught his breath. "Linda, you infernal little villain!" he said, and he went to take her in his arms.

She thrust out a hand. "Don't touch me! I crush wherever I'm touched and I'm worth about a guinea a square inch in this." She braced back her knees and bent forward from her hips toward him and held her lovely face close to him and pouted at him with her bewitching mouth. "Only that," she said, and, bewitched, he kissed her and drew a heavy breath and said, "You witch!"

HERE was the challenge, and he defeated in it. She ought not to have gone; he had forbidden it; she had defied him. These should have been thorns, but they were delicious thorns, and it was beneath their rapturous pricking that he thought of her all that day and beneath it that he longed for her return that evening. "I am bewitched by my wife," he thought to himself—and there was in the thought something that ravished him.

Those were early days. If, as their married life matured, this his bewitchment might have staled, there came to whip him up an event which at once stimulated his thraldom and gave to Linda immense enlargement—four dizzying years of it.

The war came.

Andrew went to France. The hunger of separation from her; the intoxication of reuniting with her on leaves that were as nuptial ecstasies miraculously lived again—these even further enslaved him.

It was easy for Andrew, Lord Staverton regretting but acquiescing, to obtain a commission. He went to France in 1915. At the end of that year, the war then being realized as a business best to be conducted on business principles with the right men in the right places, he was withdrawn from his battalion by the Staverton influence and given a staff appointment in which his organizing abilities were likely to be of value, and proved of value. He looked splendid, Linda cried, in his red tabs and brass hat; and, tall, straight figure, impressive face, splendid he did look and felt, and splendidly was treated by his lovely wife, and his leaves became orgies, with no intervals, of fond and fierce delights.

His one idea now, living from leave to leave, from honeymoon to honeymoon, was for Linda to have the best of times, the best of everything, and for him, on the honeymoons, to have her at her most gratified and liveliest and loveliest by having the best of everything with her. It had been a complaint of hers that they did not live up to their income. She had now, in his absences, the run of his income, freely—and freely she ran it. (Her card clubs began in these absences). But when the war was over——

When the war was over, Andrew put aside with his khaki the new, the different man that it had caused him to be, and resumed with his black coat the old, the stern, the purposeful that he had

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"WHY HAVE YOU WANTED ME, SIM?" ELIZABETH ASKED. "BECAUSE I LOVE YOU," HE TOLD HER

The new Fourth

By ANGELO PATRI







Drawings by C. J. Monro

WHAT THE DECLARATION MEANT TO THE YOUTH OF YESTERDAY, IT MEANS TO YOUTH TO-DAY. ITS SPIRIT SHOULD BE THE ESSENCE OF THE NEW FOURTH

IT IS strange, though ordinary enough in our experience, how great happenings, tremendous forces that move through our lives carrying us forward to regions we scarce dared hope to enter, slip into their destined day, make their mark and merge into the dynamic power of our unconscious life, without our being in the least aware that they have tilted the axis of our spiritual world and that never again will the shadow of darkness fall as far or as deeply upon it. We see the result, but not often do we seek or discern the cause.

We are about to celebrate the one hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. There are about one hundred million of us, and I venture to say that out of every hundred who will make holiday scarce a handful would recognize the Declaration were they to hear it. Now how does it happen that events of such lasting and far-reaching importance make so little conscious mark upon us? We are, as a people, amazingly unconscious of the Declaration of Independence.

To the men who framed it and to the generation who fought and suffered and endured that it might be made manifest in the life of the new nation, it was but the record of the moving finger of destiny. They were too deeply engaged in clothing the spirit in deeds to regard its creation as tremendously important. They *were* the Declaration of Independence.

But what of those who came after? They knew neither the letter nor the spirit. They felt the effects of its beneficent power, but they had no knowledge of the source. They accepted the ease of body and mind it endowed, but the true inwardness of its flaming spirit they knew not at all. This has continued to the present day, so that now the Declaration is something printed in small type in the back of the school histories or a vague reference in the speech of the Fourth of July orators. It is worthy a more intimate knowledge.

The Declaration is the most perfect expression of the dignity of the human soul that has been written since the Sermon on the Mount. It is more than a record; it is far, far more than the record of an historic event. Its words are majestic, royal, in their absolute rightness. Its message is an anthem of victory, an exultant announcement of the definite end of an age of suffering and oppression. It is a herald proclaiming the kinship of men with their Father which is in heaven. The freedom of the peoples of the earth is shadowed forth in this document.

Yet Thomas Jefferson, who wrote it, slipped his original draft among his papers and seemed glad to forget it. He was too close to the creation of his masterpiece to know it for what it was. He had suffered, as the soul of the creative artist must ever suffer, from the criticism his work had called out in the debate on the floor of Congress. That over and his work accepted, he was glad to let the memory of the grueling struggle rest.

There was tumult in the Colonies. George III had exhausted the patience of patient men, and they were gathering their forces toward rebellion. Virginia had called a convention to dissolve her relationship with the Crown, and Jefferson had drawn up a list of charges against the king which he intended to incorporate in the Virginia Constitution. The Virginia convention sent Richard Henry Lee to the Continental Congress meeting in Philadelphia to present a resolution declaring the independence of the Colonies. Mason had already written his Bill of Rights. The thirteen Colonies were seething.

Do you know of some touching relic of a great man, or the scene of an important historical event that you would like to see preserved?

Perhaps you can do little by yourself to mark these spots so that future generations of Americans may be inspired thereby. But you may be entitled to join one of the patriotic societies which have made it their work to commemorate outstanding figures and events in our history.

You will find, too, that these societies are doing other work of tremendous importance to your family and community. Your association with the members will enrich your social and civic life.

"Patriotic Organizations for Women" tells you all about the important societies, to which of them you are eligible, and how to join. The booklet will be sent to you promptly upon receipt of twenty-five cents, if you will write THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

The members of the Continental Congress knew that Lee's resolution would be adopted, and appointed a committee to present the case for the Colonies to the world. Jefferson did the work of the committee. His material was at hand. He used the Bill of Rights for the second paragraph, followed that with the charges against the king which he had drawn up for the Virginia Constitution, and closed with Lee's resolution. He welded these with the pen of the artist under the inspiration of a pure patriotism.

Franklin and Adams read Jefferson's draft, and Franklin is credited with eleven changes that show his magic power over words, his keen insight into the workings of men's minds and his firm faith in the undertaking.

Where Jefferson had written, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a people to dissolve the bands," etc., Franklin made it read, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for *one* people to dissolve the bands," etc. How strong is the power of one word!

Where Jefferson, in doubt about the possible action of the Congress, had written, "They should declare the causes which impel them to threaten separation," Franklin, scorning doubt and affirming his faith, made it. "They should declare the causes that impel them to *the* separation."

The sharpest change he made was in the familiar line, "We hold these truths to be—" Jefferson had written, "sacred and undeniable," but Franklin crossed out the weaker words and wrote "*self-evident.*" Now read it and see the power of a strong man's vision as it shines through his words. Read it again, and know that the Declaration of Independence is not a bit of fine writing, not a faded parchment intended for the musty archives, but the evidence of the spirit of a nation inscribed by the burning spirit of its inspired patriots. The words of the famous pronouncement are like the everlasting rocks; they are words that stand for their own purpose and intent and none other; they are words that will outlast the years and but shine the brighter in the mellowing light of time.

For years the people of the country seemed to have forgotten the existence of the Declaration. It had served the purpose in telling a "candid world" the cause of the quarrel between one people and another and in setting forth the principles upon which this people intended to live. Then one day a writing-master thought it would make fine copy for his facile pen and he arranged for the publication of a decoratively inscribed copy. Immediately his publication was attacked by a rival publisher, and in the heated quarrel which followed the Declaration was well advertised. Copies of it were to be found in

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OPEN WIDER, PLEASE!

Three hearts in a dentist's office

By SHIRLEY SEIFERT



MATHILDE THANKED THE FARMER WARMLY FOR HIS GIFT OF SPRING CHICKENS, BUT ALL THE TIME SHE COULD FEEL DOCTOR FRED LAUGHING AT HER

MATHILDE was tired. And happy. She loved doing fussy things, and there were many fussy things to do in young Doctor Madden's office. He was newly graduated from dental school and had put every dollar that his uncle had given him for the start of his practise into equipment. There was no other office like it in Meldon. It was so gleaming white that even the crusty janitor who served it and the drug-store below took a pride in scrubbing the tiled floor. The floor and the high windows and the walls of the inner room and the furnishings of the waiting-room Mathilde granted to the janitor. The rest was hers—the porcelain fixtures to be kept spotless and in order, the trays and trays of shining instruments to be sterilized and graded and put away, the racks of little bottles of many-colored liquids to be placed so that her hand might never fumble for the one demanded—and uncounted other things and duties that appealed to her sense of cleanness and order and precision. Any unpleasant aspects of her first job as office assistant she got past in two ways. When dental surgery seemed temporarily cruel, she thought hard about its ultimate healing mission. And the grisly aspects of facsimile jaws and the like became humorous when she considered her present possession of intimate facts about persons who had before this held exalted places remote above her. She wrote a little poem about the banker's molars that was a scream and giggled over it in private.

Doctor Madden said she was a crackerjack of an assistant. He meant to express his satisfaction in the success of his new practise. Part of that success was due to his youth and blond charm, slightly offset by his known betrothal to a stunning girl in the city where he had attended medical school; part of it was due to the reputation of the retired uncle who had endowed his nephew; but Mathilde liked to think (because it gave her a share) that the greatest part was due to the atmosphere of his office.

But this had been a hard day. Every half-hour period had been full and there had been some scenes of violence.

"HO-HUM!" yawned the doctor from the little alcove where he took off and put on his white jacket, scrubbed his hands and taught Mathilde how to make casts. "What a day, Miss Matilda! What a day!"

Almost nobody called Mathilde's name correctly except Mathilde, and she had to whisper it softly to herself, because it would have sounded foolish had any one overheard her doing such a thing. But she minded Doctor Fred's "Miss Matilda" less than any of the other versions. It meant that he had stepped down from his professional pedestal and remembered that once upon a time he and Mathilde sat in the same room at school.

So, though the doctor looked quite pale and spent when he left the office, Mathilde, lingering over her trays, was happy. She hummed a nondescript little tune that went round and round in circles like a buzzing bee in a sunny garden. She was still singing when she went in to change from her white uniform to her street dress.

She always took off her uniform wistfully. The people of Meldon called the white uniform, the cap, the white oxfords and stockings—white oxfords all Winter—an affectation. Perhaps that was why Mathilde adored them. Certainly they had affected her. She had always worn rather plain, old-fashioned dresses, not because she chose to do it, but because her clothes always had been made over from a relation-box of substantial garments several seasons old. Now these uniforms, ordered from the same place as Doctor Fred's jackets, were hers exclusively. Putting one on in the morning was like getting into a masquerade costume. They were stiff and starchy and perky and smart—undeniably affectations. A month of wearing them and Mathilde had bobbed her hair—her hair so heavy and long that she had worn it helplessly in Dutch braids—but the cap demanded fluff, it seemed to her. Then the fluff, having to be worn out of office hours as well, Mathilde, reenforced by her first payment of salary, turned her back on the relation-box with its hideous dresses clinging stubbornly to biological waistlines and bought herself a one-piece flannel dress with no waistline at all.

The short curly brown hair and modish silhouette were very becoming. So were her latest extravagances—a pair of smart pumps. Still, she preferred the uniform.

BUT it wouldn't have done to wear the uniform back and forth through the streets—especially to-night. It was raining. Mathilde, up-stairs, busy and absorbed in other matters, hadn't really noticed the weather. But when she came down the long steps beside the drug-store, she could see the pools of water on the paving. At the door she stopped. Besides her new shoes she wore also a new Spring hat. She had no umbrella. So she decided to wait in the sheltered doorway until the shower was over and she might safely venture on the short walk home to the Elm Street cottage where she lived with her mother.

Her doorway was dark and she waited alone, but in the lighted entrance adjacent to the drug-store others gathered. Several women were talking there. Their words carried over to Mathilde. She heard plainly what they said. But it was so terrible, so incredible, so cruel that at first she didn't comprehend—and when she did comprehend it was too late to run or to hide, for she had heard it all.

One of the speakers was Doctor Madden's aunt with whom he lived, a talky person at whom Doctor Fred in his jolly way poked a lot of disrespectful fun. The women, as Mathilde realized too late, were discussing the doctor's imminent marriage to the stunning Miss Lois Blair. And this was the gist of Miss Madden's revelations.

"Well, I gave him to understand he wouldn't have the easy-going time that he's always had at my house. She's a fine young woman, no doubt. And she's got plenty of money and lots of ambition and she'd make a hustling wife for him. She'd pull him up, whether or not. But he wouldn't enjoy that by a good deal, for he's got bossy ideas of his own and she'd be bound to have her way. She only consented to him setting up his practise here because it was on that condition his uncle gave him the money. Look how she picked out his office help! She wasn't going to have him working along with any of the pretty girls out here in Meldon, and there was plenty applied for the place. She was the one picked Mattie Farish, and 'twasn't because Mattie was bright and willing. It was because she was such a dowdy, homely little thing that it looked like no harm——"

Mathilde walked out into the rain. Only a kindly god of weather kept her Spring hat from ruin over her burning face. The rain stopped in a moment, but she didn't know it.

MATHILDE choked over a dish of canned plums at supper. Her mother was saying:

"Mattie, I saw Henrietta Madden to-day. She stopped me on the street to tell me how well Doctor Fred says you're getting along. He seems to think you're just wonderful, says he could about leave his practise to you if you had a diploma. Maybe when——"

And the plum-juice seeped into a suddenly uncontrollable windpipe and finished things. It was a terrible spell. Out of it Mathilde went into hysterics. Such sobbing and gasping and carrying on the four walls of the little house had never before contained. It was ridiculous. Mathilde couldn't stop it. She meant to be very still and proud and secret over her hurt, but that hateful

plum-juice had beaten her. Mrs. Farish became alarmed. Mattie never acted so. So her mother decided it was from overwork and she'd have to speak to Fred Madden about it. At eight o'clock she had her daughter in bed with an ice-bag at her head and the electric pad which Mattie had given her for Christmas at her feet.

As soon as her mother left the room, Mathilde kicked the pad out of bed and threw the ice bag into a far corner. It is maddening when your heart is broken to have people insist on hot and cold applications.

HER heart was broken because she loved Doctor Fred with all of it. But it was the kind of love that few could understand. It was white and pure like a gardenia blossom—blooming in the secret dark, and so delicate that the least touch would curl the petals and turn them brown with bitter blight. That was how Mathilde, lying on her cool white bed, felt inside—all shrinking and curling.

Ever since the old days in school Fred Madden had been her hero. He was so jolly and rollicking and unafraid and she so shy. He was beautifully callous to the taunts and gibes and bruises of daily existence. His spirit carried him over them like strong wings. The skin over Mathilde's sensibilities was gossamer thin. And if her spirit had wings, they were the wings of a dragon fly—beautiful, but of slight carrying power. One precious Winter her desk had been across the aisle from his at grammar school, and many a sentence did she diagram, many an adverb clause did she classify, many a cubic content of weird arithmetical dimensions did she figure in duplicate to save him from the terrible things that teachers would say.

That was when he began to call her "Miss Matilda" in mock deference to her superior intellect. It was also the year when they graduated and he nominated her for class president. She wasn't elected and he was, but he had demonstrated his loyalty and esteem and she was very proud.

On into high school and the teens and they began to drift apart. He was a heartless growing boy and she wasn't pretty. She was also quite poor. She and her mother lived on an insurance income just large enough to maintain the tiny house on Elm Street and feed them and warm them. Their clothes all came out of the annual relation-box—and made-overs are at their worst when their wearer is in her teens. There was one dress, she remembered, of gray-green serge that had to be pieced out with Persian figured taffeta. It obscured her like an opaque curtain drawn across a sunny window. She went only to those parties where every one was asked. Fred Madden was nice to her when they met socially. Occasionally he danced with her and he always called her "Miss Matilda" in his friendly teasing way. But he had that sort of sunny friendliness to everything—puppies, tramps, classmates. Mathilde knew that he was growing away from her, and that her adoration would thin out into a haunting dream.

BUT that wasn't why she had gone to work in Fred Madden's office when he had come back to be a surgeon-dentist. At this point in her reflection Mathilde turned uneasily in bed. Miss Henrietta Madden's blundering comments, however cruelly true in some respects, were unfair in their implications. Before Doctor Madden had come back Mathilde had been wishing and wishing that she could find something to expand the life in that little brown cottage. She wanted to "do something." Then Doctor Fred had come back and let it be known that he wanted a town girl to help him in his office. And suddenly, quite apart from her devotion to her hero, Mathilde had known that here was the thing she could do. And her instinct had been right. The little details of this job appealed to her, and she was a born helper. Never would she do big, bold, conquering deeds; but never did a conqueror live who would not have been glad of her alert, obedient assistance.

She did do well. Moreover, she developed a pride in herself that took the sting away from her envy of the beautiful girl whose picture stood on Doctor Fred's desk in the outer office. It was inevitable that Doctor Fred should some day marry some such person. He was so handsome himself and had always liked pretty girls. Mathilde had seen Miss Blair in the flesh as well as in a photograph. She was about perfect. She had bright brown hair, waved very close to a high, proud head, shining with expert professional attention. She had bright blue eyes that looked squarely at anything she chose to see; and what she did not care to see she turned her back upon. She wouldn't go into Doctor Fred's inner office, for instance. She loathed dentist offices and preferred to think of her lover in other than his professional aspects. It was an exquisitely gowned back that she turned. The very seams of her clothes looked expensive. And with her always came a wonderful fragrance. Mathilde wondered if it was a drop of liquid extract or the soft powder on the smooth face. Only one thing about her Mathilde didn't like. Her nose. It was very straight and pointed, almost sharp. Always it seemed too bossy. But then, it was exactly the kind of nose to go with success.

DOCTOR FRED would marry this handsome person. He'd been coming to that, but not she nor any other wife that he might have chosen would have of Dr. Fred just what Mathilde had. Precious gifts he would pile at his wife's feet, but never would his wife know the joy of working by his side day in and out, of helping him to be the man he was, of just handing him things, the right things always as he wanted them. This proud wife wouldn't hear him cuss softly under his breath when he was exasperated or jubilate over silly little triumphs.

"Come here, Miss Matilda, and look at this!"

And she'd have to come and peer appreciatively into the gaping jaw of potentate or menial and say:

"That's wonderful!"

"All right, Miss Matilda, if you pass on it!"

The joy of that! And she had come to think when her work had gone so well that perhaps Doctor Fred had chosen her, remembering the good qualities she possessed and anticipating her value to him; at least had picked her out of friendliness.

And now Miss Henrietta Madden, his own aunt, and perhaps all of the town of Meldon, knew that he had selected her for the place because his sweetheart had approved of her homeliness, her dowdiness, had feared the attraction of a prettier girl placed in similar intimacy. That was just as if vandals had gathered up mud from the street and thrown it all over the white purity of the doctor's office, over her in her white uniform.

At first Mathilde thought she would never go back. She just couldn't, feeling horrid and sick and somehow ashamed. Then she remembered that she wasn't quite through with a crown which she was making for a farmer who would be in at eleven in the morning. He came many miles and must not be disappointed.

She'd have to go back. Well, then, she would go back all homely and dowdy. She'd brush her hair down slick and tight and hunt out that black crêpe dress which she had worn when Doctor Fred had first chosen her. She thought she wouldn't even put on a uniform. She'd just be the dull, drab person that they wanted her to be. Why not? What was the use of being otherwise?

But not even that mournful solace was permitted her. She remembered suddenly that her mother had used the black crêpe to reline her Winter coat. Other dispositions had been made of similar old ugly garments as new ones accumulated. The annual relation-box had been turned over immediately on receipt this time to a church society. So, if she went back—and she must, because of that crown—she would have to go back to-morrow as she had gone to-day.

THEN a wonderful thought came to Mathilde. Of course to-morrow would be the same. What Miss Henrietta had said, what all of Meldon might say, couldn't alter facts a bit. It hurt only to realize that Meldon knew what Mathilde had always known. She knew that she was homely. She hadn't thought of it too much, had rather grown used to the fact, as you might grow used to English sparrows though you preferred bluebirds. But she knew she was homely. She also knew that when she went to work for Doctor Fred she was dowdy. She rather thought she wasn't so dowdy now. If she had changed that way, however, it was not for any horrid reason that outsiders might impute. It was just her new pride in herself.

Could they take that from her by saying things? Not if she didn't let them! For the first time in her life she felt she had something to defend, and all her subdued instincts arose to the call. She had gone into Doctor Fred's office in the first place knowing that soon he would marry a Miss Lois Blair, that she and he would always be strangers that way. She would go back to that shining office to-morrow, knowing the same thing, of course, as she

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MATHILDE TOLD HER MOTHER, THINKING HOW STRANGE IT SOUNDED, THAT DOCTOR FRED WAS COMING TO SUPPER. "I THOUGHT HE'D COME ONE OF THESE DAYS," SAID SHE



ONE OF THE SIMPLE TYPES OF CAMPING TENT, BUT IT HAS SPACE INSIDE FOR FOUR COTS



THIS TOURING BODY, INCLUDING FOLDING TABLE AND KENNEL FOR THE DOG, COST ONLY $150 TO BUILD

A Vacation on wheels

An authority gives the where and how of motor camping

By JOHN D. LONG

YOUR STURDY CAR

Where will it carry you this Summer?

It can take you to sources of new joy and health; on Gipsy tours that will teach you the charm of fires glowing under the trees, the fragrance of hot coffee, and the sizzle of steak over an open flame.

Fifteen million Americans turn Gipsy every Summer. But they are comfortable Gipsies rolling along smooth highways in gasoline caravans.

You will want to join these happy millions after reading this article by a motor camper of many years' experience and author of a number of important articles on camping.

When you pack for your tour you will also want one or both of the valuable leaflets Mr. Long has prepared for THE DELINEATOR. "Cooking Equipment for the Motor Camper" and "Sleeping Equipment for the Motor Camper" will help speed you on a pleasant and carefree vacation. Send your letter (with a two-cent stamp to cover postage) to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. We will gladly send both leaflets if you wish, or you can tell us which one you want.

A NEW army has come to possess the land. It is an ever-moving, happy-hearted, adventure-seeking army, an army of motor tourists.

Some of this army—more than a hundred thousand a year—are coast-to-coast travelers, many of them in cars equipped with every motor convenience; some are gasoline hoboes, begging a lift from one filling-station to the next; but most of them are families or parts of families awheel for a short vacation, frequently limited by no definite schedule or goal, following their horns, like the family who carried on their car the legend, "We don't know where we're going, so we can't get lost."

Why has motor camping become so popular? Why do such cities as Los Angeles, with its twenty motor camps, Denver, Seattle, Portland and other places register in a single season nearly a hundred thousand visiting vacationists in a single tourist camp?

There are three reasons: First, motor camping is economical. Vacationists awheel can spend as much or as little as they please. Often the expenditure for a vacation of months, stretching over thousands of miles to the far horizons, is little more than that of staying at home.

Furthermore, motor camping has become the greatest of national sports because it is not, like hunting, an affair for the menfolk alone, but takes in the entire family, from grandmother to the baby. Dogs, cats, birds and other pets are often seen with the travelers. Less frequently chickens are carried along in pens, and even occasionally a cow in a trailer. We have even heard of a



THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY LAKES OF GLACIER NATIONAL PARK ARE FED BY THE SNOW FROM NEARLY SIXTY GLACIERS

family, needing a supply of fresh milk for an infant, that took along a goat which was carried in a crate strapped on the running-board of the car and was let out to be milked and fed when the tourists pitched their tent.

Lastly, there is the pioneering spirit, still fresh in the hearts of many of us.

That's why fifteen million people every year spend their vacations on wheels.

This figure may seem large, but Government reports bear it out. Official registrations show that more than nine million motorists visited the national forests in 1924, and fully one million the national parks. Most of these were campers. Besides, there are literally hundreds of State parks and forests, little Connecticut having twenty-nine and New York two score, whose areas combined reach about four million acres, a tract greater than that of the entire State of Connecticut. Also, there are some thirty-five hundred localities in all parts of the United States which have tourist parks; and these, counted with the fifteen hundred camp-sites in the national forests and those along the great highways, are estimated to make up a grand total of at least ten thousand camps.

It must be remembered, however, that vacationing awheel is a game, one for which you must learn the technic if you expect to really enjoy it. Last August, camping one night by a lake on Bear Mountain, Palisades Interstate Park, we had next to us a tent occupied by two adults and two children. It had been a scorching August day, but the sun had no sooner gone down than the temperature also began to drop, in a way unforeseen by the inexperienced campers. They were sleeping, or rather trying to sleep, on cots. Now a camper who has had any experience knows that when sleeping on a cot in a tent he should have two blankets under him for each one placed on top. Also, the experienced camper knows that it is much warmer on the ground, with the floor-cloth of the tent underneath and all the blankets on top, than it is above on a cot.

Our neighbors soon found it getting too cold on their cots for comfort or sleep, and we heard the man say quite plainly that it was his first night in camp and would also be his last.

Had these people received a little preliminary instruction, they would have known that even in July and August, near a body of water or at some elevation, as on a high hill or mountain, the moment the sun goes down the temperature follows suit with surprising promptitude.

THE first consideration that arises in preparing for a vacation on wheels is usually the matter of money. How expensive is it?

A definite answer is difficult, for you may be either lavish or lean in what you spend, and the limits are far apart.

After expense, or perhaps before it, the next thing of importance to consider in taking your vacation on wheels is the question of sleep; for driving and sleeping in the open are wonderful soporifics; if your arrangements are carefully made, most of the good of your vacation on wheels will be derived from comfortable sleep.

To have comfortable sleep, you must have some sort of a comfortable bed, whether in hammock, on cot, in tent or in the car. You can get comfortable beds for adults that go into even the smallest sedans or touring cars; and sleeping in a car you need only one-half the bedding required in a tent. But if there are more than two adults in the party the car will not be roomy enough.

There are likewise many types of folding beds and cots that pack into compact bundles. Then there is the floor of the tent, upon which you may spread blankets or where you may place an air-bed. Some campers prefer sleeping-bags, which are all right in cold weather, but liable to be overwarm in Summer. The hammocks already mentioned have their advantages, but at first it is somewhat of an athletic stunt to enter them.

After a long day of driving you'll be willing to admit that food and drink are also pretty important. When in the country, care should be used as to water, but

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Good-mannered Babies

You cannot begin too early to teach courteous behavior

By ELSIE C. MEAD

IN THESE articles I shall not attempt to explain why most children when left to their own devices behave like little savages, but I shall try to offer a few practical suggestions which may be of service in training children to act like civilized beings. I believe it is conceded by all that good manners are essential, and to the disheartened parent I would say that the teaching of them is *possible*, even though it may mean harder work, a more rigorous régime and more patience than the teaching of an academic subject. For just as any normal child can learn to read, he can also learn to deport himself properly. Indeed it is during childhood that every individual must learn the fundamentals of good breeding. Reading, writing and arithmetic can be mastered by the adult mind, but ease of manner and the niceties of behavior are rarely acquired later in life.

We all have our own interpretation of the term "good manners." To some it may present a picture of simpering artificiality. But as used in this article it signifies the behavior which reflects thoughtfulness of and interest in others.

To the assertion frequently made by the discouraged parents of an unmannerly child, "He was just born that way," I should reply that while some children are born with a gentler disposition than others, parents shirk their responsibility by blaming bad manners wholly on a child's inherent qualities. For after all it is chiefly home environment which is reflected in the conduct of the average child.

Rarely do we see a polite child whose environment we know to be rough and rude; yet you may ask, how is it then that so often a rude and overbearing child comes from the gentlest of homes? I can only answer that this discrepancy between what a child is and what he should be is traceable to two major causes. The first of these is carelessness in the parents' own manners and speech, and the habit of demanding of the child courtesies which the adults are too heedless to practise themselves. The second cause is an unbalanced love, where overfond parents can not bear to interfere with their child's freedom of expression or thwart his untutored desires, but indulge the child's every whim. The result is a spoiled child who is a menace to the happiness of a home and a bane to society in general. In this category are included the children who have never known the blessing of brothers and sisters. These little ones have my especial sympathy; for all the discipline so easily supplied by brothers and sisters in the give-and-take of childhood's little world has to be administered directly from the adult to the child or, as is more frequently the case, alas! not at all!

ANY attention an only child receives from a grown-up, whether it be disciplinary or in the form of admiration, is sure to enlarge his ego to an insufferable extent. The best method of rearing an only child is to secure companionship for him as early as possible, either by borrowing a neighbor's child for an hour a day or taking him to play with other children. Even a child a year old enclosed in his own little pen, playing with his own toys, with only his own impulses to consider, soon learns to resent any interference.

Kindergartens are of real value to all youngsters, but especially to the overindulged only child; for in kindergarten tasks and games he learns to think less about himself and more about the principles of team play. He discovers his own relative unimportance in this scheme of things.

A mother can not begin too soon to think of good manners for her child. Even before the little one is born, she should visualize a well-disciplined, sensibly-brought-up infant. There isn't an expectant mother who hasn't this ideal, I am sure, but she doesn't always realize how much her own state of mind has to do with bringing about the proper results.



Photo by Curtis Bell

MRS. ELSIE CLEVELAND MEAD

I can not resist quoting here what we hear so often: "Our children would be all right if only their grandmothers didn't spoil them." Some day, perhaps, a prophet will arise whose special mission will be the training of grandparents; for an old-fashioned grandmother can prove the greatest obstacle in the path of the young mother who desires to profit by modern methods in child hygiene and child psychology.

IT IS said that a child's mind develops more in the first year of his or her life than in any other subsequent year; so it is well to assume that the very little baby is sensitive to the world about him. Our training in proper deportment, therefore, should begin with a firm but gentle hand in the very first months of the infant's life. For instance: the snatching habit, while it may be cunning in a babe-in-arms, is offensive in an older child.

"Habit formation" is the well-established psychological law on which we base all child training before reason comes into play; and when we realize the fundamental invariability of this law, we should be encouraged to persist quietly in its practise even in the face of resistance. The modern mother, for example, is told not to pick her baby up when it cries, if convinced there is nothing the matter, as the mother who does give in is almost certain to find later that she has a crying baby on her hands. The little brain has quickly formed a habit, one which is merely a forerunner of imperious demands for attention later on.

It is well to say "please" and "thank you" in one's dealings with a baby, even in its first year, even though scoffing friends and neighbors may consider such formality with a wee baby absurd.

Early attention to such courtesies and the use of the child's name after "yes" and "no" will tend to obviate more difficult maneuvering later on.

An English father of a family of six of the best-behaved youngsters I ever met explained his tactics in this fashion: "I make it a point to talk more slowly and more distinctly to my children than I do ordinarily. I also exaggerate my 'thank yous' and my 'pleases' and my 'beg your pardons,' and emphasize my appreciation of every little courtesy or thoughtfulness shown me or shown each other. It takes time and thought, and I am sure I should not have the patience to pursue this policy if it were not for the gratifying results." As I said above, this father was English, and that may account partly for the deliberateness of his method, which is rather contrary to our way of direct instruction. But his method will successfully disarm the perversity of many children. A soft answer turneth away wrath and, to paraphrase for a moment, it also turneth away "pertness."

ONE would rather see a child really naughty than impertinent or "fresh." Sarcasm invites the "sassy" answer, and this is very often a child's means of expressing his feeling of equality. For instance, you ask a child to come to you "at once," and if he tarries you may say sarcastically, "How quickly you obey!" Almost instinctively the child says, "I'm as quick as you'd be." Such an answer is the child's effort to justify itself and may be said in an attempt to meet the level of the parent's misplaced humor; it is not necessarily intended to be disrespectful, but a parent who continues correcting in this vein will stimulate a habit of saucy retaliation. A better way would be to speak peremptorily or even crossly if the child did not respond to your command as quickly as he should. To a parent who has a youngster who is inclined to argue back I would say, nip the habit in the bud, never let it get a real start by allowing your commands to be argued about; by any reasonable means insist on obedience first and explanations after the child has done as he has been told.

I do not believe that slapping a baby ever brings about desired results. It may seem the only way to teach certain lessons; but I believe, on the contrary, it usually ends in a child's learning by example to hit at anything whether animate or inanimate. I always suspect a child's early training when I see him hitting at his toys or slapping a pet cat.

To illustrate what I mean: let us suppose that a child sucks his fingers and his mother slaps him for it. She may think she can thus break the habit. But she can not. The act itself must be prevented; the desire must be broken at its source. To accomplish this, a wise mother will either put mittens on her child or else wrap his fists in some clumsy covering; and in a short time the desire will have died out for lack of response to the original impulse.

We must remember that if we crown our baby king of all he surveys we shall find ourselves, when he begins to walk, slaves to an overindulged, ill-mannered "runabout."

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A CHILD CRYING

IS EITHER PATHETIC OR ANNOYING

Much as we may love a child we are irritated when we know that it is fretful merely because it is too much humored and can get anything by being peevish.

But it's not the little one's fault. Even in childhood it can be taught to adapt itself and to consider the comfort of others.

Mrs. Mead's experience and her thorough knowledge of social usages fit her especially well for the work THE DELINEATOR has undertaken in this new series.

Read "Good-Mannered Babies" and watch for the other articles that are coming. They will help you give your child that gentle, patient training necessary to instil the principles of courtesy and helpfulness. These principles give social poise—and poise can prevent so much discomfort and unhappiness in later life!

The family Medicine cabinet



"The world is mine!"

By DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

THE HAPPY CHILD DEPARTMENT

Directed by

DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

PREPAREDNESS in the home for the inevitable combat against the arch-enemy disease is of vital importance, for the coming of sickness or of accidents is unexpected and unannounced. The watchword should be "In time of health prepare for sickness." At no age of life is this as necessary as in that of childhood.

The mother job is a most versatile one, and an efficient mother not only concerns herself with the cooking, sewing and housekeeping, but she feeds the body and the mind, binds up the wounds, kisses away the tears, smooths the pillow and cares for her sick child. She must be prepared and in readiness for any and every emergency, whether it be sickness or accident. First of all she should equip a medicine cabinet. No home with children is complete without it. In this cabinet should be kept all the household remedies and articles for use in illness and emergencies. The cabinet should be large enough to hold the necessary articles, and placed high enough to be out of reach of the children—preferably in a bright spot where the contents can be clearly seen day or night when the door is open.

Small medicine cabinets can be purchased at slight expense in furniture stores. There should be two shelves, making three compartments, and the cabinet should have a lock and key. The key should be hung on one side near the top of the cabinet with a string attached so that it can not be mislaid and will always be available. The importance of this precaution can not be overestimated. In my own experience a young child who was playing doctor almost fatally dosed his small baby brother with "medicine" obtained from an unlocked medicine closet.

The top shelf should be reserved for poisons only. It does not require much space to keep the poisons needed in a family medicine chest, but during sickness the doctor may order other poisons and they should also be kept here. There are two poisons that should always be kept in the medicine cabinet. One is tincture of iodin, which is used only externally and is applied as a disinfectant on cuts and lacerations and whenever the skin is broken. It should be gently applied with a cotton swab or gauze and never poured on the surface. If too much is used it will blister the delicate skin of the child. The iodin bottle should be distinctive, clearly labeled and unmistakable. Poison bottles with knobs or sharp projections can be bought at drug-stores, or several bands of adhesive plaster can be put around the bottle so that both the hand and the eye will know that it contains poison. The other poison to be kept on hand is a five per cent. carbolic acid solution and this also must be put in a distinctive and labeled bottle. This is for external use only and always in dilution of a strength not greater than half a teaspoon in a quart of water. This is used in contagious diseases, especially in typhoid fever, to disinfect the hands and the discharges.

Bichlorid of mercury, either in solution or in tablet form, and carbolic acid in full strength have no place in the family medicine cabinet. They may be required in case of illness when ordered by your physician, but after the illness is over they should be destroyed. Many tragic deaths and accidents have been caused by these poisons being given by mistake or in the excitement of an emergency.

There are only a few medicines for internal use that should be allowed in this cabinet. Many and various medicines may have been prescribed by your physician at different times, but these should never be kept or treasured for future use. Throw all such medicines away and do not let them accumulate and clutter up the cabinet. What the doctor prescribed for one condition is not intended for some one else suffering from what may appear to be a similar ailment. Many drugs do not keep well. For example, a solution of argyrol, which is considered by many mothers to be a household remedy, is very unstable and to have any value must be made up fresh, as it is inert after a few weeks.

THERE should be space for at least ten bottles of medicine on the second shelf, and the ones to be described will meet nearly every emergency or request of the doctor. In the country districts all of these remedies should be available at a moment's notice. And they are nearly as important in the cities, for it is sometimes very difficult to procure any of these household remedies at night when most drug-stores are closed. So the city mother should have a complete and well-equipped medicine closet if she is to be prepared for any emergency, day or night. All of the bottles should be plainly and clearly labeled. The cabinet should not contain any unlabeled bottles. The ten remedies recommended for household use are:



EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE A CABINET FOR HOME REMEDIES AND FIRST-AID SUPPLIES

ALCOHOL—Pure grain alcohol can not be obtained except by a physician's special prohibition certificate, and he is not allowed to prescribe more than eight ounces at one time. The medicated alcohols sold in drug-stores answer all the purposes of pure grain alcohol for sponging, cleansing, compresses, etc. A six-ounce bottle of medicated alcohol will be sufficient for all uses of the sick-room.

AROMATIC SPIRITS OF AMMONIA—This is a temporary stimulant and in fainting and other forms of unconsciousness revives the heart and breathing until the doctor can come to diagnose the trouble. The best way to administer it is to mix one-half teaspoon in a glass of water and give the child one teaspoon every ten or fifteen minutes until the condition is relieved. It can be used to inhale in the nostrils in cases of fainting or collapse. A rubber cork should be used in this bottle.

CAMPHORATED OIL—This is a popular household remedy which is applied externally to relieve pain and reduce swelling. It may be rubbed on the chest in cases of bronchitis and pneumonia, and is helpful for enlarged glands of the neck. There is no better liniment for strains and sprains and stiff muscles. It is best to heat it before rubbing on the skin as this renders it more absorptive.

CASCARA—As an ordinary laxative one-half teaspoon of the aromatic extract of cascara will answer all purposes. This is best given at bedtime. It tastes like licorice and is not unpleasant. Your physician may prefer some other mild and simple medicine to open the bowels. Laxatives should only be given occasionally when absolutely necessary and never as a routine measure. It is only too easy for a child to acquire the pernicious laxative habit.

CASTOR OIL—This is a time-honored household remedy for which we have no substitute, and no home—much to the disgust of the children—should be without it. However, it must clearly be kept in mind that it is a purgative and not a laxative for every-day use. In cases of sickness when it is necessary to clean out the intestinal contents quickly and thoroughly there is nothing to equal it. It does the work in four to six hours and so well that there is little left in the bowels, and constipation lasts for a day or two after its use. Castor oil is one of the bugbears of childhood. A young baby does not object to its taste and may even lick the spoon, but it must be disguised for the older children. One method is to put one or two teaspoons of sirup of any flavor in a small wineglass and incline and turn the glass so as to coat the inside up to the brim. The oil is now placed in the center of the glass, care being taken that it does not touch the sides. Then a tablespoon of orange-juice is carefully placed on top. The entire dose must be taken at one gulp, which is difficult for very small children. It is very unkind and unwise to mix castor oil with milk or any important food, as it may create a disgust toward the article of diet which may last for years. The dose ranges from one teaspoon for babies to a tablespoon for older children.

LINSEED OIL AND LIME WATER when combined make a thick mixture called Carron oil, which is used in the first-aid treatment of scalds and burns. It is best to have four ounces of each in separate bottles and then mix them before applying on the burn. Petrolatum with bicarbonate of soda comes in three-ounce collapsible tubes and can be used as a substitute for Carron oil. It can be procured from any druggist, and the New York State Department of Labor requires it in all first-aid outfits.

SPIRITS OF CAMPHOR—This should be included in any list of household remedies. A few drops internally often relieve a cold in the early stages, and when inhaled it helps clear the nostrils. It is used as an external application for the relief of toothache, cold sores, etc.

SIRUP OF IPECAC—Given in doses from half a teaspoon to a teaspoon sirup of ipecac will cause vomiting and should be given at once when a child swallows a poison or some unknown medicine. When he chokes up with spasmodic croup in the wee small hours of the morning there is nothing which affords quicker relief than the vomiting produced by large doses of ipecac. It is also used in small doses—two to four drops every hour—for colds and coughs and is an excellent remedy.

SWEET SPIRITS OF NITER is a popular household medicine. It is commonly used to reduce fever and is a safe and harmless remedy. It also increases the secretion of urine. The dosage is from two to fifteen drops in a little water every two or three hours. A half-ounce bottle is sufficient, as this medicine does not keep well and should be renewed every three months.

It is well to have on this shelf some powdered BORIC ACID. This should be kept in a tin box and plainly labeled. It is of value only for external application in a solution of one or two teaspoons to a pint of water. It is not a poison. This solution is used to cleanse the eyes and mouth, and is excellent to wash wounds and apply over wounds as a wet dressing.

An eye cup affords a convenient method of bathing the eyes in cases of irritation and inflammation.

Concluded on page 64

FOR YOUR "PERMANENT FILE"

Particularly on a question of your baby's welfare, it's never wise to trust your memory.

THE DELINEATOR has, from time to time, collected the important articles which have appeared in its pages and reprinted them in pamphlet form for its readers. Now we are ready to offer these three additional pamphlets, in this series, which every mother will want to keep on her reference shelf.

"The Development of Personality," by Dr. Arnold Gesell, Director of the Yale Psycho-clinic and Professor of Child Hygiene, Yale University.

"Weight, Growth and Health," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw. Includes new Height, Weight and Age Chart for Children, and a treatise on the dangers of constipation in children.

"Widespread and Dangerous Diseases." Includes: "Whooping Cough," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "Rickets," by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin, Assistant Professor of Clinical Medicine, Columbia University; "Measles," by Dr. Matthias Nicoll, Jr., New York State Commissioner of Health

The price of each booklet is ten cents, and the ones you want will be sent promptly upon receipt of the proper amount, together with a list of the booklets previously issued in this series. Address The Happy Child Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

JULY 1925

SWISS NUMBER

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



READ THE STORY OF THIS PICTURE ON PAGE FOUR



DEAR CHILDREN-ACROSS-THE-SEA:

Your editor is writing this from Switzerland. What a hard time I've had trying to squeeze all the interesting things I've seen into the eight little pages of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. There's so much more I want to tell, but I can't do it next month, because that's the Italian number. I hope I've helped you to understand a little of Switzerland. I chose the tale of "The Three Milks," because, besides being a nice story, it helps you to see the Swiss peasant life, and how important cows and milk and cheese are, since they even make up stories about them.

If you really like our first foreign number and want more to come, please prove it by trying for the Clock Contest and writing to the children of the International School (page six).

Good-by, children-across-the-sea!

Your editor in Switzerland, HARRIET IDE EAGER.

P. S. Please save these foreign numbers to show your teacher next September.

WIN A REAL SWISS CLOCK

The most interesting, helpful letter, telling your editor what you like best in our Swiss number, and how it has helped you to understand more about Switzerland, will win as **first prize** this real little carved Swiss clock, bought by your editor in Geneva. The **second prize** is a beautiful big framed picture.

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, if you want an answer, telling you games the Swiss children play. Contest closes July 20th. Address, Swiss Clock Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, NewYork, N. Y.

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The Three Milks



An Old Swiss Shepherd Story

ONCE upon a time, on a Swiss mountain top, lived a poor boy named Eucharist. He was helper to the shepherds who pastured and milked the cows and made cheese for the folk of the village. Eucharist was a good boy, but timid and fearful, and always afraid to go out alone at night hunting for a missing cow.

"We must cure the lad of this," said his good old master. So one black night of rain and thunder, he ordered the boy down the mountainside, to fetch their great cheese stirrer, left in another chalet, where the cows had pastured the week before.

Eucharist begged and wept, but all in vain. At last he set out, trembling and stumbling, groping his way only by lightning flashes that broke the blackness.

It was past midnight when he reached the deserted chalet. But what was this light streaming from every window and crack?

Frightened, he crept nearer and peeped in.

Four strange peasants stood inside, making cheese. An old man, who seemed to be master, was using the very cheese stirrer which Eucharist had been sent to fetch. A youth in white held a bowl of the fairest and whitest milk, but in the vessel held by the third, the milk was gray and spotted, while the fourth, a dirty wretch, crouching in a corner, clutched a bowl of black, black liquid.

"In Heaven's name," cried Eucharist, "who are you?"

And he of the fair white milk made answer in the voice of an angel:

"I was Joseph, a shepherd boy like you. This old man was our master. One of us beat his cows cruelly, so his milk is ugly and spotted. One stole three pieces of good cheese, so his milk is black as charcoal. Even our master failed in his duty, for he should have kept count of the cheeses and reproved the



shepherd who beat his cows. So he too must suffer here until a shepherd boy, like you, comes to ask for his cheese-stirrer.

"As for me, I was but a lad, but I too am punished, because I feared to tell my masters when the older shepherds did wrong."

Then the youth in white bade Eucharist to seek out their old village and beg the priest and all the good folk to pray for the souls of their lost shepherds. This done, he began to sing with the voice of an angel, and rising in the air like a lark, vanished in a cloud of fire.

Then the old master gave the great cheese-stirrer into the hands of the boy, and said: "Obey orders, and you shall be blessed. You shall never fear again, and you shall have the most beautiful voice in all the countryside."

Suddenly the chalet was dark, the shepherds had vanished, and the storm beat furiously outside.

But brave and of good cheer, Eucharist set forth, in the blackness, singing as he went.

The older shepherds, waiting on the mountainside, were amazed to hear his deep voice echoing through the night in a beautiful song no one had ever heard before.

To his old master, Eucharist told all.

He told of seeing the four strange peasants: of the one whose milk was pure; the one whose milk was gray and spotted, and the one whose milk was black.

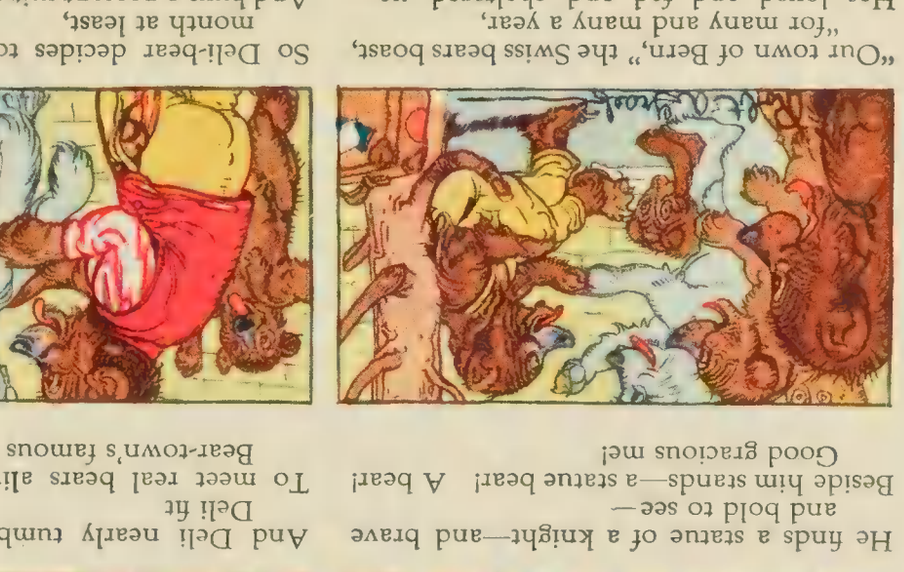
The old master of Eucharist listened with interest to all he had to say, and told him, next morning, to seek out the village of the strange shepherds, as he had been told, and beg the priest and all the poor folk to pray for their souls.

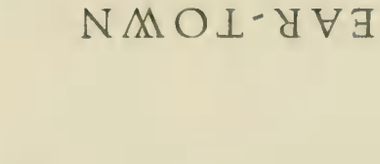
The very next year, Eucharist was made leader of the shepherds. One night, as he hunted for a missing cow on the dark mountainside, singing as he went, three doves rose in the air before him, and he heard a voice saying:

"God will reward thee."

And from that day on, he saw nothing strange, but only prospered, and was happy through all his years on the mountainside, tending his cows.

Where Children Of Nine Nations Go To School





FORTY children from nine different parts of the world learning reading, writing, and 'rithmetic together in an old Swiss chalet! Doesn't that sound fun? It is called the International School ("inter-national" means "between nations," you know), and it is in Geneva in Switzerland.

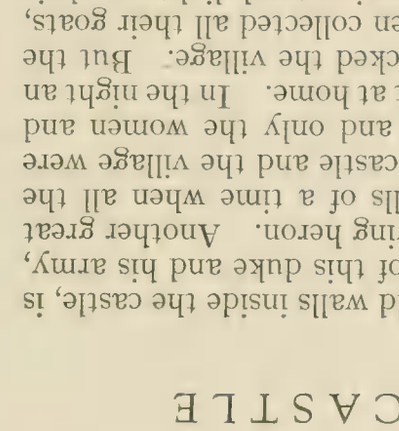
You see, fathers and mothers from America and France and England and Spain and Italy and Denmark and Russia and Switzerland come to Geneva for the League of Nations meetings and for many other reasons. So they decided to start their own International School.

Sometimes the teachers speak English and sometimes they speak French, but the children do not care, for they understand both, and many of them know even three languages.



The nicest part of all is that the place doesn't look like a schoolhouse, for it is an old Swiss chalet. The farmer and his family live in the other half, and the children of the nine nations can look out of their room, with its pleasant open fire, and watch ducks and chickens.

Do you want a letter from the children of the International School, written on foreign paper and mailed from Geneva, with a Swiss stamp? Write a friendly letter, telling about yourself and your school, and THE LITTLE DELINEATOR will send your letters to Switzerland. The children of the nine nations will answer, writing about themselves and their school in the chalet. Be sure to send **five cents in stamps,** for that is the cost of foreign postage. Address Swiss Letter, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y. **Don't forget five cents in stamps!**







cows, quite as though she knew all about it! On many of the barns you see rows of little tin shields tacked above the door—they are prizes for good cows and good cheese won at fairs for years and years back.

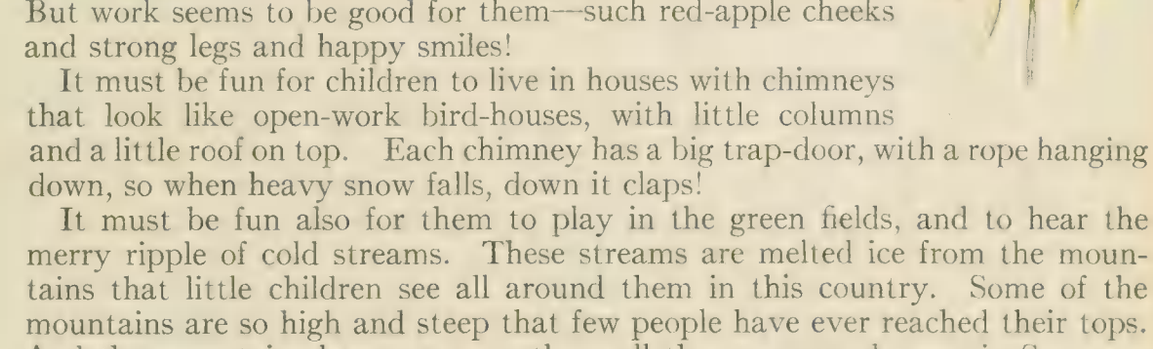


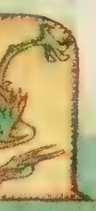
Children help their fathers and mothers too—boys tend the goats and hunt for missing cows, and girls help with the baking and care for the babies. But work seems to be good for them—such red-apple cheeks and strong legs and happy smiles!

It must be fun for children to live in houses with chimneys that look like open-work bird-houses, with little columns and a little roof on top. Each chimney has a big trap-door, with a rope hanging down, so when heavy snow falls, down it claps!

It must be fun also for them to play in the green fields, and to hear the merry ripple of cold streams. These streams are melted ice from the mountains that little children see all around them in this country. Some of the mountains are so high and steep that few people have ever reached their tops. And the mountains have snow on them all the year round, even in Summer. Winter has thrown a white cape over their shoulders and they never take it off. On the Fourth of July, when most of you find it pretty warm, it must be fun for little Swiss children to take a special train up the mountainside and soon find themselves in plenty of snow, enough to make a sturdy snowman or to build a fort.

It must be fun to live in a house trimmed with wood-carvings made by your own father or big brother. When cold Swiss Winters snow them into their little chalets, the men while the time away carving wood, while the women make lace and embroideries, and some one tells a story—about shepherds and cows and goats and chamois and dark mountains—inside at night. One of the stories the Swiss peasants tell around their fires in Winter you can read on page four of this number of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR.



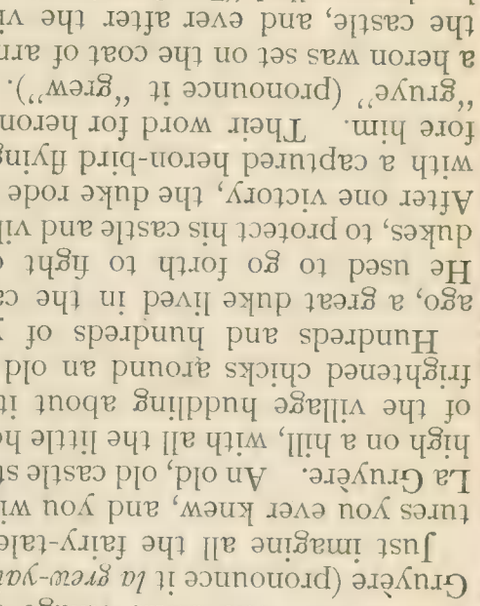


THERE is a famous cheese called Gruyère, sent all the way to America, as well as the Swiss chocolate children like so well. If you have never tasted Gruyère cheese, father and mother have, and they will like this true story of your editor's visit to the little Swiss village of La Gruyère (pronounce it *la grew-yair*).

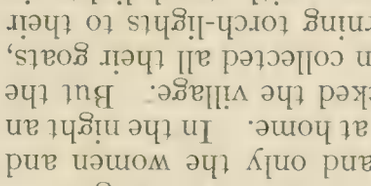
Just imagine all the fairy-tale pictures you ever knew, and you will see La Gruyère. An old, old castle stands high on a hill, with all the little houses of the village huddling about it like frightened chicks around an old hen.

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, a great duke lived in the castle. He used to go forth to fight other dukes, to protect his castle and village. After one victory, the duke rode back with a captured heron-bird flying before him. Their word for heron was "gruye" (pronounce it "grew"). So a heron was set on the coat of arms of the castle, and ever after the village has been called "La Gruyère."

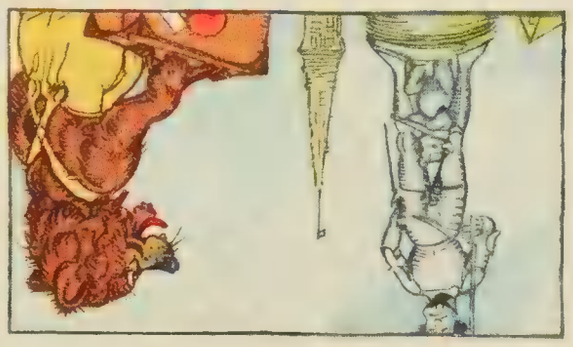
THE CHEESE THAT WAS NAMED FOR A CASTLE



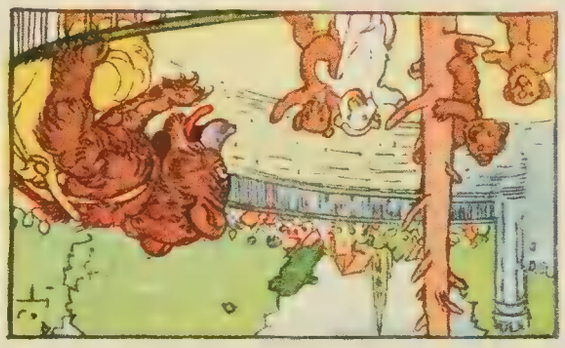
On the old walls inside the castle, is a painting of this duke and his army, with the flying heron. Another great painting tells of a time when all the men of the castle and the village were off at war, and only the women and children left at home. In the night an enemy attacked the village. But the brave women collected all their goats, and tied burning torch-lights to their horns. Then, with torch-lights in and tied burning torch-lights to their horns. Then, with torch-lights in haughtily and stares down the other



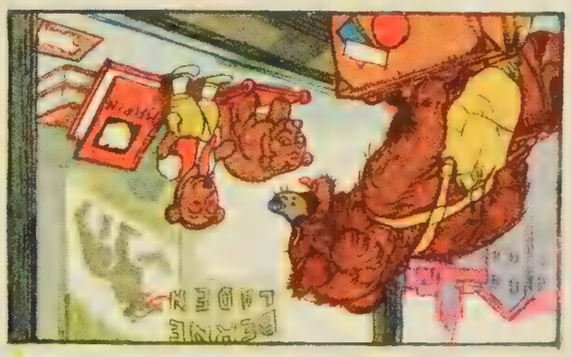
DELI-BEAR GOES TO BEAR-TOWN



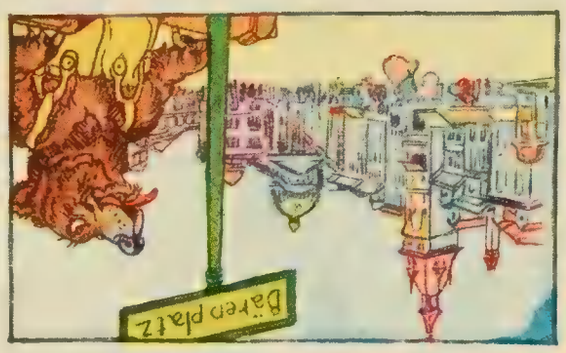
He finds a statue of a knight—and brave and bold to see—
Beside him stands—a statue bear! A bear!
Good gracious me!



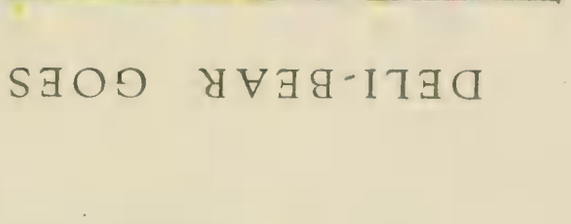
And Deli ft nearly tumbles in and has a Deli ft
To meet real bears alive and proud, in Bear-town's famous pit!



Our Deli-bear has gone to Bern— for Bern, of course, you know
Is capital of Switzerland, the land of goats and snow!



In every shop he sees himself—and walks into a square
Called Bärenplatz—"Place of the Bears." Bears, bears are everywhere!



"Our town of Bern," the Swiss bears boast,
"for many and many a year,
Has loved and fed and sheltered us—
bears have it easy here!"

So Deli-bear decides to stay in Bern a month at least,
And buys a peasant suit to show he's friend to man and beast!

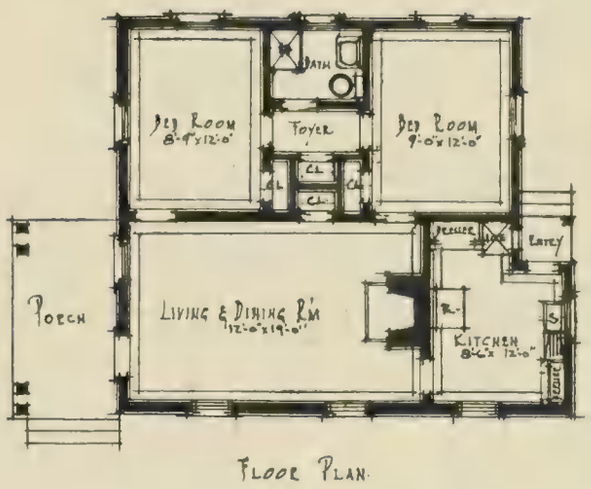
Houses for Mountains or Seashore

By DONN BARBER

Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, and Architect of the New York Cotton Exchange

WHAT could be more satisfying to the lover of the out-of-doors than to possess one of these two interesting small houses? Whether your holidays last from June to October or are limited to week-ends, such little houses will often solve your vacation problems.

For mountains or foot-hills the small house of logs would be most appropriate, though the little clapboard house could be developed into a most charming hillside cottage. Window-boxes and a garden, enclosed either with a white picket fence or privet hedge and a lattice gateway, would make the whole a miniature estate.



FLOOR PLAN



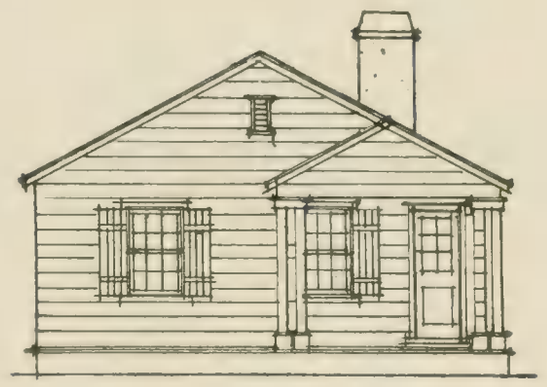
A GAY AND SUNNY SEASHORE COTTAGE OF CLAPBOARD

AWAY WE GO!

to the mountains, the woods, or the seashore, where a cool little cabin awaits us.

A blue-print showing floor-plans and elevations of either one of these charming cottages will be sent for one dollar. A two-cent stamp for postage will bring you the sheets of other DELINEATOR homes—for which you can also purchase blue-prints.

When the Summer cottage is built, ask Mrs. Sanders to help you plan its furnishings. She will gladly answer any questions if you will send your letter—with a two-cent stamp—to the House-Decoration Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



FRONT ELEVATION

The location of a Summer home is all important, and in determining what it shall be, health, conveniences and scenic beauty are the points to consider. An inexhaustible supply of good water is the first thing to look for. If town or village water is not obtainable, a driven well with a good pump is generally the next best thing, though occasionally a lively, uncontaminated brook and a ram will furnish all the water a small family needs. Lovers of the ocean will be happy if they can choose a site overlooking its salt expanse, and can plan the house so the living-room and porch will face south or southwest. These rooms will then be in the path of the prevailing Summer breezes.

Log cabins have a peculiar fascination for those who love the woods and wish to live in a civilized dwelling that will blend with and beautify the landscape. But before building your cabin, better have the timbers or logs cut in the Winter or early Spring before the sap rises and left out to dry in the sun, so they will be properly cured and usable. To many, a house built of logs with the bark on is more picturesque than one built of peeled logs, though there is always the possibility that the shaggy bark may dry and fall off. Peeled logs take on a very lovely quality when dressed with creosote and oil.

Aside from the heat it gives, which is so desirable on cool mornings and evenings, a fireplace is beyond all doubt the most decorative feature a log cabin can possess. The chimney indicated on the floor-plan of the log cabin illustrated has two flues, one for the kitchen range and one for the stone fireplace. This arrangement allows for plenty of hot water at all times, which is the greatest joy and luxury of rural living.

Whether one decides on the log cabin or seashore cottage, the floor space devoted to the kitchens is very small, and the proper choosing of a stove and other kitchen equipment is most important on each plan. The architect has carefully indicated space for the ice-box, dresser and table, which may be of the built-in type or bought after the house has been completed.

One who simply builds a log cabin and thinks his wilderness home is then completed is far from right. There is also the question of furniture. That cut from materials at hand in the woods is by far the most attractive and correct for this kind of house. Window-seats, chairs, bunks, stools, tables and sconces all may be most interestingly made from rough logs of spruce or hemlock. Even beds can be very comfortable when made of pine boughs laid over a frame of rough hemlock. This is done by bolting together four posts, with the bark on, to strong side and cross pieces. Several cross-pieces at top and bottom act as head and foot boards. From the head to the foot of the bed between the side-pieces you can lay even-shaped, springy pieces of wood about two inches in diameter. A good wool blanket and some balsam-filled pillows will complete the outfit.

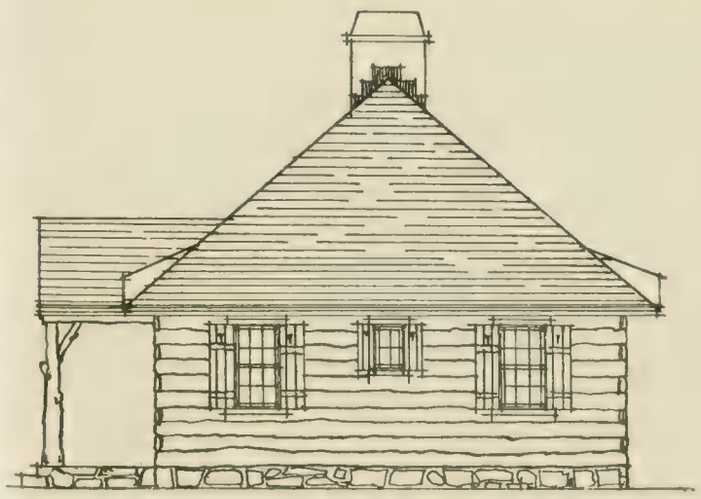
The clapboard cottage furnished with the simplest type of wicker and painted furniture would need little else to make it quite charming and complete. Striped awning canvas, brilliantly colored Indian Head, turkey-red or some bright oilcloth for chair cushions or curtains wear well under the strong seaside sun, and give to a simple little cottage color and individuality galore.

For those who must consider the seaside dampness, water-proof chintz and the pastel-colored rubberized silks are just the fabrics for curtains and cushion-covers. Even the motor-boat can be included and appointed with cushions covered with either of these practical and beautiful materials.

After the house is built—those illustrated here may be constructed of either brick, stucco or wood—and the piles of rubbish are cleared away, a little grading, sowing of grass-seed and planting of hardy shrubs will make the tiny house so alluring that the Summer months will be only too short.



FOR A SECLUDED SPOT IN THE WOODS CHOOSE RUSTIC LOGS



SIDE ELEVATION



FRONT ELEVATION

Putting *the* house *in* Summer clothes

By MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS
Head of the Department of House Decoration



Summery coolness achieved by using a sunfast cretonne for both bedspreads and living-room chair slip-covers

THE art of making interiors cool and summery can be applied to both apartments and houses in city or country. There is no better investment for comfort than putting the house in Summer clothes. It not only refreshes the spirit after long, drab Winter months, but cools and rests the body from the care of deep-piled carpets, overstuffed furniture and heavy draperies. The use of special Summer curtains and furniture slip-covers is now considered a necessity in every well-regulated household. Certainly it is an economy, for velour furniture and all dust-catching fabrics will unquestionably last longer if carefully brushed and, if possible, dry-cleaned and covered. Slip-covers are the best-known way to protect furniture from the strong rays of the Summer sun. These should be made and fitted with care and precision, for nothing is more irritating to the eye of a good housekeeper than those that are loose and badly fitting.





You can easily make attractive slip-covers at home. Our new bulletin, "Slip-covers that amateurs can make," tells how to do it. The price of the booklet is twenty-five cents. If you are perplexed about any other house-furnishing problem, write to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, House-Decoration Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage, and she will send you a personal answer



A slip tedious to make but worth the labor



Such a protection is necessary when portières are not taken down



Above—Table tops and lamp-shades may be protected by slip-covers. *Below*—Ruffled slips of plain glazed chintz reflect summery charm

Often the quantity of material required to cover all furniture and the labor involved in making, cause the home-maker to hesitate before investing in Summer clothes for her household. If the subject of economy is foremost, purchase just enough material to cover the most essential pieces, such as those upholstered in the most soilable or warmest-looking fabrics. The remaining chairs, stools and tables may have runners or squares of material tied to the seats and backs by means of tapes. One advantage of this type of cover is that it is easily laundered. Besides being a saver of furniture the slip-cover opens up a variety of decorative possibilities. Materials such as plain crash, upholsterers' sateen, plain glazed chintzes and cotton reps may be bound or piped with a plain contrasting color; plum-colored glazed chintz, for instance, may have seams bound with jade green; a tobacco-brown rep may be piped with orange, or a cool green may be trimmed with a bright blue. Sofa-cushions and curtains, runners and lamp-shades may be made of the same material as that used for the piping, the effect of plain colors being slick, cool and most inviting on a hot Summer day.

The cretonnes (sun-proof, if possible), printed linens, gaily striped reps and the lighter-weight colored striped canvases or ducks make gay and summery-looking dresses for either house or porch furniture. Hammock and wicker chairs often need freshening, and there is no better way to make them attractive than by covering all detachable cushions with any of the above-mentioned materials.

Slips of figured materials may be bound with plain-colored dress tapes or strips of plain-colored materials in the predominating color note of the figured material.

The commercial wall oilcloth has been found most satisfactory and practical as a material to cover cushions for chairs and seats on boats or uncovered porches. The salt-water spray and dew may be wiped off without harm to the material.

A simple way to cover wintery soft cushions is to make slips for them bag fashion, providing the open ends with snap-fasteners or buttons and buttonholes. This permits a quick and easy removal of the covers when it is necessary to wash them or to take them out for Winter use.

Occasionally, instead of taking down portières or overdraperies, it has been advisable to make slip-covers for them. These slips are no more nor less than long tubes made the width of the hanging when pushed back, and fastened either to the rings with pin-hooks or brought over the pole and closed with either button and buttonholes or hooks and eyes. Before putting hangings in such a bag, however, it is wise to safeguard against moths by having the portières dry-cleaned or brushed thoroughly and to use camphor or tar balls.

Summer curtains should be as thin and sheer as possible, and should be made so as to encroach in no way on the admission of air. If possible, choose materials in the cool, soft colors suggestive of Summer flowers and leaves. Often two thicknesses of tarlatan or voile will combine cool colors, such as soft blue and green. Sheer fabrics in soft greens, blues, lemon-yellows and violets may be obtained in sunfast gauzes, sheer ginghams, swisses, mulls, voiles and organdies. Any of these materials can be most effectively used in the smaller and more intimate rooms, the heavier-weight cotton fabrics, such as crinkled cloth, unbleached muslin, Russian crash and Indian Head in more formal rooms.

And now the Summer rugs seem to be the next problem. For floor coverings you may use the very desirable rag, hooked or braided rug, the linen fiber, the reed, rush or straw rugs—which now come in a variety of colors, and which can only be matched by the grass fiber rugs which are made in separate square blocks, enabling them to fit any size floor space. Their use almost doubles the life of Winter floor coverings.

To the timid Brave



By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

PASCAL, or somebody, says that when a book gets hold of you, makes you feel that it is genuine, you may depend on it that its author wrote it on his knees. Whether this article which I am about to kiss good-by, straighten its tie, give its hair a last smooth and send out into the world, gives out any sincerity or not, you may depend on it, that I wrote it on my knees. It's to men.

Every now and then letters like this seep in: "Look here, Celia, my hair is coming out like the dickens—why don't you give us a turn?" Or, "It may be true that 'men marry women for their beauty and women marry men for their strength,' but my wife says that she married me for my fatal handsomeness and that I'm not holding up as I should! Come on, tell me how!"

All right. Here's all I know about what's what in being handsome. You probably know most of it too, but the trouble is that you don't get your knowledge of how to look groomed and successful into your daily living—you lay it away in some drawer, along with your religion; you're going to use it some day, maybe, but you're too busy now.

And yet it isn't so much a matter of time as it is of intelligence, the little, right touch, the right materials and the right way to use them.

LET'S begin at the top. Thinning hair around the temples, receding from the forehead, fading away into a minority on the crown. It's their airless hats, it's their brains (they have to use them too much), it's inherited, it's washing their hair too often and not brushing it enough—all sorts of reasons. Never mind! The thing to do is, the moment it begins, massage the scalp, feed the hair. Then, if you don't notice a decided improvement in two weeks' time—hair no longer falling, little new soft hair coming in—go to the finest hair specialist you can find and get diagnosed. Don't just dash off to a barber and let him put things on; that's *silly* and frequently ends in sure-'nuff baldness. If you have dandruff, the falling kind, and your hair seems dry, you haven't real dandruff at all, and it can be absolutely and easily cured by a good pomade; we know of only one that we stand back of with every inch of our self-respect. Your "dandruff" is simply dead scales from an undernourished scalp. If your hair is oily, your dandruff is a sort of superficial crust formed by dust and scales and excess oil. This same pomade will cure that, is doing it every day, because it nourishes the scalp and then the scalp feeds the hair, and then the glands which have been leaking oil take a new lease on life and, used in connection with a cleansing, astringent tonic we know, get back their verve.

Real dandruff, the germ kind, sticks close to the head and, like the parasite it is, saps the life out of the hair. This kind is not very common, happily, and it can be cured, but it takes longer.

Treatment for falling dandruff is massage every morning for five or ten minutes. And there is only one really right way to massage: Begin at the nape of the neck, pressing the thumbs firmly into the base of the skull, and work with circular motion around the neck to the ears. This gets up the circulation quickly. Then the scalp all over the head should be lifted, pressed and kneaded in circular sweeps of the finger-tips and cushion at the base of the palms until the entire scalp is pink. Make your circular motion back from the face rather than toward it so that the muscles of the face are lifted rather than pushed down. Then use a cleansing tonic once a week, to free the scalp from scales and dirt, and at least twice a week touch the middle fingers to the pomade and, parting the hair in rows, go all over the scalp with it. And every day of the world brush your hair at least ten minutes. You'll not only lose your dandruff, but you'll find your hair softer, shinier and much more alive. There is a cleansing tonic for oily hair and one for dry, and a special tonic for tired, "nervous" hair. But all need the pomade if there is dandruff. And all need the pomade three or four times a week on the temples and where it is receding from the brow and the thin place on the crown.

The correct way to brush is with even, steady strokes up away from the scalp, every stroke touching the scalp as if to make the hair stand on end and then long sweeping strokes down again to polish. Brushes should be kept as clean as you hope your son's character will be. The bristles should be flexible. A very stiff brush is a lot of fun to use, but it doesn't polish and it doesn't cleanse, and it very often irritates the scalp. It is false economy, as most of you probably know, to buy a cheap brush. A good one lasts for years. When you brush the hair, use a towel, and about every five strokes wipe the brush off on the towel. You'll see how much brushing cleanses. Wash the brush in good, warm, soapy water, swishing it up and down, rinse in *cold* water thoroughly, dry quickly in the sun or in a current of air. Never use artificial heat and never stand a brush on its bristles.

There is a complete and perfect little book on care of the hair you can have for the asking. It has a questionnaire that is a detailed diagnosis. It was written by a certain shop in New York that knows everything any human needs to know about hair. No one who has ever gone to this shop leaves it for any other place. And it is the only hair-shop we know of that husbands come to as faithfully as wives.

All sorts of men go there, doctors, lawyers, actors, opera-singers and plain (or handsome) business men. You see, it isn't like a boudoir, as most salons are—it's like a doctor's office. And though the head of this favored-of-the-gods shop says that the first time a man comes in he usually acts like an antelope or a kangaroo or any of the timid tribe of the wild and free, and says that his wife or the man friend who told him about the shop assured him that nobody would fuss over him, and that all other persons there would act as if he weren't there—he soon settles down, does everything they tell him, never breaks his appointments, and so gets marvelous results.

Graying hair is very often just hungry hair. It needs a nourishing oil or a fat pomade. Hot oil rubbed into the hair two or three hours, or one, before it is shampooed, will take away the lusterless, dry look and thicken up the hair.

Men who take a shower every day should wear rubber caps in the shower. Hair should be washed only once or, at most, twice a month, using in the interim the cleansing tonic and the brush.

There's a beautiful soap, with a clean, outdoors, man smell, not perfumed or dainty at all, that is fine for shampoo and also for the bath and hands. The manufacturer who makes this also has a hand lotion, very nice for men and for after shaving, which softens the skin and is healing for irritations.

We are told that every man in the world thinks he has a stiff beard. We were also told that the manner of shaving, like politics and religion, is often handed down from father to son. But a great authority on men in relation to good looks told us this about shaving. Wash the face first, whether you use cup or stick or cream or latherless cream. Then with the face wet, good and wet, dab the cream on and rub it in, not with the fingers but with the brush. Rubbing with the fingers stretches the skin and brings up the blood, and then if you do make an abrasion, it's more serious. Use plenty of water; you are trying to remove that oily coating which each little hair wears like a coat of mail.

It isn't vanity; it's common sense to use tonic or powder after shaving, to protect the skin and tone it. And of course men are nicer to look at when their skin doesn't shine! Most men put the powder on with a stroke from ears toward the mouth. Very, very bad, that. It pulls the facial muscles down and makes sagging cheeks and lines from the nostrils to the corners of the mouth.

There's a big, man-sized, beautiful compact powder been put on the market that is perfect for men. No shower of powder on the coat. And very smart-looking on his chiffonier. Just a sweep of the firm puff across the chin, then out toward each ear, across the nose, the forehead, and you don't shine, and you do look groomed, and your pores are protected against dirt.

Most shaving lotions make the mistake of being a bit too dashing in smell. Man things oughtn't to smell like a flower or a houri, but have a good, outdoors, clean smell. We found a talc that was just right and two toilet waters or tonics. Wich-hazel, of course, is very good. If it seems too drying, dilute it.

Here it is—the end of our space and we haven't *begun* to tell you! Next month, then, we'll tell you men, and women too, how to keep cool though hot in the city, and all about teeth and tobacco stains, and baths and nails and puffs under the eyes; about luster in the eyes and no lines around them. *Au revoir!*

"MEN DON'T CARE

about their own looks," somebody's wife said to C. C. C. a little while ago. But they do, don't they! The up-and-coming kind of men—they know how much a fresh, well-groomed appearance means to their business and social success.

So Mrs. Cole is ready to help them if they will write to her or if solicitous wives or sisters will write, should the "Timid Brave" not dare.

There's a leaflet on the care of the hair, another, on the care of the mouth, and a timely one on treatment of sunburn and tan. Both masculine and feminine readers will welcome the leaflet on "How to Keep Cool" these sweltering days. Send a two-cent stamp for postage on any two of these.

Questions on your individual problems, too, will be cheerfully answered in a personal letter. Always—with just a two-cent stamp to cover postage—you can get advice on any problem of health or beauty for any member of the family. Address your letter to Celia Caroline Cole, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

ROCKY PATHS TO GARDEN BEAUTY

Art and nature meet in the creation of a rock garden

By Ewen MacKenzie

Landscape Superintendent for Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady

We have a list of plants that will thrive nicely in rocky places. Our Garden Department will be glad to send it to you if you are interested. Just address them care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped return envelope



Set in beds of grass and clover, paving-stones make a charming path



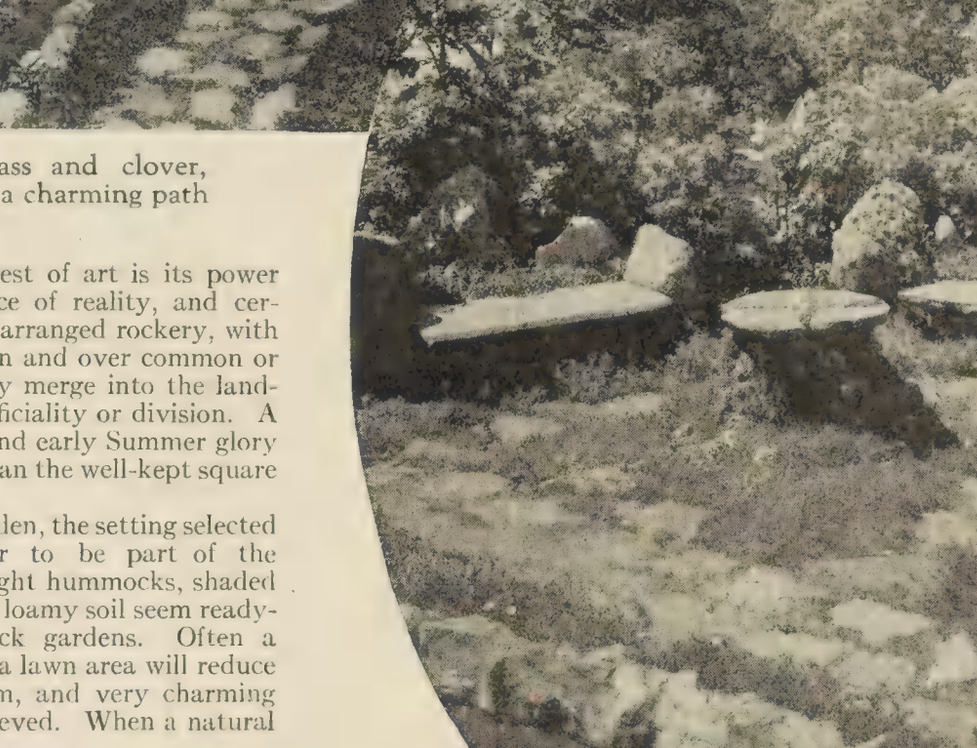
The water supply for brook and pool is hidden behind a flowery mound

PERHAPS the highest test of art is its power to convey a semblance of reality, and certainly an artistically arranged rockery, with its skilful planting, between and over common or garden rocks, will naturally merge into the landscape with no sense of artificiality or division. A rock garden in its Spring and early Summer glory is often even more lovely than the well-kept square of old-fashioned flowers.

In considering such a garden, the setting selected should, if possible, appear to be part of the natural soil formation. Slight hummocks, shaded dells or steep banks of good loamy soil seem ready-made backgrounds for rock gardens. Often a natural ledge of rocks near a lawn area will reduce construction to a minimum, and very charming effects may be quickly achieved. When a natural setting is not to be found in one's own garden spot, earth and rocks must be transported from some loamy section or an excavation, and the garden developed by simply piling up rocks on irregular mounds of soil.

THE garden shown in the illustrations is a rare and beautiful bit of garden architecture and artistry, yet it is developed and constructed along a simple and easily workable plan. Any part of it would make a graceful addition to a rural garden.

The ground chosen lay between two natural bluffs which formed a little dell. This was well shaded on either side with pines, maples and elms, and sloped slightly to the south, broadening into a piece of flat lawn area.



In the little grotto dwarf plants and vines decorate the rock benches and table roughly fashioned of four stones. In the table crevices they make a delightfully unique and perpetual floral decoration



An irregular ditch lined with rough stones forms the channel of the artificial stream

Before operations on the rock garden were started there were natural projections of rock formation on the banks of the little bluffs. About these it was simple to add additional, but smaller, rocks. However, in those places where no natural rock formation aided the course of construction, irregular and low mounds of earth were added, about which it was necessary to set broken pieces of rock, leaving always, of course, little spaces and crevices for planting. Such little rockeries were continued along either side of the little dell.

At the lower end of the shaded slope, where it broadened into a lovely patch of lawn, a huge pile of soil and rocks was developed in much the same manner into a flowery mound. This not only constitutes the central rockery, appropriately topped with a bronze sun-dial, but is a camouflage for a little electric rotary pump and a deep cement basin of water. Except for a small aperture on the rear side of the rock pile, these are both entirely hidden from view in a cave-like opening. The purpose of the pump is to elevate the water in the basin to a rock-edged pool at the upper end of the garden slope. The overflow from this refreshing mirror pool bubbles merrily down in a lively stream to the lower part of the garden, where it disappears under the huge rock pile back again into the cement basin, ready to be used over again.

To keep the little overflow stream from becoming too unruly, it was necessary to build a channel for its course. This was done by digging a somewhat square, irregular ditch, not more than a foot deep and two feet wide at its widest point It was then given a lining or coating of ordinary cement, into which were placed—both in the bottom and along the sides—pieces of broken rock and small stones. The charm of this artificial stream lies in the careless manner in which the stones are grouted into the cement.

Moss, lichens, flowers and vines have now covered the sides and linked the rock edges of the brook with the surrounding bank. At one side of the brook, starting at the base of the large rockery, is a paving-stone pathway. This crosses and recrosses the stream until it reaches the pool and little tea-house at the top of the slope, where it broadens into open, unplanted spaces. Between each irregularly shaped flat paving-stone white clover and grass seed were generously planted, and now each stone lies in a soft, downy bed of green.

THE pool at the top of the slope, which reflects the trees and little house, was constructed in much the same manner as the bed of the artificial stream, with the exception that it was dug deeper, and is about forty feet long and fifteen feet wide. Close to the edge of the pool, so that their leaves overhang, is an assortment of ferns, laurel and evergreen shrubs mingled with Japanese maples and Evonymus alatus, the latter injecting a seasonal color effect that is so much desired in rock gardens.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features of this garden is a small stone table built in the center of a semicircular alcove. The thick base of the table was constructed by standing three or four pieces of tuffa rock, about two feet in height, upright in a bed of cement. The round top was fashioned by crudely chiseling four paving-stones into pie-shaped pieces and putting them together in the cement. These four table-top pieces were adjusted so as to leave deep crevices between the four pieces of flat stone from which are growing Sempervivum house-leek, Thymus sedums mosses and other dwarf plants, which make a perpetual and unique floral table decoration.

They who have not seen a rock garden in its Spring or early Summer glory have missed a lovely sight, but should not feel that it is beyond their attainment. Time, imagination and patience are the only requirements.



Soft overhanging foliage surrounds the little tea-room and is mirrored in the quiet water of the pool

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

BY EVELYN DODGE

MY SUBJECT this morning, dear friends, I know you will find delightful. My text is "How you can reduce your hips three inches in three minutes without diet, drugs or exercise and still eat your way through June without giving up strawberry shortcake, asparagus and any of the other pleasures of the season."

Everyone to-day wants to look slender and reducing is a subject of greater interest than operations and the extinct servant girl. According to fashion and science, women are rapidly becoming a disappearing sex. The boyish figure sans bust and curves and waistline is the ideal silhouette.

I can't tell you how you can become slender, but I can show you very easily how you can look several inches slighter and thirty or forty pounds lighter than you do now. Almost any woman can reduce her actual measurements appreciably by proper corseting, proper lingerie and the proper size clothes. Old shapeless corsets with bent and bulging bones, too much lingerie cut on too wide lines and made of clumsy materials, clothes that are too large, too long and too wide for the present fashion will make a mountain out of any potential feminine molehill.

THE CORSET AND THE CORSELET

A FEW years ago during the vogue of the sweater with its concealing lines, women took off corsets, drew a long breath and let their figures go. Some of the results were good, others were bad. The large waist with the resulting lowering of the bust and straightening of the hip has a youthful air. But the diaphragm bulge, the middle-aged spread, the very pronounced increase in weight, have proved ugly and stubborn. Many women who have tried going without corsets are now wearing them again—not to make their waists smaller, but to flatten the abdomen and lower back.

Most young girls and practically all women need some sort of figure control. If they don't need it as a corrective, they need it as a preventative of the figure defects that come upon us so rapidly as a result of the motor, the bridge table and the increase in office and executive work among women. Not all women need corsets. Women with young slender figures find that the corselet, which is a combination brassière and hip-confiner, is sufficient. It is unboned and is therefore as soft and flexible as the natural figure. It keeps the figure straight without making it rigid. It is made of soft light fabrics such as brassière material, broché coutil and fine washable satin and has elastic gores to fit in at the hip. You can either buy or make your corselet. It is very easily made, and if the figure is large or small at one point or another the corselet can easily be fitted when it is being made. These corselets have been enormously successful for several reasons—their excellent lines, their inexpensiveness, and the fact that they can be washed as easily and as often as any other piece of lingerie. They are supple enough for sports and dancing and their unbroken lines are perfect under the light fabrics of evening gowns.

For the figure that needs a firmer hold than the corselet gives there is the corset. For average figures it is almost as light and boneless as the corselet. It is made of soft brochés and satins, usually in flesh pink, and is almost always combined with elastic gores. The firmer material is used at the front and back and is sometimes reënforced at those points to flatten the abdomen and the back. It is always wide in the waist, practically topless and not very long, more a hip-confiner than a corset. The brassière takes care of the upper part of the figure.

For the figure that is heavier and more mature the corset becomes heavier with heavier material, more bones and more bust and with lacings. The laced corset should always be put on with the laces loosened. After it is clasped it should be drawn down in back, up in front, and the garters should be fastened. It should then be laced and tied. It is slack corsets and bent corset bones that make many women look larger than they really are.

LINES AND ELIMINATION IN LINGERIE

THE second step in reducing is to leave off about two-thirds of your lingerie and cut down what's left to the present fashionable straight line. There are still women in the world who wear two petticoats and a chemise instead of a single slip with a shadow-proof hem; who wear drawers drawn up on a string around the waist and make their lingerie of good strong muslin or heavy sateen on wide billowy lines. I have actually seen women reduce their hip measure three inches instantaneously by putting on proper corsets and the right lingerie.

No one to-day needs either a petticoat or a slip under a cloth frock or tailored skirt. A very short chemise cut on narrow lines and made of a bodyless material such as crêpe de Chine, radium silk, crêpe satin, glove silk, fine nainsook or long-cloth is all one needs to protect the brassière or corselet. As to your nether limbs, bloomers, preferably of glove silk if you're stout, answer every practical need and don't add an eighth of an inch to your circumference. Under light-weight or transparent frocks all you need are the glove silk bloomers and a slip of crêpe de Chine, soft satin, crêpe meteor, radium silk or fine sateen. See that the slip is cut on narrow lines to give the straight silhouette and with no more width than you actually require.

French women of fashion always have their lingerie made to order for them by their dressmakers and fitted as carefully as their frocks. Women who want to reduce their size should follow the same plan, making their lingerie themselves so that they can fit it properly and see that it doesn't carry an unnecessary inch of material. And the material, as I have already said, should never be heavy, clumsy and thick. You can save enough by cutting your lingerie on narrow lines to use good materials in soft, clinging qualities.

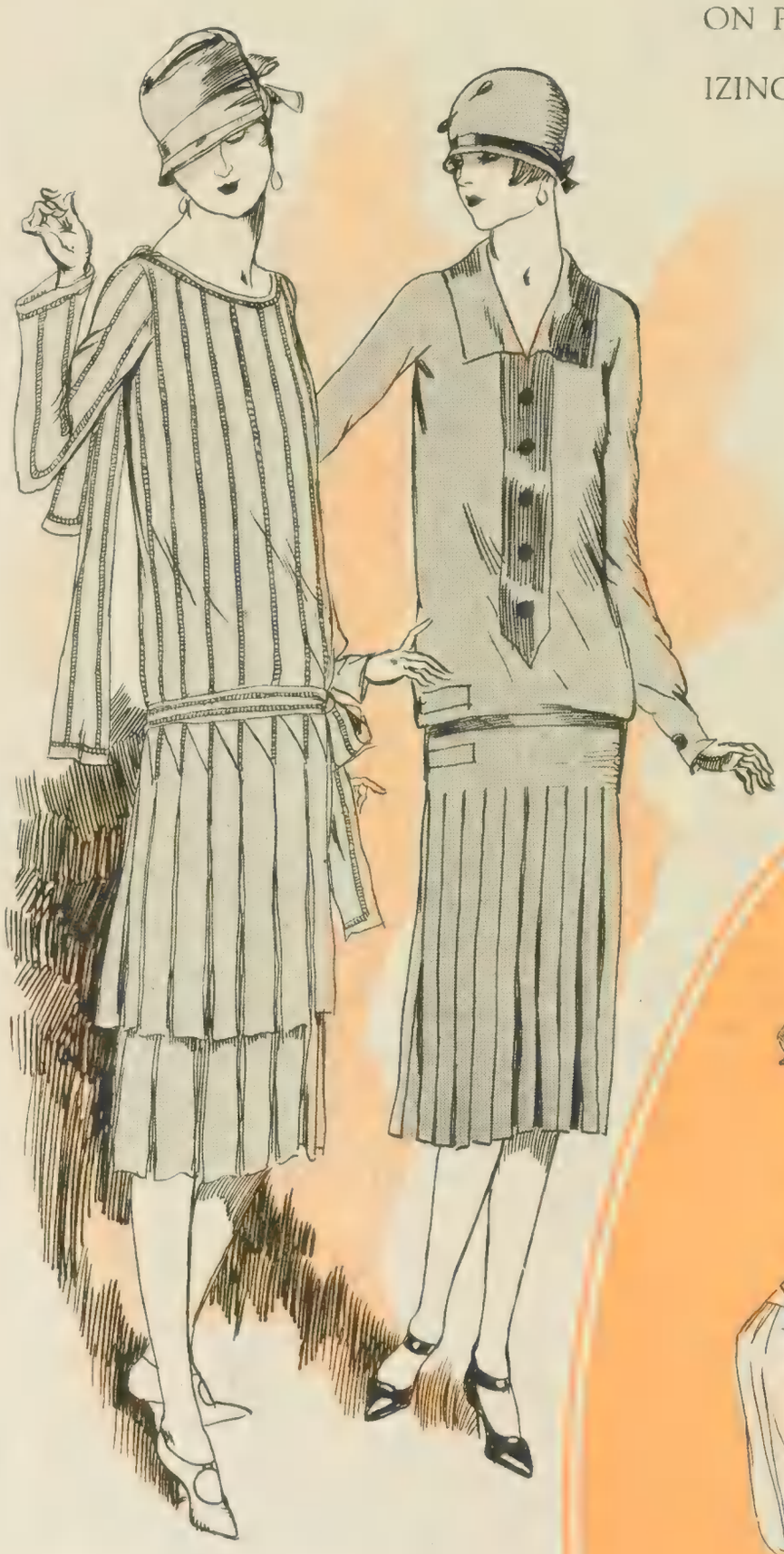
THE LAST INCH

THE last inch that can be removed will come off with the right size and the right fit in your clothes. Large women usually fall into one of two errors. Either they wear their clothes so tight that they look as if they were about to burst out upon an astonished world or else they wear them so large that their size is increased. Clothes should be skilfully planned to hide curves and to straighten and lengthen lines, and a good deal of their success in this respect lies in having them exactly the right size. When you buy a pattern, be sure to have your measures taken over your new corsets and lingerie. You will be delightfully surprised, especially if you have been buying your clothes ready made. Most manufacturers cut their clothes on very scanty lines in order to save material. As a result you have probably been buying sizes forty-four and forty-six when you only measure forty or forty-two. The sizes of good patterns are absolutely exact. A forty fits a forty, and if you bought a forty-four as you do in ready made clothes it would simply drape on you. The right size is most important because it takes less material, cuts out all the work of unnecessary alterations and gives you a smart trim figure.

NOW there you have the three undietary laws that will bring down your figure by as many inches. You might add a fourth rule and take off a fourth inch. Choose your styles and materials with care. If you're large and want to disguise the awful truth don't wear large hats, large plaids, bold zebraic stripes and vivid colors. Don't choose crosswise stripes, crosswise designs or tiers. Wear long sleeves that don't fit the arm too closely, V necks, surplice lines, draperies and panels that break the line from side to side and carry the eye up and down instead of across.

Remember that half the slender women you see are of no mean weight on the bathroom scales and it's not the way you weigh but the way you look that counts.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE BUTTERICK PARIS SHOP SHOW THE NEW PLAY ON PLAITS AND FULNESS CHARACTERIZING MANY OF THE SUMMER MODES



Gabrielle Chanel never employed the umbrella-case sheath, and her frocks keep consistently to a soft and gracious silhouette that varies more in detail than in line. For the frock at the left she uses wine-red chiffon with lines of openwork and with box plaits in the double skirt

Jeanne Lanvin makes la robe sportive *of red crêpe trimmed with black buttons at the prevailing shirt closing. What appear to be fine box plaits in the lower part are in reality ribbon-like pieces of the red crêpe falling free over a black skirt*



Agnès (Mme. Havet) uses white crêpe printed in black and green and trimmed with green ribbons and plaited organdy frills. The long sleeve has a full lower part gathered in at the wrist, and there is a slight suggestion of a blouse in the body



Premet makes one wonder why we ever wore black and somber colors by offering a jumper frock of lilac kasha bound and collared with peony-red crêpe. The pockets are of perforated red suède and the scarf is of the peony-red crêpe to match the collar

Soeur Anne *belongs to a worldly order judging from her delightful habit of navy-blue serge, bound and faced with blue satin, and with a double collar, cuffs and jabot of candy-pink organdy bound with cherry red. The overlapping tiers are interesting. From Premet*

PATOU RAISES THE WAISTLINE, MOLYNEUX OFFERS A FLARED COAT, AND LELONG TURNS TO BLACK FOR AN ENSEMBLE AND A DINNER FROCK



Molyneux looks to Persia for the lines, color and fabric of a coat which might be used for formal afternoon or evening wear. It has the new front flare and is made of Persian brocade with green, orange and gold designs on a black-satin ground



Lucien Lelong uses black alpaca and white piqué for a Summer ensemble costume stitched in white and trimmed with white buttons. The small black and white hat carries on the ensemble effect and the tie is black-and-white plaid silk. The white collar is new



Frills of black lace overrun the soft skirt of a black chiffon frock, while a band of the same lace is veiled by the bodice. With this frock is worn a coat of black satin, collared in ermine. From Lucien Lelong

Patou's justly famous waistline appears in its new elevation in a frock with a bodice and skirt of rose-colored taffeta, veiled with tulle and trimmed with gold lace. The higher waistline curves in at the sides and is considered the most important new note of the year

Patou fits a frock of black chiffon and lace to indicate his new higher waistline and trims it with cascade frills at the front and sides. The higher waistline makes a fairer division of the figure with the very short skirt

Ensemble dress 6138

Tunic blouse 6007
Costume slip 5631

Dress 6146

Tunic blouse 6023
Costume slip 5827
Embroidery design 10146

Dress 6148

THE vogue of the front flare, so suddenly successful with frocks, casts about for other styles to conquer and falls upon the Summer coat. Temperamental fashion, while putting width in the skirt on one hand, takes it away from the shoulders on the other, giving to a new coat a slim shoulder line. The slender silhouette, however, is not seriously affected by the new flare, even though exaggerated charmingly by a border of ruching or fur, for it ripples at the front only. In back the figure is as straight and slim as ever.

Dresses, also, cling to the becoming slender line, but allow themselves width in the swirl of inserted godets. A narrow sleeveless overdress slashes its skirt for the double purpose of showing its lovely printed dress beneath and of obtaining a little freedom in its slender lines. The tunic blouse, remaining narrow, almost covers a costume slip which hides its width in an inverted plait.

The jabot, confident of favoritism, intends to go as far as it likes on Summer frocks. It may stop at the throat or any point south, but the hem is the limit at present.

The new prints and borders find the tunic blouse as smart a medium for presenting themselves to the public as the frock. The plain contrasting material of the slip beneath and of the trimming bands and jabot emphasizes the colors in the print. The peasant styles also look with favor on the tunic blouse as an effective way to display their graceful sleeves and colorful embroideries.

Coat 6162

Other views and descriptions are given on page 78

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 76.

THE JABOT AND TIE COLLARS, FLARES AND APRONS ARE SMART

Dress 6144

Dress 6094

Dress 6114
Embroidery design 10329

Dress 6124

Dress 6120

Dress 6058

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 78

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SOFT LITTLE FROCKS AND A TINY SUIT FOR THE PLAY AGES

Suit 6133

Dress and bloomers 6125

Dress 6127
Hat 4491

Dress 6087

Dress and bloomers 6115
Hat 3727

Dress and bloomers 6129

Dress 6105
Embroidery design 10335

Suspender skirt and blouse 6131
Embroidery design 10179

Dress and bloomers 6085

Dress 6117

Other views and descriptions are on page 79

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THE YOUTHFUL FROCK IS SLIM OR BOUFFANT

Dress 6136

Dress 6064

Dress 6140
Embroidery
design 10286

Other views and descriptions are on page 80

Dress 6076

Blouse 5508
Dress 6119

Dress 6130
Hat 5952

Dress 6084

Dress 6116

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APRON AND JUMPER FROCKS, STYLES FOR PRINTS, ETC.

Dress 6096

Blouse 6121
Skirt 6049

Dress 6132

Dress 6150

Dress 6128

Dress 6126

Other views and descriptions are on page 81

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Dress 6170

Dress 6171

Dress 6163
Embroidery
design 10787

Dress 6158

Other views and descriptions are on page 81

Dress 6173

Dress 6172

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 76.

PARIS SCALLOPS THE CIRCULAR FLOUNCE AND BACKS UP THE JABOT WITH A LONG VEST

Dress 6142

Dress 6112

Dress 6152

Dress 6154

Dress 6134
Hat 5952

Dress 6160



6152

6134



6112



6142



6160



6154

6152—If a straight narrow back is unbecoming to you, choose this slip-over dress with a one-piece front and fulness in a straight skirt attached across the back. Use prints or stripes in heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with plain to match, or flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe faille of one material or with contrasting.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch printed silk. Lower edge 54½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

6134—5952—A square-neck frock, with collar and cuffs that may be detachable, fits at the hipline closely and has a straight lower edge Use heavy silk crêpe or ribbed silk with satin, heavy satin with silk crêpe, wool crêpe, plain, striped or plaid flannel, etc., for this slip-over one-piece dress. The faille silk, etc., hat has a six-gored crown.

36 bust and 22-inch head measure require 3¾ yards 27-inch flannel for dress, ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; hat for ladies, misses and girls.

6112—Tucks make their own crosswise design on a one-piece frock of plain Georgette, plain crêpe de Chine or plain chiffon voile. The smart double jabot and round collar may be in a contrasting color of the same material. This tucked dress slips on over the head and it may have a long sleeve. Lower edge 46½ inches.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch Georgette (cut crosswise and pieced under tucks).

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses.

6142—The long surplice line distinguishes this dress with its straight skirt attached to a long body. Make it of printed or plaid light-weight cotton crêpe, gingham, prints in cotton broadcloth and heavy crêpe de Chine, with plain to match and with Val. lace frills. Or use light-weight cotton crêpe, silk or cotton broadcloth, or heavy crêpe de Chine, striped with plain or plain with contrasting, etc. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yard 39-inch printed cotton crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6160—The newest of the new styles is the circular flounce in a fancy outline across the front of a slip-over one-piece frock close fitting at the hipline. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma or Georgette, of one material with Venise edging and insertion, or with contrasting; Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe satin or flat crêpe with contrasting; Georgette, prints in crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 44 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6154—One unbroken length of 40-inch material without underarm seams makes the dress part of this slip-over one-piece frock, in certain sizes, when a contrasting material makes the vest front and jabot. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or crêpe faille with printed crêpe de Chine, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch printed silk and 1½ yard 35-inch plain silk.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

THE SIMPLE DRESS DISPLAYS A PRINT OR BORDER BEST



Dress 6153
Hat 5952

Dress 6118

6153 — 5952 — This slip-over one-piece frock can be made without underarm seams from wide borders in silk crêpe, crêpe satin, heavy crêpe de Chine, radium or flannel, or, for certain figures, from other wide materials. Narrower materials require underarm seams. The lower edge is straight and the tuck is in Russian-closing effect. The hat has a six-gore crown.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard 55-inch bordered silk for dress. Lower edge 46 ins.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; hat for ladies, misses and girls.

6118—Simple to make is the slip-over, one-piece dress that fits the hipline closely and has a straight lower edge. Use bordered wide or half-and-half flannel, heavy satin with silk crêpe or with faille silk; heavy silk crêpe or faille silk with satin, plain, striped or plaid flannel, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 56-inch bordered flannel. Lower edge 44 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6073

6123



Sleeveless dress 6123
Blouse 6073
Embroidery design 10954



6153



6118

6123—6073—10954—The peasant blouse with raglan sleeves is a popular style for the sleeveless dress with a straight lower edge. The embroidery is bright colored. Work in cross-stitch, etc. Use plain cotton voile, etc., with dress of wool crêpe, etc. Lower edge with plait out 52½ inches.

19 years or 36 bust requires 1¾ yards 54-inch wide flannel for dress and 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse.

The dress for ladies 38, 40 bust; misses 15 to 20 years. Blouse is for 32 to 40 bust.



Dress 6122

6122

6157

6122 The straight silhouette, close fitting at the hip, eases its line with inserted godets. The collar may be detachable. Make this slip-over one-piece dress of prints in silk crêpe or crêpe faille with organdy collar, etc., heavy crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, or Gerorgette, or use novelty crêpe satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe Roma, etc. Lower edge 46½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch printed silk.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

Dress 6157



6159

Dress 6159

6159—Wide borders in silk crêpe, crêpe satin or heavy crêpe de Chine with plain to match, make this slip-over one-piece dress with an underarm seam on one side only. Other wide materials may be used with only this one seam for certain sizes, but narrower materials require the seam on both sides. The lower edge is straight. Or use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe satin, or heavy crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 1¼ yard 54-inch bordered silk. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6157—Gather your flounces across the front only for a smart new style. This one is straight and attached across the front of a slip-over, one-piece dress. Use crêpe Roma, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, or crêpe satin with lace edging, or printed crêpe de Chine, printed Georgette or foulards with Georgette to match, printed cotton voile, printed fine cotton crêpe, crêpe Roma, crêpe de Chine, etc., with plain to match. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch cotton voile.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 76.



SMART SPORTS CLOTHES THAT WILL BE SEEN ON THE LINKS, COURTS OR BEACH AND COSTUMES FOR RIDING, HIKING, ETC.



5257

5257—5991—The striped or plain flannel blazer is having quite a vogue. It hides the set-in pockets of a smart two-piece flare skirt attached to an outside belt only and made of flannel, camel's-hair twills, kasha, homespun, cheviots, cashmere, broadcloth, tweed, plaids or stripes. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅞ yards 46-inch striped flannel for the blazer and 2⅛ yards 46-inch plain flannel for the skirt.

The blazer is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt for ladies 35 to 52 hip.



5991

6001—6051—4147—For riding, general sports wear, etc., uncrushable linen, khaki, tweed, etc., knickers with a reenforced seat are worn with the new slip-over jumper or blouse of plain silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, satin, cotton broadcloth, cotton pongee, etc., and a sleeveless jacket of plain flannel, kasha, etc. The collar and cuffs may be detachable.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅝ yard 27-inch flannel for jacket, 1⅞ yard 35-inch silk for blouse and 2 yards 36-inch crash for knickers.

The jumper is for 32 to 44 bust; jacket for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; knickers for ladies 26 to 38 waist, misses and girls 8 to 18 years.



5210



6014

5210—Ready for an active life on the ocean wave is a simple straight bathing-suit that has nothing in its make-up that might impede or hamper the swimmer. This very good-looking and practical suit is in one piece and the tights are attached. It can be made very easily, and the materials suitable for this style are heavy wool jersey and heavy jersey tubing. It buttons on the shoulders.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The bathing-suit is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5210—Another bathing-suit that plans to give the ocean hard wear this Summer is for the younger feminine members of the family. This practical suit buttons on the shoulders and it has attached tights. The suit is both new and smart and should be made of heavy wool jersey. Parents will appreciate the fact that it puts wool next to the youngster's skin. A simple suit of this type can be very easily made.

8 years requires ⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The bathing-suit is practical for girls and little girls 2 to 14 years.

5246—6071—This English sports blazer of plain or striped flannel is worn with a slip-over one-piece dress. For the dress use stripes in cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton shantung, linen, linen-finished cottons, silk broadcloth, crêpe de Chine, shantung or flannel, or use wool jersey or flannel with contrasting, plain linen, plain linen finished cottons, plain cotton broadcloth, etc., with contrasting, etc.

12 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch flannel for blazer and 2¼ yards 32-inch cotton for dress.

The blazer is for juniors and girls 4 to 16 years; the dress for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6014—Printed surf silks, printed surf satin, foulard or chintz with plain to match; plain surf satin, plain surf silk or taffeta with contrasting are used for this new two-piece bathing costume with its attractive handkerchief cap. Or use wool jersey, or any of these materials plain, without the tucks at the side, and with a belt.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 35-inch silk and ⅞ yard 32-inch plain for cap.

The bathing costume is becoming to ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 76.



Outing shirt 4194
Golf knickers 5877

4233

Blazer 6033
Trousers 4233

6033

Blouse 6059
Sleeveless jacket 6001
Knickers 3496

6059

6001

3496

6025

5950

4458

Middy blouse
and bloomers
4157

4157

Golf
knickers
5950

Suit 6025

Blazer 4458

Sports suit
5378

Middy blouse and
knickers 4552

4194—5877—The Prince of Wales gave these long golf knickers their start in life. Use tweeds, homespun, mixtures, wool khaki, cheviot, serge, corduroy, linen, cotton khaki, etc. The outing or sports type shirt with its convertible collar is made of cotton shirtings, madras, percale, khaki, pongee, etc.

15½ neck and 34 waist require 2⅞ yards 32-inch madras for shirt and 2¼ yards 35-inch crash for knickers.

The shirt is for men and boys 12 to 18½ inches neck; the knickers are for men 32 to 46 waist.

6033—4233—Men may wear the new striped flannels in a sports blazer with a notched collar. Plain flannel is also used, and the long, well-cut trousers are made of serge, flannel, tweed, cheviot, homespun, worsted, herring-bone, duck, khaki, crash, linen or mohair.

38 breast and 34 waist require 2 yards 54-inch striped flannel for blazer and 1½ yard 54-inch flannel for trousers.

The blazer is for men 34 to 44 breast; the trousers for men and boys 26 to 50 waist.

6059—6001—3496—For sports a slip-over blouse with attached or detachable Peter Pan style collar, and a sleeveless jacket are worn with knickers with a reinforced seat, and either of two depths of bands. Use plain silk broadcloth, plain heavy crêpe de Chine, etc., for blouse with cotton khaki, heavy pongee, etc., knickers and plain kasha, etc., jacket.

34 bust, 17 years and 37 hip require 2⅛ yards 35-inch linen for blouse; 1½ yard 27-inch flannel for jacket and 1¾ yard 36-inch linen for knickers.

The blouse is for 32 to 40 bust; the jacket for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies and the knickers are for misses and girls 8 to 18 years, also ladies 24 to 36 waist.

4157—For the open roads and hidden trails young hikers wear a white jean middy and plaited or gathered bloomers of navy blue serge or khaki. Or make the entire garment of khaki, serge or cotton poplin. This is a good style for the gymnasium or for general sports wear. The blouse may be made with a yoke and the collar may be detachable.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch linen and 1¾ yard 36-inch serge.

The middy blouse and bloomers are for juniors and girls 6 to 16 years.

4194

5877

4458—5950—Golf knickers, in the fashionable new length, ought to help his game. They are well cut and are easily made of tweeds, homespun, mixtures, wool khaki, cheviot, serge, corduroy, linen, crash or cotton khaki. The typical sports blazer gives one a chance at the bright colors of the new striped or plain flannels.

12 years requires 2⅝ yards 28-inch striped flannel and 1⅝ yard 35-inch linen.

The blazer is for boys 4 to 16 years; the knickers for boys 8 to 17.

6025—The vogue of wide trousers is reflected in a good-looking suit consisting of a blouse and trousers with extra wide legs. Use khaki, jean, linen, linen crash, linen-finished cottons or pongee. This makes an excellent play suit.

7 years requires 1¾ yard 35-inch linen-finished cotton.

The suit is practical for boys 3 to 9 years.

5378—The young camper packs a suit consisting of wide-leg trousers and a separate blouse with a convertible collar. This excellent type of sports or play suit may be made of linen crash, linen, linen-finished cottons, jean or pongee.

13 years requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch material.

The suit is good style for boys 10 to 16 years.

4552—The middy blouse holds its own as a becoming and practical half of the knicker-and-blouse hiking costume. This middy blouse and separate knickers are suitable for general sports wear. Make them of khaki, cotton poplin or serge; or make the blouse of white jean or pongee with knickers of khaki, tweed, serge or corduroy.

13 years requires 4⅛ yards 27-inch khaki.

The middy blouse and knickers are correct for girls and misses 6 to 18 years.

5378

4552

4552

THE SKIRT BECOMES CIRCULAR, SCALLOPED, PETALLED OR STAYS STRAIGHT



Dress 6168
Embroidery design 10208



Dress 6147



6166

Dress 6166



Dress 6167
Hat 6089

Dress 6151



Blouse ensemble 6088



Dress 6141

Dress 6165
Embroidery design 10283

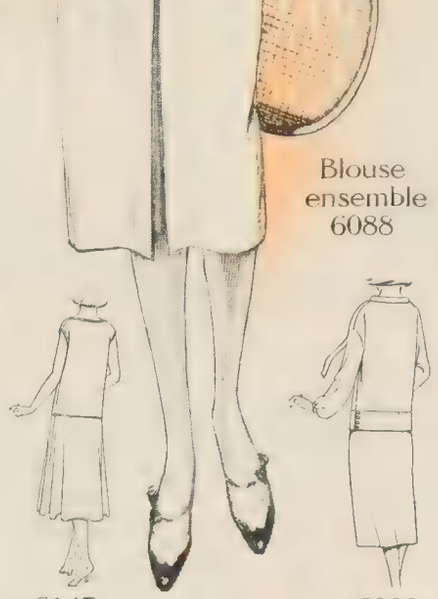
6167

6168

6151

6141

6165



6147

6088

6168 — 10208 — Decidedly new is a gathered straight skirt attached to a long body. Embroidery trims this slip-over dress. Work in color. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma, Georgette or crêpe satin; or prints in cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, with organdy collar, etc.; prints in crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc., with plain to match. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

16 years needs 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is attractive for misses 15 to 20 years.

6167—6089—The long French jabot is satisfyingly smart on a one-piece slip-over dress with gathers at the sides. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk crêpe, pongee, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe—printed with plain to match, or plain with contrasting; without the jabot use cotton broadcloth, cotton pongee, etc. The lower edge is straight. Make the six-gored crown hat of plain cotton poplin, cotton homespun, shantung, etc.

12 years and 21¼-inch head measure require 2⅛ yards 39-inch printed crêpe, and ¾ yard 39-inch plain crêpe for dress; ½ yard 32-inch silk for hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; hat for girls 2 to 12.

6151—Flowerlike, the attached petals of this frock lap softly one over the other. The fabric flowers at the waistline are hand-made, and made very easily. This one-piece dress slips on over the head and is delightful in thin materials such as Georgette, chiffon voile, chiffon, crêpe Roma or crêpe de Chine. With taffeta or satin make the flowers, leaves and petals of Georgette or chiffon. Or use printed Georgette, printed chiffon voile, etc.

17 years requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge 41½ inches.

The dress is lovely for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6088—The popular blouse ensemble or jumper dress is excellent for the new stripes in heavy crêpe de Chine, radium or flannel matched with plain; or—except for the plain tab, etc.—make it entirely of striped silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee or radium, etc.; or wool jersey, plain flannel, etc. It consists of a slip-over blouse with a straight lower edge and a straight skirt with a center front inverted plait attached to a camisole body.

17 years requires 1⅜ yard 32 or 35 inch novelty material (cut crosswise) and 2 yards 32-inch plain. Lower edge with plait drawn out 51 inches.

The blouse ensemble is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6166—The contrasting ribbon and jabot are arresting features of a slip-over one-piece dress with inverted tucks at the sides and a straight lower edge. Use wide borders in crêpe satin, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, with plain to match; or flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe Roma, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 45 inches.

16 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch bordered crêpe and ½ yard 44-inch plain.

It is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6165—10283—Tucked and frilled, a simple dress seems to suggest parties. Embroidery trims the yoke. Work in one-stitch. It slips on over the head and the lower edge is straight. Make it of Georgette, crêpe de Chine, cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile or batiste with Val. lace frills; or printed small designs in Georgette, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, cotton Georgette or fine cotton crêpe, or pin-dot swiss or pin-dot voile, with plain to match.

7 years requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is adorable for girls 6 to 10 years.

6141—For afternoons the collar turns its back on a slip-over dress and ties itself behind. For evenings the armhole is cut down. The dress closes at the left underarm, and the two-piece circular skirt is attached to the basque, slightly below the normal waistline. Use Georgette, crêpe Roma, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe or pompadour taffeta with hand-made ribbon flowers; or prints in Georgette, crêpe de Chine, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe faille (cut crosswise to avoid piecing). Lower edge 3¼ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, small women and ladies 38, 40 bust.

6147—A flowered gown of Georgette makes a lovely dance frock. Or make it of flat crêpe, crêpe faille, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe Roma or taffeta with hand-made flowers to harmonize; or printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, satin, Georgette, novelty crêpe satin or pompadour taffeta, etc. It slips on over the head and the two-piece circular skirt is attached at the hipline. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch flowered Georgette.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 76.



Dress 6104

6104

6155



Suit 6149



Dress and bloomers
6135
Hat 6089



Dress and blouse
6143



Suit 6145
Blouse 5010



Dress 6074
Hat 5952
Embroidery
design 10347



6074

5010

6145

Dress 6155

6155—Cross-stitch trims this slip-over dress with raglan sleeves and a straight lower edge. It may be made without the separate bloomers and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use cotton broadcloth, soft cotton pongee, cotton voile, crêpe de Chine or pongee with contrasting; light-weight wool jersey, chambray, etc.

7 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch fine cotton crêpe (for dress and bloomers).

The dress and bloomers are for girls 6 to 10 years.

6104—"Gathers to the front," orders a smart slip-over dress with a straight lower edge, attaching its gathered front below the hipline. Use printed crêpe de Chine or foulards with plain to match; or crêpe satin with reverse side, crêpe Roma, etc. Lower edge 55½ inches.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch printed silk.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6149—A manly little suit buttons its blouse down the front and has straight trousers.

The collar and cuffs may be attached or detachable. Make it of linen, chambray, rep, linen-finished cottons, madras, poplin, pongee, soft serge or wool jersey.

4 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

6137—A trimming band masquerades as a Russian closing on a one-piece slip-over frock. Use stripes in cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton broadcloth, shantung, linen, linen-finished cottons or silk broadcloth with plain to match; or plain with contrasting, striped flannel with plain to match, plain flannel with contrasting or with white linen, etc. The collar and cuffs are detachable.

13 years requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch striped cotton broadcloth.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



Dress 6137

6137



6149



6169

Dress 6169

6145—5010—One's first long trousers suit must be like dad's! This suit consisting of a coat, vest and long and short trousers is made of cheviot, homespun, worsted, serge, mixtures, linen suitings, crash, beach cloth, etc. The percale madras, etc., blouse has a regulation or French cuff, a permanent or removable one-piece collar or a neckband for separate collars.

8 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch tweed for the suit.

The suit is for boys 5 to 12 years; the blouse for boys 4 to 14.

6135



6143

6143—A little sleeveless slip-over dress has a separate blouse with raglan sleeves. The gathered straight skirt is attached to a basque at the low waistline. Use cotton pongee, cotton broadcloth, chambray or plain gingham with blouse of cotton voile or of pin-dot voile with plain to match; check gingham with plain cotton voile, etc.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch chambray and 1⅛ yards 35-inch dotted voile.

The dress and blouse are for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6135—6089—Lace stands up on separate bloomers! Make this raglan-sleeve dress with a straight lower edge of pongee, crêpe de Chine, cotton pongee or light-weight cotton crêpe—printed in small designs with plain to match, or plain with contrasting, etc. The plain cotton poplin, cotton homespun, etc., hat has a six-gored crown.

6 years and 20½-inch head measure require 1⅞ yard 39-inch figured cotton voile and ⅜ yard 35 or 39 inch plain for dress; ⅜ yard 27-inch plain material and ½ yard 27-inch figured material for hat.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; hat for girls 2 to 12.

6169—With all the car-marks of a suspender skirt and blouse, nevertheless this is a slip-over, one-piece dress. With silk braid bindings use plaid or striped flannel with harmonizing crêpe de Chine.. Or use linen, linen-finished cottons, etc., with printed cotton voile, etc.

12 years requires ¾ yard 35-inch novelty cotton and 1¾ yard 35-inch linen.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6074—5952—10347—The circular flare is smart placed across the front of a slip-over one-piece dress which fits the hipline closely. The embroidery is decorative. Work in color. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or crêpe faille, etc. The faille silk, crêpe satin, etc., hat has a six-gored crown. Lower edge 43 inches.

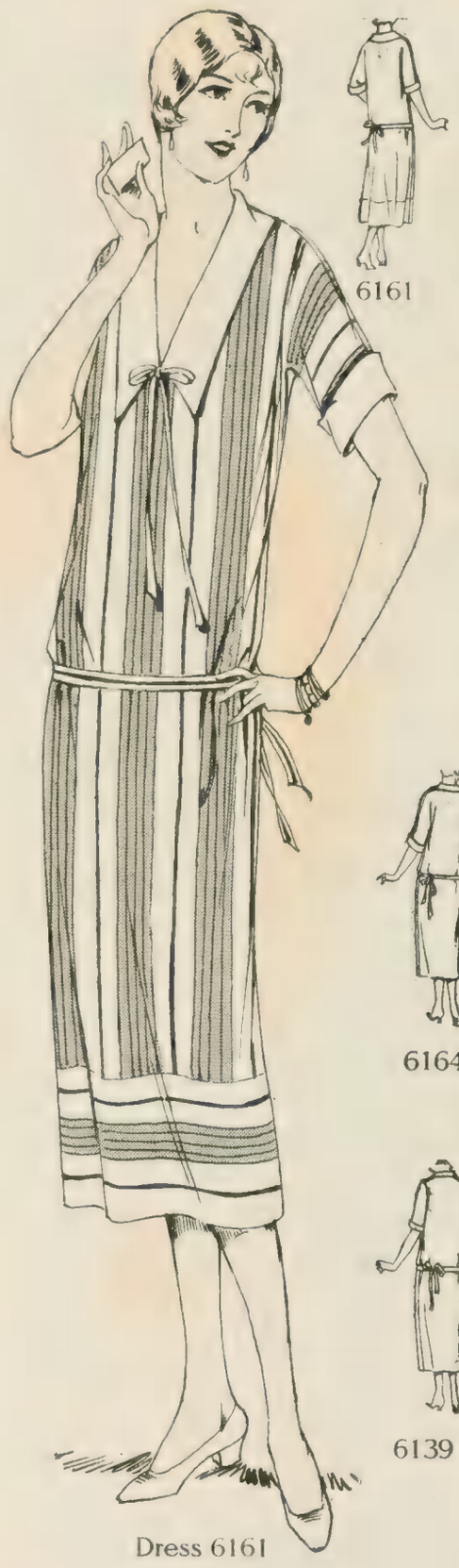
33 bust or 16 years and 21½-inch head measure require 2⅝ yards 40-inch silk crêpe for dress; ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 18 years, ladies 33 to 44 bust, and the hat for misses, ladies and girls.

6161—A straight band lengthens the one-piece upper part of this slip-over frock. Use stripes in light-weight cotton crêpe, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 35-inch striped cotton broadcloth.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



6161

Dress 6161



Dress 6164 Dress 6139

6164

6139

6164—The collar turns into a bosom on a slip-over one-piece frock of prints or plaids in cotton crêpe of good weight or linen, prints in linen-finished cottons, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 46½ inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch cotton print and ¾ yard 35-inch plain.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6139—A slenderizing vest front marks this slip-over one-piece frock of striped cotton crêpe of good weight, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton shantung, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. The lower edge is straight.

36 bust needs 3½ yards 35-inch cotton broadcloth. Lower edge 46 ins.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6156—The Russian-closing effect is obtained by a trimming band. Another straight band lengthens the one-piece upper part of this slip-over dress. Use stripes in cotton crêpe of good weight, linen, etc.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 32-inch silk broadcloth. Lower edge 46 ins.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5936—10232—The flowers on this slip-over nightgown are hand-made. Delicate embroidery trims the front. Work in eyelets, etc. With lace, etc., use wash silks, wash satins, Georgette, underwear mull, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch crêpe de Chine and 2⅞ yards 2½-inch lace edging. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The nightgown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6093—Cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, cotton broadcloth, crêpe de Chine, pongee, satin or silk crêpe—plain with printed or contrasting, or printed with plain, makes this new pajama-negligée. Or use chintz, silk and cotton novelties, etc.

36 bust needs 4½ yards 36-inch cretonne and 1⅛ yard 32-inch plain.

The pajama-negligée is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6107—The wrap-around negligée is lovely in wide bordered silk crêpe or crêpe satin with plain to match. Or use cotton crêpe, cotton voile, crêpe de Chine, satin or silk crêpe—printed with plain, plain with printed, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 56-inch bordered silk. Lower edge 46½ inches.

The negligée is good style for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6107

6093



Pajama-Negligée 6093 Negligée 6107

5827—This slim costume slip has a three-inch or deep shadow-proof hem. Use soft satin, silk crêpe, crêpe meteor, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 32 to 39 inch satin (with shadow-proof hem). Lower edge 44½ inches.

The costume slip is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

Costume Slip 5827



6156



5936



Dress 6156

Nightgown 5936
Embroidery design 10232

5827



Mouse Costume 6174

6174—The mouse costume consists of a body, hood and tights.

8 years requires 1⅛ yards 50-inch Teddy-bear cloth for body and hood and 1⅛ yards 39 (or more) inch material for tights.

The costume is for 4 to 12 years.

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The soup when you're hungry!

Sometimes we are asked why we insist on using such perfect vegetables for soup-making. It takes the best vegetables to make such good vegetable soup as Campbell's!

So we spare no effort, we search the world's markets, we maintain our own great farms—all to put into our soup unusually fine vegetables.

Thirty-two ingredients in one hearty soup! As much a meal as a soup, many people think!

I ride 'em rough for I am tough
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The soup inside gives me my stride
My vigor, pep and hustle!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**



Just As Good As It Looks!

If you like raspberries, try them tomorrow morning with Post Toasties, the Double-Thick Corn Flakes that stay crisp in cream. There's a combination to delight an epicure! Post Toasties are Double-Thick Corn Flakes, crisper toasted, better flavored. And their crispness and their flavor *last*, even in milk or cream. If you want Corn Flakes at their very best you must ask your grocer for Post Toasties. Be sure he gives you the genuine in the red and yellow *wax-wrapped* package. Post Toasties are the original, Double-Thick Corn Flakes. No others can compare with them in crispness or in flavor.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc.
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN. Dept. 7-104
Makers of Post Health Products: Instant Postum, Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*), Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Grape-Nuts.

NOTE: Canadian Address—Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., 45 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Let us send you a free test package of Post Toasties. Make the Milk or Cream test for crispness and flavor



You'll like Post Toasties with raspberries

Post Toasties

DOUBLE THICK Corn Flakes

stay crisp in cream

©1925, P. C. Co.

EMBROIDERY SENDS LOVELY FLOWERS TO SUMMER CLOTHES AND LINENS



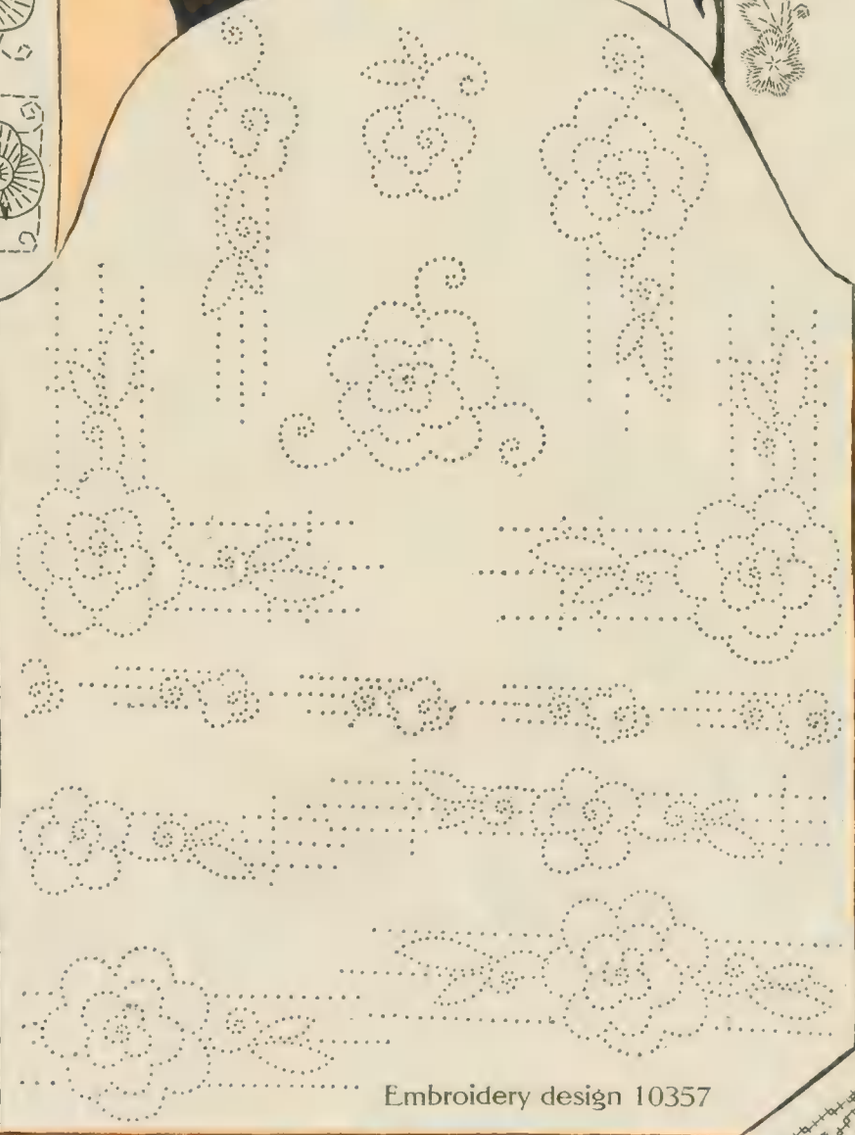
Embroidery design 10356

10356—These striped flowers are worked in a combination of one-stitch and outline embroidery, and are used on dresses, blouses, coats, hats, etc. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards each of banding 1¼ inch, 3 inches and 4¾ inches wide, three motifs 3 by 13¼ inches, three motifs 10¼ by 12½ inches, six motifs 3½ by 5¼ inches, six corners 6¼ by 11 inches and three motifs 4¾ by 7 inches.

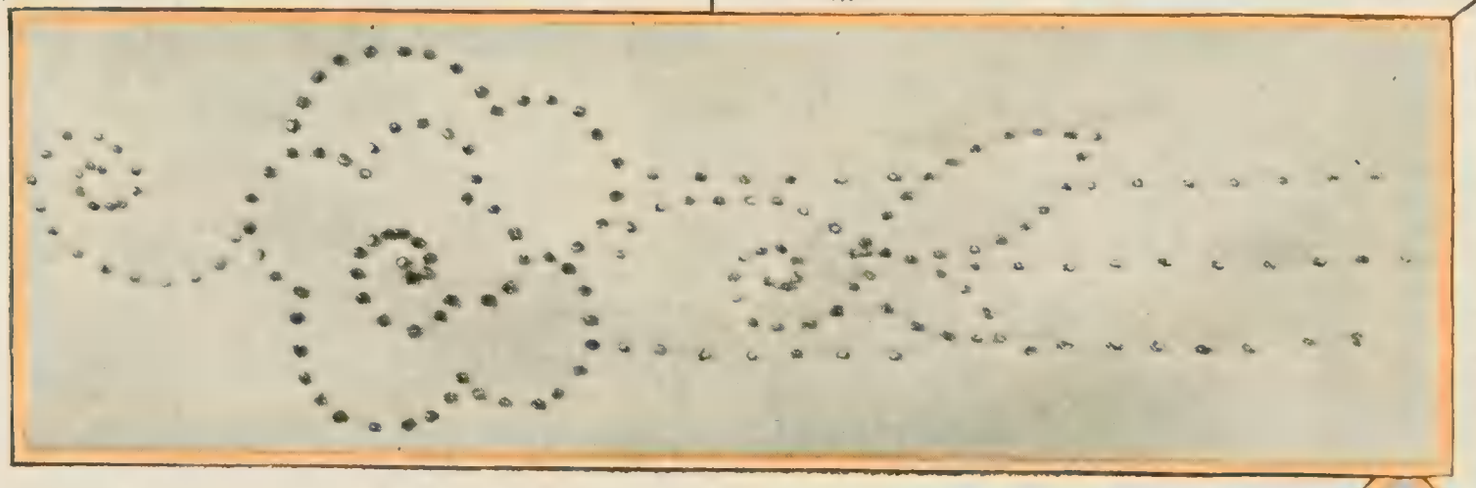
Embroidery design 10355







Embroidery design 10357



10355—With the magic of embroidery the needlewoman changes a simple frock into an elaborate one by hanging an enchanting wreath around the neck outline of a collarless frock. Then she brings the two dangling ends down to trim the bodice, and puts a bit of banding at the sleeve edge and a motif on a pocket. This design is to be worked in one-stitch and used for dresses, blouses, coat, hats, etc. It can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding 7¼ inches wide, 2½ yards of banding 2¼ inches wide, three neck outlines and twenty-four motifs in four assorted designs.

10357—Beaded roses strung on straight lines make a lovely glistening trimming for a frock or for a coat or scarf, etc. This design is also a very good one for French-knot embroidery in a shining colored silk which makes quite as effective a trimming as beading. The flower heads are rather large, so a little work goes a long way. The design can be adapted to 1⅝ yard each of 4 and 6½ inch banding, 1½ yard of 1¾-inch banding, ten motifs in four assorted designs and sizes and four corners 4¾ by 12 inches.

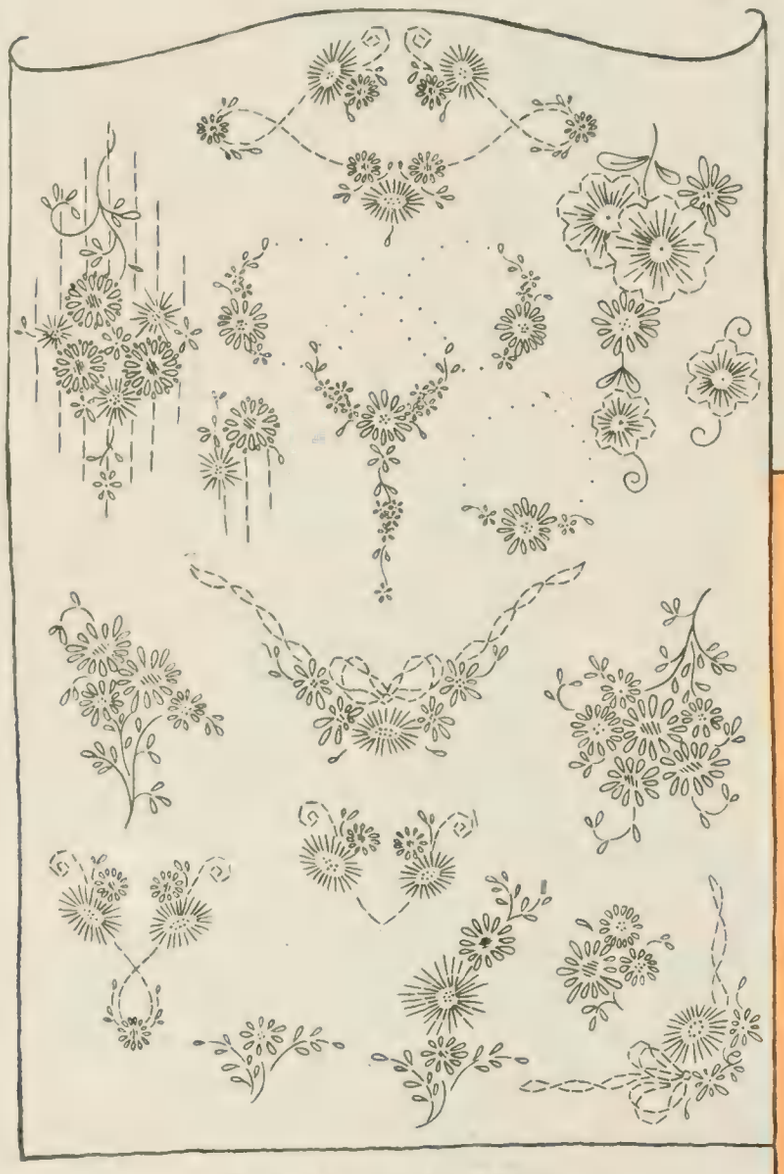


Embroidery design 10358

10358—One-stitch and cross-stitch combine to embroider this design—one-stitch claiming the flowers and cross-stitch the straight lines, spirals, etc. This is an interesting design for the new peasant styles. It can be used on dresses, hats, scarfs, etc. It also makes very lovely household linens. It can be adapted to 1⅝ yard each of banding 3¾ inches wide, 2½ inches wide and 1½ inch wide, and eighteen motifs in five assorted designs and sizes.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 76.

BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERIES IN CUT-WORK, LAZY-DAISY, OUTLINING, ETC., TO WHILE AWAY THE SUMMER AFTERNOON



Embroidery design 10359

10359—For house dresses or aprons one looks for a large design which, with few stitches and very little work, will give a decorative touch or a color contrast. This one answers the purpose admirably, and it can also be used for underwear, household linens, etc. Embroider it in a combination of one-stitch, lazy-daisy and French knots which work up very rapidly. Interesting harmonizing effects can be obtained on the solid colors of linen, chambray, etc. Varicolored daisies with black stems and green leaves are very nice on blue or gray. Brown, orange and yellow are charming on tan, or black and green on yellow. It can be adapted to fifty-four motifs in sixteen assorted sizes and designs.

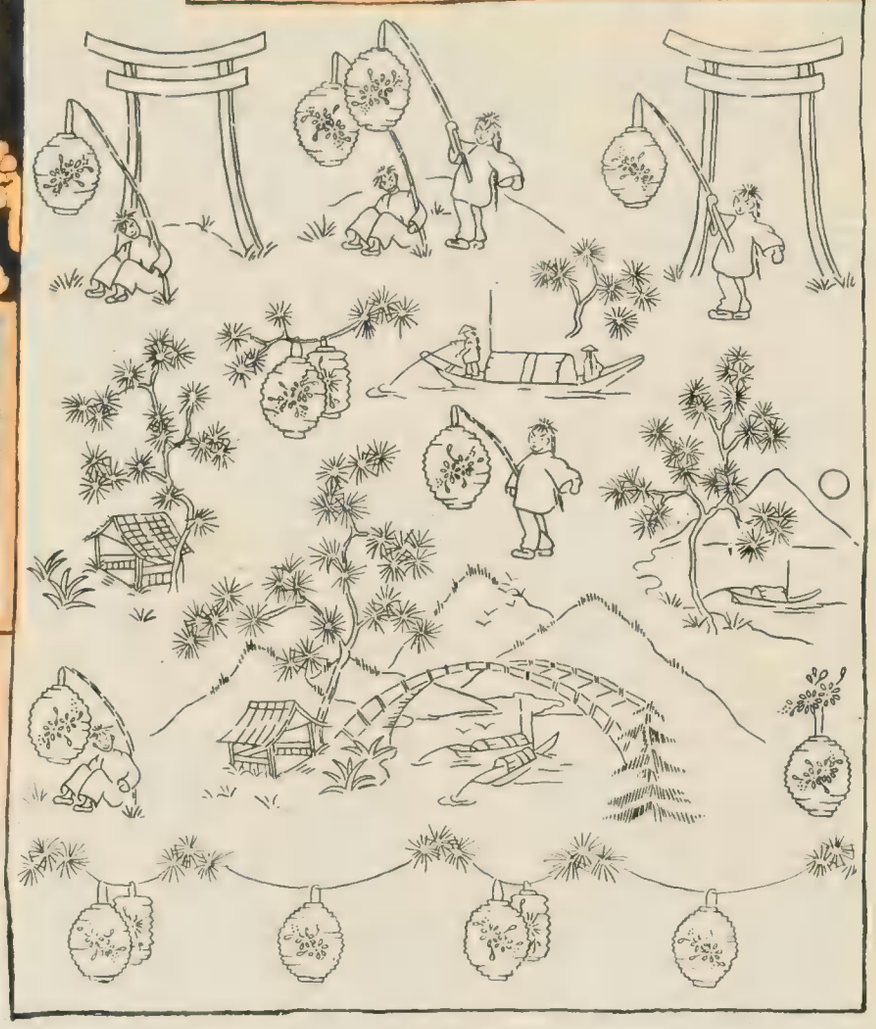


Embroidery design 10360



Embroidery design 10354





Embroidery design 10353

10353—The moon rises above Fugiyama, lantern men guard the temple gates or Tori before the Shinto shrines, sampans head up-stream or drift under bamboo bridges, tiny temples sleep in the shade of spiky pines and lanterns are strung from branch to branch in a design that makes a quaint decoration for household linens. These figures also make interesting motifs for hats, scarfs, etc. The motif above was worked in black on a bit of green linen with a yellow lantern and pink and blue flowers. Black on cherry color is very effective. Work this design in a combination of one-stitch, outline-stitch and French-knot embroidery. It can be adapted to 1¾ yard of 4-inch banding, two motifs 9½ by 16 inches, two motifs 6 by 7½ inches, two motifs 4½ by 7½ inches and thirty-four assorted motifs.

10354—Here you will recognize an old friend, but with a new companion. The lovely cut-work scarf has long been a favorite with the needlewoman, but up to now it has had no matching piece worthy of its graceful design. This centerpiece is made especially to accompany the scarf and it repeats the basket-and-flower design. Work the centerpiece and scarf in a combination of cut-work, satin-stitch, eyelet embroidery and scalloping. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece, three motifs for scarf ends 11⅞ by 18 inches, six motifs 3 by 11½ inches and 2⅞ yards of scalloping.

10360—Scalloping makes one of the loveliest and daintest finishings for the baby's dresses, petticoats, etc., and for your own lingerie. Many times you have wanted a design that will give you only these edges in different sizes and outlines for the neck and armholes of your chemises, or for a tiny frock of handkerchief linen. The little circular tabs are to be made with a buttonhole in the center and used on Gertrude petticoats or tiny sleeveless dresses that button over on the shoulders. Work these outlines in scallops and eyelets. The design is adapted to 6 yards of scalloping, 6⅞ yards of scalloping in two styles, ⅞ yard of beading and twenty-four assorted motifs in six styles.



"Suffering from habitual constipation and weak from a recent operation, it was impossible for me to continue my social duties and club work. So despondent did I become that I dropped out of everything. I felt fagged in the morning and was nervous and irritable. I knew I was a bore to everyone, self included. Finally our family physician prescribed yeast. In three days I noticed an improvement, while in three months' time with stomach trouble removed, habitual constipation conquered, vitality restored, I felt like a new person. I have now resumed all social and club activities—singing the praises of Fleischmann's Yeast."

Mrs. D. H. Webb, Anderson, S. C.

What Everybody Knows

The danger of clogged intestines
The evils of digestive troubles
and disfiguring skin eruptions
The tragedy of lowered vitality



"After I gave birth to my child, I felt very much 'run down.' I lost weight, was very anemic; food would nauseate me, had constant trouble with my stomach, and what troubled me most—I suffered from terrible sties. I tried all kinds of remedies. I finally went to an eye specialist. He prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast—three cakes a day. I am mighty grateful to Dr. S. After two months there wasn't a trace left of the sties. My complexion improved wonderfully. I no longer sit down at the table with an aversion for food. In spite of all the ups and downs in life, I manage to keep and look young with the help of Fleischmann's Yeast."

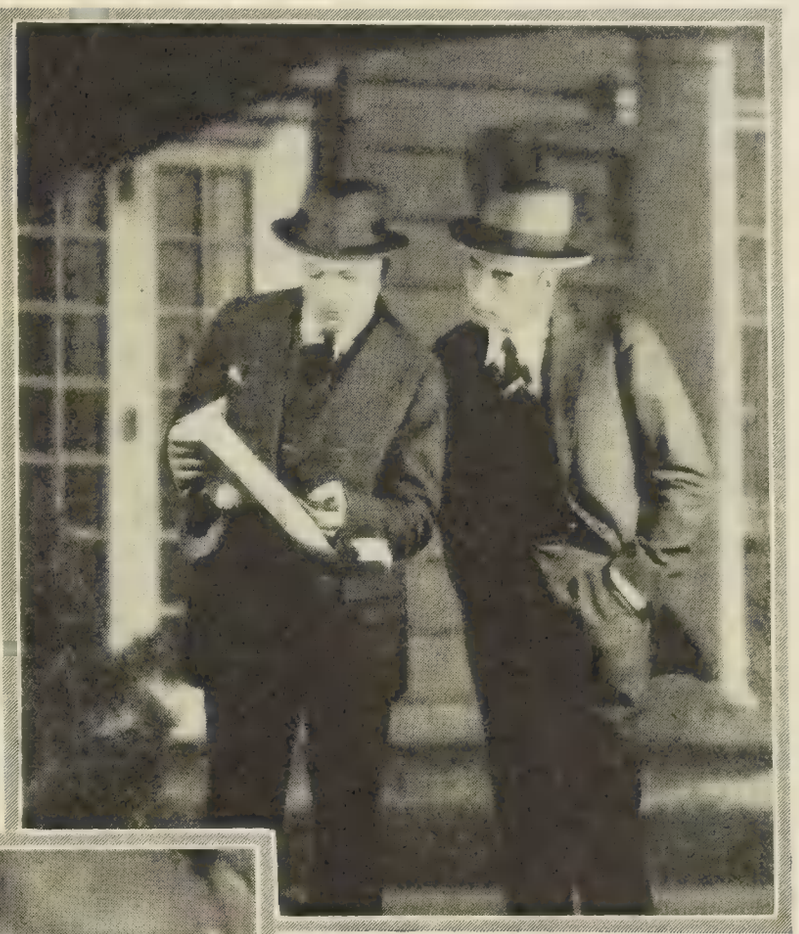
Mrs. Sarah Steinhardt, New York City



NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. C-18, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



"Our eight-year-old girl would lose four or five weeks of school work, besides being incapacitated while she was in school from attacks of stomach trouble. We tried many remedies with only temporary relief. I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I began with half a cake mixed with peanut butter on bread, and then as I found that the yeast was going to succeed, I served it in many different ways. My child has never had another attack of stomach trouble since I gave her yeast."

Mrs. G. A. Viele, Costa Mesa, Cal.

(right)

"Invalided from Royal Navy with chronic constipation. Went to India. . . . Advised to try Canada. Was just able to get into army, but after 2½ years in trenches, returned to Canada totally unfit and pensioned. In 1919 I gave Fleischmann's Yeast a fair trial, thank God. Six months afterward I passed for life insurance and my pension stopped. I am now absolutely fit and never need a laxative; and this is after over 20 years of suffering."

Herbert J. Parrott, Calgary, Alta.





"I am in the real estate business; built up a hustling organization; kept the force always keyed up, watchful of every opportunity. The high pressure undoubtedly did its work; the reaction set in, and I found myself slowing up. I needed something to restore the old vitality—the old punch.

"At last I hit upon Fleischmann's Yeast. Truly the result was marvelous: the mid-afternoon fag disappeared; I was again keen and alert; my color took on a clear and healthful glow, an out-of-doors look; and I was again the leader of my organization—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

James F. Brown, Allentown, Pa.

This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.





Send the Coupon for 10-Day Test

Gloriously Clear Teeth

Why you may already have them—and yet not realize it

Make this unique test. Find out what beauty is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth

DO you seriously want dazzlingly clear teeth?—teeth that add immeasurably to your personality and attractiveness?

You can have them, if you wish. That's been proved times without number. But not by continuing with old methods of cleansing and of brushing.

Modern science has discovered a new way. A radically different principle from old ways; and based on latest scientific findings. This offers you a test, free. Simply mail the coupon.

How to gain them—quickly

There's a film on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it. *Beneath it are the pretty teeth you envy in others.* Ordinary methods won't successfully remove it.

That is why this test is offered. For when you remove that film, you'll be surprised at what you find. You may actually have beautiful teeth already *—and yet not realize it.* Find out!

What that film is

Most tooth troubles now are traced to film. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

That film, too, absorbs stains . . . stains from food, from smoking, from various causes. And that is why your teeth look "off color."

New methods now remove it

Old-time dentrifices could not successfully fight that film. So most people had dingy teeth. And tooth troubles increased alarmingly.

Now new methods have been found. And embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent.

It acts to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it. No soap, no chalk; no harsh grit dangerous to enamel.

It proves the folly of ugly teeth. It gives better protection against pyorrhea, of tooth troubles both in adults and in children.

Ten days' use will prove its benefits. And that 10 days is offered to you as a test. Why not make it then *—have* prettier teeth, whiter teeth? Send the coupon now.

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 737, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family. 1825

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authority



Old ties renewed, a congenial foursome—your friend will perhaps enjoy smaller groups more than large, crowded teas and receptions

HOW TO BE A PERFECT HOSTESS

By Ann Ogden

"STOP AT THE SCARRED BOUGH"

Mysterious directions on an old pirate's map—the long search for hidden treasure—thrills galore for your guests when they start "The Treasure Hunt!"

A few cars, a bright afternoon or evening, and a picnic lunch are the ingredients. Then use your imagination, with THE DELINEATOR'S description of "The Treasure Hunt," and there won't be a bored guest in your midst.

Send a two-cent stamp for postage to THE DELINEATOR'S Party Editor, Margaret Campion, and ask for this leaflet. We have scores of other parties, too—children's, grown-ups', birthday, and "special-occasion" parties for every season. Miss Campion is always glad to help you with your entertainment problems if you write to her, care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage

"VISITING just wears me out," we heard a woman say the other day. We had heard other women make similar remarks and had heard many a tired hostess sigh with relief after a guest had departed.

For we moderns put too much effort into our entertaining. The weary traveler has hardly crossed our threshold before we pounce upon her with plans innumerable for her pleasure, and in our eagerness we are apt to forget the little thoughtful, comfort-giving details.

Yet there are three things which will add to the comfort of the guest in our home that even the poorest of us can afford.

First of all, let us give our friend a comfortable place to sleep. This means that the bed should be the best we can offer, soft, neatly made, with the sheets pulled tight, and with a plentiful supply of warm blankets in cold weather.

Our guest will also enjoy the opportunity of meeting the people she wants to meet. Many a woman makes the mistake of having a large tea a day or two after her friend has arrived and so "gets every one out of the way at once." This helter-skelter entertaining is far from satisfactory for the stranger. Most of the people present at a large reception mean nothing to her, while seeing a few people more intimately may afford her much pleasure. But the most-often-forgotten fundamental of entertaining is—to let the guest alone. That is, allow her some privacy. The true hostess does not shadow her guest with the relentless zeal of an amateur detective.

No matter how small the house, some time or other it is sure to have a guest—expected or unexpected. For such, the hospitality-chest is a boon. And what should you put in the hospitality-chest? A nightgown is perhaps the most important article; also an extra pair of pajamas for your men guests.

In addition keep two sets of straw sandals, which are inexpensive, very durable and take up little space.

If your home is near the seashore, or where there is swimming, you will need one or maybe two extra bathing-suits, since those are necessities which the guest frequently fails to bring.

Then there is the tooth-brush. Have one or two new ones always on hand. You can buy inexpensive tooth-brushes specially made for the use of the casual guest.

What other comfort shall you store away in this magic chest? Some good soap, cold-cream, talcum powder, face-powder and a bowl of cut cotton puffs with which to fluff it on, are almost indispensable. Think of what it means for the dusty motorist who has "dropped in" on you to find these small comforts all ready for her use.

If you want to be very popular with your husband's friends and the boys that your son brings home from college, keep an assortment of collars in one corner of your hospitality-drawer. Also have some shaving-soap and a razor, an extra collar-button or two and, if possible, a set of studs.

A writing-portfolio is a great convenience, too. If you haven't such a case, you can easily make one out of cretonne or some other inexpensive material. In it keep writing-paper, post-cards, telegraph blanks, envelopes, stamps, two or three sharpened pencils, a pen, ink and an eraser.

Then there is always the problem of the bathroom. It takes tact and forethought on the part of the housewife if there is but one bathroom in her home. Of course your guest should be given the time which is most convenient for her, even at the risk of upsetting the tubbing time of the other members of the family. In general, however, in the morning she will not want to go in until your husband and children have finished. But make sure that the bathroom is tidy and that there are plenty of towels on hand when her turn comes.

And there are many other little details that you can supply for your friend's comfort. A new magazine, an interesting book, a glass of water on the bedside table, flowers attractively arranged, or a bowl of apples are

Concluded on page 47

FOOD ENCHANTED

So fairy-like and alluring it makes a game of breakfast!



A NEW IDEA IN CHILD FEEDING

Are you still telling your children "eat this, it is good for you"? Please stop—it's so much better to give them the food they need in a form they love! Thousands of mothers are learning the wisdom of this modern idea in child feeding. Try it . . . what happens will amaze you.

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT is rich grain food with all the allure of a confection . . . a temptation no child can resist.

Different from any other cereal, it supplies the great adventure of variety in the morning menu.

Every grain is steam exploded to 8 times its normal size . . . food cells broken to make digestion easy.

The flavor is like nutmeats . . . crisp and crunchy morsels that entice the most indifferent appetite.

Test cases prove that almost 90% of children who ordinarily rebel at cereal dishes welcome this food with delight.

* * *

Serve with milk or cream, or in bowls of half and half.

That supplies cereal nutrition, vital food elements and the vitamines in tempting combination.

Try as a bed-time dish with milk or cream, or as a special treat with fresh or cooked fruit.

Try as a between-meal tid-bit to supplant too many sweets. Serve every day in as many ways as you can. Energy food . . . needed food . . . yet attractive!

* * *

Send for the new Quaker Cook Book. 96 new and universal recipes, covering everything from correct soup thickening to cookies and desserts . . . oats, wheat, rice, corn, barley, illustrated in color. Send 10c for a copy postpaid. The Quaker Oats Company, Room 1601, 80 East Jackson Street, Chicago.



ALSO PUFFED RICE—*When purchasing Puffed Wheat ask too for a package of Puffed Rice; rice steam exploded like the wheat.*

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Beauty from Trees

CLEOPATRA found beauty in oils from trees—olive and palm oils. Soap to her was unknown.

Twenty centuries of research have failed to find the equal of these beauty oils blended in soap.

The very same oils

—no other fats whatsoever are the ingredients of Palmolive Soap. They and nothing else give Palmolive its natural green color.

Nothing is hidden for there is nothing to hide. Men don't paint nature to improve it. Remember—your complexion is at stake when you are tempted to try a substitute for Palmolive.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Illinois

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped



2773

HOW TO BE A PERFECT HOSTESS

Concluded from page 44

sure to be appreciated. It is these little thoughtful things that say, "Welcome, dear friend," most sincerely.

There is nothing more annoying than being obliged to hang up your best frock on a hook. So be sure to have plenty of coat-hangers in the guest-room closet. Shoe-trees, also, should be kept there.

Why not serve your guest breakfast in bed? This arrangement allows you time to attend to your usual morning routine, and reduces the rush and confusion and increases the comfort and ease of every one concerned.

Ask your guest the night before what she would like for breakfast.

As most people eat a very simple meal, fruit, coffee, toast or rolls with marmalade or jam are quite suitable if she expresses no preference. Tap on her door a few moments before breakfast is ready, then carry the tray up-stairs yourself or let your oldest daughter do the honors. If you have a maid, she should carry up the tray.

Many people drink a cup of hot water before breakfast. It is no trouble for the hostess to provide this, but the guest often hesitates to ask for the favor. So why not inquire of your friend if she follows this practise and act accordingly? And another thing, try to keep your house as quiet as possible in the morning when she is resting.



Let your guest have some hours of privacy in her room, with a comfortable chair and a good reading-lamp

Misunderstandings occur oftentimes because an invitation is not definitely worded. When you invite your guest, specify clearly the time and extent of the visit. If the invitation is for the week-end, for example, say: "Come for the week-end of the third. We'll expect you on Friday for lunch, and hope that you can stay till Monday." If you are asking a friend to visit you for a week, say a week or from such a date to such a date. This plan eliminates uncertainty on the part of both hostess and guest.

As soon as your guest has had time to rest and unpack, tell her any plans that you have made for her. Find out if there is anything special that she wants to do, any old friends she would like to call upon, any acquaintances that she would like to add to the people you are entertaining for her. Hostesses sometimes forget these courtesies and it is difficult for the guest to make the suggestions.

If you have children and young people are visiting in your home, their entertainment will take care of itself. But if you have no children you will have to give the matter some thought. Include any friends they may have in the town in your plans for their amusement, and see that they meet the children—if they are near of age—of your friends. If a young man is taking a young girl who is visiting you to a dance or to a theater party, it is a very gracious thing for you to invite him to dinner on that evening, although it is not necessary to do this

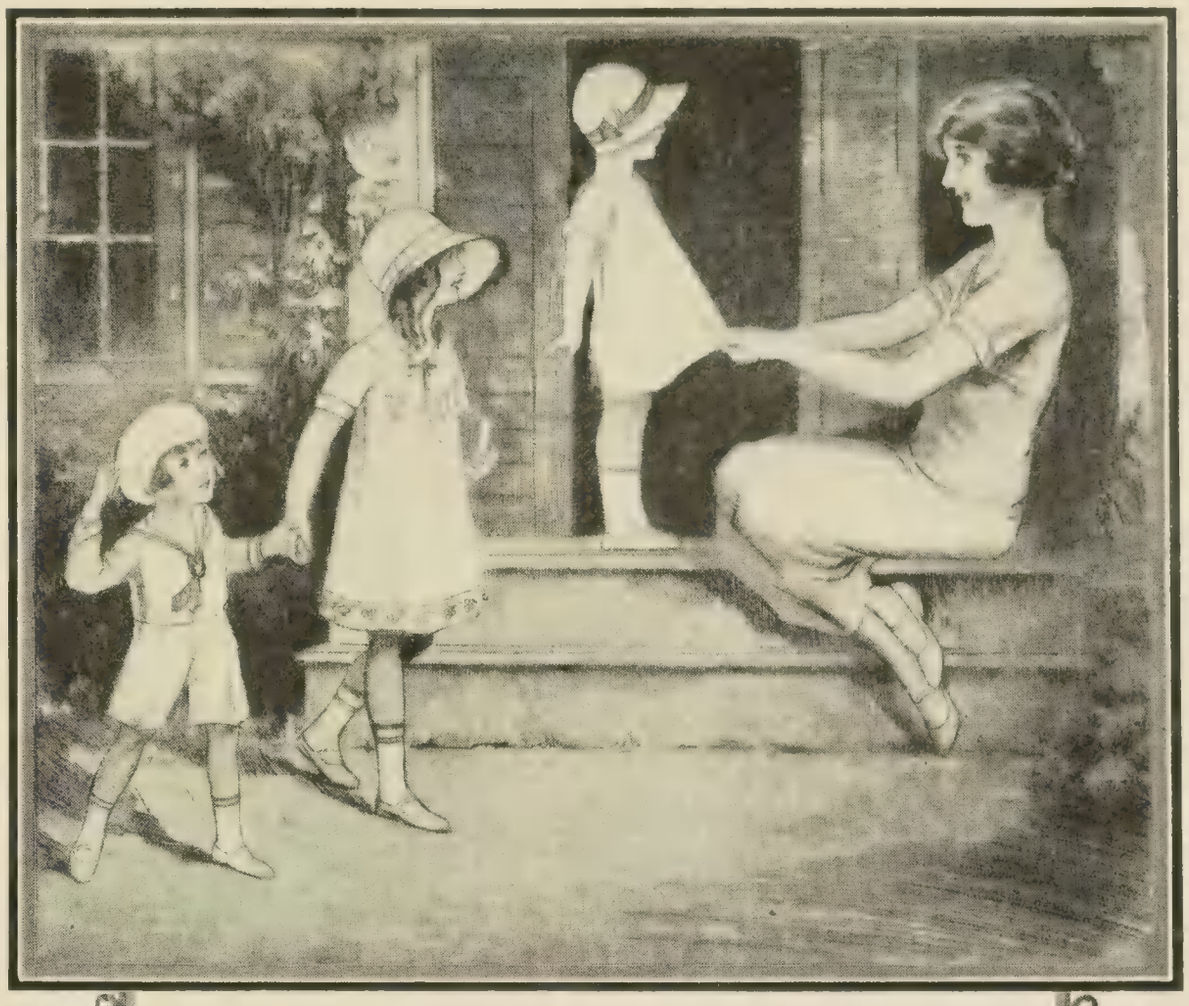
Be punctilious in regard to little things.

Deliver all mail, telephone messages or telegrams to your guest immediately. These are apt to be forgotten unless they are attended to at once. Turn down the bed in the guest-room at night, and put out the guest's slippers and nightgown. Find out what church she wishes to attend on Sunday, and make arrangements for her to go with a friend of yours if you go to some other church or are unable to attend with her that Sunday.

If the hostess observes the three fundamentals of hospitality and some of these smaller but equally important suggestions, she should have no trouble in making her guest comfortable. We should never forget that entertaining a dear friend in our home is a sacred privilege. The man or woman is indeed fortunate who has known the pleasure and happiness of gracious hospitality.



A hospitality-chest, with nightgown and toilet accessories for the unexpected visitor, will help you to be a perfect hostess



Why shouldn't she be proud!

How a mother delights in keeping her children's clothes ready for critical eyes! Spick-and-span! So beautifully clean that people look twice with admiration.

If you want a new experience watch how quickly, how easily, how safely Fels-Naptha brings back the original brightness to children's soiled dresses and rompers.

With Fels-Naptha you can get this same deep, sparkling cleanliness in all your wash—because it has **extra washing-value that you cannot get in any other form.** That's why nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

There's a very good reason why Fels-Naptha gives you this extra washing-help. Fels-Naptha is splendid soap and *naptha*. By working together you can readily see how these two safe, useful cleaners help each other to do quicker work. Isn't this extra help worth a penny more a week?

Millions of housewives wouldn't be without Fels-Naptha—not only for the weekly wash, but for general household cleaning.

Whether you do the washing yourself, or have it done for you, the *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha is sure to be felt in your home! Get a bar or two from your grocer today, and share Fels-Naptha's benefits!

TEST the extra washing-value of Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is splendid soap and *naptha*—two safe, useful cleaners in one golden bar, working together to save you work, and to save wear-and-tear on clothes. ***Isn't this extra help worth a penny more a week?***



Naptha—you can tell by the smell

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* clothes with Fels-Naptha if you prefer. You are bound to get good results any way you use it. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

Be sure to include Fels-Naptha in your camp kit this Summer. It makes short work of cleaning clothes and dishes.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR ©Fels & Co. Philadelphia

The original and genuine naptha soap in the red-and-green wrapper.



Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.



Now—your jams and jellies can be perfect every time

By following this simple and easy method

EVEN the most skillful housekeeper never used to be sure of how her jams and jellies were going to turn out. It was the one place in cookery where experience just didn't seem to count.

But now—you can be certain of success *every single time*. You can make delicious jams and jellies from any fruit in any form—fresh, dried, canned, or fruit juices. And they are better-looking, better-tasting than ever.

Never a failure when Certo is used—never a re-cooking

CERTO is the substance in fruit that makes jelly "jell"—without that natural substance there can be no jelly.

But in some fruits this jelly-making element does not occur at all, in some only sparingly, and even in those fruits in which it is most abundant, it gradually disappears as the fruit ripens. But because Certo itself supplies the jelly-making property necessary you can now use the ripest, most flavorous fruits, and even those fruits which contain no jelly-making properties.

So quick and easy, and you save all the delicious fruit juice and flavor

IT'S less than 15 minutes from fruit to jam or jelly the Certo way—for one minute's active boil is all that's required. No more long standing over the stove and stirring on a hot day—no loss in steam of the delicious fruit flavor and natural color.

Half again as much jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit

AND Certo's brief boil saves, too, all the good jelly that used to be wasted—boiling away in steam. With Certo you get half again as much jam or jelly from the same quantity of fruit.

When you count up the cost you will be delighted to find that Certo has actually saved you money as well as time, worry and work—that the cost per glass of your jelly is less than it was the old way.

Millions of housewives use Certo

MILLIONS of housewives would never go back now to the old uncertain long-boiling process of making jams and jellies. Your grocer sells Certo. Order a bottle today; use Certo to make all your jams and jellies.

Let us send you a trial half bottle—enough for ten glasses—with a booklet of nearly 100 recipes including some new delicious jellies of fruits that never would "jell" before—fruits that lack that natural jelly-making substance that Certo now supplies. Mail the coupon with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Douglas-Pectin Corporation, Granite Building, Rochester, N. Y.



"JUST LOOK! At these wonderful jams and jellies. And to think that I made them with only one minute's boiling!"

SEND 10c for half-size bottle
(enough to make 10 glasses)

Douglas-Pectin Corp.
Granite Bldg., Room 167
Rochester, New York

Please send me postpaid a half-size trial bottle of Certo with recipe book. I enclose 10 cents in stamps.

My name is

Address

City State



CHURCH OR COMMUNITY SUPPERS

By Lois Meek and Irene Nehrling

Recipes have been tested and approved by the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



A large supper is easily handled when the community has as completely equipped a kitchen as this one at the New Rochelle, N. Y., Woman's Club

FEEDING BIG CROWDS!

If you are helping with your church or community supper or are planning a large entertainment, you will have to think in large quantities. DELINEATOR experts tell you here how to plan meals for a hundred people or more, so that you won't run short, but won't waste food either.

Our Home-Making Department has some additional "large quantity" recipes which will be welcomed by women who are active in their communities. They are ideal for churches and schools.

Send a two-cent stamp to the Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., to cover postage and ask for "Serving a Crowd"

HOW often have you been given charge of a church or community supper with two or three hundred people to feed and been filled with panic? Yet the thought of the proposition is really more upsetting than the actual work, though the quantities one should prepare for large groups are always puzzling. The recipes given in this article are figured on the basis of serving one hundred persons. Three types of church or community suppers are suggested.

First, a menu is given for a picnic supper to be served out-of-doors; second, a menu planned for an indoor supper to be served during warm weather; third, an indoor supper planned for cool weather.

MENU I
PICNIC SUPPER TO BE SERVED OUT-OF-DOORS

Baked Navy Beans
Whole Tomatoes or Celery Hearts
Shredded-Lettuce Sandwiches with White or Brown Bread
Pickle-and-Pimiento Sandwiches with Brown Bread
Apple Sandwiches with White or Brown Bread
Iced Lemonade
Fruit in Season as—Melons; Berries; Apples; Oranges; Bananas

MENU II
SUPPER TO BE SERVED INDOORS DURING WARM WEATHER

Ham Loaf (cold or hot)
Cold Slaw
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Ice-Cream with Chocolate Sauce
Cookies

MENU III
INDOOR SUPPER TO BE SERVED DURING COLD WEATHER

Chicken à la King with Biscuit
Parsley Buttered Potatoes (Saratoga Chips may be substituted if facilities for preparation are limited. Twelve to twenty pounds may be needed)
Tomato Aspic or Cold Sliced Tomatoes
Hot Buttered Rolls
Coffee or Cocoa
Apple Pie

RECIPES FOR MENU I

BAKED NAVY BEANS

(SIZE OF SERVICE ½ CUP)

5½ quarts navy beans
⅓ cup soda
2 cups molasses
½ cup brown sugar
3 teaspoons mustard
3 teaspoons paprika
½ cup salt
1¼ pounds fat bacon or bacon scraps, or salt pork or ham fat
1 gallon tomatoes, strained, or tomato catchup

The beans may be reheated over an outdoor grate, or served cold, or at the last minute may be taken hot to the picnic.

If celery is served, one dozen and a half bunches of celery of fair size would give a sufficient amount.

For tomatoes, one hundred of medium size should be selected and the blossom end should be cut out so that the tomatoes may be salted and eaten out of the hand.

SHREDDED-LETTUCE SANDWICHES

4 quarts shredded lettuce
⅔ cup pimiento
8 hard-cooked eggs, diced
1½ to 2 cups (approximately) salad dressing

This amount will spread one hundred double sandwiches.

PICKLE-PIMIENTO SANDWICHES

5 cups pickles, diced finely
1⅔ cups pimiento, diced finely
6 cups (approximately) mayonnaise

This amount will spread 100 double sandwiches.

LEMONADE (200 CUPS)

5 quarts lemon-juice
12 quarts sugar
5 quarts hot water
10 gallons ice-water

Dissolve the sugar in the hot water; allow to cool, then add to other ingredients. If mint is used, crush the leaves and pour the hot water over them; strain them out before serving.

FRUIT IN SEASON

Canteloups may be cut in two or four servings.

Watermelons may be cut into eight to ten servings.

Berries. Nine to ten quarts when stemmed and culled will give about six quarts uncrushed. If one-half cup for each serving is allowed it will be necessary to buy twenty or twenty-one quarts of sound berries for one hundred people. If the berries are crushed and sugared, one gallon of sauce may be counted on from this amount.

Concluded on page 50

These Eagle Brand twins were prize winners every time

WHEN THE WINNERS are announced in the health and beauty contests all over this country every year—it is amazing to see how many of them have been raised on Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

Here are two more examples: Alice and Josephine Wilson. They are unusual children for several reasons. Their beauty for one thing; their health for another; and the fact that they have won prizes in all the contests they have ever entered, such as the second prize in the Asbury Park Baby Parade in 1922. But most of all, they are unusual because *they are identical in height and weight!*



ALICE AND JOSEPHINE WILSON
Twin daughters of Mr. & Mrs. James J. Wilson
289 Ege Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

When these twins were put on Eagle Brand they were about three weeks old. They began to thrive at once and have been developing in the ideal fashion ever since. Now at five years they are wonderful examples of what this famous baby food can do.

Eagle Brand has been the leading baby food for generations because it is so safe, so digestible, so easy to use. If your baby isn't thriving on his present food, start him on the road to health with Eagle Brand. A million grateful mothers can testify to its value. For Eagle Brand is pure milk combined with sugar, and when properly diluted resembles mother's milk more closely than any other prepared food. It is highly nutritious—rich in essential vitamins, too.

If you would like further proof of the value of Eagle Brand for infant feeding, send to the Borden Company for their new booklet *What Other Mothers Say.* It gives interesting experiences of other mothers with their babies.

General information on the care of your baby is supplied in another book, *Baby's Welfare,* written for you by a physician. The Borden Company, 508 Borden Bldg., 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Check the coupon below and you get both these books free.

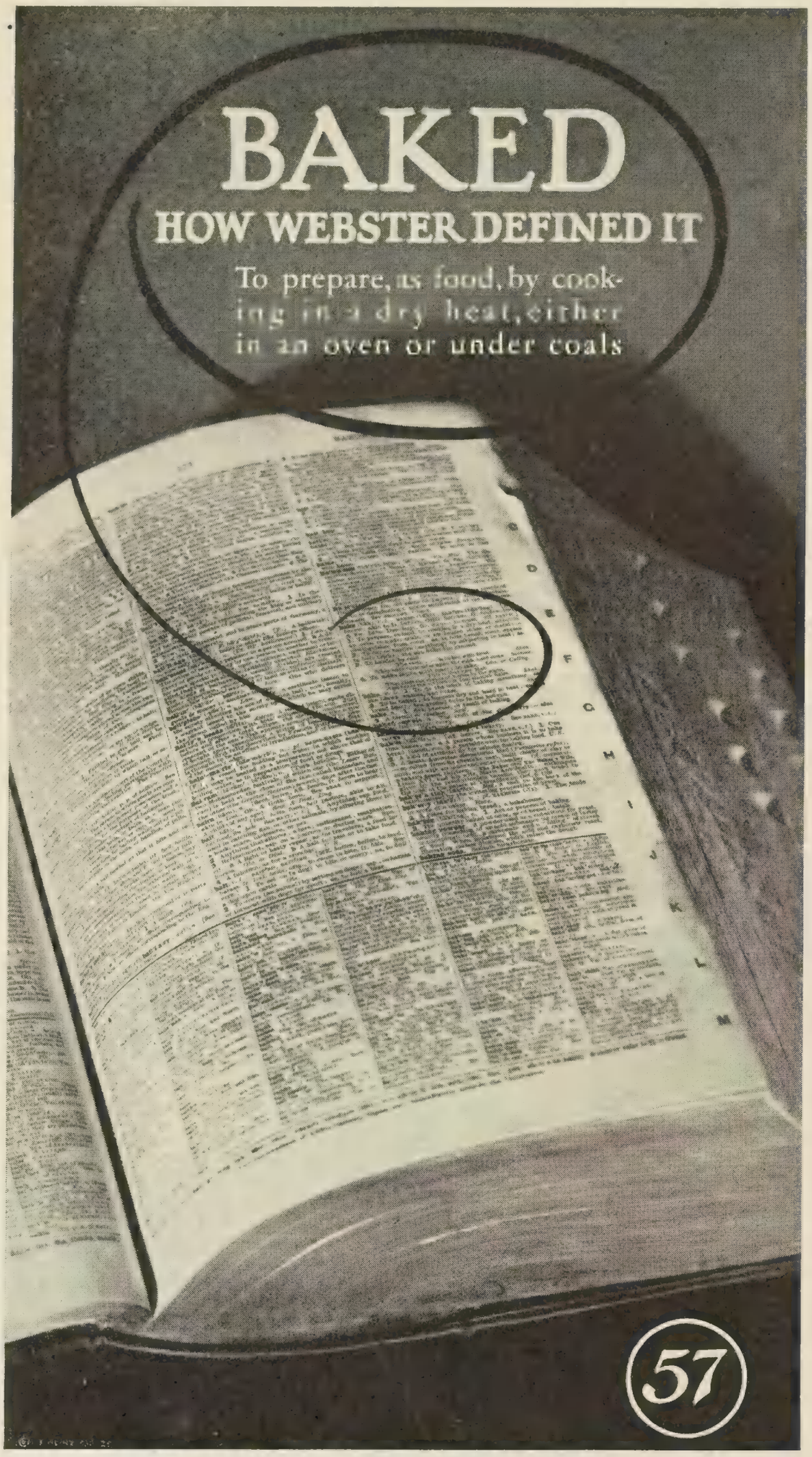


The Baby Welfare Dept.
The Borden Co.
508 Borden Bldg.
350 Madison Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copies of *What Other Mothers Say* and *Baby's Welfare.*

Name .....

Address .....



Webster defines the Heinz way of preparing beans, exactly—*baked in ovens with dry heat.*

That is the meaning of the words "oven-baked" on the label of every can. That is why the beans themselves have that different taste.

Baking gives them their delicious flavor. Baking retains all of the nourishment of the beans. Baking makes them more easily digested.

Beans that are really baked are labeled "baked." It pays to read the labels when buying foods.

When in Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens · H. J. HEINZ CO.

New Salad-making recipe booklet sent for four cents in stamps

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS with tomato sauce

CHURCH OR COMMUNITY SUPPERS

Concluded from page 48



No ordinary supper here! In this concise little group there's chicken, tomato aspic, potatoes and a roll, with pie and cocoa waiting for the end

RECIPES FOR MENU II

HAM LOAF, HOT OR COLD

- 7½ pounds fresh pork (pork butts)
- 7½ pounds raw, smoked ham
- 12 eggs
- 1¼ quarts cracker or bread crums
- 2½ cups milk
- Salt and pepper

Grind the pork and ham. Mix with the slightly beaten eggs. Add the seasonings and cracker or bread crums, then add enough milk to make the consistency necessary to form into a loaf. Pour over loaves three quarts of strained tomatoes; bake two and one-half to three hours in moderate oven.

CABBAGE SALAD

- 12 pounds cabbage
- 1¾ cups chopped pimientos
- 4 cups chopped pickles
- 1¾ cups chopped green peppers
- 2 quarts mayonnaise

Shred the cabbage and let stand in ice-water until crisp. Drain and combine with other ingredients.

ICE-CREAM WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

12½ quarts or more ice-cream allowing one-half cup for a serving will be sufficient.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

- 1 pound, or more if desired, chocolate
- 8 pounds sugar
- 1½ gallons boiling water
- ½ cup corn-starch
- 5⅓ tablespoons vanilla
- 4 teaspoons salt

Mix the grated chocolate, sugar, salt and boiling water. Let boil for five minutes. Add the corn-starch mixed to a paste with cold water. Let boil for ten minutes. Add the vanilla. Serve either hot or cold.

SUGAR COOKIES

- 1 quart brown sugar
- 4 cups shortening
- 2½ quarts flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 tablespoon vanilla
- 1½ cups water
- ¾ tablespoon salt

Cream fat and sugar. Then mix the dry ingredients and add with the water to the fat and sugar. This will make a soft dough which will not roll out until thoroughly chilled. Keep the dough in the ice-box and take out only the amount which may be rolled at one time. Roll very thin, cut into cookies three and one-half inches in diameter and bake on a floured pan.

RECIPES FOR MENU III

CHICKEN À LA KING AND BISCUITS

- 5 quarts cooked chicken meat, cubed (order 26 pounds of chicken New York dressed)
- 2 cups chicken fat
- 1 quart flour
- 1⅓ to 1½ gallons chicken stock
- ⅙ cup chopped onions
- ⅓ cup salt
- ⅓ gallon milk
- ⅔ quart chopped pimientos
- ⅔ quart chopped green peppers
- 2 cans canned mushrooms (if desired)
- ⅔ pound butter
- 10 egg-yolks
- Toast 100 half-slices of bread or 100 biscuits

Cook chicken as for stewing. Remove meat from the bones and cut it in cubes. Skim two cups of fat from the chicken stock, add the flour to the fat, and when thoroughly mixed add it to the boiling chicken stock, stirring rapidly. Add the onions, scalded milk, salt, pimientos, green peppers and cubed chicken. Sauté the mushrooms in the butter, and add them to the stock. Beat the egg-yolks and add if they are needed for color. Taste to be sure the mixture is well seasoned, and then serve it hot on toast or biscuits. If the chickens are very fat, skim off the excess which will float on the stock. Save it and substitute it for part of the butter in the parsley buttered potatoes.

PARSLEY BUTTERED POTATOES

- 40 pounds or ⅔ bushel potatoes
- ¼ cup salt
- ½ cup or 3 bunches chopped parsley
- 1 pound or more butter depending upon the money you have to spend (part chicken fat may be used in place of all butter)

Boil potatoes in salted water. Drain and pour the melted butter over them. Then sprinkle with parsley.

TOMATO ASPIC

- 3 gallons tomatoes
- 5 to 10 cloves
- 4 bay-leaves
- ¾ tablespoon salt
- ¾ teaspoon soda
- ½ teaspoon Cayenne
- ⅔ to 1 cup gelatin (for warm or damp days use latter)
- 3½ cups water
- 2½ quarts diced carrots
- 2½ quarts diced celery
- 1 bunch chopped parsley
- 8 to 10 heads of head lettuce

Cook tomatoes with seasonings, then strain. If non-hydrated gelatin is used, add to the soaked gelatin, if hydrated gelatin has been used add directly in either case, stir until all gelatin is completely dissolved. When mixture is partially set, add the vegetables. Mold in flat pans and cut in squares. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise. With the vegetables added, it replaces the salad and vegetables.

APPLE PIE

Pie Crust

- 6 pounds flour
- 3 pounds shortening
- ¼ cup salt
- 3 cups iced water

Weigh the fat and the flour. Add the salt. Work the fat into the flour, lightly using the finger tips. Add the iced water a little at a time. Avoid getting the dough too wet. This amount will make fourteen two-crust pies, using pie-tins ten and three-quarter inches in diameter.

Filling

- 14 quarts apples (after peeling and slicing)
- 2 tablespoons cinnamon
- 3½ quarts sugar
- 1½ cups flour
- 1½ cups butter

Fill each crust with one quart of apples. Cover with sugar, cinnamon and flour which have been well mixed together, using one cup for each pie. Dot each pie with a heaping tablespoon of butter and cover with the top crust. Bake in moderate oven.



"Tell me what your children eat and I will show you the kind of men and women they will be!"

THIS is the statement of a famous scientist. Of course, he referred to their *physical* future—their health, their size, their appearance.

Think how our food—the poor or proper balance of food elements—influences our welfare as adults! Then consider how much greater is this influence over children, whose bodies are just being formed—whose development is being determined, day by day!

For instance, it is startling to know that even the contours of the face and head—the very outlines which make up the appearance in later life—depend, to a surprising degree, on the exercise of the jaws and facial muscles. For normal development of these bones and muscles, children must eat foods that require chewing.

Essential food elements, plus crispness to encourage chewing

Much of our modern diet is deficient in one or more of the basic food elements. A lack of any one of these elements is serious—critically serious to children. But we can't all be food dietitians, and arrange each meal from the standpoint of basic food elements.

It was to help overcome this fault that Grape-Nuts was originated—a food designed, deliberately, to supply elements essential to the diet: dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorous for the teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B—a builder of the appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an exceptionally well-balanced ration.

And Grape-Nuts is a crisp food! A food children like to chew. A food which exercises the bones and muscles that give the face its outlines.

Dentists agree, moreover, that the appalling prevalence of poor teeth is due largely to the soft food we habitually eat today. The teeth and gums are not properly exercised. Grape-Nuts corrects this.

A special baking process prepares Grape-Nuts for digestion—gives children the fuel and body-building elements they need, with the least digestive effort.

—no other food can bring these all-important benefits!

Give your youngsters Grape-Nuts for breakfast. Serve with whole milk or cream. Two tablespoonfuls are enough—for this food is rich in nourishment. They will love the nut-like flavor stored up in the crisp, golden grains—a flavor which is the favorite of millions.

Get a package from your grocer today or accept the following offer.



An authoritative booklet on the feeding of children—and two servings of Grape-Nuts free!

We have arranged with an authority on child-health to send you a valuable discussion on the feeding of infants and children. We will also send you (for yourself) "A Book of Better Breakfasts," written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College. And we will include two individual packages of Grape-Nuts—enough for two servings. This is a free service to you as a mother. Mail the coupon now.

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D. & D. 7-25 G. N.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with your booklet on the correct feeding of children and also "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

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In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

Post Health Products

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes.



© *"The Scent of the Rose"* *Painted for Colgate & Co. by Arthur Rackham*

Cashmere Bouquet Soap



Colgate & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1806
New York - London - Paris

The unforgetable fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet Soap is your best guarantee of its quality. Only in a soap made of the finest materials is it possible to preserve intact such a rare and subtle fragrance.

In Cashmere Bouquet you have a soap so pure and mild that it can be used on the tenderest skin with absolute safety. It will do all that any soap, even a so-called "beauty soap" can do. There is only one possible way that a toilet soap can produce beauty, or preserve it, and that is through cleanliness.

WHY NOT HAVE IT WELDED?

By T. C. Fetherston

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

INTO your town and mine has come a new kind of tinker. Sometimes he is to be found at the garage, sometimes at the machine shop, but often he has a little shop all his own.

His mission in life is to save money; and he does it by saving things you might otherwise have thrown away, metal things that can't be mended with a nail, a screw or a piece of string.

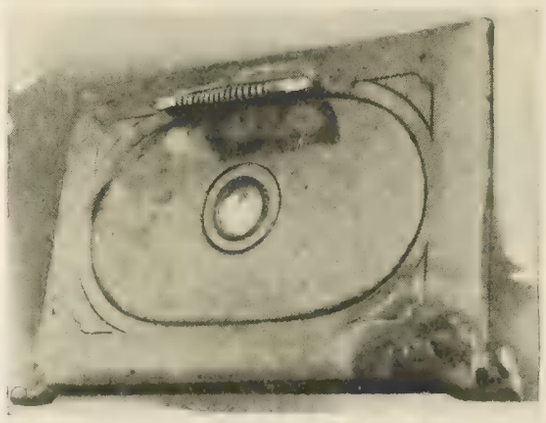
He is a carpenter for metals—the oxyacetylene welder. With a pencil-point of blue-white flame he melts the broken edge of metal things until they flow together and are joined, until there is no longer a break. The piece is as good as new; better if you ask him to reenforce the joining by adding a little extra metal.



Did you drop your cast-iron pan? The welder can quickly mend the crack

When anything goes wrong with the wiring in the house or the electrical connections, you call in the electrician. If something of wood is to be fixed, the carpenter answers your telephone call. Now you can add a new name to your list; when anything of metal breaks, call the oxyacetylene welder.

There are truly hundreds of parts that can be mended for much less than it would cost to replace them. There is the vacuum cleaner, for instance. The intake nozzle and the motor housing are an aluminum casting. If this is



A new oven door would cost many times the price of this welding

broken, or even if only cracked, the broom must come forth from its hiding-place in the closet. But in a few minutes and at a small cost the welder can make such a damaged part as good as new. Aluminum parts and utensils are often relatively costly; therefore their repair generally represents important savings. Percolators, teakettles and other cooking utensils and parts for electric dishwashers are often mended by welding.

Much of the metal equipment of the household is of cast iron. Although the words are commonly used as synonymous with strength, weight and hardness, cast iron is really weak and brittle as metals go. When stressed severely it is likely to break. Many have learned this from experience.

Common casualties are lugs on stove and furnace doors, food-choppers, water-heater shells, steam-radiator sections, sewing-machine parts and bedstead and crib sections. If you drop the heavy iron griddle or frying-pan, it is liable to crack. Anything of cast iron can be repaired by welding quite easily by one who knows how and has the proper equipment.

Sometimes the savings through reclaiming cast-iron parts are great indeed. For example: Father fixes the furnace in a hurry one morning, forgets to glance at the water-gage and one of the heater sections is cracked. There are two things to do: buy a new furnace or have the section repaired.

Have the cracked heater section repaired? Why, yes, easily! Just call up the welder we have been talking about.

Steel and wrought-iron parts, such as the runner on Bobby's sled, the bridge lamp, the andirons, the lawn-mower; copper parts—brass parts. The list runs on and on and on.

So give this tinker, whose business it is to save money, a chance to help you—this metal carpenter, whose magic wand, tipped with a pencil-point of flame, makes broken things whole again. When metal parts are bent, broken or worn, don't throw them away and buy new ones. Call in the oxyacetylene welder, and he will show you how much better it is to have the old parts repaired.

The repair of household equipment by welding is usually done in shops that operate as job welding shops, in automobile-repair stations, machine shops, or blacksmith shops equipped with oxyacetylene apparatus. There is usually no difficulty in finding one of them, for they are listed in the classified telephone book or are advertised in the local papers.



More welding—when a bone is caught in the food chopper

In most communities outside of the big cities such shops are generally quite well advertised by the location of the shop itself and personal acquaintance of the proprietor. If you are looking for the information, it is remarkable how many signs you will find on shops of the types mentioned above, notifying the public that the shop is equipped to handle oxyacetylene welding.

YOU NEED THEM

Fruits and greens are necessary in the diet all the year round. Stock your shelves with jars of the fruits that are so plentiful now, and you will always have delicious, nutritive foods when you want them next Winter.

"The Complete Canner," prepared by DELINEATOR experts, tells you how to can fruits and vegetables, make preserves, jams, and jellies, and crisp, spicy pickles. It gives easily-followed directions for efficient methods that will lighten the tasks of canning and preserving, together with a few recipes that you are sure to like.

The booklet costs only twenty-five cents, and can be secured from the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

SLICED PEACHES ~FROZEN!



Have them this EASY WAY~

Can you think of anything better—or more refreshing these hot days—than Sliced Peaches, frozen in their own rich syrup?

Well, why not try them? It's easy! Just pack a can of DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches in an ordinary bucket, surrounded by equal layers of chopped ice and coarse or ice cream salt. Let stand for three hours. Then take out the can, dip for an instant in hot water, punch an airhole in one end, cut off the other end as illustrated below, and there you have it—as delicious a fruit ice or frozen salad as ever made hot days cool.

And you'll find this method just as successful with other DEL MONTE Fruits—Peach Halves, Crushed Pineapple, Pears, Apricots, Berries, Fruits for Salad, or any variety you wish.

Only one precaution. This is distinctly a DEL MONTE suggestion. If you say DEL MONTE you are sure of the right results, because the fruit is always of the same consistency—the syrup is always rich enough to freeze perfectly—and more important, to taste right without other additions, just as it comes frozen from the can.

freeze

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

For additional summer suggestions write for "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book"—our newest recipe collection. Free. Address Department 28B, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

DEL MONTE FRUITS

right in the can



SPECIAL NOTE—Three hours is best for freezing, as fruit then turns out in a perfect cylinder. If you prefer it harder, use more salt or freeze it longer; if softer, less salt or shorter freezing.



Fashion's Law: "Let but a single French fragrance breathe its alluring *parfum* in each *nécessité de la toilette.*" —*Kerkoff,* PARIS.

MONSIEUR KERKOFF'S
Djer-Kiss
Aids to Charm

PARFUM
TALC · FACE POWDER
VEGETALE · LIP ROUGE
TOILET WATER
BRILLIANTINE
CREAMS
SACHET
ROUGE
SOAP

In its dainty case—

ROUGE, *loose* FACE POWDER
and two mirrors!

A NEW DOUBLE-VANITY, light and bewitchingly dainty. Petite enough to tuck with ease into your small purse or hand-bag.

Yet it carries your Rouge, your loose Face Powder and a convenient double-faced mirror!

Yes, a compartment for *loose* face powder! See—ingenious "powder pockets" release *just enough* powder on the puff each time you open the case.

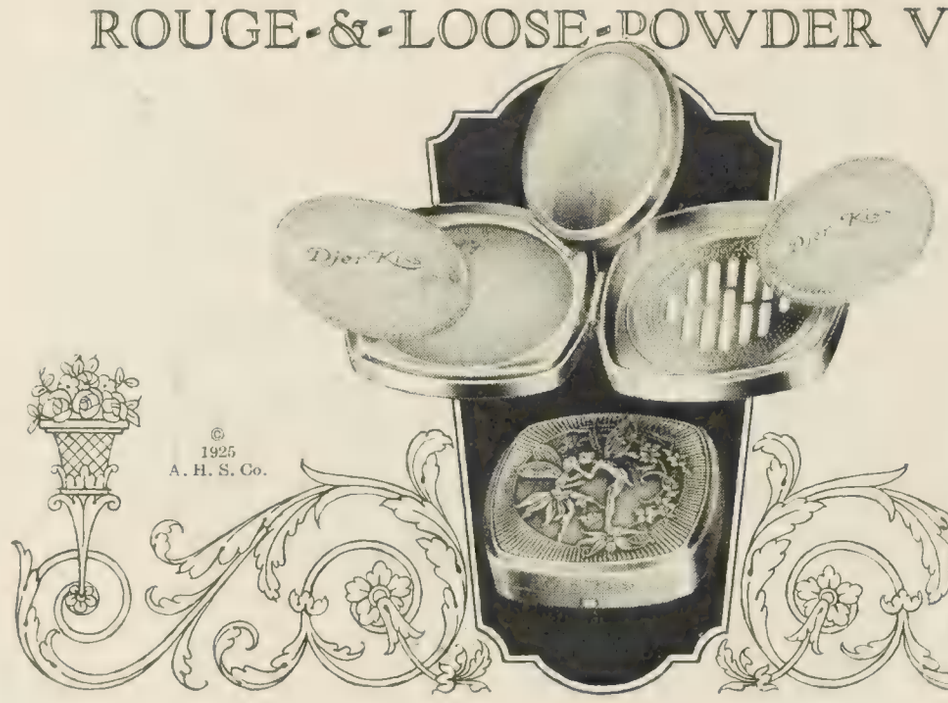
Rouge compact, too. And a *double-faced* mirror. On one side a detail mirror reflects any part of your face. On the other side, a reducing mirror reflects your entire face at a glance.

Exquisitely fashioned of nickel-silver, its cover an artistic cameo-effect—this Djer-Kiss Rouge-and-Loose-Powder Vanity awaits you at shops which feature the newest aids to beauty. Each vanity comes in its own silken-lined box.

"If you choose to carry loose powder only, ask for the Djer-Kiss (single) Loose-Powder Vanity — thin model — with the Djer-Kiss powder pockets that release, each time, just enough powder for your puff."

Djer-Kiss

ROUGE-&-LOOSE-POWDER VANITY



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SUGGESTIONS FOR A WEEK-END OF ENTERTAINING

By Jessie A. Boys

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

There's nothing so gay as a week-end party if the hostess is serene and can join in the fun. Planning your meals beforehand, according to the menus given here, and making some of the dishes in advance leaves you free to entertain your guests.

Do you want recipes for some of the unusual dishes? We have starred the exquisitely smooth Blue-Grass salad-dressing, the flaky Fancy Delights and a few others which will add to your reputation as a hostess. Write to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage, and ask for any of the* starred *recipes that you wish.*

WEEK-END entertaining is as convenient as it is popular. As far as markets and gardens are concerned, July should offer no difficulties in providing luscious and savory food for the week-end guests. Though the weather may be warm, much of the work involved in the following menus may be done early in the morning, and some of it can be prepared one or two days before, thus relieving the pressure on the day the big meal is to be served.



Greet your guests with a cool luncheon dish like this. Slices of crisp tomato separated by appetizing slices of tongue encircle a colorful and tasty green salad

The first six menus may be either dinners or luncheons to suit the need. The dressing chosen for the salad should conform to the custom of using a light or French dressing for the salad with the heavy meal (dinner), and a heavy salad or mayonnaise for the salad with the lighter meal (luncheon or supper), though a French dressing is sometimes used with a luncheon salad.

MENU I

Sardine Canapé
**Swiss Steak* *Brown Gravy* *New Potatoes*
Buttered Asparagus *Steamed Brown Bread*
Cottage-Cheese and Tomato Salad
French Dressing
Strawberry Ice-Cream *Nut-Cake*
Iced Coffee

MENU II

Corsommé *Cheese Wafers*
Fried Chicken *Brown Mushroom Sauce*
Savory Rice *Baking-Powder Biscuit*
Spiced Peaches
Orange Salad *French Dressing*
**Cress Sandwiches*
Coffee *Ice-Cream* *Macaroons*

MENU III

Cream-of-Chicken Soup *Paprika Crackers*
Baked Fillets of Halibut with Dressing
Tomato Tartare Sauce
Mashed Potatoes *Fresh Spinach*
Corn-Meal Bread-Sticks
Ice-Cream *Chocolate Sauce*
Sponge-Cake *Coffee*

MENU IV

Fruit Cocktail
Chicken à la Maryland *Boiled Rice*
Buttered Baby Beets
Baking-Powder Biscuits
Red Jelly
Caramel-Nut Ice-Cream *Little Cakes*
Coffee

MENU V

Chilled Fruit
English Mutton Chops *Mint Garnish*
New Potatoes *Buttered New Peas*
**Steamed Brown Bread*
Head Lettuce *Russian Mayonnaise*
Chocolate Ice-Cream
Marshmallow-Mint Sauce
**Fancy Delights* *Coffee*

MENU VI

Cream-of-Tomato Soup
Toast Sticks
Baked Ham *Parsley Garnish*
Stuffed Potatoes *String-Beans*
Cherry Olives **Scones*
**Head Lettuce* *Blue-Grass Dressing*
Vanilla Ice-Cream with Preserved
Pineapple **Scottish Fancies* *Coffee*

MENU VII

A SIMPLE LUNCHEON

Cold Boiled Tongue *Sliced Tomatoes*
Green Salad *French Dressing*
Whole-Wheat Bread *Jelly*
Raspberries with Cream *Sweet Wafers*
Iced Coffee

Concluded on page 56



Iced grapefruit, scrambled eggs and bacon, blueberry muffins and coffee!



HARRIET: "*No, my mind is made up—I never want to see him again.*"

Listerine used as a mouth wash quickly overcomes halitosis (unpleasant breath).



Be on your guard for signs of Pyorrhea

4 out of 5 are victims

The fight against Pyorrhea is a fight against overwhelming odds. Statistics prove that four out of every five over 40 — and thousands younger, too—pay Pyorrhea's dreaded toll. Will you?

Just as the stability of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so healthy teeth depend upon healthy gums.

Bleeding gums are the first sign of Pyorrhea's approach. Then they begin to recede and the healthy pink color gives place to a pale, whitish tint. Soon the teeth are loosened, pus pockets form and drain their poisons through the system, often causing indigestion, rheumatism, neuritis and many of the other diseases of mid-life.

Let Forhan's help you

Forhan's For the Gums is a most effective agent in the fight against this insidious disease. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession) to neutralize oral poisons, and keep the gums in a firm, strong, healthy condition. Also, it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps the mouth sweet, clean and wholesome. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste— it checks Pyorrhea

SUGGESTIONS FOR A WEEK-END OF ENTERTAINING

Concluded from page 54

Arrange slices of tongue and tomato, alternating and overlapping, around the edge of a platter. In the center arrange individual servings of a green salad. Use lettuce and cress or any other salad green available.

This makes a most attractive, cool-appearing dish and eliminates a few serving-dishes, a point to be considered during hot weather.

MENU VIII
A PICNIC BREAKFAST

Oranges
Broiled Steak (camp-fire)
Finger Rolls
Marmalade
Oatmeal Drop Cookies
Coffee (camp-fire)

MENU IX
A SIMPLE BREAKFAST

Iced Cantaloup
Scrambled Eggs and Bacon
Blueberry Muffins
Coffee

MENU X
BREAKFAST

Crushed Blueberries
Pinhead Oats with Brown Sugar and Cream
Broiled Liver with Bacon
Hot Biscuit
Coffee



Sardine and parsley canapés whet the taste and are easily made

Here the blueberries are crushed slightly and put into individual glass dishes in the center of each of which is a cube of ice, then sprinkled with powdered sugar. Garnish with washed currant leaves.

The brown sugar for the cereal is sifted, so that it is very light with, of course, no lumps.

SARDINE CANAPÉ

Skin and bone sardines. Mash and season highly, adding a few drops of lemon-juice. Spread on crackers, place a bit of parsley on each one and serve as a first course or appetizer.

COTTAGE-CHEESE AND TOMATO SALAD

On lettuce arrange sections of tomato to form a star. At the center put a spoonful of cottage-cheese well seasoned and made moist with cream. Serve with French dressing.

SAVORY RICE

½ cup butter
2 tablespoons parsley
Hot boiled rice
½ teaspoon onion-juice
Salt

Cream the butter and add finely chopped parsley, onion-juice and salt. Dot over hot boiled rice and serve at once.

ORANGE SALAD

Oranges
Lettuce
Chopped nuts
French dressing

Peel the oranges and remove as much white skin as possible. Cut into halves lengthwise (with the core, not across it). Lay each half on a board flat side down and slice across the grain in quite thin slices. For each service arrange cup-shaped lettuce leaves to form a bowl. Around the inside arrange these half-slices of orange, overlapping them and having them come together in the center at the bottom. Sprinkle with nuts and serve with French dressing.

BAKED FILLET OF HALIBUT

Cut halibut steaks into fillets, allowing one fillet to each person. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Lay in a greased baking-pan and mound fish stuffing on each. Place small pieces of bacon on top of stuffing and bake in a moderately hot (350 degrees Fahrenheit) oven for thirty minutes. Serve with tomato tartare sauce.

FISH STUFFING

1 cup dry bread-crums
¼ cup fat
¼ cup hot water
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon chopped parsley

Mix dry ingredients; melt fat in hot water and stir into dry ingredients.

HOT TOMATO TARTARE SAUCE

2 cups strained tomato
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons corn-starch
1 teaspoon chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped pickle
1 teaspoon table sauce
1 tablespoon chopped caper
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Salt; Lemon-juice

Melt butter, add corn-starch and when well blended add tomato. Cook till thickened, stirring carefully. Let simmer for five minutes. Add other ingredients with salt and lemon-juice to taste. Serve hot.

CORN-MEAL BREAD-STICKS

These are made of a corn-meal muffin mixture baked in a well-greased bread-stick pan.



It's not the same orange you knew in the beginning after it is sliced and arranged in cup-shaped lettuce leaves to make this dainty and novel salad



Now you'll like Bran!

"Yes ma'am, I sell more Post's Bran Flakes than any other kind of bran. That's because it's good to eat. Folks who start the bran habit soon come 'round to Post's and then they're customers for keeps. Families who never bought any kind of cereals now order Post's Bran Flakes, two or three boxes at a time and eat it every day as health insurance. Why, I've had folks walk in with doctors' prescriptions in their hands and call for Post's Bran Flakes. That's how I started eating it. My doctor's orders. Now I have it every morning of my life. I like it! Maybe that's why I feel so prime."

Post's Bran Flakes is bran in its most delicious form. It can be eaten regularly as a breakfast cereal with genuine relish. It makes the finest bran bread and muffins. Served with fruits in season or mixed with children's hot cereals it provides needed bulk for the intestine and prevents faulty elimination, the cause of so much sickness. Serve Post's Bran Flakes at your house every day as an "Ounce of Prevention" to keep all the family well.

Send for "An Ounce of Prevention"—

A free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our booklet showing different ways of serving Bran. Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. 7-104, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*) and Instant Postum. If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, Ont.

everybody
every day

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an-ounce of prevention

© P. C. Co., 1925

Was she *really* to be blamed?



DESPITE the very greatest care, it happens every day. It is a risk you need no longer take. Do you know how to avert it?

OF COURSE, even competent Marie should not have been trusted with it. But the stunning little frock was soiled, and simply had to be washed. Now it was faded—ruined—and Marie heartbroken.

Millions of women who have had experiences like this are turning joyfully to Everfast Wash Fabrics—the marvelous new wash fabrics that do not fade. Everfast fabrics are guaranteed fast color—fast to washing with any soap or washing powder; fast to boiling; fast to sunlight; fast to rain and salt air; fast to perspiration; fast to everything.

GUARANTEE: *If any Everfast Wash Fabric fades, for any reason, we will refund through your dealer, not only the purchase price of the material, but the making cost of the garment as well.*

Picture an afternoon frock of Everfast voile, the loveliest thing imaginable, that can be washed without danger of fading. Or a smart sports costume of broadcloth or linen in your favorite blue, yellow or brown—unharmed by grass and other stains. Perhaps you take particular pride in your house dresses—how you will delight in Everfast ginghams and suiting for them! And what pretty clothes you can make for all the children's needs from these and the dozens of other beautiful Everfast weaves.

The colors are almost irresistible. For those who prefer bright hues and designs there are gay pinks, greens, yellows, blues—striking checks, modish plaids and stripes. But the lovely pastel shades are just as alluring to many—exquisite grays and heliotrope, orchid, lavender, and others too numerous to name.

Don't you want to find out all about Everfast fabrics and their countless uses? For they offer you so many opportunities to give lasting beauty to all your clothes. See your regular dealer about them right away. Or, if he doesn't carry them, either by the yard or in made-up garments, we shall be glad to direct you to one who does. And remember, with all their unique advantages, Everfast fabrics cost but a trifle more than ordinary materials. N. Erlanger, Blumgart & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Reproduction of Everfast and ordinary wash fabrics before and after being boiled with washing soda. *Note there is not the slightest change in the color of Everfast.*

LOOK FOR THE NAME EVERFAST ON THE SELVAGE

THE GENUINE **Everfast Wash Fabrics**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



An old kid glove saves clothes from spilled liquids

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope)

SAVE DISASTER FROM LOOSENED CORKS

During the Summer months many American people are packing their trunks for a vacation trip. It is a problem to know how to pack bottles so that the corks and stoppers will be kept tight. It is helpful to draw over the top of each bottle the finger of an old kid glove. If the stopper has been inserted firmly and the glove is pulled down and tied securely, the stopper will not work loose.—MRS. G. T., Owen Sound, Ontario.

SAVE GAS IN PREPARING BREAKFAST

I make the toast in a gas-oven, and I save gas by cooking the eggs, or baking them rather, in the oven while the toast is being made. I break the eggs into buttered muffin-tins and put them in the oven when I start the toast. Both are ready at about the same time.—MRS. F. G. C., Portland, Ore.

SAVE EYE-STRAIN

In many kitchens the stove must be placed in a dark corner or side of the room and the windows are so arranged that the light does not come in over one's shoulder. It is a great help to tack a piece of white oilcloth behind the cook stove so that every bit of light is reflected.—MRS. W. L. G., Burlingame, Calif.

SAVE OLD LINOLEUM

When the old kitchen linoleum was replaced by the new inlaid linoleum, I found an excellent use for the old discolored and worn material. I cut it into two round floor mats four feet in diameter and used them on my sun-porch under the tubs of two bay-trees. I painted the mats orange and when that coat was dry I painted two black bands eight inches wide, one at the edge and one six inches nearer the center. The effect was stunning. The mats are cleaned easily with a little soap and water.—MRS. O. L. MCN., Chicago, Ill.

SAVE DIRTY HANDS AFTER CHANGING THE AUTOMOBILE TIRES

I always carry in the automobile a bottle of soapy water and a few squares of clean rags; then when we have to tinker with the engine or change tires we can wash our hands with a few shakes of soapy water from the bottle and they are comparatively clean.—MRS. H. S., La Porte, Ind.

SAVE THE HOUSE FROM INTENSE HEAT

A considerable difference is noticeable in the temperature of the house in Summer if there is a circulation of air through the attic. Some of us have houses with low attics reached only by a step-ladder and then one must climb through a hole in the ceiling to get into the attic. In case of storm it is almost impossible to close the windows and the place is stifling hot during the Summer if the windows are kept closed.

We bought window-blinds and fitted them into the frames. They kept out the rain but permitted the air to circulate freely.—MRS. B. W. M., Washington, D. C.

YOU MAY BE ONE

of the thousands of women in America who are entitled to belong to a patriotic society. These important groups have been organized to spread the principles of Americanism, to preserve historic landmarks, to commemorate our dead heroes, and to aid those heroes still living.

THE DELINEATOR, in a desire to stimulate organized patriotic movements, has collected information on the important societies—how to know if you are eligible, the aims of each group, its insignia and history, and its headquarters.

"Patriotic Organizations for Women" is more complete than any similar directory yet published. It will show you how to get in touch with just the groups in which you are interested. It will tell you what you can do for them and what they can do for you.

The booklet will be mailed promptly upon receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps, to cover postage and the cost of printing. Address your letter to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

Miss Frances McCann at the shore last Summer, WITHOUT a LANOIL Permanent Wave





Miss McCann at the shore this *Summer WITH her LANOIL Permanent Wave as given below by a friend*

Our interesting booklet is sent free on request

Nestle's Famous "LANOIL" Home Outfit



gives you beautiful, permanent waves, curls and ringlets—

SEND FOR IT ON 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Naturally Curly Hair for You—At Last!

Miss Helen Schaub, 60 E. 196th St., New York City, LANOIL-Waving Miss McCann's hair, after being waved herself with the same Home Outfit. "It was a fascinating experience—and we certainly are happy!"

DO YOU remember how uncomfortable your hair made you last year, through your vacation? Wasn't it a shame that a little thing like straight hair could spoil so many occasions for you? Yet it is unnecessary, really inexcusable, for you to spend the Summer envying your more fortunate friends, and crimping and re-crimping your hair, when, so easily, quickly, and SAFELY, you too can have healthly, *permanently* curly hair. We mean hair which ALL Summer long, will grow even prettier when you dance, walk in the misty night air, or bathe at shore or mountainside.

Try the Safe LANOIL Process At Our Cost

One pleasant application of the wonderful Nestle LANOIL Process will give you such hair—Just send the coupon below, either for more information about the famous Home Outfit for Permanent Waving, or for the Outfit *itself*, on thirty days' free trial.

We send you this Outfit on trial, with extra materials free, for you to see for yourself the beautiful results of a LANOIL Permanent Wave. We do not ask you to make up your mind immediately after your waving. No. Wait thirty days. If your soft waves, curls and ringlets do not become prettier every day, and more satisfying and delightful in every way—if you are not convinced that the LANOIL Process, in addition to curling it permanently, *improved* your hair, then send back the Outfit, and without question or delay, we return every cent of its $15 purchase price.

You Will Love *the Work—It's Easy*

Perhaps, until now, you did not feel confident that you could do this waving. But, it is really FUN! Even little girls of twelve have been known to do it with lovely results. Perhaps you thought it a tiresome process, requiring several applications. NO! A single afternoon—sometimes less—suffices for permanent waving a head. And it is just as comfortable and as pleasant as the girls look in the photograph above. Risk is so entirely absent from this treatment, that not only do we LANOIL-Wave very young children at Mr. Nestle's two magnificent New York Establishments, but we have received many photographs of little girls, whose mothers have given them exquisite permanent LANOIL-curls with the Home Outfit!

Send Now—TODAY

Remember this: the LANOIL Process is a healthful treatment for your hair. A few thrilling hours will give you charming waves, curls and ringlets that last, and look as naturally curly as if you were born so. Sign your Declaration of Independence from the tyranny of straight hair, right now, by sending us a letter, a postal or the coupon below, for further information, or the Outfit itself on free trial. If you prefer, send no money, but pay the postman when you get the package, on the distinct understanding that you get your money back if for any reason whatever you decide to return the Outfit within thirty days.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. 22
Established 1905
12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City
Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. 22
12 & 14 East 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back its cost of $15.

or ☐ I enclose $15 in check, money order, or bank draft ▪▪ deposit.

☐ I enclose *no* money. Please send C. O. D.

My electric voltage is.....
or check HERE.....if only free booklet of further particulars is desired.
If your hair is white or *very* ash blond, mention it here .....

(From foreign countries, send Sixteen Dollars, check, money order or cash equivalent in U. S. currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harper, 319 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada, $20 duty free.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....



A perfect little cherub!

WHEN baby isn't being fed or bathed, he is supposed to be snuggled in his soft, warm crib, sleeping peacefully or crooning to himself—*a perfect little cherub.*

But even a cherub gets stiff and sore lying flat on its back all day and soon learns to cry and fret for want of a little diversion.

In place of harmful cuddling and carrying about, try a delightfully refreshing Mennen shower.



You know how perspiration, urine and bath-water collect in the chubby folds of baby's skin. Gentle towelling cannot remove it... but Mennen Borated Talcum, like millions of soft, white fairy sponges, absorbs every trace of this irritating *moisture,* leaving the skin-folds dry and safe.

And *friction* is another foe of baby's comfort. His skin-folds rub. His clothes often bind. Bedding sometimes chafes...but this pure, cooling talcum spreads a silky film over the sensitive little body, saving it from contact with harsh, damp clothes and woolly blankets.

Baby's delicate skin cannot resist *infection* as easily as yours. Tiny defects easily become serious—even fatal... and so Mennen's is made not only mild and pure, but wonderfully healing and antiseptic as well.



Just dust Mennen Borated Talcum on the chubby little body, after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap and whenever baby cries.

Only 25c and the coupon below brings you postpaid the famous Mennen Baby Book—a real help for mothers.

MENNEN



BORATED TALCUM

MAIL COUPON

AUNT BELLE
c/o The Mennen Company
335 Central Avenue, Newark, N.J.

I enclose 25c [coin or stamps]. Please send the Mennen Baby Book, postpaid, in plain package to

Name .....

Address .....

.....

WHAT FOUR HANDS DID TO SECOND-HANDS

By Anne M. Henkels

THE house was finished. The pile of plaster and bricks in the center of the living-room had made three loads of Mr. MacGregor's miniature dump-cart, at four dollars a load, and been carted away to become a foundation for the new boulevard. We had painted the last wall and ceremoniously thrown the switch that gave us electricity. But the rooms were as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

So we—hubby and I—set out to purchase the necessary furniture, having previously determined that makeshifts and masquerades would be tabu; each piece of furniture would be frankly mahogany, oak, papier-maché, or whatever else it really was.

The prices of bedroom and dining-room sets in the shops proved to be out of the question; so we began a career of purchasing that might well be entitled "Adventures with a Second-Hand Man."

First we answered the advertisements of people who were selling their furniture at home. Usually we found their ideas of its value were greatly exaggerated. A decade or two of service was considered no disadvantage to weigh against the privilege of buying the stuff. In one house we visited we had been preceded by a junkman; and the thrifty housewife sought to retrieve both pride and profit by recounting his insults and boosting her prices. We did succeed, however, in buying from her a beautiful mahogany dining-room table (fifty-four-inch) and a buffet for seventy dollars, thus underbidding a mysterious offer of one hundred dollars. But the kind owner said she was thrilled to think that a bride should possess her cherished table. Besides, we paid cash!

We found some father-and-mother chairs for use in the dining-room. These were Windsor chairs, graceful and comfortable, brand new and splendidly built of oak and hickory, but with a shiny finish that was distressingly unattractive and did not harmonize with the rest of our furnishings. We scraped the chairs down to the wood. gave them two coats of flat white and two coats of white enamel, and finished the armrests in mahogany, a delightful contrast. Then for side chairs we bought some old-fashioned wooden ones with solid seats, which we also enameled white and ornamented, since neither of us is an artist, with decalcomania. Our brick fireplace in the dining-room is flanked by built-in book-shelves, so a rush-bottomed rocker and these old-fashioned chairs make a charming Colonial unit for the little house.



What new upholstery will do to two old walnut spring-seat chairs

In a second-hand store oddly situated in the shopping district of a near-by suburb we made a real find. It was a dilapidated chair with springs trailing on the floor and with its back bulgily stuffed in the manner of the General Grant period; but the frame was solid walnut and the wood was uninjured. After some search, the proprietor found a mate for it lying prone on a davenport behind a grandfather's clock, with footstools, book-shelves and other things piled indiscriminately on top. While he was looking for it, we had a momentary consultation and decided to go as high as fifteen dollars apiece for the chairs. When the subject of price was broached, we were ready. "Two dollars each," coaxed the dealer. And ungrateful wretches that we were, we cried: "Oh, not for those old things. We'll give you three dollars a pair!" He accepted, and a friend's car brought them home.

There are many bargains to be had in old pieces that may be picked up at country auctions and elsewhere. It's an adventure to search them out and an economy to refinish them yourself. Especially is this profitable for the beginner who has to furnish on small capital. Mrs. Sanders, Editor of the Department of House Decoration, will be glad to help you. Write her at THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage*



Two small tables, a mirror and one or two big comfortable chairs complete the living-room furniture

Before we left his shop, we also purchased for four dollars a huge mahogany armchair with springs and upholstery *hors de combat,* and for fifty cents a small telephone-table with a broken leg.

Two remnants of handsome tapestry, a pot of glue, webbing and a few yards of gimp were added to our stores, and we commenced work. The hair stuffing was boiled, the chairs thoroughly disinfected and cleaned, and new coverings tacked on. Instead of the tufted back, it was both easier and better-looking to keep the upholstery level with the wood. The table was scrubbed with lye and when thoroughly dry was painted with mahogany wood-stain. It was a five-minute job to glue on the leg. By rubbing off the excess stain before it dried, the table was made to match the living-room furniture; two coats of varnish gave it the proper soft finish. In all our painting and varnishing each coat was rubbed with fine sandpaper before the next coat was applied.

A mahogany mirror, a reading-table and a handsome old chest of drawers were spoils of a sparsely attended country auction. And we picked up Wedgwood jasperware in antique-shops.

Two articles we never bought at auction were rugs and pewter. For at one of our first sales two cups that seemed twins to our uninitiated eyes brought six dollars and twenty-five cents respectively. Whereupon we resolved to forego pewter until we could appraise it more accurately. And a rug for which we were willing to pay fifty dollars justified our admiration by bringing one thousand dollars.

We inherited a huge walnut bed with box springs—Jack calls it "The Cathedral"—which gives an air of comfort and stability to the chintzy guest-room. Some of these fine old walnut beds, by the way, can be converted into four-posters at small expense by a good cabinetmaker. Or if you wish to sell, a lumber yard will give you more than a second-hand man.

The uses of democracy are well illustrated in dealing with the second-hand man. He is easily impressed, and a fancy name applied to an article usually means a fancy price. A "mirror" is always more valuable than a "looking-glass." "An old ironing-table" at three dollars immediately jumps to ten dollars if you ask the price of "the charming settee." The greatest bargains will, of course, be found in furniture that is neither brand new nor yet old enough to be antique.

OUR kitchen walls are creamy yellow, with open shelves for groceries and china, with a red-brick recess for the laundry stove, which heats the room and the boiler, and with very shiny black pipes. By using a certain ingenuity in hooks, every bright bit of aluminum, from frying-pan to measuring-spoon, hangs on the walls. The cheap black-and-white checker-board linoleum will wear like a good one if we continue to varnish it every six months.

This kitchen is the abode of Patrick, a young Quaker-gray maltese, who, after searching vainly for mice that he feels must exist in an old house, is now content to sleep all night in his red box by the fire, luxuriously stretched on the soft red-and-white check mattress that matches the curtains on the shelves.

The sunniest room on the second floor is now the heart of the house, for there is little Miss Muffet in her white Swiss bassinet surrounded by the freshest of blue-and-white check hangings. Cold mornings have no terrors now, for an overflowing smile and a frantic thrashing of hands and feet are the daily rewards of an early visit; and in the evening as she sleeps peacefully it requires no look at walls or floor to realize that "the house that Jack built" is complete.

A time-worn drop-leaf kitchen table and a few low-seated ladder-backed chairs have received their quota of apple-green paint, and with the "old ironing-table," assuredly a "charming settee" now, make the little porch an invitingly reposeful spot. Cushions of gay striped canvas and two old gray pickle-jars filled with fresh blooms from the tiny garden reflect the joyous mood of our home.

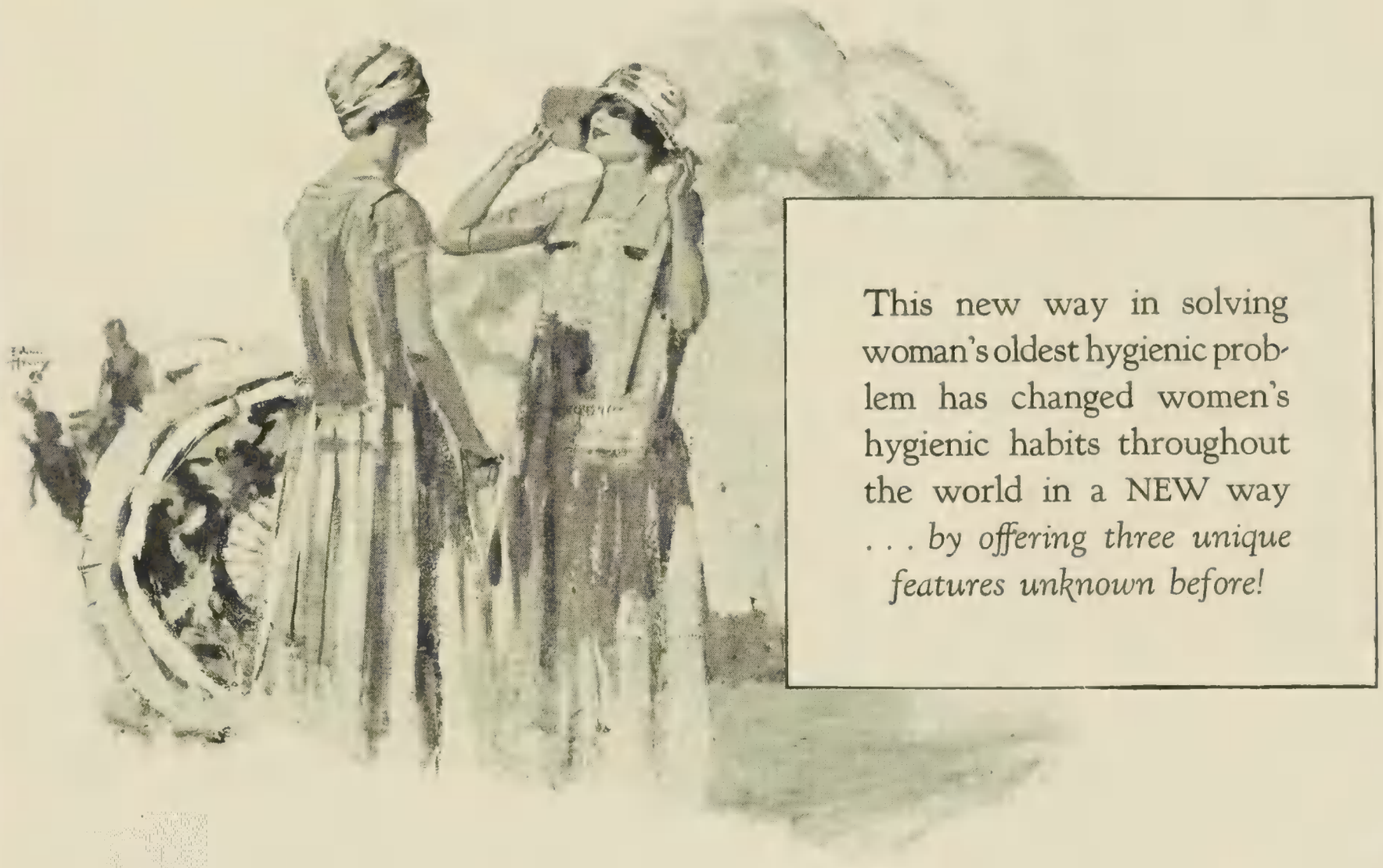
Each and every one of our possessions boasts its own particular history, linking it forever to us and to our past and future.



One of the Windsors, made to look antique with paint and stain

Misty Gowns *and* Filmy Frocks

Wear them now in security without a second thought—under conditions once adjudged impossible



This new way in solving woman's oldest hygienic problem has changed women's hygienic habits throughout the world in a NEW way . . . *by offering three unique features unknown before!*

TO be charming, exquisite, *beyond all doubt*, every minute, every day! . . . do you seek the peace of mind, that *knowing you are* will bring?

Modern science has discovered a new hygiene for women . . . a way that supplants the uncertainty of the old-time sanitary pad with absolute security.

Eight in every ten women in the better walks of life have adopted it. Doctors widely urge it. Experts in hygiene employ it.

You wear your filmiest frocks, your most exquisite silks . . . dance, motor, dine, with never a moment's precious charm lost.

New advantages you'll appreciate

This new way embodies three factors of importance . . . plus many others.

It is different in material from any other product obtainable for this purpose.

It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture! It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad!

It eliminates the bother and annoyance of laundry—you simply discard it.

It is as easily disposed of as a piece of tissue . . . thus banishing the often embarrassing difficulty of disposal.

It is deodorized . . . a factor that supplies a wonderful feeling of security which old ways denied.

AND . . . it is obtainable everywhere, at every drug store, every department store—virtually at every corner—to meet emergencies.

You ask for it, without hesitancy, by its trade name—Kotex.

Test Kotex, please

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your life, in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health.

60% of many ills, common to women, according to many medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Hygienic authorities charge almost 80% of the lack of charm, poise and immaculacy, expected of women in this modern day, to the same mistake in hygiene.

Thus on every count, millions are turning to this new way. A fair test will prove its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy.

At all good stores

Obtain Kotex today at any better department or drug store.* In sanitary packages of twelve, in two sizes: the Regular, and Kotex-Super (extra thick).

You'll appreciate these 3 factors



(1) *Utter protection*—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and is deodorized, thus assuring double protection.



(2) No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



(3) Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them *ready-wrapped*—help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

* *Supplied also in personal service cabinets in women's rest-rooms by The West Disinfecting Co.*

KOTEX
DEODORIZED



Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen



But all he remembered was--*unloveliness!*

When a handsome man meets a beautiful girl, the magnet of mutual attraction just naturally begins to draw.

But what is the matter, when after one brief meeting, the magnet of her beauty no longer draws him? A beautiful face so soon forgotten—all he remembers is *unloveliness!*

* * *

It is a known scientific fact that odor, through the olfactory sense, has a power to waken memory as has no other of the senses. Lavender, violets, honeysuckle, pine—how their fragrance makes you remember!

This is something that enters into the calculations of the socially successful woman. She will be remembered by sweet, subtle scents. She will run no risk of ever having an unlovely odor associated with her person.

And she knows that on this score she must be alert against one disastrous thing—an odor that in an instant can "demagnetize" all the beauty and vivacity in the world!

In combating underarm odor, you have a peculiar physiological condition to deal with. The perspiration glands under the arm are stimulated to unusual activity by heat, excitement or nervousness. Clothing and the deep hollow of the underarm prevent normal evaporation of moisture.

This results in a disagreeable odor which you may be sure is always painfully apparent to others even though you yourself may be serenely unconscious of it.

And as for perspiration moisture—no woman needs to be told that those horrid rings of stain under the arms wreck her appearance. She knows too well what excessive moisture costs in ruined clothing and self-respect.

Soap and water are ineffectual against perspiration

The trouble is—people do not realize that soap and water are perfectly powerless here. Perspiration annoyance can be corrected *only* through regular special care.

This care 3 millions are now giving with Odorono, the underarm toilette! Because it was formulated by a physician they know they can depend on its safe, sure, scientific action.

Odorono is just like a dainty toilet water to use. And the best of it is, you need use it only twice a week. One application is effective for at least three days.

Nurses and physicians use Odorono in hospitals as an antiseptic corrective for both perspiration odor and moisture.

Don't run the risk of underarm odor; of staining your frocks and lingerie beyond the power of the most expert dry cleaning! You can so easily protect your person and your clothes with Odorono! Enjoy its safe assurance. 35c, 60c and $1 at all toilet counters or sent by mail prepaid.

Send for dainty sample set of the complete Underarm Toilette

I have a dainty sample set of the complete underarm toilette—Odorono, Creme Odorono and Odorono Depilatory. I will send you this set and a booklet of helpful information on perspiration problems, for 10c. Mail coupon to me today.

RUTH MILLER
The Odorono Company, 227 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Canadian address: 107 Duke Street, Toronto



RUTH MILLER
227 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

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We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—THE DELINEATOR offers mothers a unique program in child health. Besides the articles published every month there are four "Happy Baby Clubs" which mothers may join. These are under the direction of Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw and are told about every month on the Happy Child page.

In addition, THE DELINEATOR presents a series of pamphlets which were written during the time that the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt was director of the Happy Child Department. These pamphlets were prepared under the direction of this most eminent of child specialists and were written some by him and others by his distinguished associates. They cost only ten cents each and treat the following subjects: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding," "Diet Problems of Childhood," "Early Childhood," "The Child's Teeth," "The School Child," "The Mental Health of the Child," "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood," "Play, Eyes and Movies" and "Correct Posture."

If you would like to have the first seven of these in durable and attractive book form, you should purchase "The Happy Baby," which costs one dollar.

Then there is the "Baby's Record Book," which has been proven most popular. It is nicely bound and is very complete with charts on which to record the little one's growth and health, and blank pages for remarks and photographs. This costs one dollar.

Home-making—This department has a score of leaflets that will help you to systematize, simplify and improve your housekeeping. Write for a list of them. And remember that you can ask any question that troubles you concerning household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home," "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," "How to Know Good Furniture" and a new one, just prepared, called "Methods of Painting Furniture," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Beauty—The beauty editor will answer personal questions and send complimentary folders on the care of skin, hands and hair, or lotions and cosmetics. Tell us which you want—and enclose postage at rate of two cents for two folders.

Health—This department has just published a booklet called "Reducing in Spots," by Dr. Lillian E. Shaw, who is a doctor as well as an expert in physical training. In addition to scientific exercises for reducing different parts of the body this booklet includes a number of special exercises for correcting body faults. Price, twenty-five cents.

Etiquette—A new booklet called "Table Hospitality" gives explicit directions for setting the table for formal and informal meals and for entertaining with and without a maid. This is ten cents, and Mrs. John Cabot Kimberly will answer any personal quandary or send instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette, such as "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These cost nothing but the postage, which is estimated at two cents for two folders.

Entertainment—Do not hesitate to ask us about any entertainment that you may be planning. Among our latest suggestions are: "Rain or Shine"—a party for indoors or out; "A Red, White and Blue Letter Day" a Fourth of July celebration—a full program, with something for everybody; and "The Treasure Hunt's the Thing," which everybody who has a car and a spare afternoon can enjoy. Send only two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

DANGERS OF BEING OVERFAT

By Flora Rose

Director, The New York State College of Home Economics, at Cornell University

THE number of overfat adults in our country is on the increase. This fact is worth thinking about. If the only penalty we had to pay for being too fat were the devastating effect on our looks, we might let ourselves acquire double and treble chins in peace; but such is not the case. The truth is that the overfat grown-up is a poor risk from the point of view of health. Any insurance company will verify this. If we really treasure health and we have a considerable amount of surplus fat stored on our bodies, we must literally reform ourselves.

To carry around an excess body weight of from ten to a hundred pounds—and there are persons who are that much overweight—is more of a real tax upon the body than to carry all day long, day after day, a knapsack, a blanket-roll, a suitcase or a market-basket of the same weight. The unnecessary fat is forever with us.

Space must be made for it all through the body, often seriously interfering with the normal activity of such organs as the heart, the liver and the kidneys. Excessive fat is like a drone in the hive—it fails to make any contribution to the work these organs must do, and it actually either adds to their work or diminishes their power to work efficiently. The charges which might be brought out against overweight are many and serious.

It has been established that there is a close connection between exercise and the formation of good red blood. But the average fat person is going to think twice before carrying some fifteen, twenty or more excess pounds up hill and down dale on long hikes or even on short ones. Step-saving becomes an ingenious art with overweights, and the result is that with little exercise and sluggish circulation they tend to become anemic.

For an underexercised body to carry around a burden of fat always puts an added strain on the heart. There are many hearts which though slightly weakened in function are perfectly capable of doing a good lifetime job in a body of normal weight. But they go on a strike when they are crowded by fat and have the burden of pumping the extra blood necessary to move a heavyweight around. We do not wish to imply that there are not authentic cases where excess fat may be the result of a weak heart. But we do want to emphasize the point that this condition should not be confused with that of a heart weakened as a result of putting on flesh.

The story of the heart weakened by overwork or loss of power repeats itself with other organs, and perhaps the most serious note of warning to overweights is a tendency to diabetes. For this ailment is on the increase and this increase is greatest among adults who are too fat. In the case of

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No need for campers now to fear the mosquito; tent windows are screened and even shaded

A VACATION ON WHEELS

Concluded from page 14

caution is less requisite than formerly, for now many States have the springs and wells along the main highways inspected and the water analyzed. When found safe, they are marked as such and may be used without hesitation. In towns and cities the water provided by the public water supply is almost invariably safe. If you are where you can not get water from a certified source, it is a good plan to use only boiled water. This can be cooled in what is known as a "desert water-bag." Such a bag hung in a car as you drive along on a hot day will deliver water that is nicely cooled. This works best in dry climates.

Of course most campers use coffee, tea, cocoa or some other beverage made with boiled water; and sufficient water for health may be taken into the body in this way, if, as should be the case, your diet consists partly of fresh fruits. Fruits are also desirable in helping to make up a balanced diet and in providing the necessary amounts of raw food.

Practically everywhere along the main-traveled highways fruit, vegetables and other foods may be bought at wayside markets or in the towns and villages along the route. Many tourist camps are visited periodically by motor markets which sell meat, milk, eggs and fruit.

As to cooking, that is a subject by itself, and only a little can be said here. Formerly we used the open camp-fire, and surely there is nothing more pleasantly pungent to the nostrils of a man than the smell of wood smoke mingled with boiling coffee. And with an Indian fire, skillet, grid and dingle-stick an experienced camper can prepare fare fit for a king. But, now that women have come to constitute a majority of the vacationists on wheels, times are changing and the regular fireplace, wood or gas stove in the camp-site, the modern gasoline stove, the oil stove and the acetylene stove are the rule, and doubtless to most people much more convenient.

Stoves, too, have their advantages in rainy weather, as they can be used in a tent, while an open fire can not be built there unless the tent is of the Indian teepee variety with an open top. Nevertheless where there is a canopy in front of the tent an open fire can be built thereunder in cold wet weather.

MALE campers often are careless of their appearance, and not infrequently go unshaven. Yet even the male will enjoy himself better if he will take the trouble to shave every morning and wear a snug khaki outfit with knickers and woolen stockings. Woodsmen, foresters and hunters as a rule wear woolen underwear twelve months in the year—light woolen in Summer, medium in Spring and Fall, and heavy in Winter.

But no woman wishes to look like a frost-blasted corn-stalk. Even if she must practise economy, she is usually sufficiently skilful with her needle to make herself presentable. "Tweed or wool-khaki knickers, wool-khaki middy, tweed hat, sweater (a jacket or coat gets wrinkled when you do not wear it), wool stockings and high, heavy, oiled shoes" are advised by an experienced camper.

As for shelter, while some vacationists awheel use the shelter of their own cars, most others prefer and provide some sort of tent, and the variety of tents easily obtainable is fairly infinite.

WHERE to go is a big subject, for this is a big country with wonderful attractions. With such a country and with six times as many passenger cars as there are in all the rest of the world, it is no wonder that thirty-five hundred localities provide tourist parks for vacationists; that in the national forests there are fifteen hundred camps at our disposal and at least a hundred more in the national parks such as Yosemite, Grand Canyon and Yellowstone.

These national parks are among the world's greatest wonders, and, while most of them are somewhat remote from our Eastern States, if the wheeled vacationist can possibly get the time he ought to visit the Yellowstone, with its many-hued leaping geysers and the gold-fretted walls of the canyon through which flows the river that gives the park its name. He ought not to fail to see the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, or Zion National Park, or Yosemite, whose giant redwoods were flourishing saplings when Jesus walked the streets of Jerusalem.

Many of the States have their State parks and forest reserves. New York alone has nearly four million acres in the Adirondacks, the Catskills and the Palisades Interstate Park.

In New Hampshire and Maine is the White Mountain National Forest, including more than a million acres.

There are national forests in Virginia and West Virginia, the Carolinas and Tennessee, and even now, as a result of a vote in the expiring days of the last Congress, a national park is being created on the Blue Ridge in the Shenandoah Valley region.

The Pacific coast cities, San Diego, Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle, are almost in the midst of our greatest national forests.

The Southern cities, whose camping periods occur both Winter and Summer, are now getting more and more parks and forests for their people.

But these are only a few of the many playgrounds which the country offers the camper. A family from Indianapolis motors out to Denver and camps there in Overland Park on a street of camps "a mile long and a mile high." They breathe the rare sparkling air of the heights and get a new vision of life. A Denver family tours to Indianapolis and camps in the tourist park provided for them by the capital of Hoosierdom. They behold, stretching away to the limits of vision, fields lush with the dark green of tasseled corn. They get an appreciation of the vastness and richness of our great central plain.

So, weaving back and forth from the Pacific to the Atlantic and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, the people of our many sections are woven together into the fabric of a united nation.





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ARE WE PRODUCING CHARACTER?

Concluded from page 2

of themselves. They were thinking of the children. A home to them was an agency of social service. What might they not do for the nation and the world through their home? They built a Zion and prayed that it might be said of their household that this one and that one had been born there.

Such homes have been the breeding-places of character in our nation; and if such home life in America fails, if fewer Hannahs pray for their Samuels before they are born, and dedicate them to service when they come, if fewer mothers hear with humble awe the angelic annunciation that they shall bear a child, then all our wealth and all our power can not save us. What shall it profit a nation, if gaining the whole world of markets, it lose the home life that produces character?

Let us look to our *schools!* It is important but it is not primarily important whether we have so many more factories to produce so many more things, but what we do with our schools is supremely important. We who take schools for granted as though like manna they fall down from heaven, do we realize what a long-continued struggle they have cost, with what difficulty they are being maintained and advanced, what personal devotion day by day is going into them, what sacrifices the best teachers make who for the love of their vocation turn their backs on life's more obvious rewards? America's attitude toward its schools and school teachers leaves very much to be desired.

You who are yourselves teachers of our children and who at times are tempted to discouragement by the lax and careless attitude of the community, never lose the sense of your high vocation. There are plenty of people in this country to make things. The nation will never lack for such. But folk who will give their lives to building intelligent character in the youth are laying the foundations of society. It shall be said of our schoolrooms also that this one and that one was born there.

LET us look also to our *industries!* Often the idealist upon one side and the business man upon the other feel themselves at odds. The business man considers the idealist an impractical visionary and the idealist thinks the business man too careless of the human effects of modern industry. But it is foolish for these two thus to misunderstand each other. The production of character is no more the concern of home and school than it is of industry. Any economic system which, producing money, does not produce men is committing suicide.

Bolshevism has no chance in this country. The longer it hangs on in Russia and reveals its quality and consequences, the less chance it has. But there are some things in our industrial life to which we would better speedily attend. Beware of anything that produces money but hurts men. Beware of twelve-hour shifts, of the labor of children in factories, of conditions that keep four million of our people habitually below the poverty line, of bad housing for the workers, of all misuses of autocratic power that crush the laborer's self-respect. This counsel is not super-idealism. It is the only sound business sense. Any industrial system which creates wealth but does not create personality is doomed. It was J. Pierpont Morgan himself who said, "Character is the basis of credit."

Finally, let us look to our *religion*. In this country church and state are supposed to be separate. Yet they are not entirely separate. The state does subsidize the church. The church pays no taxes. Even on Fifth Avenue in New York all church property is tax free. The state, knowing that character is the foundation of society, has been unwilling to tax an institution on which it thought it could rely to produce character, and the state has a right to expect a good return on that investment.

This is the ultimate defense of church and synagogue. The one reason why mankind has allowed the Christian church to go on is that, with all her mistakes, the miracle of transformed character has been taking place in her for twenty centuries. For at the heart of all the Christian churches is one thing which, overlaid though it be by every manner of concealment and disguise, never can be altogether hidden, the influence of Jesus. And so powerful is it that wherever His spirit comes, His thought of God, His views of man, His quality of life, it makes for serviceable character.

To be sure, we know the folk who are irreligious and yet have fine character. They are like cut flowers plucked from the garden and taken to the drawing-room. They still are beautiful. They do not seem to need the sun. Yet from these drawing-room flowers which though unsunned still are beautiful, take seeds and plant them in a sunless place. You will see the consequence. Plucked flowers in a drawing-room for a while are beautiful, but their children will not grow without the light and warmth that come from the center of the universe. So generation after generation, you will not permanently get great character without great religion.

Let us look then to our religion! Let us waste no time on unessential concerns! Let our theology be simple and usable, our sectarian loyalties lightly worn! Only one thing centrally matters: Build character. Undergird life with the motives, faiths, sanctions and convictions that create character.

Such is the message which well might come to the new America from the simple and beautiful old rooms in which our forefathers once lived. God grant that the nation may not prove too proud to learn afresh the everlasting truth for which those ancient rooms still stand.



THE MEDICINE CABINET

Concluded from page 16

BICARBONATE OF SODA, commonly known as baking or cooking-soda, deserves a place on this shelf. It should be put in a tin box and will keep indefinitely. A teaspoon dissolved in a cup of hot water and given in teaspoonful doses every few minutes will often relieve an acid stomach and acute indigestion. It will help to bring up the gas in flatulence. Burns are sometimes treated by applying gauze soaked in a saturated solution of soda.

A tin of MUSTARD should always be kept in the medicine closet so that it will not be necessary to hunt for it in the kitchen when it is needed in an emergency. Mustard has many uses in sickness. Mixed with flour in dilutions from one to five or one to three and made into a paste, it is called a mustard plaster. It affords a great relief in bronchitis, pneumonia, etc. and as a counter-irritant over inflamed joints and distended bowels it is our best remedy. A mustard bath to relieve convulsions is a time-honored treatment. A little mixed in a cup of water and taken internally is an excellent emetic in cases of poisoning.

There will be room on the second shelf for medicines prescribed by your physician for some certain ailment or illness.

THE bottom shelf contains the medical and surgical accessories which every mother should keep on hand for emergency use. These should be replaced and replenished after use so they will always be ready.

A clinical thermometer might be called a necessity, and it often is a guide as to when to send for a physician. Every mother should learn how to use and care for a thermometer before the occasion arises when it is needed. Ask your physician or a nurse how to read it and how to shake down the column of mercury after use. A special rectal thermometer should be used for babies and young children. It is not possible to obtain an accurate reading from placing the thermometer under the arm or in the groin. The rectal temperature is usually about one degree higher than by the mouth, and no amount of crying can raise the temperature a fraction of a degree. After using the thermometer it should be thoroughly shaken down, washed in *cold* water and rubbed well with a clean towel. If hot water is used it will break the glass. It is always well to bear in mind that very slight causes can send up the temperature in small children, but a continued temperature may be serious and always requires the attention of a physician.

A hot-water bottle and fountain syringe are also part of the equipment. It is well to have a pair of scissors on hand and a cup and spoon, a glass medicine-dropper and a small glass graduate for measuring fluids. A paper of safety-pins, a cake of castile soap, a flashlight or candle with a box of safety matches should all be in readiness. A five-yard roll of adhesive plaster one and half inches in width, which can be cut into narrower widths if desired, several one and three inch bandages, a package of sterile gauze and soft old muslin or linen are also necessary.

Several one-ounce packages of absorbent cotton should always be on hand. A package of wooden toothpicks will be helpful in making cotton swabs or applicators.

Stearate of zinc powder can be purchased in a tin can with a shaker top and is useful for skin irritations, chafing, sunburns, etc. It is a wise plan to have a half ounce of liquid collodion or liquid court plaster for slight cuts and abrasions. A tube of petroleum jelly and a tube of zinc-oxid ointment complete the articles recommended for the botton shelf.

CLARA NOYES outlines nine rules to be observed when you give medicine:

1. Never give medicine in the dark. Read the label three times—before taking it off the shelf, before pouring, and after pouring.
2. Shake any liquid medicine.
3. Turn the label up when pouring. This keeps it clean.
4. Think of what you are doing. Never speak or listen to any one when you are measuring medicine.
5. Give just the amount ordered, not one drop more or less. While pouring hold the medicine glass with the mark of the right amount on the level with your eye.
6. Cork the bottle at once. Some medicines get stronger, others weaker when uncorked.
7. Read the label the third time.
8. Give the dose.
9. After a dose of unpleasant medicine, give water, a cracker or a peppermint.

THE list of articles for the cabinet mentioned with the amount required and the approximate retail cost is:

POISON SHELF

Top Shelf		*Cost*
Iodin (in special bottle),	1 ounce	20 cents
Carbolic acid 5 per cent. solution,	6 ounces	25 cents

MEDICINE SHELF

Middle Shelf		*Cost*
Medicated alcohol,	6 ounces	50 cents
Camphorated oil,	4 ounces	35 cents
Aromatic cascara,	2 ounces	30 cents
Aromatic spirits of ammonia,	2 ounces	20 cents
Linseed oil,	4 ounces	15 cents
Lime water,	4 ounces	10 cents
Spirits of camphor,	2 ounces	30 cents
Sweet spirits of niter,	½ ounce	20 cents
Sirup of ipecac,	2 ounces	35 cents
Castor oil,	2 ounces	15 cents
Boric acid,	4 ounces	35 cents
Bicarbonate of soda,	4 ounces	12 cents
Mustard,	1 tin	20 cents
Tube of petrolatum (for burns),	3 ounces	30 cents

SURGICAL SUPPLIES

Bottom Shelf		*Cost*
Stearate of zinc,	1 tin	25 cents
Adhesive plaster, 5-yd. roll	1½ in.	35 cents
Sterile gauze, package		20 cents
Bandages, 3, 1 inch; 3, 3 inch		27 cents
Absorbent cotton, 4, 1-oz. packages		40 cents
Soft old muslin or linen,		
Small glass graduate,		15 cents
Medicine-dropper,		5 cents
Cup, spoon, scissors, safety-pins,		
Wooden toothpicks,		5 cents
Cake of castile soap,		10 cents
Flashlight or candle and matches,		
Liquid court plaster,		25 cents
Tube of petroleum jelly,		15 cents
Tube of zinc-oxid ointment,		20 cents
Eye cup,		10 cents
Hot-water bag,		$1.50
Fountain syringe,		1.50
Clinical thermometer,		1.00



GOOD-MANNERED BABIES

Concluded from page 15

I believe, too, that even in talking to babies we should try to convey a definite meaning by the use of definite words. If we call our child "naughty baby" in dulcet, endearing tones after a show of temper on his part, we can hardly blame him for being unresponsive to the meaning of the words when used later on. Such words as disobedient, naughty, bad, should never be used carelessly. From the very beginning all corrections should be made in a firm, serious tone, and never in one that displays aggravation, temper or loss of self-control.

The "ta-ta" most babies are taught to say when given something is usually their first direct lesson in manners. The two syllables slide over very easily into "thank you" when the child begins to talk and certainly help to cultivate a grateful attitude of mind.

A squealing, loud-voiced child betrays his home environment. We should never forget what sensitive, imitative little beings children are; and from the first we should speak to them in quiet tones and answer them only when they ask a courteous, soft-voiced question.

Lessons in table manners should begin with the very first meal at which a spoon is held. A child can be taught to hold the utensil with the forefinger and thumb, much as you hold a lead-pencil. Do not let him grasp it in his fist. Often this fist-hold is allowed, as it seems a bit easier, but I have seen big children still clinging to the custom. A habit so ingrained is difficult to break. And speaking of table manners, your little savage, when first learning to eat a soft cereal, will often proudly suck it off the spoon and gurgle with delight over the accomplishment, enjoying especially the fascinating noise. This may be cunning in the beginning, but beware of the obstinacy of the habit.

Oftentimes a child has to be taught to chew; and remember this is as important for his health as it is for his manners. Many grown-ups gulp down their food as if they had no teeth. Can not this habit be traced back to early babyhood?

The most approved modern method for the breaking of a colt is by kindness. Therefore our little human animals will learn better through well-balanced kindness than through continual punishments. Gain your child's confidence, *be very friendly*, do not talk down to him. Keep your prestige by being consistent; do not threaten and not live up to it. Never punish for one thing one day and not the next.

Order and neatness are the twin sisters of good manners. One of the surest ways to teach tidiness is to make a constant appeal to the esthetic sense. Call the child's attention to his toys neatly standing in a row; show him his clothes neatly piled and stimulate his desire to reach the same results.

I do not believe it is a lesson in good manners to ridicule a child or to play up one child against another. Avoid in every way possible making a youngster self-conscious—it is better to let most things slide than correct him before people.

For children between the first and second year I think a mother will find many valuable suggestions in Froebel's "Mother Play."

A woman friend of mine serves as one of the best examples I have ever seen of the success of Froebel's principles, though she had never seen his book. She was a widow who lived in an isolated community far from relatives and friends, and she allowed her only child, a little boy, to share in all her household activities. At the age of two he had his own little implements; when his mother swept, he helped with his own little broom; when she scrubbed the floor, it was his special delight to help also; and the damage to his clean rompers seemed of minute importance. He helped in the task of feeding the chickens and pigs, and was gleeful when allowed to wheel home the provisions from the country store. His mother brought him on a visit to us when he was two and a half years old, and I never saw a more capable, thoughtful and well-disciplined child.

I am writing of this as a suggestion to you to allow your child to find some of his "recreation" in work, for the dignity and self-respect acquired in being helpful are a splendid basis on which to rear good manners.

DANGERS OF BEING OVERFAT

Concluded from page 62

diabetes an overweighted and presumably an underexercised body runs the risk of losing its power to use sugar and starch normally.

This means we must do what we can to keep from getting too fat—no simple program for those who come by it all too naturally.

A great many people are fat because they eat too much. That is the unpleasant and brutal truth. Help may be given these overweights by changes in diet and exercise, and in the person's point of view toward food, exercise and fat.

There are, however, some fat people whose problem of reducing is less simple. Even with exercise and a restricted diet the pounds roll up. These overweights must go to a medical expert for help, since their excess fat may result in part from the failure of some bodily function.

There is no royal road to getting thin for those whose dietary indiscretions have brought them to the pass of being classed as fat men or women. I know of few things harder than for the fat person with a good appetite and a frank fondness for tempting food to try to get thin. Reducing for such a person takes real character and is often real punishment, for it consists in a continued series of denials in the way of food and penalties in the way of exercise. Life loses, for a time at least, part of its charm. It has its reward finally, however, in the feeling of self-respect which comes with physical improvement.

It may be of help to mention one of the reasons why after we grow up some of us eat "not wisely, but too well." Eating is a pleasure as well as a necessity to most of us. When for any reason our lives are strained, when worries crowd upon us, when dissatisfaction overbalances satisfaction in our day's activities, we automatically try to make up to ourselves for the painfulness of these experiences. Some of us find real compensation in eating at such a time, and even after the worry has gone the pleasure in good food continues and, unfortunately, we continue to eat too much.

Would you like to weigh less? The Home-Making Department has suggestions for a weight-reducing diet which tells you which foods to avoid and plans reducing-meals for you. Send your request with a two-cent stamp for postage to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

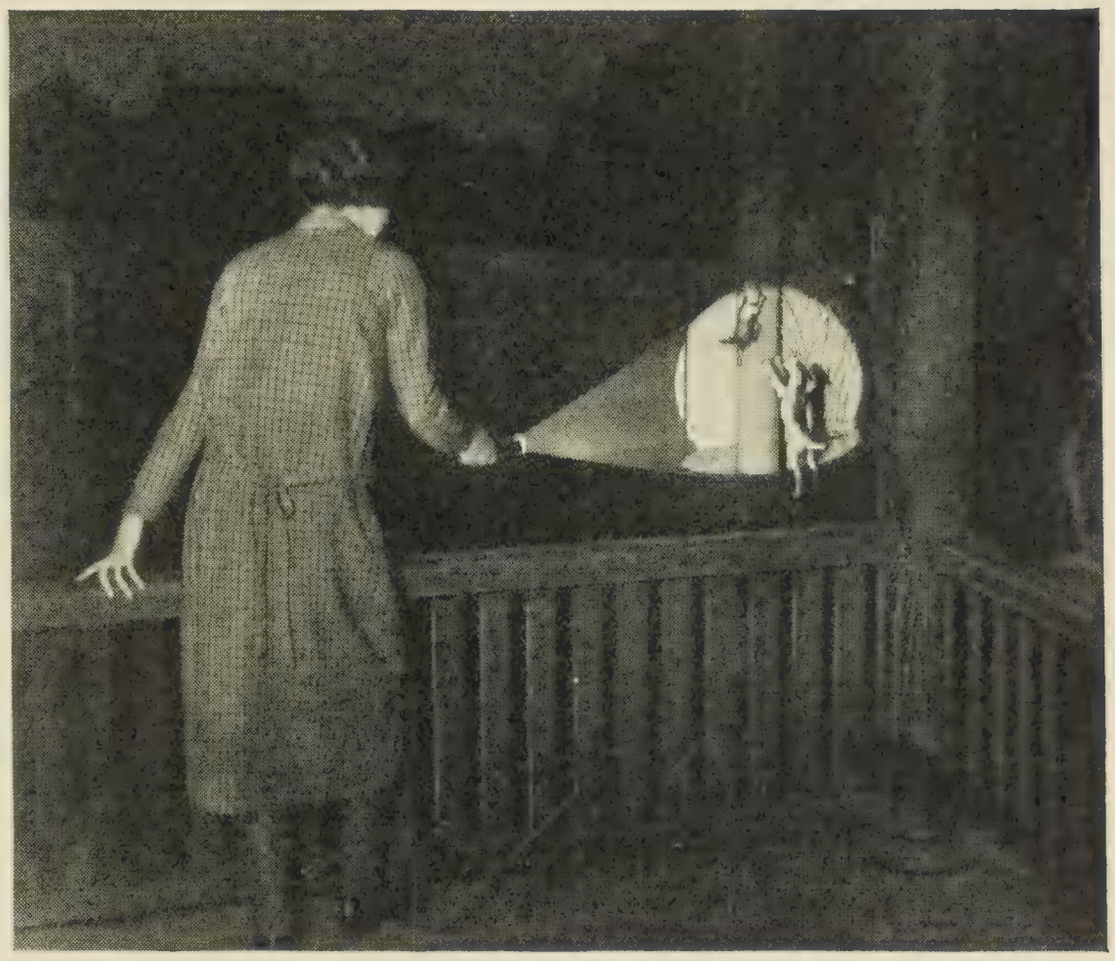
A SUBTLE DIFFERENCE

Modistes say that just half an inch more or less across the shoulders makes all the difference between the fashionable straight back and a lumpy "dowager" line.

But you can reduce just the part of your body that mars your style. "Reducing in Spots," the new DELINEATOR booklet, illustrates and describes exercises to correct each fault. The exercises have been prepared by Dr. Lillian E. Shaw, a specialist in physical education and in health education. She knows just the exercises that are healthful for women and the ones that will achieve the desired results.

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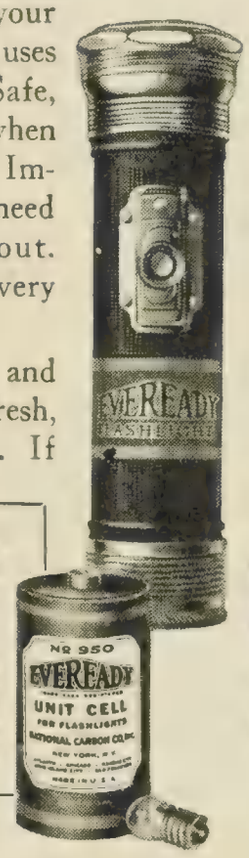


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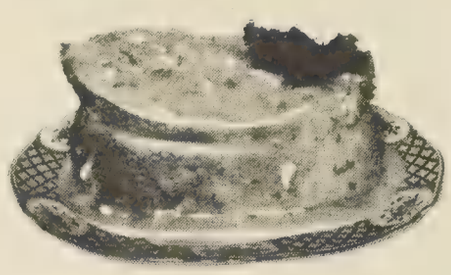
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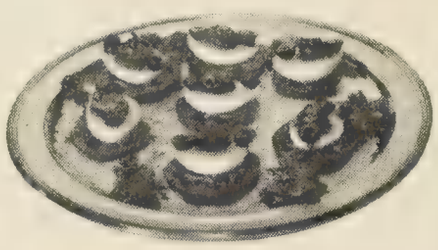
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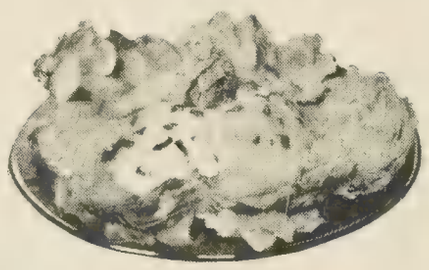
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THE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 10

always been. And it was when the war was over, at this time of Sim's visit, that Andrew sometimes halted in his pursuit of Linda.

He halts. He looks at her, across their costly table, across a gleaming dance floor, broodingly, estimatingly.

Then she catches his eye—Sim would see it—and she flashes at him that radiant smile of hers and he is bewitched and he smiles back.

How long?

WHEN Sim had been at Charles's house, he had been among the streets and places where he had known Elizabeth Glade, to whom solely in all the world (if only he could find her) he felt that he could confide the strange reasons which had caused him to abandon his army career and now to be drifting vaguely in search of—what? He did not know.

If only he could find her!

Charles might know. He had not, somehow, liked to write and ask Charles—but it was easy to ask him indirectly when, during his visit, the talk turned on old friends in the neighborhood.

"And what's become of the Glades?" he had asked.

Charles had stared at him. "Why, you know what happened to old Glade, don't you?" he demanded.

Sim said: "I only read the smallest bit of it in a newspaper some man had out there. It did astonish me. I was sorry about it. Only I hadn't much leisure either for astonishment or regret when I saw that paper, we were in the thick of a push."

Charles responded: "You hadn't much reason, either, not for being sorry. Glade got what he deserved."

Sim did not take this up. "It was bad luck on the girl, on his daughter, on Elizabeth," he said.

Charles shrugged.

"What happened to her?"

Charles had not the faintest idea.

Come to Mayfair Street, and in Andrew to another possible source of information, Sim early in his stay put the same question—but he put it to Andrew more narrowly to his purpose. What had become of that girl they used to know, Elizabeth Glade?

He had the same answer. Andrew hadn't a notion.

Sim went yet further. "How do you suppose I could find out?"

"Haven't an earthly idea," said Andrew.

They were at breakfast and Linda, never out of a conversation at which she was present, and for once present at the early meal, must needs strike in: "Why do you want to find out, Sim?"

"Because I want to know," said Sim. "Yah!"

His exchanges with Linda were always on a note of high raillery, and this "Yah!" was the signal between them of a firm snub.

Linda cried: "Not so much of your yahing—*yet*, Mr. Cleverboots. Wait till I've done. What is she like, this Elizabeth?"

"Go on with your breakfast," said Sim.

"Is she pretty?"

"Prettier than you, anyway."

"Tush, she couldn't be. Are you in love with her, Sim?"

"Niggs, make your wife eat and not talk so much."

Linda stuck out her fork triumphantly toward Sim. "You are, you are, fiddlededar! Andrew, Sim's in love, *that's* what's the matter with him. *I've* discovered it. He's in love with this Elizabeth creature." She waved the fork in Sim's direction. "He is, he is, fiddlededizl! Look at him blushing!"

Sim, beneath her fire, was slightly red. To cover it, "Niggs, your wife's table manners would make any one blush," he said. "She oughtn't to be allowed a fork—she ought to be fed."

Andrew, who never bantered, deep in the *Financial Times*, only grunted.

"All the same," said Linda, "if the match is desirable—who's her father, this Glade creature?"

"He's dead," said Sim flatly.

"Oh! Well, we all do that in time, even the best of us. There's no great harm in *that*. If the match is desirable, as I shall make it my business to discover, I shall simply *push* you into it. Every man ought to marry. An unmarried man is a walking crime and ought to be hung. And what you're waiting for, goodness only knows."

"I'm waiting," Sim parried, "as I've told you, to find some one as lovely as you."

Linda threw him a kiss.

"There's only one I know," Sim went on, "and she's booked up pretty heavily, I should imagine. You're very like her, Linda, I always think—you've the same rattle about you wherever you are that she has on the stage." He named a famous dancer. "I mean Gaby Delorme."

"Well, Gaby has points," accepted Linda, well enough pleased.

"She has one over you, Linda. It made me laugh when I saw her do it on the stage the other night. She powders her legs."

"That's all right," Linda returned. "I powder mine, don't I, Andrew?"

Andrew, behind his paper, said gravely. "I have seen you do it."

"Lucky man!" Linda cried. "Isn't he, now, Sim?"

"Now I do blush for you," said Sim. "I am pained and I am going."

He rose and went toward the door. He was glad of the opportunity to close the Elizabeth subject. "I sha'n't be in to lunch. I've something on."

Linda fired a last shot. "You needn't be mysterious about it. It's looking for Elizabeth, I'll lay the odds."

SIM *was* looking for Elizabeth Glade, not on that morning in particular, but daily, as he went about, by keeping his eyes open. He wanted her very much. They had been very good friends, though meeting rarely, in the days before the war. When the war broke out, he had been spending a six-weeks' leave at Charles's house and had seen her frequently, and their friendship had developed. The war caused in it a further development. When he went to say goodby to her, "I shall write to you," Elizabeth told him. If there had been no war, if he had been going abroad merely to rejoin his regiment for the customary peace service, it is improbable that, of her own initiative, she ever would have written to him. Whatever might have been her secret feelings toward him, nothing in the degree of love had passed between them, and initiative in correspondence would have had to come from him. Convention was like that before the war.

But those were emotional moments, that first onset and those early months of the war (disruptive not of artificial convention alone but of old natural laws of intercourse between the sexes). It became among women the vogue, and was counted a right and patriotic vogue, to be writing letters to a man "out there"—and the vogue was followed (earnestly, flippantly or loosely according to the mentality and the morals of the writer) by women of all degrees and all ages. Elizabeth in her letters to Sim revealed herself, her thoughts on life, her feelings about life, in a degree that certainly she never would have disclosed but for the emotional stress under which life was then being lived.

Sim found himself keeping her letters.

Suddenly her letters stopped.

The war surged on. No man who is being swept along a raging flood can give much thought to things upon the bank. Carried on in the tremendous tide of the war, Sim, his letters unanswered, in time found abated in him the sense of disturbance that arose when first Elizabeth's letters ceased.

The change that came to him changed this also. The more deeply he plumbed the impossibility of confiding this matter of his change (as he longed to confide it) to some one—Charles, Andrew, Alice, Linda, his only relatives, impossible all—the more he felt that if he could find Elizabeth——

And suddenly he found her.

THE great Stupendity reception was the chance that Sim, almost foregoing it, took and had reason to be uncommonly glad. Linda was responsible. He had said he would not go. Linda badgered him into changing his mind, and he accompanied her. Andrew also was badgered, but Andrew on principle refused to attend what he called "those indiscriminate shows."

"I don't see how on earth you can call it indiscriminate," Linda argued. "Everybody's going to be there."

"That's what indiscriminate means," said Sim.

"You speak when you're spoken to, young man, and not interfere between husband and wife. Andrew, Stupendity has got a princeling coming (at least Lardy Quinnet swears he has) and chessboards of bishops and barons, and half the cabinet and all the authors and artists. It will be frightfully interesting."

Andrew said fondly: "I'm sure it will, Linda. But you know how I feel about getting into crowds like that—any one can pal up with you in a crowd—that's why I keep out of them. I have to."

Linda tossed up her hands in mock disgust. "Very well. Well, I shall get a divorce if this goes on much longer. I shall turn to you, Sim. Can a woman marry her divorced husband's brother? Find out, will you?"

Sim had something in connection with this affair which he wished to find out on his own account; and driving with Linda to the vast Stupendity department-store building after dinner it was of her he sought it.

"This is all new to me," he said, "this Stupendity boom. Stupendity's had just opened when I was last on leave from India, before the war, and there was fuss enough, Heaven knows. But it seems to have gone miles since then."

"It *has*," confided Linda, "leagues!" Their car wedged itself firmly into the immense line waiting to approach the entrance and she proceeded to give him an account of the leagues that Stupendity's had gone.

Stupendity's, to edit Linda's rattle, was the greatest department store, not only that the world had ever known, but that the world was ever likely to know. The genius of Mr. Horace Stupendity had established it; and just as there has never been a second Napoleon or a second Shakespeare so was there never likely to be a second Stupendity. This remarkable man, though by all precedent he should have been an American, was not an American but an Englishman. Similarly his name, Stupendity, suiting so well the mammoth emporium he had founded, could not, people said, be his real name. But as to three syllables of its four, it was his real name.

THE grandfather of this astonishing man was one Pendity. In his early age this Pendity was a small grocer in a large town in the north of England; in his middle age he was a considerable grocer in the same town; and in his old age, handing on to his son, father of Horace Stupendity, he was a large grocer with large shops in four large towns. The son, inheriting four shops, bequeathed forty shops. The grandson, Horace, inheriting the forty shops—the Pendity Multiple Shops, as they were called, immediately converted them into a company; sold it; added to the huge profit the interest of wealthy backers; erected in London the greatest shopping block the world had ever known; advertised it by methods of which the world had never thought; took the name of Stupendity; and on a morning never to be forgotten in London, the sky yellow with balloons by day and rainbowed with searchlights and with fireworks by night, hurled open Stupendity's to an astounded public.

This reception was being held to mark the stupendous success within that year of a Stupendity enterprise. The enterprise was to make the Stupendity Dome (that mammoth Dome compared with which the dome of St. Paul's in a bird's-eye view of London simply is not seen because it does not in any degree compare with it) at once the most popular and the most fashionable restaurant in London. No big London store had ever yet had an evening restaurant, so Horace Stupendity decided that Stupendity's should have an evening restaurant. The Dome, from the very first day, became "the thing." "Dine at the Dome" commanded every billboard and every motor-omnibus top in London; "Dine at the Dome" walked ceaselessly by night in letters of fire, round and round the Dome; and in enormous numbers London obeyed these commands and dined there. And all the notabilities who had dined there, and the very few notabilities who had not dined there, were now bidden by Mr. Stupendity to assemble together to celebrate its first anniversary. The heights of the Dome had been made to represent the sky, with stars of electric light twinkling unceasingly. The floor for dancing had been cleared in one place, and for refreshment flowed with wine, shivered with ice-cream and towered with sandwiches

in another place. In the center a fountain, parti-colored lights playing upon it, burst into being. On each of the four sides a string band, by turns, burst into music.

Mr. Stupendity received his guests on a circle of blue-plush carpet which stood at the head of a highway of gold-plush carpet up which the guests advanced from the entrance to meet him; liveried attendants cried out their names as they approached. The blue-plush circle being considerably thicker than the gold-plush highway, the great majority of guests, tripping over it, advanced toward the extended hand of Mr. Stupendity with a short, eager rush, which, taking it as a tribute to his popularity, caused immense gratification to Mr. Stupendity.

Sim, looking at the great business genius whom Linda had been describing to him, saw a short small man with a round clean-shaven face and a large and completely bald head. He thus was in appearance as unlike the accepted type of a giant of business as it was possible to be. In manner he was, on the other hand, brusk, uncompromising, decisive, electric-swift, more like the accepted type than the most exaggerated character in fiction or in drama. And no one better knew this (since daily they encountered it) than the two persons who stood now in attendance upon him.

One of these, who stood slightly behind the right elbow of Mr. Stupendity, was a young woman, attractive in a noticeably demure, Quakerish sort of way. She was known, since Mr. Stupendity never was seen anywhere without her, as Mr. Stupendity's shadow. She was, in fact, his personal secretary. Her name was Miss Marr.

The other attendant upon Mr. Stupendity appeared to have no settled position upon the blue-plush plot, as had Miss Marr. This was a tall, slim and extremely good-looking young man. His name was Mr. Lardy Quinnet, a relation of Lord Staverton.

SIM had met Lardy Quinnet in France during the war. "*Hul*-lo, Sim," Mr. Quinnet, now encountering him, very heartily greeted him. "Come where the drink runs cold—and free," and he liberally helped Sim and then himself.

"Now try one of these smokes, old man," Lardy went on gaily. "They're good. I nominated them for this show myself."

Sim took a cigaret. "That's what I want to ask you, Lardy—your connection with Stupendity's. I'd no idea you were in this game when I met you out there. What department do you serve in, Lardy, gents' hose and headgear?"

"No, ladies' underwear, old man. As a matter of fact, Sim, what I am is—and you've only to look at me to see it—what I am is a Brain. I am, old man, from my heels to my head, one living, pulsing, twisting Brain."

"Does it hurt?" inquired Sim.

"Here and there, old man, here and there. It's a terrific thing, I tell you, to be simply a Brain—" He broke off. "Isn't it, Miss Marr?" he said.

The little brown shadow, shadowing Mr. Stupendity, had appeared beside them. Mr. Stupendity, engaged in conversation, was a few feet away; his shadow, standing near Sim, gave Lardy Quinnet her cold attention.

"I have no idea what you were talking about, Mr. Quinnet."

"Brain, my dear Miss Marr."

"I couldn't conceive a subject you know less of. Will you attend, please?" Her manner was utterly businesslike. "Mr. Stupendity wishes some ideas for a Tool Week in the ironmongery department. He desires a complete scheme from each of the Intelligence Staff by midday to-morrow. Miss Glade will come for your dictation at nine-thirty."

Mr. Stupendity had moved on. His shadow immediately followed him.

But Sim had caught eagerly at a name mentioned. "Glade, did she say, Lardy? Who is Miss Glade?"

Lardy returned to his glass and to his companion. "I'm engaged to that girl," he announced.

Sim had a chill.

"To Miss Glade?"

"Glade? No. To Miss Marr."

Sim was surprised. The markedly frigid manner of Miss Marr had not suggested betrothed relations. "By Jove, I congratulate you, Lardy. She's uncommonly pretty."

"She's not only pretty," declared Lardy, "she's a marvel, a Living Marvel. I tell you, Sim, that girl——"

"Half a minute, old man! Tell me first about the other girl. Who's this Miss Glade? I used to know——"

He was to be disappointed. "Haven't a notion," said Lardy. "Sort of idea she's an old-timer on Miss Marr's stenographic staff. Miss Marr will tell you if you're interested. She can tell anybody anything, that girl. A marvel. We'll go and talk to her—" He broke off. "Just half a minute——"

He dashed for his half-minute to a young man much of his own type thrown toward them by the ever-moving throng; and high merriment arising between the two, and the half-minute appearing likely to develop into a half-hour, Sim, thinking eagerly of this possible chance of news of Elizabeth Glade, wound his way alone toward Miss Marr from whom possibly it might be forthcoming.

HE CAME up to her at a moment when Mr. Stupendity stood within a close knot of friends, thus permitting his shadow to be more or less at ease. Very earnest in his quest, Sim did not hesitate to speak.

"You'll forgive me introducing myself, Miss Marr? I'm an old friend of Lardy Quinnet's. He's just told me that he is engaged to you. I want to con——"

"He's nothing of the sort," replied Miss Marr. The words had of themselves a sharp sound, and for the moment they took Sim aback. He was quick to detect in them, however, and in the expression of Miss Marr's face as she uttered them, a pretty petulance rather than a sharpness. "I've told him so over and over again," she added, and now permitted her petulance to melt into a very friendly smile.

It was reasonably clear to Sim that if the two were not officially engaged they in all probability ultimately would be, and he assumed a line suitable to the assumption. "Of course Lardy is a licensed idiot," he remarked cheerfully.

"They've no right to license him, whoever does it," returned Miss Marr, now smiling delightfully. "The license ought to be revoked and the man shut up. He's simply a goose let loose."

"He told me one thing I should say is true," said Sim, "that you were a living marvel. I perceive you are a poet also—a goose let loose goes well."

Miss Marr laughed. "Why, with that for an example, I'll grant you more poet than marvel, and we'll agree on that. You are Major Paris, aren't you?"

"And he told me you know everything," said Sim. "Though how——"

Miss Marr laughed again. "That was simple. My informant is behind you."

Sim turned and saw radiant Linda, within a ring-fence of men.

"Ah, my lovely sister-in-law," said Sim, looking again at Miss Marr.

"She *is* lovely," agreed Miss Marr.

"But it's not about her, nor, to be honest, really to congratulate you, that I came over to speak to you. Miss Marr, what I wanted to ask you is, have you a girl on your staff called Glade?"

"Not on my staff. I wish she were. She's good. Miss Glade is one of my emergency-calls. I get her when I want her, if she is available. What about her, Major Paris?"

"What is she like? What's her Christian name?"

"She's dark, slim, pretty—Elizabeth, I think her name is."

Sim had a thrill.

"I used to know her. I want to get in touch with her. Do you know where she lives?"

Miss Marr did not know. "It's funny that I don't, but she's got her own secretarial connection, you know, and whenever she has a spare hour or so—she works *much* too hard, that girl—she rings me up to see if anything is doing. Of course I easily can find out her address for you. She——"

Miss Marr's eyes had glanced across the room and her voice went up a scale. "Why, there's a man who will tell you everything about her. Miss Glade works for him regularly. That man by the woman in red."

Sim very eagerly followed her indication. "That chap. By Jove, that's a face I know."

Linda, unperceived, had slipped through her ring-fence and was beside them. "*That* face," she joined in. "Well, Sim, you ought to know it. Everybody knows *that* face. It glooms at you from all the bookstalls and half the illustrated papers. *That* face belongs to the author of 'If Harvest Fails.' That's B. C. D. Ash—B. C. D., as every one calls him—the superfamous novelist man."

Sim said: "Well, I'm dashed. I knew him out in France. He was attached to us with

Continued on page 68

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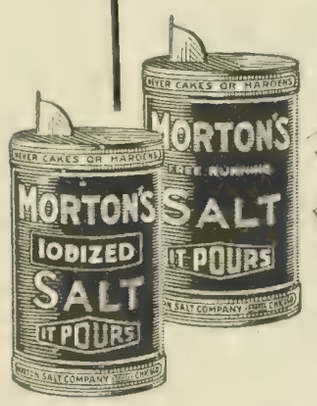
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By Edna Wallace Hopper

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THE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 67

some labor-battalion people. We were rather pals. But never dreamt of connecting him with all this 'If Harvest Fails' fuss—I knew he was a writer, too." He turned to Miss Marr. "And he knows this Miss Glade? This *is* luck. I'm right for him."

He nodded to Miss Marr, smiled at Linda, and set his way quickly toward the author.

THE superfamous novelist was occupied, as Sim made toward him, in moving about in a very curious manner indeed. He would proceed a few swift paces in one direction, then start violently, halt abruptly, look agonizingly about him in a scared way, and then fly off more swift paces at a sharp tangent to his former direction. When Sim, tracking him down with considerable difficulty, suddenly by a swift sidestep countered an equally swift sidestep on his part and thus stood immediately face to face with him, the author of "If Harvest Fails" without any form of salutation, though he had not seen Sim for three years, thus very strangely addressed him:

"Stand absolutely still, Sim, will you, like a good chap? Whatever you do, don't move your head."

His voice was agitated and low, and his own head he held with such stiffness in the exact line of Sim's that Sim could see the jerky movement of his throat muscles.

"Say when," said Sim, mystified but amused.

The head of the superfamous novelist inclined a trembling shade to the right, his eyes, charged with the poignant expression of a beast in a slaughter-house, directed themselves over Sim's shoulder. "All right, now," he said.

His voice gave to the words the sound of a great amen, the terrible rigidity of his person relaxed, he shuddered violently, and he blew his nose with considerable emotion. "Gosh!" he said. And he then said, relieved, "Hullo, Sim. I say, I am jolly glad to see you again."

"I'm jolly glad to see you," Sim returned. "But what's the alarm? Are you hiding from some one?"

The man blew his nose again. "I'm always hiding," he said.

He always was. The habitual look of this remarkable man—a youngish-looking man wearing rimless spectacles—was the look of a man in imminent peril of at any moment being arrested; which, in the considered judgment of the great majority of the literary critics and intellectuals, he not only deserved to be, but, as they said, if literature were properly appreciated and protected in this country, would have been long ago. It was partly the illustrious novelist's knowledge of this, partly a total incapacity to hold his own in the conversation of the circles into which by his fame he had quite unintentionally sprung, and partly many grave defects in the working of the organs of his digestion that caused him, as he had told Sim, to spend the greater part of his time in hiding, and it was partly because his surname was so insignificantly short while his initials were so impressively long, and partly because his Christian name was neither stated upon his books nor familiar in the mouths of the public, that he was always known, as Linda would say, by his Christian initials, "B. C. D."

This, then, was the man whom Sim now very cheerfully greeted and who with evident sincerity very gladly greeted Sim. "For I've often thought of you, Sim," said B. C. D., "and wished I could run into you again. We rather hit it off, do you remember?"

Sim warmly agreed; reference was made to "uncommon good talks together out there"; Sim declared that he now must fall into the general line and call this superfamous friend B. C. D.; B. C. D. assenting, staved off the congratulations of Sim; and, these exchanges pleasantly rattled through and concluded, said Sim: "But there's a thing I particularly want of you, B. C. D. You've a secretary, haven't you?"

The face of B. C. D. clouded. "I have."

"Called Glade, Elizabeth Glade?"

The famous novelist shook his famous head. "I wish she were. Note that I say 'were,' Sim, not 'was.' The critics declare that I can't write grammar, so I've bought an 'English Grammar' and really am doing rather well. But, my secretary—no, not Glade; my secretary's called Artifex—she treats me as an elderly aunt treats a small nephew and I'm frightened of her and I hate her. But I know a Miss Glade, an Elizabeth Glade."

Sim exclaimed: "You do? Tell me about her."

B. C. D. told. Pretty, dark, pale, worked too hard, he thought—did secretarial work for him when he wanted her.

"She comes to me to-morrow, at three," B. C. D. concluded. "If you want to meet her——"

"I very much do. B. C. D.—funny how natural it comes to call you B. C. D., but I've heard it everywhere——"

The famous novelist sighed. "I know. Yes?"

"Why, I very much do want to see this Elizabeth Glade. B. C. D., do you remember in our talks out there talking about things a girl used to write me in letters—rather deepish things?"

"Perfectly well. You read me some."

"Well, this was the girl."

B. C. D. was immensely interested. "It's extraordinary. You are sure it's the same?"

"Positive. It must be her."

"She," corrected B. C. D.; "must be she, not her. I'm a tiger for faulty grammar these days. But seriously, Sim, this is fine." He had been watching Sim's face through all this and, lamentable though were his excursions in literature, he was not without sympathetic insight. "I tell you what we'll do, old man. You come to my place to-morrow afternoon and meet the girl. I'll clear out and leave you to tea together."

"You're a brick, B. C. D."

"Not a bit. You will have a heap to talk about, and I'll clear out and leave you to it. Twenty-four Hunter Street, Bloomsbury, is my address—just off Bloomsbury Square."

Sim made a note of it. "Not that it's necessary." He smiled. "I'm not likely to forget it. I lost sight of her. I've been wanting to find her again, badly, for a long time."

B. C. D. said gravely: "Remembering those letters and by what I've seen of her, I can imagine it, Sim."

Sim touched his hand. "I like you, B. C. D."

"I like you, Sim."

They had moved toward the door and the world-famous novelist, looking all about him like a hunted stag, grabbed at Sim's hand in farewell. "I'm going like a greased flash, Sim. I've a chance now, and if I don't take it I'm done."

HE FLED five quick paces to one exit, stopped violently, abruptly turned, and with even quicker paces fled through another.

Sim, had he been able to follow him and to have known his thoughts, would have seen him plunge for one of the four great elevators; swerve from its occupants like a shying horse; stampede into another; crimson painfully at a whisper among its crowded occupants of "That's the author of 'If Harvest Fails' "; nervously take his hat and coat from a superb attendant, make a false shot for the revolving door, find himself wedged in a compartment of it on the heels of a stout lady who cried, "Oh, oh, oh!" stagger through it upon her heels and rush miserably away into the open.

"Good night, Mr. Ash," said a commissionnaire whom the famous but unhappy man never in his life had seen before.

"This is awful," muttered B. C. D. He had a car, but never used it. Taxicabs awaited him in long lines, but he never rode in taxicabs. A bus took him to Bloomsbury Square. Beneath a lamp-post, as he hurried along the pavement, stood two young women. They stared at him, but he avoided their stare. He heard them speak, he then heard called after him, "If Harvest Fails——"

"This is frightful," muttered the author, hurrying.

At the corner was a policeman who looked at him steadily.

"Good night," said the famous novelist, hurrying.

"Good night to you, Mr. Ash," said the policeman.

"This is simply unbearable," said the world-famous novelist and wanely let himself into No. 24.

SIM was early at the house of B. C. D. Ash on the afternoon of the morrow. No. 24 Hunter Street presented itself to him as a typical Bloomsbury house in a typical Bloomsbury thoroughfare. And there was further presented to him when he knocked the sound of an upper window being very cautiously raised and the sight of the world-known head of the world-known novelist very cautiously projecting itself therefrom.

At sight of Sim looking up from below, the world-known head thrust itself boldly into full view. "Hullo, Sim. My landlady's out. I'll chuck down the latch-key. Catch! Let yourself in, Sim, and come straight up."

Sim, proceeding as directed and wondering a little at the description "landlady" as applied to a member of the domestic staff of a world-famous novelist, found the great author himself at the head of the flight. was warmly greeted and conducted into a large front room. He looked curiously about him. Comfortably but very plainly furnished; decorated with a few admirable dry points and with a few books; markedly tidy; its principal content an immense table obviously used as a writing-table; revealing a bedroom through partially opened folding doors. The room was obviously a workroom and the workroom of an incredibly orderly-minded man, but it was not (to Sim) as obviously the room of a man credited with earning more royalties in a month than a streetful of novelists in a lifetime.

But he said politely: "This is a nice room, B. C. D."

"It's good," agreed the author proudly. "This is my bedroom." He pushed open the folding doors and Sim was shown a bedroom, overlooking a mews, as exquisitely neat as was the other apartment, shoes in trees perfectly alined, trousers in press, a green canvas bath in one corner, a spirit stove, shining like new silver, and tea-making materials neatly arranged on a low table in another.

"Convenient, opening into one another like that," said the novelist, proudly returning with Sim into the front apartment.

"Very," said Sim and then voiced the bepuzzlement that had him. "Do you live here, B. C. D.?"

The author of "If Harvest Fails" regarded him with a curious look. "I *inhabit* here," he said.

"That's evidently got some special meaning. What's rather puzzling me, B. C. D., is that this morning at the club I saw a whole page in an illustrated weekly giving photographs of the interiors of your London residence, as the paper called it. The rooms were what I call devilish swagger. But I didn't see this room, B. C. D.——"

"What you saw," said the great novelist gravely, "is, as the paper no doubt said, where I *live*. This place wasn't in the pictures because this is where I *inhabit*. Of course you won't give me away, Sim, so I'll let you into a secret. That infernal house you saw pictured is one of the things I got rushed into. Miss Artifex, my official secretary, is another. She runs the place—it's in Green Street, off Park Lane—and the butler and his wife and a chauffeur and his wife and one or two other creatures, I believe, all of whom I'm frightened of, particularly the butler. About two nights a week I creep in there after they've all gone to sleep and rumple the bed. The rest of the time, as I say, I *inhabit* this place, where I do everything for myself, just as I used to before all this fuss, and am entirely happy—or as happy as I can ever expect to be these days. I've no immediate relatives, you know, and I'm working and nice Miss Glade comes to me in the afternoons and——"

A KNOCKING on the door interrupted him. "There she is, Sim. That's her code knock. Look out, old man, and see if it is your Miss Glade." Sim drew a quick breath and went to the window and looked out.

He drew in. "It is, B. C. D.," he said.

B. C. D. saw emotion in his face. He went to his bedroom and brought hat and stick from it. "I'll let her in and send her up," he said. "I'll stagger off somewhere, and you'll be alone. I'll not tell her you are here, shall I?"

"No," Sim said.

"Right. She knows where to make the tea and all that. Stay as long as you like. I'm going to range about on Hempstead Heath. Good-by, old man."

He was gone before Sim could thank him.

In a minute were sounds of feet lightly up the stairs; the door then opened.

Sim said: "Elizabeth!"

The slim, pale girl, arrested on the thresh-

old, framed in the doorway, put her hand to her heart. "Oh, Sim!"

He had often thought and thought how, when he found her, should he greet her? With some commonplace; with some light word? With some accustomed opening; with some gay banter? He had thought and thought— What, when she first saw him, would she say? That this was strange; that this was good? That it was years and years; that it seemed only yesterday?

They met. His sole word was the word, her name, "Elizabeth!" His voice, which in his thoughts had challenged her, contained no challenge, had no ring. Her name went from him quietly, on a strange note, almost hushed—"Elizabeth!"

And she, "Oh, Sim!" Not greeting, not joy; rather a stifling, as it were, of pain. "Oh, Sim!"—a piteous expostulation.

He had thought and thought— How, after greeting, would he go on? Moved, as he was not prepared to be moved, by sight of her; conscious now of emotions he unconsciously had nursed, he was held mute, he could not go on.

He said at last: "After so long."

She said: "So very long, Sim," and touched the hand that he extended.

She closed the door and went past him into the room.

He just stood there, silent.

She began to take off the wrap she wore. "Why are you here?" she asked.

He used only five words. "I knew Ash in France."

A very great and terrible restraint was on them. Her wrap removed, she began at her hat. "I am here to work, you know," she said.

He told her: "I know that."

She put off her hat and, at a loss then for what else immediately to do, she faced him. "Well, well," she said. It was a kind of dismissal; a kind of "Well, we've met again; that's all over; now I must get on with things."

THERE was a deep couch, upholstered in leather, against one window. He went to it and sat down. "Come and sit here, Elizabeth. We have to talk."

She came.

She was dressed very simply in black, white at her wrists, white at her throat, where a broad silk collar fell. He saw in her the girl that he remembered; saw the soft olive of her skin, warmed on her cheeks as faintly reddens in the sun a ripened peach; saw how her hair's soft brown caressed her brow; and how her eyes, home of a spirit, kind, maternal, were fringed with lashes that a breath, they were so long and dense and soft, would stir; and how the broad mouth, denying her face a classic beauty, spoke in its width (it is the sign) her intellectuality. These he had seen of old in careless days. Now saw he also, graven in those eyes and on that mouth, the image of the inner self she had revealed him in those revealing letters she had sent him in the war; now saw he the chasings that the new and hidden years had chiseled on the old, the bloom paled over, the soft curves sharpened down (as of resources deeply drawn upon), a droop of lids, of lips, as of resistance almost out.

He said: "I have wanted you, Elizabeth." He had thought and thought— How, when finding her, he should tell her how he had wanted her. Should he begin to tell her why? How tell the vague perplexity, the impulse without direction, the call without place of call, that in cold words must sound so vain, so futile, so self-esteemed? Now, after a space, she asked him why he had wanted her; and not the thoughts he had rehearsed, but revelation came to him by this contact with her and gave him his answer.

"Why have you wanted me, Sim?"

He said: "Because I love you, Elizabeth."

She began to cry.

He had put one arm about her. Her hands, which with the other hand he had sought to take, she had slipped from him and put against her face. He used that hand to hold her to him, her face against his shoulder.

When she was stilled, not questioning yet her grief, "I love you, Elizabeth," he said again.

She said, her voice catching: "Sim, there never has been a word of love between us."

"But I love you, Elizabeth."

She essayed to put herself upright and from him. "Sim, I am not to be loved."

He restrained her. "Turn your face to me, Elizabeth."

"Sim, I am not to be loved."

"Turn your face to me, Elizabeth."

She turned her face to his. He kissed her. She sighed profoundly and lay within his arms.

That profound sigh she gave, a deep and single pulse of all her forces, vital and spiritual; and that relax into his arms, a subjection to him, profound and unreserved, of all her being, mental and physical—these seemed to say: "Oh, let me sleep!" And a long time, as if she slept, he held her.

She had said, "Not to be loved"; but here in that sleep within his arms was her abandonment to love; and of the state of love—not of the processes of love, nor of love's deeds, nor even of the thoughts of love—but of the sheer state of loving, how writes the pen? For if to render life is the office of art, then art of loving is mute—for love is mute. It is not by their words that lovers love. Language with all its words has given only three to lovers. Jealous of even three it gives to the lover, seeking to express to himself his state, but two alone—"I love."

Mutely—his spirit joined with hers in passage to transcendental planes—mutely in that communion those words were told by them. In a while, the flight dissolved, its spell like afterglow upon them, words came and these he floated to her in that sleep of hers, lamps floated in the darkness down a gentle stream; and her murmured answers floated back, airs murmured through a grove at dawn—that it was wonderful, this mutual love, at reencounter, with no word gone before; that he had loved her since her letters and not till now had known it love; that she had always loved him; murmurs, tones scarcely heard, hushed litanies.

At last she sighed again and stirred—one who returned now from dream to life, from sleep to load—and she began to move herself from where, abandoned to a dream, she had reposed. The dream abandoning, "But, Sim, not to be loved," she said.

He let her from his arms. "Elizabeth, why do you say you are not to be loved?"

As though the words, her words by him repeated, returned to her a vow, momentarily set down, remorsefully reassumed, she with suddenness completed her motion from him and set herself upright.

"Sim, it is so. Not to be loved. Things have happened to me, Sim. My father——"

He sought to fill that unhappy breach: "I knew there had been some trouble."

"How much did you know, Sim?"

He put a hand on her hands. "Elizabeth, I never heard the story—I only heard the fact—that he had been charged with something——"

She said, "Embezzlement."

"Something, I don't know—I don't mind. All that I mind is that you look ill, overwrought, unhappy. All that I know is that I have found you. All that I care is that you say you are not to be loved. Elizabeth, you are not telling me that you are doing the silly stuff they only do in books—telling me you are not to be loved because your father was charged——"

"Sim, he was convicted. They made him a convict."

He pressed her hands. "Not to be loved because your father was a—" he balked the evil word—"went to prison? You couldn't tell me that, Elizabeth."

She shook her head. "It's not that, Sim. When this happened, this dreadful thing, to my poor father—when it happened I thought of you, and I knew it never would make any difference in you. But, Sim, it has made a difference to me. It made me not to be loved—not because my father had sinned—but for a binding and sacred reason, Sim."

"Tell me," he said.

She said: "I will tell you it all, Sim—all that happened—and you will see why I am not to be loved, Sim."

SHE told him.

Her father, a lawyer, had been sole trustee of a sum of money, five thousand pounds, held for two sisters and the interest on which he paid equally to the two, elderly maiden ladies by name Andiron, Gertrude and Anne. When one should die, the capital was to be handed over to the survivor.

"Sim," she said—and he could feel her hands in her intensity squeeze his own—"Sim, there wasn't a prospect—when it all happened and my poor father, all broken up, told me everything, he said to me, and I knew it for myself—there wasn't a prospect that either of them would die for many, many years. They were both very healthy, both very fussy about themselves. My poor father counted on that, Sim. He wasn't exactly in trouble, but he wanted some money temporarily, urgently, and he—it was deeply wrong—but my poor father, Sim—

Continued on page 70

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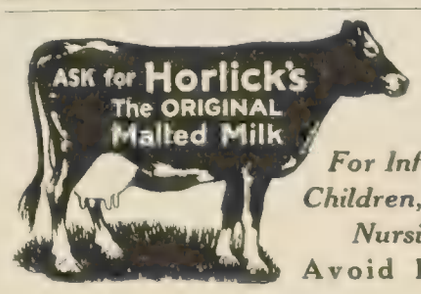
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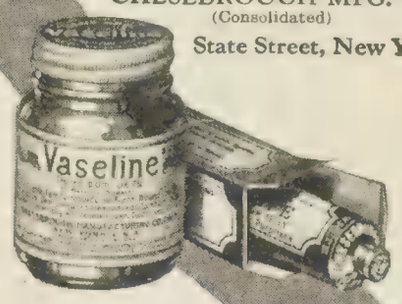
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THE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 69

he borrowed this capital. He realized the investments. He paid the sisters their dividends himself for two quarters and by the third quarter would have recovered and reinvested the money. Sim, the younger one, Anne, slipped in her own drawing-room, all her care of herself gone for nothing, and broke her leg and got pneumonia and died. Sim, it all happened in five days. My poor father heard that she was dead and buried, Sim, before he ever knew she had been ill. Then the other sister, Gertrude, came to the office, to my poor father, for her five thousand pounds."

ELIZABETH stopped. Her face told why. Sim patted her hand. "Why tell me, dear?"

"You must know, Sim." She swallowed and went on. "She always had been very fussy and poking, Gertrude. She came every quarter-day for her allowance, would have it given into her own hand and always knew, and generally argued, to a farthing any fluctuations in the dividends." Elizabeth gave a pained half-laugh. "God knows, poor thing, she had need to be inquiring.

"Sim, I never as long as I live shall forget that day when she came. I worked with my father in his office, you remember. I was his secretary. He was dictating a letter to me when she was announced. And I got up to go, but he stopped me, Sim—he said, 'Stay here, Beth, there is something for you to hear.' Sim, that was extraordinary, wasn't it—keeping me to hear it? Sim, it all was extraordinary. My father could have absconded before she came. When she came, he could have bluffed, gained time; he could have explained, shown that he would keep up the interest until he could pay the capital. Sim, my poor father wasn't a criminal. He told me that he felt that sudden death of the other sister to be the hand of God on him and that he accepted the hand of God."

It was piteous to Sim, this lamentable recital. He said: "Dear, why need I know?"

She touched her eyes with her handkerchief. "You must know. Sim, she came in, dressed in gray, looking about her, short, thin, determined—the kind of woman you see and avoid at a bargain sale. And she said at once, 'I have come for my money.' And my poor father, making one feeble attempt, said, 'For your money? You will not leave the investments as they are?' and she said, 'I shall think about that—but not with you, Mr. Glade. I am quite well able to manage my own affairs now that they are my own. So I have come for my money.' Sim, my poor father just said, 'Miss Andiron, I have not got your money for you.' She cried, 'Not got my money?' her voice high up. My poor father said, 'I have used your money.' Sim, her head seemed to me to be stretched right, right up, and her voice came ever so high out of it, 'Used my money!' Sim, my poor father said, 'I have used your money—but, Miss Andiron, I am afraid there is another term for what I have done—I have embezzled your money.' "

Sim got up and went across the room and then came back to her. "Elizabeth!"—and sat and held her hands again.

"Sim, they tried him. Sim, three years—penal servitude—Sim, they let me go down to him, to see him before he was taken away. There was a long row of little cells and he was at the end, a man told me. So I went along, fumbling the wall, Sim. A man came out as I got near the end. He was the detective who had had charge of the case and he had been kind all through. He stopped me and he said, 'Miss, there's trouble here.' I said, 'What trouble?' So he told me and took me into the cell."

She paused a long time. She made some efforts to take up her story, and they failed her. Presently she held an effort. "Sim, what seemed to me years afterward I went out of the Old Bailey, the detective holding my arm. He was very kind. He said he would get me a cab. When we came into the street, Miss Andiron was waiting for me—she had waited all that time. She said to me, 'Well, now?' So I said to her, 'Please, my father is dead.' "

Sim caught his breath and turned away—then turned to her and tried to take her in his arms. But she prevented him. "Sim, this is only leading up to what I have to say."

She told him how her father had collapsed and died immediately they brought him into the cell beneath the dock, and how he was dead when she went in to him. She told him how, when all her father's affairs were settled, when she had sold her home, all the furniture—"Sim, all my private things, every last stitch of my clothes that I didn't actually want, all my bits of jewelry, every smallest thing that I could turn to money"—she had been able to hand Miss Andiron just under a thousand pounds. She said then, "And so, Sim, what I said just now, what I began by saying—I am not to be loved. Sim, I have a sacred vow to my poor father to pay Miss Andiron back the money that he—Sim—robbed her of. There is four thousand pounds that I have set myself to pay. Then I will feel him clear, happy, absolved, my poor father. So I am working, Sim, hard, hard—thinking of nothing else, doing nothing else—until it is paid. To love, Sim, to marry, means my vow not kept. I must pay; to pay, I must work, always, until it is paid. So, Sim—not to be loved, dear."

He did not realize at that first telling the strength nor the depth of her determination. "Elizabeth, this does not stand between us," he said. "There are ways out of this."

"Sim, there are no ways out."

"I could borrow you the money—four thousand pounds. Andrew would find it for me, Elizabeth."

"Sim, the money must be mine, made by me."

He said, "You are earning it—" he indicated with a gesture of his hand the writing-table with its papers—"like this, secretarial work?"

She nodded. She had a very good private connection, she told him—doctors, authors, two members of Parliament, men who wanted secretarial assistance only for a few hours at a time. By fitting in one with another, by letting no hour go unoccupied, she could earn in this way much more than in a permanent post. She told him that she was giving Miss Andiron fifty pounds a quarter, two hundred pounds a year, setting by at least four pounds a week for the purpose, living on thirty shillings.

"Elizabeth!" he reproached her. "Living on thirty shillings!"

"I can do it," she said.

"Married, you still can earn," he said.

"Not in the same degree, Sim. It takes all my time, this. Seven days a week, all hours a day."

He made a calculation.

"Two hundred pounds a year, a thousand in five years, four thousand twenty years. Elizabeth, twenty years!"

"Sim, therefore not to be loved," she said.

HE WAS telling her presently the thing to tell her which had been, before he found her, the only reason that he wished to find her. He told her. But the words with which she answered it were delivered, not in the room where they sat, but in the street where, much later, they took leave. She was engaged to be at B. C. D.'s service that afternoon (and every afternoon at this period) from three to five; and the world-famous author of "If Harvest Fails" making no reappearance ("Bless him!" said Sim), and Sim walking with her to her next place of appointment, a doctor in Harley Street, it was there that they parted.

As they walked, leaving the subject of which he had been telling her, it was of their meeting and of all their meeting meant that they spoke. And when outside the door decorated with many professional plates he had to leave her, "Oh, I turn to my life again with a new and wonderful strength, Sim," she said.

He held both her hands. "And I?" he questioned. "Elizabeth, do I turn with a new purpose to mine?"

Appeal was in his voice; appeal against her vow. He meant, she knew, the purpose now of finding employment wherewith would be enough for them to marry.

She shook her head. "Dear Sim, for you it is to find your real purpose, the purpose for which you were spared, Sim."

He dropped her hands and turned disconsolately away.

It was then that her words came to her.

His head as he turned away was drooped, one arm hung with a certain dejection by his side. The outline he presented stood shadowed, somber, on the gathering dusk; and violently she had the thought: Where had she seen that pose before?—that shoulder turned away, that drooped head, that pendant, melancholy hand, all that dejected mien done in those somber hues?

He had told her while they sat together the whole of the strange thing that had happened to him in the war and the strange influences that it had brought upon him. He always had known it would be hard to tell. He had found it at first harder even than he had imagined. Achingly he had desired to tell some one these strange influences that had come over him, disturbing his mode of life, sundering him from his settled career, altering his habit of thought, calling him from what he had been to something he felt, but was not shown, that he should be; and longingly, when with certainty he came to feel that of all the world that some one only could be she, he had wished to find and tell her.

He had found her and the immediate thing told was not that which beset his mind, but that which, unconsciously, had possessed his heart—that he loved her. And he had heard then the vow, denying herself to love, that she had pledged. It had been difficult, thus new perplexed, to open out those secret things of his when with, "Sim, tell me of yourself now," the moment he had longed for was presented to him.

BUT he told her all, from the beginning. "Why am I spared?" First the hysteria, half-laughing, half-crying, with which he had said it; then the resentment, "Why the *devil* should I be spared?" with which he had hoped his fate would be joined to the fate of all those others to whom fate came; then the apprehension, "Will it come to me now, or now, or now?" then the longing that it would come—now, now, now—and he have done with it; then, torn and exhausted by these, the cry in that damp and airless dug-out to his mother: "Mother, *why* am I spared?" Then the answer.

"Elizabeth, as clearly as I hear my own voice, and yet with no voice speaking, the *knowledge*, 'You are spared because you are reserved for a special purpose.' "

He told her all, from that knowledge. First the exquisite comfort of the knowledge itself; then the feeling that not in pursuit of his accustomed ways was this purpose to be found; then the abandonment of his army career; now, in these weeks, daily, ceaselessly drifting in quest of what that purpose was, where its direction, how it should be found.

He told her it all, from first to last; and, a thousand times though he had told it to himself, he told it now more clearly, more urgently than ever himself had heard it, because now—now at last—was outlet. He told it, too, as even when longing to tell her, he had not known he could tell it, because now was love to ease it out, love to receive it. When he had finished, he smiled and held her hands.

"There! That is all I want of you," he said, "just to hear me tell it—nothing more. There is nothing you need say, nothing you need try to advise. How could you? How could any one? Haven't I shown myself, Elizabeth, just a dreamer of dreams? And who to-day can be a soothsayer, an interpreter of visions? I just wanted to tell some one and I knew it was only you that I could tell."

"This is very extraordinary, Sim!" she said.

He took her hands.

"That is all I wanted, just as you have said it. You understand. I knew you would."

But now, as dejected he turned from her at the door of the house in Harley Street, she had suddenly, out of some suggestion given to her by the forlorn pose of his body, a very strange sense of being upon the threshold of a deeper understanding of what he had told her, of feeling within her a sense similar to that sense with which sometimes we feel we have seen or done before a thing that consciously we have never seen or done. The suggestion of his pose, as he turned away?

It came to her. It was the painting by Watts of the man who from the bidding to the service of Christ turned away, "for he had many possessions."

She caught her breath.

"Sim!"

He looked back.

"Sim, there is a purpose for you. I know it. I am convinced of it."

His smile, questioning her, was pale, wan, scarcely a smile.

"Sim, I believe that it is of God."

Continued in the August DELINEATOR



LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 6

shouting out ice-cream, monkeys gibbering at them, a kangaroo, the sleepy-eyed camels, twenty lumbering elephants with wet trunks swinging up for peanuts, and that odor of sawdust and jungle-tramped grass that nothing in this world but a circus can give!

The little old lady, like some one in a dream, stood looking at that bewildering web of trapeze ropes and bars, ring-banks, nets and poles, the soft yellow sawdust, the thousand people surging up on the seats—then she saw some one coming, a man with round face and twinkling blue eyes.

Bill had told her a thousand times about Papa Saunders's blue eyes, his round face and the striped red shirts he always wore.

"Oh," she said quaveringly, "it *is!*"

Somehow she had courage to step out to him, dared to touch his hand and stop him.

"Aren't you Mr. Saunders?" she trembled. "Aren't you the man who gives people work?"

Mr. Saunders looked down at her, his blue eyes smiling.

"I *am* Mr. Saunders," he said. "What's the trouble?"

So the old yellow letter was unfolded to tell a story that had been put on the faded sheet seven years before in the hand Mr. Saunders knew so well, of Sunny Bill Peck, the tumbling clown. His little old lady would bring this, Bill wrote, if she'd ever be needing the friends he had left behind him.

Mr. Saunders read the letter, folded it slowly, and tears came into his blue eyes.

"Mrs. Sunny Bill Peck," he said, "welcome home!"

And big Manager Saunders of The Great Melbourne Circus slipped his hand under the arm of Bill Peck's little widow, to guide her tenderly out of the crowd.

"We'll go and find Mary Johnson, who keeps the wardrobe in the ladies' dressing-tent, and tell her there'll be some one from now on to help her sew spangles."

IT WAS just turning night when the little Missouri train drew into the rushing St. Louis station. Lights were coming on, every one hurrying, red-capped porters with grips coming and going, people meeting each other for greeting or good-by.

Mr. Kingsley Fitzgerald frowned as he stepped from the train into the crowd. He didn't like people pushing against him, men shouting at him and the noise of it all. He called a porter to take his luggage, and followed through the hot crowd.

He had firmly made up his mind to think nothing more of the child and the shabby boy who had been on the train, but despite himself he found his thoughts going back to the wide eyes that had looked so squarely into his, and when, above all the hustle and noise, he heard the gay ripple of a child's laughter, he turned sharply as though somehow it were following him.

He saw them coming toward him, and wondered if the conductor could have told them anything about him, but no—they passed without even glancing his way, her bare head of sunny curls almost close enough for his hand to touch.

As they passed, he found his eyes searching that eager face for some resemblance to the son who had so bitterly disappointed him. And he found it. The delicate head—the odd little quirk at the corner of her lips—yes, it was there. There was no mistake. She was his son King's child. The tall old man found a grim satisfaction in thinking of how he was going to be able to deprive this child and her mother, to repay them for having taken his son away from him.

At the door in the great rotunda of the station Fitzgerald and the child were fairly pushed against each other. Fitzgerald followed his porter to the carriage entrance, looking back just long enough to see that the two were lost in the crowd. His limousine was waiting for him. The chauffeur touched his cap respectfully and held open the door.

"Jenson," Mr. Fitzgerald ordered, "you will be good enough to reach my lawyer, Mr. Zylder, on the telephone, and say we are calling for him immediately. Say that I am requesting him to dine with me."

Jenson closed his employer into the velvet seclusion of the car and handed the waiting porter a dollar bill. Mr. Kingsley Fitzgerald settled back with relief at his escape from the crowd and satisfaction at being able to dine again at his own table.

One hour later, very quietly, with steps trained to genteel service, Becker, the butler in Fitzgerald mansion, set out dinner silver for two.

In the library Kingsley Fitzgerald and the Honorable Mr. Richard Zylder discussed the matter at hand. Fitzgerald had few words to spend.

"I might have suspected some such person would eventually appear," he said curtly. "I never knew whom my son married, but the child is poor, and, of course, after money. I want you, Zylder, simply to tell them that you have heard nothing of me for—well, hasn't it been seven years since I've been to your office? Just tell them I left your office seven years ago, and that you absolutely can give them no trace of me. It seems your card is the only line they have to follow, so it is in your hands to close the matter entirely."

Mr. Zylder put his long fingers together tip for tip.

"But, my dear Fitzgerald," he said, "disowning your blood relation is a serious move. You——"

Mr. Fitzgerald rose.

"Dinner is served, Zylder," he said. "I have discussed the matter as much as I wish."

The two men descended the wide polished stairs in silence, except for the swish of the tail of an awkward peacock trailing after them. In the room below shaded lights cast amber shadows across the velvet and satin of rugs and draperies. At the door of the dining-room Mr. Zylder paused, just a moment, with his hand on the arm of his host.

"Fitzgerald," he said,"am I to understand, then, that your decision to be lost to this grandchild is final?"

Kingsley Fitzgerald bowed slightly and motioned his guest to precede him into the dining-room as the peacock swished past.

"Final—absolutely," he said.

THERE is a very dear hour on the circus lot, just before daytime slips into t i-light, when the afternoon show is done, the crowd gone away, and the folks who belong to that gray canvas city forget their tights and spangles for a while.

Around the back door by the dressing-tent, the red-and-gold wagons standing idly waiting for the night show, the big top empty, the flags down for sunset—then the clowns that you laugh at, the bareback riders who thrill you, forget all about it for an hour or two, and in gingham and calico bring their folding chairs out in the long lazy shadows of late afternoon to sit with their families, their newspapers, their sewing, their games, their friends and their stories together.

And that was the time of day when Mrs. Sunny Bill Peck found her place in circus life.

Perhaps it is strange, perhaps it is very sweet, that the biggest hearts are most always found in the places where you never would think of looking for them!

Not one perhaps of the laughing crowd who had filled the big top that June afternoon would have thought to look for love at the back door of a circus, but they wouldn't have found a place in the world where more of it was. And when the day came to a close, Mrs. Sunny Bill, buttoned into Aunt Mary Johnson's best apron, sat out under the open sky by a gold band-wagon, the evening air blowing soft little thin gray curls around her face and putting a peace in her heart she hadn't known since she'd said good-by to Sunny Bill.

Aunt Mary Johnson sat with her, ripping purple braid from a velvet coat, and over Mrs. Sunny's lap was spread a rosy trapeze dress that needed new ruffles. Around them, in little groups, the circus folks were talking, reading, napping in the sunshine.

Mary Johnson's hair was as gray as Mrs. Sunny's. She wore square silver spectacles down on her nose, took care of the circus wardrobe, packed and unpacked the parade trunks, gave advice, said good nights and good mornings, and was mother to them all.

"Laws sakes, but I'm glad to have help, Mrs. Sunny," she said, talking through the pins in her mouth. "Look at these two hundred ladies to trim and sew for! I don't know how I've been doing it these five years and more! We'll get along splendid, and in a month I'll bet a dollar you'd rather be living with us than anywhere in the world! I'll get you a place in Car 90 where I am. You

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LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 71

can make up your window-curtains any color you want.

"Yes," she smiled, "you're goin' to like it, Mrs. Sunny, but the thing you're goin' to like the best is the folks in the show you'll be doin' it for. That dress you're fixin' now is for Meg. They call her 'The Butterfly,' and when you see her in the flying swing and when she drops through the air, she's so pretty Meg is, and so slender Meg is, that you'll just hold your breath till she's down on the ground again. Brown eyes she's got, brown braids of hair all around her head, and my notion is that Meg's just the prettiest thing anybody ever saw in a circus or out of it. But Meg isn't the only one. There's Josephine Snow and Gipsy Jean and Madam Helen and Bess Morell—and Tommy the Clown Kid—you'll love everybody—everybody but Albert that is, and say, Albert keeps me miserable! I always said if I ever found any way to worry Albert like Albert worries me I'd——"

She suddenly shrieked and threw the coat she was ripping over her head.

"Lor' save us! He heard me!" she cried. "Here he comes!"

Before Mrs. Sunny could sense what had happened, she saw Aunt Mary Johnson grasp the gold braid, scissors and pins and disappear around the corner of the wild west tent with more speed than Mrs. Sunny had supposed she could have.

"Aw, Albert ain't goin' ta hurt nothin'," somebody drawled behind Mrs. Sunny's shoulder. "Fer Heb'bn's sake, why don't ya set still!"

Mrs. Sunny turned around to find out whom the voice belonged to, but what she said or thought she never remembered, for what she *saw*—standing fairly against the back of her chair—was a fourteen-foot elephant. A shabby man with a ragged cap was standing by complacently chewing a long piece of grass, watching the elephant with lazy pride.

"Albert's gettin' more friendly with strangers every day," he grinned at Mrs. Sunny.

Mrs. Sunny shut her hand on her heart and her toes turned under in her shoes as she felt the swing of the elephant's trunk over her head—a thick hot breath against her neck and across her shoulder. Perhaps it wasn't as much a fancy to Mrs. Sunny that Albert had taken, as to the remaining ginger biscuits from the tea-tray Aunt Mary had brought.

"Albert, wait around a minute," drawled the tramp of a fellow with him. "Here, bust this bread to pieces and wait around."

Mrs. Sunny opened her eyes to see the fellow pull a loaf of bread from inside his coat and toss it over on the ground. His clothes seemed to fit like a scarecrow's clothes that had never fitted any one. His chin was half-whiskered, his cap just a rag—but when he turned smiling to Mrs. Sunny she knew his rags were the least matter in the whole world to him.

"They say you're Mrs. Sunny Bill Peck," he said. "Why, I knowed Sunny Bill when I wasn't five years old! Bill Peck's goin' to heaven's one of the best reasons I've got fer tryin' to git there myself! He taught me the first clown tumble I ever done, and I hope ol' Sunny Bill ain't found out that I never amounted to no mor'n lookin' after the bulls. Say, I'm awful glad to see yuh!"

He then sat down on the grass beside her. His name was Bum Casey, he said. He told her about the old days when Bill had been a star clown. He remembered the first day Bill had met Mrs. Sunny, and the velvet sofa the circus boys had sent for a wedding-gift!

"Everybody's goin' to be so good to yuh," he said. "Jest wait a day er two. They'll all be chummin' up like Albert was."

It was so quiet, so restful, long late sunshine deepening into twilight.

Bum Casey hunched his shoulders together and got up from the ground.

"The evenin' lasts an awful long time when somebody ain't around that you're used to," he said. "But there ain't no use jest settin' down to make ourselves feel bad. Guess me and Albert'll go along!"

Most of the canvas chairs had been taken inside. The groups of people had broken up and gone in the dressing-tents or for a stroll around the lot.

Mrs. Sunny gathered the ruffles together.

"It's gettin' too dark to sew," she said.

The first stars were coming out. Bum Casey in a hoarse voice began calling for Albert.

"Yuh can keep on sewin' if yuh want to," he said. "Here comes the light-man."

Mrs. Sunny glanced up as some one came around the big top with a flare in his hand and lit the gas lamp beside the back door.

He was a little man with a crook in his back. His shoulders were twisted and one arm was too short.

"Your heart's broke all right, ain't it Torchy?" Bum called to him. "I know how yuh feel."

The light-man stood and looked at Bum a minute.

"Nobody knows how I feel," he said in a raspy voice, "but I'll bet fifty dollars, when the lights come on to-night, somebody'll be thinkin' about me just the same!"

He shifted his flare and brought a square white envelope out of his pocket which he handed to Mrs. Sunny.

"If you're goin' in the dressin'-tent," he said, "would you please take this to Meg?"

Meg! The Butterfly!

Mrs. Sunny took her things and went inside. The dressing-tent with the lights not yet lit was dusky in the last gray of daytime. She asked some one near the door where Meg was, and found her in the chair before her trunk, in a blue gingham apron. Mrs. Sunny put her hand shyly on Meg's shoulder.

"Here's something the light-man wanted I should bring you," she said.

Meg looked up with pretty surprise, took the note and tore it open. Then her lips quivered, and Mrs. Sunny saw tears dropping on the single page. Meg, trying to see through the mist in her eyes, looked up at Mrs. Sunny.

"Will you read it, please," she said. "I can't see the words."

It was only a little note penciled in a round childish hand. It read:

> I'm writing to say good night, and to hope you aren't lonesome. I left a kiss on your pillow in the car for you, and every minute, wherever I am, I'm your own loving daughter,
>
> LITTLE TEXAS.

IT WAS a strange twist of life by which sunny Texas should be the only living relative of Kingsley Fitzgerald—he, a man whose every day was measured by wealth and arrogant pride, and she, whose home was a circus train, whose only ties of love were for the people and animals of a three-ring show. But two things about them were alike, the gray of their eyes and the something in their manner that people somehow couldn't forget. The time had never been when Kingsley Fitzgerald had come out of the great gate of his estate without passers-by stopping to look at him. There was a handsome dignity, a sternness, a something that made them wonder who he was, and notice.

Nor had time ever been when the little girl, Texas, had gone among people without eyes following her, noticing, wondering.

In Paris, when she had been a wee thing in the parks with Meg, people had asked many questions about her. Was she French—or American? What eyes! What a smile! It was King Fitzgerald's eyes she had—and her mother's smile—the smile that had made King follow Meg from one town of France to another till he had won her.

Young King, the pride and the hope of his blue-blooded father, had run over to Paris after his finish at Oxford University, and had happened by chance upon a queer little Frenchman with a traveling circus troupe. It had been fun for King to watch the one-ring show until he had seen the butterfly Meg—then suddenly it had become the most serious thing he had ever done—and for Meg's dark eyes, her dark shining hair, he had forgotten all the plans his father had been counting the years for, and had followed her till she had promised to marry him.

He had told his father nothing about who she was—only cabled the message that he would return with a bride—and when the reply had come briefly that he should return alone or not at all, young King Fitzgerald just had never gone home.

Meg had been a wonderful thing to her big American husband. Gentle hands, quaint French ways, and that smile he loved so well. She had left the circus, and they had found a tiny home near Paris, where she had fussed around a little garden and had learned to make strawberry omelette. They had walked and talked in the evenings together, understanding each other, loving each other, till it had seemed that the dearest happiness in the whole wide world had found its way to that little house.

Then one precious day had come a precious baby—to make three in the little house instead of just two. Meg had begged King to write his father about it—but King, as proud in his silence as old Fitzgerald in his, had not done it.

King had been saving their money to buy oil land in Texas, but when the baby came he said they'd spend the money for her instead, and *she'd* be their Texas. So the mite of a girl, who was named Kingsley Fitzgerald after a stern old grandfather who knew nothing about it, became just Little Texas to her mother and father.

Then suddenly the tiny house had found itself holding only two again—Meg, poor Meg, and the little girl baby. King had begged Meg to write a letter when he had known he was going (so she and baby Texas would have some one to go to), but then, of all times, Meg had felt far away from a stranger who would only have resented that she was left instead of King—so she had begged to keep the baby herself and had promised that when Little Texas would be *twelve* she should go to find her grandfather. Not until King had gone did Meg realize that her only address or knowledge of the grim old man was the pocket-worn lawyer's card King had carried in his own bill-case.

Of Paris, Texas could only remember that day when their little house had been crowded full of people, flowers and whispers—Meg's arms around her, rocking, rocking for hours.

After that her memories began with toys on a rug by her mother's trunk under a gray canvas sky, or naps in warm green grass, or bread and jam at a table full of people, or rocking rides down the street on an elephant's back in a big black man's arms, or races with the dogs around a long sawdust track.

But the thing she remembered most of all was how she had slipped under the side wall of the great circus tent, to sit very still watching her dark-eyed mother—The Butterfly—drop and turn and swing through the air, laughing, throwing down kisses, while the people applauded and the band played.

So three years had become four—four years had become five.

ON THE rollicking day of Texas's seventh birthday, her gift, besides a huge birthday cake from the circus pastry cook, had been a trunk all her own to put beside her mother's in the dressing-tent, and that day in the morning she had ridden her first parade.

Meg had made her a Cinderella going to the ball, in a dress of white satin, her feet on a golden pillow, to ride in a white-and-gold carriage with six white ponies. When the crowd all along the street had caught her smile as she went by and had smiled back at her it had seemed to Meg as though she was just a little breath of happiness going out to every one.

It was when she was ten years old, one night snuggled close in Meg's arms on the rumbling train, that she had first heard of the grandfather to whom some day she was going.

Meg, wondering in her own heart what it really *would* be, had made it like a fairy-tale to Texas. Holding those two little hands tight, she had told of what a happy thing it was for a little girl to have a grandfather.

"Darling, you'll be going to find your own daddy's father," Meg had said, "who'll love you like your daddy would if he were here. Mother will ask Joe to take you to the lawyer, who can tell you where to find grandpa. You'll go to his house and see a gray-haired gentleman and you'll say, 'Is this Mr. Kingsley Fitzgerald?' And then——"

But Texas with a rippling laugh had finished the story in her own little way:

"Then, when he says 'Yes,' do you know what I'll say? I'll say, 'Grandad, you old scamp, give Texas a kiss.'"

From that night the little girl's one day-dream had been about going to find the grandad who was waiting like a fairy prince to make them happier. And after that it had seemed too cruelly soon till she was twelve—till Joe was ready to take her—till Meg brushed the soft curls and packed the little clothes.

"He will see her," Meg had told Joe bravely, "and know she belongs to him. She can tell him about her mother, in her own little way. Then we'll plan the rest afterward, however seems best."

When the last minute had really come, and every one had gathered around the door of the dressing-tent to bid her good-by, Meg

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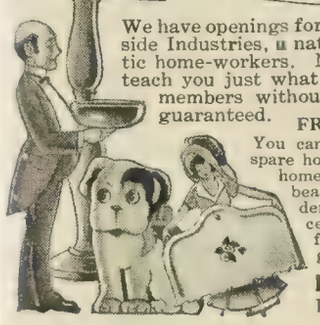
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had caught that little girl close to hide the tears in her eyes.

"Darling, it's going to be wonderful to have a grandpa," she had whispered. "Almost like daddy come back to us again."

"Yes, mother," Texas had answered, clinging to Meg's fingers. "It's going to be the nicest thing we ever had—a relation."

Folks maybe would have called it an odd little crowd who watched Texas and Joe go across the lot—a little crowd in spangles, tights, pantaloons, an eight-foot giant, a living doll, a shabby hunch-back, a ragged elephant-keeper, a gray-haired lady with square spectacles on her nose—but it was a crowd who had had that little girl for their own till it seemed they were saying good-by to the sunshine.

Now evening had come, and to Meg sitting alone in the dusk of the dressing-tent it was like a long dream as she lived it all over again in her heart, but least real of it all seemed this last of it all—this little note Mrs. Sunny had put in her hand—the first actual proof that Little Texas was—gone.

THE boarding-house table in Mrs. Crandle's dark dining-room was set up for ten middle-aged business ladies and gentlemen, so it was rather like the appearance of a bright rosebud in a somber garden when the door pushed open one morning at breakfast-time and Texas, with her eager smile and shining curls, came rather hesitantly toward the table.

"Good morning, everybody," she ventured.

Most of Mrs. Crandle's boarders had forgotten all about such things as smiles and good mornings. Four of them had rheumatism. One was deaf, and the others had been discouraged of good mornings long ago. But Mrs. Parsons, who clerked in the corner candy-store, had a fountain of friendliness inside her waiting for a chance to bubble over.

"Why, bless your heart, *good morning*," she beamed, as Texas stopped half-way across the room. "I *thought* I heard a little voice singing up-stairs in the hall this morning."

Mr. Fobes looked up over his coffee.

"Woke me fifteen minutes too early," he snapped.

Texas, her head on one side in her odd little way, looked at Mr. Fobes a minute, and then, out of the several vacant places at the table, slipped into the one beside his.

"If I waked you up," she said sweetly, "I s'pose you're sorry, but it's so nice to wake up in a Summer morning, I should *think* you'd be glad. Would you mind buttoning the top of my dress? I just couldn't reach it."

She turned her back conveniently to Mr. Fobes.

"I can fix it, dearie," chirped Mrs. Parsons. "Come right over to me."

But Mr. Fobes was already fumbling with the buttonhole.

"I guess I ain't so old, yet, I can't see a button," he remarked testily.

Little Texas laughed at him cozily over her shoulder—then, when she was buttoned, turned and studied him seriously.

"How old *are* you?" she asked after a minute. "Are you about as old as a grandpa would be?"

Mrs. Parsons giggled.

"Yes, he is, little girl. You make him own it," she said. "He thinks he's the giddiest thing in the town."

The other boarders were listening now, watching Texas and Mr. Fobes, one or two of them almost beginning to smile.

"Well, of course maybe he isn't old enough for a grandpa," Texas hastened to say. "I only asked because I'm *looking* for a grandpa, and I was wondering what one was going to be like. You see, I never had one."

Mrs. Crandle brought in the oatmeal.

"Well, cranky as Mr. Fobes is," she remarked, "I pity any one *he'd* be a grandpa to."

Texas glanced quickly at the sour little man beside her.

"Why, I'd like my grandpa to be *just* like Mr. Fobes," she said earnestly. "The minute I saw him I felt such *friends* with him. I don't think he's cranky. It's only the color of his necktie. He'd be handsome with a nice *red* one instead of black—don't you think so?"

Mr. Fobes cleared his throat and took refuge in his coffee-cup, and it probably was a relief to all concerned that Joe, entering the dining-room just at that moment, took Texas's entire attention.

"Oh, Joe," she sang out, "the day's really come. We're really truly here. And to-day we're really truly going to find my grandpa." She smiled up at Mr. Fobes.

Mrs. Parsons turned to the insurance agent next her.

"Why on earth did she pick out that old grouch to talk to?" she remarked in a much-aggrieved tone. "What's she telling him now."

Texas looked up at Mrs. Parsons.

"I had a very special reason for picking out Mr. Fobes," she said, "and I'm telling him about the circus where I live."

Her arm was around him, her face close to his—and he sitting up like a lord mayor of London.

A *circus* where she *lived!* A beautiful mother called The Butterfly. A world as apart from a Mrs. Crandle boarding-house as though the people in it breathed different atmosphere.

"Mother has never let me perform in the ring," she was explaining, looking up at Mr. Fobes with wide, serious eyes, "because she promised my daddy I'd go to grandpa when I was twelve—so she thought I probably wouldn't grow up to be a performer. But really and truly I'd rather be a butterfly like my mother than anything in the world." She moved a little closer to the old man's ear. "I can do a cloud swing all alone now, but nobody knows it," she whispered proudly, "and I go in parade every day in a coach and six. But of course until I have a grandpa we can't tell what *will* happen. To-day when we see him I suppose we'll find out. My grandpa and I don't know one single thing about each other, you see."

But Mrs. Parsons couldn't stand it merely to keep still and listen.

"Why, my *dear*," she bubbled, "your grandfather may be terribly wealthy, for all you know. Maybe he's dead and left you a million dollars or something. Maybe by to-night you'll be an heiress, for all *you* know."

"That would be funny," Texas dimpled, lifting her shoulders in a pretty foreign little way. "Mother and I never thought of that—but I guess he's only going to have a little house and garden, and an apple-tree—and white whiskers and not very much money. The most I hope is—I hope some pet chickens. And there's one thing I hope besides—that he'll wear a red necktie. I guess he will if he knows how I like them, won't he Joe?"

THE big boy drained his coffee-cup.

"What *I* guess," he grinned, "is that we'd better get down-town and look for him. Sittin' here ain't goin' to find nobody."

And just at that moment Mrs. Crandle seconded Joe's suggestion with a pointed request that the boarders leave the table so that the dishes could be washed. Everybody complied, but at the dining-room door all those boarders, who had forgotten about smiles and good mornings, lingered around this child who'd brought a little of both in to them. Texas was still clinging to Mr. Fobes's hand as Mrs. Parsons kissed her soundly and the insurance agent slipped two peppermints into her fingers.

Joe stayed behind to pay Mrs. Crandle two dollars for the night's lodging and breakfast and to say they didn't expect to be back.

As for Mrs. Crandle, she hadn't paid any attention to either of them. Certainly not to Texas's talk at the breakfast-table. Children were all rattleboxes, she remarked to the cook, saying nothing and taking up a lot of precious time.

In the bare front room where the boarders had gone, Texas found a table and paper and ink, and after much conferring with Joe, who waited behind her in a straight haircloth chair, the following letter was ready to fold, seal and mail to a certain little mother in a certain big circus:

Dear every one in the world— Here we are in St. Louis. The train lasted a long time, and we met a nice conductor, but Joe and I decided we do not like a train unless we live on it. We are at a boarding-house with the oldest people I ever saw, but for a very special reason I liked one better than all the rest, and sat by him at breakfast. We are going to Mr. Zylder's office now to begin finding my grandpa. Please tell everybody how much I missed them, 'speshly Torchy. I hope he is getting along all right without me. Every single street light I saw last night seemed to have Torchy standing beside it. My love to Jim's monkey, and dearest mother to you, from your own Little Texas, whose curls don't look very good to-day because Joe's fingers do not seem to fit them.

The address of "Little Rock, Arkansas," was being put on with much blotting when Mr. Fobes, very late for his bookkeeper's high stool, hurried in to say good-by. Shaking hands several times too often, he apologized for his coat collar being turned up and explained rather bashfully that it was to hide his collar-button till he could step in at the corner store and get a red necktie.

Continued on page 74

"m-m-m it's PINEAPPLE"



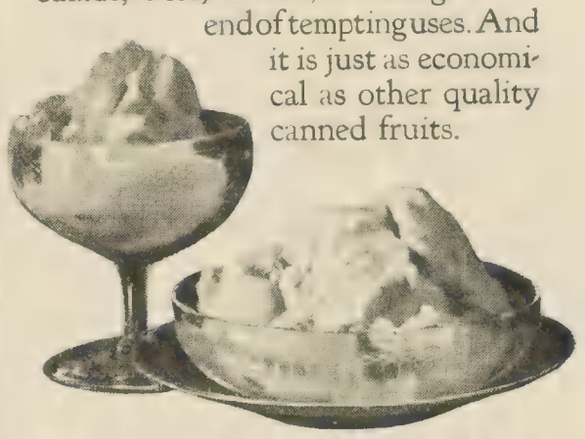
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LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 73

Whatever inconvenience the effort may have put him to was entirely recompensed by the smile of utter rapture Texas bestowed on him.

"Oh, Mr. Fobes, how *lovely*," she exclaimed. "If anybody didn't have a grandpa of their own, I think the very nicest grandpa they could pick out would be *you!*"

THE Honorable Mr. Richard Zylder, in his mahogany-fitted office, tapped his glasses against the edge of his desk and studied thoughtfully two time-worn cablegrams—the only reference he had ever had regarding the passing from old Kingsley Fitzgerald's life of the handsome son Kingsley Fitzgerald Junior.

He thought back to the time King had finished at Oxford, fourteen, almost fifteen, years before. He brought back to his mind the tall, straight, gray-eyed boy who had come in to bid him good-by on leaving for London. He remembered how proudly Fitzgerald Senior had watched him, hoped for him, planned his whole future—even to selecting the girl he should marry—and that, it seemed, was what had made the trouble.

Mr. Zylder put on his glasses and read the first cablegram. From Paris it was:

"*Married to-day. Bringing home wonderful girl. King.*"

It was pinned to a copy of the answer they had sent:

"*Return alone or not at all. K. F.*"

Richard Zylder had never forgotten his wealthiest client that day. With white lips and trembling hands the old aristocrat had dictated the brief reply, and then, for days, for weeks, he had waited some answer—which only had come three years later, addressed from Paris to the office of the Honorable Mr. Richard Zylder.

"*Kingsley Fitzgerald Junior died to-day. Wishes burial here. Margaret Fitzgerald.*"

Richard Zylder had been sorry for his wealthiest client after that. Life with nothing but money is such an empty shell. He had tried to suggest that King's young wife be sent for, but the reception of this suggestion caused him to regret that he ever had made it, and ten years had gone—and now there suddenly appeared a sequel—a child—King Fitzgerald's daughter.

The Honorable Mr. Zylder regretted very much that his client's erratic wishes had to be carried out in spite of what he himself knew was right, but after all it was no affair of the servant attorney. It was only Mr. Fitzgerald who was responsible. But somehow Mr. Zylder dreaded to see the child. Somehow the thought of her kept bringing back King Fitzgerald saying good-by.

Now his daughter would come in where young King had gone out.

Mr. Zylder hoped that in some way the conductor or Mr. Fitzgerald had made some mistake, that there would be no little fledgling to send away, and yet, he reasoned, what would be lost to her by Fitzgerald's decision? Only money—and perhaps she would better do without that, since to *have* it would mean also the enduring of Fitzgerald's stern relationship. It did seem that the child might be happier knowing nothing of it—and turning the matter over in his mind, Mr. Richard Zylder's decision, by the time his secretary announced that a young man and a small girl were calling to see him, coincided with Kingsley Fitzgerald's, after all.

He was expecting the child to be awkward and nervous—though he couldn't have told why he *did* expect her so. He was entirely unprepared for the easy grace and unconscious loveliness of the little girl who came unhesitatingly to his desk.

Her wide hat shaded her face and curls. Her gingham dress was a bit faded. Her shoes were worn and stubbed at the toes, but Mr. Zylder was conscious only that he found himself looking into the same gray eyes he had looked into when young Fitzgerald had gone laughing away to London.

"How do you do?" Texas smiled, and slipped into the big chair beside him, her toes trying sedately to reach the floor. "We came to ask about my grandpa. His name is on the card with *your* name."

Joe, standing beside her, his cap in hand, proffered the card in question.

"We want to find Mr. Kingsley Fitzgerald," he said. "This little kid's his granddaughter, and your card is the only way her daddy left for her to find him."

Texas put her head on one side.

"I'm his granddaughter," she dimpled, leaning across Mr. Zylder's desk, "and he doesn't know he's got me."

"Indeed!" Mr. Zylder remarked. "And what is your name?"

He had made up his mind it would be Margaret after the mother, or Cecily possibly. King's mother had been Cecily.

"My name is Kingsley Fitzgerald," she said, "just like my grandfather's—and like my father's," she added softly.

"Kingsley Fitzgerald!" Mr. Zylder exclaimed in frank surprise. "*You* are named Kingsley Fitzgerald?"

He studied the serious face.

"Where did you come from?" he asked.

"From Three Trees, Arkansas," she told him. "Yesterday morning. And where is my grandfather?" Her teasing smile bubbled over. "I can't wait to see him," she dimpled, "it's as much fun as a Christmas present."

Luckily Joe saved Mr. Zylder having to reply to this by taking up the conversation.

"We call her Texas, for short," he explained. "Kingsley seems so high-sounding for a little kid like her."

MR. ZYLDER suddenly remembered they were getting beside the point. He began to think that the sooner this thing was done and over the better. He cleared his throat.

"If your grandfather were here, Miss Fitzgerald," he said slowly, "I am sure his surprise would be all you could wish, but I regret to say I can tell you nothing whatever about where you can find him."

Little Texas pushed her hat over her head to the floor, and looked from the lawyer's expressionless face to Joe.

"But he's *somewhere!*" she said in a bewildered way. "How can I *find* him?"

Joe put down his cap and drew his chair closer to Texas and to Mr. Zylder's desk.

"Do you mean he isn't in *St. Louis*," he asked, "or is he *dead*—or what *do* you mean?"

"I mean," Mr. Zylder said slowly, deliberately, "that Kingsley Fitzgerald walked out of my office seven years ago—which is absolutely the last thing I can tell you about him. If any one could tell you where he is, I could—but you might wait here the rest of your life and I wouldn't be able to give you any information."

Texas slid forward in the big chair.

"But he's my *grandfather!*" she said. "My mother wants me to *find* him. He's the only relation we *have!*" Her voice was plaintive—very childlike now.

Joe drew the slim little girl against him.

"She's been waiting for her grandfather an awful long while, mister," he said earnestly. "Little Texas and her mother are all alone, and they need to find him very bad. Ain't there some way we could try! I'll go anywhere after him. I don't care how far it is?"

Mr. Zylder looked squarely at the boy and the little girl—the boy with anxious eyes, the little girl with a gathering of childish tears.

"Young man," he said, "I can not help you, but my best advice to you is to dismiss the matter and simply consider him dead. Whatever idea the child and her mother have cherished, I can only say she hasn't any grandfather now."

Texas brushed her hand across her curls.

"Then mother and I haven't *anybody*," she said. "I guess I better hurry back to her."

She took her hat from the floor and looked up at Joe.

"Joe, I thought of every single thing," she said, "didn't I, Joe? I thought of him fat and thin, and cross and nice, and a big house or little house—but Joe I *never* thought of not having any grandpa at all."

"Has your mother money enough?" Mr. Zylder ventured.

"Yes, we have some money," Texas told him, "but no relation."

What did Texas know of money? How did she know whether her mother had it or not?

Joe took up his cap and reached for her hand.

"Well, then," he said, "we'll be going, I guess."

Mr. Zylder asked him to write on a paper the address of the place where they were stopping in the city. He said good-by, and watched them leave; then he sat for an hour looking at the chair beside his desk—hearing over and over the plaintive voice of that little girl with King Fitzgerald's gray eyes.

Continued in the August DELINEATOR



THE NEW FOURTH

Concluded from page 11

many homes and public places everywhere.

The Centennial celebration in Philadelphia again brought the Declaration to the minds of the people. The managers borrowed the precious paper and exhibited it in Independence Hall, and many copies of it were made and sold at that time. From then on the Government at Washington has had charge of it and to-day it may be viewed in its specially prepared shrine in the Library of Congress.

And now what?

We are living under its beneficent spirit, but few of us are conscious of it as a force in our daily living. We are about to celebrate another Fourth of July, and the thought of that celebration makes thoughtful Americans sad. There will be a great showing of flags. There will be parades of soldiers and the bands will play. The country will make holiday and the roads will be blocked with automobiles loaded with weary men and women and fretful children. The parks and meadows and the pleasant places in the woods will be strewn with the litter of the picnic-baskets. All day long there will be the crackling and banging and hissing of the fireworks. Buildings will be burned, and children will be hurt and maimed. Here and there will be speeches and cheers, and in a few places there will be a real heart-throb of love of country and reconsecration to its service. So do we honor our great tradition. So do we hallow the spirit of the forefathers.

There must be a better way. There *is* a better way to keep alive the spirit of our Declaration, which is truly the soul of the American people, truly *we*. Theodore Roosevelt used to take his children apart to some lovely spot in the woods and read the precious paper to them, explaining its meaning, pointing out the beauty and the power, the unmistakable meaning of each word so fitly chosen. To him it was an inspiration and a mandate. It was the faith of his fathers, the source of America's greatness. He intended that his children should not only be American, but consciously American.

He told them the stories of Jefferson and Franklin and Adams and Washington and the host of patriots who built the foundations of the land until they associated them with the life about them. They and their principles became household words. He made his children conscious of the underlying spirit of the document which served to establish freedom in this land and kindle its beginnings throughout the world. It is to this spirit, this conscious quality of Americanism, that I would dedicate the Fourth of July.

AND just what does "truly American" mean?

To me it is the preservation to all men of what we have declared to be self-evident rights: the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. If that means anything at all, it means tolerance, for each of us must be happy in his own way. It means that we respect the rights and the feelings of other people to the extent that we never intrude upon them, erring always upon the side of generosity. It means a decent respect for the people of the world, a helpful, understanding appreciation of their difficulties, a ready sympathy with their distresses. And most of all it means a dedication of each American to the principles of his faith as proclaimed by that Declaration.

This idea, this quality, this philosophy of living which we call American is not gained by picnicking once a year. It must be taught our youth and be practised by them, as Roosevelt demonstrated in his own family.

When the flags rise on the morning of the Fourth, I would have them signal a day set apart for the realization of the spirit of America. I would take the children to the nearest shrine of patriotism and there tell the story of the struggle and sacrifice that was the price of this nation's life. I would impress upon them the duty of carrying on the crusade their forefathers began.

But the crowning glory of the day should be the reception of its new citizens gathered from the youth of the land. I would have in each town a gathering of those young folk who reached their twenty-first birthday during the calendar year and confer the dignity of citizenship upon them with fitting ceremony.

There would be a speech, a short one, full of the spirit of the great occasion. Of course there would be music. Not battle songs for this day. We are not a warlike people, and our new citizens are not to be baptized in war but in peace. The music must be great music that speaks of the theme of the day and thrills the hearts of the young listeners with its haunting message of love and service.

The time has come when citizenship in this country should no longer be proffered carelessly to any and all who have lived within its borders. It is a high honor to be proudly earned and as fittingly bestowed. We can no longer afford to be unconscious of our heritage, our plainly-appointed duty. We and those who come after us should be American according to the Declaration of Independence, and consciously so. Surely the Fourth of July is a most appropriate time to think on these things and to act on them.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE DELINEATOR, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1925. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared MARIE M. MELONEY, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of THE DELINEATOR and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York, N. Y. Editor, MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. 2. That the *owner* is: THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York, N. Y., whose *stockholders* are: The Estate of W. H. GELSHENEN, care of Garfield National Bank, 190 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; CHARLES D. RAFFERTY, Executor of the Estate of KATHARINE G. BRAKER, care of Garfield National Bank, 190 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; THOMPSON BROTHERS, Milroy, Pa.; THE FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J., whose *stockholder* is: THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York, N. Y., whose *stockholders* are: BLOCK, MALONEY CO., 74 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; CHISHOLM & CHAPMAN, 51 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; S. R. LATSHAW, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y.; NOYES & JACKSON, 42 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; LAURA J. O'LOUGHLIN, 514 West 114th Street, New York, N. Y.; MRS. ARETHUSA POND, 600 West 115th Street, New York, N. Y.; CHARLES D. RAFFERTY as sole surviving successor trustee of the Estate of WM. H. GELSHENEN, deceased, 81 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.; WHITEHOUSE & CO.; 111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; G. W. WILDER, 41 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y.; C. D. WILDER, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y.; B. F. WILDER, 601 West 113th Street, New York, N. Y.; W. J. WOLLMAN & CO., 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: DIME SAVINGS BANK OF BROOKLYN, 9 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by her. (SIGNED) MARIE M. MELONEY, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1925. (SEAL) BLEVINS C. DUNKLIN, Notary Public, New York County No. 341; Certificate filed in Bronx County No. 30; New York Reg. No. 5357; Bronx Reg. No. 193. (My commission expires March 30, 1925.)



DIANA AND THE HOUSE OF HATE

Continued from page 7

Yankee?" he inquired sarcastically, uncovering the roots of a running warfare that had started nearly twenty years ago when they were together at Miss Watkins' Select School for Young Children.

He trudged off around the house and she followed him. As he wrestled with the keys of the front door, she fought an immense desire to stamp her foot and howl and pull his hair, and each wondered why the other had got so queer and irritable lately.

THE entrance was prettily colonnaded and occupied the center of a large rounded bay. The reason for the bay became apparent as soon as they stepped through the front door into an immense hall perfectly oval in shape. Diana's professional eye took puzzled note of its salient features—each long curved wall divided into halves by a large fireplace on one hand, a glazed closet on the other. At the far end of the oval a wide staircase rose to a generously windowed landing, above which it continued in two gracefully twining arms to the rounded gallery on which the second floor rooms opened.

Diana stared, and frowned, and suddenly her hands came smartly together.

"Why—!" she exclaimed.

"Why what?"

"Of course! This is the house old Squire Hartridge built for his daughter in seventeen-ninety-something. How idiotic of me not to recognize it at once, with that famous ledge——!"

"You've been here before?"

"Never. But of course I know about it. Wasn't my own grandmother a Hartridge?—another branch of the family. Besides, every negro—" (she said "nigra" as all good Southerners do) "—north of Richmond knows this place."

"Why?" Trench asked, wondering a little at her queer excitement.

She tried to shrug humorously, but failed somewhat. "Because it's a bad-luck house," she said.

"Oh, ha'nts?" he grinned.

"Not exactly. But—things happen. Lots of people have died here. Suddenly. Accidents. And there's never been a live child born in the house. You must admit that's queer, in a house that's been lived in, on and off, by half a dozen generations. Our old nurse Calline used to say——"

"I thought the house had been empty for the last fifteen years."

"THAT'S just it. Ever since cousin Dick Hartridge fell out of one of the up-stairs windows and broke his neck, and his wife saw him fall and went into convulsions and lost the baby she was expecting and very nearly died herself. That was strange, too, because it almost duplicated the first tragedy of the house—I mean when Charles Egbert killed himself in a fall on the stairs and his wife, Squire Hartridge's daughter, bore a dead child and died the next night. But after the Dick Hartridge horror the family gave the house up as a bad job and put it on the market. Nobody around here'd touch it."

"Sweet of the family, I must say—trying to slip the hoodoo over on the next fellow. Any other casualties?" Trench asked absently, preoccupied with the odd realization that Diana, with the lock of hair hanging untidily over her nose and a half-defiant, half-startled look in her eyes, was a thousand times prettier than in her most self-possessed hours of trim perfection.

"Lots of 'em. Wouldn't waste 'em on a hard-boiled Yank like you, though. But I'll tell you one thing, Smarty—if you mean to get any work done on this place you'll have to get white labor from town. Not a nigra'd put his foot inside the garden gate."

"Spit-cat!" he murmured absently. "Here, let me fix that hair for you."

She obediently handed him a tiny pocket comb.

"You haven't called me that for years and years," she said, half to herself, and moved restlessly under the gentle clumsiness of his fingers.

"There!" he said at last, a trifle flushed. "Now, bring on your spooks. This is a wonderful opportunity for them. Deserted house, peach of a thunderstorm coming up——"

THE merest tremor of sound came from the blocked horizon, like those guns sometimes heard miles from the front in France.

Diana shivered.

"Let's hurry. I hate thunderstorms," she muttered. "If we're really going to dine at the Lock Club, we don't want to get drowned on the way."

"By Jove, that's so." Trench briskly opened one of the four doors leading from the oval hall and found himself, not in the adjoining room as he had supposed, but batting around blindly in what appeared to be a tiny dark closet. It was Diana who rescued him, pushing him bodily to the left where a second doorway faced the first at a slight angle and some twelve inches to one side of it. Owing to the darkness of the closely shuttered room, Trench had taken for a closet what was really a kind of vestibule, necessitated by the unequal thickness of the wall which separated a curved hall from a rectangular living-room.

"I should have warned you," she said penitently. "Why, George Hartridge gave his head such a fearful bang on one of these very doors that the family always thought it was the reason for his going crazy crooked, all of a sudden. Forged and had two wives at the same time and I don't know what all!"

"Somebody crazy crooked certainly built this house in the first place!" Trench spluttered. "What's the idea of these doors, anyway?"

BUT she was not hearing him, though listening she certainly was. She seemed to be straining her ears toward some sound too tenuous for her companion's notice. At last she turned to him, her brows contracted.

"Listen to the river," she said, putting up an arresting finger. "Do you hear how it kind of *giggles?*"

"Not getting scared of the ha'nted house, are you?" he grinned at her meanly.

Her shoulders snapped back in a gesture he knew too well.

"Scared—me? What's the matter with you! Come on, let's see the rest of it."

They turned and stopped suddenly arrested by their first glimpse of a painted panel, dark with age, above the fireplace.

"Squire Hartridge himself," Diana murmured. "I'd seen photographs of—of *it*—but they didn't give you an idea——"

They stood motionless for a moment before the stern old portrait.

"Nice thing to live with, I must say!" Trench laughed, shaking off an impression of sudden discomfort. "What did he stick his old mug up there for, anyway?"

"He planned and built the house for his daughter Malvina, you know. He had a fad for architecture—studied it in England in his youth," Diana answered, lowering her voice unconciously and standing close to Trench.

"He looks—angry," the latter remarked thoughtfully, unconciously imitating the girl's lowered tone.

"Poor thing—he had a right to!" she told him, in a conciliatory voice that seemed to be addressed to the portrait. "She was his only child and ran away with Charles Egbert, son of one of the Squire's most shiftless farmers. He was furious. They say he just shut himself up in his great house for over a year, brooding over it and hardly speaking to a soul. Then he decided, apparently, to forgive and forget. Built this place and gave it to Malvina Egbert——"

"Egbert. Is that the fellow who killed himself on those stairs?"

"Yes. They'd only lived here a few months."

"I'll bet the Squire was delighted!"

"Oh no—no!" Diana caught him up sharply and her side glance at the portrait was almost apologetic. "Malvina Egbert, as I told you, died the next night, and the Squire was all broken up. Used to wander around this empty house day and night, and one morning—one morning the servants saw his body out there caught on one of the boulders in the river at the bottom of the gorge. They don't know whether he stumbled off that narrow ledge or——"

"All the same," Trench told her slowly, "I wouldn't live under the eyes of that thing for a farm. If you do the interior of this house, Di, make the Benders get rid of it."

He walked up to the panel and tapped it sharply with his nails. "Oh, painted square on the woodwork, I see. He meant it to stay. Well, a curtain over it, then, or a good thick coat of enamel——"

A last flung spear of sunlight seemed to strike a spark of anger from the immobile, searching eyes of the portrait. Then the clouds abruptly swallowed up the sun, and the two young people were left in a greenish twilight to stare at the slowly graying face above their heads.

Diana was the first to turn, with a quickly suppressed shiver.

"What nonsense!" she cried gaily. "Why, George Trench, I believe you're the one that's really scared—of an old portrait. Come on. We've got all the rest of the house to see and the storm's coming up fast. Race you to the top!"

THEY reached the upper floor panting, and were met by an accumulation of stored heat as dense and stifling as a feather quilt.

"Whew!" Trench mopped his brow. "This is fierce. Let's open some windows and cool it off a bit before the storm hits. Here, you take one of these rooms and I'll go across the hall and see if I can't set up a draught."

He was half-way across one of the rooms when a sudden exclamation from across the hall, something between a gasp and a scream, fairly stopped the beating of his heart.

"Di—my God—Di!" he shouted, dashing madly around the curved gallery to a bedroom where, to his unspeakable relief, the first sight that met his eyes was Diana herself, chalk white, leaning weakly against the frame of an open window.

"What's happened?" he said, going up to her and grasping her shoulders with the roughness of relief.

She gesticulated weakly toward the raised sash, too shaken to speak, then with a gallant attempt at a laugh.

"So silly—" she gasped. "Didn't see the sill was—was so low—almost pitched out—gave me a—a beastly jolt——"

"Low!" Trench exclaimed angrily, "I'll say it is low! Why—the old fool! The sill comes barely to my knee!"

She seemed to wilt under his heavy hands, and had to turn her head so that he might not see the foolish tears that had sprung into her eyes. Yet not to save her life could she have told him that it was not the sudden swoop forward, not the momentary hanging in mid-air with only the bricked terrace below her, that had given her the worst shock. No, it was the kind of beastly chuckle the river had uttered, just before her desperate twist of hips and shoulders had flung her back to safety.

His narrowed eyes looked searchingly at her pale and downcast face, then he gave her a slight shake.

"Come," he told her sharply, "pull yourself together. No post-mortem hysterics. Buck up, old girl!"

It worked. She smiled weakly, but her teeth unclenched and she wiped her eyes with a fairly steady hand.

On the stairs he said, practically, "I think we've seen all we want of this darned place for one day, don't you? It's too dark for me to look it over properly anyway, and to-morrow I can bring out my foreman and building contractor and do it up brown. If you want to tag along I'll add a pot of paint for that spooky——"

CRASH! Only his instinctive clutch at the bannister and Diana's quick hand on his collar saved Trench from copying Charles Egbert's fatal slide down those very stairs. As it was, he came down full weight on a twisted ankle and for the next few minutes sat in a writhing heap, while Diana murmured panic-stricken consolation and with her fragrant handkerchief wiped the beads of sharp pain from his forehead.

"All right now," he said shakily. "Whew—that thing did hurt, though! Queer. I'm usually as sure-footed as a goat."

"It's this house," she exclaimed, between anger and fright. "I declare, the devil's in it!"

"Yes—downstairs. In black stock and white ruffles. I'm beginning to think he put a curse on the whole place—a nice gift, chucking people downstairs and out of windows!"

He stood up gingerly and sat down suddenly with a wry face. To cover his weakness and give himself time to recover, he said as casually as he could.

"While I'm here, I might as well see if these stairs have warped any. It's agin nature,

Continued on page 76



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LIQUID ARVON



DIANA AND THE HOUSE OF HATE

Continued from page 75

my dear girl, for two men to break their necks on the same flight of stairs."

He had taken a spirit-level and a small pocket-rule out of his pocket and was performing strange rites with them. Suddenly his lower jaw came foward a little and a short exclamation broke from him.

"Diana," he growled, "look at this."

To please him she looked at the little spirit-level as, from his cramped position, he placed it first on one step and then on another, as far as he could reach. She saw that on two out of three steps the bead stood fairly in the middle of the glass opening. On every third step it slipped sharply to the left.

"Warped?" she asked, not understanding.

"Warped nothing!" he told her with unusual gravity. "I've been measuring the risers, and they're *shaped*. See—you can even feel it with your finger tips. It's too small a thing for the eye to notice, of course—only an inch on every third step—and you might live years in the house without finding it out. But anybody coming down quickly or carelessly—comes *down*, that's all!"

They stared at each other for a full minute, then:

"What do you make of it?" he asked quietly.

She pressed her fingers together in a distracted little gesture.

"I don't make anything. I don't want to think about it—here. George—I hate it! Let's go away!"

He looked at her quickly. Her near spill and his actual one had jarred her badly, he decided.

"All right. Let's go," he echoed, and she helped him to his feet.

He was very lame, and only by clinging to her with might and main could he negotiate the descent down those perilous uneven stairs. In spite of this, he suddenly discovered that he was becoming increasingly conscious of the nearness of her slim shoulder. Diana was a cold minx. It was years since he had—well, had his arm around her like this.

"Lean hard, Georgie!" she said once, when his ankle drew an involuntary grunt of pain from between his locked teeth, and somehow he did not quite know what to reply.

THEY were half across the hall when a quick spatter of rain on the roof, followed by silence, gave them pause.

"She's here," Trench announced cheerfully. "Now, the question is, scoot for it, or wait sensibly under cover?"

Diana hesitated.

"No scooting for you just yet, I'm afraid," she said quietly. "And you're so shaken up and hot I'm afraid a drenching would give you cold. Perhaps we'd better wait."

He found, to his surprise, that he did not want to remain in that house of sinister suggestions a bit more than she did, but was ashamed of his misgivings.

"Right!" he assented cheerfully. "But, see here. The cushions of the car are going to get soaked. Suppose you run out and put up the top—I oiled the hinges yesterday and it almost works by itself. And, by the way—if the rain starts hard before you can get back, don't try running for it. Get my slicker out of the catch-all and tuck yourself up in it till the storm's over."

She eyed him keenly.

"You want to get me out of the house," she accused him.

"Silly!" he laughed. "Why would I?"

"Don't you?"

"Well, I thought it had got on your nerves rather, and perhaps you'd feel happier——"

"I'll feel happier right here—with you," she added without thinking, then turned quickly away, hoping he had not heard her.

He had, but with such a shock of agreeable surprise that it momentarily struck him dumb. By the time he had recovered himself they were in the living-room, where her steps had mechanically led him.

"There!" said Diana, almost too volubly. "Sit right here in the window-seat. Goodness, how stuffy a shut-up house can get!"

They sat there together side by side, rather silently. To Trench had come a sudden disagreeable feeling of being shut into a room with something that—well, that he didn't quite like or understand. Shut in, moreover, in a disabled condition. It was ridiculous, of course, but it tormented him having Diana, gamely surmounting her nervousness, in his keeping as the physically weaker vessel is always in the keeping of the stronger, and knowing that his injury rendered him powerless to protect her.

"How clearly we can hear the river in this room!" she broke in on his meditations.

He listened. Yes, the river did obtrude in the quiet of the shut house. And it did *giggle*, in a series of maddening little "ha-ha-has" that started low in the scale and rose to a gasp like a hysterical woman, breaking off abruptly only to start further off.

"It's louder than it was," he said reasonably. "I shouldn't wonder if it was swollen by a good big storm further up the country."

"I guess that's it," she murmured.

Because she was white and unnerved, he wanted to put his arm around her. But extensive knowledge of a chilly and scornful Diana restrained him. To escape the desire, he raised his eyes to the picture, the merest shadow now in the stormy gloom.

"YOU say," he questioned the girl slowly, "that the Squire drew up his own plans for this house?"

She nodded, while he clasped his knee and studied the portrait intently.

"It's odd. He doesn't look the forgiving kind," he said suddenly, "and yet, he gave his daughter and her husband the house—planned it himself. Di, those stairs *can't* have been an accident!"

"Don't!" she begged with a little shudder.

He turned on her accusingly. "You've got some sort of a hunch about this. Out with it!"

"Later," she said miserably.

But, being a man, he could not be satisfied with this.

"Those stairs—those shaped steps—" Trench was muttering. "By Jove, Diana, I have it!"

It was almost a shout, and Diana started convulsively.

"No!" she said sharply, with almost the effect of warning him back from a danger.

"Yes!" he retorted exultantly. "Why, it's plain as day! You say the Squire was so furious with Charles and Malvina Egbert that he shut himself up on his estate, brooding, for a year. Well, brooding if you like, but above all planning—planning how to get even with them. I wonder how long it was before the idea of this devilish gift house came into his brain. Do you know, before I get through with it, I'm going to see how many more little man-traps I can find here? He *wanted* them to die!"

A LONG growl of thunder crept through the house and the windows rattled under a sudden gust of wind.

"Georgie!" Diana pleaded, her hand on his arm, "Leave it alone. It frightens me. We're in this house and—and he's dead. Please!"

He did not even hear her.

"Wait—I'm getting it. I know I am. He was religious, see?—or what he called religious. He couldn't quite square it with his conscience to merely wipe out the two people who'd bitterly injured him, but he could put it up to the Almighty. Make a weapon and put it into the hands of his fiendish God and say, 'There now, do what you like with it!'"

Outside, the trees had begun to sway and bend before the first blasts of the storm. The gorge of the Potomac was a black gash across tossing grays and purples of the countryside. Lightning played incessantly over the face of the solidly-piled clouds.

Diana stood up suddenly. "I can't stand it!" she exclaimed with a flutter of hysteria in her voice. "This house—it—I—oh, *can't* you feel it? Let's get soaked—let's get struck by lightning—anything—but let's get out!"

"Why, you poor kid!" Trench rose painfully to his feet. "I'm so sorry, old girl. I didn't realize—of course you're all shaken up after that nasty spill you just missed upstairs. What a chump I am! There, there——"

Whereupon she put the final touch to his amazement by burying her head on his shoulder and bursting into tears.

He pressed her to him closely. A very new and tender feeling seemed to be eclipsing and yet strengthening all his old affection for her. Words, a babbling rush of them, rose to his lips and—stopped.

It was as if a cold hand had been laid on his mouth.

He looked up, dazed by the sudden check. His eyes, he could not have told why, went to the invisible portrait. Then he understood.

There were some things—like happiness, for instance—that the Squire would not tolerate in his house.

All Trench's vigorous young manhood rose to the silent challenge.

"Di!" he cried out with such unnecessary violence that she started back from his arms. "Di—I love you!"

A long flash of purplish lightning, the storm's real batteries going into action, lit every corner of the well-windowed room. In its fierce glare the face of the portrait leaped into life as suddenly as though it had sprung from a trapdoor. Both young people standing below it caught their breath. The eyes of the thing seemed to shine with an insane ferocity, and what had been mere grimness before now appeared twisted into fiendish malignity.

THE lightning died as abruptly as it had flared, leaving Trench and Diana motionless in the intensified gloom. To both of them, simultaneously, it seemed as though the room filled slowly, inexorably, with some hideous presence of evil bent on crushing them.

There was death in the room.

For a moment Trench thought the house had been struck. He felt something of the dazed sensation that he had experienced in France when a shell burst in the far end of his trench.

A confused message of danger and urgency was bidding him act, and he had been in too many tight places to disregard it.

"Listen, Di," he said quietly, "I want you to get out of here. Quick. Make for the front door—I'm coming."

She stood her ground. "Think I'm going to leave you?" she asked, and put her arm around him.

"Di—for God's sake!—I *beg* you!"

"Hush!" she said.

He resigned himself to the inevitable and lunged along at his best pace while she struggled gallantly beside him.

"The doors—look out!" she cried suddenly.

Forgetting the double opening and confused by the winking lightning, Trench had charged blindly into the passage. He snapped his head back, but not soon enough to avoid a glancing blow from the further door frame. Diana's outflung arm against the wall saved them both from a fall.

"You—go—alone, now!" he muttered, half-stunned, but she only clutched him more firmly.

The storm was squarely over the house, which shook and swayed under the buffets of an almost cyclonic wind. As the pair made their way across the hall, a tremor seemed to undulate from the very foundations. Diana could have sworn that the floor had taken on an actual uphill tilt.

WHEN they reached the door a torrent of water dashed itself in their faces.

"Don't stop! Get clear of this!" Trench shouted.

Shoulder to shoulder, stumbling, falling, creeping on hands and knees, beaten to the very earth by the rain that drove into their faces like bullets, they dragged themselves to the cedar windbreak, bent almost double now with the force of the wind. There they crouched.

Through the blinding avalanche of water, Trench turned to look at his companion.

She was soaked to the skin, of which she showed a good deal, since of her sheer white blouse nothing remained but a few dripping shreds. Her hands and skirt were a mass of mud, and the almost sculptural blond hair of which she was so proud flapped around her face in dank, snaky strands.

For her part, she saw a bruised and collarless ruffian. One foot, with the ankle greatly swollen, stuck stiffly out in front of him. And a naked wet shoulder gleamed through a considerable gap between the coat and the sleeve.

And yet I have no doubt that each would have been willing to declare that the other had never looked better.

Trench held out his arms and Diana flung herself into them with passionate thankfulness. If in their first kiss was mingled the faint flavor of blood and tears, be sure that both looked upon it as the consecration of their new-found love.

They did not even hear the extraordinary sounds, rather like the snapping of giant firecrackers, that had suddenly begun to rise above the scream of the tempest.

"You dead game little sport! You brick!" he said brokenly.

"Oh George — George — George!" she laughed and cried together. Then, following an earlier thought.

"Our old nurse Calline used to tell us, " 'If dat mean ol' house evah give sumbuddy somethin' 'sides mis'ry, it gwine be so mad it'll jes natchally chuck itse'f into de rivah!'—And now it's given us each other!"

"Look!" cried Trench.

Huddled together, past speech and almost past thought, they watched the square pile of brick and wood move, with majestic deliberation at first but gathering speed at the last, across the narrow ledge that separated it from the hungry waters.



OPEN WIDER, PLEASE!

Concluded from page 13

had known it for a year. Miss Madden and other gossips would be like flies outside a tight screen. They couldn't get at her to sting her, because, whatever they said, that tight screen was her own innocence. The thought was like a guarding hand over the delicate white flower in her heart.

Suddenly Mathilde began to cry. Not noisily as before, but just as incurably—slow streaming tears. She thought she was crying because she hated Miss Lois Blair so.

IN THE morning Mathilde was still a little shaky and hollow-eyed. But, "Silly thing!" she kept saying, as she fluffed her hair to mask the hurt eyes. "Everything is just the same."

Her mother brought a box wrapped in brown paper to the breakfast-table.

"I baked some ginger cookies yesterday," she said. "You didn't get to eat any last night. I wrapped up a few for Doctor Fred. He always makes such a fuss over them."

Mathilde thought she mustn't take the cookies. But if everything was just the same, why shouldn't she take her mother's cookies, as she had been doing after most of the bakings all the past Winter?

But nothing was the same that day—nothing at all. In the first place, when Mathilde passed through the outer waiting-room to her office she had meant not to look at Miss Blair's picture on the high desk. If it had been standing where it always had stood, she wouldn't have looked at it. But out of the tail of her eye she missed it. It was gone completely from the top of the desk. Mathilde looked for it then, and found it face down in the deep waste-basket at the corner of the desk. Oh! The careless janitor had jarred the furniture while dusting, and the picture had fallen. With no especial deference, only her customary precision, Mathilde picked up the hateful thing and replaced it. So she had to look at the haughty, lovely face, and the haughtiness or the loveliness or both made her sigh. She was provoked at that. She had done all the sighing and sobbing that she meant to allow the night before.

So she hurried into the little lavatory to change to her business aspect—that is, her becoming uniform—before Doctor Fred arrived. But he had arrived. His hat and coat were hanging on the regular hook and his white jacket was gone. Mathilde shut herself in the closet and changed quickly, feeling a little nervous and queer and improper, because she had always managed this dressing outside of the doctor's hours. Everything seemed to be happening to upset her determined program of casualness. When she stepped out of the closet, she heard Doctor Fred's steps in the hall.

She heard him come into the waiting-room and stop. He stopped for quite a few minutes—looking at the picture.

"Good morning, Miss Matilda," he called from out there.

How had he known she was present?

"Good morning," said Mathilde, and then, as he stood in the door, "Oh, aren't you well, Doctor Fred?"

He looked glum and mad and disgusted—and queerly flushed.

"I'm all right," he said, smiling at his assistant, however.

"Mother sent you some fresh cookies," faltered Mathilde. This was no time to mention ginger cakes, she knew. But there they were.

The glumness broke into bits before her eyes. The doctor threw back his head and laughed—long and joyously and altogether unreasonably.

"Bless her sweet heart!" he said.

And Mathilde blushed furiously. Then she knew that, no matter how she tried, things couldn't be the same any more. Even the routine of work hardly helped.

THE farmer came at eleven. He was a nice farmer, young and brown and strong and hearty. He had nice eyes. They watched Mathilde closely as she stood at the little swinging stand mixing cement. The light from the window came through the fluff of her hair and made her seem very bright and lovely all in her white costume. And her dainty hands were deft at the mixing.

When the patient was released, he picked up a bundle and presented it to her.

"I feel I owe you something as well as the doctor," he said, flushing shyly. "And I knew you wouldn't be mentioned in the bill. I made bold to bring you a little something. It's a queer sort of present, maybe. But I had such nice Spring chickens that I thought you and your mother might enjoy a couple."

It was very nice of the farmer, and Mathilde said so in a warm rush of appreciation, but all the time she could feel Doctor Fred laughing at her.

"Oh, Miss Matilda," he burst out when the man had left, "what do I know about you?"

Mathilde really yearned to kick him. He was so wicked when he chose to torment a body.

"Did you see how he kept looking at you all the time?" he went on. "Never blinked. I could have taken out all the teeth he had, and he wouldn't have known what I was doing. Well, he's a nice fellow. Surprised he's stayed a bachelor all this time. Got a nice big house and a housekeeper——"

"Doctor Fred, please!"

Mathilde had turned on her tormentor with tears stinging in her eyes.

"Why, Miss Matilda!" He spoke gently. "I beg your pardon."

And when she turned back to her work, trying hard to blink away her spurt of emotion, he still apologized.

"I am a stupid lump," he said, "not to have realized before this that you have grown up—too!"

"Oh, please don't pay any attention to me this morning," begged Mathilde. "I'm just too silly!"

"Are you ever silly, Miss Matilda?" asked Doctor Fred.

"Hopelessly," she said. And then, to prove it, she recited for him the poem about the banker's molars. Doctor Fred laughed and laughed in loud gusts that subsided into delighted chuckles.

"Now, that's a morning for you, young lady!" he said at the end. "Don't you think you'd better go home for lunch—and take those chickens?"

"I'll just send them by the drug-store boy with a note," said Mathilde. "Then we can have them for supper."

"Can you?" said the doctor wistfully as she left the office.

THE way he said it was ringing in her ears as she looked up at the desk and found the picture gone again. When she returned from the drug store, the doctor too had left. He always went home for lunch, leaving her there on guard. Mathilde is to be pardoned for hunting the photograph. It was not in the waste-basket. It was truly gone. So were the smaller pictures from inside the desk. She saw that when she sat down to check up some bills.

She was glad that the early afternoon was busy. For some reason when the rush ended early, at four o'clock, she was frightened.

"You can go, Miss Matilda," said the doctor. "I'll stick around a little while in case anything turns up. You need to get ready for those chickens."

But when Mathilde came out into the office in her street attire he sat in his magnificent adjustable chair, staring so flating out a window that she couldn't leave without speaking to him, though she didn't know what to say. He sensed her presence, turned and saw her standing helplessly in the door, and rose—exactly as he would to Miss Blair.

"I hope the chickens are nice," he said, putting on the air of a polite little boy on his best behavior who wants something and hopes he may get it by indirect methods.

Mathilde still couldn't find her voice. She wanted to say, "Come eat chicken with us. There's just mother and me."

But that wouldn't do.

"Miss Matilda, don't you really think I own a share of those chickens? You wouldn't have had them except for me, would you?"

"No, of course not. I—I should have given you one."

"I'd much rather you'd ask me to supper, I like fried chicken better than raw ones."

Mathilde made a face in her distress of spirit. How could she invite him to her house?

"I know what you're thinking," said this terrible man. "But that's all right. I am not engaged to Miss Blair any more, Miss Matilda. No. We disagreed on several things. Don't ever get married on a disagreement. It will give you a bum start."

Mathilde had known that they had disagreements. But to her, love—mutual love—was something so exalted that disagreements couldn't matter. She knew that Doctor Fred wanted to stay in Meldon and his fiancée wanted him to be a stylish doctor in the great city. To Mathilde Doctor Fred's love of his own people, his joy in working among them, was one of his finest attributes. Surely Miss Blair, who was so smart, would come to see that. Even if she did not and still loved him and—more marvelous than that—he loved her, they would go on and get married anyhow—surely.

"So," said Doctor Fred, "you could invite me to supper, you know. If you don't, it will look mean, because I'm coming to see your mother afterward anyhow, to thank her for the cookies—personally."

What could Mathilde say?

"Mother and I would be very glad to have you come to supper, Doctor Fred."

She did not know that the primmer she was the sweeter she was. Doctor Fred, I think, realized it better.

"Thank you," he said, his blue eyes dancing. "I'll be there at six."

OF COURSE Mathilde couldn't believe that this thing had happened. All the way home she didn't believe it. She stopped in the garden to pick a few of the first irises to put in a bowl on the table in case the thing was true, but still she didn't believe it.

With troubled eyes Mathilde went into the house and told her mother, thinking how strange it sounded, that Doctor Fred was coming to supper. Her mother didn't seem too much surprised.

"I thought he'd come one of these days," said she.

"What?" said Mathilde.

"You see, Mattie," said the mother, "you didn't let me finish what I started to say to you last night. Miss Henrietta told me that Doctor Fred and Miss Blair had broken off. She said they'd been having words back and forth for a long time—she was so set on his coming back to the city and setting up in style. Miss Henrietta thinks maybe he wouldn't have been so set against it if she'd been a little nicer about Meldon. Fred's a great home boy, you know. The two of them almost split at Christmas, and afterward, Fred offered to compromise. He did agree to go to the city, if he could take you along as his assistant. Seems he thinks a lot of your help, Mattie. And all of a sudden she got jealous. She came out here to take a look at you—remember?"

Mathilde, dizzy as she was, did remember a brief February visit.

"And she made a regular fool of herself," said Mrs. Farish, "the way women will. And Doctor Fred was disgusted, I expect. Anyhow, they had a terrible quarrel, and she sent him back his ring, and he's going to have it made into a breastpin for Miss Henrietta. What do you think of that?"

"Poor Doctor Fred!" said Mathilde.

"Oh, I don't know," demurred Mrs. Farish. "Miss Henrietta seems to think he'd made a lucky escape. Well, I've got potatoes to peel. You go and pretty up, Mattie."

Before her dresser Mathilde hardly dared look at the person in the mirror.

"Big silly!" she scolded. "Wicked little fool! It's all a mistake. Everything is just the same—just the same."

But her hands gripped the dresser top amazingly hard, and her eyes would shine and shine.



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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26

6138—Making-over possibilities are suggested by this ensemble frock consisting of a sleeveless overdress and one-piece slip-over underdress. Use linen with underdress of printed cotton voile; plain crêpe satin with silk crêpe, etc. The underdress has a straight lower edge (44 inches).

19 years or 36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe, with 3¼ yards 35-inch printed silk for underdress.

The ensemble dress is for ladies 38, 40 bust, misses 15 to 20 years.

6146—An evening frock with inserted godets may put sleeves in its separate one-piece slip and call itself an afternoon dress. Make this slip-over one-piece frock of crêpe Roma or crêpe de Chine, of one material or with lace godets with a flesh color or matching satin, silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine slip; or use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or crêpe satin, etc. The flower is hand-made. Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6007—5631—A jabot frill beautifies a slip-over tunic blouse which may be made longer. Use prints in crosswise designs, radium, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or plaids, with plain to match; wide borders, novelty faille and satin, ribbed silks, etc. The lower edge is straight. For the costume slip with its inverted plait at each side below the waist-line use crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge with plaits out 54½ inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch printed silk for tunic (in shorter length) and 2⅝ yards 39-inch satin for slip.

The tunic blouse is for 32 to 44 bust; the costume slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6162—The very slim shoulder-line and the circular flare attached across the front of this new coat are smart features. Ruching or fur follows the line of the flare when the coat is made of ribbed silks, satin or heavy silk crêpe, or use soft twills, ribbed wools, cashmere coatings, etc., with or without fur. Lower edge 2 yards.

19 years or 36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch satin.

The coat is for ladies 38, 40 bust, misses 15 to 20 years.

6148—Crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or crêpe satin makes this one-piece dress which slips on over the head. Or without the trimming band make it of wide borders in crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or crêpe satin, with plain to match; printed crêpe de Chine, etc. The lower edge is straight.

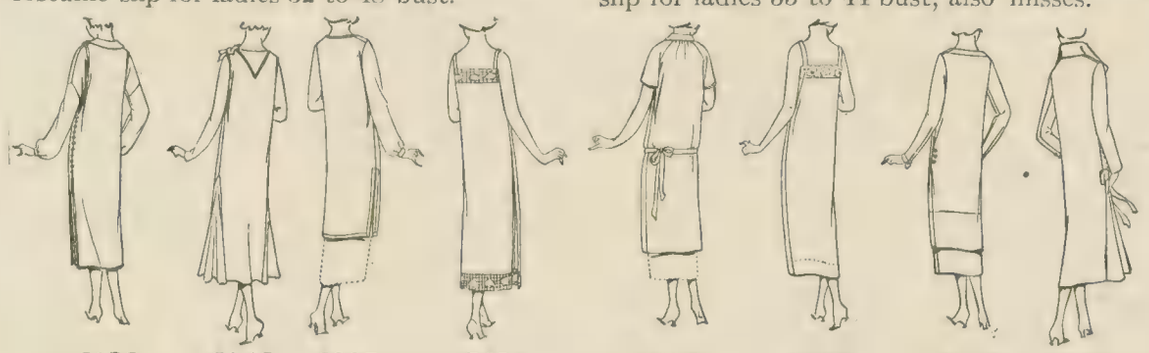
36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 35 or 39 inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6023—5827—10146—The youthful peasant-style tunic blouse makes itself lovely with embroidery. Work in contrast. Use plain Canton crêpe, radium, Georgette, plain cotton voile or plain fine cotton crêpe, etc., entirely or with contrasting, or use these materials printed, for this slip-over blouse which may be made shorter. The silk crêpe, soft satin, etc., costume slip has a three-inch or deep shadow-proof hem.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 2⅜ yards 35 to 39 inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

The tunic blouse is for 32 to 44 bust; the slip for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



6138 6146 6007 5631 6023 5827 6148 6162

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27

6144—The new circular flare stretches across the front of a slip-over one-piece dress that keeps its back straight, and fits closely at the hipline. Use Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or crêpe faille with contrasting ribbon tie; or use prints in heavy crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, satin or radium, or novelty crêpe satin with plain to match. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch flat crêpe.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6094—The tie collar need not always tie on a one-piece dress that has a straight plaited flounce. This dress slips on over the head and is made of prints in crêpe de Chine, radium, silk crêpe, satin or Georgette, or foulards with Georgette to match or with plain to match. Or use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe Roma or Georgette.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 35-inch printed silk (with dress cutaway beneath flounce) and 1½ yard 36-inch plain silk.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6114—10329—The raglan sleeve has grace in its shoulder-line. Make this slip-over one-piece frock in peasant style of Georgette, pongee, cotton Georgette, cotton pongee, cotton voile or light-weight cotton crêpe, of one material, with contrasting, or printed with plain to match. The embroidery is smart. Work in color. Without embroidery use light-weight flannel or wool jersey. The lower edge is straight.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 48 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6124—Rippling from throat to hem, a jabot of self-material or contrasting trims a one-piece frock of crêpe Roma, Georgette, etc. Or use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or crêpe satin with lace edging. This slip-over frock has inverted tucks at the side and the straight lower edge makes it suitable also for wide borders in crêpe satin, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6120—Hand-made flowers are lovely on this slip-over one-piece frock which fits closely at the hipline. The gathered straight apron front is soft looking. Use printed crêpe de Chine, foulards, etc., with plain to match. With long sleeves use crêpe Roma, crêpe satin, plain crêpe de Chine or Georgette, and with no sleeves, lace with lace flouncing apron, etc. The lower edge is straight and the dress may have a body lining.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 40-inch printed Georgette. Lower edge 44½ inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6058—A double jabot centers itself on a one-piece frock suitable for wide borders in heavy silk crêpe, crêpe satin or crêpe de Chine with matching Georgette. Or make this slip-over, close-fitting-at-the-hipline frock of printed heavy crêpe de Chine, printed heavy silk crêpe, printed satin, printed crêpe faille, novelty faille and satin or printed crosswise designs, with Georgette to match, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 54-inch bordered silk and ¾ yard 39-inch Georgette.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



6144 6094 6114 6124 6120 6058

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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

6125—Separate bloomers buttoned to a blouse are new for a suspender frock with a straight lower edge, made of printed small designs on crêpe de Chine, pongee, etc.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch cotton print and ¾ yard 32 or 36-inch plain.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

6129—Separate bloomers may accompany this simple, slip-over one-piece frock. Use plaid or striped linen or cotton crêpe, prints or stripes in cotton broadcloth, pongee, etc.

7 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch cotton print for dress and bloomers.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years.

6127—4491—A shirred-brim hat is smart with a one-piece slip-over peasant frock with raglan sleeves and a straight lower edge. The dress may have separate bloomers.

8 years and 20¾-inch head measure require 2⅛ yards 39-inch cotton voile (with hat).

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years; hat for girls 2 to 12.

6131—10179—Quite new is the circular suspender skirt of linen, linen-finished cottons, twills, etc. Make the separate blouse in peasant style of plain cotton voile, lawn, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work in color.

12 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1⅛ yard 54-inch flannel.

They are for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6115—3727—An adorable little slip-over frock is made of crêpe de Chine, pongee, etc., printed in small designs, etc. Use chintz, etc., for the hat. The lower edge is straight and the bloomers are separate.

4 years and 20-inch head measure require 2⅜ yards 35-inch cotton print (including hat).

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; hat for children, girls, misses and ladies.

6133—A short-sleeved, buttoning-down-the-front waist and straight trousers make this little suit. Use linen-finished cottons, chambray, madras, rep, poplin, pongee, etc. The collar and cuffs are detachable.

3 years requires 1⅛ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

6117—A plaited jabot is smart on a slip-over one-piece frock with a straight lower edge. The collar may be detachable. Use pongee, crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, printed in small designs; striped pongee, striped crêpe de Chine, etc., with plain to match.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch striped silk broadcloth.

It is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6087—Smocking or shirring is very effective but may be omitted for a simple one-piece frock in peasant style with raglan sleeves. Use Georgette, pongee, cotton voile, cotton Georgette or cotton pongee, etc., for this slip-over frock. The lower edge is straight.

13 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

It is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6085—A soft frock puts its sleeve and yoke in one. Make this slip-over dress with straight lower edge of plain crêpe de Chine, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile or pongee, etc. The bloomers are separate.

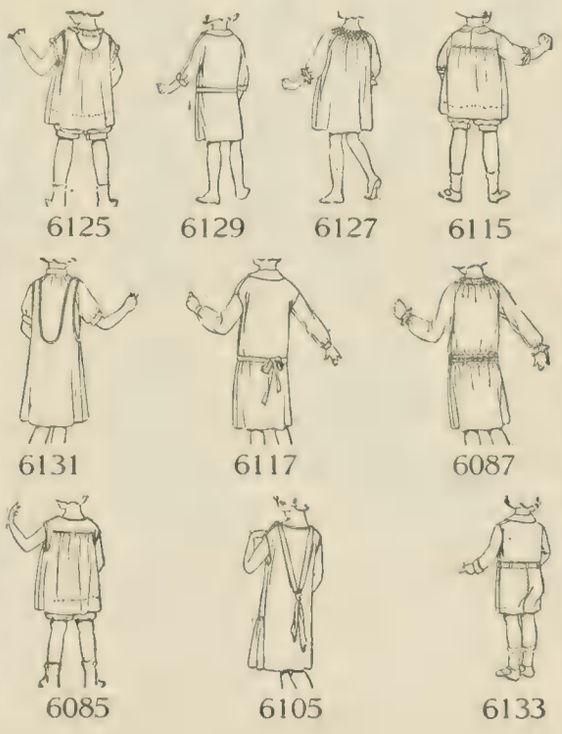
5 years needs 2 yards 39-inch dotted voile.

The dress is for girls 2 to 6 years.

6105—10335—The "grown-up" air of this one-piece slip-over frock comes from the hand-made flower and the straight gathered flounce across the front. The embroidery is smart. Use crêpe de Chine, cotton Georgette, etc., with contrasting ribbon, etc.

13 years requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch Georgette.

It is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.





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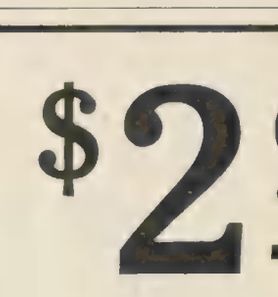
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

6136—Hand-drawn dress lengths of linen or cotton broadcloth make up attractively into one-piece slip-over frocks with straight lower edges. Or use drawn-work or machine-hemstitching on linen-finished cottons, cotton crêpe of good weight, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 45½ inches.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 35-inch linen.

The dress is attractive for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6064 — This slip-over dress has a frilled straight skirt attached at a low waistline. With plain Georgette, chiffon voile, cotton Georgette or organdy a flesh-colored satin camisole and narrow drop skirt are worn. The hand-made flower is of contrasting material. Lower edge of drop skirt 45 inches; of outside skirt 2⅛ yards.

16 years requires 4 yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6076—This quaint slip-over frock closes at the left underarm. The tucked, full straight skirt is attached at a slightly low waistline. Use plain crêpe de Chine, Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, etc.

16 years requires 3 yards of 36 or 39 inch dotted voile. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6084—The plaited apron and jabot are French touches on this slip-over one-piece dress. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe Roma, Georgette or crêpe satin, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years; ladies 38, 40 bust.

6140—10286—Plain heavy crêpe de Chine with contrasting, prints or stripes in crêpe de Chine, radium, etc., with plain to match, etc., make this slip-over one-piece frock. The straight lower edge makes it suitable for wide borders, etc. Braiding trims the pockets and hat. Work in contrast.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch plain silk broadcloth, ⅝ yard 32 or 35 inch contrasting. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years; ladies 38, 40 bust.

5508—6119—A slip-over sleeveless dress with the straight lower part attached to the body at the hipline and an inverted plait in front is made of flannel, satin, plaids, etc., and worn with a slip-over blouse.

17 years or 34 bust requires ¾ yard 54-inch plain flannel, ¾ yard 54-inch plaid flannel for dress and 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse. Lower edge, plaits out, 48 inches.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; dress for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

6130—5952—A one-piece slip-over frock with an inverted plait at each side front is smart with a six-gored crown hat. Use silk broadcloth, radium, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, cotton pongee, etc., plain with contrasting, etc. Lower edge with plaits out 57 inches.

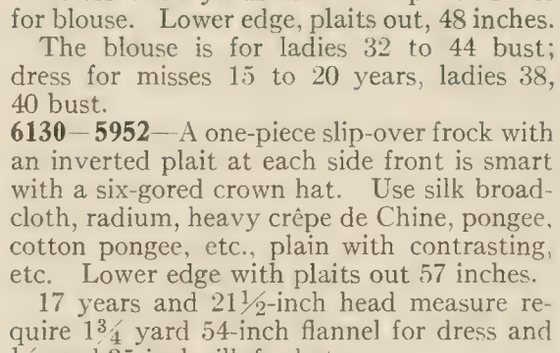
17 years and 21½-inch head measure require 1¾ yard 54-inch flannel for dress and ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; hat for misses, ladies and girls.

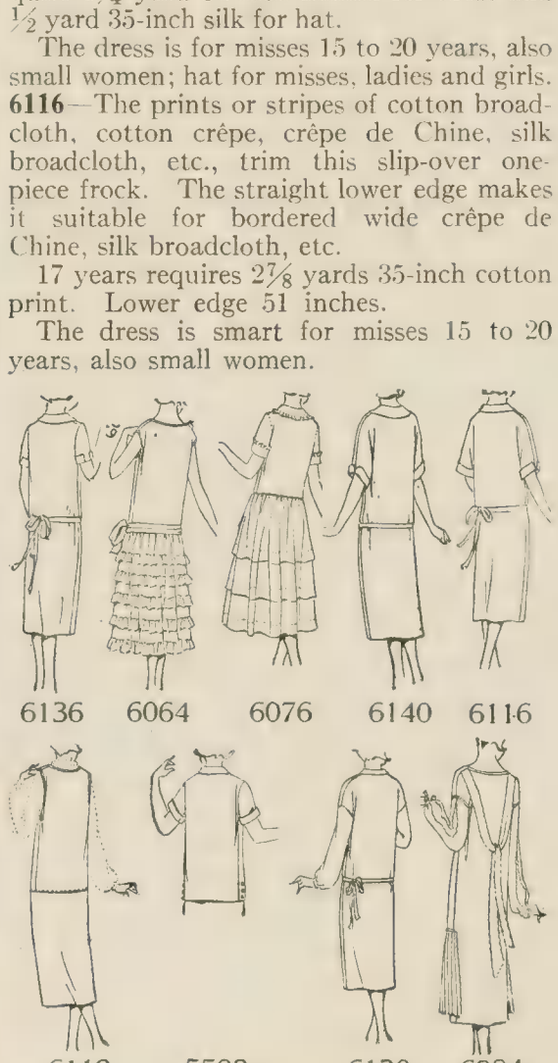
6116—The prints or stripes of cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, etc., trim this slip-over one-piece frock. The straight lower edge makes it suitable for bordered wide crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, etc.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch cotton print. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.



6136 6064 6076 6140 6116



6119 5508 6130 6084

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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 30

6096—The lines and squares of hand drawn-work or machine hemstitching on plain cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine or Georgette trim a simple one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Tucks cluster at each shoulder in front and a plaited section is inserted at the sides. Or use these materials printed with plain to match.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge with plaits drawn out, 1⅝ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6150—The gathered apron is a smart adjunct of this slip-on-over-the-head one-piece frock. The lower edge is straight and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe—plain, printed or striped with organdy collar, etc., or crêpe de Chine or Georgette printed with plain to match or striped with contrasting, plain cotton Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch novelty cotton voile. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

6121—6049—A chic costume puts a slip-over blouse with a straight lower edge over a two-piece skirt with an inverted plait at the center front. The skirt is attached to a camisole body when worn with overblouses, or to an inside belt only. Use flannel; or with a blouse of plain silk broadcloth, etc., use soft twills, kasha, wool jersey, etc., for skirt.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4½ yards 27-inch flannel (with skirt attached to camisole body.) Lower edge, with plait out, 52½ ins.

The blouse is for 32 to 44 bust; the skirt for ladies 35 to 49½ hip measure.

6132—The kimono sleeve further simplifies making a one-piece slip-over frock. Use stripes or prints in cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton shantung, linen-finished cottons, heavy crêpe de Chine, radium, shantung, plaid or striped flannel, plaid linen, striped silk broadcloth, with plain to match, gingham with organdy, etc. The lower edge is straight.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch novelty cotton. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is charming for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6126—Tailored simplicity stamps this slip-over one-piece dress of cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton shantung, linen, linen-finished cottons, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, light-weight flannel—striped or plain and of one material, or striped with plain to match, or plain with contrasting, etc. The lower edge is straight.

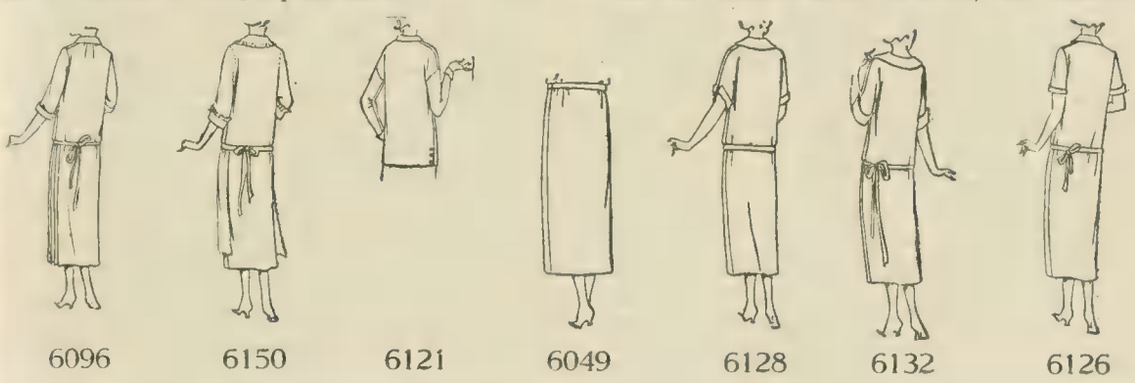
36 bust requires 3½ yards 35-inch striped cotton broadcloth. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6128—A trimming band masquerades as a Russian closing on this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Use plain linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton shantung or shantung with batiste, net or lace edging jabot; or without the jabot these materials printed or striped, plaid linen, gingham, etc. Or use bordered wide flannel, etc. Lower edge 46½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch material (with shorter sleeve).

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



6096 6150 6121 6049 6128 6132 6126

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 31

6170—A frock that is easy to wear has a long rippling jabot and a cluster of plaits at each side front and back. Make this slip-over one-piece dress with its straight lower edge of printed Georgette, radium, silk crêpe, foulards, etc., with matching Georgette jabot, etc., or use Georgette, crêpe Roma, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, flat crêpe, etc. Lower edge with plaits drawn out, 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch printed crêpe de Chine and 1½ yard 39-inch plain.

The dress is charming for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6173—This lovely afternoon or dinner dress has a becoming yoke and apron, both with straight lower edges. Make this one-piece slip-over frock of crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma or crêpe satin with lace. The hand-made flowers are of harmonizing ribbon with green ribbon leaves. Or use prints in Georgette, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or foulards with matching Georgette, printed cotton voile, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch Georgette, 1⅝ yard 9-inch lace insertion for yoke and 1⅛ yard 6-inch lace edging.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6158—Gathered all around, the straight skirt attached at the hipline presents a new soft style. The frill is also different. Make this slip-over frock of Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile, crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin—printed with plain to match, plain and of one material, or plain with lace edging; or use printed cotton voile with plain to match.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch printed silk. Lower edge 2¼ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6171—A circular apron and a yoke in a fancy outline register a new style. This one-piece slip-over frock fits closely at the hipline. It may have a body lining with a camisole top. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe faille, etc., printed with matching Georgette; flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or crêpe faille with Georgette or lace; crêpe Roma, etc., with lace. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 40-inch printed Georgette and ⅜ yard 40-inch plain.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6163—10787—A suspender effect is created by this one-piece slip-over dress. The monogram is attractive. Work in color. Use linen or linen-finished cottons with printed cotton voile or eyelet embroidery and self or bias-fold tape bindings; satin with a lighter colored or a contrasting silk crêpe or with printed crêpe de Chine and self bindings; etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 47½ inches.

19 years or 36 bust requires 1 yard 35-inch silk and 1½ yard 54-inch flannel.

The dress is for ladies 38 to 40 bust, misses 15 to 20 years.

6172—Something quite new in aprons is this sectional one attached in a fancy outline. The tie collar of this one-piece slip-over frock is also smart. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma or crêpe satin, etc., or prints in cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, radium or foulards with plain to match, etc.

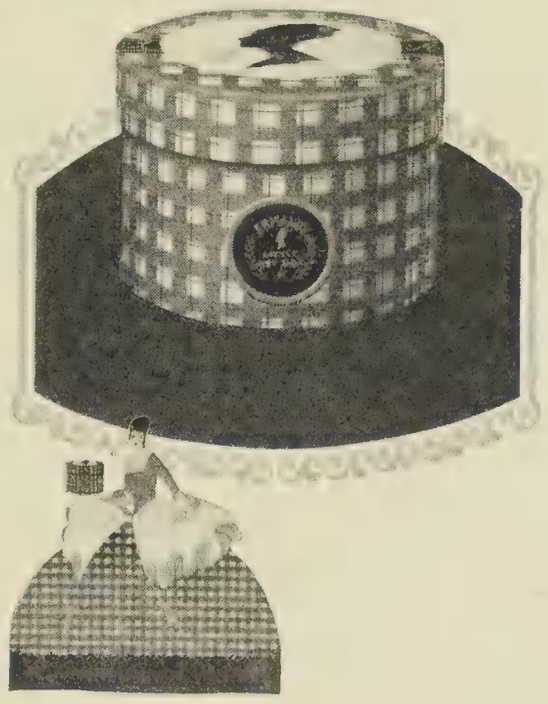
36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 44 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



6170 6158 6171 6173 6163 6172

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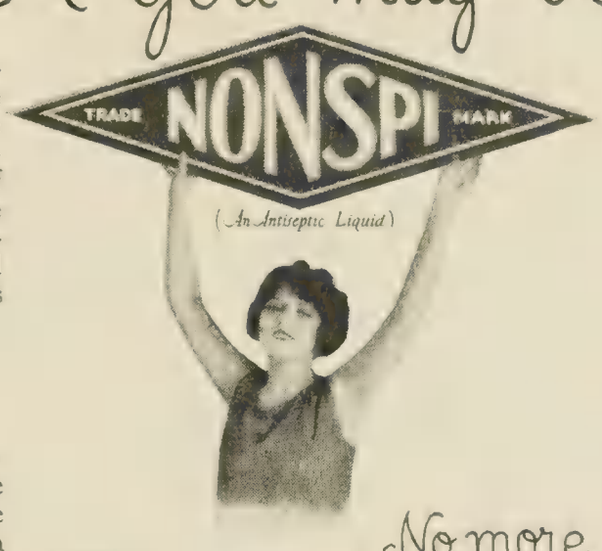
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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Applause for Hutchinson

The stir is already starting over A. S. M. Hutchinson's sensational DELINEATOR novel, "The Increasing Purpose," the second instalment of which appears in this issue. The leader of America's General Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. John D. Sherman, writes to us in highest praise of Hutchinson's courage behind this intense love-story of very real people and their hot human emotions. She says: "I am deeply interested in Mr. Hutchinson's recital of events culminating in Simon Paris's recognition of the fact that God had brought him safely through the perils of the world war for a definite purpose. His recognition of his special relationship to God and his willingness to serve in any way that should be revealed to him are logical and fitting. His willingness to serve is perhaps the most vital factor. I wish there were more of this attitude of mind in all of us for the sake of a saner and safer American life. Indeed, it is the only possible salvation for the world—this appreciation of our relationship to God and our responsibilities under the relationship."

A novel Fresh from The Big Top

Last month we told you something of the circumstances that contributed to the writing of Dixie Willson's "Little Texas," which begins in this issue. You will recall the perfect setting for the composition of this circus story—quiet corners of trains during the long trips between stops, moments snatched out of the interval between the noonday parade and the afternoon performance, remnants of daylight hours spent with pad and pencil in the shadow of the calliope. And now for just a word about the author, whose biography is brief in terms of years because she is still in her twenties, but not without a few high spots for all that. Miss Willson is an Iowan whose first professional literary effort appeared in the children's page of the Chicago *Tribune* when the author was twelve. At sixteen Miss Willson was the composer, librettist, ballerina, director and producer of a three-act musical comedy with a cast of sixty-eight. The success of that ambitious enterprise resulted in her going to Chicago to join a musical show. As a compromise to parental opposition to a stage career, New York was the next objective, on the understanding that she was to devote herself to writing. Miss Willson managed to sell her first story while she still had twenty cents with which to keep the wolf from the door. Thereafter things came easier. A job in the scenario department of a motion-picture concern provided a regular livelihood and stories written in spare time gradually found their way to the best magazines, including THE DELINEATOR. There have also been a few songs, one or two screen scenarios, and several very successful children's books. Rather a remarkable showing for a young writer who has spent three full Summer seasons as an active member of the circus, which, we mention again, is the source of "Little Texas."

Making Preaching Popular

Just before Christmas of last year a poll was made of the ordained clergymen of all the Protestant denominations of America. Each minister was asked to name ten preachers whom he ranked as the most influential in the American church. Out of the ninety thousand ministers of all churches who were addressed the undenominational religious journal that conducted the poll selected twenty-five preachers whose names led the list and who, in the opinion of their brethren, stood out as "men of prophetic vision, of pulpit power, whose message seems most vitally to interpret the mind of Christ." Harry Emerson Fosdick, of New York City, was one of the ministers to share that unique distinction. Since that time he has published his confession of faith, which was widely quoted in the newspapers, severed his official relations with the Baptist communion, and left the Fifth Avenue pulpit that had become a magnet for listeners of all faiths and of none. Doctor Fosdick's powerful appeal to the average person largely consists in his ability to interpret the important Scriptural truths in terms of our daily living. His ability to fill a real need in the souls of a huge lay public is amply demonstrated by the sale of his books, some of which rival fiction titles in their popularity. Doctor Fosdick is at his best in handling the significant theme that is the topic of his message to DELINEATOR readers in this issue under the title: "Are We Producing Character?"

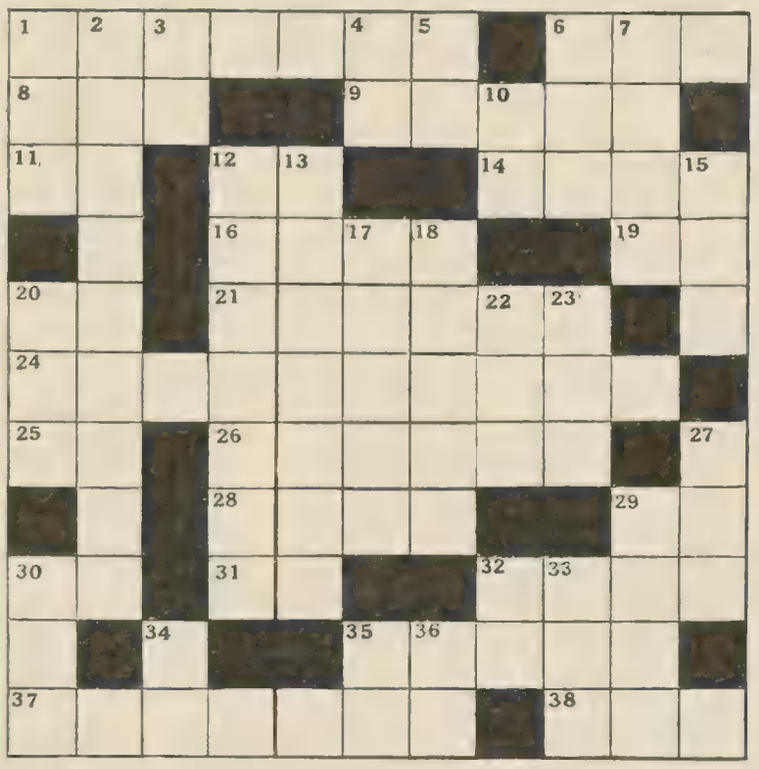
WHAT YOU WON'T FIND ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE DELINEATOR—CROSS-WORDS

ACROSS

1. What we offer to all our readers
6. Hobby
8. Therefore, in Latin
9. Doctor Shaw will give you advice on this member of the family
11. Disordered type
12. Royal guard (abbr.)
14. What we can help you to do with your money
16. To hear by
19. Thus
20. Where, in French
21. Inhabitant of Mediterranean island
24. Woman's favorite periodical
25. And, in French
26. Column
28. To be, in Latin
29. Prefix, twice
30. Exist
31. Silencing exclamation
32. Metal-bearing rocks
35. An invitation which we extend to all DELINEATOR readers
37. Growing concerns about which we will gladly answer any questions you may wish to ask
38. And so on (abbr.)

DOWN

1. Drink slowly
2. Mrs. Kimberly can answer any questions you wish to ask on this subject
3. Egyptian sun god
4. 200 in Roman numerals
5. Inquiring interjection
6. Sunny Southern State (abbr.)
7. Found on back pages of magazines—ours are trustworthy (abbr.)
10. Part of "to be"
12. Of help to housewives. Ours are all tested by experts
13. Decorate with parsley, according to 12 Down
15. A long period of time
17. Motion-picture films
18. Not fresh
20. Poem
22. Unsorted wheaten meal, such as is used in India
23. Correlative of neither
27. Sister
29. Most desirable
30. Entreat
32. Applies to all the information contained in THE DELINEATOR
33. Regret, which you will feel if you miss any of the new Hutchinson novel, now running in THE DELINEATOR
34. Conjunction
35. Indefinite article
36. Ocean liner (abbr.)



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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

THE corps of research workers for whom we set the task of digging up data about the relative mental development of boy and girl students, so the facts might be made known without fear or favor through this column, have brought to light some curious examples from school-examination papers ◈◈◈ Experts who pretend to know what goes on in the minds of little girls are asked to account for the sources of misinformation that resulted in the following answers to teachers' questions: The *Epistles* were the wives of the Apostles. *Louis XVI* was gelatined during the *French Revolution*. In *India* a man out of a cask may not marry a woman out of another cask. *Parallel lines* are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them. *Pompeii* and *Herculaneum* were caused by an overflow of saliva from the Vatican. *Abyssinia* is a four-petaled flower. *Curie* is a kind of sauce. *Maude Ballington Booth* shot Abraham Lincoln. *Frances Willard* was a pugilist ◈◈◈ So much for pedagogy ◈◈◈ Our thanks are due to the anonymous *Croydon, Pennsylvania*, correspondent who sent us the advertisement of *Squire Walmsley*, reading: "Get your marriage license here. Ceremony quietly performed. Sensible people come here. Lots of time and money saved" ◈◈◈ There is a great to-do in *Pondoland, South Africa*, because, due to hard times, some of the native bucks are unable to complete their payments on wives purchased on credit during the past three years. The parents of the ladies involved refuse to consider the return of the slightly shop-worn purchases in lieu of further instalments of the amounts due ◈◈◈ The name of *Mrs. Arnavilunguak* recently appeared on a hotel register in *New York*. She is a member of the *Eskimo* tribe that helped Admiral Peary in his trip to the Pole in 1909 ◈◈◈ We have cabbaged a new anecdote about the late *Empress Dowager of China* from a book by the *Princess Der Ling*, who writes: "One day her Majesty was taken slightly ill and complained of suffering from severe headache. Several doctors were summoned, each of whom took her pulse. This was quite a ceremony in itself. The doctors knelt at the bedside and her Majesty stretched forth her arm, resting her hand upon a small pillow. After this each doctor wrote out a prescription, all of which were different from each other. We handed them to her Majesty, who chose the one which she thought the nicest to take, and two attendants and the doctor himself had to take a dose in her presence before she would touch it. Then she would take it all right" ◈◈◈ A *Houston, Texas*, girl has sued the *International Great Northern Railroad* for $11,500 dollars to compensate her for an unsightly scar that prevents her from wearing sheer silk hosiery ◈◈◈ A new menace to the parents of ingenious urchins is reported from *St. Paul, Minnesota*, where a boy whose mother refused to pay him for chores done about the house picketed his home with a sign reading: "This House is Unfair to Labor" ◈◈◈ Knock-kneed ladies will gather crums of comfort from a newspaper interview in which the surgeon who straightened the nose of *Jack Dempsey* said: "Of course the American girl is knock-kneed. If she isn't, she's malformed. Bow legs are different. They show malnutrition or too early attempts to walk" ◈◈◈ A well-known investigator with a statistical turn of mind asked several women ministers who had officiated at weddings if they had kissed the bridegroom. They all refused to reply ◈◈◈ A *Quinton, New Jersey*, couple celebrated their sixty-second wedding anniversary with a dinner cooked on the stove the husband gave his wife on their wedding-day. She estimates that she has cooked over 65,000 meals on the same stove ◈◈◈ A husband who was obliged to write a letter to his wife every day during her enforced absence from home thus described a show he attended: "The heroine came stealthily on the stage and knelt, dagger in hand, behind a clump of ribbons. The hero emerged from a large bunch of flowers, and as soon as she perceived him she fell upon him, stabbed him and sank half-conscious into a very handsome aigret. This may sound queer, but the woman in front of me wouldn't remove her hat, and that's how it looked to me" ◈◈◈ Summer is one of the best seasons to mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers.



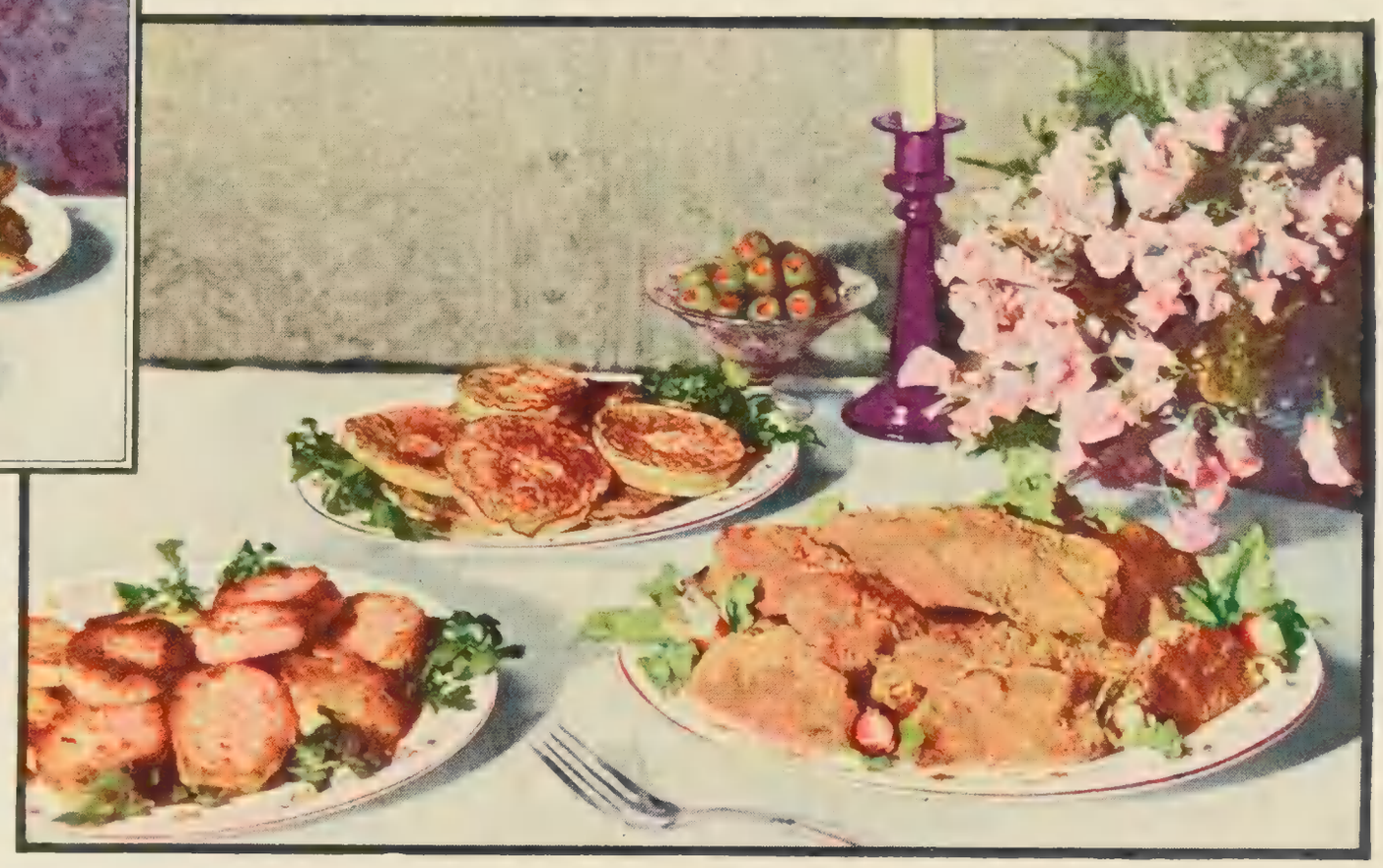


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Above, fried cucumber and fried squash. At the right, fried potatoes, fried eggplant and fried chicken. All cooked in the half-hour before serving. Below you will find directions for frying these and other foods.

My wholesome frying-pan dinner

I SUGGEST chicken, always at its best in summer. Cut a frying chicken into desired pieces, wash, sprinkle with salt, and let stand in colander in ice box. When ready to fry, roll in flour. Into a cold frying pan of medium size put half a cup of Crisco. When the Crisco is hot put in the chicken. Let fry slowly on one side until nearly done then turn and finish on the other side.

You will find that Crisco fries a chicken to a crisp golden brown without smoke or odor. Crisco does not soak into the food nor does it take the taste from food. Therefore none is wasted, for what is left (and most of it is) can be strained back into the can and used again.

Delicious and unusual to serve with your chicken is fried pineapple. Peel a fresh one, cut in slices one-third inch thick, core, dust with flour, fry in hot Crisco until soft (test with a toothpick), browning on both sides. Dust with powdered sugar, arrange on a platter with chicken, as you see in the picture.

8 different ways to fry cold boiled potatoes

Of course you want potatoes with the chicken and here are 8 ways to pan fry cold boiled potatoes.

For hashed brown, chop, sprinkle with salt. Put in cold frying pan, four or five tablespoons of Crisco and when the Crisco is hot put in the potatoes. Fry, stirring with a fork occasionally until they are partly brown, then shape into omelet form in one side of the pan and fry until a rich brown on the bottom. To keep the omelet shape, when serving place the platter upside down over the skillet then turn both the platter and skillet over quickly.

To make Pittsburgh potatoes add one chopped, raw green pepper to two medium sized potatoes and cook like hashed brown. For Lyonnaise potatoes, slice thin, add sliced onion and chopped parsley and fry just as you would hashed brown.

To make sauté potatoes dice them. If you like O'Brien potatoes add to the diced potatoes chopped raw bacon, pimentos and onion. Prepare the frying pan as you do for hashed brown potatoes and fry, stirring with a fork occasionally until brown enough to suit you.

To make Jackson potatoes use equal parts of sweet and white potatoes diced and fry as you would sauté or O'Brien. For German, American, cottage or home fried (all different names for the same thing) cut thick round slices and fry in hot Crisco on both sides. For caramel sweets, cut cold boiled sweets in half lengthwise, and sprinkle generously with sugar while frying.

So many other vegetables are delicious when pan fried. If you like fried eggplant you will like fried cucumbers. To prepare them for the frying pan, peel, cut lengthwise about one-half inch thick, salt and put in ice box. When ready to fry, drain and roll in flour.

To prepare crookneck squash and eggplant for frying we cut in round slices. If squash is large, remove seeds which leave the slices in rings. Salt and put in ice box. When you are ready to fry put enough Crisco in cold frying pan to partly cover the vegetables when it is melted. Then fry on one side until soft, testing with a toothpick. Turn and brown on the other side. Drain on soft paper and serve.

There are so many pleasant things about frying with Crisco. It will not smoke up the house because it fries to perfection before it is hot enough to smoke. Food fried in Crisco is never greasy It is crisp and brown on the outside and thoroughly cooked inside.

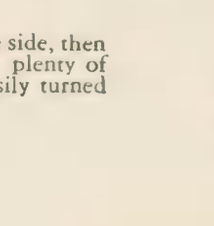
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W.S.C.

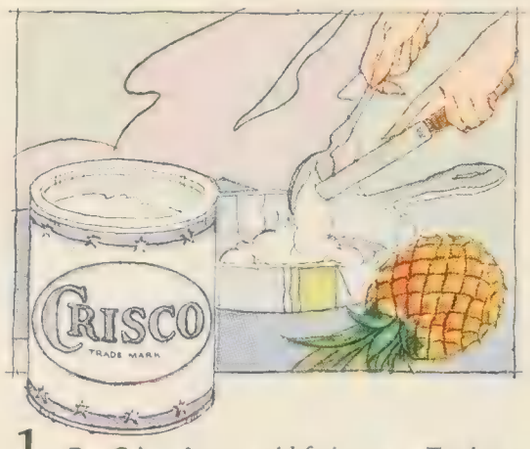
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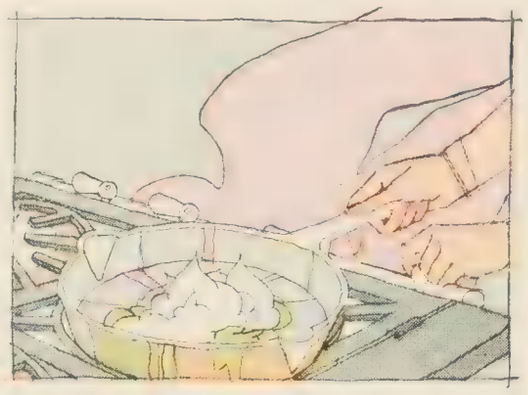


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HOW TO FRY WITHOUT SMOKE OR UNPLEASANT ODOR:



1. Put Crisco into a cold frying pan. To thoroughly cook the food (for example, pineapple) without smoke or scorching, fry slowly, using enough Crisco to partly cover it. It will not require the constant attention frying does when only a little fat is used.



2. Put frying pan over low heat. As soon as Crisco is melted put in a small piece of bread. As soon as bread starts to brown put in the pineapple.



3. Cook slowly until brown on one side, then turn to brown the other side. With plenty of Crisco in the pan the pineapple is easily turned without breaking.



4. Strain the Crisco back into an empty can and use it for the next thing you want to fry. No one will know you have fried pineapple in it for Crisco never carries the flavor of one food to another—not even fish.

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THE DELINEATOR

AUGUST 1925



FROM A PAINTING BY WARREN DAVIS

SUMMER FICTION NUMBER

HALL CAINE

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

DIXIE WILLSON

MIDSUMMER STYLES

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THE DELINEATOR



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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

WHAT TWO MILLION WOMEN READ

AMERICA has become a nation of readers. Books published in the United States have doubled ten times over in this generation. Books imported from other lands have also increased rapidly. The numbers and the qualities of magazines have advanced. The printed word has become the passion of the people.

Considering these facts it is important for men and women to choose carefully not only their own reading but the books and periodicals which are going to influence the lives of their families.

THE DELINEATOR has long believed that this subject deserves consideration from the best minds in the land. Three years ago we sent a questionnaire to libraries, universities, high schools, parent and teacher associations, women's clubs and important individuals to ask what in their judgment were the first twenty books that should be put in the home, and the next twenty, and so on until two hundred had been purchased. The result of that vote produced a list which deserved serious consideration. It was so important that President Coolidge, then Vice-President of the United States, wrote an article about it.

Now the General Federation of Women's Clubs has announced the results of a similar contest. The problem which they put up to the club women of the country was this: If a family of five, including three children from sixth grade to high school, has an annual budget of one hundred dollars to spend for reading matter, how should they apportion it? If the same family has fifty dollars a year? Twenty-five dollars a year? For the successful lists several prizes were offered.

THE response to this contest was very large. Forty States sent contributions, book-lists were discussed in the clubs, and often the list sent represented a composite opinion rather than individual choice.

They went first to Mrs. Charles H. Jacobson, of Denver, one of the judges. Mrs. Samuel Inman, of Atlanta, Georgia, next marked her choice in each class from the selected groups submitted by Mrs. Jacobson. Finally they were sent on to May Lamberton Becker, whose knowledge of books is so well known through her contributions to the Reader's Guide of the *Saturday Review*, and the results were announced by Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of the Division of Literature of the General Federation.

We can not resist a thrill of satisfaction at reading in Mrs. Miller's report that of the women's magazines THE DELINEATOR ran highest in the lists submitted and that the first prize-winner, as well as the two competitors who tied for the second place, mentioned THE DELINEATOR on their lists as a necessity for the American home.

First place was given by the judges in the one-hundred-dollar class to Winifred King Rugg, of Arlington, Massachusetts, whose list, with its introduction, follows:

With one hundred dollars to spend on a year's reading matter for a family of five, it is possible to be fairly reckless. The individual tastes of each member can have some recognition. Nevertheless we have to ask ourselves, "Which books of the old are indispensable, and which of the new promise to be worth reading more than once?"

Like the other libraries, this one, though more expensive, has to be built upon the practical foundation of a good daily newspaper, the best paper in that section of the country in which each particular family resides. Fortunately there are several dailies which have built up a national reputation for cleanness, fearlessness and honesty of workmanship. The daily should be supplemented by a weekly digest, like the *Literary Digest*.

From the fairly large number of magazines listed we believe that the family will derive a wider outlook and a broader culture than from books that could be bought with the same amount of money. But having this varied assortment of magazines, the family can then begin thoughtfully and with deliberation to collect a permanent library.

With seventy-three dollars to spend for books alone they can afford a modest encyclopedia. We suggest the "Everyman's Encyclopedia," which is accurate and complete, though of course not intensive or profound as are the famous compilations of that sort. This work is followed by some histories, national and general, and Bryce's "The American Commonwealth," which is a general education in itself. It does not detract from their value as books for general reading that some of them are sometimes used as text-books in schools and colleges.

Biography has high cultural value both for the information which it conveys about some famous man or woman and also for the avenues which it opens into other departments—into history, literature, sociology and philosophy. That is the reason why our list of biographies is long. Choicest of the lot is the story of her own life which Miss Lagerlöf, the best-beloved woman in Sweden, has told in "Marbacka."

A library without poetry is like a man without vision. The two "Golden Treasuries" listed give the best of English lyric poetry from Elizabeth to George V.

Doctor Stearns's "Challenge of Youth" is a lesson to parents. James Harvey Robinson's "Mind in the Making" is something to put one's teeth into and chew over for a long time.

Here, for a hundred dollars, is ample reading for a year; and for more than a year.

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The American Commonwealth, by James Bryce. Macmillan Co., New York, N. Y.	8.00
Everyman's Encyclopedia. Dutton, New York.	18.00
Epochs of American History, A. B. Hart, Ed. Longmans, Green, New York, N. Y.	3.75
Medieval and Modern Times, by J. H. Robinson. Ginn & Co., Boston, Mass.	1.72
Child's History of the World, by V. M. Hillyer. Century Co., New York, N. Y.	3.50
Life of Lincoln, by Charnwood. Holt, New York.	3.00
Making of an American, by Jacob Riis. Macmillan Co., New York, N. Y.	1.50
Memories of a Hostess, M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Ed. Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston, Mass.	4.00
Queen Victoria, by Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, N. Y.	2.50
Marbacka, by Selma Lagerlöf. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.	2.50
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The Three Musketeers, by Dumas. Dutton, New York.	.80
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The Hawkeye, by Herbert Quick. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.	2.00
Three Black Pennys, by J. Hergesheimer. Grosset & Dunlap, New York, N. Y.	1.00
The Little French Girl, by A. D. Sedgewick. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.	2.00
	$99.92

By the advice of the judges the prize in the fifty-dollar-class was divided between Gladys Mandren, Panora, Iowa, and Elizabeth D. Preston, Colorado Springs. For the prize apportionment of twenty-five dollars, the first prize was given to the Tourists Club, Pigeon, Michigan, with honorable mention to Elizabeth Houghhurst, Portland, Oregon.

Though we have no room to print either of these other excellent budgets, we would be glad to send copies to any reader who wishes them. We will also mail a copy of THE DELINEATOR'S own book-list, "Two Hundred Ideal Books for the Home." By simply sending us four cents in stamps to cover postage you may have all these and also a reprint of "Books for Better Homes," the important article on good reading which was written for THE DELINEATOR and the Better Homes Movement by President Coolidge when he was Vice-President of the United States.

THE UNKNOWN GIVER

THIS is for those who believe that men serve only for honor or gain.

Nearly fifty years ago the newspapers carried accounts of a child prodigy. His name was Josef Hofmann and he played the piano like a genius, though he was untrained. Theatrical managers and exploiters pushed him hard. As a result he was almost wrecked physically and artistically.

Then the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children obtained an injunction forbidding the employment of the boy in theaters. So for a few years his name dropped out of the public prints and there was no more talk of Josef Hofmann. Apparently he was just one more child prodigy who for lack of opportunity would amount to nothing.

But suddenly there came a mysterious gift from one who wished to serve and remain unknown—$50,000 to insure the musical education of this gifted child. Josef Hofmann was sent to study under Anton Rubinstein, and Rubinstein gave back to the world a great musician.

That was forty-seven years ago. Now, long after the unknown giver has finished his good work in the land of the living, Hofmann feels that he must reveal the name of his anonymous benefactor, Alfred Corning Clark, who saved him from exploitation and gave this generation another artist. Hofmann never saw Clark but twice, once in Berlin and once in England.

Back of every achievement in life there usually stands some unsung server!

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Play

By ANGELO PATRI

THE thought of playing children brings a smile to our faces and a wistful memory stirs within us. Play means a free spirit, blithe and daring, and never a thought of what may happen next. The romping children are like the frisking, frolicking lambs and colts, playing themselves into strength and maturity. Soon there will be no more frolicking—just a yielding of the neck to the yoke, a bending of the back to the burden. Playdays will be over.

Many earnest parents take just that view of the children's play, so placing them rather close to the beasts of the field in their valuation of the youngsters' power to extract happiness as well as usefulness from the daily routine. To me that idea is not true of children. From the beginning their play has a force and a direction aside from that of physical and mental growth. There is behind it the urge of the race focused in one point in each particular child. A child's play manifests the driving force of powerful instincts; its development leads to the release of powers deep hidden in the unconscious mind of the child.

I do not speak of the games and occupations of early childhood, although they are essential to the growth of the children. Growing out of them, springing from the intelligence that grows by its own growth, come certain tastes and talents that the child shows in his leisured moments—employments toward which he turns when he wearies of everything else. Such occupations are play to him. No matter how difficult the process or how tough the medium, he drives through to his set end and arrives weary in body, it may be, but exultant in spirit surely. That spirit of play is basic to the education of a child and must be regarded with the sacredness of a covenant.

"I wish Tommy would take an interest in something else besides drawing all the time. Every spare minute he gets he is down on the floor flat on his front, drawing for dear life. Every scrap of paper that comes into the house is his, and he covers it with ships and murderous-looking pirates before he goes to bed. Isn't it awful?"

I happened to know Tommy, and I didn't think it was awful at all. I thought it was fine. He played baseball with his nine and came home with scarce one shred of trousers hanging to another, but his team had won. He stood toward the middle of his classes, and his record was good. He was exhibiting a taste that might lead to something worth while, though just what that might be nobody could tell.

A DRAWING child may become a musician, and a musical child may be a mathematician. The thing is to clear the road for whatever is coming and allow each stage of growth to come to full flower, when it will either hold its form or merge into the next. Often the form and manner of a child's play points toward his life work, and it is important to make sure that no obstruction is placed in its way.

There's a boy of nine in the fifth year in school who spends all his spare time in building huts. If there is nothing else handy, pasteboard and newspapers will do, but he prefers bricks and lumber, to the dismay of the neighboring contractors. His mother is greatly distressed. She wants him to be a doctor, and he insists upon playing that he is a builder. There is nothing in his love for building at the age of nine to assure us that he will still be a builder when he is choosing his life work. Nor anything to assure us that he won't either. The one thing that we can count upon is the danger of checking his building in his growing time. It may be leading straight to the school of medicine, or, of course, it may be leading straight to something else. Better let him play it out. If such a desire is checked, somehow there is a warping of the spirit, and the early promise is never quite fulfilled.

"I have not been as successful as I might have been," said an artist in discussing this phase of child growth, "because my mother was afraid that I should starve at my art. What if I did? The hunger of the gnawing self is far sharper than that of the stomach. But she wouldn't hear of my becoming an artist, and whenever I turned to my brushes she would say, 'What? All the work in the world waiting, and you playing with brushes and colors like a child?' To this day when I pick up a brush I hear her disapproving voice, and I have always to overcome that thought."

THWARTING a child in his play is thwarting him in his deep-rooted instincts, and that is never done without harm. The self-chosen task of the child represents his instincts at work with the materials of his environment, his endeavor to understand and fit together the bits of experience that he has gathered. This play that engages a child when he feels at liberty to expand, or that enthralls him in spite of himself and those about him, is the satisfaction of some deep hunger, and it must not be stifled.

"There's Peter. All he likes to do in his spare time is to count and sort picture-cards. Is he to be allowed to do that? Surely such nonsense can not be a part of any life scheme?"

Yes, I think he is to be allowed to do that. Collecting and classifying cards is a stage of growth in a child's development. It will not stay long before changing into some other form, but it is wiser not to interfere with it while it lasts. The collecting and classifying notion changes form many times before its series is completed, if ever. It has been known to persist in one form or another through a lifetime. As long as an activity is not really harmful it should be allowed to work itself out.

To be sure, not all self-chosen activities merge into life careers. Sometimes the bent reaches its climax early and remains a hobby, to carry its happy possessor to pleasant places in the time to come. People with hobbies are happy people, and if the chosen business leads to nothing else it is enough riches for the time. It gives life values that no duty-imposed task ever brings.

PLAY and the manner of it are often a key to the sort of man or woman the child is going to be. The child who loses himself in his play finds his real self, and we who look on can gather much that will help us to help him. We can drop a hint now and then as to the rules of the game and the joy of playing it fairly. We can tell him of the traditions of good sportsmanship, and so set up in his susceptible mind the standards of noble men and women who have played the game before him.

"Betty has troubled me lately. You know she takes great pleasure in raising chickens and selling the eggs and the broilers. This season she has driven sharp bargains with her customers, not beyond the limits of honesty but close to the edge of selfishness. A bit grasping, she found that mother plucked her chickens carefully, washed and used the feathers, so she made up her mind that she would pluck those chickens herself and sell the feathers and get the extra money for herself. I talked to her about it and she said she would do what I said. In a sense she was within her rights, as she thought, but I would rather she didn't stay close to them."

Keeping well inside one's rights in the game is far better sportsmanship than standing on them and demanding their recognition. Knowing the rules of the game and playing well within them, giving those on the other side a fair field and advantage, lends a flavor to the game that lifts it from the plane of contest to that higher one where the pure joy of living and sharing without thought of winning or losing fills the soul of man with content, and the game is the thing.

Those who create lovely things in stone and color and sound and word are called artists. Are not they who make a lovely thing of life the greatest of all artists? They are so close to the fine things of living that they have the humility of greatness and would never claim the title which is theirs. Some of them call it their trade, their profession, their religion, their hobby. It began with the play of a child.

Many of them you know or your neighbor knows. John Finley walks for fun, and along the trail he gathers refreshment for his soul and yours and mine. He sends it to us packed in little poems that sing of the serenity of sky and water and moonlit meadow. The richness of joy that he has gathered from his play has lifted his life work beyond the sense of burden.

My school-teacher and potter, Jarvis, spends his spare time collecting wild flowers and studying bird songs. After the clay and kiln he takes down his tin case and his glasses and sets out. When he comes back, the form and color of the flowers go into his pots, and the songs of the birds lend them rhythm.

Roosevelt loved to play in the woods, on the wild prairie, in the mountains. He was a statesman, a noble leader whose play merged into his work, and the thought of one was the reflection of the other. He spoke in terms of play and worked in the sporting spirit of fair play.

HELP the children to play without interfering. Place within reach the toys and the tools that they seem to need, and stand out of the way. Open the doors of your home to the neighboring children, for from them comes the inspiration of companionship that fertilizes the growth of the others. Sharing is gaining, and sharing with the right sort of companion is double gaining. If a form of play persists from early childhood without alteration, scan it closely. It may be the manifestation of genius. And cease troubling your heart because your child loves to play with what you may call trifles. As he plays, so will he work in matter and manner and spirit. Soon the play spirit that was in the beginning sufficient to itself changes into the concentration of purpose, and if then the old love passes into the new, the child has taken his degree from the school of life and is now a master of living—an artist—for whom life is no burden but a flight of song triumphant.





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—What germs really are, how they breed, and when they are dangerous?

—How our bodies protect us from germs?

—How to shield healthy members of your family against contagion from an ill member?

—Why the average life-span of your children will be longer than that of your generation?

—The proper, scientific way to perform your daily house-cleaning?

—What are the danger-spots in cellars, and how they can be prevented?

—How the utmost feminine daintiness may be obtained?

—The symptoms of illness in a baby?

—The five simple golden rules that keep baby well?

—At what age your baby should sit up?

—How many times stronger than carbolic acid "Lysol" is?

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SEND THE COUPON TODAY FOR YOUR FREE SET

LITTLE hands that cling to chair arms, that throw down beloved playthings only to pick them from the floor again. How can we protect them from the constant menace of germs that hide in dust and dirt, that lurk on all surfaces?

Germs, those tiny organisms so small the naked eye can never see them, are a continual danger to children. They take their toll in colds, influenza, measles and more serious illnesses. Mothers know it is impossible to keep the children always spotless, always inactive. One thing only can we do—make safe the places in which they must play.

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OUTDOORS the friendly sun kills germs quickly. But inside there are a hundred danger places where they can live and breed. Scientists tell us they do not linger long in the air; they settle on *all surfaces*. You can find them on tables, chair-arms, door-knobs, bannisters, every spot that hands, big and little, must touch.

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"I use it too!" calls NORTH DAKOTA *to* TEXAS



Yes, and millions of other women smile agreement every Monday

THE women of North Dakota may differ from the women of Texas in matters of politics, breadmaking or books, but they agree thoroughly in the matter of laundry soap.

Ask them why, and they will say something like this:

"P and G The *White* Naphtha Soap does our work easier, makes our clothes whiter, protects our colored clothes better, than any other soap we know of, and we've experimented with dozens."

So P and G has become the largest selling laundry soap in these two states, just as it is the largest-selling laundry soap in the country as a whole.

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P and G makes rich, lasting suds in any water, hot or cold, hard or soft;

It dissolves dirt with amazing speed, and thus reduces rubbing and boiling to the very minimum (many women never boil at all with it);

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It leaves behind no hint of grayness or soapy odor;

By sudsing readily in lukewarm water, it helps you to keep your hands in good condition.

Let P and G lift the burden of *your* next washing from your arms. Watch its fine white suds build up in the tub. Compare your results with those you have been used to—for whiteness, for freshness.

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PROCTER & GAMBLE

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LOVE'S DAILY DOZEN

By MAUD HART LOVELACE

Setting-up exercises which led to setting up housekeeping



Drawings by Joseph M. Clement

"YOU'RE MAKING A VAMP OF YOUR HEROINE, AREN'T YOU?" HE QUERIED

THE primary cause was, of course, one William Makepeace Thackeray. But of secondary causes there were several:

There was the broad arm of the chair in the bright, deserted dairy lunch-room. This arm, in addition to providing space for her late dinner, furnished room for the open book from which the challenging line leaped up at her.

There was also, more culpable still, the tall assistant in the public library who often stamped out her nightly load of books. He had informed her that "Sentimental Tommie" was out—and then, with his eyes twinkling behind his horn-rimmed glasses and an eager unbending of his pleasantly angular frame, had suggested confidentially, as one book-lover to another:

"How long since you've read Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair?' I've just been doing it again."

And finally there was Miss Edythe Parsons and her sulky mutter to her typewriter, following a reproof from A. C. Jenkins of the Jenkins Paper Company.

Miss Parsons and Miss Clara Goodwin, with whom this story deals, were both stenographers in the employ of A. C. Jenkins, but the smoothly waved coiffure and shining pointed finger-nails of Miss Parsons were as different from the tossed-up locks and neglected fingers of Miss Goodwin as Miss Goodwin's beautifully accurate letters were from Miss Parsons's slovenly ones.

Miss Parsons had muttered, "Too bad we're not both of us dried-up old maids. Then perhaps he'd be satisfied."

And now Miss Goodwin, having been persuaded to reread "Vanity Fair" and rereading it over her evening meal, halted at Thackeray's simple statement of fact:

"*A woman with fair opportunities and without an absolute hump may marry whom she likes.*"

Clara Goodwin had never been concerned with marriage—that is, with her own marriage, which had always seemed highly problematical. Book-marriages enthralled her. As a tousle-headed child, she had hidden beneath the dining-room table to finish the account of Snow White's wedding. As a tousle-headed young woman, she dined every evening in this same well-lighted corner and dissected marital problems with the modern authors.

But Edythe Parsons's words had been the clang of an alarm clock, jerking her into resentful consciousness. To hear oneself styled a "dried-up old maid" was intolerable.

"I'm not dried-up," Clara murmured defensively. "I have a perfectly decent skin. And twenty-eight isn't—why, twenty-eight is—*lots* of heroines are over thirty."

But they weren't her type, she acknowledged, shamefaced. They were radiant as flappers and far more subtly charming. She felt deeply chagrined.

She closed her book and reflectively finished her coffee. Thackeray seemed very sure of his ground. He implied that even a hump would not preclude a husband of some sort.

But Clara knew very few men, almost none outside of the vague young chaps at her rooming-house,—but stay! there was A. C. Jenkins. He was chiefly a squat black signature to her. But she visualized him with an effort and saw him squat and black also, with a fringe of gray hair and a creased, intent face. He was a widower. He was rich. He was not impossibly crabbed. If she *were* to join the husband hunt—but of course she was just dallying with the prospect.

THE petted young wife of a rich old man is unquestionably a more interesting object than an old-maid stenographer in his employ. Clara admitted this to herself. Books are full of discontented young women of the former class, and one would need feel no chagrin at being of their fascinating number. She would live in a grim old house on Frothingham Drive. Sometimes in the late afternoon, on her way from a bridge or a tea, she would drop by for him in the motor. She felt herself in the limousine, wrapped in furs, with violets at her breast, looking out listlessly at the stream of workers emerging from the Jenkins Paper Company. She saw herself nodding with weary graciousness to one Miss Edythe Parsons.

And at that Clara Goodwin jumped up, hurried into her rusty coat and caught up her books. As she paid the largest amount punched in her check the friendly cashier remarked:

"You look kinda excited."

And Clara Goodwin smiled dazzlingly.

"I am. I'm going to be married," she answered, quicker than thought.

Out in the whirling eddies of snow, the exhilaration caused by this unexpected announcement persisted. Disdaining the procession of lighted street-cars, she swung along through the cold. Her mind was snatching at the glories of her plan as children ravage a Christmas tree.

On the steps of the ramshackle mansion which was now Clara's rooming-house, she encountered one of the vague young chaps, emerging with flamboyant muffler and inevitable cigaret for the evening's revels. He mumbled one of the abstracted "G'd evenings" habitual between them, but Clara did not mumble her abstracted "G'd evening" in return. She called out, "Lots of snow!"

Now "Lots of snow!" is an ordinary enough remark, but coming from Clara and coming in a fresh young voice with a bubble of mirth in it, it was enough to make the vague young chap check a sprint toward an approaching car and gaze upon her.

"See how easy it is, how easy, how easy," she sang under her breath as she ran in the house without a backward glance.

BUT her enterprise looked neither easy nor agreeable when, half an hour later, she sat in a faded but beloved bathrobe, her arms hugged about her knees, in the exact center of her bed. She looked, with her fluff of soft brown hair falling about her face, like a small frightened child and indeed she was feeling far from daring. Everything about her shabby little room seemed suddenly dear and desirable, and nothing about the grim old house out on Frothingham Drive seemed alluring in the least.

But with the statement to the restaurant cashier, she had promised herself that she would marry. She would go about it at once. But how should she begin? Thackeray, who had assured her it was possible, offered no assistance as to ways and means.

She scrambled off the bed for a pencil and a pad of paper. A program was the thing to have, of course. One never could accomplish anything without a program. But this program was not so simple as the usual: "*Bath at* 7:30, *breakfast at* 8:00." The construction of its twelve items occupied an hour and fifteen minutes

"*Love's Daily Dozen*," *copyright*, 1925, *by Maud Hart Lovelace*

and left Clara exhausted. Pinned at last above the mirror, it read:

THE DAILY DOZEN

1. *Call yourself Claire instead of Clara.*
2. *Make your hair a "crowning glory."*
3. *In dealing with Mr. Jenkins, let your motto be "Flattery, flattery, flattery." (Flatter everybody, just to keep in practice.)*
4. *Be dainty. (Use a subtle perfume, cobwebby handkerchiefs, silk stockings.)*
5. *Acquire a low laugh.*
6. *Shroud your past in mystery. (Don't for goodness sake, let anyone know that you went to public school, belong to the Methodist Church, and have never had a beau—not even in the movies.)*
7. *Keep your hands exquisitely manicured.*
8. *Learn some French phrases.*
9. *Go to the library and get books on "How to Be Beautiful," "Correct Dress and Speech for All Occasions."*
10. *Read up on Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Salome and George Sand*
11. *Exploit your femininity.*
12. *Persist.*

And thus began the metamorphosis of Clara into Claire!

HER noon hour the following day was devoted to the purchase of the subtle perfume, cobwebby handkerchiefs and silk stockings mentioned in Item 4. A "French Self-taught" was also procured. The shopping was exhilarating but a bit bewildering. She sniffed at so many perfumes that in her confusion, when tactfully pressed for a decision, she took what she had in hand at the moment—which happened to be white lily. White lily was, of course, out of the question and later she bestowed it on her landlady and secured the more suitable siren's breath.

When five o'clock released her from her desk, she hurried to the library in pursuit of Item 9. She tried to avoid the tall assistant librarian, but he slipped in to greet her ahead of the receiving clerk.

"'Sentimental Tommie' has come in," he called. "I've been saving it for you."

"I don't want it," said Claire—and then was appalled at her ungraciousness.

"Oh!" His face fell. "Can I—is there something else?"

"A beauty book," she answered, desperately, "and one on etiquette."

His brows were puzzled and her cheeks crimson.

"One moment," he murmured, hurrying off.

While he was gone, her heart pounded. Wouldn't he suspect? Wouldn't the whole world suspect and laugh at her? In fact, he was laughing when he returned with two ornate volumes under his arm, and——

"I'm suspicious of you," was his first remark.

Claire's heart stood still.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You're writing a book yourself—and have a society heroine. You're reading up."

She sighed with relief, remembered Item 3 and offered: "It would take a clever person like you to write a book. I think you could write a wonderful one"

He paused in the stamping out of her books, his expression pleased.

"Do you really? I don't know how wonderful it's going to be——"

Having shoved out upon the sea of flattery, Claire continued to row valiantly.

"I'll be proud to think I knew you," she said, and smiled at him.

The crimson flush still lingered in her cheeks. The assistant librarian stared, as the vague young chap had done.

AS THE vague young chap had stared—but differently, Claire decided on her homeward way. He was nice, the assistant librarian. How like a small boy—a small boy confronted with strawberry shortcake—he had looked when she mentioned his book. She was troubled for the first time by the ethics of her enterprise. What would he think, if he knew——

"But he never *will* know," she hastened to assure herself, "and I *do* think he'd write a good book. It would be a sort of 'Treasure Island,' I imagine."

Claire Goodwin had spent the long Winter evenings curled among pillows at the foot of her bed. Here the gaslight fell on her book, and she could read and eat apples in luxury. But luxury such as that was not for Claire!

Claire Goodwin brushed her "crowning glory" vigorously that night. Her nut-brown hair responded with new luster. She awkwardly manicured her finger-nails. She bent and twisted and shivered in front of an open window. And even in bed she did not go to sleep, but waded through the French phrase book.

Yet her alarm went off an hour earlier than usual. No stolen naps for Claire—not with shoes to be shined and clothes to be brushed and cobwebby handkerchiefs to be subtly perfumed!

It was not many mornings later that old A. C. Jenkins, frowning abstractedly at his stenographer as he groped for the right word midway in a most important letter, suddenly ceased to frown at her abstractedly and never was known to do so again.

Instead of veiling her eyes and casting them upon her note-book (her former habit during such pauses) Claire opened them wide and cast them full upon him. Drawn by the clear gaze, he had been led to consider her and had discovered a crown of shining hair, a curve of glowing cheek and a wrist encircled, not by crushed linen as of old, but by a fresh white ruffle.

"What is it, Miss Goodwin?" asked A. C., as if she had spoken.

"Why, surely I didn't speak! I was only thinking."

"Tell me, now, what were you thinking?"

She laughed a low laugh. It was the first public appearance of this laugh, but it made a most successful début.

"It will sound impudent, I'm afraid. I was thinking what a command of English you have. Your letters are always so well phrased, so clean-cut. You have such—*savoir faire*."

"Humph!" said A. C. But he was rather partial to his literary style. When the letter was finished and Miss Goodwin gone, he remembered her words with satisfaction. He could not be annoyed with her, therefore, when he discovered that she had forgotten her handkerchief. It was a very tiny handkerchief—it made him think of a lavender cobweb—and it was perfumed but very subtly.

He returned it by the office boy and applied himself to work. He was a Titan for work, old A. C. Jenkins. But once during the morning he omitted a sound halfway between a snort and a chuckle.

"*Savoir faire!*" he said in a tone which proved that French self-taught may serve as well as any other.

ON THE whole, Claire's program was well drafted. There was just one clause which might better have been omitted—an innocent-looking clause—a wolf in sheep's clothing sort of clause. You may have noted it in Item 3.

The night she dropped into the library to ferret out the methods of Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, George Sand and the rest, she would have taken her books and gone if it had not been for that clause. The assistant librarian served her—and he *did* have nice eyes—yet she would not have spoken, for she was dedicated to her plan. But that wicked little clause fairly jogged her elbow. "You're to flatter *everybody*," it insisted. And, besides, she really wanted to know, so:

"How's your book going?" she inquired.

He flushed a little and tried his best to keep a smile in leash.

"It was nice of you to remember that," he said, his eyes on his work. "You're making a vamp of your heroine, aren't you?" He held up her chosen volume.

Claire laughed.

"I'd rather read than write," she said evasively. "I'd like to read *your* book. I have a hunch about it."

"You have? What?"

"I think it's like 'Treasure Island.'"

He laughed out—then, hushing his voice, leaned forward impulsively.

"Oh, heck! We can't talk here! Have you had dinner? Won't you eat with me to-night? My name's Hi Smith and yours is Clara Goodwin, and we've known each other two years, really."

"No wonder girls like beaux," Claire reflected later. But she wouldn't have gone, except for her insidious adviser. "Just to keep in practise," Item 3 hinted in her ear. She touched her library card with a pointed pink-tipped finger.

"Is it wrong on the card? My name is Claire—not Clara."

He regarded her appreciatively.

"It should be Claire," he said.

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"WHOM SHE *LOVES*," SAID CLAIRE ALOUD, TO HI SMITH'S MYSTIFICATION

THE SHRINKING VIOLET

He finds the sure cure for shyness — and hold-up men!

By CHARLES DIVINE



"GET READY TO HAND ME THAT NECKLACE," GROWLED THE THIEF AT NATALIE, COVERING THE OTHERS WITH HIS AUTOMATIC

CHET TAYLOR was a living, one-hundred-and-thirty-five-pound, five-foot-nine example that there were still young men in a noisy young world who suffered in silence—even during Summer vacation. All around him, in the drawing-room of the big house to which they had all just motored from the country club, everybody else was hilariously happy. Especially Wilmer Humes. Wilmer was showing off—and for Natalie Blakesley!

Chet groaned. As a rival to Wilmer he was nothing to boast about. So he left the boasting to Wilmer. Wilmer wallowed in it. His robust chest roundly encased in a sweater as black as shoeblacking, his hair as glossy as a sheet of carbon-paper, his face so handsome that it made Chet miserable at his own facial shortcomings, Wilmer apparently could do everything. What was the use of being intelligent, if Natalie preferred boasting to brains?

But did she? That was the question that tormented Chet as he sprawled in an inconspicuous corner and looked on wretchedly while Wilmer occupied the center of the stage and Natalie bent forward in her smartest of smart sport attire. She was like a radiant young goddess who had adopted modern garb in order to come to earth and look around a bit. She had a delicious short upper lip which revealed dazzling white teeth when she smiled.

She smiled again at Wilmer. And again Chet groaned. He couldn't wag his ears or jerk his thumbs out of joint or clog-dance or crawl around a chair and take a pin out of the back with his teeth or stand on his head—or even on his dignity. He was jerked out of that by Wilmer, who sneeringly called him a shrinking violet and plunged him into a wrestling combat which left him on the drawing-room rug at Natalie's feet.

Chet staggered up and made for the veranda. Wilmer Humes was what was known as "the life of the party." Chet felt like its death.

"I wonder," he mused as he walked out to the road, "if into every man's life at some time comes the thought of suicide?"

It had come into his, he decided definitely, as he dragged his footsteps toward the amusement park, the towers of which rose at the edge of town.

In the park he cramped his long thin legs in a swan-boat on a miniature lake and gazed over the side at the water. Again he groaned. What kind of a self-respecting lake was it that didn't have a spot deep enough to drown in!

So he tried the Ferris wheel, thinking that there was a pinnacle from which one could hurl oneself conclusively to death and oblivion. But when his car reached the top, the view broadened out to include a vast impressive panorama. He couldn't hurl himself at a whole county. It made one lose one's sense of identity to be so small and high above the earth, and if one lost that, there was nothing left to hurl!

"Maybe if I stay here long enough I'll starve to death."

But before this happened his supply of tickets ran out. So he came back to earth, and fell into conversation with an actor leaning against the vaudeville pavilion. The actor had one of the ugliest faces Chet had ever seen—but it was friendly.

"I'm a ventriloquist."

Chet looked interested. That was an idea! Ventriloquism would make a brilliant parlor trick. He pressed the man for details of his art.

"Son, it's a gift!"

With the help of three dollars Chet persuaded him that he too possessed the gift.

"Besides," said Chet, "this is the age of specialization. The man who builds a mouse-trap better than anybody else will have the world making a beaten track to his door."

The actor stared at him, amazed.

"Well, in this here ventriloquism, you've got to keep your trap closed. Get what I mean? And your tongue in the back of your mouth. Only use the tip of it. See? Like this." He revealed a cavern in which Chet saw blazing a rich display of dental work. Under his rough exterior this man had a mouth of gold! "The best way to practise is in front of a mirror, like this: 'Willie, who was that lady I seen you walking down the street with yesterday?' 'That wasn't a lady, Jim—that was my wife!' And always look away at something, so your audience will do the same. Get what I mean? You don't want 'em watching your mug, especially if it's one like mine. That's a natural advantage I have in this line. People don't get interested in my face. Get what I mean? You ought to have the same success."

"Thanks for the compliment!"

THAT was Chet's first lesson in ventriloquism. He had many others before the Summer was over.

He was still practising his new art in the privacy of his den on the last day of vacation—and hoping against hope that it would be he, and not Wilmer Humes, who would ride home from the country-club dance with

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The Golden Law of Love

By

HALL CAINE

Author of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "The Christian," "The Eternal City," and other distinguished novels





It is unnecessary to say what scenes I devised to make terrible the end of my loveless world; more terrible, as I made myself believe, than the close of Defoe's more realistic "Journal of the Plague." It is also unnecessary to say that beyond a rough scenario I never wrote my fantasy, and that it is now to be counted among the multitude of my books which, being begun, will never be completed. But I do not regret the months I spent on it if it deepened my sense of the importance of love as a force in human affairs; if it made me realize, perhaps more clearly than before, that love is the only creative passion in man and that nearly all the other passions are destructive; that love is life; that the other passions are death; that of all the miracles of God the greatest by far is the miracle of love; that God Himself is Love; that in a sense, love is God, and therefore the human family could not exist without it.

It would be easy to laugh at this, and the like of this. The "bright young people" of literature (middle-aged for the most part) are always doing so—calling it old-fashioned, sentimental, God knows what. Happily, the great minds in all ages and countries have had no uncertainty about the place of love in the scheme of life. "The reason why we honor love," says Emerson, "is because it looks up, not down, aspires and not despairs." "Life outweighs all things," says Goethe, "when there is love within." "Man, while he loves," says Lamb, "is never quite depraved." And we have it on still higher authority that "Love is strong as death. Many waters can not quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

TO REALIZE what the golden law of love is doing to carry on the world and to bind the children of men together, it is only necessary to look at its varying manifestations. Look at mother-love first. The love of the mother for her child, if not the most passionate form of love, is certainly the purest and the most unselfish. It sacrifices all things. It gives itself and is not bought. Lamartine says that to love as the mother loves, for the pure sake of loving, is "almost the characteristic of the angel." I am not sure that mother-love, although so deep and pure, is altogether angelic. There is a wild, untamable instinct in mother-love that is almost savage in its intensity. The human mother will fight as fiercely for her child as the beast of the jungle for her young. But it is all unselfish fighting. The mother-heart gets nothing for itself. The love of the mother for her son takes no account of his deserts. Worth can not win it. Worthlessness can not waste it. The meanest wastrel that ever walked the world has at some time, perhaps always, had a mother to love him. All history bears witness to this pitiful but beautiful paradox. Even the newspapers are full of it.

The other day a young dog, with the devil's dues in him, was tried and condemned for a cruel and cowardly murder. There had not been an extenuating word to say for the man. But as the spectators at the trial trooped out of court, relieved, no doubt, by a sense of justice justified, they came upon an old woman sitting alone in a dark corner of the corridor. Her face was ashen white and her eyes were dry and bloodshot, for all her tears had been shed. She was the mother of the condemned prisoner. And as the judge within had been dooming her miserable son to death, she, in her lonely place without, had been comforting her torn heart, I do not doubt, by thinking of the day of his birth, of the time of his innocent and helpless childhood, of his bright and happy boyhood, of the proud morning when she first watched him going off to school, and so on, and so on, until it had come to—this!

That is one of the records of mother-love that cut into the vitals of one's memory. I have another: Some years ago, in a cottage near my home in the Isle of Man, a poor old widow lived with her only son. He was a graceless and ungrateful young scoundrel and he had been a drag on her all his life. At last he left her to the charity of the parish and went off to America. Beyond this, she did not know what had become of him. But she never lost her faith that he would write to her some day. It was all she wanted—just to know where he was and that things were going well with him. Every evening for years she would walk from her cottage in a side lane to the corner of the highroad when the rural postman would be going by. Then the scene would be always the same—I saw it, frequently.

"Anything for me to-night, postman?"

"No, nothing for you to-night, mother."

And then the old thing would hobble back to her two sticks for another twenty-four hours of waiting by her lonely hearthstone.

I wish to heaven I could throw a crust to the "bright young people" by saying that the prodigal son came back at last to comfort his mother's hungry old soul for another sight of him. He never did. One early morning the neighbors brought me word that the old woman had been found dead in her bed, huddled up as from the cold and with her face to the wall. But without knowing anything of her last dark hour I dare swear that she died with a heart full of love and hope—her son must have died in America (that was the only reason he had not written to her) and his face would be the first she would see when she landed on the other shore!

Such is mother-love! In the scheme of human life what does it mean? It means that this is a part of God's way of carrying on this world. Without this mysterious, ineradicable, selfless and unconquerable love of the mother for the child that is flesh of her flesh and comes from the darkness of her womb, no woman on earth would face death as often as she brings a man child into the world.

LOOK, next, at father-love. It is only less unselfish. The time may have been when a man desired sons and son's sons for his own sake, for the power they gave him as a patriarch, and the dignity they brought him as the head of a tribe whose seed might inherit the earth. But the days of Abraham were brief. They were only a passing stage in the history of human progress and they are long since over. For the majority of men, through the countless centuries, the birth of a son has been an added charge, a measure of increased responsibility, only to be forgotten in the pride of love. But that is a pride that generally outweighs everything.

Fatherhood is a condition that can never be known to the man who is not a father. No successes a father can win are so dear to him as the successes (probably of immeasurably less consequence) that are won by his son; and no failures of his own leave a pain half so poignant as the pain of his son's failures. Who knows but that somewhere hidden behind this law of the father-heart lies, with the majority of men, the strongest impulse toward the acquisition of property? Not so much for himself as that he may leave his savings behind him for the security of his children against the hardships of life—that, I confidently believe, is the strongest spur to work (where it is ordinary, repetitive, every-day work), to early mornings and late nights of labor. I often feel that socialism (mine with that of others) has to make its

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WHEN I was a much younger and perhaps more adventurous writer, I conceived the idea of a book to be called "The Last Thousand Days." It was intended to represent the final extermination of the human family from this planet—not by fire or flood but by the elimination of the greatest of the human passions. For its sins, particularly its sexual sins, the Almighty was to lift out of the heart of man the passion of love, and everything that had hitherto held humanity together was thereafter to fall to decay and death. Going to bed at night, so to speak, in full possession of all the passions it had used and abused, the human family was to get up in the morning with the one essential passion gone.

It was not immediately that humanity was to become aware of its paralyzing loss, but only little by little, as the operations of life revealed it. In the household that was to be my central scene, a young mother had so loved her child from the hour of its birth that she could hardly permit the breath of heaven to brush its forehead; but now the child was dying and the mother went out to a dance. A father had been so devoted to his son that he had sacrificed himself almost to the point of insanity to ensure the prosperity, distinction and honor of his future; but now the son was on the verge of life-long ruin and the father did not so much as stretch out a hand to save him.

LATER, the hospitals, the orphanages, the asylums for the blind, the insane, the crippled and the helpless generally had one by one to close their doors for want of funds. An epidemic came, but doctors and nurses gave no more service than they were certain they would be paid for. The epidemic deepened to a plague, and the dead poor were left to lie in the hovels in which they had died, until, for self-protection, the authorities huddled them underground. There was an earthquake at Messina, but no Lord Mayor's Fund for the relief of the thousands who had become homeless was so much as thought of. There was a famine in Russia, but a shipload of food, sent by somebody who had it to his interest to help to keep the Russian peasants alive, was emptied to its keel overnight at Riga, and not an ounce of bread reached the perishing people on the Volga.

Still later, everybody was to live consciously for himself and herself only. Home was to become an ice-house; family a name; marriage a mockery; business a game of grab; politics a shameless gamble; diplomacy an open exercise in the art of mutual deception; religion an unabashed hypocrisy; morality a senseless farce; the welfare of the weak and poor a meaningless aspiration, and the theory of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God a childish folly.

But at length it was to be realized that the whole fabric of civilized society was falling into dissolution; that the passions of avarice, greed, jealousy, hatred, and revenge were killing human society, and that the only passion that had ever been able to keep it alive, whether physically or spiritually, was the passion of love—Love with its children, Pity and Mercy and Justice.

The Pursuit — and Capture! INCREASING PURPOSE

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Record-breaking Author of "If Winter Comes"

"GOD HE HATH STRANGE WAYS
AND FOR THE INCREASE OF
HIS PURPOSE CHOOSETH
HE STRANGE VESSELS"



"RUN AWAY, LINDA, AND POWDER YOUR NOSE," SAID SIM. "THIS IS MAN'S TALK"

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE STORY:

THEIR name was Paris—Andrew, rich, austere; Charles, hard-pressed and peevish; and Simon, gay and lovable, the youngest of the three. But the war strangely changed young Sim. Fighting from first to last, witnessing death for long dark years, he felt a hideous blackness creeping into his sunny mind. "Why am I spared?" Why? Why? Why? An answer, as if from his beloved dead mother, came just in time to save his reason. "You are spared," his mother seemed to comfort him, "for a special purpose." This knowledge carried him through to the end of the war—drove him in peace time to resign his commission in the regular army. Only two things mattered: One, to find his lost Elizabeth, the girl who had written understanding letters to him at the front; the other, to find the meaning of this mysterious purpose of his. In the dark as to his future, Sim went to visit his brother Charles and his wife Alice. A strange and strained household this—dominated by a stricken great-uncle, Old Gand, and spied upon by Old Gand's male nurse, Swiss Jule. The spying perhaps was justified—Alice, unknown to the others, had entered into a love intrigue with Conrad Bryne, Old Gand's amorous doctor. The great ramshackle house in Blackheath was rife with approaching storms. Sim felt relief to escape to Andrew, his extravagant wife Linda and their fashionable group in Mayfair. Andrew held the position of financial adviser to Lord Staverton, one of England's richest industrial magnates. At a reception given by the great Stupendity, of department-store fame, Sim ran across a trail leading to Elizabeth Glade. He learned that she was secretary to the world-famous novelist, B. C. D. Ash, author of "If Harvest Fails" and "That Bondage." He learned, too, that her father had died in prison, convicted of embezzlement. Not in the least checked in his desire for her, Sim arranged with B. C. D. (whom he had known in France) for a meeting with Elizabeth at the author's modest workrooms in Bloomsbury. Sim wanted to tell her of his perplexities, tell her of the purpose which pursued him. But when at last these two came face to face—"I love you, Elizabeth," was what sprung from his heart. The girl responded gloriously, then fled from his arms—"but not to be loved, Sim." she said. She had made a vow not to marry until she had paid off all the money stolen by her father from Miss Andiron. It would perhaps take a full twenty years! Resolving to earn it for her, Sim then told Elizabeth about his haunting purpose. Strange indeed it seemed to both of them—but stranger still came Elizabeth's reply: "Sim, I believe that your purpose is of God!"

PART THREE

"I OFTEN think," Sim wrote in a letter to Elizabeth, "of that astonishing thing you said to me, that my purpose is 'of God.' And I just can not conceive any connection between God and me (this sounds flippant, almost blasphemous to write—but I can only write the words I talk and think) and, Elizabeth, I don't know that I want to."

The appearance of the letter, as Elizabeth read it, here changed—and the tone seemed to change. That which she had thus far read stood black upon the paper as though it had been left, while the writer thought, to dry—a fine pen-point had written it and carefully had formed the letters, as though the writer wrote slowly, with circumspection. That which followed was blue as though quickly written and quickly blotted; done with a flowing pen as though the writer wrote in heat, vexed; done in characters boldly formed and frequently underscored as though the writer, reading over what he had written, had read a challenge and with passion leveled his reply.

"I see I have said that I don't know whether I want there to be anything in my life between me and God. I was wrong. I know only too well that I *don't*. It isn't that I have any particular vices that I feel I should have to give up. I don't know that I have any real vices. But I don't want to be *messed up* with religion—I don't *want* that kind of thing—I don't understand it, and I resent it. I want to live my own way and I don't want to be *interfered* with. No, I say it flatly, Elizabeth, there is no connection that I can conceive between me and God. None."

He had written and erased words which seemed to be false starts at a new sentence. Then came:

"The only possible connection between me and God is my mother, and——"

The "and" was erased. With strange abruptness the letter ended there.

SIM wrote this letter, and many others, while on a trip out of London. It was arranged for him by Andrew. Its itinerary was among the locations of great and small industrial concerns, in the Midlands, in Lancashire, on the Clyde, in which Lord Staverton had controlling or sympathetic interest. And its object was to find for Sim some civil employment in which he could engage.

"Niggs, old man," he had said to Andrew on the morning after his meeting with Elizabeth. "Niggs, old man, I want a job now—I want to get to work."

Andrew gave his nearest approach to a smile. "That's supposed to have been the idea all along, isn't it?"

"Yes, but now I'm out for it, Niggs—and I want it in London."

"In London? It won't be easy. About half a million of you ex-army men are hunting jobs in London, heaps of them doing it on their uppers."

"It must be in London, Niggs."

"I doubt if it will be, Sim."

Sim took this with a troubled brow. He wanted employment now, and he felt, in this first urgent desire of it, that he did not mind what kind of employment. If it did not seem to suit his "Purpose," what matter—now? He had a new purpose. Money must be earned that he might marry Elizabeth. She had declared herself "not to be loved" until her vow was done (twenty years!). But she might, he felt, be won from it if it could be got round by paying off Miss Andiron from their married income. Along the same reasoning the employment must be in London. For Elizabeth certainly would insist on earning some of her debt herself and all her secretarial connections were in London.

Andrew said, "As to London, why not Charles's offer?"

"Niggs, because I want better pay than that."

"What did he offer you?"

"Two hundred and fifty pounds a year. I want twice that, Niggs."

"You'll not get it—in London."

Sim frowned again. "I thought pay ran higher here than in the provinces?"

"It does."

Andrew Paris stood before the fireplace and looked at his brother asking him for work in London precisely as

he would have looked at any stranger similarly applying. "Point is, Sim, that in London competition is greater and opportunities—in your line—fewer."

Linda came in.

"Run away, Linda," Sim said. "Run away and powder your nose. This is man's talk." He turned to Andrew and laughed a little ruefully. "My line? I'm dashed if I know, Niggs, what my line is—quite."

Linda sat herself on the arm of his chair. "Your line is to look pretty in a nice red coat, and you were a silly little boy to leave the army."

"They don't wear red coats now, Ugly."

Andrew during these exchanges remained stern, reserved, upright against the mantelpiece. When the two had finished: "That is precisely the trouble," he said. "What can you do, Sim?"

Sim's mouth twitched. He looked troubled. These were signs which Andrew saw daily on the faces of the ex-service men who came to him, and on those faces they moved him not in the smallest degree. Business was business—it was not, and especially the business for which he stood was not, a charitable organization. But this was Sim! This was the jolly little beggar of the old days who called him Niggs, and this was simple, clean young Sim who in these days still greeted him with "Niggs, old man, how goes it?" Andrew put away his frigid air.

"Sim," he said kindly, "what you can do and do well is handle men. I know jobs, several, where I could put the right men, but the jobs are not your kind. If I knew——"

Linda cut in. "Andrew, I've always known you were a monster, but I think now you're the limit. It's just this same old fiendishness of yours about not using your position for anything that any one wants. If——"

Andrew pronounced gravely, "That is it."

"Well, you ought to be boiled and sent in a hand-cart to feed the Dogs Home at Battersea. I'd send you, and mint sauce with you—if dogs like mint sauce—with pleasure. If you know of any jobs, you ought to put Sim into them, *all* of them. He's your brother, and he's fought for his country, and he's a dear, and I love him. What more could you want?"

Sim said: "Andrew's perfectly right, Linda."

"Right! My goodness, I would like to slap your face, Sim! Siding with him after I—" She tossed up her hands in mock disgust.

"Well, he is right," Sim declared. "Apart from anything else, what's the good of shoving me into a job I don't know the first thing about?"

"Because you could learn and because he could hold you there while you did learn or keep you there forever if you didn't learn. He can do anything, that man."

"But that's a thing he doesn't do," Andrew said gravely. He touched a bell and a servant instantly appeared. "Bring my hat and stick. Is the car there?" Sim or no Sim, he was iron on this point of never in remotest degree using his influence. "You come along with me, Sim," he said. "We'll go hard into this. I've an idea."

"Good-by for ever, Sim," cried Linda. "I know his ideas. He's going to send you where the name of Staverton has never been heard. Tell me what is the postal service to the moon and I'll write you all about my divorce."

"What I suggest, old man," said Andrew, escaped from Linda and driving citywards, "is that you shall do a trip around a lot of big industrial plants in the provinces. You can see people and they can see you. You can handle men and there are men to handle."

Sim said: "I'll do that, Niggs. It's good of you, old man. When can you fix me up to start?"

"I'll get a secretary to work out a list right away. I'll write the introductions by to-night's mail. To-morrow or the day after you can start."

Sim repeated: "I'll do that, Niggs."

SIM was two months on this tour. He stayed everywhere as the guest of a director of each business he visited. "Give the boy the run of the place," Andrew had written to his friends. And Sim, popular as ever in himself, influentially recommended, was given not only the free run of that which he was out to see, but the free comradeship of all who administered those places. He wrote to Elizabeth every day, and he wrote, at the beginning, very light-heartedly. "'Japhet in Search of a Father,'" his first letter said. "Did you ever read that, Elizabeth? I knew Marryat by heart when I was a boy. Well, I am *Simon in search of a Job*. It is going to be fun, I can see."

Fun appeared in the early letters. They were headed *Simon in search of a Job*, and they were written in the key of fun. It did not last. The heading, after being constant for some while, suddenly disappeared and there was no reference to its omission.

"I am not liking this very much," he wrote. "I can't see myself fitting into this sort of life somehow."

That was at the beginning of the change.

Later he wrote:

"The trouble with me is that my time's my own all day, and a free pass everywhere—through the offices and through the yards, poking about where the men live and where the unemployed stand in line, and feeding and frivoling at night and week-ends where the masters live. The trouble with me is that I see both sides of the picture. It's a little unsettling, seeing both sides, Elizabeth."

The letter written last before his return again to London said:

"Elizabeth, I have wanted frightfully and I have tried frightfully to get a job. You know why. I am coming back and I haven't any job. Strongly and more strongly, as I have gone about among these factories, I have felt that not in working there can possibly lie the purpose which kept me through the war, made me leave the service, and has had me drifting in search of it ever since. I am as far from it as ever. But I have learned a lot.

"Elizabeth, it does seem to me significant that no job which has been offered me has offered me sufficient. I have been ready, anxious, to take one if it will give me you. But not one of them will give me you. It does look to me as if something mysteriously is working to keep me out of any false hopes until I find it. Just at present I feel an urge to get away quietly by myself somewhere, away from all this rush and noise that I have been living in, and think out the thoughts that I have gathered here."

This letter carried a postscript: "Elizabeth, I sometimes have an uncanny frightened feeling that God is *after* me."

THREE days after Sim's return to London he again was in the train, impelled this time by that "urge to get away quietly by myself somewhere" of which he had written to Elizabeth. "To think out those thoughts that I have gathered here," he had told her—and returning to Mayfair Street with those thoughts instead of with the employment he had set out to find, it was in explanation of that failure that he offered the thoughts to Andrew.

"Fruitless, eh, Sim?" Andrew had said.

Linda was out to a dinner-dance ("feed, flit and flirt," as she expressed it). The brothers had dined alone. Now, in two deep armchairs before the drawing-room fire, Andrew reopened the thing they had begun to debate.

"Fruitless, eh?"

Sim gazed into the fire. He said slowly: "Well, I shouldn't call it fruitless, Niggs. It has taught me a lot. I know where I am now."

Andrew exhaled a long breath of tobacco smoke and idly watched it drift about his cigar. He was but very mildly interested. "Yes, that's useful," he said lazily. He had made rings with the last of his exhalations and, elbow on the arm of his chair, drew his cigar through them. "Precisely where are you?"

Sim said: "Niggs, I should say that I am at a point where it seems to me that there's something a bit wrong with everything."

Andrew made the sound of a little puff down his nose. "That's comprehensive, anyway."

"Yes, it's comprehensive, Niggs," Sim agreed.

The minute-hand of the clock upon the mantel-shelf before them moved full five of its divisions, its ticking and a gentle flutter of the flames the only sound within the room.

SIM sat up. "I'll tell you a thing, Niggs. Comprehensive, you said. Well, I'll tell you a thing I ran across that is comprehensive, too. This happened at Ginnel Read's, the big——"

Andrew murmured: "I know them well."

"Good. Well, they employ hundreds of hands—I suppose they must have nearly two thousand on their pay-roll, men and girls. I should say that of all the factories I saw, Ginnel Read's was about the best—the most modern, the most up to date, I mean. I never anywhere saw people working under better conditions."

"There you are!" said Andrew. His tone was considerably more alert, and, without advancing in interest so far as to sit up, he straightened his position a degree and twisted to aline his eyes with his brother's. "There you are! When at dinner just now you were talking about the different conditions between workers and owners, Sim. I didn't butt in to argue the matter. But I could have named Ginnel Read. I'm glad you have, for me."

"Yes; but wait, Niggs. It is a picture of model, more than model, workshops—model employers, if ever there were any, you'd say. But in a pub near by—I told you how I poked about everywhere—in a pub near by I got talking to one of the employees, a middle-aged chap, a sulky, taciturn sort of devil. However, we got putting it across and he opened up. I had started on racing. He hopped straight out of that on to politics, socialism, capitalism, class war and all that; and he put up a lot of bitter stuff—though true, much of it, I'd seen it, Niggs—about the miserable conditions of the workers as opposed to the luxurious lives of the spenders—that was *his* division of society, workers and spenders. I said to him, 'Well, any way, you Ginnel Read people haven't got much to complain about. You work under model conditions that twenty years ago would have been thought heaven, and that crowds of other workers would think heaven to-day—conditions,' I said, 'a dashed sight better than ever there were at my public school.' Niggs he spat on the ground. 'Model conditions,' he said, 'perfect ventilation, warmth, light, wash-houses with running hot water, canteens, first-aid departments, recreation-rooms, all the rest of it. What in hell do you think they give us model conditions like that for?' I said, 'Why, to do their duty by you.' He spat again. 'Duty—hell!' he said, 'all that stuff all those model conditions are just to get more out of us!'"

Andrew ticked the ash of his cigar into a tray beside him. "A criminal lunatic," he said dispassionately.

"Niggs," Sim said, "there's a lot of truth in it."

Andrew gave him sudden and bolt-upright attention. "Truth! Why man alive, Sim——"

Sim said: "Niggs, there is."

At his brother's violent surprize he might have been expected to flush deeply. But he did not flush. His face remained steady and, though he fumbled for words, his voice was steady. "There is, Niggs. It's not all for his people Ginnel fits them up like that. It is partly. I'll go further, Niggs, and say it is mostly, with him and every employer like him, because he knows, because they know, that with the best conditions they can get the best work."

Andrew, containing himself, said: "Well?"

"They don't put a thousand, or ten thousand, no, nor yet a five-pound note, Niggs, into laying out their factories for the benefit of their people *only*. They put the money in because they know that they'll get it back, in more efficient labor, many times over."

Andrew said: "Well? What's wrong with that? It's your expectorating friend's way of looking at it, and, by Jove, I'd be sorry to believe it's yours. But granting the point of view, it benefits both parties, doesn't it? What's wrong with it?"

Sim bent forward and touched Andrew's knee and smiled at him. "Don't get wild with me, Niggs. I'm in a funny sort of state these days and I'm only just feeling round these things and they startle me as much as they do you, only in a different way. Don't get wild, Niggs."

A GREAT ADVENTURE

—That's what Dr. Hugh Black calls "The Increasing Purpose." This foremost spiritual leader, the author of "Friendship" and many other books which will be an inspiration for all time, has been reading A. S. M. Hutchinson's new novel now appearing in THE DELINEATOR. Here is what he says about it:



Portrait by Mary Christine, Montclair, N. J.

HUGH BLACK

"The Increasing Purpose" is more than a story of contemporary life—it touches deeper motives, without which life is frittered away in triviality or swamped in grossness. Without faith in spiritual values we have not sufficient motive to carry on the high tasks of man.

Mr. Hutchinson's diagnosis of some aspects of post-war psychology is true and is skilfully done. In tracing the nemesis of worldliness and the withering of the ordinary sources of life there are times when I feel that this story has some of the mighty quality of Greek drama.

As for the "message" which comes to the hero, Simon Paris—stripped of its sensational features, it is, of course, no new revelation. He finds peace for himself and hope for the world in the ancient decencies, in the great adventure of faith and in the joy of sacrificial service. It is a fine thing that a man of Mr. Hutchinson's quality should choose for his subject this profoundest of all themes.

Andrew gave the look he always had for Sim. "I don't get wild with you, Sim."

"Good old Niggs! I don't say about this that the workers don't get something out of it. They do—a heap. All I'm saying is that there's a lot of truth in what that chap indirectly said—that the employer who wants to think that he does a lot for his people can't claim that by giving them the best possible working conditions he is doing it. Because he isn't, Niggs. What he does for them on those lines is not done wholly and solely for them. In some degree it is done for his own benefit also."

"What would you have him do?"

Sim for a little was silent. "Well, I don't quite know."

"Well, there we are then," said Andrew.

SIM drew himself forward to the edge of his chair. His cigar was finished and he bent over his clasped hands, arms on his knees, looking into the fire. He said slowly: "No—I do know, in a way, Niggs. But, as I said, I'm only just beginning to feel round these things and I can't fix them very well, especially in words. Niggs, whenever you hear business men, the kind of men I've been living with, you yourself, Niggs, whenever you hear them discussing a question as between themselves and their employees, they always use the terms a practical matter, or a personal matter, or a matter of principle, or a matter of business. Niggs, why—that is what I notice—why never a *human* matter?"

Andrew said dryly: "What's the connection?"

Still with eyes upon the fire as though deep in some such crucible the secret lay, still with slow voice and as though through many obstacles he felt his way toward it: "Why, that every matter of that kind discussed affects somebody else, Niggs—some one who is not present, some one with no voice in that place, but, Niggs, some one *human*. That is the base of it—that is the base of everything, of every single thing, it seems to me—a *human* base. Niggs, if everything has got a human base, why is not everything looked at, discussed from, and administered from the human standpoint?"

Andrew's tone was the dry and patient tone of a school master to a wondering pupil: "I meant what's the connection with the thing we were discussing—model workshops, wasn't it?—created for the employees, as I say; done for profit, as you and your expectorating friend affect to believe. Where's the connection there?"

Sim said: "Why, somewhere here, Niggs. I think this is what I'm trying to say. These people, these employers, whatever they may do for their people, their *hearts* aren't in it. Men like Ginnel, men like you, Niggs, are warm enough in your people's interests in your office hours, but, Niggs, it's *only* in your office hours that your heart is there. When you leave your desks you take your hearts with you."

You take your hearts with you—as if the phrase were a path on which, nightbound and groping, he suddenly had stumbled; as if, stumbling upon it, confidence and swifter movement were given him, he faced Andrew full and spoke quickly: "You take your hearts with you. That is what I meant, Niggs, about everything being a bit wrong somewhere; and about there being truth in what that man said."

Andrew's voice exchanged its dryness for a sharpness: "What do you expect us to do?"

"I don't quite know," Sim went on, his brows puzzled. "I don't quite know what they *can* do. That's my trouble, Niggs. That's as far as I've got. It is the human side of things that I am seeing. It isn't only in this employer-employee business, it's in everything. I look at people, and in the newspapers I read about people, and I think about people, and, Niggs, I find myself looking, reading, thinking from the human side. That's vague, I know—it's devilish vague to me, let alone trying to explain it. But take Old Gand, take poor old Charles, well, I'm seeing *them* differently. I think of times Old Gand has made me curse him and I think of times I've been utterly fed up with Charles—well, I look at the human side, *their* side, and it looks—it looks mighty different, Niggs." He stopped.

There had been mounting in Andrew a growing anger at (as he termed it to himself) Sim's extraordinary rigmarole. He had been lazily uninterested, then playfully critical, then mildly hostile. Now he felt moved to be sharp and to make an end of it, and the words that Sim next spoke gave him his opening.

"That's as far as I've got," Sim said. "I know where I am now, but I don't know where I am going."

Andrew took the opening. "And I will be absolutely damned if *I* do," said Andrew.

The words went from him sharp as he could edge them. Immediately he regretted the sharpness. This was Sim!

He leaned quickly forward and held out his hand. "Sorry, Sim."

Sim grasped the hand and gave the Sim smile. "That's all right, Niggs—that's all right, old man."



THE VISION PASSED. IT LEFT SIM A SENSE OF GREAT QUIET. HE SEEMED TO HAVE NO THOUGHTS—PEACE ONLY

A LETTER from B. C. D. awaited Sim on that evening of his return to London and of his talk with Andrew. It also contained a latch-key. "Miss Glade tells me you are back in town to-morrow," B. C. D. wrote. "I think I am going away for a bit to-night, so here is my latch-key and the run of my rooms so that you can keep Miss Glade from picking and stealing." He had not stated where he was going, but he added beneath his signature, "Please don't tell any one where I am going." Lardy Quinnet declared that no signature of the famous novelist could be considered genuine if without these words; and the famous novelist told Sim that he believed firmly that they would be found typed on his heart when he was dead.

He was gone—somewhere—when Sim, at Elizabeth's hour, went to B. C. D.'s rooms on the morrow. Sim was a little early. He stared at B. C. D.'s neat book-shelves. At an end of one were ranged many folded contour maps—the famous novelist was a great walker and his methodical mind made him walk methodically. Sim's mind was bent on getting away somewhere. These maps were the keys for getting away of a man who made a profession of it. Sim pulled one at random from the stack. There came with it an envelope on which was written in B. C. D.'s neat handwriting, "Places to bunk to."

Sim smiled. "Just what I'm in search of," he thought.

In precise rows were names of places—none was familiar, and Sim had no doubt that this was their claim to selection. Smiling, he closed his eyes and touched the paper with a finger. "Longfield," he read. "Where on earth is Longfield?" At the end of the maps was an A. B. C. railway guide. He took it up. "Longfield Halt" was the only Longfield given and with it no trains but only a note: "Trains as for Barton Magna, stopping only by notice given to the guard. No up trains."

"It sounds buried enough," was Sim's thought. "I'll go there"—and he turned to Barton Magna, discovered that it was in Westershire, noted a convenient train (there were but four a day), and when Elizabeth arrived told her.

"Elizabeth, I'm going to a place called Barton Magna. Ever hear of it?"

Elizabeth never had. "But I am glad, Sim," she presently was saying, "that you are going to do this. It is what you feel that you want to do, isn't it?"

"Very much," Sim said.

"Then, Sim, I do feel that it is what you ought to do. There is a purpose for you, I am sure of it—and I am sure you best can find it by following impulses that come to you. Sim, your letters, every line of them, made me more and more certain of this purpose, whatever it may be. All those things that you said, the way in which you found yourself looking at everything—Sim, you know, they weren't *like* you—they weren't of your class, of your training—they were very extraordinary for you, Sim."

Sim's laugh was a little rueful. "I knew they were when I tried last night to tell them to Andrew."

She said: "Poor Sim!"

He took her hands. "That's where you are wonderful, Elizabeth."

She did not understand. "Where?"

Continued on page 65

"HEL" BREAKS LOOSE

But the darndog brings his mistress back a bit of Paradise

By DARRAGH ALDRICH

NO ONE, save the Burtons themselves to whom this particular Airedale puppy belonged, ever used other designation for him than the darndog. As for the puppy's given name (I had almost written "Christian" name—which Heaven forbid!) it was really not so much of an explosive epithet as it sounded. His name was Helvetius—a name that he had most logically earned by his ceaseless conflict with Cæsar, a collie, who had lived on the place at the time of Hel's dramatic entrance. This elder dignitary, by the way, had promptly reversed history and died of exhaustion before Helvetius was in the least subdued.



COULD THAT AIREDALE PUPPY REALLY BE THE ORIGINATOR OF SUCH EAR-SPLITTING YELPS?

Alan Burton, of whom I had never even heard at the beginning of the period which I am about to chronicle, had been away on his annual fortnight's fishing and canoe trip for several days before I ran across Hel for the first time. "Ran over" might be more accurate, because a clever crouch on Hel's part, as my car went above him, was all that saved his life. There were times later when I regretted that crouch—but this tale must be taken in order, if order is possible in anything that has to do with the darndog.

You have gathered at least that it was not by proper introduction in the bosom of his family I met this fateful pup. Quite the contrary.

MIDNIGHT. Mid-August. Mid-road. A deserted stretch of the Country Club Boulevard. Enter Hel hurriedly—by way of a leap at the radiator. Of course I couldn't pull up for several yards. Then I went back confidently expecting to find his prostrate corpse. Instead I found him quite unhurt, but so thoroughly frightened that (almost for the last time) he was accessible. It may be that from my one word of comment when I saw him sitting there he thought I was greeting him by name.

He had evidently come far. There was no house about and his whimpering attempt to lick my hand undid me. I put him aboard.

When I reached my bachelor lodgings, I explained the situation to the night switchboard operator.

"Somebody's pet dog. Handsome collar, you see. Can't leave him out all night. Trace him in the morning, by the license tag; but to-night—?" I put it as wistfully as I knew how. As a consequence I received permission to put the pup in the basement until I could locate the owner in the morning.

Now, my apartment is on the third floor in the front of the building, and Hel was given comfortable quarters in the basement-rear. Despite these facts, however, Hel's vocalization did not permit sleep to visit my eyelids. Could that puppy really be the originator of such raucous ear-splitting yelps? My telephone-bell whirred madly. I felt sorry for the poor switchboard operator. He said that mine was the only apartment in the building which had not sworn at him during the past half-hour. Something would have to be done about that darndog.

Of course I could not lose the fellow his position merely because I chose to adopt a canine waif at midnight.

"Undoubtedly the little nuisance is lonesome," I suggested. "I'll take him up here with me—and the landlord can throw me out to-morrow if he likes."

Hel left the basement with enthusiasm and stretched contentedly upon my best rug, falling at once into a slumber of profound exhaustion. I watched him a few minutes relievedly and then dropped off myself.

When I awoke, rather later than usual, Hel sprang at once into my consciousness. He was no longer stretched out on the rug. In the spot where he had lain were straggling my dress trousers, with one leg most efficiently shredded. One of my pumps lay near it. Intact—but the other was missing.

A *rat-tat-tat* on the tiled floor of my bath gave me a clue. I leaped for the sound and attempted to jerk the shiny black remnant from Hel's jaws. He was delighted with this, and entered into the new game with zest, growling in voluptuous content as he hung on. I propitiated him in vain.

With unlucky suddenness he became aware of the justice of my plea and let go. I lunged backward into the bathtub in the position of a half-open jack-knife. Hel, being a true optimist, found the bright side of the other fellow's mishap and leaped with joyous shouts at my bare feet.

When I was able to, I closed myself, blade by blade, into the chilly but safe confines of the tub and considered. My tie was within reach, and by a clever grab I managed to get Hel by the collar and leash him to the plumbing. Then I rushed to the telephone. It appeared that the municipal department which licenses dogs was not yet open.

A sudden thought struck me. Perhaps the dog was merely hungry. I ordered up a large bowl of bread and milk, which a curious bell-boy presented at the door. I stood a moment—a fatal moment—considering.

I NEVER realized that there was any particular odor to bread and milk, but there must be. I had intended to serve the puppy in true Roman fashion—at the bath. However, after one loud sniff (which was almost a snort) and a wild champing of the padded feet on the tiled floor of the bathroom, there was a rasping *zzzzt* of the tie and I found Hel at my feet sucking up his breakfast from the wonderful Chinese rug for which I had just paid more than I had any business—or income—to pay. In desperation, however, I took advantage of his momentary preoccupation in making a final effort to ascertain the owner of my guest. To my relief, the answer came at last.

"Mr. Alan Burton owns him. Name, 'Helvetius.' Called 'Hel' for short. Address, 7 Marbury Road, East Cliffe."

I groaned inwardly. East Cliffe was a picturesque but sparsely settled little suburb in the general direction of the country club. It was inhabited by people who were supposed to love Nature better than their kind, and the roads were abominable. Perhaps this Burton had a town office. It would serve him right. But he had not—at least, not by name. So I called the residence. A delicious low-pitched voice answered, fluting into tremulous delight as I made known Hel's inadvertent capture.

"Oh, how wonderful that you found him! You can't conceive of the relief I feel. Alan adores him—and I was sure he was lost forever. I was awake all last night listening for his bark."

"I am surprised," I observed gently, "that you did not hear him."

"Then you are near by? And I've searched the neighborhood—think of it! He has been gone since yesterday morning. Where shall I call for him? Mr. Burton isn't home, you know."

I glanced about my tattered apartment and drew my robe more closely around my figure.

"Dear Mrs. Burton, I shouldn't consider——"

"Do you think he could be trusted to a messenger? I am here alone with two maids, so there is no one to send——"

Now, I never could resist one of those traily feminine voices—moreover, to wait until a messenger should arrive was unthinkable.

"Don't consider it! I'll run around with him myself right away!" I told her gallantly. "My car is at the door—and I shall be there in far less time than a messenger could make it." (East Cliffe was only a matter of twenty miles.)

"Oh," she breathed with a little catch in her voice—quite the loveliest that I ever heard—"you are wonderfully kind. It is too much to——"

"Not in the least. It will be a—*Ouch! Damn!* I—I beg your pardon——"

"I know!" (What precious sympathy—not the ghost of a *hauteur* at my unconventional phrasing.) "It's Hel. wasn't it?"

"It was," I assured her grimly, "for my ankles."

Of course I did not relish being made ridiculous in the eyes—or the ears, rather—of a beautiful woman. (I knew she was beautiful from her voice. Nature has an unfair way of dealing out her gifts.) However, I should cheerfully have stood on my head in the corner if nothing else would have brought out that delicious gurgly sound in her voice as she hung up the receiver. I continued dressing rather more carefully than usual.

"Come on, Hellie," I besought ingratiatingly. Hellie kept a wary eye upon me as I slid toward him. "Want to go by-by?"

By-by was the precise word for it.

Through my arms he darted and out of the door which I had inadvertently left open.

Heads poked out as I dashed down the corridor in pursuit of Hel on his by-by tour. It was an exhausting chase before a few helpful neighbors and myself had collared him. His utter weariness made him a submissive occupant of my car.



Drawings by Harold Von Schmidt

WITH UNLUCKY SUDDENNESS HEL LET GO AND I LUNGED BACKWARD INTO THE BATHTUB IN THE POSITION OF A HALF-OPEN JACK-KNIFE

As he stretched himself down from the seat beside me when at last we reached Marbury Road, East Cliffe, he was as demure as a débutante. Plainly I could not play the rescuing hero.

The lady of the perfect voice was quite evidently awaiting me as I wandered up the walk to the charming new home with its bridelike frilly curtains. (Poor little bride! To be saddled with a pup like Hel!)

She was the bridiest sort of a bride, too, as she moved smilingly toward me from the garden, swinging a pale pink sunhat of some misty material and holding an armful of the fragrant roses she had just cut. I shall remember that vision all my life. A gipsy—with laughing red lips and fathomless eyes below her demurely smooth dusky hair.

"I am afraid our puppy has given you a great deal of trouble," she said, waving the docile beast toward an astonished-looking maid who had just appeared.



THROUGH MY ARMS HE DARTED—AND AWAY ON HIS BY-BY TOUR

"None whatever," I assured her gallantly. "He was devastatingly entertaining!" (I thanked my perusal of our newer novelists for their favorite word.)

She gave me a suspicious glance and her lips twitched.

"And to bring him way out here so early——"

"Oh, I often take a little run before my office needs me," I protested extravagantly.

Her expression was inscrutable.

"None the less," she emphasized, "I shall insist that when Mr. Burton returns he shall thank you properly—adequately, if that be possible."

"My dear Mrs. Burton, I——"

"For that reason," she pursued, "I shall have to ask your card or address—or— Oh, Hel!" The stress upon the last syllable was startling, to say the least. "Oh, my Georgette hat! My preciousest—onliest— Oh, I had no business to bring it out to the garden this morning—Oh!" She dashed after the puppy, who had appeared from nowhere and now was waltzing with some pink fluffy material over the emerald lawn. I decided to lend my aid.

Hither and yon we raced, until finally he ran into the arms of a tearfully protesting maid.

"Oh, ma'am, Mis' Burton," she wept as she removed his clenched jaws from a remnant of the crêpe. "I just let go of him one minute while I fixed his breakfast——"

A VISION of milk-soaked rug rose before me as I politely but somewhat coldly informed them that I had done what I could toward alleviating his pangs of hunger before I returned him.

"That was inexpressibly kind," comforted his mistress, "for dogs must suffer more than humans when they are hungry—and I am famished right now. I simply could not eat until I had made sure we really had Hel safe and sound."

"I am breakfastless, myself," I observed boldly, "because I couldn't bear to eat until you were sure."

"Oh, how awful! You poor b—man!" she corrected hastily. "You must have breakfast with me at once. Mr. Burton would be furious with me if I let you take that long ride over these terrible roads when you were hungry." The maid was given orders and I weakly protested until the table was set upon the terrace and the tray actually appeared.

Now close your eyes and contemplate. Background—August's vivid garden colors. Opposite me— Oh, what's the use! I watched her white hands moving among the china as I drank golden nectar and nearly choked over the ambrosia when her gipsy eyes met mine in the most casual inquiry about the cooking of the eggs.

I may as well make my confession now and have it over with. Though I have had touches of the delicious madness more than once in my life, the memory of that morning still brings with it a heady sensation of which no other experience even holds a hint. I stayed in all scarcely more than an hour, but before I left I knew that I was helplessly, hopelessly in love with another man's wife. I loathed the plain gold wedding-ring upon her left hand—the only ornament she wore. I tortured myself with frequent mention of her husband—and she drove the stabbing pain to my heart by manifest regrets that he was not present to thank me in person. It was the most horrible and delicious hour I have ever known.

I drove dazedly back to town, my hand tingling where it had touched hers at parting. I swore softly at myself. My collar seemed choking me. I raised my hand to loosen the thing, and my forefinger met my collar band!

Then I remembered, with frightful clarity of vision, my collar and tie swinging from the newel-post in the corridor near my door. I had flung them there hastily to keep them fresh from the moist exertions of the by-by dash.

Thus ended the first episode involving Hel the darndog.

ALTHOUGH I did not, of course, in the least anticipate being called upon to renew my acquaintance with Helvetius, I felt a peculiar interest obsessing me with regard to lists of names beginning with B. The directory first informed me that Alan Burton was the junior partner of an architectural firm. An architectural society later told me that he had been a fellow citizen of mine for only a brief while. Much to my surprise, from the membership committee of my own country club I discovered that I had probably seen him on the golf course.

He had been married within the year, so a club acquaintance told me. His wife was a beauty—sang charmingly. I was sure of it!

It was the afternoon of that day that I was summoned to the telephone to hear her ringing voice again.

"Mr. Sayre? It is perfectly unforgivable in me to call upon you like this is an emergency, but I don't know a soul in town and I am desperate——"

I strove to keep the eagerness out of my dignified protestations of delight to be of service.

"I know you like Hel—" she began and then with a gasp stopped short.

"Indeed you do, Mrs. Burton—I—I mean indeed *I* do." I tried to help her out, but it was no go. Her tone froze me.

"I intended to say that I shouldn't like to say anything about the dog except to a friend of his—who understands him—but he is nervous and—and *can* you tell me where to find a man—a trustworthy, efficient man not afraid of dogs, to—to reset shrubbery, and replace the sod on the terrace, and replant a few flowerbeds? My—Mr. Burton is so particular about the looks of the grounds and—and Hel's broken loose again!"

Something broke loose within me, for the last words were smothered in a sob. Blessed little lamb—all alone with two worthless maids and that—darndog!

Of course there were hundreds of men to be had—lucky devils. But a strange man—those appealing eyes and sensitive little mouth—my decision was swiftly made.

"If you permit me, Mrs. Burton, I will send out a man whom I know personally. He—er—has done quite a bit of work for me, in fact. Not expert—but what you want is more a general handy man than a landscape gardener."

"Oh, how perfectly dear—splendid of you!" Her words rushed over the wire joyously. "To-morrow morning?"

"I am afraid that all of his morning's time has been spoken for," I demurred, "but he might be able to get there in the mid-afternoon. Shall we say to-day, at three-thirty? A couple of hours for a day or two ought to put it in shape—before your husband returns."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am," she gurgled, and I thought I gathered from her very demureness that she saw the whole scheme.

When I presented myself at the back door of 7 Marbury Road in my oldest duck-hunting attire (in which, I grant you, I have always thought I cut a better figure than in anything else) the maid was a bit surprised, not to say frightened, but the mistress, when summoned, greeted me as an entire stranger. She accepted my recommendations thoughtfully and put to me several questions regarding my qualifications for the work.

Until deepening dusk of that and the other days that followed, I labored, dinnerless, under her excessively autocratic directions.

During all that time, I surprised no flicker of recognition in her luminous dark eyes. I began to wonder if practical joking paid. Considered merely as a joke, this adventure most certainly did not, as my aching muscles testified at night. But as a measure of service for the most bewitching little person in the world—well, I was wretched when the time of my dismissal was at hand.

With the arrival of this shamelessly postponed hour, the payment for my services became the dreaded question between us. Although she still continued haughtily unaware of my identity, the lively color came and went in her cheeks as she fingered her mesh bag. I rejoiced in her discomfort, for hitherto I had been the only one to feel foolish. The tremulousness of the red lips, however, as I pronounced my work without charge, went to my head.

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"OH, HEL!" HER STRESS ON THE LAST SYLLABLE WAS STARTLING, TO SAY THE LEAST. "OH, MY GEORGETTE HAT!"



LITTLE TEXAS SMILED BRAVELY. "MOTHER, *WE'RE* NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING, *ARE* WE?" SHE SAID

The Circus is here!

LITTLE TEXAS

ALL THE STORY IS HERE

By DIXIE WILLSON

The sweetest girl on earth becomes a shooting star

KING and Meg had been saving-up their money to buy oil-lands in Texas, so when a wee baby appeared and they spent it all for her, this mite of a girl became just little Texas!

Kingsley Fitzgerald was her really-truly name. It was her father's, too, and her rich and haughty grandfather's—a St. Louis multimillionaire, who knew nothing at all about her. For when her father had married Meg, an exquisite French circus performer, a cable had come to him in France, "*Return alone or not at all. K. F.*" King just never went home. Suddenly he died. And Meg promised him to send their daughter to her grandfather when she was twelve years old. Meantime she rejoined the circus, the Great Melbourne Shows, in America. The happy years sped swiftly. Too soon there came the day when a promise must be kept. Dear little Texas, with Joe, one of the circus hands, left the big show at Three Trees, Arkansas, for the pilgrimage to St. Louis. They had just one clue to the grandfather's whereabouts—a card with his lawyer's name, Richard Zylder, upon it. It so happened that Kingsley Fitzgerald, Senior, was on the same train that carried little Texas in search of him. Her confidences to the conductor were repeated to the austere grandfather. He went and looked at the shining gold head, the gray eyes—King's eyes—and his heart hardened again against his wilful son. Arriving at St. Louis he immediately telephoned his lawyer to deny his existence when the child should come seeking him.

The little girl and her devoted escort put up for the night at Mrs. Crandle's boarding-house. Among the boarders Texas particularly took to one Mr. Fobes—"for a very special reason." High-hearted, Texas and Jim set out the next morning, but only to hear Mr. Zylder's cold words of dismissal—which sent Texas' eager heart to the bottom of her stubby shoes.

PART TWO

THERE were fifteen canvas tops in the Great Melbourne Shows. At the main front gate were the ticket-wagons, the side-show tent with its flaming line of banners, and the great striped entrance where the crowd surged into the menagerie. Beyond the menagerie the big top loomed as high and wide as the sky itself. Three sawdust rings and two stages—a hundred spot-lights—fifteen thousand seats—and at the back door of the great flashing wonderful show, the cluster of tents where the people of the circus lived and moved.

The ladies' dressing-tent, the men's tent—each with its circle of trunks, its water-buckets and canvas chairs; the tent of the wild west troupe; the pad-room for the beautiful blue-blooded horses; the dog tent—many others—and, last of all, the cook-tents with their long tables and benches. And moving through the life of every day the inhabitants of this little world, constantly busy, constantly happy, hung their washings in the sun on the guy-lines, marked their games of target on the grass and swung their hammocks from wagon to wagon—living their gipsy mornings, glittering afternoons, quiet twilights and fanfare nights—with Texas the adored little daughter of it all.

THERE was another canvas tent—a very little, very quiet tent, away from the music and flash of the back door—and in it was a big broad-shouldered some one, whom none of the crowds ever saw or knew was there. While the band was playing and the rings were alive with their marvels of beauty and color and skill, Doctor Mifflin in his little hospital-tent would be mending broken bones and bruised bodies with practised fingers that from long years knew how to do it the best way and the quickest.

In a family of more than a thousand people, with a risk every minute for most of them, the doctor was as busy as the man who sold tickets. He had been with the circus since long before Meg Fitzgerald and little Texas had come to be part of it. He was bald-headed and blue-eyed—the sort of a man everybody just *wanted* to tell their troubles to. Doctor Mifflin had long been close to the mother and her little girl—but the one who had been closest of all was Madame Helen, the leopard-trainer—slender and blond, with fearless, beautiful eyes.

Madame had been in France when Meg, a girl of fourteen, had first won the public to the gay little circus where four years later King Fitzgerald had found her.

It was Madame who had brought Meg and the child to America to the Great Melbourne Circus. It was Madame who had taken care of Texas while Meg had practised long hours, bringing the tricks back again to her feet and her fingers. And it was Madame, with her little folding table set out in the shadow of the leopard cage, who had taught Texas her lessons four hours every day.

Next to Madame, Texas felt that her affection was divided in equal parts between Miss Tiny, the dwarf; Captain Gordon, the giant; Jim's monkey (whom she loved very, very much); Papa Saunders, the manager; Bum Casey, who tended the elephants; a certain young zebra in the menagerie; Aunt Mary, in charge of costumes; Joe; Doctor Mifflin, and Torchy, the dwarf light-man.

Very often and very seriously she had checked them all off on ten fingers—but more often and more seriously she had checked as far as eighty fingers and then given up, just realizing that there was no use trying to pick favorites, because every person, every animal, every grass and flower on every lot, was packed into her loving little heart as tight as it could hold them.

IT WAS more than usually hot for Arkansas the day after Texas went away. There was scarcely a breath of wind. The show had left Three Trees behind it and put up its glamour in Pine Bluff—but the circus is always the same, no matter what day or what place you find it.

Meg finished her act on the flying trapeze, swung down to the ground, threw handfuls of kisses in answer to the applause—then suddenly, gently, like a wilting flower, her face went white, she slipped to the ground, and the boys carried her into Doctor Mifflin's hospital-tent.

When she opened her eyes, his kind hand was over hers.

"Well, Butterfly," he smiled, "what's all this about?"

Meg looked at him as though looking out of a dream.

"I—I don't know," she said. "My heart just—stopped beating a minute, I guess!"

As her breath came back, she looked up at the doctor with that same little smile that made Texas so lovable.

"Meg, you've made up your mind, have you, to let that little girl of yours live with her grandfather always?" the doctor asked.

"I suppose that is what her father would wish," she answered softly.

"And will you go with her?" he wanted to know. "Will you leave the circus now?"

Meg looked away.

"I—don't know," she said slowly. "It seems as though Mr. Fitzgerald would want her mother to be with her, but if he—doesn't—it's all right—I'll just keep on here. And maybe I won't give her up to him at all! I can take care of us and maybe I'll do it!"

The doctor walked over to his open door, where a troupe of pink-ribboned poodles were yapping to go in for their turn. The calliope was just finishing Gipsy Jean's number, and through the space above the canvas wall showed the heads of the crowd screaming with laughter at Tommy's tricks with the gray goose.

"Meg," he said gently, "you *must* let Texas go to her grandfather to stay—and he must understand that you are to be taken care of, too. I've wanted to tell you this for a long while. To-day is the third time that heart of yours has, as you say, 'stopped beating for a minute,' and you can't take care of either Texas or yourself any longer. You'll be strong and fine again if you rest; but your heart has worked as long as it can and, frankly, if little Texas didn't have this grandfather to go to, I would *not* know how to advise you! If it is true that all the money you have saved was lost in the New York bank, he has come at a time when you need him very badly—because, dear Meg—do you know you can work less than one week longer?"

In the circus the first lesson every one learns is grit to carry through to the finish—no matter what. Meg had learned it long ago. Now she only lay quiet, her hand in the doctor's—no sudden tears—no flinching at what he had told her.

"Then—I'm glad she's gone to find her grandfather," she said at last. "I've had her twelve beautiful years."

They sat there quietly together a minute. Through the open door of the doctor's tent they watched the performers going into the ring—they heard the band playing—the crowd clapping and shouting.

Meg brushed her hand across her eyes and sat up.

"But Doctor Mifflin," she said, her voice trembling just a little, "the only life I know is the circus. My friends—the things I love to do—I don't know how I *could* leave it!"

"Meg, dear," the doctor smiled, as he slipped his strong arm around her to walk with her across the trampled grass to the door of the dressing-tent, "the best and biggest things we find in life are the things that are hardest to do—and one place where we learn to know it the best is right here at the back door of the circus!"

MEG never rode parade and so she usually didn't leave the cars until parade bugles were flaring through town. Texas always went to the lot early with Aunt Mary and could dress in her Cinderella costume for parade all herself, while Meg took the time for things "at home" in the cars. But the morning after her little talk with the doctor she was ready very early with the hope that the morning mail would bring a letter from her little girl.

She was so early on the lot that nothing was up but the cook-house, flying its red-and-white flag for breakfast. The huge canvas of the big top was spread ready to swing up, long wagons of poles were lumbering over the ground, cages moving into place, trunks unloading, men shouting—but it wasn't too early for mail.

By a pile of hay bales Aunt Mary was casting her eyes over her square spectacles and calling off letters to a chattering group around her.

The line of elephants were just trudging in, Bum Casey shuffling at the head of them. He saw Meg and pulled off his rag of a cap.

"You'll have a letter from that kid to-day, won't yuh?" he asked eagerly.

Aunt Mary triumphantly handed an envelope to Meg. Every one clustered around her as she opened the blotty little boarding-house letter.

THERE was a little silence when Meg had finished reading it aloud, a little thought in every one's mind of how much seemed missing with just the going away of one sweet voice singing out its good mornings—two eager eyes finding crickets in the grass——

It was Aunt Mary who took up the thread of the day again.

"Well, that's a wonderful piece of writing for twelve years old, I must say!" she bustled. "Now, Meg, get your breakfast and get back here. I need you to go downtown with me to do a bit of shopping."

It was half-past nine when Meg and Aunt Mary left the lot for their little shopping tour. The streets were like a flower-garden, with pink dresses, blue dresses, ribbons and sashes. Balloon men, the corner street-shows that trail the circus and a gay town band were doing *their* share for the day. The circus parade had started before the two shoppers were ready to return to the lot.

They were at the counter of a little drug-store when above all the street noises came that sound of flaring bugles. Aunt Mary caught Meg's hand and pulled her to the door.

"Now, don't Jackie Bones look wonderful carrying the banner with his—why, he's got the wrong suit on! I made those extra-wide yellow-satin breeches for Sandy! And would you look at Eddie playing the bass drum! I didn't know Eddie played in the——"

But suddenly she felt Meg's hand against her arm, saw Meg's eyes wide—almost frightened.

"Why *look*!" Meg said breathlessly. "Aunt Mary, *look!*"

Following the mounted band a tiny white-and-gold carriage was coming with six white ponies. And like a small princess among the pale pillows rode little Texas in her coach and six—her curls golden in the sun, her lips dimpling in a smile.

Meg was hardly conscious of the crowd exclaiming at the child's loveliness as the little coach approached and passed. Then Bum—enveloped in trailing Arabian robes—came leading the elephants. When he saw Meg standing there, he broke into smiles and, ignoring all parade rules, took a long step out of line, close enough to speak to her.

"Meg, she came *back!*" he grinned. "She's back to *stay!* There *isn't* any grandpa!"

IT WAS like Mr. Kingsley Fitzgerald that he never felt lonely in the great white mansion where he lived ever since the Fitzgerald estate had been his. With his servants, his horses, his books and his memories, he only counted life gracious when it left him alone.

The servants had long gone about their various duties in silence—Mrs. Becker, the cook, seemed in fact to be the only person about the place to whom silence was a *duty* rather than a *choice*.

Mrs. Becker was plump and round like a fresh apple, and her kitchen the one room in the house

Continued on page 56



SUCH A CHILD—AFTER ALL—TO HAVE FORTY THOUSAND HANDS ACCLAIMING HER!

Emergencies of Childhood



"The World Is Mine"

By DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

The Happy Child Department

Directed by DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

WHEN accidents happen, every mother should know what to do and how to do it; for the care given immediately after an accident is of the greatest importance. Previous training, and the possession of good judgment and common sense, may enable the mother to relieve the suffering child and perhaps even save his life.

Of course, the family physician or some other doctor should be sent for without delay. For the mother, three simple rules must be observed: Keep cool. Be quick. Keep quiet.

Children's temperaments differ greatly. Some, when injured, are stoical and make very little fuss, while others become violently excited and hysterical at the slightest accident. With children of the latter class too much sympathy is harmful, and the wisest plan under these circumstances is to make as little as possible of an accident.

Severe injuries produce severe symptoms. In such cases the clothing should be loosened, and the child placed in a comfortable position and kept warm until the arrival of the physician. If he be unconscious, the color of the face should be observed. If he be red and flushed, raise his head to draw the blood away from it. If he be pale, lower his head so the blood will flow to it more readily.

BABIES and small children are liable to injuries from falling. If the child cries lustily, there is no cause for alarm; if he becomes unconscious or stupefied and listless, the condition may be serious and the doctor must be sent for without delay. Make the child comfortable, and if he be pale, breathing with difficulty but able to swallow, give a few drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a little water. A fall may produce a slight concussion of the brain, and cause unconsciousness. Fortunately, on account of the soft and undeveloped bones of the head, a true fracture of the skull is uncommon. On the other hand, the collar-bone, or clavicle, is a bone not infrequently broken, and this is sometimes overlooked at the time of the accident. Fretfulness and pain on the lifting or moving of the child's arm should cause the mother to send for a physician.

The bones of a child are much less brittle than those of an adult. When they are "broken," they do not break in two, but only partially. These so-called "green stick" fractures are painful and usually produce decided deformities unless the extent and severity of the break are accurately determined from an X-ray photograph.

If an arm or a leg is fractured, it should be supported with an improvised splint. A small stick, cane, umbrella, stiff cardboard, or even several newspapers folded to give stiffness will answer. A broken leg can be bandaged to the sound one, or the arm to the side.

Bruises are injuries in which the skin is not broken. They do little damage, except for the pain, discomfort and temporary disfigurement caused. As the result of blood escaping into the tissues, a swelling soon appears, which increases in size and later turns purple. This color changes through various shades of green and yellow until the blood has been absorbed. The prompt application of ice will keep the swelling down, and may prevent discoloration. If ice be not available, compresses of very hot water may be applied.

CUTS should receive different treatment. Here the skin is broken, and every care and precaution must be taken to prevent infection. The mother should scrub her hands thoroughly with soap, hot water and nail-brush before touching or cleansing the wound. If the cut be deep or extreme, with edges separated, the child should have surgical attention at once. A small cut can be dressed by the mother. It should be washed with hot boric-acid solution—a teaspoon to a pint of water, absorbent cotton being used as a sponge. This will both cleanse the wound and prevent bleeding. A compress made of gauze or clean, soft muslin, soaked in the boric-acid solution, is then placed over the wound and bandaged on. This can be left on for several days if it remains unstained and sweet-smelling and the child shows no signs of pain or fever. If the wound becomes infected, and pus ooze out, the first dressing must be carefully soaked off without pulling, the wound again washed with the boric-acid solution, and a fresh dressing applied. This must be done daily until the wound heals. If an infected wound does not improve rapidly, call the doctor.

In more severe cuts the bleeding can be controlled by firm pressure with a finger until the doctor arrives. When an artery has been cut, the blood spurts out of the wound in jets. Direct pressure with a finger or compress of gauze will hold it in check if placed above the wound—that is, between the injury and the heart. A cord or handkerchief tightly wrapped around the arm or leg will also serve.

A lacerated wound has ragged edges and usually does not bleed freely. Such wounds do not heal cleanly and are apt to leave unsightly scars. They must be carefully cleansed, as they are apt to contain dirt. The edges should be brought as close together as possible, and the wound covered with a moist boric-acid compress. In some cases it is a wise plan to paint the wound with tincture of iodin. The dressings in these cases must be changed daily.

A punctured wound is one caused by a splinter, nail, fish-hook, knife or other sharp body. After the object has been removed, a hot poultice or hot compresses should be applied to relieve the pain and reduce the swelling. Your physician will no doubt inject tetanus antitoxin in all cases of punctured wounds caused by dirty objects such as rusty nails, in order to prevent the possibility of lockjaw.

A SPRAIN is an injury to a joint resulting from twisting or wrenching. In such cases the blood vessels are torn, and blood collects about the joint, causing discoloration of the skin and swelling. There is severe pain on attempted motion, and in severe cases the recovery is very slow and the bad effects last much longer than after broken bones. Until the physician arrives the joint should be kept at absolute rest, and hot compresses applied, or ice applications used if there be much bleeding.

A strain is the name given to an injury of a muscle. This causes pain or discomfort on motion, with stiffness and lameness. It is not necessary to call a doctor except in severe cases. The muscle should be gently rubbed, always toward the body, with a solution of half alcohol and half water. If very painful, the muscle must be kept at rest and later given a gentle massage.

BURNS and scalds are among the most frequent injuries which befall children, both in the home and on the street. In these cases prompt treatment before the arrival of the doctor is very necessary. When a child's clothes catch on fire, a rug, blanket, dress, skirt or any available thick material should be at once wrapped about the child in order to smother the fire. The clothing should be very carefully removed after the fire has been extinguished, so as not to tear the blisters which will have been produced.

The first object in all burns and scalds is to relieve the pain by protecting the injured surface from the air and preventing any rubbing or pressure by the clothing. In dressing the wounds, the blisters should be opened at the edges with a clean needle that has been sterilized by being held a moment in a flame. This permits the watery serum to run out. As the skin of the blister forms an excellent protection for the raw surface underneath, it should never be torn or allowed to be rubbed off.

Burns are classified into three degrees, according to their severity. Burns of the first degree are superficial ones in which the skin is reddened. Blisters are formed in burns of the second degree; while burns of the third degree are very severe and dangerous, as they involve the deeper layers of the skin. If extensive, they are apt to prove fatal. The doctor should be summoned in cases of all but the very slightest burns, as it is impossible at first to ascertain their severity.

Lime-water and linseed-oil, when mixed together, form a thick, pasty liquid known as carron-oil. This should be poured freely over the burn, which is then covered with sterile gauze or soft linen cloths soaked in the oil. A thick paste of bicarbonate of soda should be applied if carron-oil be not available. Cold-cream, petroleum jelly or olive-oil can be used in emergencies to protect the burn. Strong acids or alkalis produce ugly burns. Acid burns should be neutralized with bicarbonate of soda (cooking soda) or with milk of magnesia, while burns from alkalis such as quick lime, caustic soda, etc., should be covered with compresses soaked in vinegar and water, lemon-juice, boric acid, or other mild acid.

THE instinct of curiosity in young children leads to the tasting of things. This unfortunately sometimes causes them to swallow poison, with serious and often fatal effects. Prevention can be accomplished by allowing nothing of a dangerous character within sight or reach. This includes any medicine and pills which may have been prescribed for the child or other members of the family. The very few poisons used as household remedies should be kept locked in the medicine-cabinet on the top shelf. The bottles should not only be plainly labeled, but should be distinctive, with roughened and sharp edges so that they can be detected in the dark by the sense of touch.

It is not possible or practicable to describe all the symptoms of the various forms of poison in this article. All the mother needs to know is that some poison has been swallowed and what she must do before the doctor arrives. In calling the doctor let him know if possible just what kind of poison has been swallowed, so that he can bring the proper antidote. The bottle or pill-box or other receptacle from which the poison has been taken should be shown to him.

The first thing the mother must do when a child has swallowed poison is to get rid of the material swallowed. This is done by emptying the stomach by an emetic and encouraging vomiting. A teaspoon of mustard in a cup of warm water, a teaspoon of sirup of ipecac or a teaspoon of common table salt in a cup of water, are all efficient

Continued on page 54

YOUR EXPLORING YOUNGSTER

Does he fall and bump himself, does he venture near fascinating hot stoves and irons, is he lured by glittering pins or dangerous medicines?

Any moment in a baby's life may bring a terrifying shriek of pain, or the more serious lapse into coma. Be prepared for emergencies. After you have read Doctor Shaw's advice here, send for our leaflet on "Medicine-Chest Necessities." A well-equipped cabinet will help you cope with many accidents. The right thing at the right time may save your child's life. The leaflet is entirely free—just enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage and mail your request to The Happy Child Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

Other leaflets prepared in this department will also be of interest to you. Two cents covers postage on any two of these—all three will be sent with the medicine-chest leaflet for four cents in stamps:

HOT WEATHER HEALTH FOR CHILDREN

LIST OF BOOKS ON CHILD STUDY

HEIGHT, WEIGHT AND AGE CHART

Ask for a complete list of Happy Child pamphlets.

Doctor Shaw will be glad to write you personally and help you with any problems of your child's health. Write him, care of THE DELINEATOR, enclosing a two-cent stamp for his answer.

Remember THE DELINEATOR is at your service.

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

AUGUST 1925

ITALIAN NUMBER

EDITOR HARRIET IDE EAGER
PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



A "BAMBINO" (BABY) FROM THE ROW OF FOURTEEN STATUE BABIES ON THE "HOSPITAL OF THE INNOCENTS" IN FLORENCE

MY LITTLE PAGE



DEAR *bambini*
(that is "children" in Italian, and the small ones of you are "*bimbi*").

If only I could send everybody a present from Italy! You'll have to count this Italian number as my Italian souvenir to each of you. Anyway, I did buy you a real Italian prize—the Pinocchio doll.

Pinocchio, you know, was a naughty wooden puppet, whose old carpenter father carved him from a magic piece of wood. Pinocchio had many strange adventures, and whenever he told a lie, his nose grew longer! But the Fairy with the Blue Hair watched over him, until, at last, he grew good enough to turn into a real boy.

Pinocchio's story is told in a book which all Italian children know. Write to THE LITTLE DELINEATOR to find out where you can buy it in English.

Please show you like our foreign numbers and want more, by trying for the Pinocchio contest. And don't forget the Deli-club. New members, send a two-cent stamp for your club badge, and both old and new members, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the Club Secret Letter to THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York.

Good-by, *bambini and bimbi*,

Your editor in Italy,

HARRIET IDE EAGER.



WIN A WOODEN PINOCCHIO!

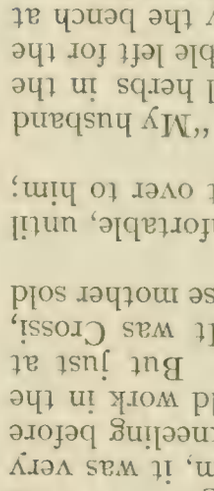
Here's a real wooden puppet, from Italy—the famous funny Pinocchio. Write a letter to your editor, telling what you like best this month and why, and how it helps you to understand Italy and Italian children. The most interesting, helpful letter will win this wooden Pinocchio. Address Pinocchio Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.



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AN ITALIAN SCHOOL BOY

THESE two stories come from a boy's book called "Cuore" or "Heart," by an Italian writer, De Amicis. He wrote the book, after he was grown, from an old diary he had kept in his school-days.



IN A GARRET

MOTHER read in the newspaper about a poor woman who needed clothes, so yesterday evening, mother, my sister Silvia and I went to take her some. I carried the package and Silvia had the paper with the woman's initials and address. We had to go to the top of an old house, and down a long hall with doors on both sides.

Mother knocked at the last door, and a woman came. She was fair and very thin, and still quite young. There was a blue handkerchief on her head, and somehow all of a sudden, I had a strange feeling that she and her handkerchief had both seen better days together.

"Are you the one whose name was in the paper?" asked mother.

"Yes signora."

"Well," said mother, "we've brought you some clothes."

And the woman began to thank us and bless us, till I thought she would never stop. So in the meantime, I took a look around the room, it was very bare. In one corner I saw a boy, with his back turned to us, kneeling before a chair. He seemed to be writing, but I wondered how he could work in the dark, with his paper on the chair and his inkstand on the floor. But just at that minute, I recognized his red hair and his ragged coat. It was Crossi, one of the boys in my class—the boy with the shriveled arm, whose mother sold herbs on the street.

Just then Crossi turned around. I stood there, feeling uncomfortable, until he smiled at me, then mother gave me a little push and I went over to him; Crossi got up and took my hand.

"My boy and I are all alone," his mother was saying to mine. "My husband has been in America for six years, and now, I'm too sick to sell herbs in the street as I used to, to make extra money. We haven't even a table left for the poor boy to do his home work on. They have even taken away the bench at the door where he used to write. No place to study without ruining his eyes. I'm thankful I can send him to school, at any rate, for the city gives him his books and copy-books. Poor child, he does want to study. It's hard luck, signora, hard luck for both of us!"

Mother gave her everything in her purse, and kissed the boy good-by. As we went out, she said almost crying: "Oh, Enrico, look how that poor boy has to work. And you have every comfort, and you think it's hard to study. Why, he deserves more credit for one day's work than you do for a whole year. Schools ought to give all the first prizes to boys like that."

THE COAL-CARRIER AND THE GENTLEMAN

CARLO NOBIS is very proud because his father is a fine gentleman with a black beard, very tall and serious, and he comes to call for Carlo nearly every day. Yesterday morning, young Nobis was quarreling with Betti, one of the little boys, whose father is a coal-carrier. Just because he was in the wrong, and couldn't think of anything more to say, Carlo cried: "Oh, your father's nothing but a rag-bag!"

Betti's face turned red up to his hair. He said nothing, but tears came to his eyes, and when he went home, he told his father. So that afternoon, here came his little sooty-faced father back with him. Carlo Nobis's father was helping him off with his coat at the door as usual, and when the coal-carrier began to make his complaint to the teacher, and everybody was keeping very still, he heard his name spoken and came in to ask why.

"It's this workman," our teacher explained. "He complains that your Carlo called him a rag-bag to his boy."

Nobis's father frowned, and his face flushed.

"Did you say that?" he asked.

But Carlo just stood there in the middle of the room, facing little Betti, and hung his head silently. His father took his arm and pushed him toward Betti till they were almost touching.

"Beg his pardon," he said. "Repeat these words after me: 'I beg your pardon for the wicked, foolish, mean words I said against your father, whom my father feels honored to take by the hand.'"

The coal-carrier raised his hand as if he wanted to say: "No, no, I don't want you to," but the gentleman still paid no attention.

So his son began slowly in a low voice, without once raising his eyes:

"I beg your pardon—for the wicked—foolish—mean—words I said against your father—whom my father—feels honored to take by the hand."

Then the two men shook hands heartily, and the coal-carrier pushed his boy straight into Carlo's arms.

"Please do me the favor of seating them together," said the gentleman.

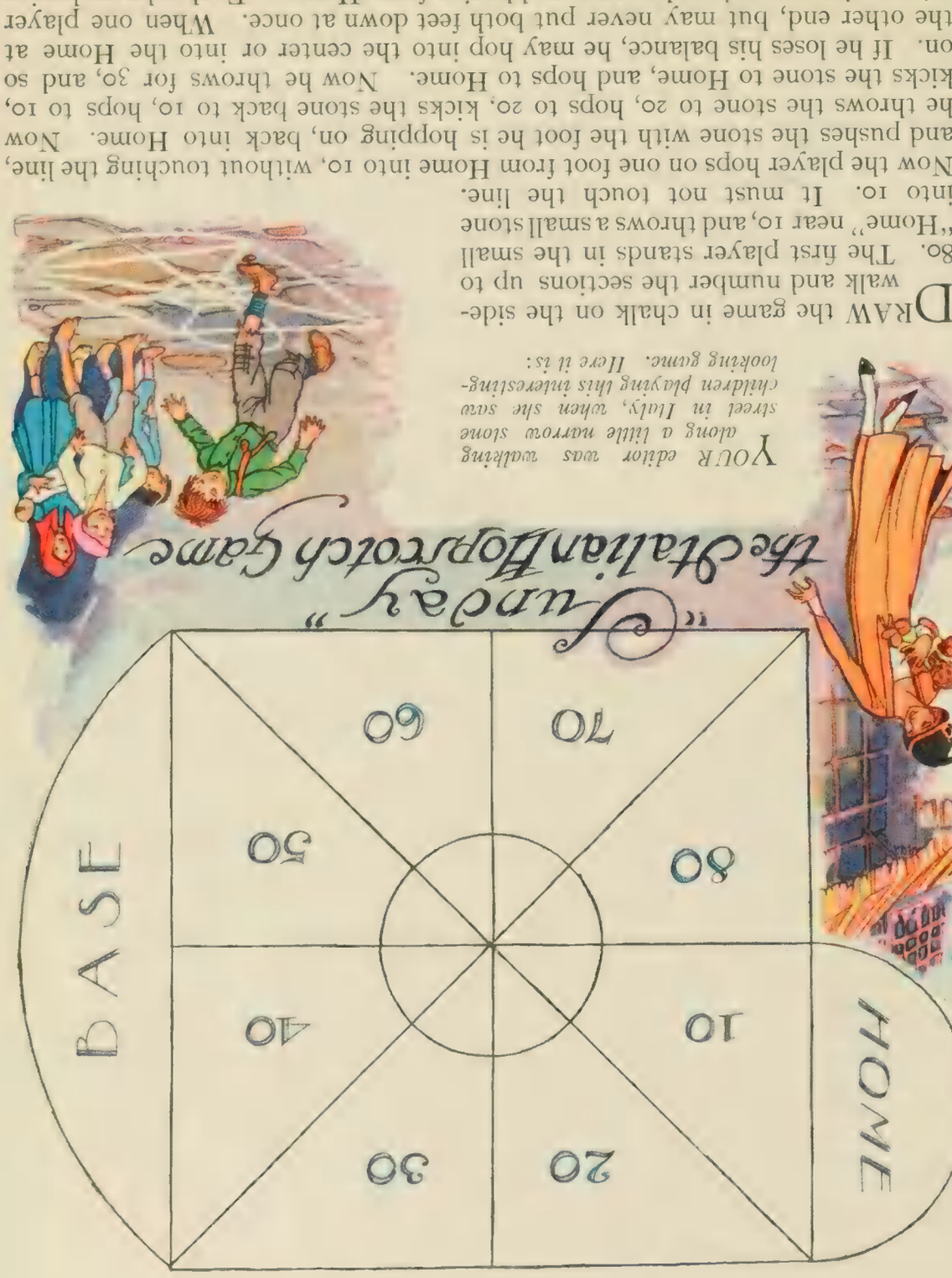
So the teacher moved Betti to the bench with Nobis, and as soon as they were settled, Nobis's father said good-by and left.

The coal-carrier stayed on a few moments, looking thoughtfully at the two boys. After a while, he walked over to their bench, and stood looking at Nobis kindly and apologetically, as if he wanted to speak to him. But he said nothing, and brushed his forehead with his long fingers. At last he started for the door, looked back once more, and went out.





"Remember what you have seen today, boys," said our teacher. "This has been the finest lesson of the year."



AN ITALIAN MADONNA

WHEN you go to Italy some day, you will visit the galleries of beautiful old paintings. Many of them are religious pictures. This lovely Madonna, painted by Raphael over four hundred years ago, which you will see when you cross the ocean, has smiled calmly on through all the centuries.

"Sunday" the Italian Hopscotch Game

YOUR editor was walking along a little narrow stone street in Italy, when she saw children playing this interesting-looking game. Here it is:

DRAW the game in chalk on the sidewalk and number the sections up to 80. The first player stands in the small "Home" near 10, and throws a small stone into 10. It must not touch the line. Now the player hops on one foot from Home into 10, without touching the line, and pushes the stone with the foot he is hopping on, back into Home. Now he throws the stone to 20, hops to 20, kicks the stone back to 10, hops to 10, kicks the stone to Home, and hops to Home. Now he throws for 30, and so on. If he loses his balance, he may hop into the center or into the Home at the other end, but may never put both feet down at once. When one player misses, the next takes the stone and begins from Home. Each player begins again where he stopped before. The first to reach 80 and back again wins.

DELI-BEAR MEETS OLD FRIENDS IN ITALY

1—All of his cash for souvenirs our Deli-bear has spent,
So here he lands in Italy without a single cent!

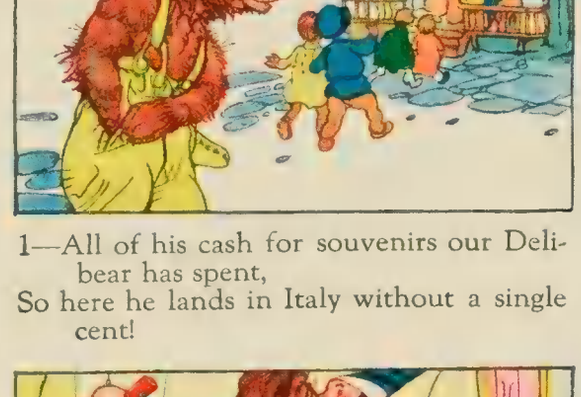
2—A puppet show! He runs to watch, and on the stage—why, look!
"Pinocchio!" our Deli cries. "I've read him in a book!"



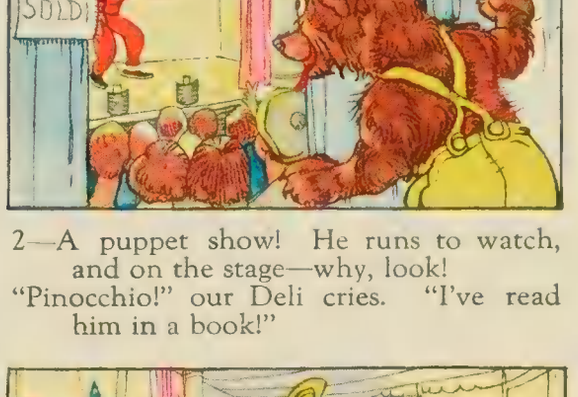
3—While they kiss both cheeks—Italian style—out runs another fellow,
A happy friend from home—Italians call him "Fortunello!"



4—"Bravo! Bravo! The little bear!" laughs every girl and boy,
Who think he's just another kind of wooden puppet-toy.

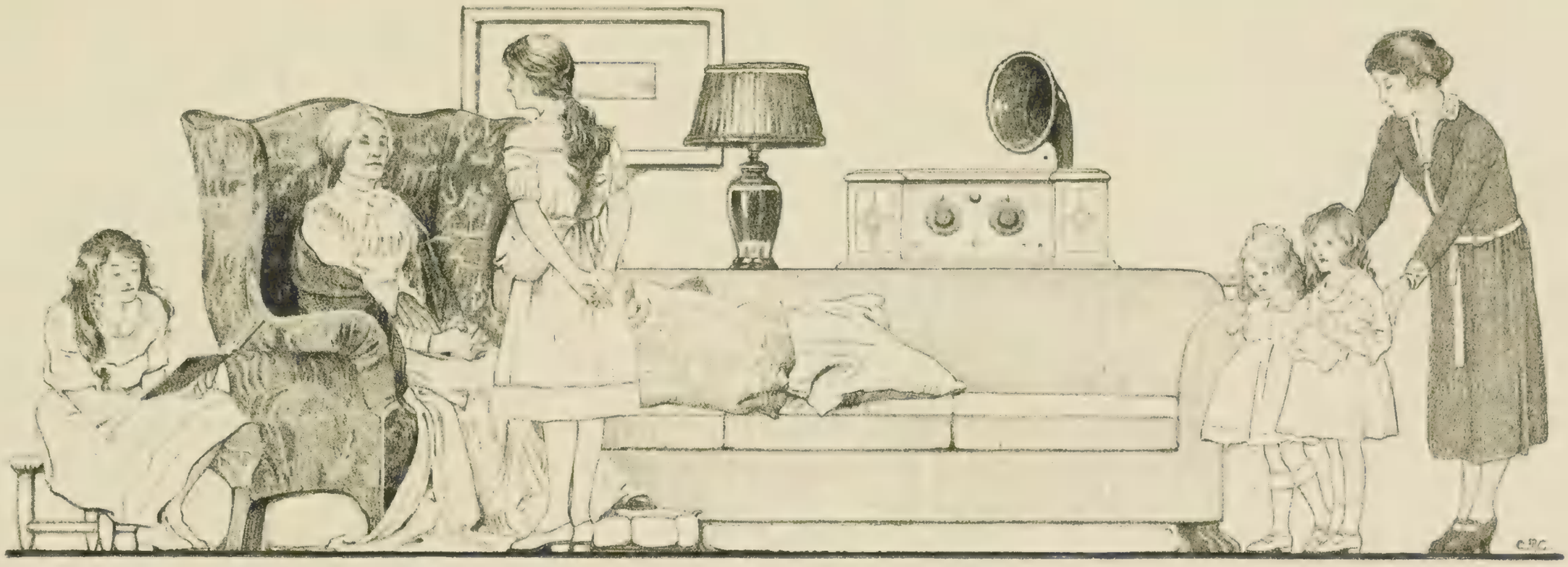


5—Of course, the man who runs the show begs Deli-bear to stay,
And act as Uncle Sam—with macaroni every day!



6—He fills his paws with centimes too. And soon our Deli-cub
Invites Pinocchio and the rest to join his Deli-club.





Are you Cheating your Child?

Good manners are an asset; bad manners a lifelong handicap

By ELSIE C. MEAD

WHAT mother would admit that she was actually cheating her children out of something that rightfully belonged to them? Yet that is what every mother is doing who allows her boys and girls to grow up rude and boorish, or lacking in knowledge or practise of the little courtesies that rub off so many of the sharp edges of daily living.

Good maners are a definite asset, like lands or bonds; they can be acquired for nothing, and yet they have a real money value as a factor in success. The wise mother will begin teaching them and forcing her children to practise them even in babyhood; for the child who has reached twelve years or more and still has no manners is a difficult problem. It means that he has resisted all previous training in thoughtfulness, and is entirely indifferent to the small amenities which should by this time be second nature to him. This is the mother's last chance to save him from future embarrassment; so she should double her efforts on his behalf. Her main obstacles are the child's budding self-consciousness and the obstinacy of bad habits. The principal thing to remember is that training without example is more useless at this age than ever before, as the child is now wise enough to detect discrepancies between precept and behavior. We can not sidestep our responsibility in being the criterion by which our children judge the world about them.

MANY of our children lack reverence, perhaps as a result of an over-emphasis on the theme "any a man is the equal of any other man in these United States." To illustrate my meaning, let me quote from a book by Helen R. Martin called "The Snob." In a monolog spoken by one of the characters in the book, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, a professor of music in the academy, he is represented as trying to impress his new neighbors in the following way: "Now just to show you how I never knuckle down to anybody, no matter how high a person it is, here once when I was courting my wife I took her for a buggy ride to visit the Gettysburg battle-field, and when we stopped on top of the hill to take in the nice view another carriage came up behind us and the driver yelled out, 'Will you drive to one side? You are obstructing the view for the President of the United States.' It was sure enough President McKinley in the buggy behind us! But do you suppose that made any difference? It did not; I had as much right to the middle of the road and the front view as the President of the United States, or any senator, or any cabinet member or even any king had! For I was an American citizen. I stood on my rights. I called back: 'I have this place and I am keeping this place.' Well, that party in the back carriage, he hollered and he bawled and he swore, but not one inch would I move till I got good and ready. Then and not till then I moved. That's the kind of man I am. I always was and I always will be."

How should we deal practically with this boastful spirit? I know no better aid to the puzzled parent than such organizations as the Camp Fire Girls or the Boy and Girl Scouts.

No child can continuously repeat the Scout Promise and salute the flag without absorbing reverence for God and country, and the slogan "No day without a good deed to crown it" is a definite call to unselfishness.

Sloppiness in speech also is characteristic of this age, "yup" taking the plan of "Yes, mother," and "Yes, sir," which are so attractive.

The abbreviations "ma" and "pa" or "mama" and "papa" should now be supplanted by "mother" and "father." "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," have survived and are properly used by younger persons to older ones or by employees to their business superiors. On the other hand, I believe "No, ma'am," and "Yes, ma'am" should be dropped entirely from our vocabulary, and we should use instead "No, mother," or "Yes, Mrs. X."

The children who are sent away to school often return with certain improved ideas of behavior; a child, induced by herd psychology, has learned to rise with less awkwardness when older people enter the room and seems more at ease in greeting people.

But invariably the children return from boarding-school with table manners impaired, due no doubt to the usual rush of school meals, lack of checking up and the example of other careless children.

Remember, however, not to correct the child at table, but note very carefully all efforts made in the right direction and be sure to emphasize these when calling attention to his delinquencies. Corrections before people should only be resorted to when other means have failed, and should be held over the child as a wholesome threat, for the child of scout age usually has a good deal of pride and the wise appeal to this often succeeds better than punishment. A youngster should be taught there is no such thing as "company table manners," and that decent behavior must be practised at home as well as abroad.

IF ANY one asked me to enumerate proper table manners for a child, I should say first, "No talking unless spoken to." Children eat more than adults and should learn to eat slowly and chew properly, and this can not be done if they keep up a constant chatter, to say nothing of the consequent discomfort to the adults present. Second, the child should learn to chew with his mouth shut; third, he should break his bread in small pieces before buttering it; fourth, he should eat his soup quietly from the side of the spoon; fifth, he should learn to serve himself from the platter and vegetable dish without going at them as if he were shoveling coal, and he should not use his knife as if it were a saw. Also he should learn not to pile his plate to overflowing.

I do not overlook the fact that there are some children who never seem to learn, and they perhaps must be studied and treated in different ways from the ones I have suggested. The dreamy, absent-minded child, if not checked up, grows up into a neglectful, sloppy adult. With the shy child who from sheer self-consciousness does the rude and awkward thing, sympathetic judgment must be used, for too constant correcting of such a child will only strengthen the habit by increasing his self-consciousness. A careful selection of companions and wise praise when things go right, calling attention to the politeness of other children, are some of the means that can be used with a diffident child.

Interrupting is never excusable (unless the house is on fire). We unconsciously encourage it by answering in order to be done with the child and send him on his way. Do not let this annoying practise get any hold on him.

If you notice that your children do not shake hands properly by grasping the hand firmly and looking at the person they are greeting, insist on this with both your boys and girls. Your boy almost unconsciously learns to doff his hat to women on the street and removes it, on coming indoors, in emulation of his father. You also teach your boy to give his seat to a woman in a trolley-car.

The mother has a real problem to solve when she has been holding up the father as the ideal of masculine behavior and he returns at night tired and, heedless of the example he is setting, slams the doors, answers questions abruptly, forgets to draw out his wife's chair at the dining-table, and behaves generally like a careless boy.

Making unnecessary noise is bad manners; and if this has not been cured in the nursery age, make a point of doing it now. Slamming of doors, banging up and down stairs, slinging shoes on the floor, flopping into a chair with one's entire weight are particularly obnoxious performances. Members of a family may become immune to such a hubbub and only notice it when a guest is seen to wince, but the tired lines in the face of the mother are often caused by the racket she has had to endure.

There is such a furor of camping and an easy-going attitude toward the informality of clothes that a little studied discipline along these lines will not come amiss. Children of the post-nursery age should be required to change their clothes for the evening meal—it is a cleanly and well-bred custom and the reaction is an increased self-respect. Too much casualness soon deteriorates into a definite lower standard of living.

I MUST make a plea for concerted action, for there is nothing that so undermines the discipline and clogs the machinery of a home as when a child knows that he can appeal from the judgment of one parent to another.

The various ideas I have discussed in these articles are not new and have been written about for many years, but my reiteration is a very earnest reminder to my readers who have children under their control to regard manners as the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace—and that if children do not acquire them at home, they will go through life with a severe handicap. We need never fear in this day of freedom and unconventionality that by overtraining we run the risk of making our children the prigs of a former generation.

Ways of keeping food from spoiling

By CLARIBEL NYE

CHILLS THAT MEAN HEALTH

Your staunch friend—the refrigerator—will help you prevent food spoilage. But do you know how to keep your refrigerator spotless and sweet-smelling, so that odors will not conflict; how to use ice economically?

All the problems of refrigerator selection and care are discussed in "Your Refrigerator," the new leaflet prepared by the Home-Making Department, which will be sent for just a two-cent stamp to cover postage. Send your request to the Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*

MOLD on the bread, bubbles through the can of fruit opened just yesterday—these and many other equally disagreeable instances of untimely spoiling of food are the common experiences of home-makers at this season of the year.

Much of the loss of food through spoilage is due to living organisms such as yeast, mold or bacteria. High temperatures, as in boiling or steaming, will, if given time, destroy them. Low temperatures, as in a good ice-box, will check them. The use of salt, sugar, vinegar or a coating of fat, oil or paraffin often helps.

Cooking or recooking is the most common way of delaying spoilage. Left-over food may often be kept several days by being brought to the boiling-point for two or three minutes, cooled quickly and kept in a cool place. Left-over soups or soup-stock, gravies, vegetables, meats, fruits and milk may be thus saved from immediate spoilage.

Rapid cooling of foods that have been heat-treated and are not to be eaten immediately is very important. It is always dangerous to leave a bulk of hot food to cool slowly in a warm place, for it favors the growth of any harmful bacteria which may not have been destroyed by cooking. If a large quantity of food is to be protected from spoilage, it should be divided into smaller portions and cooled in shallow receptacles in a cool and clean place.

Foods should not be covered while they are cooling, except with a piece of thin, clean cheesecloth, and bread should never be wrapped while it is still warm or moist.

When soup-stock is made, all the fat should be left on the meat. When the soup cools, this hardens on the surface of the stock. Soup-stock should be allowed to cool rapidly, should be put away at once in a cool place and the cake of fat on the surface should be left unbroken until just before the soup is used. If there is more than is needed for the one meal, reheat the stock with the fat returned to it, boil several minutes and treat as if it were fresh stock.

Parts of roasts may be kept from spoiling by roasting them again for half an hour. If the meat is already well done, it may be covered with a wet cloth before being placed in the roaster to reheat.

Meats keep longer if they are not cut in small pieces either before or after cooking. Poultry will keep longer undrawn than drawn, therefore it is well to have it untouched until just before it is to be cooked. If in very hot weather cold cooked meat has been cut in small pieces, it should be spread out in shallow pans placed if possible between pans of ice; or if it is to be used for salad, it may be thoroughly marinated with a marinade made as follows:

3 tablespoons oil	½ teaspoon pepper
6 tablespoons vinegar	½ teaspoon onion-juice
1 teaspoon salt	(if desired)

Mix the ingredients thoroughly in the order given. The oil and vinegar will delay spoilage and improve the flavor of the salad.

The spoilage of meats which can not be used immediately may also be somewhat delayed by sprinkling with salt and pepper, using the amounts customary for flavoring. The salt and pepper should be rubbed on well or pounded in. Vinegar is of much greater assistance in delaying spoilage. Cover the meat closely with a cloth saturated with vinegar. Either wet the cloth repeatedly with vinegar or arrange the cloth-wrapped meat so that an edge of the cloth dips into a small pan of vinegar and in this way is kept constantly wet with it. The vinegar helps to make the meat tender. Practically all the vinegar volatilizes in the cooking so there is little flavor of it left in the meat. The same procedure may be followed with cooked meat, but unless it is reheated the flavor of the vinegar will be noticeable.

In many homes it is customary to buy whole hams, and unless the ham is used quickly the cut ends may mold. This can be prevented by covering this cut surface of the ham with a cloth saturated with vinegar. The ham may also be protected by brushing the cut end with hot fat.

Many a farm household keeps for a varying length of time sausage or ducks or chickens which are first fried or cooked thoroughly, then packed into a clean crock and covered with slightly smoking hot fat.

Brine is particularly useful in preventing butter from deterioration. It should be a saturated solution—that is, salt should be added until no more will dissolve in the water. If any butter rises above the top of the brine, it will spoil; therefore an inverted plate or saucer should be placed on the brine and held down with a clean stone or some weight other than metal. The housekeeper who keeps butter by the crock should cover the butter with a cloth wet in brine.

To keep cheese from drying out wrap the cut surface with cheese-cloth wet with vinegar or cover it with cheese-cloth and brush the cloth with melted paraffin.

Mold is a common cause of spoilage in the case of breadstuffs. To delay or prevent molding several precautions are worth following. Do not wrap freshly-baked

Concluded on page 56

Home-making Department

Directed by MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the New York State College of Home Economics, Cornell University

This article is written because spoilage is expensive waste. It is the loss of a little food here and there through unwise purchase or careless planning of meals or failure to protect it from spoilage which has made the French say that they could live on what we waste in our kitchens.

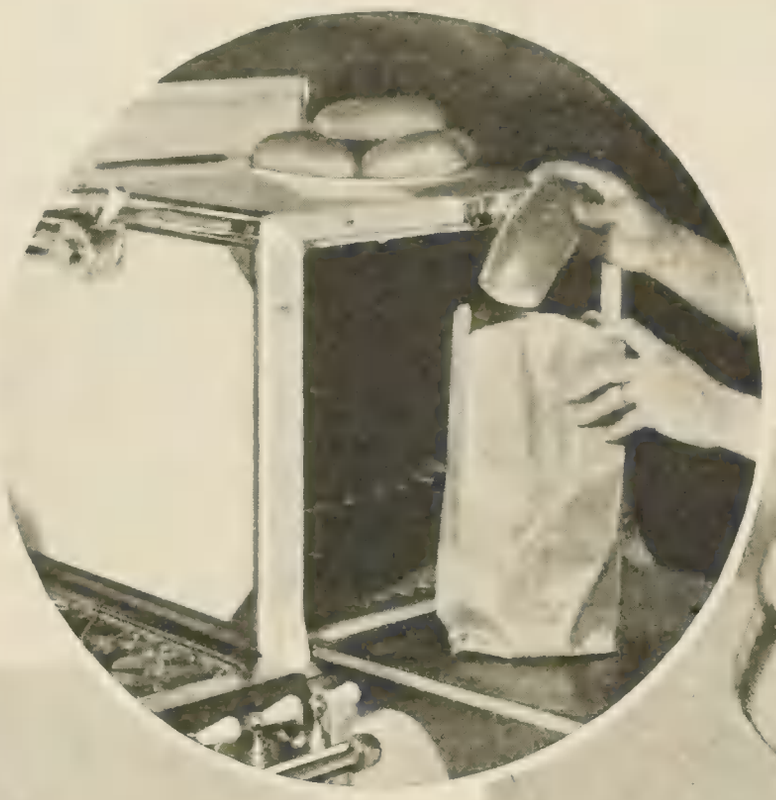
With most of us the income is not sufficient to feed the family and provide for waste as well. And why should our income provide for waste when it can be put to better use—to home or health or education?

Just common every-day waste capitalized into savings is the best way to pile up a surplus or pay our debts.

Martha Van Rensselaer

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IF THE MEAT IS ALREADY WELL DONE, COVER WITH WET CLOTH BEFORE REHEATING

TO FRESHEN ROLLS, MOISTEN THEM, PUT IN PAPER BAG, AND REHEAT



COOKED FOWL MAY BE KEPT BY COVERING IT WITH SLIGHTLY SMOKING HOT FAT

Summer Frills *for* old Favorites

Department *of* Home Building *and* Furnishings

Directed by MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS



To the Lovers of the Home Beautiful: This popular department is now, you see, definitely established among THE DELINEATOR'S famous group. Your kind support has made this possible. In return, I invite your counsel and your criticism. You have building and furnishing problems, and it is my pleasure to serve you and help you solve them. Please consider me your friend and write me often.

LEONTINE H. SANDERS.

From this decorative water-proof material you can easily make a magazine-rack, apron, and many other articles. For full directions write Mrs. Sanders, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, enclosing merely a two-cent stamp for postage.



For porch use, house furniture may be protected with decorated coverings. Cut a paper pattern of the upper back and seat of the chair, leaving the sides open and scalloping the lower edges. Lay pattern on the fabric and cut. Insert eyelets along the sides and lace together with blue cord. Outline scallops in blue oil-paint, and apply DELINEATOR stencil pattern No. 40 in blue, yellow and green paint. The table covering may be made by cutting a cover pattern from a bridge-table and lacing together and decorating to match chair coverings.

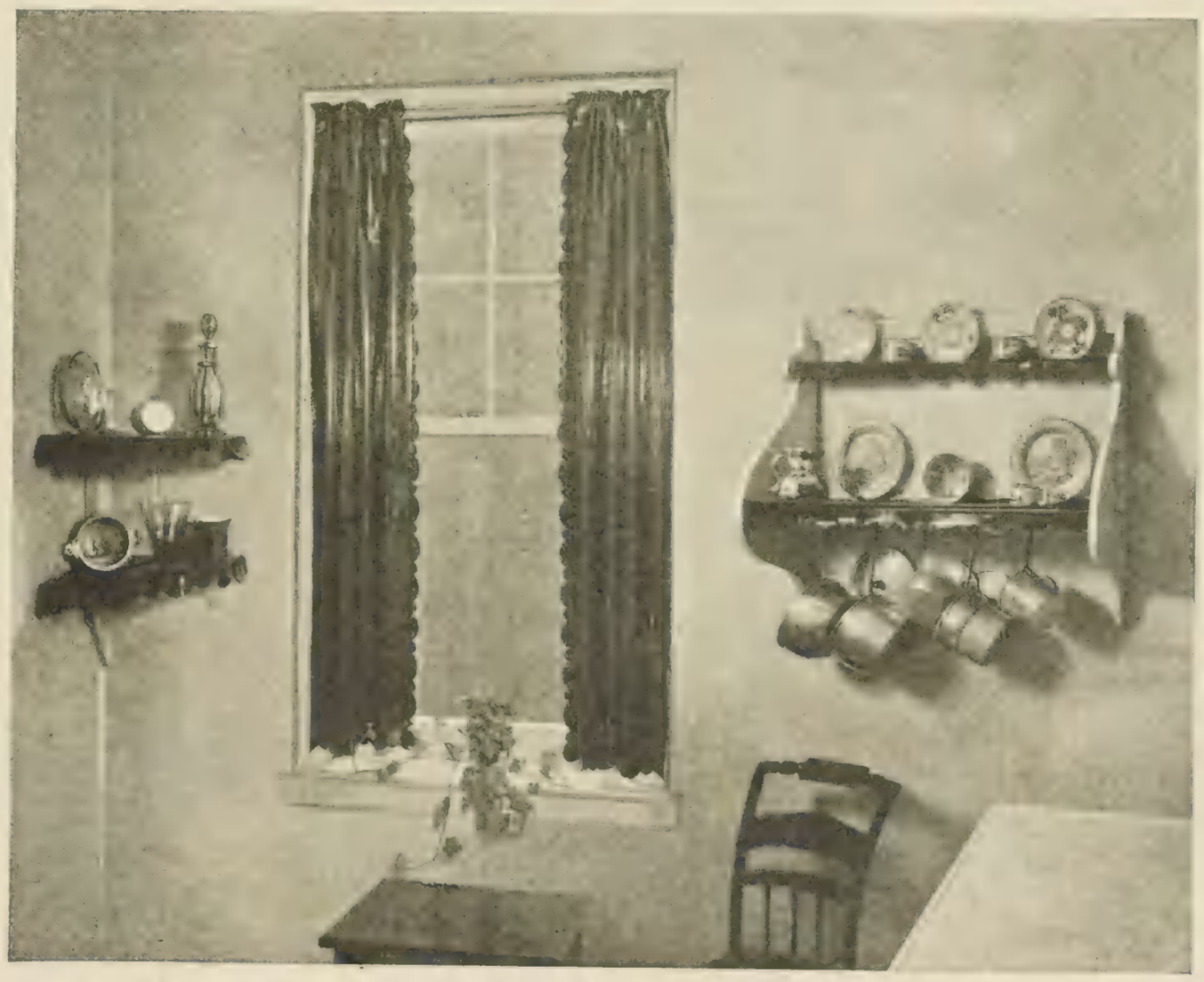


A YARD OF BUFF-COLORED MATERIAL AND A "DELINEATOR" STENCIL MAKE THIS ATTRACTIVE LUNCHEON-SET, WHICH IS CUT ON PERFECTLY STRAIGHT LINES, WITH THE CORNERS LOPPED OFF FOR VARIATION

In the illustration above, the black water-proof fabric makes unusual slip-covers for the seat and back cushions of a painted wicker chair. Measure and cut materials as you would for covering adjustable furniture cushions. Then bind and stitch the seams with a bright orange or blue of the same water-proof material or with cotton tape. Leave one seam open at the lower back of each to insert the cushion. Gloucester hammocks and other outdoor furniture with exposed delicate fabrics may have cushions covered with this interesting material.



Quite the most individual hammock, porch or motor-boat cushions one could make. Rose and black, black and green, burnt orange and blue, are the colors used in the group. The checkered cushion is made by cutting two pieces of plain black material nineteen inches square. On one of these squares are appliquéd five smaller apple-green squares, six by six, checker-board fashion. Stitch these close to the edge without turning in edges. Then sew up side seams, bind with apple-green, and finish corners with colored wooden balls.



YES, KITCHEN-WINDOW CURTAINS AND SHELF-COVERS TO MATCH, ALL OF BRIGHT RED. THE SCALLOPS ARE BUTTONHOLED, AND DOTTED WITH BLACK PAINT



This garden flower-basket, useful also for a host of other purposes, in colors suitable for the out-of-doors, holds scissors and trowel in small pockets just under the handle. To make, cut one circle of the green water-proof material twenty-one inches in diameter, and another of pale yellow one-half inch wider. Lay wrong sides together. The green will be the outside of the basket; turn over this one-half inch of the yellow around circle and stitch. Over stitching paint a one-fourth-inch brown band. Cut two green triangles eight inches long and six inches at base. Bind and paint to match edge of circle. Two eighteen-inch bands are stitched under pockets as handles.

Beauty and the Ice-box

By

CELIA CAROLINE COLE

ONCE we had to stay in town until August. And because we had never before known Summer in a city, and for years had known it only with the waves sprawling over us and the golf-course stretching around us, we were no more prepared for the thing that hot pavements do to your feet, what miles of city streets without a single garden do to your eyes and mind, and what sun without wind and waves do to your body and soul, than a baby who has frolicked with the stars is prepared for rattles and safety pins.

Three things impressed us the first hot day we went out—our own discomfort, the cool, smart, picturesque women on the streets, and the hot, tired-looking men.

And the next time we went out we looked cool and pleasant, too, for we had done the thing we are always preaching to everybody else to do—we had learned how.

Keep in the top of the ice-box, along with the lettuce and milk and grape-juice and ginger ale, your bottle of tonic or astringent. Then always have a pad of absorbent cotton spread over the ice, so that any moment you can give your face and neck a deliciously cool cleansing tonic bath or, after the cold-cream cleansing, a cold refreshing astringent pat; then use wich-hazel.

And there is a glorious almond bath-paste that comforts you like a racy sea-breeze when you come home all hot and discouraged. You dip into a lukewarm tub and then, standing up, wet, take a little of the paste in your palm and rub it all over you, fragrant and cooling and very cleansing. After you have rubbed it in thoroughly, run a cool shower or dip again into the tub and rinse off the paste.



EXERCISES FOR THAT SAGGED LOOK

Another cooling bath is an Epsom-salt sponge; then do not dry yourself with a towel, but let the air dry you. Go to bed, and in the morning shower the salt off, or take a cold or lukewarm plunge.

Take an air-bath every day or night; it is second in value—so far as beauty goes—to a water bath. Nearly one per cent. of the total amount of oxygen taken into the body is taken in through the skin. Make a point of every day going about your room or lying down free of all clothes Let all your pores breathe. You'll take cold less frequently. Early morning sun, evening cool—let your whole body enjoy it, fetterless and comfortable. Modesties, like people, are divided into two groups, the false and the true.

Feet that have been on hot city pavements should be bathed at night in very warm water, then in cold; put a little cooling Epsom salt in the warm water, or some healing lotion, then give them an air-bath, all night long, if you can.

If you are not in the office, but can stay at home, a good way to defeat that sagged hot-weather look is to get up about five in the morning, take a plunge or shower, do a few setting-up exercises—we'll send you a hot-weather set, if you like—cleanse the face with the cool tonic, then do all those things you have to do in the daily round before the sun is hot upon your head. At two o'clock lie down and take your air-bath. Sleep. Lose in sleep those stupid hours from two to five.

When you make ready to saunter out into the gaieties, there are several very pleasant things you can do to keep fresh and cool-looking. After cleansing and patting with cold tonic or astringent, you can put on a delightful, rather frothy cream, which you lightly pat in, leave on for ten or twenty minutes until it is nearly absorbed, then wipe off with a tissue; next, lightly rub in a foundation cream which is the complement of this frothy cream, made very thin by adding a bit of tonic; then—oh, so swiftly!—run ice over the face once or twice, no more, and pat it dry with tissue. A whiff of rouge, powder, you are like cool creamy velvet, and you'll stay that way.



COLD CREAMS WILL HELP YOU TO LOOK FRESH AND COOL



TO MAKE YOUR SKIN TONIC MORE REFRESHING, KEEP IT IN THE ICE-BOX

Another beautiful protection against looking hot is that luscious cream that water won't wash off and no perspiration will come through. Dilute it with tonic and rub on smoothly; the oxid in it makes it cling and is beneficial to the skin. It gives a very lovely tone. Or mix with the one perfect liquid powder a bit of a velvety foundation cream that is as white and cool and dazzling as snow always is in poetry, mix in the palm of the hand, rub on lightly, smooth with a tissue. Again the cool velvety look that won't come shiny, even though you dance on a hot night or play tennis in glaring sun.

For perspiration there are several very good deodorants on the market, a beautiful new one that is not medicated, and that other which not only deodorizes but regulates perspiration and is absolutely harmless. Common baking-soda fluffed under the arms with a puff is also effective and harmless.

There is an eye treatment for relief of eyes after the glare and dirt of day and after sleepless or festive nights. Cleanse with an eye-tonic or boric-acid water or mild salt water boiled, then look up and press a delicious eye-cream, soft and fragrant and nourishing, lightly but firmly beneath the eyes and at the corners where the "crow's-feet" come, close the eyes, press over the lids, leave on for five minutes. Relax in an easy-chair with a bowl of very hot water beside you. Then take the little comforting eye-packs that are the heart and soul of this treatment, made of fragrant, healing herbs, dip in the hot water, lay over the eyes, mold them close. Lie and dream. Then do it again. And again, as long as you like. Then when you have rested enough, dip a piece of absorbent cotton into ice-water, squeeze out, saturate with eye-astringent and pat gently on and around the eyes. The "burnt holes in the blanket" vanish.

The eye cream should be applied every night and left on all night. So many good-looking men have puffs under their eyes. The above treatment will reduce those puffs to nothing, if faithfully done. And there is another extremely good puff reducer on the market. Just why a man can be called good-looking, even when he has a bald head, a bow window and puffs under his eyes, we don't know. But we do know that his wife would create a tremendous to-do if she tried to "get by" with them. If we of the stancher sex would be a little more stern with them in our judgment, these almost handsome men, perhaps there would be fewer puffs and bow windows and bald heads in the world.

Glare and heat and dust—but beauty walks in their midst like a lily rising from the mud.

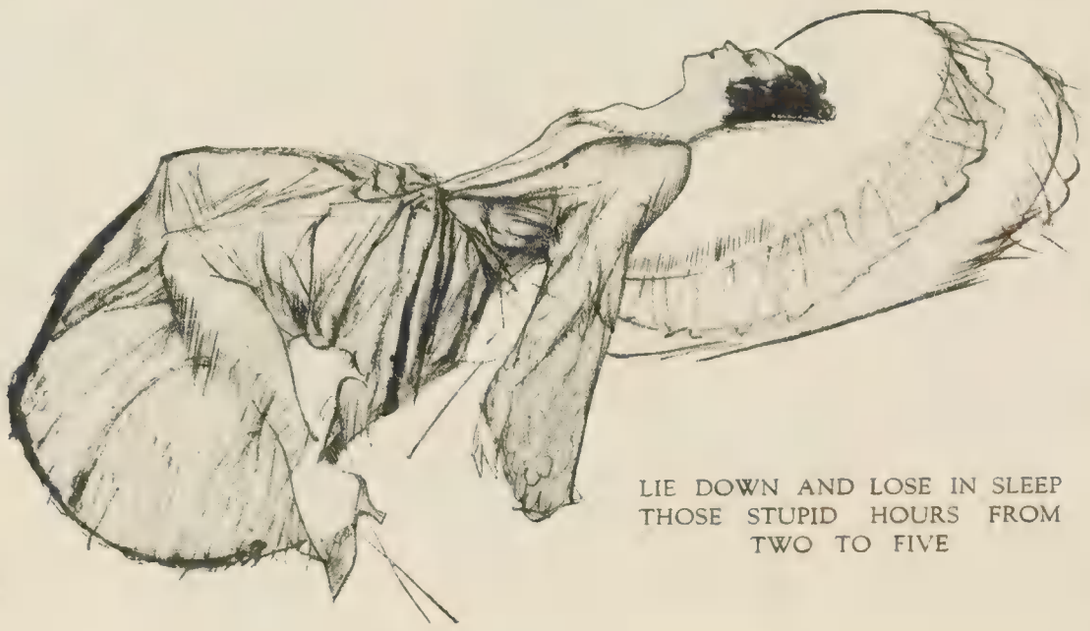
Have we ever told you about the revival we once read about where everybody got awfully excited and leaped to his feet and shouted, "I want to be saved, Lord, I want to be saved!" Emotion rose like a swift tide. A small girl of five years was caught in it; her eyes grew as mysterious as stars, her lips began to whisper. Her father caught her up and, lifting her high, cried out, "Hear what a little child has to say." "I want a pink sash!" she shouted with all her might.

That's what we want. Only our pink sash is a wide, floating cobweb of beauty that will enfold not only every woman in the world but men too, so that ugly human beings become as extinct as the dinosaur.

It can be done. Think what a race of gods would walk the earth.

ARE YOUR SPIRITS AT ZERO

when the thermometer is at a hundred? If they are, it's probably because you know you don't look your best. Sticky clothes, shiny nose, damp, unruly hair—they're enough to make anyone miserable. But there are ways of beating the weather. Celia Caroline Cole has told you some in this article, and she has prepared two leaflets that will be of further help in giving you hot-weather comfort. Send a two-cent stamp for postage, and we will mail you "How to Keep Cool in Summer" and "Treatment of Sunburn and Tan." If you have any other beauty problems just drop a line, enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage, to The Beauty Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



LIE DOWN AND LOSE IN SLEEP THOSE STUPID HOURS FROM TWO TO FIVE

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE BUTTERICK PARIS SHOP SHOW PLAITS AND FLARES FOR COATS AND FROCKS



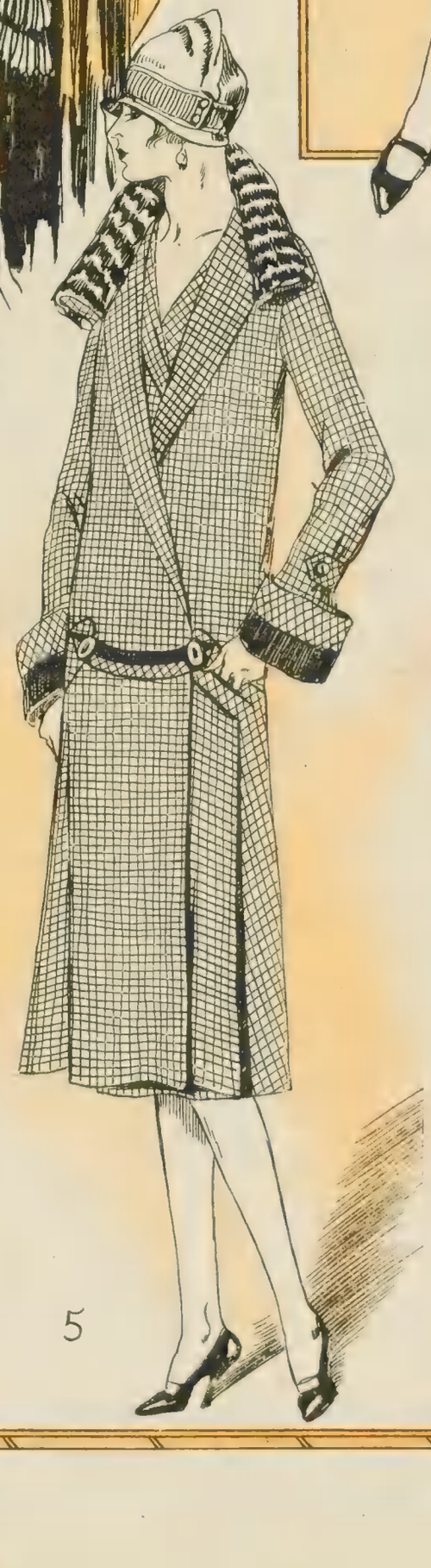
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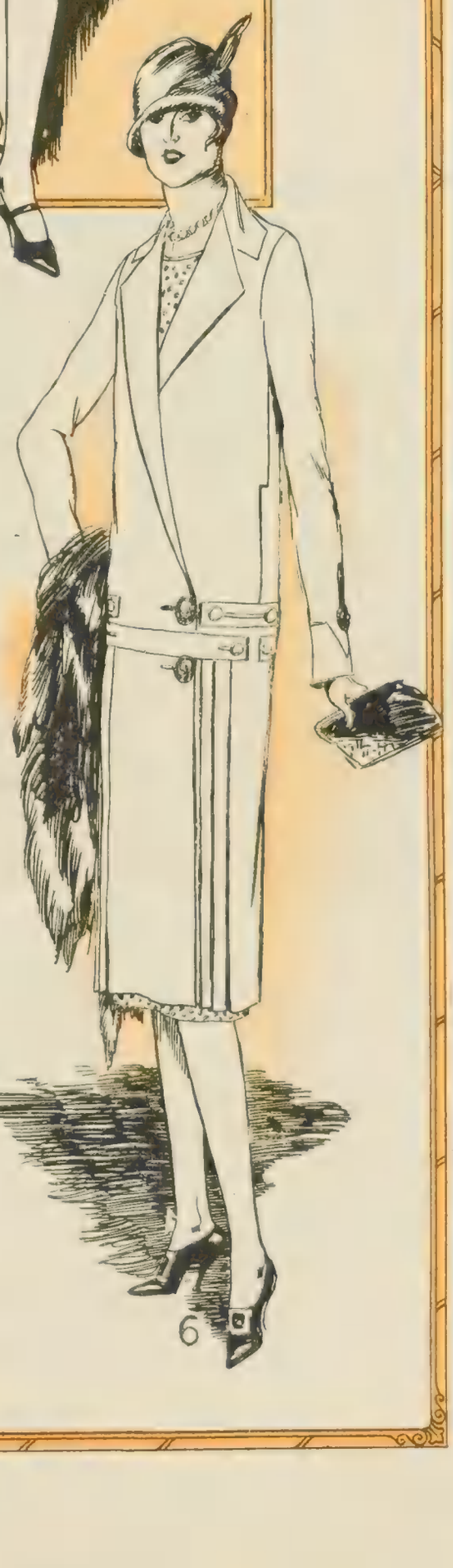
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6

1. Copper bands at the décolleté and below the hip gleam through the meshes of a Havana-brown lace frock from Drecoll. The flared gores or godets, which one sees everywhere in Paris, run up higher at the front than in back

2. Bernard uses two tones of gray with the darker gray for bands at the hem, cuffs and for tassel ends. Inverted plaits are cleverly inserted in this frock to give the fulness that the short skirt is beginning to insist on

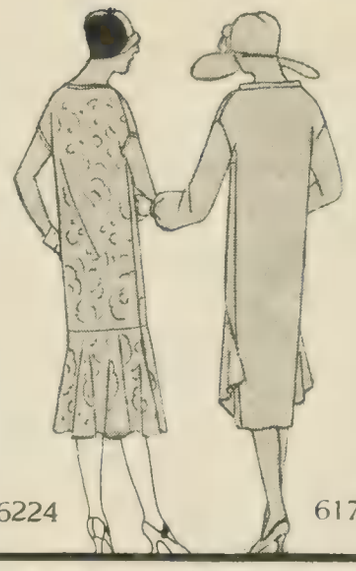
3. Charlotte borrows the wood browns for this lovely ensemble suit. The coat flares open or is wrapped around and held at one side. The flared sleeve, and tie-collar and box-plaited apron of the frock are typically Parisian and chic

4. Phillippe et Gaston reverse the position of the circular flare. Slip up the center back it circles the figure and brings up at each side front on a coat of mixed white, red and brown burafyle. The collar, pipings and buttons are of red brown soft kid. Modele déposé

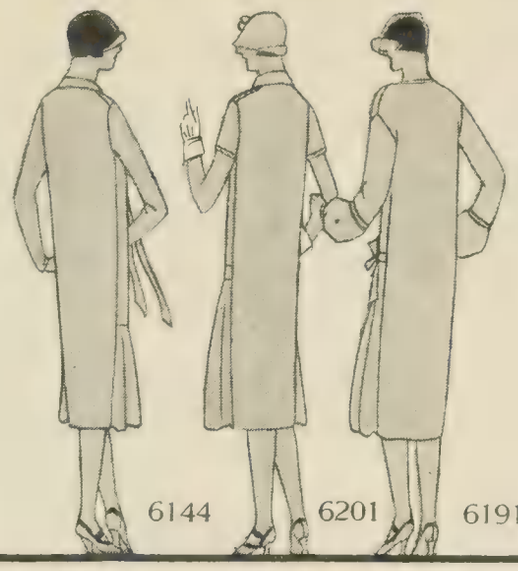
5. Georgette takes brown and beige for an ensemble suit of check kasha with a collar of chat tigré. *Plain brown kasha bands trim the belt, cuffs and along the line of the flare. The buttons are of brown wood*

6. Very much belted above, this coat has plenty of freedom below in flat plaits at each side front and back. Made of green popla, it is trimmed with stitched-down slits on the collar, cuffs and belts. The buttons are of green galalith. From Marie-Louise (Blanche Lebouvier)





6224 6172



6144 6201 6191



FASHION HAS A FLARE FOR FULNESS

INVERTED PLAIT OR

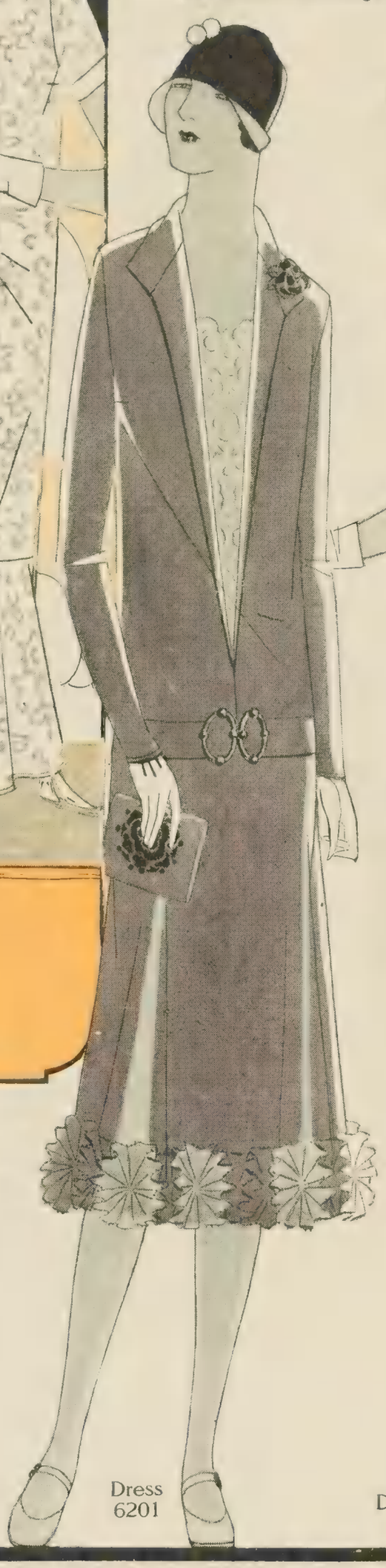
6191—The new fulness forms a godet on the left hip. This slip-over one-piece dress has an underarm seam on one side only when bordered wide silks such as silk crêpe, crêpe satin or crêpe de Chine, or (for certain figures) other wide materials, are used. Narrower materials require seams on both sides. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 54 ins.

36 bust requires 1½ yards 54-inch bordered silk.

The dress is charming for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 6224 Dress 6172 Dress 6144



Dress 6201



Dress 6191

6224—A circular flounce lengthens the one-piece upper part of a slip-over frock. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma or Georgette with lace edging, or printed crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine (flounce cut crosswise). Lower edge 2⅝ yards.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6144—Half a flounce is quite as smart as a whole one according to a one-piece slip-over frock, close-fitting at the hipline, with a circular flare across the front. Use Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, satin, radium, printed with plain to match, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch printed crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6172—"*Most* attractive" is the comment on this tie collar and sectional apron attached in a fancy outline. Make this slip-over one-piece frock of flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma, crêpe satin, etc., with lace, etc.

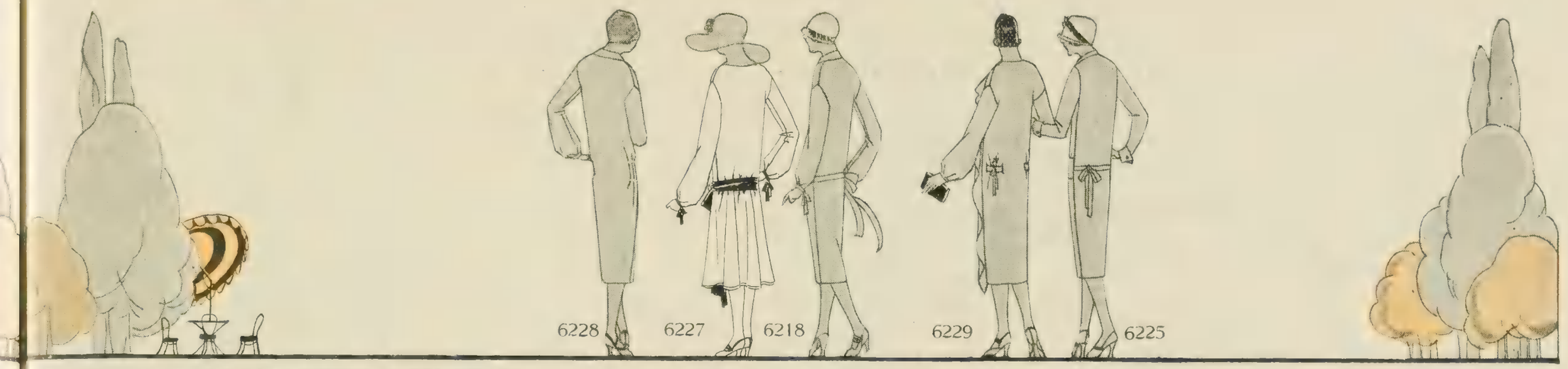
36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch Georgette, 1 yard 35-inch lace. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6201—Assured chic distinguishes a new type of frock with a circular front attached below the hipline. It is a one-piece dress and slips on over the head. Use taffeta, faille silk, crêpe satin, satin Canton or Canton crêpe with Venise lace; or flat crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 44 inches

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



OR OBTAINS MORE WIDTH BY THE ULL STRAIGHT SKIRT

6228—With inverted tucks at the sides a charming slip-over one-piece frock may be made of flat crêpe, crêpe satin, satin Canton, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or crêpe de Chine, with contrasting or with a crêpe de Chine tie. The straight lower edge makes it suitable for the bordered wide crêpe de Chines, silk crêpes, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch flat crêpe..

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 6228 Dress 6227 Dress 6218 Dress 6229 Dress 6225

6227—Staging a comeback, the full straight skirt is attached at the low waistline of a slip-over frock of printed Georgette, chiffon or chiffon voile, with a flesh-colored satin narrow drop skirt and long camisole lining, etc. Lower edge of skirt 3 yards.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch printed Georgette and ⅞ yard 39-inch plain Georgette.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6218—Fashion adores a jabot. This lace edging one flanks the center closing of a slip-over dress of crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, etc. The straight lower edge makes this one-piece dress suitable for crosswise designs, etc. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6229—The tuck gives the Russian closing effect on this slip-over frock. Make this one-piece dress with its straight lower edge of crêpe satin, satin Canton, etc. With wide borders or (for certain figures) other wide materials make it without underarm seams.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch printed crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6225—A good dress for sports has a wide belt at the front in a two-piece effect. It fits the hipline closely, has an inverted plait at the center front and a straight lower edge. Use silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine or flannel, striped with plain, etc.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 35-inch cotton broadcloth. Lower edge with plait drawn out 51 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

FASHION'S FAVOR SWINGS TO CIRCULAR FLOUNCES AND APRONS, TO TABS AND RIBBONS RUN THROUGH SLASHES, TO DOUBLED JABOTS FOR DOUBLED CHIC

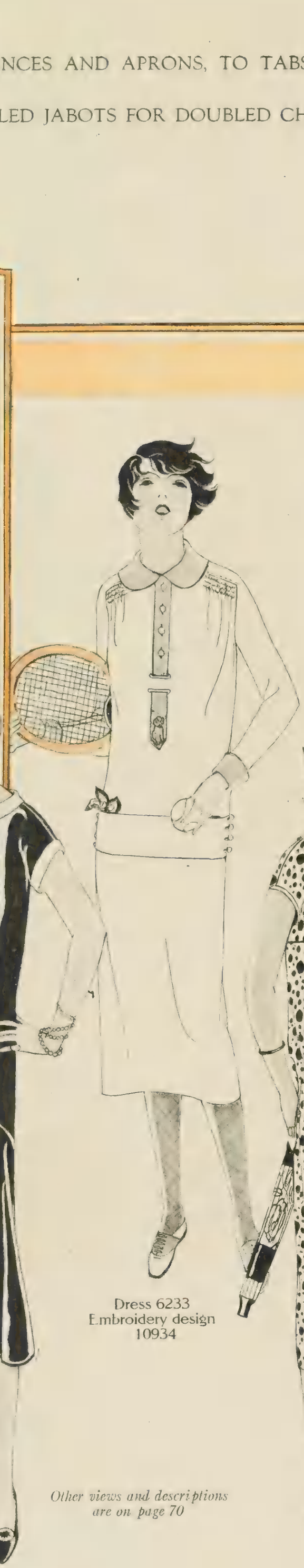


Dress 6209

Dress 6171



Dress 6160



Dress 6233
Embroidery design
10934



Dress 6166



Dress 6197

Dress 6151

Other views and descriptions are on page 70

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 60.



Other views and descriptions are on page 70

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THE SUMMER MODE FAVORS PRINTS, THE STRAIGHT PLAITS, THE SOFT GODETS



Dress 6157 Dress 6185

THE fulness that has crept into style depends largely on the time, the place and the flounce. The time, of course, is Summer—the thin Summer silks and sheer cotton materials seem to demand the softness that fulness gives. The place is at the front of the frock and the flounce is of many types—plaited, shirred, circular or sectional. The boyish mode, observing the new trend of fashion, has adopted a tailored fulness in a box-plaited section and inserted it smartly across the front in a picket-fence outline.

The ripple of godets, the graceful droop of jabots, the shirrings of the apron and the flutter of the tie collar all emphasize the new soft note and feminize smart dress once more.

Other views and descriptions are on page 71

Dress 6154 Dress 6181 Dress 6179 Dress 6189

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FLOUNCES AND FLOWERED LINES OF STRIPES AND DROOP OF APRONS, AND JABOTS



INTEREST in Summer silks and cottons is divided, like all Gaul, in three parts, for the printed materials, the striped ones and the lovely borders bid equally for the smart woman's patronage. The popularity of this charming trio sweeps on undiminished as the season rolls along and definitely establishes as truth the fashion forecast that the Summer would be gay with the bright colors and designs that bloomed in the shops this Spring. Every type of print is finding favor. It matters not whether it is small and intricate or large and free, whether it runs in stripes, circles, vertical and horizontal bars or in the curving lines of iron-work tracery. "All designs that are fit to print" seems to be the slogan.

Other views and descriptions are on page 72

Dress and bloomers 6135
French doll 10296

Dress 6202

Dress 6167

Suspender skirt and blouse 6176

Suit 6192

Dress 6184

Dress 6165
Embroidery design
10283

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 73

Dress and bloomers 6200

Rompers 6190
Embroidery design
10365

Dress 6186
Tam-o'-shanter 6188

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IN HOLIDAY MOOD FROCKS ARE GAY WITH PRINTS AND STRIPES AND BORDERS OR VERY MUCH FRILLED OR BRIGHT WITH SMOCKING AND EMBROIDERY



Dress 6155
Embroidery
design 10230

Dress 6208
Hat 6089

Dress 6214

Dress 6137

Dress 6212
Hat 4491

Dress and bloomers 6206
Hat 5214

Dress 6223

Dress 6221

Dress 6230

Dress and
bloomers 6204
Sunbonnet 3727

Other views and descriptions are given on page 73

ONE goes down to the sea in stripes and prints or in plain-color dresses for the Summer holidays, or to the mountains similarly smart. Tiny frocks are made of cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe, linen, linen-finished cottons, fine cotton crêpe, pin-check ginghams, pin-dot swiss, cotton voile, chambray, organdy, dimity, pongee, shantung silk broadcloth, challis, etc. More elaborate ones choose crêpe de Chine, Georgette, taffeta, net or point d'esprit.

The grown-up vacationer can wear the lovely bordered wide silk crêpes, crêpe de Chines and crêpe satins, or the plain or printed materials of the silk-crêpe family including crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, satin Canton, flat crêpe, crêpe satin, etc.

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Dress 6215 6215
Embroidery design 10222

Dress 6231 6231

Dress 6217 6217 6203 6219 6199 Dress 6199

6215—10222—On the theory that one can not have too much of a good thing, a wrap-around frock inserts a plaited section at each side. The appliquéd flowers trim the shoulder and closing. Make them of harmonizing colors. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton or plain satin with contrasting silk crêpe; flat crêpe, Canton crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine with contrasting for this one-piece frock. For early Autumn use wool crêpe, soft twills, worsteds, kasha, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge with plaits out 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch flat crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6203—Youthful slenderness is the impression this one-piece frock gives. It slips on over the head and the lower edge is straight. It may be made of crêpe de Chine, radium, shantung, cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton shantung or linen-finished cottons, printed or striped with plain to match; striped or plaid linen, plaid cotton crêpe of good weight or gingham with plain to match; striped or plain silk broadcloth, striped or plain flannel, wool jersey, etc. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch silk check.

The dress is charming for ladies 33 to 41 bust, also misses.

THE APPEAL OF YOUTH LIES IN FROCKS THAT SLENDERIZE BY THE LONG LINES OF COLLARS, CLOSINGS, PLAITS OR STRIPES

6217—The simple frock is the one for borders. It needs no other trimming. Make this one-piece slip-over dress of bordered silks such as heavy silk crêpe, crêpe satin or crêpe de Chine, or half-and-half flannel, etc., with plain to match; novelty faille and satin, crosswise designs, heavy silk crêpe, ribbed silks, etc. It has a straight lower edge and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. It may have a body lining. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 54-inch bordered flannel.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6199—Plaits make the short skirt wearable without destroying the straight silhouette. They are inserted at the left side of this one-piece dress which fits the hipline closely. The lower edge is straight. Use heavy silk crêpe with satin, heavy satin or wool crêpe with silk crêpe. For traveling or for early Autumn use twills, worsteds, cashmere, kasha or camel's-hair twills with faille silk or silk crêpe in a harmonizing color, etc. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch heavy satin.

The dress is attractive for ladies 36 to 50 bust.

6219—For street wear and for traveling no costume quite equals the coat-dress. Smartly tailored, this straight-line frock fits closely at the hipline. Use flannel, twills, worsteds, cashmere, wool crêpe, kasha, camel's-hair twills, stripes, plaids or checks with harmonizing crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe; or serge with harmonizing satin. Or make it of wool rep with satin to harmonize. It may have a French body lining and may be worn with a belt. The smart front closing makes it easy to slip into. Lower edge 45½ inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch flannel.

The dress is becoming to ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6231—This wearable frock is becoming to practically all types. It is a one-piece dress and it slips on over the head. The lower edge is straight and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Make it of heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, cotton pongee or cotton broadcloth with contrasting or striped or printed with plain to match; silk broadcloth with contrasting or striped with plain to match; light-weight flannel or light-weight wool jersey, striped or printed radium with plain to match, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch striped flannel.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

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6237 Dress 6237



Coat 6232
Embroidery
design 10119

Dress 6238



Dress 6236 6236
Embroidery design 10208



Coat
6235

6235 6232 6238 6234

Dress
6234

6237—The circular skirt swings in a new mode for Summer frocks. This one is of the two-piece type and is joined at the hipline to a frock that slips on over the head. Make the dress of crêpe satin or plain satin with silk crêpe in contrast; satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or heavy crêpe de Chine with contrasting. Or use printed heavy crêpe de Chine, printed silk crêpe, printed crêpe faille or crêpe satin with plain to match. It may have a body lining. Lower edge about 2⅛ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6235—The coat which has a smart flare to its lower part is the last word from France. This one swaggers a bit, pleasantly conscious of its raglan sleeves and tailored pockets. The collar may be buttoned up to the neck. Make this single-breasted flare coat of flannel, tweed, homespun, cheviot, camel's-hair twills, checks, plaids, etc. Mothers who are looking ahead into the coming season will also like it made of chinchilla. It will make a very smart and serviceable school coat.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch flannel.

The coat is very good looking for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

PARIS FINDS SIMPLE STYLES, RELIEVED BY PLAITS OR FLARES, STRIPES OR PRINTS, SMART FOR ALL AGES

6232—10119—An embroidered flower marks the spot where the belt disappears. Work these flowers at each side front to match the collar and cuffs. This one-piece frock has a cluster of plaits at each side front and back. It slips on over the head and is attractive made of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, Georgette, chiffon voile, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, all of one material or with contrasting. Or use these materials printed in small designs with plain to match.

13 years requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch cotton voile.

The dress is charming for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6238—Striped materials make striking frocks for the younger generation as well as for the older. This one-piece dress has a collar that rolls into a tab down on the front. Make it of cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton broadcloth, cotton shantung, linen, linen-finished cottons, silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, shantung or flannel, striped with plain to match or plain with contrasting. This frock slips on over the head

13 years requires 2½ yards 32-inch cotton broadcloth.

The dress is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6236—10208—The rippling circular flounce lengthens the one-piece upper part of a new slip-over frock that fits closely at the hipline. The flower on the shoulder is hand-made; the one above the flounce is embroidered. Work in contrast. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine or crêpe Roma, etc. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Lower edge 2½ yards.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (circular flounce cut crosswise).

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

6234—The slender frock has the charm of simple cut and youthful line. This one-piece type of dress slips on over the head and fits the hipline closely. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use heavy silk crêpe or ribbed silks with harmonizing satin or heavy satin with harmonizing silk crêpe; or bordered wide silk crêpe, bordered wide crêpe satin, bordered wide crêpe de Chine with plain to match; bordered wide flannel or half-and-half flannel, etc. The lower edge is straight.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch printed silk. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

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PLAITS ARE CENTERED OR PUSHED TO ONE SIDE, CLOSINGS ARE RUSSIAN OR END IN A TAB

6205—Fashion bends willingly to the shoulder yoke in this one-piece slip-over frock with a straight lower edge. Make it of heavy crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, pongee, cotton broadcloth, cotton pongee, cotton crêpe of good weight, linen or linen-finished cottons, striped with plain to match or plain with contrasting; plain heavy silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 35-inch plaid silk.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6195—10317—One can slip easily into a one-piece frock with a Russian closing. It fits the hipline closely and may have a detachable collar for its open neckline and detachable cuffs. The embroidery is decorative. Work in harmonizing colors. Use heavy silk crêpe with satin or heavy satin with silk crêpe; plaids, stripes or checks with plain to match; flannel with contrasting or with crêpe de Chine; wool crêpe, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 43½ inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6207—For style and for width this one-piece slip-over frock puts an inverted plait at the center front. The hipline fits closely and the straight lower edge makes it suitable for wide borders in heavy crêpe de Chine, heavy silk crêpe, heavy crêpe satin or flannel, or striped wide silk broadcloth, etc., striped heavy crêpe de Chine, striped silk broadcloth, striped radium, striped pongee, etc., all with plain to match.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yards 56-inch bordered flannel. Lower edge with plait out 52 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses

6177—The collar that turns into a tab closing is one of the season's hits. This one-piece dress fits the hipline closely and slips on over the head. The lower edge is straight. Use heavy silk crêpe with self or contrasting satin, crêpe satin with self or contrasting silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine with contrasting, etc., or these silks in wide borders, etc. Lower edge 45 inches.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 27-inch flannel.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6180—6196—10787—Over a skirt with a center front inverted plait and a straight lower edge one wears a mannish blouse with a shoulder yoke and either French or plain cuffs. The monogram is smart. Work in contrast. The skirt is attached to a camisole body for this type of blouse or to an inside belt only. The collar may be separate. Lower edge with plait drawn out 50 inches.

36 bust or 19 years and 38 hip require 3⅝ yards 39-inch flat crêpe (skirt cut crosswise).

The blouse is for 32 to 44 bust; skirt for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6182—5715—10104—Another shoulder-yoke blouse, slip-over type, with a straight lower edge is made of silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. The embroidery is unique. Work in color. The closed wrap-around straight skirt has a cluster of plaits at the closing and is attached to a camisole body (or to an outside belt only). Lower edge with plaits out 52½ inches.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2½ yards 54-inch flannel (with skirt attached to camisole body).

The blouse is for 32 to 44 bust, the skirt for ladies 35 to 49½ inches hip.



Some ingredients of Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

Ox Tail Joints
Ox Tail Broth
Beef Broth
Tomato Puree
Carrots (cubed)
Turnips (cubed)
Turnips (puree)
Barley
Celery (diced)
Celery (puree)
Onion (puree)
Parsley (puree)
Leek (puree)
Wheat Flour
Rice Flour
Kitchen Bouquet
Salt
Sugar
Paprika
White Pepper
Allspice
Cloves
Bay Leaves
Marjoram
Shot Pepper
Thyme
Savory
Nutmeg

But it takes our famous chefs to blend them!

Choicer ingredients than these were never put into ox tail soup. But even after the best ingredients are selected, it takes the Campbell's chefs to make them yield their richest flavors.

It takes their skill, their life-long experience, their enthusiasm for soup as one of the finest foods that people can eat.

Taste how deliciously they blend these meaty, marrowy ox tail joints, these tempting vegetables, these nourishing cereals, fresh herbs and dainty condiments!

Campbell's Ox Tail! A masterpiece in soup-making.

21 kinds
12 cents a can



But it's not nearly so bad as it *might be*



TIME was when an accident like this meant a ruined little frock. But today mothers are using certain marvelous new fabrics that keep their original beauty regardless of the countless washings to remove spots and stains.

How natural to want your children always dressed in pretty clothes! And now you may have them, practically and economically — as many, many mothers have already found—by using Everfast Wash Fabrics. These lovely materials simply will not fade, no matter what you do.

Boiling and washing with any soap or powder has not the slightest effect on their beautiful colors. Brilliant sunshine will not fade them. Nor will rain, salt air and uric acid. Everfast Wash Fabrics are fast color under all conditions. So completely has this been proved, that every yard, whatever its color, is guaranteed.

GUARANTEE: *If any Everfast Wash Fabric fades, for any reason whatsoever, we will refund, through your dealer, not only the purchase price of the material, but the making cost of the garment as well.*

There are more than fifty different Everfast materials, in dozens of exquisite colors and designs, from which you can make charming suits and dresses for your children's every need. Swanky little suits for boys, of Everfast suiting or poplin. Dainty checked or plain ginghams, Tubtex and Fineweve for girls. And when you plan clothes for yourself, you will delight in the wonderful assortment of Everfast voiles, broadcloths, linens and other favorite materials, as well as the striking fabrics, many of them novelties, exclusive to Everfast.

Soon you will be preparing for the next school session. Already physicians, nurses and boards of health are broadcasting their message to mothers. "Dress the children in wash clothes all year round. It's healthier." And more and more women are heeding this sound advice. For this, nothing is so satisfactory as Everfast Wash Fabrics.

Everfast Wash Fabrics cost but a trifle more than ordinary cotton materials. And yet how much more they give you! Almost every good store carries a full assortment of Everfast weaves and colors. Many, also, have ready-made apparel of Everfast. If your dealer does not have them, write us, and we will direct you to one who does. N. Erlanger, Blumgart & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Ave., New York City.



Reproduction of Everfast and ordinary wash fabrics before and after being boiled with washing soda. *Note there is not the slightest change in the color of Everfast.*

LOOK FOR THE NAME EVERFAST ON THE SELVAGE

THE GENUINE

Everfast Wash Fabrics

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GARMENTS INTIMATE AND OTHERWISE FOR VARIOUS AGES AND BOTH SEXES

6194—Trig is the word that best describes narrow knickers with just the right amount of fulness to give one all the ease needed, but no more. Use silk jersey, crêpe de Chine, washable satin, China silk, soft fine sateen, mercerized fabrics, etc. The gusset stands for more freedom in one's stride.

38 hip requires 1¾ yard 35-inch silk.

The knickers are for ladies, 35 to 49½ hip.

6216—Things are not always what they seem. The Russian closing is an illusion cleverly effected by a trimming band and buttons. Make this slip-over, one-piece frock with straight lower edge or wide silk broadcloth or wide flannel, striped with plain to match; or plain or striped cotton crêpe of good-weight, linen, linen-finished cottons, heavy crêpe de Chine, striped shantung, etc. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 56-inch striped silk broadcloth.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



Knickers 6194 Dress 6216 Pajamas 6178

6178—This garment answers pleasantly to the name of pajamas or lounging-robe. It is proud of its hand-made frog. Use shirtings, radium, cotton broadcloth, pongee or crêpe de Chine, striped with plain to match; sateen, mercerized fabrics, cotton crêpe, wash silks, wash satin, etc., with contrasting; cretonne etc.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 35-inch cotton broadcloth.

The pajamas are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6188—The tam-o'-Shanter keeps its hold on style because it is so artistically becoming, and a plaited one is particularly so. Furthermore it has the added virtue of being quite new. It is made from one piece of material and may be gathered. Use velvet, satin, faille silk or radium with grosgrain ribbon to match.

21-inch head measure requires ⅜ yard 36 or 39-inch material for all views.

The tam-o'-Shanter is for girls, children, misses and ladies.

6226—Wee half-portion gentlemen find double-breasted things satisfyingly smart. This clever little suit consists of a blouse and short straight trousers. Make it of linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray, rep, poplin, galatea, madras, pongee, etc. The collar and cuffs may be attached or detachable.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is adorable for little boys 2 to 6 years.



Tam-o'-Shanter 6188 Suit 6226 Coat 6198

6198—One flares forth smartly in a little single-breasted coat with a convertible collar. Make this raglan style flare coat of tweed, home-spun, cheviot, flannel, camel's-hair twills, or checks. For early Fall add chinchilla to this list. Venetian or twill lining is much used and flannel will make a warm lining for next season.

5 years requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch check wool.

The coat is charming for little girls 1 to 7 years old.



Nightgown 6222

6220



Dutch costume 6220

6210



Jumper 6210

6222—Good-looking and becoming and charmingly modest this nightgown adopts the roll-back collar so successful in fashions this season. This is a simple and practical garment and may be made of cotton crêpe, muslin, long-cloth, nainsook, etc. It is lovely in crêpe de Chine. It slips on over the head and may have a long sleeve.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch muslin. Lower edge 2 yards.

The nightgown is for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

6220—One expects a background of windmills and black-and-white cows for this quaint figure which might have stepped from between the covers of "Hans Andersen or The Silver Skates." But instead it will be found in a setting of fancy-dress *fêtes*, etc. Make this typical Dutch costume of linen-finished cottons, sateen, cambric, paper muslin or percale.

8 years requires 2½ yards 35-inch sateen.

The costume is quaint for boys 4 to 12 years.

6210—A smart garment for the amateur or seasoned suburban gardener et al is this jumper. It may be made in either of two styles—with or without a band. Use denim, khaki, drill or duck. It is easily made and it is a very serviceable garment, for it keeps the shirt worn underneath it from getting soiled.

40 breast requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch drill.

The jumper is practical for men or boys from 30 to 48 breast.

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EMBROIDERIES OF SIMPLE OR MORE ELABORATE DESIGN DECORATE DRESSES AND LINENS



Embroidery design 10362

10362—Baskets laden with varicolored wild flowers make gay designs for a white or colored linen centerpiece and scarf. They are to be worked in cross-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter and three motifs for scarf ends 10 by 19 inches.



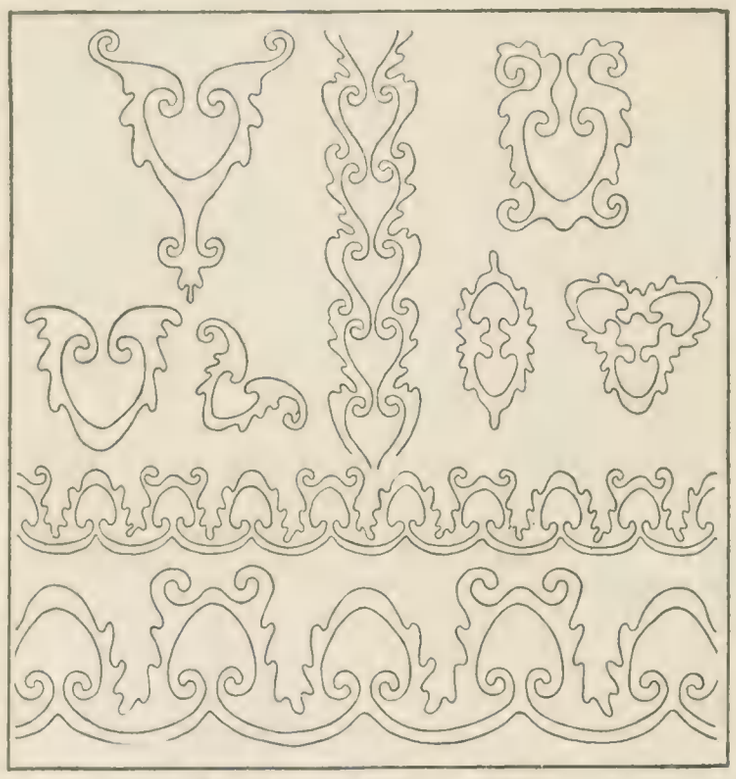
Embroidery design 10364

10364—The one-stitch embroidery filling the flowers of this lovely bedspread design creates the illusion of thickly packed petals of double flowers. The stitches used are outline and one-stitch and French-knot embroidery. The design can be adapted to a basket motif 20¼ by 26 inches. 2 corners 5 by 9½ inches, and a 7½ by 27½ inch motif for the bolster-roll. It can be used on a single, double or three-quarter bed.



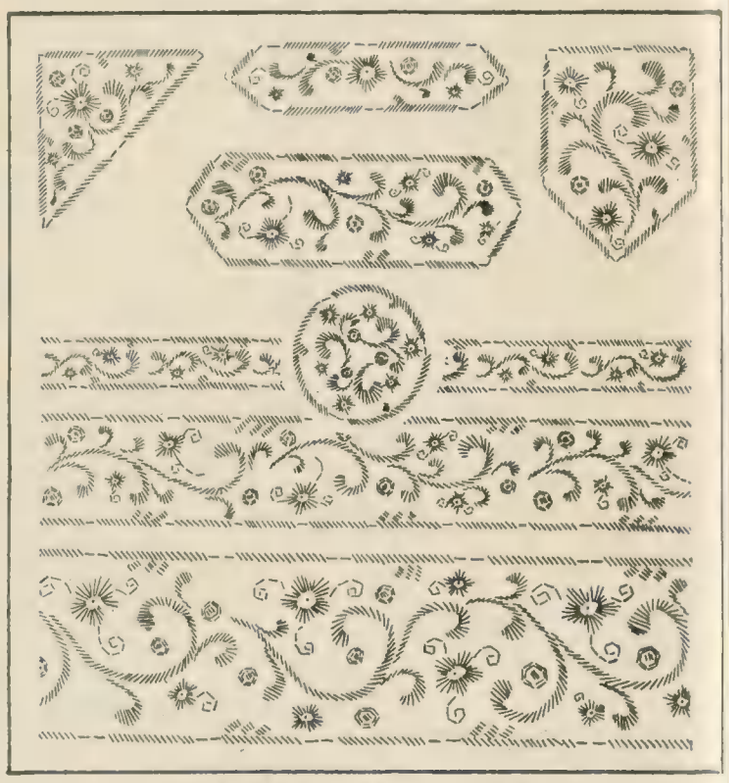
Embroidery design 10363

10363—A very complete and very attractive luncheon-set consists of a centerpiece 26 inches in diameter, 6 plate doilies 12 inches in diameter, 6 bread-and-butter doilies 6 inches in diameter and 6 glass doilies 4 inches in diameter. Work it in a combination of outline stitch, French knots, lazy-daisy and one-stitch.



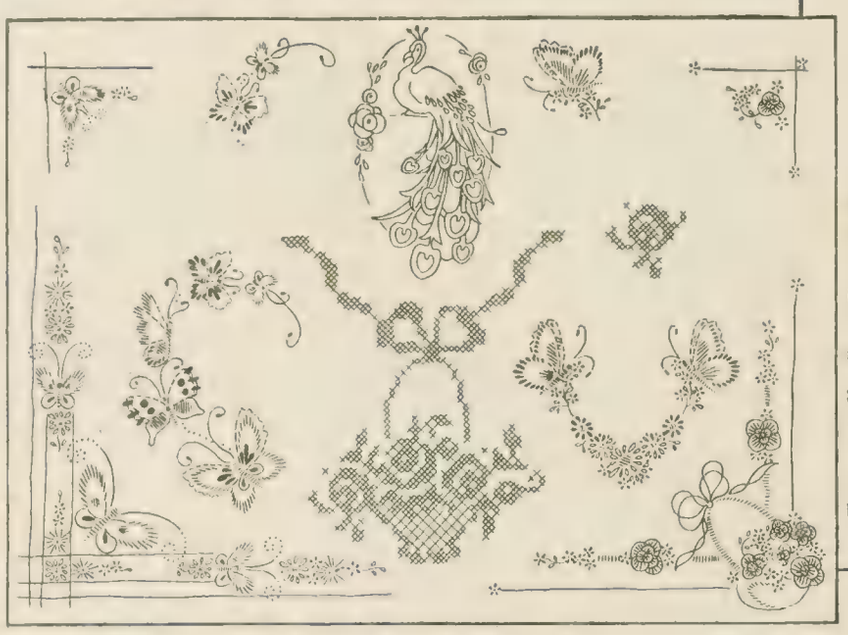
Embroidery design 10366

10366—Whether used for braiding, outline stitch or chain-stitch this design of scrolls is effective on dresses, coats, blouses, hats, etc. It can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 6 inches wide, 1¾ yard of banding 3⅛ inches wide, 1¾ yard of banding 2⅞ inches wide and 18 motifs in 6 assorted styles.



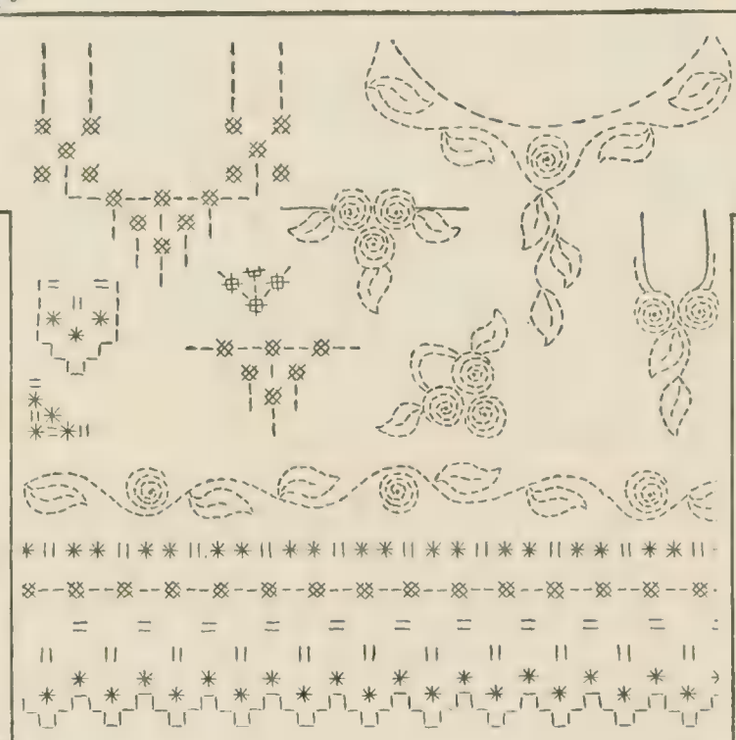
Embroidery design 10361

10361—A few beads and a good deal of one-stitch embroidery make this beautiful design which can be used for dresses, blouses, coats, hats, skirts, etc. The design may be adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding 6¼ inches wide, 2⅝ yards each of bandings 3¾ and 1¾ inches wide and 21 motifs in 5 assorted designs.



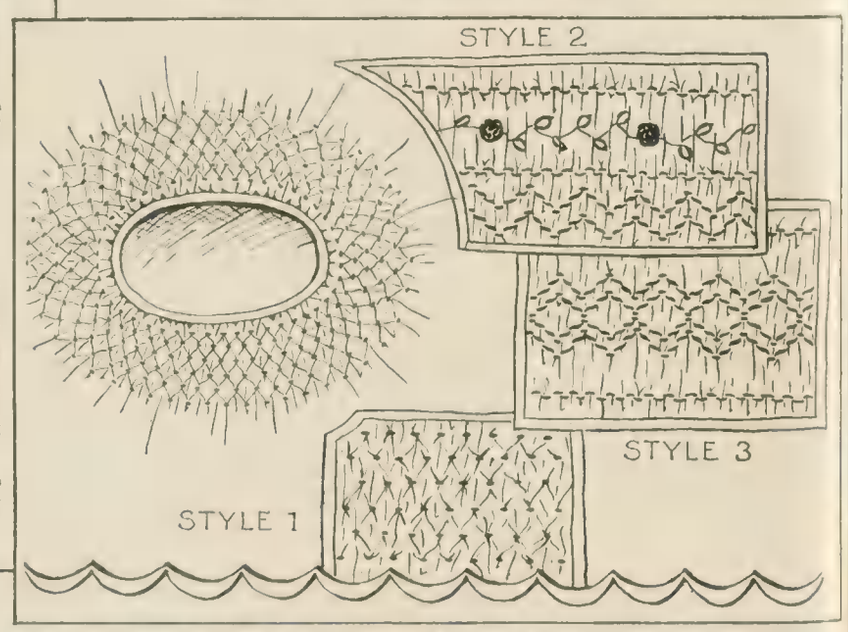
Embroidery design 10368

10368—Attempting to corner all the stitches, this design for corners and motifs uses one-stitch, lazy-daisy, outline, cross-stitch and French knots. For use on tea-cloths, napkins, scarfs, luncheon-sets, etc., it can be adapted to 4 large corners 5 by 12½ inches, 4 large corners 4 by 14 inches, 4 baskets 8 by 9½ inches, 4 motifs 5 by 7½ inches and 42 assorted motifs.



Embroidery design 10367

10367—An economy design presents two quite separate trimmings for use on children's clothes, blouses, hats, etc., or on any garment where just a little embroidery is required. Work it in cross-stitch and one-stitch. It can be adapted to 3⅜ yards of 2⅛-inch banding, 3⅜ yards of ⅜-inch banding, 3⅜ yards of ¼-inch banding, 3⅜ yards of 1-inch banding, 2 neck outlines and 46 assorted motifs.



Embroidery design 10365

10365—Smocking, scallops and little sprays of embroidery combine in a design for children's clothes, underwear, etc. This design can be adapted to 2½ yards of scallops ¾ inch wide, 8⅝ yards of smocking dots 2 inches wide for style 3, 1⅛ yard of smocking dots 4 inches wide for style 1, 3⅞ yards of smocking dots 1⅞ inch wide for style 2, and 2 neck outlines.



"Some few years ago I ate Yeast for bacterial infections, boils and carbuncles. Within three weeks my infections disappeared and I have never been troubled since. But I have an especial message to mothers. Four children were born to me in four years, and they are perfect babies and I am a good specimen of a healthy mother—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast. Not only did it settle my stomach, when other things failed, but also toned up my system, and gave me an appetite, which is most essential in motherhood."

Theodosia Hession, R. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.



"I never knew when a bilious attack would come on me, even though careful of my diet. Once I was in the midst of preparing a big dinner party; another time I was week-ending with friends—one time I was driving my car down a narrow mountain road. The usual violent headache followed, the usual gone feeling the next day from the effect of a purgative. I had heard of Fleischmann's Yeast, its aids to digestion and elimination. I tried that, at first one cake a day . . . My last bilious spell was one year and three months ago and I feel positive that I will not have another."

Nora Weber, Denver, Colo.

Now they are *really* well

Vital, joyous, certain once more of their power, thousands have found the way to glorious health through one simple food

Not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

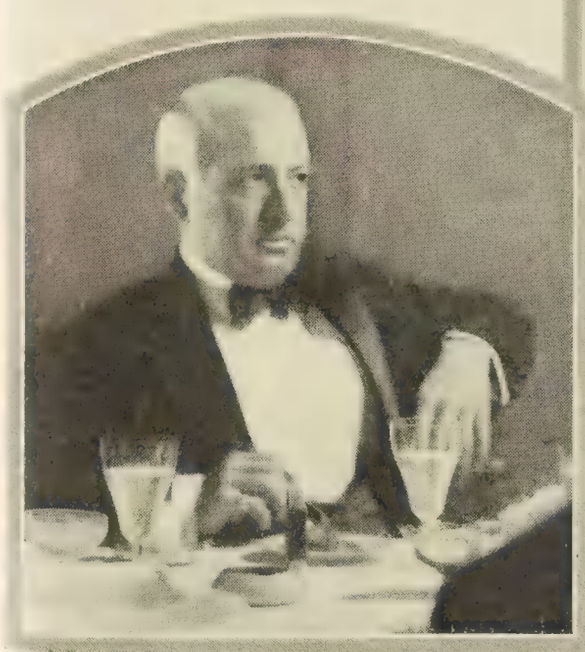
The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. C-19, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"For six years I was ailing, nervous and depressed, interested in nothing, accomplishing nothing, rarely for twenty-four consecutive hours free from pain—all caused I know by intestinal putrefaction. At last I asked a nurse 'If there was anything in the yeast fad?' She assured me there was. I began eating daily three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast. Relief from constipation and pain followed. I continued to take it as a tonic and food, regaining strength and energy and the long-discontinued compliments on my complexion. Today I am vigorously well, praise be to Fleischmann's Yeast."

Kate D. Meares, College Place, S. C.



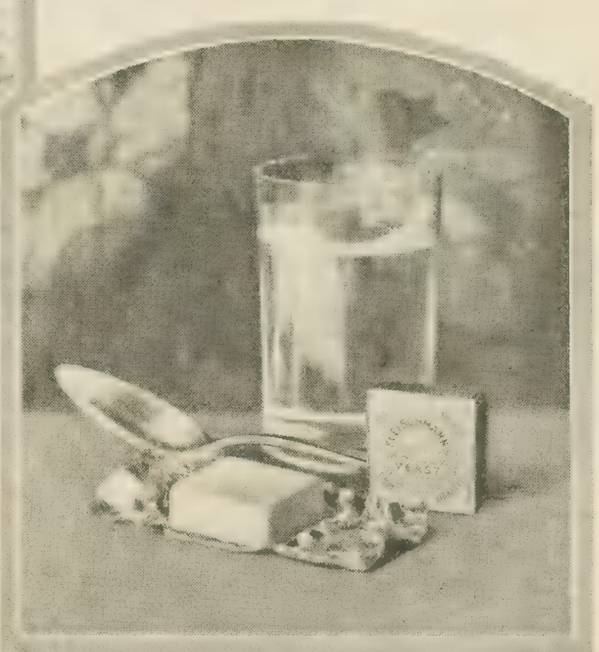
"Four years ago I was all run down from nervous strain and constipation. I had no vitality; was barely able to drag myself around. Then I began to take Fleischmann's Yeast. Since that time I have been growing better and stronger. During these past 4 years I have done my ordinary work as office auditor. Besides, I have written mss. totaling 756,000 words, and have held constant official position in 3 organizations."

F. T. Mass, Dallas, Texas



"A year ago two friends and myself stayed nine weeks in an arid region of Mexico—living on the crude supplies the country afforded—and hope. My stomach was weak from abuse. My bonanza was a coarse, irritated skin—a breaking-out all over my body. I used a horde of 'positive cures' and then, discouraged, tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In two months I was as I am today. My skin was better than 'back to normal' and I was ready for every 'let's go'."

V. C. Spies, Barrett, Cal.



This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat 2 or 3 cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.*

Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

VEGETABLE DINNERS

Adapted from the Butterick Cook Book



Just before serving, top the spinach with egg and the carrots with hot cream sauce—and you have all the essentials for a healthful dinner

REDUCING OR GAINING

or just keeping well? Whatever you do you need vegetables in your diet. They are necessary for health, and a vegetable dinner now and then is just the thing. We have given all the recipes we have space for here, but if you want more, just drop a line to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and ask for "Vegetable Variations." You will enjoy crisp baked corn pudding, tender broiled tomatoes and other new dishes we have. We'll also send you our recipes for "Seven Vegetable Sauces" if you wish. Enclose a two-cent stamp for postage—please!

VEGETABLE dinners are growing in popularity in this country. Consciously or unconsciously this is probably the result of the feeling that vegetables have benefits for us that foods we may like better can not confer. Perhaps some of us have progressed to the point where we recognize, through the wider use of vegetables, redder cheeks—the red of nature—straighter bones, more perfect elimination of wastes and a general improvement in the whole tone of health. As a matter of general practise one vegetable dinner a week would be a sane proceeding in the average household, and now with the season for fresh vegetables at its height is the time to begin to acquire this habit.

The real vegetable dinner should be made up of at least three vegetables besides potato. The first vegetable should be a green one—when possible a green such as spinach, chard or something similar. The second vegetable may well give an added note of color, as do beets, carrots, beans, tomatoes. The third vegetable may be chosen to satisfy some special taste or for any other reason. One of the vegetables should be cooked to include milk, cheese or eggs. A relish and a garnish, bread and butter, a beverage, a dessert and the dinner is complete.

Some suggested combinations for dinners

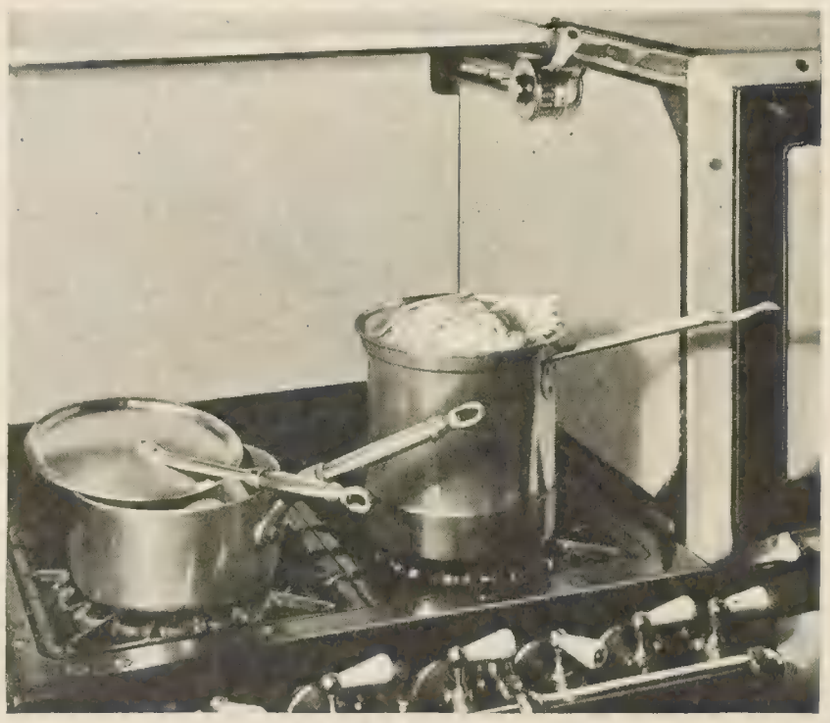
1. Creamed spinach, broiled tomatoes, stuffed onions, potato puff.
2. New green cabbage, stewed tomatoes, shell beans, stuffed baked potatoes.
3. Okra, green corn, fresh sliced tomatoes on lettuce, creamed new potatoes.
4. Chard, corn pudding, buttered beets, hashed-brown potatoes.
5. String-beans, stuffed baked tomato, buttered onions, potatoes au gratin.
6. Spinach, American fashion, green peas, carrots, baked potatoes.

Preparation of vegetables for cooking

Wash all vegetables before cooking, even though they look clean. Soak wilted vegetables before peeling them; dry and old Winter vegetables may be improved by soaking them for several hours. Scrape thin-skinned vegetables; peel thick-skinned vegetables, or remove the skin after cooking. Make thin peelings, except in the case of turnips, from which a thick peel or corky material should be removed.

Directions for cooking vegetables

Put vegetables on to cook in boiling water. Use a teaspoon of salt to each quart of water but do not add the salt until the vegetables are almost done. Mild-juiced vegetables should be cooked until they are tender in a small amount of water with the cover ajar. There should be very little water left when cooking is finished and, as often as possible, this should be included with the vegetable when it is served. Tomatoes will cook in their own juices without the addition of water. Spinach will cook in the water that is left on the leaves after it is washed. Strong-juiced vegetables should be cooked in a larger amount of water and without a cover, to allow the volatile oils to escape, in order to reduce the flavor and to retain the color. A too strong flavor is often disagreeable, and rather overwhelms the milder vegetables.



Don't imprison strong-juiced vegetables. Cook cabbage in an open kettle. Milder vegetables are cooked with the cover ajar

Vegetables are often overcooked, which makes them soft and flabby, develops undesirable flavor, and spoils the color. A darkening of color is always an indication of overcooking. Soda shortens the time of cooking, because it softens the water, and vegetables cook more quickly in soft water than in hard; soda also helps to retain the green color of vegetables, but not more than one-fourth of a teaspoon should be used for

Concluded on page 43

MENUS FOR AUGUST

By Jessie A. Boys

These menus were carefully planned so as to have correct nutritional values. Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

"What shall I have for dinner to-morrow"—"How can I give Dick variety in his breakfast?" One meal is hardly over before you must plan for the next. Why not follow the meal plans suggested here? They're satisfying and well balanced and taste, oh, so good! If you don't know how to make smooth, golden cheese fondue, molded salmon salad, or any of the other starred dishes, ask the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., for the recipes. We'll be glad to send them to you if you enclose a two-cent stamp for postage*

THE abundance of fruits and vegetables available just now makes the housewife long for new ways of serving them. A little thought and a little ingenuity will often answer the question. Thus, the simplest way of serving cucumbers is as "sliced" cucumbers. A different "atmosphere" is obtained by cutting lengthwise in stick form. The next most common usage is as cucumber salad either sliced or diced. If lettuce is not obtainable, as is so often the case in places where home gardens are the rule, the cucumbers may be sliced, dressed with a French dressing, arranged in a serving-dish and passed as a relish. This will serve as a salad, yet be different.

Again, when a fresh whole peach is served at the table, how shall it be eaten? If one pare it, the resulting peach-stained linen will cause a frown. The simplest thing is to cut the peach in halves, remove the pit and with a spoon eat the peach as one does cantaloup.

Peach shortcake (Friday luncheon below) may be made like strawberry shortcake and be either hot or cold. Perhaps peach shortcakes are liked better cold than are those of strawberries. A very good peach shortcake is built up of stale angel-cake, sugared sliced peaches (fresh, of course) and whipped cream.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Peaches
Corn Flakes *Top Milk*
Sautéd Eggplant *Graham Muffins*
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Chicken Sandwiches
Fruit Salad *Wafers*
Iced Tea *Milk*

DINNER

Fried Chicken *Gravy*
Mashed Potatoes *Cauliflower*
Lettuce with Cheese Dressing
Currant Jelly *Rolls*
Caramel Ice-Cream *Nut-Cake*
Coffee

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Cantaloup
Milk Toast
Poached Eggs
Oatmeal Cookies
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Creamed New Potatoes
Tomato Salad *Mayonnaise*
Whole-Wheat Bread
Chocolate Custard *Tea*

DINNER

Boiled Ham
New Potatoes *Chard*
Dressed Cucumbers
Raisin Bread
Apple Pie *Coffee*

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Pears
Flaked Wheat Cereal—Cream
**French Omelet*
Toasted Muffins *Jelly*
Cocoa *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

**Cheese Fondue*
Cabbage Salad *Sweet Pickles*
Bread *Jam Cake* *Tea*

DINNER

Broiled Steak
Parsley *Buttered Potatoes*
Corn Pudding
String-Bean Salad *Rolls*
**Fresh Peach Cobbler* *Coffee*

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Orange-Juice
Toasted Whole-Wheat Bread
Scrambled Eggs with Brains
Radishes
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

**Molded Salmon Salad*
Sliced Cucumbers *Radishes* *Olives*
Mint Jelly
**Baked Pears* *Iced Chocolate*

DINNER

Watermelon Cocktail
Leg of Lamb *Mint Sauce*
Browned Potatoes *New Beets*
Tomato Salad *Hot Rolls*
Cream Pie *Coffee*

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Blueberries
French Toast *Crisp Bacon*
Orange Marmalade
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Club Sandwich
Cottage-Cheese with Gooseberry Jam
Wafers *Iced Tea*

DINNER

Veal Cutlet
**Macaroni with Onion Sauce*
Green Corn *Carrot Salad*
Rolls
Lemon Ice *Sponge-Cake*
Coffee

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Apple Sauce
Finnan-Haddock *Grilled Potatoes*
Bran Muffins
Cocoa *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

**Boiled Cabbage with Cheese Sauce*
Boston Brown Bread
Peach Shortcake
Milk

DINNER

Honey-Dew Melon
**Fried Fish* *Tomato Tartare*
Mashed Potatoes *Spinach*
Summer Squash *Corn Muffins*
Baked Custard *Cookies*
Coffee

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

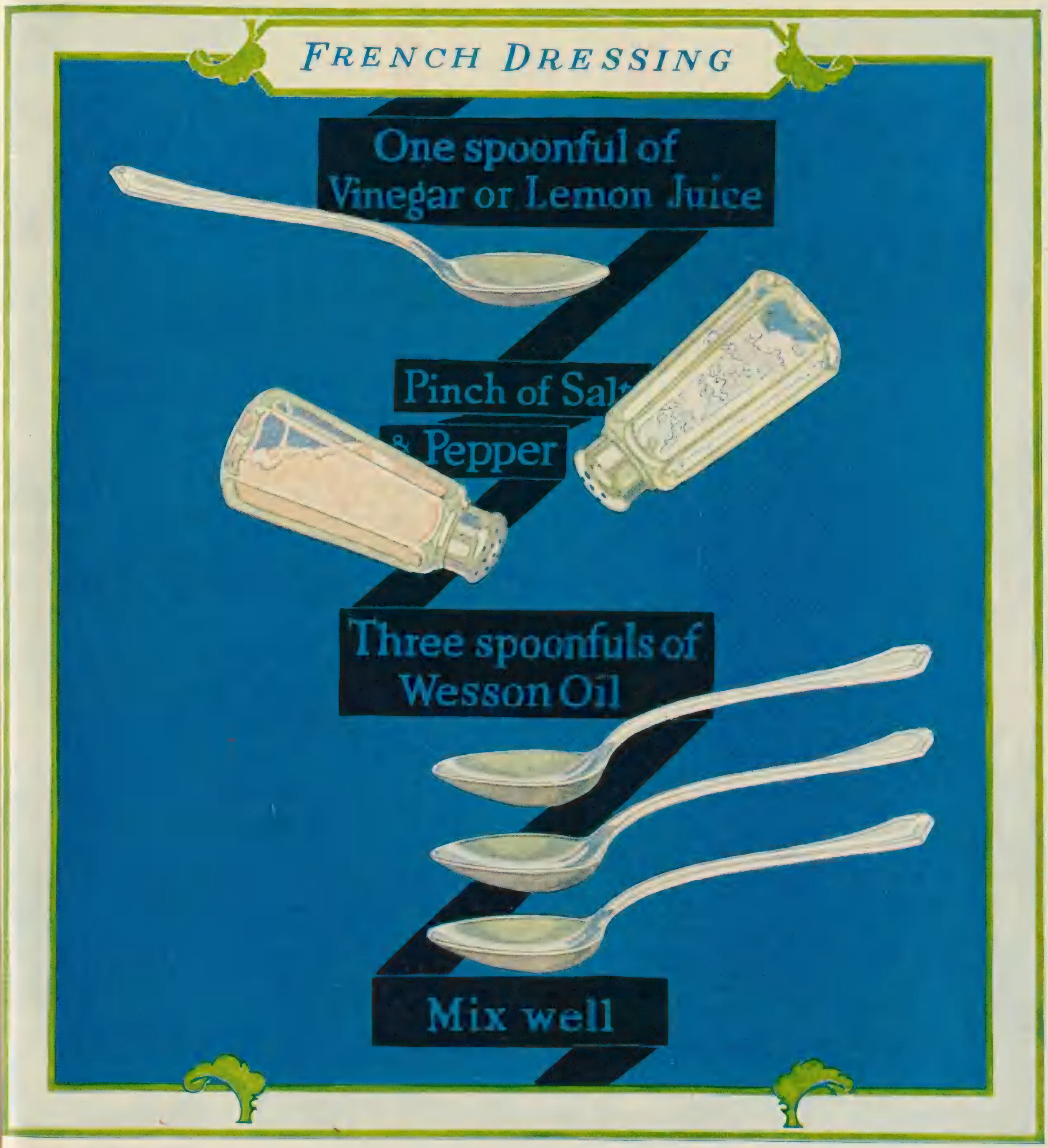
Grapes
Wheat Biscuit *Hot Milk*
Broiled Bacon *Wheat Muffins*
Orange Marmalade
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Creamed Dried Beef
Baked Potatoes *Buttered Carrots*
Bread *Junket with Fresh Fruit*
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Cold Tongue
Potato Salad *Sliced Tomatoes*
Dill Pickles *Graham Bread*
Cantaloup à la Mode
Coffee

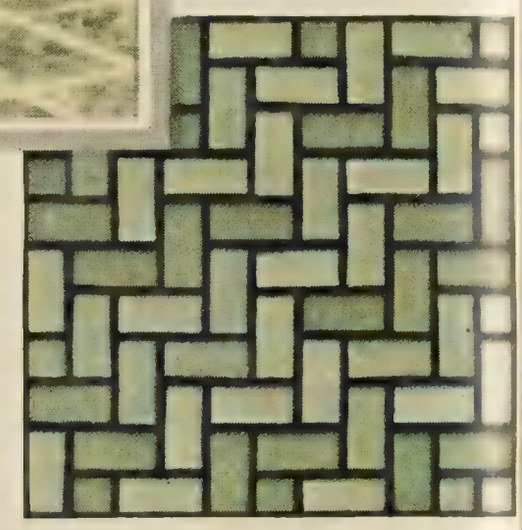


French Dressing is the simplest and at the same time the most sophisticated dressing for salads of crisp green lettuce, fresh fruit or cold vegetables.

Just mix three parts of Wesson Oil, one part of lemon juice or vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Add chopped onion, crumbled cheese, the yolk of a hard boiled egg, mustard, Worcestershire Sauce, or any seasoning that you like, to give the dressing a new relish whenever you wish.



THE charm of this attractive dining-room lies in its simplicity of furnishings and deft handling of color. The floor, which is Armstrong's Marble Tile Linoleum (Pattern M62), serves as the basis for the decorative treatment, lending an air of dignity to the whole interior.



Heedless feet of lively children cannot scuff or scar this floor

THE woman who planned this simply yet tastefully decorated dining-room was wise—wondrously wise! She was one of those home-loving persons who cannot exist without lovely and restful things about her. She was also a very proud and happy mother of two small, but rapidly growing boys.

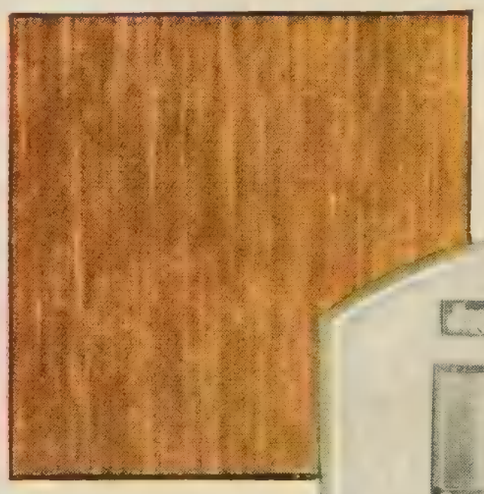
At first she was frankly puzzled, as thoughtful mothers will always be when they plan home decoration. She wanted a home that satisfied her love for beauty. She also wanted a home that would be a sensible, practical one for her children to grow up in.

Happily, she decided to start at the natural foundation for any room's decorative scheme—the floor. She knew that the careless feet of growing children would soon scratch and scar a floor of wood.

So she decided upon a floor that was soft and kind to tiny feet, one that could not be tracked and scratched—a warm, springy floor of Armstrong's Linoleum.

The floor she selected at her local store was laid in a day without dust, dirt, or bother. Experts firmly cemented it in place over a lining of builders' heavy deadening felt. Then it was waxed and polished to a rich, soft sheen.

Its mellow coloring immediately suggested the decorative treatment, simple yet dignified and beautiful, too. Its attractive pattern, unbroken by dust-grabbing cracks, invited the use of small rugs, easily taken up and cleaned. And the floor itself is kept spotlessly gleaming by a daily dusting with a dry mop. Is it any wonder that today this woman has colorful, easy-to-clean floors of Armstrong's Linoleum in every room of her pretty home!



Right—A figured pattern in Armstrong's Printed Linoleum No. 7082.



This new Handcraft tile design (Pattern No. 3140) also comes in blended reds, greens, and blues.



This nursery floor is kind to tiny feet. It is a warm, springy, and clean floor of Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum. A section of brown Jaspé is shown above. It also comes in green, gray, and blue. Pattern Nos. 13 to 19.

For home-planners who believe that interior decoration can be beautiful as well as practical, we maintain a Bureau of Interior Decoration headed by an experienced decorator, Hazel Dell Brown. A letter to Mrs. Brown will bring you helpful suggestions. This service is free.

Get this helpful book

"Floors, Furniture, and Color" is filled with workable ideas for furnishing and decorating homes. Agnes Foster Wright, its author, is an authority on this subject. This book will be sent to anyone in the United States for 25c. Write Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 867 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

VEGETABLE DINNERS

Concluded from page 40

each quart of water. Vegetables should not be allowed to stand in water after they are cooked. After draining they may be kept hot in a double boiler.

Canned vegetables that are allowed to aerate for an hour before heating are thought to have a better flavor than when they are heated as soon as they are opened.

CREAMED SPINACH

2 pounds spinach
1 tablespoon butter or butter substitute
Salt
2 tablespoons cream
2 hard-cooked egg-yolks
Pepper

Remove roots and wilted leaves of the spinach. Wash in several waters, until all trace of sand has disappeared. Place in a large kettle without additional water; the water which clings to the leaves is sufficient. Cover the kettle and cook until the spinach is tender. The time of cooking depends on the age of the spinach. Long cooking darkens it. Salt the water just before cooking is completed. When done, drain well and chop fine. Return to fire, add butter or butter substitute, salt and pepper, and stir until the fat is melted, then add cream, finely chopped yolks and mix well.

STUFFED ONIONS

6 medium to large onions
½ cup chopped ham or chopped green pepper
½ cup soft bread-crums
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
Fine, dry bread-crums
Pepper
1 tablespoon fat

Remove a slice from the top of each onion, and parboil the onions until almost tender. Drain and remove the centers, making six little cups. Chop the onion that was scooped out, and combine with it the ham and soft crums. Add seasoning and refill the onion cups. Place them in a baking-dish, cover with dry, hard crums, add the milk, and then bake them until they are tender (350 degrees Fahrenheit).

POTATO PUFF OR SOUFFLÉ

2 cups hot mashed potatoes
2 eggs
2 tablespoons butter or butter substitute
1 cup milk

To the mashed potatoes add the fat, the egg-yolks, which have been beaten until very light, and the milk. Stir until well blended, and then fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Mix lightly and pile the mass into a well-greased baking-dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) about ten minutes. Serve at once, as this does not improve with time.

BOILED OKRA

1 quart okra pods
Salt and pepper
Vinegar
Butter or butter substitute

The pods of okra are so sticky that special care is needed to avoid breaking them during the cleaning. Wash them well, and remove the stems, then place in sufficient water to cover them, and boil until tender. Add salt just before cooking is completed. They should boil very slowly, as rapid boiling will break them in pieces. When tender, toss the okra into a colander and when drained lay it in a dish. Heat some butter or butter substitute, vinegar and a little salt and pepper, mix well and pour the sauce over the okra in the dish.

STUFFED BAKED TOMATOES

6 tomatoes
1½ cups soft bread-crums
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter or butter substitute
1 teaspoon salt

The tomatoes should be very firm, smooth and of equal size. Cut a piece from the stem of each tomato, and remove the centers without breaking the walls. Make a stuffing of the centers of the tomatoes, crums, seasonings and melted butter or butter substitute, and mix well. Sprinkle each tomato well with salt and pepper, and fill with the stuffing, packing it in quite solidly. Place a small piece of butter or butter substitute on the top of each, arrange the tomatoes in a baking-dish, and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) until tender. Serve hot in the baking-dish.



A refreshing sip now and then adds sparkle to the visit

COOL SIPS FOR CALLERS

By Lucile Brewer

Recipes have been tested and approved by the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

PERK UP!

Sip a colorful Violet Fancy or Golden Glow Punch from a dewy glass tinkling with frosty cracked ice. These hot days there's nothing more refreshing than a novel cool drink

Besides the drinks you read about in this article, we have a leaflet which gives you recipes for ten other delicious concoctions

Just for a two-cent stamp to cover postage we will gladly mail you "Ten Zestful Beverages." Address your request to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

THERE are many refreshing drinks which are as delicious with the porch meal or sandwich picnic as at the tea or lawn party or served informally.

In preparing the various hot-weather drinks, all the fresh Summer fruits, oranges, lemons, carbonated waters, ginger ale and some extracts and spices have their uses, but the real secret is to have the mixture well flavored and strong enough so that the melting ice will not make it insipid.

A frequent mistake is the use of too much sugar, which detracts from the zest which a cold drink should possess. A bit of salt will improve the flavor of nearly all cold beverages. Carbonated water gives an effervescent and sparkling product. All these beverages should be "well shaken" or beaten "before taking."

It is advisable in all cases to allow the mixed beverage to stand on ice for at least one hour before serving, which gives the mixture a chance to infuse and ripen.

A simple sirup is the basis of most cold drinks. Added to cold tea, coffee or any kind of fruit-juice and cracked ice, a cool, refreshing beverage is instantly produced. A mellow, well-blended flavor can never be obtained by using sugar to sweeten cold beverages. Sirups of several flavors may be made in quantity and kept on hand for use when needed.

SIMPLE SIRUP

1 pound sugar
1 pint water

Boil for five minutes.

PLAIN OR FANCY LEMONADES

¼ cup simple sirup
Juice 1 lemon
¼ glass shaved ice
Cold water

In plain lemonade four tablespoons of any kind of fruit-sirup may be used in place of the simple sirup. Bruised mint, tender sprigs of sorrel or one tablespoon of bright tart jelly give a change in flavor. Soda lemonade is made by substituting soda-water for the plain water in the recipe.

CHOCOLATE FLUFF SHAKE

1 egg
3 tablespoons chocolate-sirup
¾ cup milk
Shaved ice
Nutmeg

Beat egg-yolk, add sirup and milk, beat thoroughly until foamy. Put ice in tall glasses, pour over it the chocolate mixture. Beat egg-white stiff, add one teaspoon of sugar and pile lightly on chocolate. Sprinkle a bit of nutmeg over the top.

MAPLE FLOAT

⅔ cup milk
2 tablespoons maple-sirup
1 egg-yolk
Whipped cream

Beat the yolk, add sirup and milk, beat or shake. Pour into a glass, add whipped cream. Set glass on a maple leaf on a small plate. This drink is delicious with macaroons or with dainty sweet wafers.



As good as they sound are chocolate fluff shakes or icy maple floats

BERRY CRUSH

1 quart berries
2 cups sugar
1 pint apple-juice
Juice of 3 lemons
Ice

Any kind of berries will do—a combination of two or more kinds may be used successfully. Crush the berries, add the sugar, mix thoroughly, let stand two hours. Add other juices. Strain into punch-bowl over large piece of ice. Garnish with a few thin slices of lemon or with a few of the whole berries. The rich berries of Summer make this an unusually interesting beverage of deep purplish or reddish hue.

MOCK CIDER

1 quart cold black tea
1 quart pineapple-juice
Juice 2 lemons
¼ cup simple sirup
Red raspberries

Mix first four ingredients, strain in punch-bowl over piece of ice. Add raspberries just before serving.

Fresh sweet apple cider iced is, of course, a delightful beverage.

BUTTERMILK-FRUIT SHAKE

1 quart buttermilk
Juice 1 lemon
Juice 2 oranges
⅓ cup simple sirup

Put all ingredients in a bowl, beat thoroughly with an egg-beater and pour over cracked ice.

CANTON CUP

¼ cup ginger-sirup drained from preserved Canton ginger
1 pint ginger ale
1 quart cold black tea
½ cup simple sirup

Mix all ingredients. Let stand in the ice-box at least one hour. Serve in glass cups with shaved ice.

GINGER-MINT PUNCH

4 lemons
2 oranges
1½ cups simple sirup
1 quart water
1 pint ginger ale
6 sprays mint

Strain the juice of lemons and oranges; add water and ginger ale. Wash the mint and bruise the stems. Add to mixture and let stand in a cold place one hour. Pour into a punch-bowl over ice.

ORIENTAL DELIGHT

1 cup raisins
1 cup sugar
3 pints water
2-inch piece cinnamon stick
1 cup quince jelly

Simmer raisins, sugar, cinnamon and water together fifteen minutes. Strain and cool. Beat jelly thoroughly and add to other ingredients. Serve with cracked ice.

COFFEE-SIRUP

1 cup ground coffee
3 pints cold water

Heat to the boiling-point. Let stand eight minutes. Strain through double cheese-cloth and add three cups of sugar, one pint of water. Boil two minutes. When cool, add one tablespoon of vanilla.

ORANGE-SIRUP

5 large oranges
1 lemon
2 cups sugar
1 cup water

Boil sugar and water five minutes. Grate the rind of oranges and lemon, add the juice and sirup. Mix, let stand two hours; strain.

LEMON-SIRUP

Follow directions for orange-sirup, using 6 lemons.

FRUIT-SIRUP

(Pineapple, raspberry, grape, apricot, etc.)

1 cup strawberry-juice
1 quart simple sirup
Juice 1 lemon

SPICED FRUIT-SIRUP

Sirup left from spiced pears, peaches or any fruit chilled and served with shaved ice.

CHERRY NECTAR

1 quart cherry-juice
1 pint simple sirup
Juice 1 lemon
Shaved ice
Vanilla ice-cream

Combine juices and sirup, strain and chill. Fill tall glasses one-fourth full of shaved ice and fill glasses almost full of mixture. Add a spoonful of ice-cream. Garnish with tiny bits of maraschino cherries.

LOGANBERRY BLISS

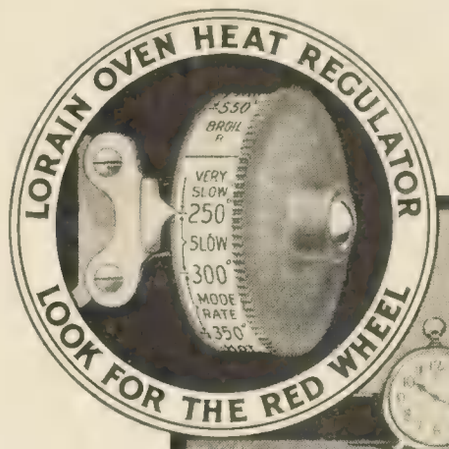
1 quart loganberry-juice
1 cup elderberry-juice
Juice 3 lemons
1 cup sugar
1 bottle carbonated water

Mix thoroughly. Served with shaved ice.

CHOCOLATE-SIRUP

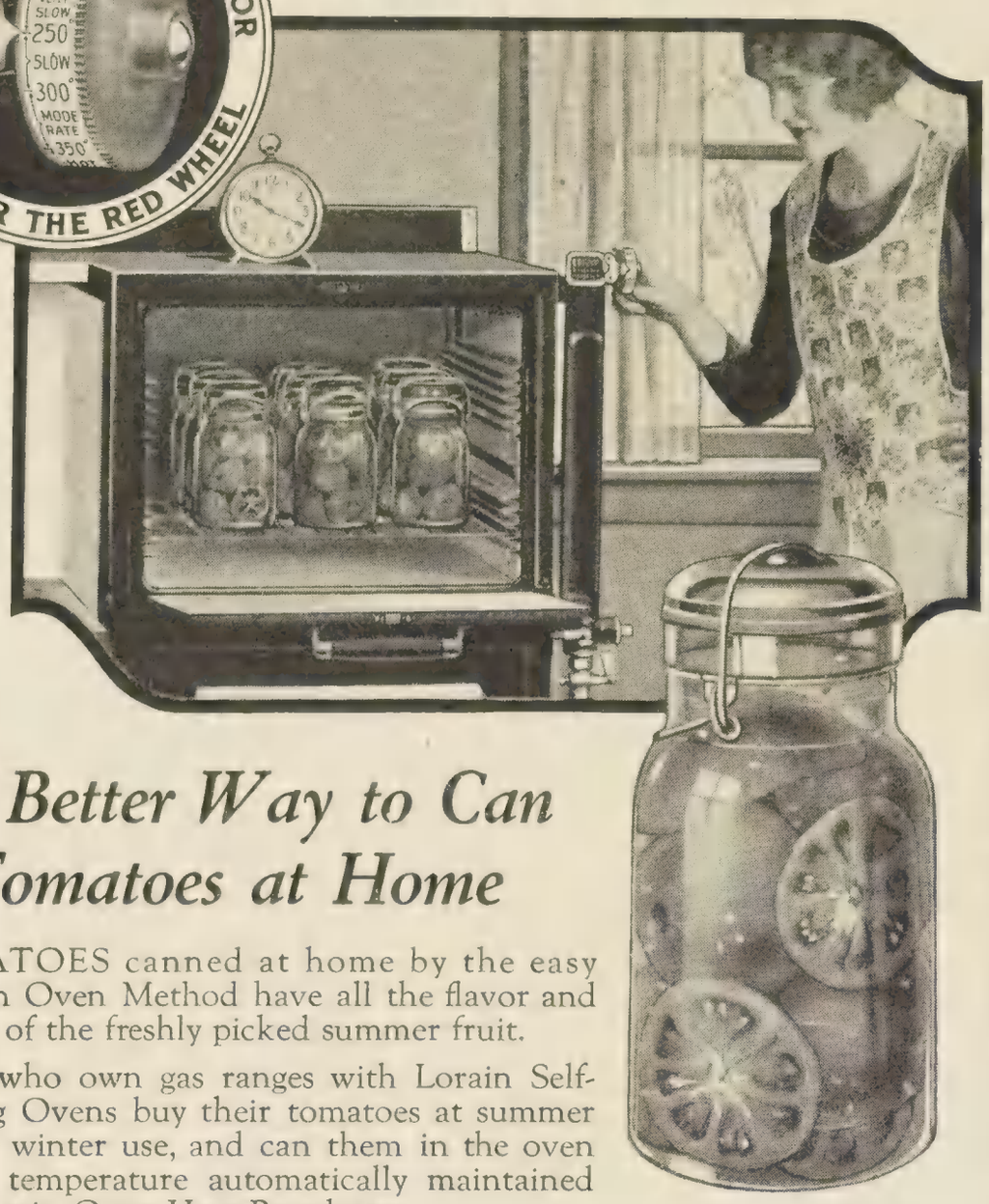
5 squares unsweetened chocolate
2 cups sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
2½ cups boiling water

Melt chocolate over hot water, add sugar, mix thoroughly, add boiling water and salt. Boil five minutes. Cool and add vanilla. This sirup keeps indefinitely and may be used in making either hot or cold drinks.



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of any measured and controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Unless the Regulator has a Red Wheel it is NOT a LORAIN



A Better Way to Can Tomatoes at Home

TOMATOES canned at home by the easy Lorain Oven Method have all the flavor and goodness of the freshly picked summer fruit.

Women who own gas ranges with Lorain Self-regulating Ovens buy their tomatoes at summer prices for winter use, and can them in the oven by exact temperature automatically maintained by the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.

The picture of the big jar, made from an actual photograph, will give you an idea of the appearance of Lorain-canned tomatoes. But, neither pictures nor words can possibly describe the fresh-tasting deliciousness of fruits and tomatoes canned at home by this new method, which is so simple that school children enjoy using it.

With the Lorain Oven Method there is no standing, stirring, watching over a hot stove—no lifting of large, heavy, hot utensils. The Lorain Method keeps the stove-top clear for other cooking and the house is not filled with steam. Best of all, fruits canned by this method keep their color, form and flavor.

Thousands of happy housewives have learned the economy and convenience of the Lorain Oven Canning Method. There is no expensive canning equipment to buy. The tomatoes are canned right in the jars as shown in the picture above.

There is no waste of fruit on the kettles and ladles—and no waste of gas. Moreover, you don't have to watch the gas flame to maintain a certain steam pressure, or for fear that the water-bath will boil too rapidly. The Lorain Red Wheel regulates the fire for you.

Wherever gas is available you'll find a gas company, department store, hardware, furniture or stove dealer that sells gas ranges equipped with the Red Wheel Regulator, the *original* Oven Heat Regulator. These agents will gladly show you the many advantages of these stoves and explain the Lorain Oven Method of Canning, Baking without Failure, and Whole Meal Oven Cooking.

No matter what kind of a stove you use, you'll find our 1925 Oven Canning Chart interesting and instructive. Mail the coupon today for a free copy.

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these



Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

LORAIN HIGH OIL BURNER

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
☐ Please send me free copy of Lorain Oven Canning Chart. ☐ Enclosed find 50c in _____ for copy of 128-page Illustrated Cook Book containing Lorain Time and Temperature Recipes.
Note: Check which you wish and ***Print*** name and address plainly.

Name _____ *Street* _____
City _____ *State* _____

These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:

DANGLER	Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, O.
DIRECT ACTION	National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS	New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL	Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE	Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
CLARK JEWEL	George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

Del. 8-25

COOK ONLY THREE DAYS A WEEK

By Anne Madison

Edited and approved by the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

DOG-DAY DISHES

You can make them the day before and forget all about cooking until you're ready to serve. Delightfully chilly and refreshing—and satisfying too—are Jellied Vegetable Bouillon, Chilled Pimiento Consommé, Cold Roast Beef with Sharp Sauce, and several others for which we have recipes.

We'll be glad to send them to you for just a two-cent stamp to cover return postage. Send your request to the Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



As part of the scheme to reduce cooking, enough salad dressing for all the week was prepared on Monday

IN ONE household of my acquaintance, in spite of the fact that an exacting family felt that cold-food days must of necessity mean thwarted pleasure in eating, a hot-weather cook-three-times-a-week program met with huge success after a week's trial. This is the way it was done: During the Summer months the laundry was sent out of the house to be rough dried. In that way Monday was freed for the task of getting the week's meals under way.

Monday was a busy day. Menus for a week were mapped out and were so planned that the major part not only of the cooking but of all food preparation could be confined to Monday, Thursday and Saturday. Monday itself was to bear the heaviest burden, for on that day such supplies as salad dressings, cookies, cocoa-sirup for hot or iced cocoa, and sugar-sirup for fruit drinks were prepared for the week.

The first thing decided upon was the meats to be prepared on the three main cooking days. These had to be of types which could be repeated without family criticism one or more times on successive days.

In the week's menus reported, the meats chosen were a roast of lamb, a baked ham and roasted chicken. The meat dishes for the week were limited to seven and the other meals were planned to include cheese or eggs. (1) Roast lamb, (2) cold lamb, (3) lamb and rice casserole, (4) hot baked ham, (5) cold ham, (6) chicken pie, (7) cold chicken with ham.

After the meals were planned, Monday's program of cooking was made to include:

1. Monday's lunch and dinner.
2. All foods which could be cooked or prepared ahead for the lunches and dinners for Tuesday and Wednesday.
3. A supply of foods such as salad dressings, cookies and sirups for iced or hot drinks for the entire week.

Breakfasts were not considered in this program, for in this household they were standardized, and their preparation independent of the other meals. They were made to make one contribution to the day's meals, however, for the iced coffee at dinner was foreseen in the hot breakfast beverage.

Lunches and Dinners for the First Three Days and Preparations that were made for Them

MONDAY

LUNCH

Welsh rabbit on toast, lettuce salad with French dressing, extra buttered toast, fresh fruit, wafers, iced tea, milk.

DINNER

Roast lamb, string-beans, buttered new potatoes, jelly, dressed cucumbers, bread and butter, milk and iced coffee, coconut-custard pie.

TUESDAY

LUNCH

Stuffed tomato salad with hard-boiled eggs, bread and butter, iced cocoa, fresh fruit and cookies.

DINNER

Cold lamb, potato and cucumber salad, dressed string-beans, young onions, bread and butter, iced coffee and milk, queen of puddings.

WEDNESDAY

LUNCH

Sliced tomato, cucumber and radish salad, toasted cheese sandwiches, iced tea, milk cookies, fresh-fruit sauce.

DINNER

Lamb en casserole with rice, green peas, lettuce salad, bread and butter, iced coffee, milk, French pastry.

Welsh rabbit was selected for Monday's lunch because it could be made quickly, and if an extra quantity were made it would furnish the best possible filling for toasted-cheese sandwiches on Wednesday.

Enough tea for iced tea was made to last through Wednesday; lettuce enough for three days was washed, drained, wrapped in a damp cloth and put on the ice to keep fresh and crisp. Cucumbers were pared, radishes cleaned and made ready for use and all wrapped in a damp cloth and put on the ice.

Eggs were boiled hard for Tuesday's lunch, and the water in which they were boiled was used for the momentary scalding which facilitated removing the skins from the tomatoes when they were being made ready for use on Tuesday and Wednesday. When eggs and unskinned tomatoes were cold, they were put into the ice-box. Enough flaky pastry was made to supply crusts for the custard pie and circles for the French pastry for Wednesday's dinner. These circles were baked along with the pie and needed only to be recrisped for Wednesday's French pastry.

A slightly sweetened custard mixture was made, and part of it, after more sugar had been added, was used for making the coconut-custard pie; the other part, combined with half its volume of soft, fine bread-crums, was baked, cooled and put away to serve as the foundation for Tuesday's queen of puddings.

Rice was boiled until thoroughly soft, then drained, put in a bowl, cooled, covered with waxed paper to keep it from drying on the surface and put away in a cool place.

In preparing Monday's dinner enough string-beans and potatoes were cooked for Tuesday's dinner as well. A quantity of brown gravy was made after the lamb was roasted. Enough was set aside in the ice-box to keep for Wednesday's casserole.

Tuesday's meals were practically ready except to mix the salad and to spread the pudding with tart jelly and meringue.

Wednesday's meals involved little more than the work of combining ingredients already cooked. It required only the small amount of heat to steam the casserole, cook the peas and recrisp the pastry. After recrisping, the pastry was covered with fruit and whipped cream.

Thursday saw activites resumed.

Concluded on page 46


LISTERINE
LISTERINE
REGISTERED IN U S PATENT OFFICE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
Listerine, the safe antiseptic,
is never sold in bulk
Remember this fact: You can avoid fraudulent imitations by insisting upon obtaining Listerine in the original package—14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce.
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, U.S.A.
TORONTO LONDON MELBOURNE PARIS MADRID MEXICO CITY

She receives more letters than a movie star!



"I am proud of the work I am doing, and it is through these letters that I know how much others appreciate it too."

IMAGINE a food demonstrator receiving more letters than a leading lady of the films! Yet this is the experience of Mrs. Carrie Blanchard of Battle Creek, Mich., whose work has made her the health adviser of millions.

They are very intimate, these letters, and very interesting. They are little pictures of everyday life in everyday homes—of the health problems which arise in raising a family, or keeping a wage-earner physically equal to his job, or a mother equal to her responsibilities. Particularly, they deal with the thirty-day test of Postum, and the tremendous influence it is having toward solving health problems in so many homes.

It has a very real appeal, this thirty-day test, in these "nervous" days when people are more and more realizing the harmfulness of caffein. During the test, people banish caffein from their diet. In its place, they enjoy the wholesomeness and fine flavor of Postum. They experience the benefits of changing from an artificial stimulant to a mealtime drink made of whole wheat and bran. They learn why Postum is the favorite drink in millions of homes!

At the end of the thirty days, they are free to go back to caffein, if they care to. They make the decision, comparing their feelings with the way they felt before the test. And four people out of five decide never to change back—decide that Postum shall be their regular mealtime drink, from that time on!

Perhaps you are one of those who wish to banish the nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, and indigestion which are so often the results of caffein. Perhaps you would like a drink, in its place, that every member of the family can enjoy together, secure in the knowledge that they are *contributing* to health and efficiency, instead of tearing down. Make the thirty-day test! Accept Carrie Blanchard's offer—*now!*

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will send you your first week's supply, free, and my personal directions for preparing it. I will tell you about Iced Postum, too—and how to make Postum with hot milk for children.

"If you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"For the week's free supply, send me your name and address. Please indicate whether you want Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

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POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*

POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐

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City..... State.....

In Canada, address
CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

COOK ONLY THREE DAYS A WEEK

Concluded from page 44



Cold lamb, potatoes, cucumber salad, string beans and spring onions, iced coffee—practically all the cooking for this dinner can be done the day before

Lunches and Dinners for Thursday and Friday and the Preparations Made for Them

THURSDAY

LUNCH

Spanish omelet, lettuce salad with Roquefort dressing, bread and butter, iced cocoa, fruit cup, cookies.

DINNER

Hot baked ham, green corn, scalloped potatoes, baked tomatoes, bread and butter, iced coffee, milk, fruit sherbet, cake.



Rice will keep if covered with waxed paper and put in the refrigerator

FRIDAY

LUNCH

Sardines, stuffed eggs, lettuce-and-onion salad, bread and butter, iced cocoa, fresh fruit, wafers.

DINNER

Cold ham, scalloped potatoes, tomatoes stuffed with cucumbers and served on lettuce, bread and butter, iced coffee, milk, Bavarian cream, cake.

On Thursday all salad materials for two days were prepared and put on the ice to keep crisp. A large enough piece of ham was baked to serve hot on Thursday, to supply some choice slices for Sunday, and to serve cold on Friday, unless fish was to replace it on Friday. Enough potatoes were scalloped to be reheated for Friday's dinner.

An angel-food cake was made from the egg-whites left from making salad dressing on Monday, and in addition another simple cake, such as sponge-cake, was made. Both were covered with boiled frosting to protect them against drying. A quantity of fruit mixture was made, part of which was frozen for fruit sherbet and the rest combined with gelatin, whipped cream and beaten egg-white for Bavarian cream for Friday's dessert. Iced tea was made for the two days. Friday's task was chiefly one of salad making.

Saturday's most important business, in addition to its own lunch and dinner, was to insure Sunday's holiday feast—to see that it should provide a delicious meal for the family and at the same time give to the home-maker the final day of freedom which had been the goal of all this planning.

Preparations made for Lunch and Dinner for Saturday and Sunday

SATURDAY

LUNCH

Poached egg served on toast spread with sardine paste or anchovy paste, lettuce salad with Russian dressing, bread and butter, iced cocoa, fruit and cookies.

DINNER

Individual chicken pies, new potatoes, swiss chard, green corn, fruit macédoine with whipped cream, cake, iced coffee, milk.

SUNDAY

DINNER

Iced or hot bouillon, cold ham and chicken, combination salad, Saratoga chips, bread and butter, iced cocoa, fresh-fruit shortcake.

SUPPER

Sandwiches with peanut butter, mayonnaise dressing, thin slices of onion, leaf of lettuce and slices of tomatoes, iced tea or milk fresh fruit.

On Saturday chicken enough was cooked to furnish for Sunday a moderate-sized serving of a mixture of choice pieces of white and dark meat for each member of the family. Combined with a serving each of cold sliced ham, generous provision for the meat part of the Sunday's meal was ensured. The remainder of the chicken was freed from the bones and combined with diced hard-boiled eggs, one-half egg for each member of the family, and was made into chicken pie.

The stock which was made from the chicken bones, with the addition of some meat extract and gelatin, was used in part for the gravy for the chicken pie and in part for the jellied bouillon for Sunday.

The rich biscuit dough for crust of the chicken pie was made in amount sufficient to provide the crust for Sunday's shortcakes.

As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.
—Lambert Pharmacal Company.



"—what a pathetic figure he is today!"

Hidden wells of poison

Once a champion—now only a wistful onlooker! It was only a few years ago that he was one of the best golfers in the country. Today he limps over the course watching the players he once outmatched!

Shattered health due to tooth neglect! It all began innocently enough with several tooth cavities. Then like so many other people, he put off going to his dentist! As a result, several abscesses developed and seeped their deadly poison into his system.

Then came rheumatism and a heart disorder that made him practically a cripple. Neglected much longer, these hidden wells of poison might have caused his early death.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

© 1925. Lambert Pharmacal Co.



For a novel hot-weather salad—place drained DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple in rings of green pepper on lettuce. Moisten pineapple with French dressing. Top each service with 3 balls cottage cheese. Sprinkle with paprika and serve.



Out of doors in Summer!

LET DEL MONTE DO THE HOT WORK *for* YOU

What is summer giving *you* this year?

Is it bringing you rest and healthful recreation in the open air? Or only added kitchen hours?

Now—before it's too late—why not make up your mind really to take advantage of the opportunities this wonderful season offers?

You can do it so easily—and still serve the same tempting, economical meals—if you'll just let DEL MONTE do part of the hot work for you.

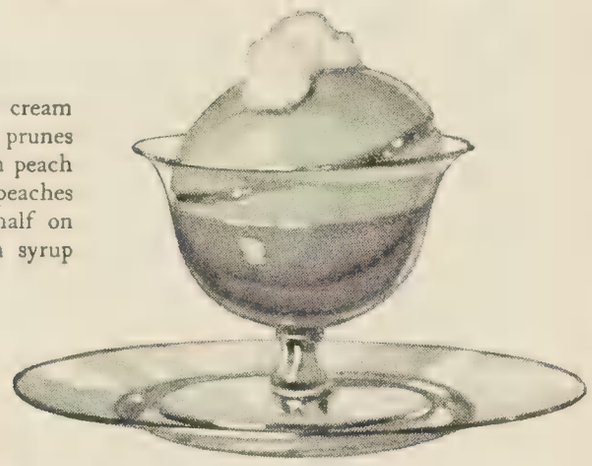
Under this well-known brand—for your instant convenience and enjoyment—are packed the world's finest fruits and vegetables—with all their natural, fresh flavor and delicacy.

You'll find a DEL MONTE variety for every summer menu need. Order from your grocer now. Only one suggestion. Just be sure you *say* DEL MONTE. Then you know in advance exactly what you're getting—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction, no matter where or when you buy.

The tempting summer dishes shown on this page are only suggestions of the many simple treats contained in our new recipe collection, "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book." For free copy, address Department 28C, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Delicious Peach Dessert

Put 6 DEL MONTE Peach Halves in 6 ice cream glasses, cup-side up. To chopped meat of 6 prunes add ¼ cup finely chopped pecans and enough peach syrup to make a soft paste. Fill depressions in peaches with this mixture and place another peach half on top, cup-side down. Add spoonful of peach syrup and top with whipped cream.



Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE



Frozen Sliced Peaches

You'll have this tempting, simple dish often—if you try it once. Just pack a can of DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches (or Peach Halves, Crushed Pineapple, Apricots, Pears, Berries, Fruits for Salad—any variety you wish) in an ordinary bucket—between equal layers of chopped ice and coarse or ice cream salt. Let stand three hours. Take out the can; dip for an instant in hot water; punch hole in bottom; then open, cutting around side closely under top, and turn out a cylinder of frozen fruit—all ready for tempting, convenient service as a dessert or salad.

Just remember this is distinctly a DEL MONTE suggestion. It's the uniform high quality of DEL MONTE Fruits and the fact that each is packed in just the proper syrup that make this method so successful.

COOL SALADS FOR HOT DAYS

By Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University.—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



A salad that is both refreshing and satisfying is made of hollowed pears filled with celery, olives and nuts

There's a zest in salads—if you will vary the dressing once in a while. A piquant pot-pourri dressing glorifies a simple combination. Or top off a fruit salad with smooth, chilly meringue dressing and see how delectable the whole dish becomes.

Dressings to suit every taste have been prepared by our experts, who will be glad to mail you the recipes for them, together with additional fruit-salad recipes not given in this article. Send your request to THE DELINEATOR Home-Making Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. And please don't forget to enclose a two-cent stamp to cover return postage

A FRUIT salad does not necessarily have to be the all-too-familiar cold hash of somewhat squashy fruit mixed with a watery mayonnaise. It can and should be a charmingly colorful and delightfully appetizing dish. It offers an easy and attractive way of serving fruit as a light luncheon or supper dish for hot weather, or as a dessert followed perhaps by cheese and crackers; or it may follow the meat course at dinner to the great relief of digestion.

Fruit combinations should be chosen with an eye for color as well as a palate for flavor. Strawberries and bananas suggest such a combination. The cut strawberries may be used with the cut bananas, or the bananas may be marinated in a heavy sirup of strawberries and then used with the fresh fruit, or the cut strawberries or even a fresh strawberry jam may be used in the French dressing which is served with the banana salad. Incidentally the nicest strawberry salads are made by dipping the berries in orange-juice and rolling them in powdered sugar before they are used in the salad.

A fresh currant sirup, used to marinate a combination of fresh cherries, strawberries and pineapple, will add its share to the glory of the salad, particularly if a cream cheese is used for the dressing.

All fruit for salads should be carefully prepared. When oranges or grapefruit are used the thin separating membrane and all white skin should be removed from the sections. Nuts should never appear with their skins on.

Fruits set in jelly have additional flavor if the gelatin is well seasoned with orange or lemon-juice and plenty of paprika. The gelatin must be made very stiff so that the acid of the fruit can not soften it unduly. The fruit must be added just before the gelatin sets.

Oranges are of course an ever popular and always available salad material of the most refreshing kind. As a variation from the somewhat conventional orange and diced celery combination, chopped nuts, finely cut pears, shredded pineapple, cubes of cucumber, preserved ginger, cream cheese, cut dates or thin slices of sweet onion or pimiento may be used with oranges in salads.

These are some fruit salad recipes:

COCONUT FRUIT SALAD

1½ cups mixed sliced strawberries and shredded pineapple	4 tablespoons oil 4 tablespoons orange-juice
½ cup shredded coconut	Salt Paprika
1 tablespoon lemon-juice	Lettuce leaves Currant jelly

Mix the fruit, celery and coconut. Sprinkle with the lemon-juice. Add a French dressing made from the oil and orange-juice, with salt and paprika to taste. Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves, and pile the chilled salad in the center. Dot with currant jelly.

TROPICAL SALAD

1 cup cantaloup balls	Any desired dressing
6 slices tomato	Lettuce leaves
Garnish of red pepper	

With a vegetable cutter cut small balls from a cantaloup that is fairly firm in texture. Arrange several balls on a slice of tomato which has been placed on a nest of lettuce leaves. Garnish with pieces of red pepper or green pepper cut in diamond shapes. Serve with any desired dressing.

PEAR SALAD

6 pears	½ cup broken walnut meats and stoned olives, chopped
6 stalks celery	
Mayonnaise	
Salt and pepper	Lettuce leaves

Select well-formed pears and cut off a bit of the broad end so that the pear will stand steadily on the plate. With a potato-ball cutter remove the center, leaving enough of the pear to make a thick cup. Cut the celery into dice, add broken walnut-meats and chopped olives and mix all together with mayonnaise, adding a pinch of salt and pepper. Fill the pear cups and serve on lettuce leaves.

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

Rub two tablespoons of cream cheese smooth, and blend slowly with one-fourth cup of stiff mayonnaise. Into this mixture fold one-half cup of heavy cream which has been beaten stiff. Then add three-fourths cup of white cherries stoned and sliced, or white grapes which have been skinned and seeded, and three-fourths cup of shredded pineapple; season with a pinch of salt and two tablespoons of lemon-juice. Pour into a pound baking-powder tin and pack in ice and salt for two hours. Slice and serve on lettuce leaves.

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food, or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope)

SAVE WORK IN REMOVING CORN-SILK

From a farm woman who was preparing dinner for a harvest crew, I learned a quick and successful way of removing the silk from ears of corn. She used a whisk-broom. First she removed the husks, then brushed the ears toward the stem end, and all the silk was removed with but a minimum amount of work.—M. P., Ithaca, N. Y.



Whisk off that persistent corn-silk with a stiff little broom or narrow brush

SAVE BUYING FRESH GASOLINE

Gasoline may be washed very satisfactorily. After having cleaned an article with gasoline, add to it an equal amount of water, shake the mixture well and then allow it to settle. Siphon or pour off the clean gasoline, which will rise to the top. A small amount of soda may be added to the water before it is mixed with the gasoline.—MRS. C. A. R., Oklahoma City, Okla.

SAVE TOMATOES BY USING APPLES

Tomatoes are scarce in our community and I have found that equal parts of tomatoes and apple-pulp make an excellent combination for catchup. If the apple is substituted in one's favorite recipe, the substitution can scarcely be detected.—MRS. R. L., Westbrook, Minn.

SAVE YOUR FEET

Take an old inner tube, cut into strips one and a half inches wide and weave into a rug to stand on while in the kitchen. It rests the feet because of the softness and the spring of the rubber. Fasten the ends with brads, rivets or even use rubber glue or puncture mender. I use the felt rug weave, but the different braiding can be used and put together with heavy cord. When dirty, they can be cleaned by turning the hose on them and left outdoors to dry.—MRS. A. W. B., Hayden, Colo.

SAVE BUYING PORCH-LAMPS

At a country auction I bought an apparently worthless old surrey for twenty-five cents. It had a pair of carriage-lamps on it, rusty but otherwise good. These I rubbed down, painted black, had wired for electricity and had installed on each side of the entrance door. They look exactly like a pair I saw in a window marked fifty dollars.—MRS. J. H., New Rochelle, N. Y.

SAVE THE LEFT-OVER ICE-CREAM

Very often when we have ice-cream a little is left over. The work of repacking before it melts is considerable. I have hit upon the plan of putting the left-over ice-cream before it melts into a small container which has a tight cover, such as a fruit-jar, and, after drawing the water out of the freezer, submerging this small container in the remaining ice. A little salt should be added. The ice-cream will usually keep frozen until the next meal and may be used *à la mode* as a part of the dessert.—M. W., Brawley, Calif.

SAVE BUYING A BATHING-SUIT

I saved the price of a woolen bathing-suit for my three-year-old son by using two pairs of old woolen hose, cutting off the feet and shaping armholes for the front with one stocking leg and the back of the suit with the other. I cut the neck slightly lower in front, making the seams come on the sides. There was plenty of material in the other pair of stockings for the trunks. My friends thought I had bought an expensive woolen suit.—MRS. L. A. S., Sterling, Kans.

SAVE BY USING INEXPENSIVE FOODS

These are some of the ways I feed my family on a small amount of money. They enjoy fried mush for breakfast and this is very inexpensive. I make the mush very thick and mold it in a bread-pan. In the morning I turn it out and slice it and sauté it on both sides. We split the slices and butter them. I can serve four breakfasts for three people on ten cents' worth of corn-meal and a half pound of butter. Sometimes I add pork sausage to the mush and do not use butter. I fry the sausage, add a pint and a half of water and a cup of corn-meal. This is molded after it is cooked and is sautéd the same as plain mush. Left-over potatoes make excellent dumplings. I also make head-cheese. This is very inexpensive and delicious.—MRS. C. M., St. Louis, Mo.

SAVE DRESSES FROM WRINKLING IN THE TRUNK

Stiff cardboard is an indispensable part of one's equipment if dresses and waists are to be packed in the trunk without being badly wrinkled. Fold and wrap blouses and dresses in tissue-paper. Tie each to a piece of cardboard which is slightly smaller than the space available in the trunk or case.—MRS. M. M. I., North Pitcher, N. Y.

SAVE CLEANING CAMP UTENSILS

In order to prevent soot from accumulating on the bottoms of utensils used in cooking over the wood fire, rub the bottoms of the utensils with soap before setting them over the fire. You will find they will wash off easily without scouring.—MRS. H. N. E., Santa Maria, Calif.

SAVE SIRUP FROM BOILING OVER

Grease the inside of the cooking vessel near the top and you will have little difficulty from preserves or candies or any other sugar solution boiling over.—MRS. B., Memphis, Tenn.

SAVE TRACKING MUD INTO THE HOUSE

Three vegetable brushes, one large and two smaller, are very useful in keeping mud from being tracked into the house. Place the larger one with the bristles upon the porch step and nail it securely. Set the two smaller ones up on edge on either side and close to the larger one. This makes an ideal cleaner for muddy or dusty shoes.—MRS. P. F. S., Twin Falls, Idaho.



"The advertisement said 'Fels-Naptha gives extra help'

"Extra help! That's only half the story!"

Extra help that means a deeper, sweeter cleanliness! *Extra* help that makes washday easier on yourself—easier on your clothes!

What a joy to get bright, sparkling cleanliness in clothes hardest to get clean! What a relief not to be all tired out after the washing is done! What a satisfaction to know your clothes are *safely* cleaned—whether done by yourself or by someone else!

Only when you put Fels-Naptha to the test will you fully realize how much its *extra* help means.

Splendid soap and dirt-loosening naptha—working together—give Fels-Naptha this ***extra* washing help you cannot get in any other form.**

Isn't it worth a penny more a week to get this *extra* help?

Millions of women know that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha, and wouldn't be without it for all their household cleaning. Why not get a bar or two at your grocer's today, and put it to the test in *your* home?



Smell the naptha in Fels-Naptha!

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is splendid soap and naptha—two safe, useful cleaners in one golden bar, working together to save you work, and to save wear-and-tear on clothes. **Isn't this *extra* help worth a penny more a week?**

PROVE the extra help of Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



The original and genuine naptha soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* clothes with Fels-Naptha if you prefer. You are bound to get good results any way you use it. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

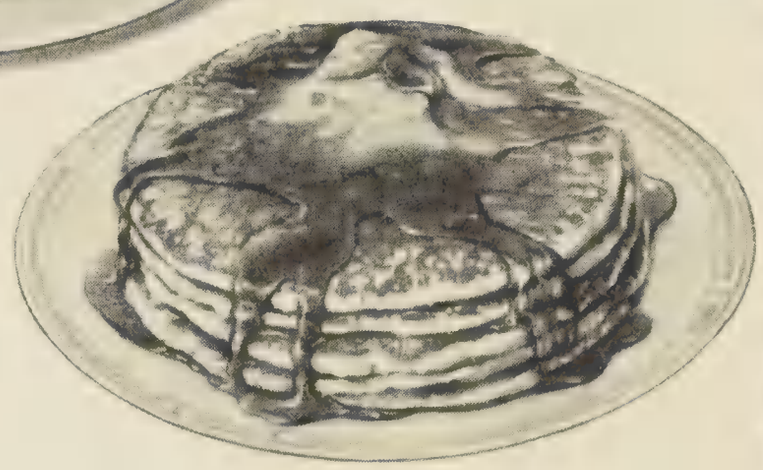
Be sure to include Fels-Naptha in your camp kit this Summer. It makes short work of cleaning clothes and dishes.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © Fels & Co. Philadelphia



The largest selling high grade syrup in the United States



How the richness of maple is mellowed in this syrup

Maple! What memories the very word awakens! Fragrant pancakes steaming before you—then the pouring and spreading of the syrup. Who can watch that golden flood of syrup without a thrill of expectation? It's only the most wonderful flavor that can make the taste all you long for—only the flavor of maple at its best.

It is to bring you the joy of maple in full measure that the art of blending sugars has been developed. The greatest skill and experience are needed to make the most of that rare, natural goodness for which maple is famous.

Today it is recognized that the Towle Process of blending—known only to the makers of Log Cabin Syrup—brings you maple in its most delicious form. It is for this reason that Log Cabin has become the favorite in millions of American homes—the largest selling high grade syrup in the world. Choice maple sugar from Canada and Vermont is combined in Log Cabin with granulated cane sugar in a way that wonderfully enhances and mellows the richness of the maple.

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My grocer's name and address is:

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THE SHRINKING VIOLET

Concluded from page 7

Natalie. The lucky one would leave on her breast a fraternity pin as potent as an engagement ring.

Chet's mother started up-stairs just as he stood in front of his mirror conversing with people who existed only below his epiglottis. Outside the door Mrs. Taylor halted so abruptly that her glasses on a black cord fell from her startled gray eyes and rattled back to the spring holder.

In Chet's room she heard voices.

"Natalie, do you love me?"

"I've always loved you, Chet."

"And you don't like that big bozo, Wilmer Humes?"

"No. He's a wet smack. I loathe him!"

Mrs. Taylor shuddered.

"Then you'll marry me, Natalie?"

"Of course, I will—as soon as you come back from school ready for the great battle of life."

"Natalie, you've made me the happiest man in the world. I'm going to steal a kiss."

"Let the crime wave begin!"

Mrs. Taylor gasped. She raised her hand indignantly as if about to knock on the door. Then she paused, biting her lip. Chet ought to know better than to let Natalie visit him up-stairs unchaperoned. It wasn't conventional. "Oh, this younger generation! They do things so differently!" She turned away, exasperated.

NATALIE'S mother showed a different sort of concern that evening when she watched her daughter and Chet and Wilmer starting for the country-club dance.

"I don't like to have you driving along the roads too late at night, dear," said Mrs. Blakesley, a slim, gray-haired woman, whose hands played nervously on the veranda railing. "You know there have been hold-ups lately."

"I've got Chet and Wilmer with me," replied Natalie.

"They wouldn't do much good against a man with a gun."

"Oh, now," cut in Wilmer protestingly, "nobody's going to get away with that while I'm around. They might with Chet—he's always in a fog—but not with me."

"I suppose you'd bore him to death before he could shoot," returned Chet. Natalie laughed and let the car roll down the drive.

At the country club she was confronted by Mrs. Taylor.

"Natalie, I can't keep still a minute longer. I know, my dear, about you and Chester. Trust a mother's intuition!"

"I don't understand." Her dark eyes were puzzled.

"You know what I mean, child! Chester proposed to you and you accepted him. Now, what do you say?"

Natalie didn't know, but she thought it would be an interesting thing to find out. So she found Chet and asked him if he had something to say to her. Her smile encouraged him.

"Yes," he replied. He started to take her by the arm and lead her out to the moonlit lawn, but at that moment, just when he felt that never had the occasion been more propitious for him, Wilmer Humes cut in.

"My dance, Nat! Let's go!"

She went away on Wilmer's arm. When Chet approached them again he had no intention of eavesdropping, but the first words he heard rooted him to the spot behind a row of palms.

"What's this I just heard Mrs. Taylor telling your mother?" Wilmer demanded of Natalie. "You haven't gone and made a fool of yourself by getting engaged to Chet, have you?" Chet listened, amazed, while Wilmer went on with considerable heat. "He's not the man for you. He'll never get anywhere. He can't do anything. He's——"

"He's a better man than you are, Gunga Din!"

It was a silly retort, of course, but it came from behind the palms where Chet stood hidden. It came in a voice sufficiently ventriloquized to deceive Wilmer into thinking it was Natalie's. Besides, Wilmer was distracted at that moment, and the veranda was dimly lit. Also, at that moment, Natalie bent over to pick up her shimmering sapphire necklace, which had come unclasped and slipped to the floor, so that her head was lowered as the words reached Wilmer's ears. A look of dismay flashed across Wilmer's face.

"A woman wants a man who can protect her," he went on, "a man who doesn't——"

"Hate himself!" finished the voice.

Wilmer rose and stalked away.

ANOTHER partner claimed Natalie, so that it wasn't until the dance ended that Chet could get a word from her, and then he found himself in the up-stairs smoking-room drinking coffee with her and Wilmer and Emily Mason and Jimmy Higgins. All of the servants had gone to bed, except old Niles, the caretaker, who was down-stairs locking up the larder. Suddenly the door from the outside stairway opened and the nondescript figure of a man entered.

As he stepped into the light he revealed a gaunt face under a cap, an automatic in his hand, a threat in his voice.

"Not a peep out of anybody!"

There was a horrified gasp.

Chet was as much surprized as anybody, but he didn't show it. He noticed the man's dusty shoes, his grease-stained coat, and the several days' growth of beard on his face.

"Hands up, everybody!" The man swept his gun in an arc from Chet to Wilmer and Jimmy. The latter two complied, especially Wilmer, who stood with his back flat against the wall, his arms high above his head, his eyes wide and staring. It was useless to deny that he seemed scared stiff.

"Get ready to hand me that necklace, young lady," continued the thief, looking at Natalie. "Nobody will get hurt if you all keep your shirts on!" His eyes and his gun rested, surprized, on Chet, who still sat on the edge of the divan. He hadn't budged since the man came into the room. "Aren't you going to stick up your hands, kid? Or have I got to pop you?"

"Still Chet declined to obey. He sat there apparently as calm as if he had gone through all the dangers in the world and the repetition of one couldn't disturb him. He merely turned his head slightly toward the door to the next room, as if listening to voices in there. And at once voices in there began to sound.

The thief looked in that direction, too, and never thought of watching Chet's lips. Even if he had, he might not have detected the movement. He listened, and his jaw dropped at what he heard:

"Quick! Grab a golf-club."

"I got it. What've you?"

"A baseball bat. Where's Dick?"

"In the locker-room looking for his pistol. Where's Tom?"

"He's getting an ax. How about Phil?"

"He's gone for a shotgun. Here he comes now!"

"All ready! Let's bust in!"

Before anybody came in, however, the thief decided to go out. Without plunder but with considerable panic, he backed to the outside door, wrenched it open, and darted out. The next moment his feet could be heard going down-stairs three steps at a time, taking the veranda in a jump, and running on the hard sod.

From the window, the occupants of the smoking-room saw the fleeing figure cross the golf-course and head for the railroad-tracks beyond, where freight-trains could be caught on short notice.

THE excitement stirred up by the visitor lasted for some time, chiefly because of the mystery of the rescue party, whose voices had been heard but whose presence never materialized. Even a search failed to find them, despite the fact that Wilmer Humes led the investigation. All he found, on coming back to the smoking-room, was Natalie kissing Chet. They had come to an understanding.

"Quick! Grab a golf-club," repeated Chet, and the others became aware of the rescue party's identity.

They surrounded Chet and demanded repeated performances of his new art. They made him know at last the elated feeling of occupying the center of the stage.

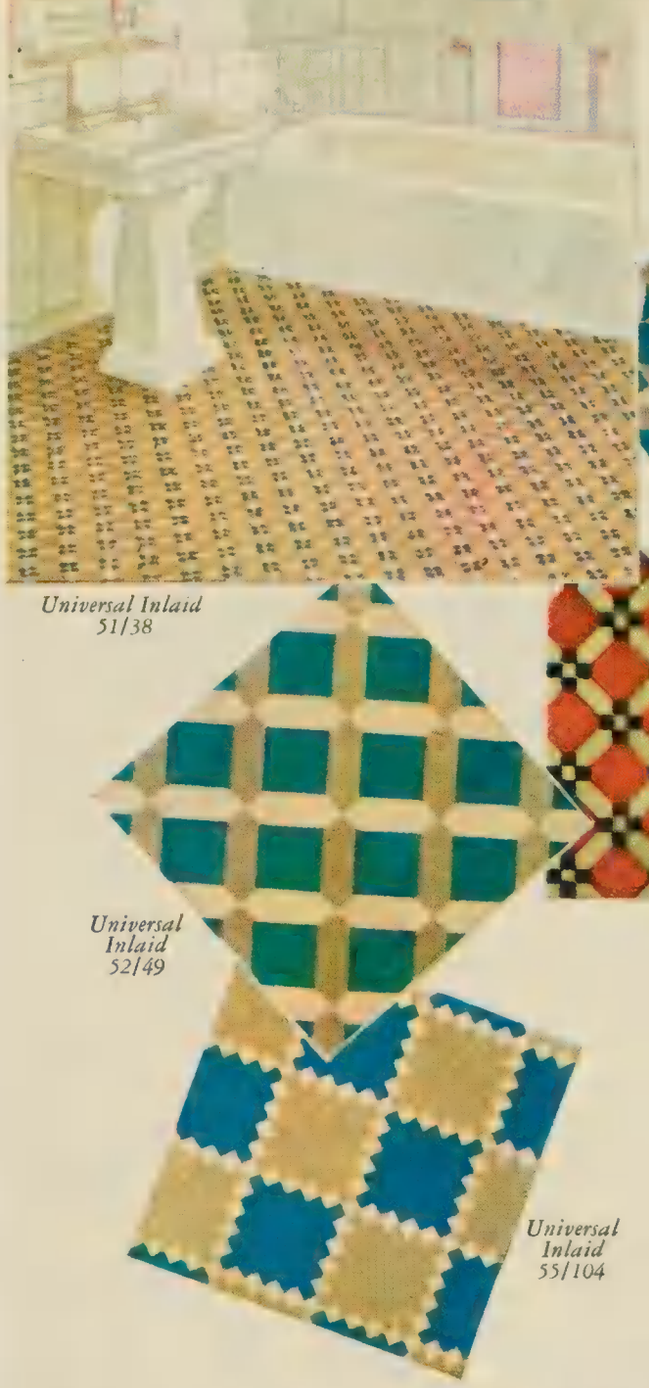
Wilmer tried to curtail Chet's triumph by coming forward with Natalie's coat, but Chet took it out of his surprized hands.

"Let me hold it for Natalie." And then he added meaningly, "Your arms must be tired!"



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Their clear colors and sharply-defined patterns are just what women like in the kitchen—and the bathroom as well. *Universal* Inlaids can be kept spotless by light mopping with a minimum of time and work.

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Universal and *Belflor* Inlaids uphold the enviable reputation for quality that Nairn Linoleum has enjoyed for more than a generation. Their low cost is possible only because of modern machinery and quantity sales. The colors go through to the back, repeated cleanings do not dim them.

Folders describing these Inlaids will be sent you *free* on request. Write for them today and see the many different patterns. Your dealer will be glad to show you the designs you like best and quote you prices.

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FIFTY YEARS AGO

WHEN HEINZ WAS JUST BEGINNING—



More than fifty years ago, when the house of Heinz was yet young, women were just as proud of their skill in cooking, and their well-kept kitchens, as are the women of today.

But today's housewife has advantages unknown fifty years ago. She is helped by devices that simplify her work. Foods all ready to serve are at her instant command. Services by outside organizations are always available.

These give her more time for other activities while enabling her to maintain the old-time standards of housekeeping.

In the realm of foods she knows how faithfully the highest of all standards are perpetuated in the Heinz kitchens.

Here foods are carried in glass and silver lined containers. Flowers bloom in every window. Sunlight floods every nook and corner. Competent girls in immaculate costumes, and with faultless hands, preside over every operation.

Knowing this, she serves Heinz 57 Varieties with the same confidence in their purity and flavor that her grandmother had in the foods prepared in her own kitchen.

When you come to Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens · H. J. HEINZ CO.

New Salad-making recipe booklet sent for four cents in stamps



LOVE'S DAILY DOZEN

Continued from page 6

A block or two from the library was a little delicatessen, where its owner, a wide-smiling old Frenchwoman, ministered in a back room to forlorn exiled countrymen with chicken cooked in rice and soup thick with mushrooms and certain pungent sauces.

Hi Smith, who relished French cooking as a doughboy, had discovered Madame Grevy.

"And I wouldn't bring any one but you, not if they were blindfolded," he told Claire over the red-cloth-covered table.

It was a perfect place in which to discuss the novel—Hi Smith's novel—for Claire easily sidetracked any mention of her own. They talked only of the novel that night.

"But you'll come again," he said eagerly as they parted in front of the library.

"I'd love to," said Claire.

"I'll be looking for you every night," he said.

A FEW evenings later, Claire had dinner with A. C. Jenkins. He had been regarding her thoughtfully of late, and, indeed, the change in her would have mystified a Buddha. Since the evening with Hi Smith, she had a pervasive glow, as though a candle were lighted in her depths. "Magnetism, that's what she has," old A. C. was heard to mutter.

They dined in the marble-and-onyx splendor of a big hotel with its orchestra and its splashing fountain. It was fun, but not so much fun as Madame Grevy's.

A. C. began by talking business—of the Chicago office shortly to be opened. When the talk became more personal, she had resource to Item 6.

"Oh, I've seen life—my schooling was fragmentary but quite complete—my views are not orthodox, but my ethics are sound, I trust—I'm more familiar with France than with America."

Her ethics were so sound that she was troubled by that last.

"You're pretty much a woman of the world," said A. C. at last, with a speculative expression.

"I trust I am," said Claire and laughed and twirled a cigaret. But she wasn't a woman of the world with Hi. She was a child, and he was another. "*Mes enfants*," Madame Grevy called them. How they chattered over her red-spread table, how they thrilled over the movies they attended, how they adventured on the country hikes which soon became established Sunday customs!

The snow-banks melted to gurgling streams; pussy-willows blurred in the hollows; the first shivering robin redbreast was discerned upon a twig. Spring came on, and as other girls have done before her, Claire grew prettier and prettier with the awakening and blooming of the earth.

A. C. Jenkins instituted luncheon conferences. One day over new peas in timbales he gave her a raise.

"You have changed, Miss Goodwin, and greatly to your advantage," he said in explanation.

Claire leaped for Item 6.

"Perhaps," she hinted darkly. "I had had a great sorrow. I may not have been quite myself when I came to your office."

A. C. digested that.

"I believe that's the case," he said.

Late one afternoon he came to her desk.

"Ross Gray from the Chicago territory is in town," he said. "It is important that you should learn conditions there, and his time is very limited. Would you take dinner with us? And perhaps we can get to the theater afterward."

"Of course. How delightful!" said Claire.

She was a little heady that night. It can not be denied. Here was a reward for endless gymnastics before a chilly window, for tedious hours in the shops.

She looked well. She talked well. She displayed poise, intelligence and charm. She could not avoid awareness of this, and she was not surprised when A. C. came to her next day at the early Saturday closing hour.

"Ross Gray says that you're a darned attractive girl."

She was pleased and might have stayed so if A. C. had told her just that and gone away, but he did not. He stood there looking at her. He looked so long and so intently that a chill seemed to strike her. There was a look in his eyes—why, she hadn't known that anything but business could give him that look. The chill settled fearfully about her heart.

"Miss Goodwin," he said at last.

"Yes," she answered.

"I have something to ask you."

"Yes."

Impatiently he jerked out his watch.

"Hang it, I have to go. Conference with Gray. Will you come to my private office the first thing Monday morning?" As he moved away he turned and added with ill-concealed excitement, "The conference may affect your whole future!"

THE conference may affect your whole future! That meant that her race was run. But none of the expected elation flowed in upon Claire with his words. She stared after his retreating figure as though she were seeing the future—the future with A. C.—the future without Hi.

The walls of the office seemed crowding upon her—nightmarishly, smotheringly close. She lifted her hands to push them away, a frightened protesting sob forcing itself from her throat. But abruptly her cheeks flushed and she dropped her hands into her lap.

For she had a gallant code, born of much reading, perhaps. Remember that her childhood companions had been King Arthur's knights. Some lofty conception of honor held her hands motionless now. Hadn't A. C. been quite indifferent to her? Hadn't she, with cold deliberation, set about to charm him? Hadn't she, quite consciously, awakened that gleam in his eyes?

She had, and she would take her medicine. She had, and she would renounce Hi Smith and joy and youth and love. Claire pressed her hot palms fiercely against her tear-wet eyes, then snatched her hat and coat and ran out into the Spring.

There would, of course, be Sunday—doubtless their last day together. She would enjoy it, she vowed, down to the last fraction of a second, down to that ever-tightening pressure of hands with which they parted.

When he met her, Sunday morning, on the steps of the rooming-house, she was gay as the puff-ball clouds in the wide, blue, windy sky. Her cap and scarf and sweater were vivid cowslip yellow. Her smile was like a blown kiss.

"I want a happy day for a very special reason," she hailed him, swinging her kit.

"So do I," he answered, his eyes fleetingly grave. "Do you mind my being such a tramp?"

"I—I like you in awful clothes," said Claire. She touched the old army sweater. She touched it with the lightest, most flippant of fingers, but he turned and looked at her. A frightened delicious faintness ran down her body.

A day in the country in Spring! And the small events which mark the progress of the day! How they transmute themselves, with lovers, into rare golden adventures!

Claire held her misery back with laughter. Hi too seemed to be strung to a tense pitch of happiness. It was only when the smoke of their camp fire met the blue smoke of early evening that melancholy descended on them.

"I didn't think it would end," said Claire on their homeward walk, breaking a silence which had lasted half an hour.

Hi did not answer. On the steps of the old lodging-house he took her hand in parting. And that touch was too much for them both. Swiftly as a star falls, she was caught into his arms—with pounding heart she was giving back his kisses.

"Claire!" he cried in triumph. "You *do* love me. I was so afraid to ask. You'll marry me, dear, and be mine forever."

"No, no, no!" said Claire. She pulled herself away.

Their eyes strained through the sweet May darkness. Claire groped for words to tell him what she must. She drew farther and farther away. If he put out his hand——

"I—I can't marry you," she said. "I must never see you again."

"What do you mean?" His voice hardened. "You can't say you don't love me, after this. You do love me, don't you?"

"Yes," said Claire.

"Then you'll marry me."

"I won't. I—can't."

She darted in at the door and up the stairs. After a long time thoughts began pricking

Concluded on page 54

Prevent this

(A condition bad teeth may cause)



Bad Teeth May Bring Crippling Rheumatism

Health and Happiness, Authorities Say, Depend on Tooth Care

The importance of preventive dentistry can't be overstated. Perhaps it may seem absurd to attribute rheumatism or melancholia to poor teeth. But science has proved the connection.

If you doubt this, ask your dentist.

Use Colgate's

It removes causes of tooth decay

GOOD TEETH and good health are usually companions. Good looks, too, are dependent to a large extent on your teeth.

Preventive dentistry—preventing disease by combating tooth troubles—is the new health move. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has always been in the forefront of this move for better teeth and health.

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Colgate's is a preventive dental cream. It *removes causes* of tooth decay by "washing" your teeth safely. Colgate's contains no harsh grit, no dangerous drugs.

Its function is not to cure, but to cleanse and protect. The taste of Colgate's is delicious. And its price is as pleasant as its taste—only 25c for the large tube.

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LOVE'S DAILY DOZEN

Concluded from page 53

through the opiate of her pain. Old A. C.—she had made him care when she didn't care back—that was what had been wrong—that was why she must suffer. Now, if it had been Hi, she might have used any art, for she could give back love for the love she had awakened. If it had been Hi—but she mustn't follow that. She must brace herself for to-morrow morning, for the conference which would affect her whole future. Claire rose and stood straight as an Indian.

She was still straight as an Indian, but very much a paleface, when she came into A. C. Jenkins's office on Monday morning.

"You're not feeling well," said A. C., inspecting her keenly.

"Oh, quite, thank you." Claire forced a stiff smile and sat down by his desk.

He leaned back in the swivel chair, crossing his stubby legs, and continued to regard her with intent green eyes.

"I have an offer to make you," he said. "I wouldn't have made it three months ago."

"I know that," Claire thought bitterly.

"I want you," he proceeded, "to appreciate the honor it implies. You are technically only a stenographer—" Interpreting as resentment her suddenly startled look, he added hastily, "—though you've been carrying full secretarial duty, I admit."

Claire fixed her eyes on a calendar on the wall. She would go through with it. She would! But she had not dreamed that he would be so condescending. A. C. cleared his throat and leaned toward her. "Well, well, I'll come to the point," he said.

Claire braced herself with tightly knotted hands. He had that exalted, concentrated look with which he put over business deals. It stabbed her through with guilt.

"I want you, my dear Miss Goodwin," he began. She closed her eyes the better to endure it. "—to take full charge of the Chicago office!"

A cold shower on a sweltering August noon! A long, long fall from some hideous dream! Claire cried out, looked about her and jumped up. Life and bright color flowed back into her cheeks, her curving lips.

"No, no!" she cried in a ringing, joyous voice. "Thank you, Mr. Jenkins. I can't."

"You can't!" His voice bellowed wrathful indignation.

"No. You see, I am going to be married."

"You are! When?"

"Oh, soon."

With the words came a fear that perhaps she would not be forgiven. But, ah, now she could try! With Hi Smith she could use all her arts and still have the Lord on her side.

She paused in her flight to say contritely: "I do thank you. It was kind of you to think of me. If it weren't for my other plans——"

And then she was out of the office. She would run away—run to Hi——

But Hi ran into her, in the passageway leading to her desk.

"You here? You?" she cried, her voice spilling gladness like the little waterfall they had found the day before.

"Of course," he answered, and he caught hold of her arm with a grip so hard that it hurt. "I got to thinking it over, and I decided I would be a mollycoddle all right if I let you get away after you admitted that you loved me. You did admit it, Claire. Now, you get this straight. You're my girl, and you're going to marry me."

Claire just gave herself into his enveloping arms.

" 'Course I am," she crooned.

OVER the chicken and rice at Madame Grevy's that noon Hi volunteered:

"It really began, I think, the night I told you to reread 'Vanity Fair.' "

"Yes, it did," said Claire, and suddenly she laughed. Why, Thackeray was right, after all. What had he said? *A woman with fair opportunities and without an absolute hump may marry whom she likes.*

"Whom she *loves*," said Claire aloud, to Hi Smith's mystification.



EMERGENCIES OF CHILDHOOD

Continued from page 16

emetics. Their action can be hastened by tickling the throat or pushing a finger down the throat. The next step is to neutralize the effect of the poison and to make its action harmless. The doctor will bring the chemical antidote, which differs with different poisons. After vomiting, the mouth and stomach can be soothed by milk, raw whites of eggs, flaxseed tea or thick barley water.

THE habit children have of placing things in the mouth often results in their swallowing all kinds of articles. If these happen to be marbles, buttons, beads, coins or anything small and without a sharp point or edge, there is no need for alarm, as they will pass through without damage if no cathartics be given. But the first thought of the mother when a foreign body has been swallowed is to rush for the castor-oil bottle. This is the one thing *not* to do. Sometimes open safety-pins, glass and sharp articles are swallowed, and a cathartic pushes the article through too quickly, and injures the delicate lining of the stomach and intestines.

The best treatment is to coat the article with food and allow it to pass slowly through the bowels. This is accomplished by feeding thick cereals, potato or bread. If a sharp object like a fish-bone or pin lodge in the throat, the child should be suspended with the head down, and the back should be slapped in an effort to dislodge the article. If it lodges high in the throat, an effort should be made to dislodge the object, and to pull it out with the finger and thumb.

If a child starts to cough or takes a quick deep breath while having some small article in his mouth the object may be drawn into the lungs. This is a very serious matter. A specialist should be called at once

Children seem to like to shove peas, beans, shoe-buttons and such things into their ears. If any of these objects enter the ear canal, its removal should be left to the physician. Syringing with warm water may help, but do not try to remove the article forcibly.

Children not infrequently push small objects up into the nose. They may have observed the mother cleanse the baby brother's nose, but it is hard to explain the psychology of or pleasure in this act. They are apt to forget the presence of the object, or be afraid to mention it. In a short time the nostril in which it has been placed will become inflamed and a copious and foul-smelling discharge result. A one-sided and persistent nasal discharge suggests always a foreign body, which only a physician should attempt to remove.

There are few things more irritating or more painful than a small cinder or foreign body in the eye. Rubbing the eye increases the irritation and aggravates the condition. Nature attempts to wash away the offending object by a copious flow of tears. If this be not successful, the under surface of the upper and lower lids must be examined, and the foreign body removed gently with a moistened camel's-hair brush or a corner of a clean handkerchief. If not removed by these simple measures, an oculist should be consulted at once. In the meantime the eye can be bathed with a solution of boric acid (one teaspoon to a pint of water). This should be freely used with a small glass eye-cup.

Earache in children is quite common and very painful. A child may go to bed with only a slight cold in his head, and wake up suddenly with an intense and acute pain. This pain is hard to relieve and is increased on pressing the front or back of the ear or pulling out the lobe. Older children will locate the source of the pain, but babies and young children are not able to do so, although occasionally they may place a hand over the seat of the pain. The pain may

subside after a few hours and continue with intermissions for several days. Never neglect an earache, as there is always a possibility of a mastoid abscess developing. The best way to relieve the pain is by a hot-water douche made of boric acid—one teaspoon to one pint of hot water. If the pain persists, a physician should be called.

Nothing causes more alarm or requires prompter or more intelligent treatment than convulsions or spasms. They are comparatively common among children under two years of age, because the brain and nervous system are not fully developed. Very slight disturbances of the bowels and stomach may produce convulsions. High fever from any cause will often produce this trouble in young children. In the case of children under five years of age it is exceedingly difficult to diagnose convulsions as due to epilepsy. A convulsion may usher in an acute illness. It is well to remember that a child very rarely dies in a convulsion. The best treatment is to lay the child on the bed, loosen the clothing, put ice-water on the head and warmth to the feet. An enema should be given as soon as possible. One or two quarts of soapy water can be used in the fountain syringe. The child should not be moved. The expelled water can be run on a rubber sheet or on some newspapers.

These are some of the more frequent emergencies during childhood for which the mother should be prepared. When in doubt as to the extent of the accident or injury, she should immediately summon a doctor. Mothers who are able to meet these emergencies with clear head and ready hands will prevent suffering, and even save lives. Of such Solomon in his wisdom speaks:

"She looketh well to the ways of her household
Her children rise up and call her blessed."



THE GOLDEN LAW OF LOVE

Concluded from page 8

reckoning with this impulse, and that Marxism, with its loud outcry against individual wealth as an unsocial possession, will forever break itself in vain against the impregnable rock of this law of nature.

But father-love has its tragedies also. A son's ingratitude to his father, still more his deliberate hostility, is perhaps the cruelest stab the father-heart can suffer. It has been truly described as sharper than a serpent's tooth, and no human experience has ever found more penetrating expression. I have always thought the fragment of the German ballad of *Hildebrand*, in which the warrior father has to face the alternative of being killed by his son or of killing his son and thus cutting off his line, the most moving thing in literature except one—the story of the war between David and Absalom. I place that higher as tragedy than anything in Æschylus or Sophocles or Shakespeare. Deeper in human emotion it seems impossible to go than those closing scenes in which Absalom, having stolen the heart of the people from the king, takes up arms against him, and is killed, and then the news of his death is brought home to his father.

"And the King said to Gushi, Is the young man, Absalom, safe? And Gushi answered, The enemies of my lord the King, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

"And the King was much moved; and went up to the chamber above the gate and wept; and as he went thus, he said, O, my son, Absalom, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Such, then, is father-love. In the scheme of human things it is, like mother-love, a part of God's own way of carrying on His world and of holding His children together. But aside from ingratitude and open strife, there is a tragedy in father-love which enters into nearly every family. No son ever loves his father as his father loves his son. It is not in nature that he should do so. The love which his father bears to him he can bear only to his own children. The reason is clear: Nature must look forward, not backward, or the race would come to an end. We who are fathers have to reconcile ourselves to that. But we may console ourselves with the thought that without father-love, going before, asking nothing, only cheered and comforted if out of greatness of heart in our children something sometimes come back to us, the world itself could not go on.

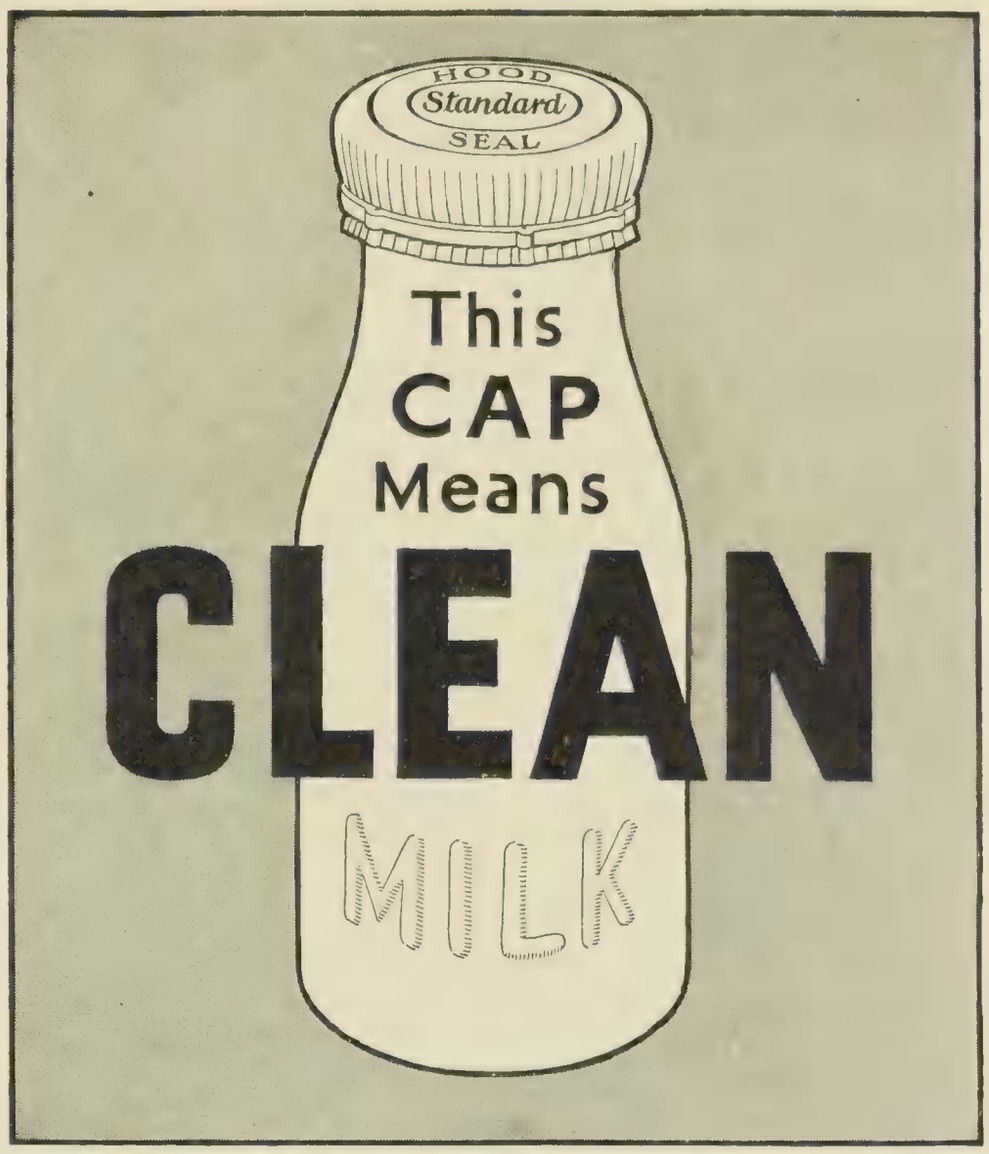
LOOK, finally, at the love of man and woman. The world is full of the books that have been written on this subject, and of the writing of further books there is still no end. But the secret that lies at the heart of the master passion of humanity, the passion whereby humanity exists, seems to have eluded everybody. Where is it born? By what qualities is it created? Is it intended to be monogamous and life-long, or polygamous and temporary? Above all, how does it come to pass that a man should choose one woman out of all the world of women to be his wife and the mother of his children, and thereby, it may be, the mother of untold generations? Is it under the unconscious operation of divine selection, as Browning seemed to think, or by the mere freak of chance, the accident of class, race and environment, the unnoticed necessity which unites the creatures of the field when they are driven pell-mell into the same pen?

The prophets, the poets, the dramatists and the novelists of the ages give us little or no light on that great problem. "Love is heaven and heaven is love," says Walter Scott, meaning the love of man and woman. But that does not carry us far. "Loving goes by haps; some, Cupid kills by arrows, some by traps," says Shakespeare. But that does not carry us much farther. "We know a man is in love," says Balzac, "when the dropping of a woman's glove is more important to him than the fall of an empire." But that gives us a humorous picture of one of love's charming delusions—nothing more. "The true season of love," says Goethe. "is when we believe that we alone can love, that no one could ever have loved so before us, and that no one will ever love in the same way again." That is an amusing illustration of the delicious selfishness and folly of love, but nothing else, and the origin of the love passion still evades us.

"I wonder what he saw in her?" is a common expression. It is also a foolish one. In "the true season of love" it would be beyond the wisdom of Solomon for any man to see why any other man should have married any other woman than the woman he married himself. Merit has usually nothing to do with man's choice; virtue has nothing to do with it; and in the long run even beauty has nothing to do with it. "All true love," says Richter, "is founded on esteem." But love has been known to live where esteem has been absent. "Solid love," says Erasmus, "whose root is virtue, can no more die than love itself." But love and virtue have often parted company and died in separate beds. "Beauty," says Fielding, "may be the object of liking; great qualities of admiration; good ends of esteem; but love only is the object of love." Does it come to this, then, that in the making of the mighty passion which governs the world, which dominates the species, which decides the fate of nations, the touch of a hand and the glance of an eye are more potent than all the qualities of mind and heart put together?

I do not know that anything better has been said on the origin and nature of the passion of love than was said by Harriet Martineau, of all people: "Is love to be treated with levity as a mere illusion? Or with coarseness as a mere impulse? Or with fear as a mere disease? Or with shame as a mere weakness? Or is it to be looked upon as a great mystery which lies at the foundation of human existence, morality and happiness—necessary, universal, inevitable and certain as death?"

Love, the love of man for woman and of woman for man, is a mystery of natural law. Marriage, truly contracted and properly protected, is an institution based on a pure and lofty law of nature which God made at the beginning, when He created male and female, and which has since established the home, founded the family, built up the nation, been the chief agent in the progress of civilization, and become, perhaps, the strongest bulwark of religion.



The hood and seal that protects the entire top of the bottle is the modern and 100% safe method of keeping milk and bottle clean. Protection in this practical form was invented and developed by Mr. O. N. Tevander, head of the organization you are urged to write

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WHAT USE is scientific precaution at the source, if householders pour clean milk from a bottle whose mouth has become soiled? What of the dust and dirt and germs that settle on unprotected bottle tops? They mingle with the milk. But this danger is easily avoided. All your milk and cream may be protected absolutely from contaminating contacts. From human hands. From exposure to dirt. From all the things that should not touch milk.

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WAYS OF KEEPING FOOD FROM SPOILING

Concluded from page 20

bread while it is warm. Cool it quickly, placing it on a rack or crosswise of the tin so the air can circulate freely. When it is cool and dry, wrap each loaf in clean new waxed paper. Do not put fresh bread in a container with old bread. Scald and sun the bread-box once a week and if any bread molds in it in the meantime always scald the box well before using it again. If the outside of a loaf has begun to mold, cut away and discard the moldy section and bake the remainder of the loaf in a moderately hot oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) ten or fifteen minutes.

Bread and cake are sometimes spoiled for use by drying out. Dry bread may be used in many ways, but if it is needed just as bread it may be freshened. If the loaf has not been sliced, moisten it slightly, place it in a bread-tin and bake in a moderately hot oven (350 degrees Fahreheit) ten or fifteen minutes. Rolls or parts of loaves may be freshened by putting them into a paper bag after they are moistened and heating them in the oven.

If cookies or cake have become hard or dry, place them in a box with the bread and they will quickly soften.

As soon as a supply of fruit is brought into the house, look it over to see its condition. With fruits like peaches, pears, plums, oranges, apples, sort carefully and wrap each piece in paper and put in a cool, dry place.

If the supply of fresh fruits such as berries or cherries is larger than can be eaten raw before it spoils and if it is not large enough to can or preserve, the small quantity may be saved by being made into the fresh-fruit sauce so common in a fruit country like California. The fruit is cooked up quickly with a little sugar and sometimes a little water until the mixture just boils well.

Lemon-juice is an aid in keeping sliced apples, pears and peaches from the discoloring which makes the fruit unattractive and spoils its flavor.

Lettuce, spinach and other vegetables wilt and are wasted. Lettuce will keep well if a little of the stem is cut off and the stem end placed in water. The head may well be covered with a wet cloth. Uncovered lettuce should never be placed where there is a circulation of air as the leaves will quickly wilt from evaporation. After lettuce has been cleaned, it may be kept successfully in a cool or cold place if wrapped in a wet cheese-cloth bag or if placed in a bowl well covered with a plate.

Spinach keeps best if freshened in water and cleaned as soon as it comes from the market and if it is then treated in the same way as lettuce.

Roots and all other vegetables which have wilted and become soft can be restored by soaking them for some hours in water.

If egg-yolks are left over after making angel food and they are unbroken, they may be covered with water and will keep several days. Or a wet cloth may be placed over the bowl containing them. It should be kept wet.

If egg-yolks are broken, they should be beaten until slightly frothy and then the bowl containing them should be covered with a cloth kept wet.

Brown sugar or maple sugar which has become so hard as to be useless except for sirup may be softened by being placed in a crock with one or more apples, or even by being placed in with the bread in a bread-box.

Without doubt cleanliness is the greatest aid in preventing the spoilage of food. Carefully scalding all dishes, keeping the refrigerator clean and occasionally scalding it, scalding and sunning the bread-box and any other storage containers frequently must be the standard of the home-maker who would reduce the loss by food spoilage to a minimum. Cleanliness in these respects as well as personal cleanliness, the use of clean towels and dish-cloths, the generous use of soap and washing the hands before handling food are decided aids in delaying or preventing the spoilage of foods.



LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 15

where the sun shone. And she had a canary, a gay gold little fellow who hung in the sunshine and sang all day long and was the only help Mrs. Becker ever had at Fitzgerald Mansion to keep herself still like a fresh little apple—still young, pink and smiling.

In the evenings it was a usual and always a very striking thing to see Mr. Fitzgerald, with his only pet, Mishmer the peacock, beside him, walking down the wide drive, the man's thin hands clasped behind his back, the bird's tail spread in gorgeous purple and green—each one as absorbed in his own aristocracy as the other. If ever of an evening Mr. Fitzgerald failed to come out, Mishmer would track with awkward feet through the dark library and drawing-room, dragging his tail after him, looking for Mr. Fitzgerald till he found him. It was an odd companionship—but a natural one—two creatures so selfish, so very alike.

There was seldom anything happening out of the every-day order in Fitzgerald Mansion, but one day something *did* happen that—though seeming at the time to amount to very little—proved to be one of those things which God in His wisdom brings about in His own way as simply as in His own way He brings oaks from tiny acorns falling.

The gay gold canary was too happy!

During the dinner-hour one evening the little creature suddenly burst into a trilling song. Mr. Fitzgerald heard it—and Mr. Fitzgerald was annoyed. The easiest mistake in the whole wide world is that of speaking too quickly.

"Becker," Mr. Fitzgerald had said, "I should prefer to have Mrs. Becker do without that bird. Please speak to her."

The next day, just after luncheon, Becker approached his employer respectfully.

"May I speak to you, sir, about the missus and me—leaving?" he began.

Mr. Fitzgerald stopped half-way to the door.

"Leaving!" he said shortly. "For what reason?"

Becker cleared his throat behind a nervous hand. "It's an idea of the missus, sir," he tried to explain. "Since you asked her to do without the canary, sir, begging your pardon, she says it is getting she and me too *old* where there isn't no youth, nor no life, sir, she says. So she's found a situation where there's children, sir, to be about and cook for, and where the canary'd be welcome, so we'd like to be leaving, sir."

"You may tell Mrs. Becker to keep the canary if she is better pleased," Mr. Fitzgerald replied.

"Thank you, sir," Becker answered, "but I think it's the children appealed to her most, after she missed the canary and considered her lonesomeness, sir."

"Send Mrs. Becker to the library," Mr. Fitzgerald said, and left Becker standing there.

IN THE library the tall old man stopped before an oil-painting of his handsome son. He heard Mrs. Becker come across the floor—with shoes trying respectfully not to squeak. Mrs. Becker was the only good cook he had ever had. She had brought him out of indigestion nine years before (when she and Becker had come to him) and had kept him out of it ever since. The entire system of Mr. Fitzgerald's day revolved around three meals cooked by Mrs. Becker.

"Mrs. Becker," he said briefly, "as to your leaving me. If the canary is returned, and I arranged to have—" he smiled a little stiffly—"to have a child in the house—you and Becker would be satisfied to remain, I suppose?"

Mrs. Becker stared at him.

"A *child* in the house, sir!" she repeated,

Continued on page 59



Why some women look ten years younger than others of the same age

You have met such women. You have wondered at their youthfulness . . . .

Now Science tells us that one outstanding cause of our looking older than we are —or younger—is diet.

Reasonable, isn't it? Reasonable that the food which nourishes our bodies—which creates our vitality—should influence, to a very great degree, our appearance?

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WE KNOW, now, that a deficiency of any one of the basic food *elements* affects us seriously.

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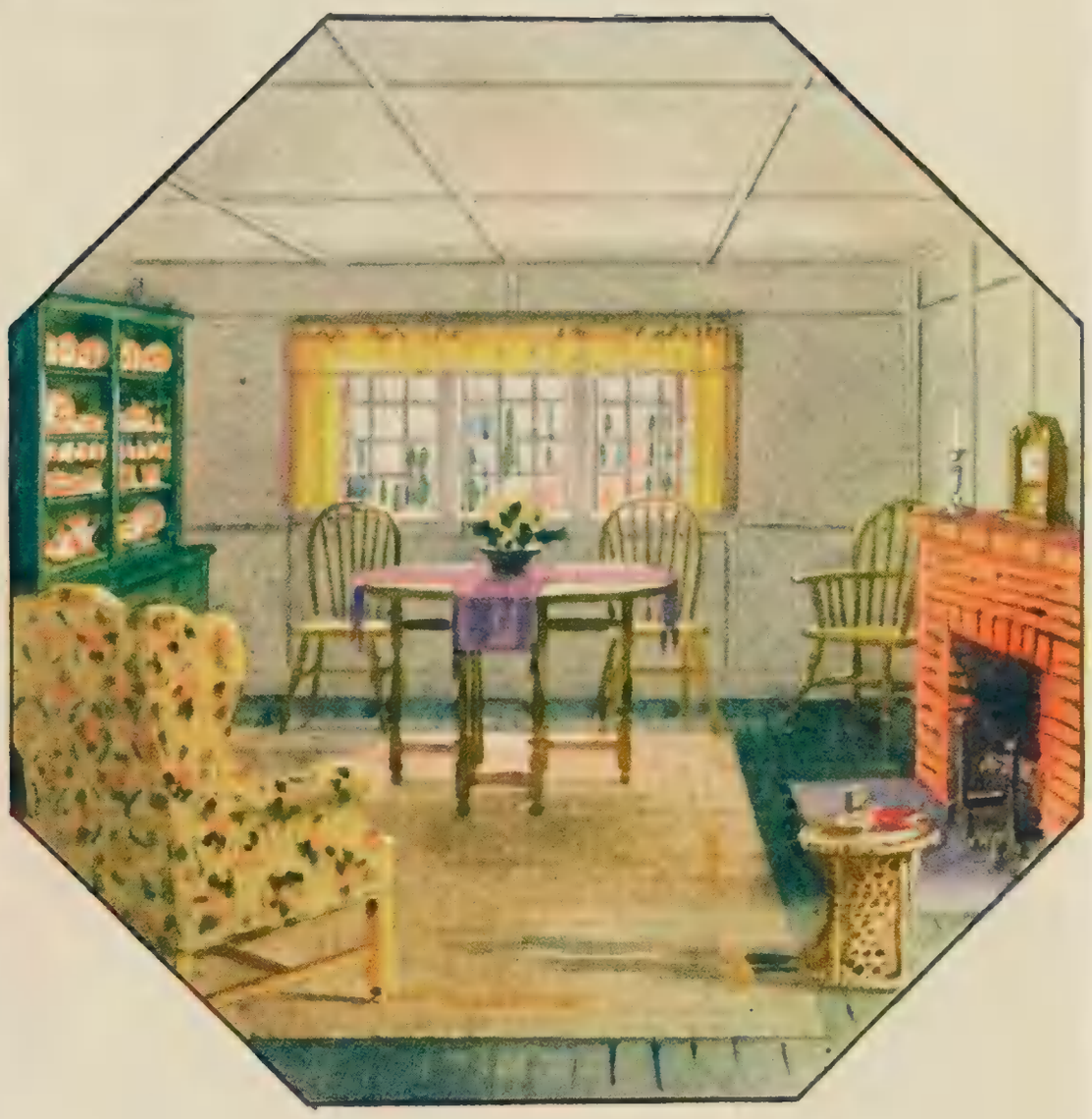
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LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 56

not believing her own words. "In *this* house! With *you*, sir!"

Mr. Fitzgerald was hardly able himself to sense what he was saying. But Mrs. Becker's amazement annoyed him.

"A child—with me—would not be impossible, Mrs. Becker," he said coldly.

"Why no, sir—of course not, sir," she stammered, her pink cheeks growing pinker. "I only was thinking—whoever would it be, sir? Would you take up an *orphan?*"

Despite Kingsley Fitzgerald's stern effort to do this thing quietly there suddenly came over him a feeling like a spring bursting out of bare rock.

"Mrs. Becker," he said, "I take this opportunity to tell you—my granddaughter will arrive—to-morrow."

WHEN Meg and Aunt Mary got back to the lot, parade was just turning in at the corner farthest from the main entrance. Some of the band boys straggling by called to Meg that the white and gold section had got in, and Meg, forgetting Aunt Mary, hurried to where she could see the Cinderella coach and six coming to the pad-room—Joe, in working clothes, entirely Cinderella's groom again, waiting for the ponies. Meg saw him take the lines from the little coachman, saw the ponies reach out to ruffle their noses against him. Then he held his arms for Texas.

Across the distance of the lot the little girl's mother heard her laugh as Joe threw her on his strong shoulder, her white chiffon veil blowing back in the wind.

"Boys," she heard him call out to the men in the horse tents, "here's your kid!"

Meg smiled and tears welled into her eyes as those dear roustabouts came gathering around her little girl, asking more eager questions than even Texas could answer. In the midst of it, she saw Meg.

"Oh," she cried, "mother's back! Joe, put me down quick!"

She slipped from his hold through the circle of men around her and, catching up her long satin dress, bounded across the grass straight into Meg's arms.

Then they forgot everything but each other for a minute—these two who never had been separated before.

"Mother, I'm here, I'm here!" the little girl tried to say, but words, kisses and tears were all tumbled together.

"It seems to me, darling," Meg faltered, "that I'll never let you go away again!"

Texas tucked her hand under her mother's arm as they went to the dressing-tent to put Cinderella back into gingham.

"And mother, I must tell you quick as I can," and her face wavered between trying to smile or trying to cry, "mother, we haven't one single relation but only each other! Mr. Zylder told Joe all about it. Nobody knows anything about where grandpa is, only just that he's dead, and we haven't any grandpa! And mother, I guess—as long as that's why I came back—I guess we're glad. Because I might *not* have come back from a *grandpa*, you know!"

But as she chattered on, Meg's mind could only think over and over what the doctor had said—that if Texas didn't have a grandfather to go to he wouldn't know how to advise them. And now she *didn't* have a grandfather—no one at all!

Just themselves alone—unless one would have counted Jim's monkey (who clung to Texas with sharp eyes, feet and fingers)—little Texas and Meg spent the afternoon together.

Texas, with swift fingers, helped Meg dress for the performance, and when the steel clang of the bear cage outside the canvas wall told them the trick bears were done and put away, and that Meg's act was next, Texas slipped her mother's feet into the big wooden slops, and hand in hand they went out of the dressing-tent, across to the big top.

Together they waited by the back door till the band struck up the music for the Butterfly—then Meg dropped her white shawl into Texas's hands and Texas put up her lips for a kiss as Meg ran into the ring.

With glowing eyes the little girl watched her mother in the swing at the top of the world—so intent, in fact, that she didn't even notice that her friend the doctor had slipped in the back door and was watching the Butterfly too. But Meg saw the doctor, and she knew why he was there. She knew he had come because he didn't dare let her go on without his being close to her—and even as she swung and dropped through the air she felt her strength weaken, and knew that he was right.

But Texas was conscious of nothing at all but that proudly, raptly, she was watching her mother again—whirling, dipping on silver wings—to come down at the finish in a sweep of applause.

Meg smiled at the doctor as she passed him on her way out—and tried not to let him see how hard she was fighting for breath.

EVERY evening, just at dusk, crooked little Torchy and Texas lit the lights for all the fifteen canvas tops, but, according to Texas, "the very most nicest and best and importantest" was the shiny ticket-wagon at the front door, where Papa Saunders and the tall men who sold tickets had their office. Texas only knew the ticket men to smile at as she passed them, but she knew Papa Saunders "best of anybody in the world," she said.

That evening, at sunset, Texas met her dear Torchy once more. Slipping along beside him, keeping up with his jerky steps, she asked a hundred times if he'd missed her, while he answered as many times as she asked.

Together they pulled down the long ribbon of flags, then started the trip for the lights. Papa Saunders wasn't in his ticket-wagon, but when the lights were being lit in front of the side-show he came across the midway—just as the man with the tan hat from the side-show was giving Texas a stick of candy.

"So the little girl's back again," he said. "How's the mama to-day? Feeling better?"

"Why, Mama Meg's all right," Texas answered brightly. "How could she feel better when she's all right to begin with?"

"Hm—yes," he said, "glad to hear it. Thought maybe she'd take it kind of hard that to-morrow's her last day. What are you two orphans going to do now?"

Texas looked at him blankly.

"I—I don't know what you mean!" she said. "What kind of a last day is to-morrow?"

Papa Saunders had just joined the little group. The man with the tan hat looked up at him.

"I say now, Saunders, hope I'm not spilling any beans," he said. "Doesn't Texas know about her mother?"

Suddenly the little girl's eyes grew wide and frightened. She caught at Papa Saunders's coat sleeve.

"What does he mean, Papa Saunders?" she quavered. "What does he mean about the last day? Did something happen to my mother? Did something——"

Torchy drew closer to the little girl and put one knotty hand on her shoulder.

"Don't be scared, Texas," he said, his grimy face against her curls. "I'll work for you and Meg! I'll give you every cent I've got!"

Texas looked from one to the other of the three standing close to her—her eyes wide—her face white.

"Papa Saunders," she said chokingly, "what do they mean!"

The big man picked her up in his arms.

"Go and do the lights, Torchy," he said. "I'll take Texas over to my office for a while. Come after her when you're through."

With hitching steps Torchy hurried from light to light, then back to wait until Texas should come out of Papa Saunders's tiny office; but the band had begun, people were crowding through the gates and the sky was speckled with stars before the faithful eyes saw her at Papa Saunders's door.

He pushed his way through the crowd and caught her hand. Texas looked up, her cheeks wet, her gray eyes brimming with tears.

"Torchy," she said, the words catching in her throat, "mother can't work any longer. We—we haven't anywhere to go. I don't know how it can *be* that my mother won't work any more—and where—can we *go*, Torchy?"

She looked helplessly at that poor little dwarf—as helpless a soul himself as there was in the world—and she clung to his hand as they found their way around the dark side of the big top to the back door.

Continued on page 60

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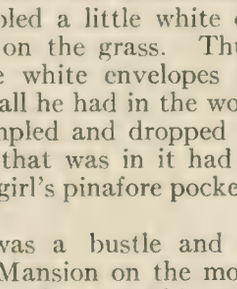
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LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 59

"Papa Saunders says we haven't any money," she said with a helpless little note in her voice, which Torchy had never heard there before, "and it will take *so* much to make mother better!"

As they came past the band top they saw Meg all alone, waiting for her little girl. For the first time Texas saw how pale she was, how thin and white her hands were in the flaring gaslight.

With a sob she ran through the darkness to her mother, and the crooked dwarf hiding in the shadows watched them till, for his tears, he couldn't see them at all.

He crumpled a little white envelope and dropped it on the grass. Thursday—payday. Little white envelopes brought him every week all he had in the world—but this one he crumpled and dropped on the grass, because all that was in it had been slipped into a little girl's pinafore pocket.

THERE was a bustle and stir in Fitzgerald Mansion on the morning following its master's astonishing statement to Mrs. Becker. Even Mishmer, it seemed, went around with more flutter than usual, possibly because Mr. Fitzgerald had paid no attention whatever to His Royal Peacockship the night before.

Mr. Fitzgerald himself was brusk as always, eyes as cold and stern—but for the first time in twenty years his breakfast was *not* served in bed.

The difference that his announcement was creating in the household had been thrust upon Mr. Fitzgerald since early in the morning. Briggs had put out his master's clothes in a quick, eager way.

"It's a great occasion, sir!" he had said.

When Mr. Fitzgerald had entered the dining-room, John, the gardener, very conscious of being out of place in the house, had been going around with long awkward steps, placing fresh garden flowers.

"Top o' the morning," he had grinned, his hat rumpled under his arm—and Mr. Fitzgerald, to his own amazement as well as to John's, had answered.

Even Becker served with a quicker, lighter step, and out in the drive, where the limousine waited an hour too early, Mr. Fitzgerald heard the chauffeur whistling softly and saw him tucking a spray of pink flowers in his buttonhole.

Why, Mr. Fitzgerald argued crossly to himself over his solitary poached egg, must a man be treated like a hero if he is merely a *grandfather?*

After breakfast he sent for Mrs. Becker.

"Tell the housekeeper when she comes today," he ordered, "to open the south room over the rose-garden—the room with white walls. Tell her to have the rugs and mahogany furniture removed and be ready to arrange what I shall send in its stead. Tell her, also, that I wish to have a competent governess here when I return—which will be some time late in the afternoon. That is all, I believe."

MRS. BECKER caught at the corners of her apron. Her eyes were shining, her lips playing hide-and-seek with a smile.

"Mr. Fitzgerald, if you please, I'd like to ask if you think it would be appropriate to have a white frosted cake on the dinner-table, with the little one's initials in pink candy? What *are* her initials, sir?"

The initials of his grandchild? He didn't *know* her initials. Mr. Fitzgerald hastily became very busy adjusting the folded handkerchief in his upper pocket. He was not ready to admit—even to his cook—that he did not know the name of this grandchild of his.

"The cake will be entirely appropriate," he conceded, "but perhaps the age would be more fitting than the initials. Make a figure 12, Mrs. Becker, instead of the letters."

"Oh, quite right, indeed! Thank you, sir," Mrs. Becker hurried to reply, her face breaking openly into a smile. "A figure 12 will be handsome. Is she—may I ask—is she a beautiful child—like a Fitzgerald should be, sir?"

Mr. Fitzgerald brought his proud shoulders up a little more proudly.

"She *is* like a Fitzgerald—yes, certainly." Wide gray eyes came back to him, wild-rose cheeks, golden hair. "And yes," he went on, "she is beautiful."

Those wide gray eyes brought a picture to him also of a calico dress, a hat with a worn band of ribbon, stubby toes—these things for the little heiress of Fitzgerald Mansion!

"By the way, Mrs. Becker," he said, "I should like to have the housekeeper secure the child's nurse in sufficient time for the arranging of a complete wardrobe. Tell her to spare no expense."

"Now won't that be a pleasure, sir!" Mrs. Becker breathed rapturously. She hurried toward the kitchen, but Mr. Fitzgerald detained her still again, his lips twitching in an attempt either *to* smile or *not* to.

"And tell her," he said, "that perhaps there should be a—a doll, or something like that. A dog, perhaps—and—some bracelets—and strings of beads. The child's a *girl,* you know, Mrs. Becker—and—I trust you have got the canary back safely."

MR. KINGSLEY FITZGERALD, for the first time in seven years, entered Mr. Zylder's office two hours later. A check for several hundred dollars had been left at the largest department store in St. Louis in exchange for the most exquisite small set of white ivory furniture the city could offer—rugs in thick rose-warm velvet—filmy curtains of rose and white—and also a pair of soft, white bed-slippers and a white robe, insisted upon by the enthusiastic saleslady.

Mr. Fitzgerald determined grimly to say nothing of these things to Mr. Zylder. Mr. Fitzgerald, whose life had always been constructed upon one principle and one only—that of having his own way—intended that, above everything, Mr. Zylder should in no wise feel that his client was giving in to *anything* for *anybody.*

Mr. Zylder was waiting with a mixture of alarm and curiosity.

"Well," he said, offering one chair—whereupon Mr. Fitzgerald deliberately took another—"what has brought about my being honored thus?"

Mr. Fitzgerald placed his hat and gloves on Mr. Zylder's desk. It was characteristic of him that he came to the point without preliminary.

"In regard to the matter of my granddaughter, Zylder," he said stiffly, "I have reconsidered and have decided to take her."

"Really?" Zylder said—then smiled. "Now, that's fine, Kingsley! Fine!"

Neither man had ever before called the other by his first name.

Mr. Fitzgerald coughed slightly.

"If you will tell me where she can be located," he said, "I will see to it at once. You will come with me, of course."

"Yes—hm—yes." Mr. Zylder nodded. "Well, let's see."

He brought the slip of paper on which Joe had written from the top drawer of his desk and adjusted a pair of glasses on his nose.

"*Came from the town of*—let's see—*Three Trees, Arkansas,*" he read. "*Stopping here, at a Crandle Boarding-House—1837 West Dale Street.* Yes—well—" he put the tips of his fingers together. "It may be, Kingsley—it may be that we won't be able to locate your grandchild for a day or two. It's barely possible that they may have left St. Louis immediately."

Mr. Fitzgerald rose.

"We will go to the boarding-house address at once," he said crisply. "A day or two is out of the question. Mrs. Becker is baking a cake with frosting and pink candy!"

EARLY Friday morning the long train of circus cars drew slowly into Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Meg had fallen into a fitful sleep, her brown hair in long braids across the coverlet, her face white on the pillow, one hand thrown across her eyes.

Sunlight filtered through the stateroom window. The white curtain blew gently in and out with the morning air.

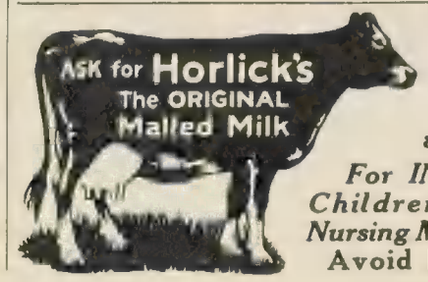
In her own little bed, across the tiny room from Meg, Texas lay watching her mother. Texas wondered what *time* it was. The clock on the wall had stopped. She wondered what *town* it was. They had forgotten to look the night before. But, after all, what did time or town matter? What did *anything* matter but that to-day Meg would do her last show!

Papa Saunders had told her that rest and









care would make Meg well, but who could think of a butterfly with wings that would never fly again? She wondered if perhaps she should make a little pot of tea for Meg. Somehow it seemed this morning that she was the mother, Meg the one to be cared for. Somehow she seemed a great deal more today than only twelve years old.

The train was pulling through the outskirts of town—little scraggly gray streets with little worn-out houses for people with no money. Would she and Meg be living somewhere in one of these—with no more blue sky, no more wild-flower meadows?

The train stopped with a jerk. Texas sat up and tossed the curls out of her eyes.

"Mother—we're in town," she said softly.

Meg stirred a little and turned on the pillow.

Texas slipped out of her bed and padded in bare feet to put good-morning kisses on her mother's two eyes.

"Mama Meg, we're almost at the station," she said. "Morning came too soon!"

Meg opened her eyes to the little girl smiling down at her. A swift thought of thanks swept through her heart that unconsciously her little daughter had learned how, when something hard came to be done, to do it without fear.

Texas ran to the window and looked ahead up the track.

"My goodness, mother," she said, "Bum's unloading the elephants already! It's late!"

Meg sat up and watched her little girl, so tall and slim in the long nightgown.

Texas smiled bravely at her mother. "Mother, *we're* not afraid of anything, *are* we?" she said—and caught her curls with a pin in bobbing ends on top of her head, plunging her face under the faucet in the corner. Then suddenly she turned to Meg, the fresh drops of water on her delicate skin.

"Mother," she said, "was it because you were trying to think what's going to become of us that you stayed awake last night?"

Meg brushed her hand across her eyes. This was the hardest day she had ever faced.

"Yes, darling, I did think about it," she said. "If we could get enough money to go back to France—would you like to go back where you were a little baby? Maybe you and mother could work in a shop somewhere. Would you like——"

A knock at the door interrupted her.

TEXAS was dressed, her last curl being wound around her mother's finger.

"Come in," Meg called—then, as a man's shadow fell across the floor, she looked up in quick surprise to see Papa Saunders smiling good morning.

Meg put a blue chair for him and gave Texas's curls a final pat as he came in and sat down. He looked from the slender mother to the little girl.

"Meg," Mr. Saunders said, "have you planned anything for yourself and the little one—after to-night?"

"No," Meg told him, trying hard to keep her voice quiet. "Of course we haven't money enough to help us very much."

Then suddenly she put both hands pleadingly out to him.

"Mr. Saunders—*can't* I keep on working?"

"Hm—" he said, "you lost all your money in that bank failure, didn't you? Too bad! But Meg, it's impossible for you to work any more. It might snuff you out any minute like a candle. Besides, we already have some one to take your place—to-morrow."

Meg grew white.

"Oh!" she said, catching her breath. "I didn't know any one could do the butterfly swing but me! Can some one else take my place as soon—as *to-morrow?*"

Texas didn't hear. She had gone outside to speak to Gipsy Jean a minute.

"Yes," Mr. Saunders said slowly, "I discovered some one about six weeks ago—as fast a little performer as I ever saw in the ring—with a speed and beauty in the tricks that astonished me. I watched her do toe swings, neck loops, and forward and back revolves—so perfectly, Meg, I could hardly believe it!"

Meg did not know what to say. Why should Papa Saunders tell her this?

"And she'll begin—*to-morrow?*" the Butterfly asked unsteadily, with an ache in her heart that, despite all her courage, made tears in her eyes.

Texas came into the doorway. Her mother reached for her hand.

"Yes, she'll go in to-morrow, I think," Mr. Saunders went on slowly, "and I think she'll be a whirlwind! She's been training three years with Captain Gordon for a surprise! She says she's waiting to be perfect before she told—her mother! She doesn't realize she's perfect enough to tell the whole world!"

A faint gasp came from M 's little girl as she sprang out of her mother's arms and faced them both.

"Papa Saunders!" she said, her voice only a startled whisper. "How did you know?"

Mr. Saunders stood up and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Meg," he said, "our little girl didn't dream such a thing could be possible—but you've been taking care of *her*—now *she's* going to take care of *you*—and to-morrow you will see for yourself the marvelous performance of little Texas Fitzgerald!"

MRS. CRANDLE always swept and dusted her entire house on Fridays. On Fridays she always tied her hair in a towel and pinned her skirt up at the waist behind and wore her largest shoes. Therefore it was more than ordinarily upsetting to have a long-nosed limousine purr down the length of Dale Street and stop at her door.

In a flurry of hastily unpinned skirts she nervously unhooked her screen door, showing the Honorable Mr. Zylder and Mr. Kingsley Fitzgerald into her usually methodical hair-cloth parlor—which now offered only a ghostly array of draped cleaning-sheets.

Mr. Zylder began the conversation, explaining briefly that he was an attorney at law and asking if a little girl and a young man were stopping there.

"Why, yes—yes, they *was*," Mrs. Crandle hastened to inform them. "It's the little girl who was expectin' to find her grandfather, I'm sure."

Mr. Zylder assured her that this was the child in question.

"A handsome thing she was, too," Mrs. Crandle went on chattily. "I said to my boarders, when the child and young man left, that I did wish——"

"When did they leave?" Mr. Zylder interrupted. "Where were they going?"

Mrs. Crandle slid forward on the edge of her chair.

"Now—they was only here one night and to breakfast," she told them. "It was—let me see—Tuesday night if I remember right—yes, they left Wednesday morning—but I can't tell you where to. Excuse me—but is it—you ain't the relation she was looking for?"

"I am her grandfather," Mr. Fitzgerald said shortly. "Who was the young man? Are you sure he didn't mention where they were going?"

This aristocrat—the grandfather!

"Oh, mercy me! Sakes alive!" Mrs. Crandle gasped. "Such a lamb as she was! I couldn't figure how such a cherub would be out huntin' for her own family!"

But after the meaningful silence of Mr. Fitzgerald, offering no explanation, Mrs. Crandle went on hastily: "Yes, they left day before yesterday, right after breakfast, and the last I heard she was going out after her grandpa—and, no—no, they didn't say where they was going—or even where they came from—and I don't know who the young man was. I didn't ask her name nor his—though I took an awful interest in her. But then, people come and go so quick every day here," she explained apologetically.

"You are positive you remember no remark about where they were going—or when?" Mr. Zylder tried again.

"No, indeed, not a word," Mrs. Crandle said, her eyes wide and positive.

Mr. Fitzgerald rose.

"Zylder," he said, "we will telephone this place in Arkansas."

Mrs. Crandle watched them out of the door (and tried to see how many neighbors were noticing).

MR. ZYLDER, it chanced, had a personal friend—Mr. Cavendish, a good old country lawyer—who lived in Three Trees, Arkansas, so it was decided that Mr. Zylder should telephone Cavendish—and find out what they could in that way.

It was perhaps forty minutes before the telephone connection went through from the St. Louis office to Three Trees.

Mr. Fitzgerald, sitting at Mr. Zylder's open window, said nothing at all when at last Mr. Zylder reached his friend on the wire. After perhaps twenty minutes Mr. Zylder closed the conversation and joined Mr. Fitzgerald at the window.

"Odd thing," he began, "Cavendish has lived there all his life—town only five thousand people—knows everybody in it—says he never heard of a Fitzgerald—is rather positive no such people live there—no child

Continued on page 62

Don't Let Sun and Wind Age Your Skin

A dry skin is the first to grow old and nothing dries and coarsens the skin as fast as sun and wind. The improperly protected skin soon loses its youthful firmness and the little lines and other signs of age creep in long before they should. A little Ingram's Milkweed Cream applied every day fortifies the skin against exposure and keeps it always soft, firm and smooth.

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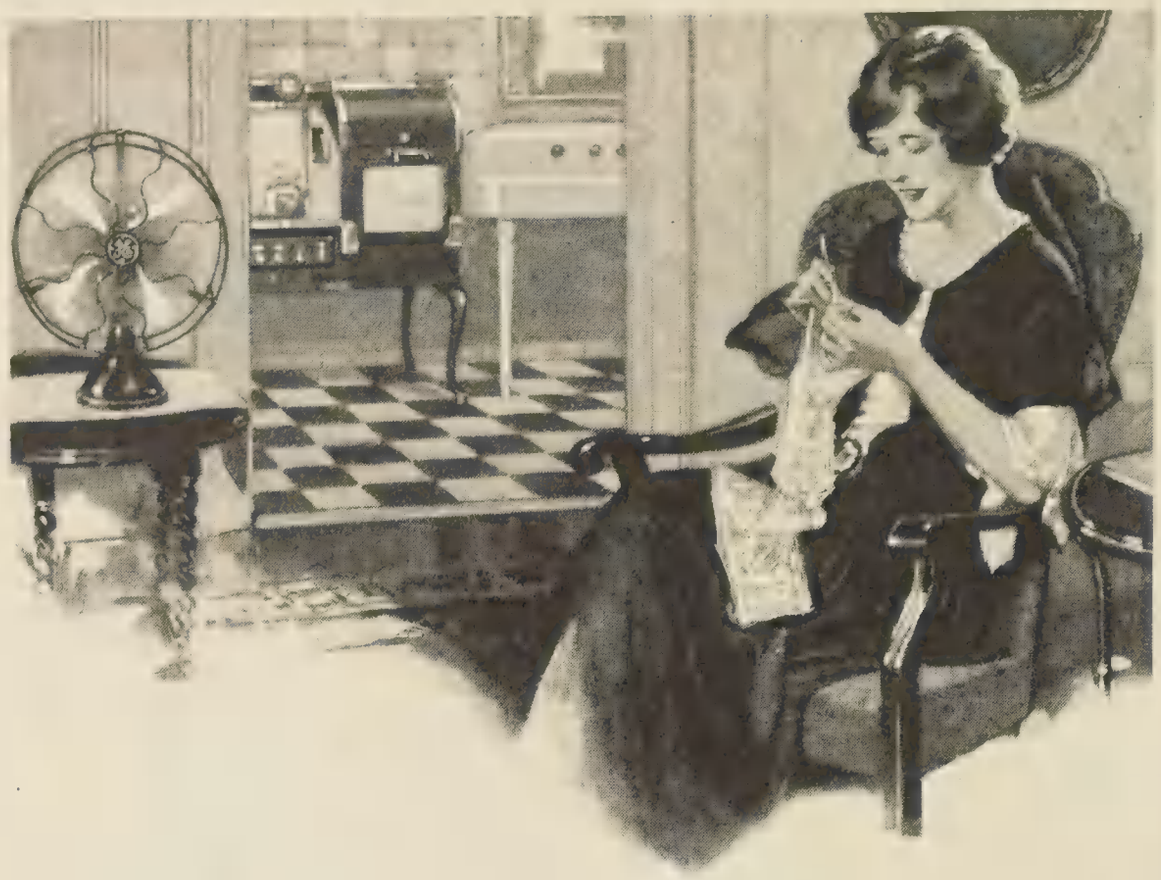
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But all that he could buy with them were the barbaric discomforts that passed as Arabian magnificence. What wouldn't Mrs. Cassim have given of his gold and jewels for one good American vacuum cleaner?

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LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 61

of that description in town that he knows of—but of course——"

Mr. Fitzgerald took a thin gold watch from his pocket. It was thirty minutes past one.

"A train going south leaves St. Louis at two," he said. "My chauffeur will drive you to the station."

ON FRIDAY—cleaning-day—Mrs. Crandle always served corned beef and cabbage for dinner. Mr. Fobes, expressive in his likes and dislikes, drew the line firmly at corned beef and cabbage—so on Friday nights Mr. Fobes regularly left a vacant place at the boarding-house table and took himself out to a restaurant.

Which was how Mr. Fobes (who without doubt would have been more interested than any other of the Crandle boarders) was not at the dinner-table when the story was told of Mrs. Crandle's boarders.

Peralee, the colored servant, began it when she shambled around with steaming dishes of cabbage.

"Mis' Pahsons," she remarked, addressing the only person at the table who ever replied to anything she said, " 'membah dis hyah yalla-haid lil' gal settin' down hyah by Mistah Fobes, a-lookin' foh huh gran' pappy? Well—he done come dis mawnin', and lawdy, he mus' hab all de money in town!"

The immediate interest of the entire table was such that Peralee promptly put down the cabbage.

"He done come in a cah, long as 'cross de entiah street, wid a sheefer a-drivin' an' a high sto' pipe hat—and he done come a walkin' up de front walk dis-away!"

With a stiffening of shoulders and a lifting of pigtails, she illustrated the dignity of Kingsley Fitzgerald.

"He done ask was she hyah—could we tell huh desinashun—and Mis' Cran'le and me set ent'tanin' dose millionaires mos' all de mawnin'!"

"Why, Peralee!" Mrs. Parsons exclaimed. "You don't mean it! Pass your dishes and ask Mrs. Crandle to hurry in and tell us!"

"Well, *Ah* tol' ya'," Peralee replied, much offended. "Ah tol' ya' all dey was!" and, drawing her mouth down with hurt pride, she continued her round with the cabbage.

When Mrs. Crandle brought in the bread, Mrs. Parsons managed to get her attention above the others who started talking excitedly.

"Was it really that lovely little thing's grandfather?" she shrilled. "Didn't she find him that day, or what, Mrs. Crandle?"

Mrs. Crandle could after all tell little more than Peralee, though of course at greater length. Evidently the child hadn't found him—and now he was trying to find *her*. But where the young one went, or who she was, or where she came from— "How should *I* know," the landlady said tartly. "I'm sure I can't expect to find out a life history of every five-minute guest I have! The child didn't offer to tell anything about herself—and far be it from me to ask anybody!"

"Didn't the grandfather mention anything about the circus?" Mrs. Parsons wanted to know.

"Circus?" Mrs. Crandle repeated, putting down the bread. "*What* circus?"

"Why, the circus the little girl and her mother perform with! Why don't he go *there* and get her! A circus ought to be easy to find!"

Mrs. Crandle stared at her.

"Who said she performed with any circus?" she wanted to know.

"Who *said* it!" put in the insurance agent. "For the love of Mike, where were you when she spent a whole hour talking about it at breakfast?"

Mrs. Crandle leaned over the back of Mr. Fobes's empty chair.

"If anybody spends any hours talking about anything at breakfast-time, Mr. Bruce, you may simply remind yourself that I tend to business in business hours. I'm sure this is the first *I* ever heard of such a thing as her being in a circus! During breakfast, I regularly prepare my luncheon vegetables. I remember her talking till I asked her to stop—and let the table be cleared, but I hope I don't waste any time listening to children rattle on! I just told that highfalutin' relative this morning that I didn't know where she went nor came from nor one blessed thing about her—and that's as true as gospel!"

Mrs. Parsons in her excitement grew fairly indignant.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Crandle!" she fluttered, "it was your *duty* to tell that rich old man what you knew of the child! If he had of understood where to go and get hold of her himself, he'd never have come here asking questions! We must write him—or one of us call on him, and tell him about it! We ought to! It's our Christian duty! Now I think of it, I remember hearing her say her grandfather didn't know anything about her at all! All anybody would have to tell him would be to hunt up some circus!"

In her growing enthusiasm she half rose from the table.

"Why, how could you say she told us nothing, Mrs. Crandle? She told us a great deal! Why, that poor little love of a thing may be cheated out of goodness knows what! *She* wasn't any millionaire, you could see that well enough! Why, come to think, she said they didn't even know who her grandfather *was!* Don't you remember, Mrs. Stevens, her remarking about thinking he probably only had apple-trees and chickens, when I mentioned he might be wealthy?"

Mrs. Parsons, very much flushed, turned to the milliner, who fluttered her handkerchief against her lips nervously.

"Yes, I believe—yes, I think I do remember something like that," she said uncertainly, "but of course Mrs. Crandle did the best she knew how!"

"But the grandfather should *know!*" fruffled Mrs. Parsons. "He *must* know! I shall go myself and tell him every word the child told us that day!"

Mrs. Crandle, dishing the sauce, whacked the spoon in and out with energy.

"Mrs. Parsons," she snapped, "I want one thing understood right now! My boarders pay me for the privilege of staying under my roof—not for the right to tell me what is and what ain't my Christian duty! I may miss my duty, but I'm still running my own house, and I'm telling everybody concerned that as long as they want to board at my table I've heard the last I'm going to about this whole business! I *don't* know, and I *didn't* know who that child was, and I don't care! Tain't up to me to match up people's families! And whoever refers to my Christian duty again, can make up their minds to leave my hospitality at the same time! I'm not having nobody pay me four dollars a week to tell me what I should do in my own house or shouldn't—and I hope you understand that right here's the end of the subject!"

Peaceful little Mrs. Parsons listened in utter astonishment.

"Why, dear Mrs. Crandle," she said, her voice very up hill, "you know I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world! I only thought you'd be glad to be the means of bringing two lost sheep together! Would you mind if I merely call on him, and explain very nicely that the little girl's confidence was to me—that you hadn't heard it at all? I'm sure you wouldn't mind if I simply——"

"Peralee!" Mrs. Crandle interrupted shrilly, "come clear off the plates." Then she turned to the table again, directly to Mrs. Parsons.

"As to what I'd mind or not mind about your calling on anybody," she snapped, "I can save you worrying about that might quick—because I don't know any more about the old one than I did about the young one. I haven't the remotest idea who he is, nor where in the United States he came from—so if you feel it's your Christian duty, Mrs. Parsons, set right out and call on him! The only thing I've got to say is that I don't want to hear no more talkin'—now or no time!"

AFTER he had seen Mr. Zylder disappear through the train gate, Kingsley Fitzgerald drove back to Fitzgerald Mansion.

He wondered, as the car rolled along, how much explanation he would be expected to make to the servants. He remembered that he had neglected again to find out the child's name. He hoped Mrs. Becker wouldn't ask him. On the lawn, on the terrace nearest the house, John and the stable man were putting together a swing, shiny and new, with a gay striped awning.

"Miss Kent ordered it, sir," John grinned, looking up from his knees as his employer stopped in passing. "It'll look handsome on the lawn!"

"Miss Kent," Fitzgerald repeated. "Who is Miss Kent?"

"Why, the new nurse, sir," John explained. "She's all ready for the little girl—waiting, you might say. We're *all* waiting, God bless you, sir!"

Fitzgerald went on hastily. No one in all his life had ever said such a thing to him before. He couldn't understand why John and all the others should be making so much over this; yet he *did* understand, for even in his *own* mind he thought of coming days as different.

Mishmer with long strides came across the lawn to meet him, and rollicking beside the peacock came a fuzzy white poodle. Mr. Fitzgerald stopped short as the little thing romped against his feet. The peacock, watching sharply, suddenly screamed in some sort of unconscious sensing of the loss of his rulership in this dominion.

A TALL fair-haired person in white came hurrying down the veranda steps. She was a very pretty person, and fresh and cool to look at. "Mr. Fitzgerald," she smiled, "I'm Miss Kent from the agency. I'm to look after your granddaughter. Has the little girl arrived?"

Mr. Fitzgerald removed his hat and bowed stiffly.

"How do you do, Miss Kent?" he said. "I trust my housekeeper has made you comfortable. My granddaughter will not arrive as soon as we expected. Perhaps it will—" he looked down and shook the poodle away from his immaculate trousers leg—"perhaps it will give us more time to prepare for her."

Miss Kent took the white puppy in her arms and together they went toward the house.

"At your cook's suggestion, I sent for this playmate for your little girl," she explained. "I thought it would help her to forget her strangeness in her new home."

They went up the steps of the side veranda.

"It would be delightful," she remarked, "to enclose this porch and furnish it for an outdoor dining and play room."

The thought of his home as it always had been came into its owner's mind. So cooks and gardeners and nurses were to arrange the place now. Cooks, gardeners, nurses and grandchildren!

"By all means have anything you wish," he replied with a sarcasm of which Miss Kent chose to be unconscious.

"The furniture was delivered and is *perfect*, Mr. Fitzgerald," she said gaily. "What a fortunate happy little girl this is to be! I went for the wardrobe myself, and do hope you will approve! I selected what I thought most appropriate for a twelve-year-old child who is a little heiress! Won't you come and see?"

Mr. Fitzgerald followed up the stairs, down the long velvet hall to the south room which had been closed so long no one remembered when it ever had been used at all. The door was ajar, with a faint odor of some cool perfume coming out from it.

"The room was musty from closed windows," Miss Kent told him, "so I scattered a little fresh oil of lavender. It is—" she threw open the door and Mr. Fitzgerald stepped across the threshold—"it is a place for a little princess," she exclaimed.

The windows, long and wide, were flung open, with the sun flooding in. They were hung with the rose and white curtains he had selected. Shadows from the tree-tops outside danced across velvet rugs, and in a perfection of rose and white the bed, chairs and tiny desk—even a miniature ivory toilet-set on the dressing-table—were ready for this child who was coming. In the tiniest chair was as lovely a doll as ever came from a toy shop! A violet-eyed, curly-haired, dimpled thing with tiny teeth and square little feet thrust out babylike in new pink shoes! The robe and slippers Mr. Fitzgerald had been responsible for were on the foot of the bed with a white lacy nightgown. Miss Kent tucked the poodle under her arm and opened the closet where an array of soft pink and blue chiffon and pale rosebuds left Mr. Fitzgerald even less able to speak the words he had felt were expected of him upon seeing the place.

"It is exactly right, I'm sure," he said, when the display was at an end. There was a sharpness in his voice that might have meant either complete satisfaction—or none. "Make yourself entirely comfortable. I will let you know when the child will be here. It will not be—to-day."

Miss Kent opened the dresser drawer where was a dainty pile of embroidered socks and underclothes, but when she looked up Mr Fitzgerald had gone.

Mr. Fitzgerald refused to consider that the feelings of his cook meant anything to him. Nevertheless he somehow felt personally responsible for an explanation to Mrs. Becker of his grandchild's delay. He went first to his own room.

In the den, Mr. Cuffly, his secretary, was busy with mail, and on the table the morning newspapers and stock bulletins lay unopened.

"There are four business letters," Mr. Cuffly began, "which——"

"You may go for to-day," Mr. Fitzgerald said. "I shall not wish to consider anything till to-morrow."

This was so unusual that Mr. Cuffly did not even endeavor to reply.

Mr. Fitzgerald went into his bedroom, where Briggs was hurriedly turning back the counterpane.

"I will not take my nap to-day, Briggs," the master of the house informed him. "I should like a bath and linen. Then I have business down-stairs with Mrs. Becker."

Kingsley Fitzgerald wondered what all his servants were thinking of him, who had all day kept deliberately out of his accustomed routine. It came over him what a servant *he* had been to *them*—never presuming in twenty years to come to the table for breakfast, or go without his nap, or overlook his morning mail! Even Mishmer demanded a walk every evening!

In tailored white flannels he started to the kitchen.

He found Mrs. Becker alone in the kitchen. Mr. Fitzgerald coughed behind his hand. Mrs. Becker looked up with a little gasp—her cheeks, already pink, grew pinker.

"Why—why, Mr. Fitzgerald!" she said, startled completely. Then she leaned toward him with an excited little whisper. "Has she *come?* Is she *here?*"

Mr. Fitzgerald smiled. He hadn't intended to—but somehow he did.

"She will not be here to-day, Mrs. Becker," he said. "Probably to-morrow. I expect word late to-night, and I shall let you know when it comes."

He hadn't intended to say that either. He left abruptly.

IT WAS ten o'clock, and Mr. Fitzgerald was alone in his room when his telephone rang. Briggs hurried in from the hall, but Mr. Fitzgerald answered before him.

Mr. Zylder was calling from Three Trees, Arkansas. The lawyer's sentences were long and explanatory. His client's replies were short and crisp. No Fitzgerald family had ever lived in Three Trees. The town was a place where everybody knew every one. The postmaster, the minister, the schoolmaster had been conferred with, the census books and the directory, an old lady and her husband who had lived there since the first store had been open—and there wasn't one child in the town to answer Zylder's description.

"It seems as though nothing can be done any further," he said. "There must be some mistake. I can't understand. But Three Trees, Arkansas, is absolutely the only reference they gave me."

Mr. Fitzgerald made only one sentence in reply. "I will join you in Three Trees tomorrow," he said. Then he was suddenly reminded of something.

"By the way, Zylder," he appended, "what did you say the child's name was?"

"I don't think I ever told you," came Zylder's voice. "Her name is Kingsley Fitzgerald."

The old multimillionaire had lived sixty-seven years—and yet never in all his methodical life had he been so utterly confused as when he put down his telephone and was left alone with himself and what Richard Zylder had told him! Out of the confusion somehow Mrs. Becker came to his mind and the fact that she was waiting in the kitchen for news. He might have sent it by Briggs, he might have called through the speaking-tube, he might have rung for *her* to come to *him*—but instead he went down through all his great rooms to the kitchen where his cook sat by the kitchen table pouring out little toy jars of fresh strawberry jam.

"Mrs. Becker," he said, "I have just received a telephone call from my lawyer in Arkansas, and I find it will be necessary for me to go after the child myself."

"Oh, now, isn't that too bad," she said sympathetically, "when we're all so expectant like! Well, I'll cover the cake real good!"

"Yes, by all means," he agreed, "and perhaps, Mrs. Becker, you were right, after all, about using the initials. Perhaps you can put them under the age."

Continued on page 64



New Beauty in Porch Shades

VERTICOLOR brings a wealth of new found color values to the living porch, sun porch or sleeping porch.

Broad ribbons of vertical color, hand-blocked on splints of linden wood, make these shades a delight to the eye, as well as a real comfort to the owner.

All the patented Aerolux features are here—the "hang-easy" device, "side-glide," and "No whip" cords that hold the shade secure against flapping and noise.

See the soft and pleasing color combinations in tan and green, and green and French grey; and notice also the full length ventilation that is possible from top to bottom.

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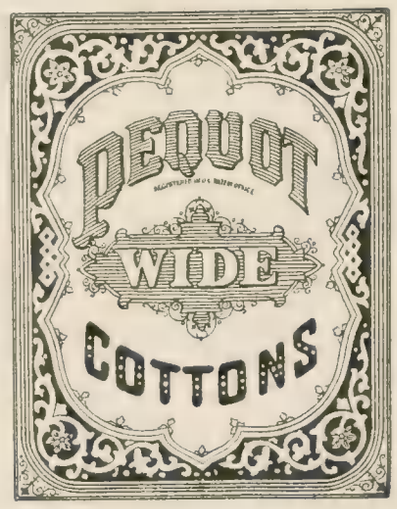
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This label on all piece goods



LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 63

"Now that would be lovely in pink candy," Mrs. Becker cooed, "but I don't think you told me her name, did you?"

Mr. Fitzgerald turned to her, his hand on the door.

"Mrs. Becker, she is Kingsley Fitzgerald the third," he said huskily.

GOLDEN Summer Saturday afternoon—a wide, green meadow at the edge of a busy town—the white tops of a circus with flags against the sky—brass band stirring a surging crowd—where the jungle smell filled the nostrils—and eyes were bewildered with a glitter of color! An ocean of faces—forty thousand applauding hands! Three rings with scarlet ring-banks—and spot-lights playing in brilliant rays on a cobweb of trapeze ropes and bars fifty feet above the sawdust!

A round of clowns tumbling over the track, a troupe of Eskimo strong men, a burst of calliope music, ten lumbering elephants having tea, a kaleidoscope of cheers, hand-clapping and laughter from the crowd—then a silence as the rings and tracks were cleared and a tall man in gray stepped into the center.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, as heads bent forward to hear him, "appearing in this ring, I call your attention to the world's record performance of its kind! The youngest aerial artist who has ever come before the public, now presented to you in her sensational madcap feats of grace and skill! For the first time before any audience—the child marvel of the air—Little Texas!"

There was a ripple of eagerness, of curious attention, as the gentleman stood aside, as the band broke into a waltz melody—and then like an iridescent bubble came a dancing some one into the ring—long, slender legs in pale silk tights—a cobweb dress of ethereal pink, blue and silver—round, dimpled, childish arms, a mass of golden curls, and, loveliest of all, a smile that was caught up and given back to her by everybody in the great crowd!

There was a hush like the sudden dying down of a wind as the child with one foot in the loop of her rope was carried up—up—swaying gently—to the top of the great tent. Then that one little girl held twenty thousand people breathless as suddenly—light and frail as a flower tossed in the air—she swung out, fearlessly, fifty feet above their heads! With a drop and a whirl—and a sun-gold halo of curls—her slender body swung in the air so lightly that her tiny hands and feet seemed scarcely to touch the white rope that held them!

A wonder and apprehension kept the great crowd so silent they seemed almost to hear the swish of the air as the slim little body swirled over them—one minute down, with curls flying—then, with a sudden turn, back safe and sure in the swing—like a little girl playing in a garden—laughing down at them—her toes caught together, her hands outstretched for their approval.

It was a wonderful thing! A beautiful thing! The fairy skirts—the sure little hands and feet—curls flying—and that glowing eager smile! It made it just a happy game she was playing! Such a beautiful thing that they had only begun to realize it was real when with a sudden head-over spin—just a whirling pale rainbow of color—she caught her hand in the loop that hung near her and, dropping like an arrow out of a bow, she was down on her feet in the sawdust ring again.

They heard her laugh out loud, her head thrown back as she flung her arms wide to them—her first performance done!

The applause that swept over her head was a sound like a storm breaking! The little girl—a tiny fluttering thing—blew kisses from her fingers, caught her skirts in a sly curtsy. Such a child—after all—to have forty thousand hands acclaiming her! She seemed sweetly bewildered, there in the playing spot-lights, her hands held out to the crowd. She seemed, after all, just a child in some great place—lost and frightened at being all alone!

Then a big man with a big smile (though tears were in his eyes, could any one have seen them) crossed the hippodrome track to the center ring—caught up that little golden-haired child and kissed her—swung her to his shoulder—and, in a fresh storm of cheers, a burst of music from the band, little Texas Fitzgerald rode out of the ring—on Papa Saunders's shoulders—a star!

Continued in the September DELINEATOR



"HEL" BREAKS LOOSE

Concluded from page 13

But at that moment the darndog appeared around the corner of the house contentedly munching a long white kid glove. I heard a faint moan of despair which impelled my unexpectedly vicious leap upon the pup. For once he was taken unaware and I managed to wrest the little glove from him without much ado. I waved it exultantly as I sprang into my car.

"Account settled. We thank you for your patronage," I laughed. "We are at your service for further orders."

Without one backward glance—so that I really never knew how she took it—I sped down Marbury Road.

DAYS passed. Frightfully empty, inconsequent days. I began to realize that with the advantage left upon my score, I should not be likely to hear that dear voice asking a further favor, while at the same time I had closed every avenue of excuse for calling upon her.

From this I let myself imagine things. You know how one's imagination can be a curse. Perhaps she was ill. Probably Hel had developed hydrophobia. I endured this new aspect of my madness for two days, and then decided that it was only decent to call her up on the telephone and find out if the work had proved satisfactory. Anybody would do that—the merest workman. Anyhow, I *must* find out if everything was all right with her. I did. It wasn't. This was the way it was:

"Oh, Mr. Sayre, I'm really tremendously glad you called. It's the dog again——"

"I'll come to you to beat Hel if you say the word," I offered, trying to be jovial without evincing my exuberance.

"You can't. That is just the trouble. He has disappeared again. This time, I am afraid, for good."

"I feel that way about it," I observed sweetly.

"But I mean that he will not be returned this time. He broke away when one of the maids and I were giving him his bath. He was untied and without collar."

"As I was, when you first beheld me," I rejoined.

"Oh, I understand that perfectly. But—to return to Hel——"

"I would any time—for you." (I knew it was madness.)

"He has been gone since morning." Her voice was formal indeed. "Eight hours, you see. If Alan comes home and finds——"

(How I did dislike that name! I rushed in quickly.)

"There's only one thing to do: If you can trust yourself to my driving, Mrs. Burton, I am sure we can round him up before nightfall."

"Oh, do you think so?" What silly ecstasy over a mere canine. "If I could be sure."

"You can. I'll be at your door at—er—the usual time."

"The back door?" she inquired innocently.

"I stop wherever signaled," I thrust at her savagely.

Then we both laughed like children.

HOURS later—which seemed like days in their laggardly passing—the soft, fragrant little gipsy person was sitting beside me in the car, pouring out her difficulties into my sympathetic ears.

"If it were not for Alan's blind devotion to him" (why was it her wifely duty to lug in that name every once in so often?), "I should not make a scrap of effort to find him again—not a scrap. Alan doesn't regard him as a nuisance."

"Men are selfish brutes in their blind devotions," I vouchsafed, keeping my eyes straight to the road ahead and trying to be extremely impersonal.

She quietly fingered the plain gold wedding-band on her little bare hand before she spoke.

"Oh, Alan is never selfish," she asserted loyally. "He has been perfectly wonderful to me always. You can't imagine——"

"I can't imagine any sane man's being anything else," I blurted out roughly. I sounded the siren at the cross-roads so suddenly that she flung a startled little hand on my arm. The flash of the gold ring alone steadied my hands upon the wheel—and kept them there.

At once the hand whisked away and we became very conventional in our discussion of the probable whereabouts of Hel.

We pumped down rough roads and sought out by-paths. We inquired at every villa and farmhouse.

Sunset grew dusk, and then dusk grew dark. The landscape was entirely new to me, and I was not in the mood to enjoy novelty.

Every road I tried was a cul-de-sac or a private approach to a farmhouse. No longer could I make a pretense of hunting for a dog. Finally I blurted out the truth.

"Mrs. Burton, I'm—lost. I thought I knew this country perfectly—and I'll swear there is a short cut back to East Cliffe around here somewhere, but——"

Suddenly, upon the sound of my voice, clear in the stilly night came a joyous raucous yelp.

"Hel!" ejaculated eager tones beside me.

"Precisely," I tried to imitate her delight.

The barking came from a near-by barn that suddenly loomed out of the darkness.

It is a fact well known to motorists that a farmer's slumbers can not be disturbed with impunity. A voice from a dark farmhouse (unluckily nearer us than the barn) roared at us, and a light followed hard upon it. A grotesquely garbed figure appeared upon the threshold of the open door.

Most unreasonably he sought an explanation of our presence upon his preserve at that time of night.

I attempted to soothe his feelings by telling him of our search for the puppy. We had heard sounds in the barn that resembled——

The grotesque figure exploded. Nothing can be conceivably more picturesque than American profanity in a Scandinavian accent. My companion covered her ears. We must not only take the dog at once off his hands, but must reimburse him immediately for a valuable second crop which had been utterly ruined by Helvetius. It was worth a large sum. I had never realized before the value of second crops. I felt anxiously through my pockets for my check-book. Why the devil had I changed my clothes? I had not a fraction of the amount necessary to appease him and my card was thrust back in my face.

A GASP at my side hurled me into starting my engine, and I had backed for the turn when I caught the purposeful gleam of an object in the farmer's hand. Its barrel was turned full upon us. An excellent aim and close range. I considered—my engine whirring. This was really not the ideal place to turn around.

"Oh, how awful!" the girl beside me was murmuring half hysterically—though it seemed to me more with mirth than fright. "How perfectly awful of me to have put you in such a hole!"

"I live on excitement," I assured her, "but I'm sorry you have had to sit through it. It really looks as if we should have to stay until I can rout out somebody in the morning to come and ransom us. He is quite beside himself."

"Oh, I can't," she wailed softly. "Don't you see I can't? The maids would know—they saw us drive away—and they are so suspicious about you since—since the gardening affair—they would notify the police and Alan. Oh, Alan would never let me under his roof again. He is a veritable fiend for propriety."

I honestly have no theory as to what would have happened next, if Hel had not solved the difficulty by leaping out of the barn—I have never known how. He made a dash for the

chicken yard. Our host, shouting unmentionable epithets, raced after him. I faced the imminent danger of an overturn and rushed in some sort of a semicircular direction into a stretch of unfenced meadow. I don't know where I came out upon the road, but it was some distance from the farmhouse, and I suddenly discovered that I was upon the long-sought short-cut to Marbury Road. I slowed down with an exultant laugh as I told her the joyous news. Her attention, I discovered, was upon a black speck far down the now moonlit stretch we had just covered. She was looking back over the shoulder nearest me.

"Stop," she whispered imperiously. "Hel will overtake us."

"Let it," I dared—obeying her as any gentleman should. I too looked back at the increasing black speck racing after us.

NOW any one who has ever had seated next him in his car a delicious little creature who chanced to be looking back over the shoulder nearest him at the exact moment he was looking back over the shoulder nearest her will realize that I could not help myself. Her eyes were wet with excited tears. (That last half-hour atop a day of nervous suspense.) She turned to me suddenly and the fragrance of her lips almost brushed mine. Well—I lost my head. I not only admit it, but I shall never forget it. For one long delicious moment I held her throbbing against a wildly beating heart, my lips crushed down upon hers. And then in the insanity of the instant I imagined that hers clung just a wisp of time and that she was as relaxed as a sleepy child. The impression left me before I could grasp it—and I found myself stammering apologies to a haughtily silent little creature who admitted a frantically joyous puppy as if she turned to him for comfort and protection. It was too much. I drove in complete wordlessness to 7 Marbury Road.

She disdained the hand I offered to help her out and was delayed in her swift retreat only by Hel's decision to remain in the car. I took advantage of his alliance by a coldly formal observation:

"I am sure that your interested and disapproving maids will consider your return with the puppy sufficient excuse for this unconventional hour. As for the rest, you may tell your husband that I am any sort of a cad you choose."

With that I lifted the puppy out of the car and urged him up the walk by the scruff of the neck until her key opened the door to the darkness into which I thrust him. Then I ran—literally ran—back to the car and leaped in.

THE following week was the most utterly miserable length of days I have ever put in. Vainly I tried to convince myself that my mood was sheer repentance at my unforgivable lapses. I knew in my heart that the memory of it was my only torturing comfort.

The wretchedness of the days was broken by a joyous event on Friday. I was arrested upon the complaint of a farmer named Swenson. He had caught the number of my car and with a painstaking efficiency had run me down. My first reaction was a noble desire to sacrifice myself, but for only a moment did I overlook my heaven-sent opportunity.

Then I indignantly explained the whole matter to the officer. It was not my dog. Undoubtedly Burton had returned. I would take him out to East Cliffe at once in my car. Craftily I fancied that Burton would not be there in the morning. But we should see Hel—and Heaven.

I was wrong about Burton. Once again I had not counted upon the dog. His master was out upon the terrace busy with a badly snarled fishing-line. Hel had got into his fishing kit, he explained to us proudly and affectionately.

I introduced myself and our errand briefly. Upon the mention of my name he overwhelmed me with a lot of unnecessary gratitude. I disliked the fellow's palaver—but could not silence him.

"Rosamund can not say enough in your praise, Mr. Sayre," he insisted, with a gusto that I put down at once to a subtle method of concealing jealousy. "Really—we shall have to adopt you." He called to a passing maid. "Ask Mrs. Burton to come out upon the terrace. Speak the magic name of Sayre."

The maid grinned. I looked about nervously for means of escape. After all, I could not face those inscrutable eyes.

A fluting voice at my side turned me about quickly. A fluffy little blonde in delicate blue was holding out her hand ever so graciously.

"This is the marvelously kind Mr. Sayre, Blanche," Burton was reporting to her. "Ask him to dinner to-night so that he may see our kodak pictures of the trip and eat of the fish you caught."

I accepted frantically. I liked Burton at once. The very prince of a fellow to take me right into the family heart that way. The sun had suddenly sent a sheaf of brilliant rays upon the terrace and had turned me dizzy. I dutifully tried to make sense of what Mrs. Burton was saying, but it came to me only in fragments—like this:

"Wonderfully kind—can never thank you enough. Rosamund didn't know a soul—had only just arrived—that awful dog, but cunning, isn't he?—simply insisted on our not changing our plans—she needed a rest and wanted to be alone—but the dog. She's almost a wreck—really. Down in the garden now."

I DASHED to the garden. She was there—my gipsy, brilliant, laughing, holding out both hands to me, ringless hands that I caught to my breast. I choked as the words tumbled out of my heart:

"Then you are not his wife? Oh my dearest dear——"

The red lips lifted distractingly near. The dusky head shook dolefully:

"Only the old-maid sister," she whispered. "You gave me the other notion yourself, silly. The ring was mother's. I have always worn it until—now." The last word was smothered in coat lapels. "I want a new one—of platinum."

There was a sound behind me and her lifting face froze with horror. Then I remembered I had forgotten to close the gate of the garden—Hel had broken loose again.



THE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 11

"In saying just 'Poor Sim' like that—in understanding, in sympathizing. Elizabeth, there were things that simply would not come to me with Andrew. They come with you."

She said: "Tell me."

He had said that they came with her, yet he was not able at once to respond to her. When he spoke, he spoke suddenly, as a man entangled in a thicket suddenly will bring away an arm from the entangling brambles.

"Why, that they should come with you who sympathize, and not with Andrew who doesn't, somehow seems to be part of it. I don't see the connection—" Entangled, he halted, then made a sudden breakaway. "Yes, I do see it. It's what I tried to say to Andrew, the human standpoint, the seeing with the other person's eyes, the sharing of the other person's—" he stopped for the word, then said—"burden. Yes, it's that. What I couldn't say to Andrew, what I don't believe I knew—but what comes to me now, holding your hands——"

She pressed his hands! "Dear Sim!"

He gave her back her pressure; faintly smiled; but she could see more deeply the intensity of his face, struggling in that thicket.

"What comes to me now is that it isn't when they are at their desks that the employers are judged by the workers, and it isn't the—and it isn't when he's in his surplice that a clergyman is judged by his son—Elizabeth, it is when they are out about their common ways that people are judged."

He turned to her more closely.

"Elizabeth, it's not the fact of the contrast that is wrong—it's the *way* of the contrast. It is the taking their hearts with them when they leave their desks that makes the trouble. If those spenders, in their cars, from their restaurant tables and all that, could, as it were, look up and give a smile and a nod to the workers outside, the workers wouldn't mind a bit being outside. Mind you, the workers *are* helped by the employers—charities and new social laws and wider social ideas come from them and help the laborers a lot. But, Elizabeth, the employees are helped *as a class*. They are helped in office hours only. There is no human help, no heart help, and there never will be until the whole idea of help is not to help class solely, but to help humanity largely, mankind as one—the one that we all are, richest and poorest, ablest and dullest, best and worst, strongest and weakest."

He stopped, then said: "Elizabeth, when I say help, human help, heart help, I mean my hand, clean, trimmed, in my neighbor's hand, grimed, broken—your hand, white, soft, in the next woman's hand. worn, rough."

Inspired by his earnestness, "Oh, Sim!" she breathed.

He said after a moment: "I told Andrew that's where I am. But, Elizabeth, I don't know where I am going."

She said: "Sim, I think you are going to be true to yourself."

He muttered: "It's vague, that."

She said: "It isn't vague, Sim. Truth to oneself is not an indefinite going. It is a going very high. I think truth to oneself is about as high as a man can get."

He had gone over to the fireplace and stood, back to her, his chin on his hand. He seemed to shake his head.

She said: "Sim, I believe that if a man can get as high as truth to himself he is high enough for heaven to reach down and help him."

His shoulders made a movement of shaking off a touch. His voice came: "I don't think about that."

She said: "Sim, that was an astonishing expression you wrote to me. 'I believe that God is *after* me,' you said."

He put his arms on the mantelpiece before him and his forehead down on them. He raised his right foot and drubbed with his toe on the carpet.

Suddenly his hands pushed him from his pose and upright. He turned and came quickly to her where she sat on the couch.

"Elizabeth, I am frightfully perplexed," he said.

She gave him her hands. "Dear Sim!"

WHEN he was in the train, his ticket to Barton Magna in his pocket, his trunk in the baggage-van—for "I am clearing right out, Niggs," he had told Andrew, "I'm goose-chasing, but I'm going to catch that goose"—he was thinking during much of the journey of Linda and of Alice. Linda surprisingly had come to see him off and at the door of his carriage before the train moved had spoken surprizingly. Alice, as surprizingly encountered on the previous evening, also had spoken strangely. The odd thing was that both Linda and Alice in taking leave of him had used the same phrase and had broken it off precisely at the same place.

Alice had been met at Stupendity's, London's mammoth department store. He had gone there after leaving Elizabeth for some purchases before he left town and he had got himself wedged, as every visitor to Stupendity's got wedged, in the mob that stood about the lifts. Eight lifts, side by side, shot up and down ceaselessly all day at Stupendity's—but it was Sim's experience that, with all the Stupendity organization, the lifts invariably appeared all to be shooting either in the direction the mob did not wish to go or, without stopping, at great speed in the direction the mob did wish to go. He was standing, wedged, with the thought that he must speak to Stupendity's assistant, Lardy Quinnet, about this when he heard a voice immediately behind him say, "Alice, I think we had better not wait."

He turned quickly. Immediately behind him were Alice and Conrad Bryne. It seemed certain that it must have been Conrad Bryne who had spoken—but it could not, Sim told himself, for Bryne could not have called Charles's wife Alice. But the faces of both displayed an amazing confusion on seeing him. Sim when he left them, and now in the train, pondered that confusion. Now that he thought of it, he remembered during his stay with Charles—but that was ridiculous—but was it? It persisted——

Alice was up for some shopping, she explained, and right in this very crowd had run into Doctor Bryne. Wasn't it curious? And now, the two of them into him. *Wasn't* it curious? Her manner was extraordinarily perturbed. They both were catching the six-ten home, she said, and simply must fly for it. No use whatever waiting for this

Continued on page 66



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THE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 65

wretched lift. Down the stairs would be quicker, she thought.

"Me too," Sim said. "We'll never get in when a lift does come," and together they withdrew.

A convulsion of the mob had staggered Conrad Bryne from them while Alice was speaking. He rejoined them on the outskirts of the crowd and walked down the stairs with Sim, Alice in front. "Extraordinary, these meetings," he said. "I had run into Mrs. Paris not ten minutes before, in the entrance, just as I was coming in."

Alice was descending just in front of them. Sim saw the contour of her face turn crimson. Her story had been different.

He stood with the two on the pavement outside while they waited for their bus. Conrad Bryne went to the curb and looked along the road for the one they wanted. He made a considerable show of his occupation, getting on tiptoe, going out a few steps, peering around other advancing buses. His manner was not easy.

"I'm off to-morrow," Sim told Alice.

She put a quick hand on his arm. "Oh, Sim, where?"

He told her.

She had left her hand where she touched him. In the lamplight her face looked astonishingly pale, appealing. He felt her fingers press.

"Oh, I am sorry you are going," she said.

He smiled. "But we never see one another, Alice."

"But you have been, I had hoped you always would be, here, in reach."

She looked away, as if embarrassed. She looked at Conrad Bryne, bus-watching, as though she was very interested in what he was doing and was not interested in what she was saying. But she *was* interested in what she was saying. She gave Sim her eyes again. "You will be sure to send me your address, Sim?"

"Rather, Alice."

He felt the fingers on his arm close. "At once, Sim. The minute you know it."

"At once, rather." He laughed. "It's nice to be wanted like this."

She gave no responding smile. "Oh, you are wanted," she said, "more than you think, Sim. You——"

"Here's our bus," came Conrad Bryne's voice. "We had better hustle, Mrs. Paris."

Alice said: "Sim, I wish you were not going. There is a—a strength about you, Sim, you can't know, and I——"

She broke her sentence and turned and was helped by Bryne to struggle to a place into the bus.

THEN Linda.

Linda, who normally never appeared before midday, presented herself at breakfast that morning and told why. "Going to see you off, Sim. If I hadn't come down, ten to one you'd have changed your mind and not gone. When a good riddance to bad rubbish *does* come into my life, I like to make sure of it."

"You can make sure on your own wretched doorstep," Sim said. "You needn't come crying all over me in the cab."

"Ah, you don't slip me that way, young man," said Linda. "Don't think it. When a good riddance to bad rubbish *does* come into my life, I take mighty good care to be there for the last possible push. Wipe your mouth after you've drunk your tea, and let me get on with my letters."

She was in particularly rattling spirits as the cab took them to the station. She was even gayer as she stoob looking up at him while he leaned from the window of his compartment in the train. She looked at her wrist-watch and at the clock. "It's after the time. *Just* my luck if the engine's stuck and you don't go after all."

"Oh, heaven forbid!" Sim said. The train moved. "Ah, saved! We're off."

The laughter went from her eyes, the rattle from her tongue, as though in a room of mirth light and jolly music suddenly had been cut off. She said in an extraordinary voice, "Sim, I wish to God you weren't going."

"Linda!"

She had bitten on her lower lip. "Sim, what do you think of me?"

"The jolliest and the loveliest ever."

She was walking with the train, holding his hand.

"You think me all fun, all rattle. Sim, sometimes Andrew looks at me and I've a feeling—" she now had to release his hand. She squeezed it. "I wish *to God* you weren't going."

And then she used the very words that Alice had used. "Sim, there's a strength about you you can't know, and——"

She dropped his hand and stood away.

He waved to her. She was touching her eyes with her handkerchief.

He sat back and thought of her and of Alice.

HIS mind went to Elizabeth, and with Elizabeth, to this extraordinary step he now was taking. He was coming with all his worldly possessions to a place of which he had never previously heard; and he was coming because he could settle down to nothing and had the feeling that here, anywhere, so long as alone and quiet somewhere, he could think out things a bit, get toward this Purpose that mysteriously was influencing him.

He was taking no thought of the passage of time or countryside. He was startled, as a slowing up aroused his attention, to see on the name-board of a station *Barton Magna.*

"Getting out here, sir?" asked a porter through the window.

"You may well ask," said Sim, hurriedly collecting. "I jolly nearly missed it. You can shove these things in the cloak-room, will you, and I've a trunk in the baggage-van."

Barton Magna, as he came out of the station, presented itself to him as a picturesque old town standing, length without breadth, on either side of a turnpike highway, and giving somehow the suggestion of having deposited itself, house by house, on each flank of two notable inns, the Crown and the Bull, which faced one another at the street's center.

It had been a swift two-hour run from London. The hour was twelve. It was a March day, sun and a clear sky overhead. He pressed along, stick in hand, glad in the freedom of road after constraint of train. And as he came to cross-roads and glanced along them early Spring, bold beneath the rule of a mild Winter, peeped at him from the hedgerows. He looked up at the sign-post by which he stood. Leftward were indicated Barton Monkhouse, Barton Mill, and Longfield; to the right Barton Abbas, Shifney, and Stowhurst.

"They're fond of Barton hereabouts," was his comment. "But it's me for Longfield."

Air, sun, the road, feel of the stick in his hand, shook off from him the confinement of his thoughts on the train. He set up his shoulders, swung his stick and blithely went at it. His by-road, like a child leaving stern elders, kept straight while under the severe eye of the turnpike, ducked round a sudden corner, twisted quickly again, and thereafter, free, pranked here and there, this way and that, in jolly bends that were altogether delightful to him. He was walking, as he saw, along the slopes of a wide valley. Westward the downland climbed away in gentle contours; eastward, across the vale, a chain of hills upheld the sky. Along the valley he caught glimpses of a river. Church spires stood here and there, their settlements about them. Away on his right he saw the towered outline of what seemed to be a considerable residence, parked, wooded. To his left there seemed, in its straight line, to partner it, another stately mansion.

The road with more capricious wriggle yet went almost S-shaped through a pleasant village. A water-mill ran here, and the hood of a wagon standing outside a granary showed him "George Ullyett, Barton Mill." Longfield, that hiding-place of B. C. D.'s "to bunk to," still lay ahead.

BUT he did not reach Longfield. There stopped him on his road, as he went farther on, a cottage that he thought had dropped with its surroundings from the sketch-book of some artist. Sim knew nothing about period cottages nor, stopping to look at this, desired to be told. He saw only a roof of mellowed thatch, walls of brick of deepest red, two massive doors framed in great timbers yet more massive, wide, low windows ranged to show two floors, some outbuildings, a bricked path, mossy between its stones, coming down the garden toward him. His mind received a picture of an exquisite tranquillity.

He thought: "Now *that's* where I would like to——"

It came into his mind that B. C. D., experienced tramper, would make nothing of inquiring if a bed might be had here. So he opened the gate, went to the nearer door, and tried, as he said to himself, his luck.

His luck was in. He took an immediate fancy to the face of the woman who opened the door to him, a woman of about sixty, of a countenance worn yet singularly mild. But with the action of opening to him she looked him swiftly up and down, and he was astonished to see an expression of fear stand within her eyes.

"Have you come from Mr. Hignett, sir?"

"I haven't," Sim said, and saw immense relief upon her face.

"I thought you must have, sir, looking at you," she said. "But even though you've not, it is my duty to tell to all the like of you that this cottage"—her voice faltered a note—"is for sale, sir."

Sim gave the friendly Sim laugh. "By Jove, I wish I could buy it," he said. "No, I only wanted to ask you——"

She had seemed to hold her breath while she awaited his reply. When she had it, further relief came into her face, and she said very warmly, "Ah, won't you step inside, sir?"

HE ACCEPTED her welcome, entering a kitchen, equipped and shining—pewter, brass, black oak, a fire of logs—just as it might have been equipped and have shone two centuries ago. He knew perfectly well now the cause of her agitation. She was in dread that her house was to be sold. Looking about him, Sim well could understand her dread.

She went to a door standing on his left as he had entered and opened it. "You better had come in here, sir. It's but my kitchen, this. And 'tis my duty the like of you should see the best."

Sim followed her. "I say, that's a room!" was his exclamation.

It was beamed above, paneled about. An immense fireplace, twin to the one he had seen in the kitchen, stood in the great thickness of the wall through which he had entered. A range of latticed windows was on his left. Against the right-hand window a stairway climbed. Taking all in, "This *is* a room!" he said again.

The woman was pleased. " 'Tis pleasant," she said. " 'Tis visitors' room, as we call it, my Yeoman and me, though sad fear we have—" she smiled at him—"of visitors coming to it."

Her smile won his. "If I were you, I'd not let a soul see it, nor your kitchen either, for that matter. You're worrying some one will buy the place, I can tell that——"

She sighed. "We surely are, my Yeoman and me."

Yeoman, he thought, must be her dog. "But showing it all like this," he said, "why ask me in? You throw it at people."

"Why, 'tis my duty, sir," she said. "That is the 'greement that we may bide, my Yeoman and me, that we keep all this—" she gestured a hand about the room—"to rights and do our level utmost for to show and to attract all of the likes of you." A bowl of flowers from which two leaves had fallen stood on a central table whose surface gleamed in deep black pool. She picked up the leaves, touched the flowers here and there to their better display and with a cloth she held in her hand polished the pool whereon the leaves had floated.

" 'Tis duty," she said simply.

An ennobled sense of duty, Sim thought, match to the simple beauty of her face. "What I ventured in for," he said, and hesitated a little over his words, "was to ask whether I could get a bed here for a night—in fact, seeing that you have these rooms, for a bit longer—a lodging for a little time?"

Her answer delighted him: "Why, we never have done it, sir, my Yeoman and me—but that's for that we've never had no offer for to do it. These surely are anxious days for us, not knowing when our roof must change, nor where to find another, and welcome the few shillings we might ask would be." She smiled at him. "And if 'tis not bold, sir,"

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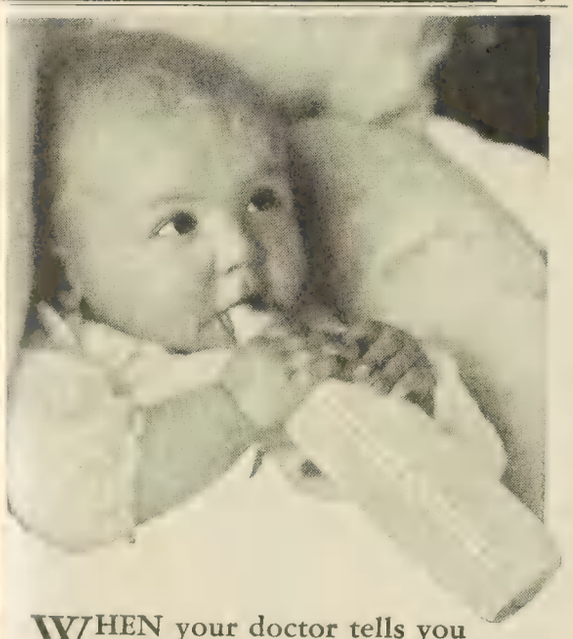
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THE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 66

she added, "there is this more to it, that I like thy face."

"Why, I like yours," said Sim.

She smiled again delightfully. "Would you best first see the room above?"

"I'd like to," Sim told her; "not that I mind tuppence what it's like after what I've seen down here." But when he saw the bedroom he was further enchanted.

He spoke of terms and these were easy; of returning to Barton Magna for his things, and found it as easy to agree to her suggestion that first she should give him a bite of lunch. While she set out cold sundries on the table in her kitchen—"more cozy here with fire and I'll put light in other hearth while you be gone—" he walked in an extraordinary sense of happiness about the room that was to be his. This place, everything about it, every aspect of it, caused in him that sense of high content, a mingling of satisfaction and of elation, that comes solely with some task well achieved, a day well spent, a duty well performed. He best could liken it to the glorious feeling, mental and physical, with the first pipe and stretch before the fire after a tremendous match in his old football days.

" 'Tis ready now, sir," he heard the voice from the kitchen, and he went to it very happily.

THE woman was leaving the kitchen by a farther door as he entered it. "I'll draw thee pot of ale, sir," she said (he noticed and liked the occasional thee's and thou's): and in a moment she was back with it, its foaming head pressing up from the pewter.

He remembered that his address must be sent to Elizabeth, to Alice, to Andrew. "The cottage has a name?" he questioned.

"Old Ballard's, 'tis called," she told him.

"I like the sound of that," he said, "and the thought of it. Old Ballard's is the cottage, then, but I don't know your name yet. Mine is Paris."

"Same like the town in France, sir?"

"Same like that little town," Sim said gravely.

"Yeoman is mine, sir," she told him.

Again the sound of a name rejoiced him. How all things here seemed to maintain the atmosphere and the content he had out of that atmosphere! Old Ballard's, this abode of rural, ancient peace; Yeoman, this type of gentle, courteous country stock. But Yeoman? "Me and my Yeoman," as she had frequently spoken? Clearly no dog, as he had thought, but kin. He wanted to discover this identity, sought in his mind for a way to put the question, and unwittingly received the answer without doing so.

The cloth she had set for him covered only half the table. Beside it stood a lamp and beside the lamp a very large and extraordinarily thick and clumsily leaved book. Debating the form of his question, he put out a hand and twisted the back of the volume toward him: "Gospel According to St. Matthew: Braille," he read. Braille? The type the blind read? Some one here was blind? He looked up. Her eyes had followed his, and he said questioningly, "Braille?"

"Ay, that's my Yeoman's," she said. "My Yeoman's blind," she added softly.

The caress of her voice, its implication of a very great tenderness, made the right comment a little difficult to find.

"That's sad," Sim said.

"But he surely is wonderful," she told him. "You never would know it, not to see him." Her voice in these proud affirmations had been strong again. "He is my brother, Yeoman," she said—and again her voice was dropped to that uncommon tenderness which made the fitting comment hard to find.

"Ah, yes," said Sim, "and just you two here, just your brother and you?"

"And has been twenty year," she said. "Daily since ever this lightness came over him."

She meant of course, darkness, Sim thought. "Lightness?" he questioned with a smile.

She smiled in return. " 'Tis custom of saying it," she said. "Affliction he will not have it called, nor darkness neither, my Yeoman. His eyes were opened when his eyes were closed, he says." She touched the Braille Gospel. "Of God, sir," she said.

He had nothing to say to that. Associations disturbing to him were in the phrase 'of God', and he was in mood too content to invite disturbance. Taking advantage of his silence, "I'll go tell my Yeoman of thee," she said; "I've had no minute yet." She went to the farther door; and as she left him, "You will think that strange, the calling of my brother by our name of family." She smiled to him. " 'Tis of hearing him ever so called, same as I am Margaret to all, when we worked, him and me, him in the fields, me within, for the great house in the Barton time. 'Tis custom did it; but 'tis odd to strangers."

Sim smiled at her. "I like it very much as you say it—'my Yeoman'—it sounds good to me."

She was pleased. "Well, I will go tell him of thee. Name of Paris, sir?"

"Name of Paris," smiled Sim, and she was gone.

ALMOST immediately, his meal finished, he too went out. He saw, from the small lawn and kitchen garden in the rear, gates opening to small orchard and to paddock; he saw and entered a roomy, disused stable—"only wants a horse," was his thought. Then he heard voices in the coach-house that adjoined and went to them.

The door stood open. Margaret Yeoman was here and here was a carpenter's workshop, bench, tools, and at the back a wide and low rustic seat, newly stained.

From this seat, as Sim advanced, there turned toward him, chisel in hand, an old man, Margaret Yeoman standing beside him.

"Ah, here is the gentleman!" Margaret Yeoman exclaimed, and to Sim, "My Yeoman, sir."

An inscription, a line of lettering, ran along the top of the rustic seat. The old man, who seemed to have been working on the letters, now crossed directly to the carpenter's bench, laid down his chisel, took up a piece of cloth, wiped his hands, stepped carefully around a trestle which stood between him and the entrance and, approaching Sim, took without groping or fumble the hand which Sim extended.

Could he indeed be blind? Sim thought. His eyes, very blue, were open and moved while the three spoke from one to the other precisely as if he saw them. He was clearly much older than his sister, a man of eighty, as Sim was to learn. He was middle-height, bent with that ponderous stoop of massive shoulders above a powerful chest, so different from the city desk-man's feeble stoop. He was clean-shaven. His face had, as his sister's had, but in degree more marked, that smooth and placid look, gleaming and suggestive of transparency that is presented at the base of cliffs by rocks submerged at every tide—not fretted, scarred, abrased as are those others higher placed that still resent and spurn the stress of the persistent sea. He had the look of a man who stands at evening in his doorway, the day's work done, wide space before him; within, his house in order.

Sim took the conversation at once to his delight in their cottage. "Ay, 'tis our home," old Yeoman said. Sim now further heard that it was of the Barton estate, all the Barton villages comprising the property. They had lived in it, the pair, ever since by an accident the old man's blindness had come to him. Twelve years they solely had occupied it; then had died the last of the Bartons of the great house who had kept them there; the estate had been sold; its purchaser had restored the two cottages, making them one, to their present condition and in it had installed his agent, a bachelor, the Yeomans attending his wants. Now the agent had married, was away these weeks on his honeymoon, was returning to a larger residence and this, no longer required by him, was to be sold.

Sim thought the case hard. Using the term used by them, "Why should the great house sell the place?" he asked. He was told in explanation that all Barton Mill was being cut away from the estate and put on the market.

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THE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 67

"And the great house," he questioned, "that's out that way, I suppose?" and pointed in the direction in which on his walk he had seen a towered residence across the valley. "That castle-looking sort of place, eh?"

As if he could see the extended arm, "Nay, Chesney Towers that way," old Yeoman said; "yonder is the great house," and he indicated with his head the quarter behind him.

Chesney Towers, Sim was told, formerly in ruins, had been lavishly converted into a residence by one who had sought to restore to it the splendors that it had had aforetime. "Drawbridge and all, and all the old customs done there now, so they do say," Margaret Yeoman said. When he asked who owned it, he was told: "A great London gentleman and with that great shop that is in the papers so frequent, Mr. Stupendity."

Sim carefully indicated no more than polite interest, and inquired as to the great house. "Ah, that's Longfield way. 'Tis Staverton Park," old Yeoman said. And Sim exclaimed, "Staverton Park! What, Lord Staverton's place? Lord Staverton lives there?"

"Ay, Lord Staverton, be sure."

It was extraordinary.

"If you are going to Barton Magna, sir—" Margaret Yeoman was saying to him.

"I very much am," said Sim. With the coincidence of Andrew's chief having here his country seat—frequently Andrew had written to him from it—owning this very cottage on which he had so happily chanced, had come to him an idea wildly audacious, wildly tempting. "I very much am," he repeated.

"Why, then," continued Margaret, "here is one would run you there quick."

SIM looked to her pointing and saw at the gate a baker's motor delivery-van, its driver coming with his basket up the path. The arrangement was made for him, and he soon was speeding back to town over the road he had walked.

"Do you know a man in Barton Magna called Hignett?" he had asked the baker as they drove, remembering Miss Yeoman's words, "Are you from Mr. Hignett?" when she had opened her door to him.

"Ay, 'twould be Mr. Hignett, the house agent."

"That's the man," said Sim and almost quivered.

He was set down at a tiny office, the half of a divided shop—opposite the post-office, as he noticed. Within was a rather affected-looking young man engaged in attending to his hands by paring his nails and to his feet by warming them at an oil-stove. The reek of the stove caused Sim to give a "woof" of disfavor as he entered—and the woof of disfavor caused the young man to assume a superior indifference.

"I've been looking at a place of yours, of Lord Staverton's," Sim said, "a cottage, Old Ballard's, at Barton Mill. What would Lord Staverton take for it?"

The significant words, "take for it" (significant of a purse ill-prepared), caused the house agent to fit himself more firmly into his professional robe. "The *price* of that property," said he, delivering the word with acid rebuke, "is seven hundred pounds."

Sim made again the mental balancing of his ledgers which he had made a dozen times coming along the road. Active service throughout the whole of the war had kept him from spending money; his bonus had added to his savings; almost seven hundred pounds stood, he estimated, to his credit.

"Yes, but what would he *take*, I'm asking?" he said.

The house agent bent to adjust the wick of the stove. "He would take," he said, bent, "the price—seven hundred pounds."

"Would he take five hundred?"

"He certainly would not" said the house agent, "nor yet six hundred." He drew a catalog toward him and indifferently turned the leaves. "The Staverton estates," he said, "do not entertain offers."

Sim smiled cheerfully. "Well, you don't seem to entertain fresh air," he said, "but it doesn't follow you won't get it. I'll leave the door open."

He went out briskly across the road, heard the door slammed violently behind him, and entered the post-office. This was Andrew's day and hour to be in the Fenchurch Street offices. He looked at the clock—just after three. He could get a reply in two hours. He wrote a telegram.

"*Get Staverton to sell me Old Ballard's cottage here for five hundred pounds. I want it. Reply immediately, Barton Magna Post-Office.*"

He went to the station and arranged for a cab to take him and his belongings to Barton Mill. He passed the best part of an hour about the town, in the ancient Guild Hall and elsewhere. There was a fine church, but he would not enter it. The best part of another hour he spent over tea in the Crown. Time did not drag—he was keenly excited and it went swiftly. Shortly before five he went to the post-office. Yes, there was a telegram for him. Andrew's imperturbable nature was in the two words which it contained:

"*It's yours.*"

Sim gave a short laugh.

"Well, I *have* done a mad thing."

BUT mad nor wild, reckless nor foolish, he had not room to feel it, when, returned, he paced about the apartment that now was his own habitation. An extraordinary fullness of completion, of tranquillity, of settlement possessed him.

In the evening he wrote to Elizabeth. There was immense amount to tell and he was long and intimate in the telling. When he had described the emotion with which the Yeomans had received his news, he continued:

"The old man is a quite wonderful carpenter—no, much higher grade than carpenter, woodworker is more the word. Do you know that from something he is doing I have suddenly—almost as I write—the glimmer of an idea of something that I shall do down here—design for him and help him make (I've a turn for carpentry, you know) bits of furniture. He is himself making something that does absolutely *express* what he means it to be—and you know that is what the great periods of furniture did. Elizabeth, I believe I could express this present-day period of ours in furniture design—this period of England as she rose to the war, in hell to her waist, her brow to the stars. (A joke, though, if my Purpose turned out to be that I became a Sheraton or a Chippendale or one of those chaps.)

"Old Yeoman has been making wayside seats to put on the hilly roads about here. One is finished and he is working on another. There are five 'main toiling' hills about here and five seats he intends to do. 'My work for the weary ones', he told me; 'and then maybe I shall climb my hill,' he said. Elizabeth, don't you think there is something rather beautiful in the idea? And listen: along the back of each seat he is carving, *'Rest, Passer-by; then cheerily on. Peace on thy habitation, Passer-by.'* "

Sim finished his writing there. He sat a long time looking at the inscription he had copied.

There came to him at intervals through the dividing door the murmur of old Yeoman's voice—from the sister, curiously, no response that he could hear. He got up and went into the kitchen and discovered the reason. Margaret Yeoman sat by the fire, knitting. At the table was old Yeoman, his Braile Gospel before him, his fingers working upon it. He spent every evening thus, the two told him. He read to himself until their bedtime. When that arrived, he took pleasure in "finding messages" three for his sister, three for himself. He found them by closing the volume, inserting in it a paper knife he had, and the "message" was the text his fingers read at the point of the knife.

Sim, wishing to show an interest, said lightly:

"You'd better find me a message, Yeoman."

The old man was very glad to. He closed the volume, inserted his knife, opened at the place, and put his fingers to the blade's point. The shock of his first word caused Sim to lose the two immediately following. Old Yeoman's deep voice read:

"Simon . . . him they compelled to bear His cross."

He added to his letter: "Elizabeth, I believe that God *is* after me."

NOW in a habitation of his own, Sim Paris began to gather about him pursuits and occupations. He developed, surprizing himself by his facility, that idea of furniture design of which he had written to Elizabeth; he got a horse; he came to know families round about the Barton villages. And to Staverton Park and to Chesney Towers came at intervals older friends.

Lord Staverton made week-end visits to his country seat, Andrew with him, and, when he entertained there, Linda with Andrew. He gave Sim, for Sim's riding, the run of Staverton Park.

Over at Chesney Towers, Mr. Stupendity's visits (almost a week-end certainty) were gatherings of great distinction. Here the giant of merchandise, cut off by his drawbridge, served in his baronial hall, and here with him were always his shadow, Miss Marr, and the shadow's shadow, Lardy Quinnet.

And here also, very often, was Elizabeth, who was engaged in cataloging the Stupendity (Chesney Towers) library.

On one occasion of a Stupendity visit to the Towers, Sim rather diffidently had shown Lardy and Miss Marr, calling on him at old Ballard's, sketches of that furniture designing, "expressive of something," to which he had been turning his attention. He had shown them also a light armchair, the first actual product of his idea, and an octagonal table, the second—this still in process of construction. The chair had been made in the village by an unemployed disabled soldier, formerly a cabinet-maker; the table was being done by old Yeoman. Increasingly interested as he proceeded on his notion, Sim had advanced from rough, idle sketches to studied designs, painstakingly drawn presented (with the aid of a small box of paints) in color. The work had fascinated him.

It fascinated his callers.

"Why, Major Paris, these are exquisite!" cried Miss Marr.

"Sim, old man," declared Lardy, "you've rushed in where idiots fail to tread—or whatever the thing is. This is something new, you know. The chap who made that chair was a bit of a genius."

Miss Marr turned to look as if with new eyes at Sim. "I would say," she answered slowly, "that it is Major Paris who is the genius."

"I say, Sim," Lardy burst forth, "this stuff of yours hits me hard in my capacity as Brain. I've got an idea. I'm going to collar those designs and the chair. I'm going to show them to old Stupendity."

"Oh, come and have some tea," said Sim.

LARDY, however, abetted by Miss Marr, had collared designs and chair and a fortnight later the table. He had very greatly interested Mr. Stupendity in them and he had very greatly interested Mr. Bevis, the head of the Stupendity furniture department. "This is a discovery, sir," he had said, speaking with that earnestness which, when he displayed it, caused even Miss Marr to suspect that he was indeed a Brain—and Mr. Stupendity and Mr. Bevis had agreed with him that a discovery indeed it was.

"If we are going to run this furniture, sir, and of course we are," said Mr. Bevis, a man who from long association with furniture appeared to have a polished face, "the first thing for it is——"

"A distinctive name," said Mr. Stupendity, part of whose wonder in the eyes of all departments was the unerring swiftness with which he took unspoken words out of their mouths. "Have you a name for it, Quinnet?"

Lardy put his hand to the back of his head as if possibly a name might be there. "Not slick off, sir."

"Bevis?"

Mr. Bevis put a finger down the polish of his cheek and looked at it as if possibly the name might there be reflected. "Not at the moment, sir."

"Come, come," said Mr. Stupendity sharply. "Surely it is known by now that when a scheme is brought to me I expect it to be a completed scheme and that the first essential in a scheme of this description is a name."

" 'Stupendity Furniture,' " exclaimed Mr. Bevis, who now had drawn finger and thumb down the polish of his face and, with a start, appeared to find this written between them.

"Stuff-and-nonsense furniture," said Mr.

Stupendity. "There are immense possibilities in these designs. This is something new, and furniture design has had nothing new (and has cried out for something new) ever since we fell back on copying the old. 'Stupendity Furniture' would be to localize this furniture, to shop it. The idea of a distinctive, appealing, *national* furniture is here. The name must be a distinctive, appealing name. Miss Marr——"

"Simparis furniture," said Miss Marr.

"Gosh!" said Lardy, stunned.

"The name is found," said Mr. Stupendity, not stunned, he was so accustomed to have spring from his shadow anything he desired immediately he desired it that he took it always as if it had sprung from himself. "The name is Simparis Furniture. Get busy on that, Bevis, Quinnet. Miss Marr, arrange for me to see this Major Paris when we next go to Chesney Towers."

LARDY QUINNET spied Sim soon afterward at a large afternoon reception at the Towers, and hastened over to acquaint him with these developments. But Sim, as Lardy edged his way toward him, was seen by him to be leaving by a farther door. And Lardy, for a reason, decided that he would go over and talk with him on the morrow, not follow him now. He had come to know Sim very intimately by this proximity of the Towers and Old Ballard's, and he had come to adjust himself to periods of abstraction in his friend when company clearly was not desired. Profound abstraction of that sort was on Sim's face now as he was leaving. "There's something up with that chap," was Lardy's thought, watching him.

It was the echo of a comment made by Charles many months before. It now was deeper justified.

Sim had ridden over. Elizabeth, on her cataloging occupation, was not due that week; but there always was the chance (Mr. Stupendity being Mr. Stupendity) that she might have been snapped into the Stupendity entourage at the last moment, and it was to take that chance that Sim had come. It failed him. A word with a servant in the entrance informed him of the fact; but just to make sure he had glanced in on the party dispersed about the dais in the baronial hall. He stood a moment and then withdrew, observed only by Lardy.

Sim's horse—he had said he might not be long—was being walked by a groom in the courtyard. He mounted, not with his usual careless ease, but slowly, as though his thoughts weighed upon him; and he rode away toward Old Ballard's with mien of one much occupied, the pace and the direction left to his horse's choosing.

After a while the horse stopped. Sim saw himself to be at the foot of a long rise of field that led to Barton Mill. He raised his eyes. Their direction was westward. The sun was setting. Clear and flushed rose and gold above, the sky below was deeply black. Upon the blackness, midway to the horizon, trailed a long thin cloud of gray. The sun, just gone beneath the black, gave the trailing cloud a faintest gleam.

There rose to Sim's thought, as spectral figures merging in a mist, words spoken to him which, ever since their speaking, had stood within the circle of his mind as bleak sign-posts stand on a moor. Always his daily thoughts were turning to these posts. One was Elizabeth's words, "of God"—that sudden and astonishing conception come out of her like a cry upon the night of their reunion. Another was an astounding thing dropped from old Yeoman when, setting him to work upon the table, he had essayed to explain to him the theory of his designs in furniture. "Trying to express myself, to express an idea," he had said to that blind old man, "in wood, Yeoman. Artists express themselves in colors, in words, in stone. Well, I don't see why a man can't express himself in wood." Old Yeoman's reply, "In wood? It hath been done, sir. Aye, mightiest expression of a man ever the world knew hath been in wood." "What, Yeoman?" Sim had asked. And the astounding answer: "Sir, the Cross of Christ."

SIGN-POSTS! Those were two; and joining them, most potent and disturbing of them, stood also that strange appearance of his name in the text that old Yeoman with his paper-knife and with his Braille Gospel had found for him. "Message!" that old man had called it. Message! Urgently, since first these perplexities had come upon him, Sim had desired some message, some help, some guide that might deliver him out of his perplexities. "Him they compelled—*compelled*—to bear His Cross." This was not message; this was doom.

His horse, now slowly walking, had brought him to the brow of a long rise. He stopped it. He was desperately troubled in his mind. He drew rein and the eyes that now he raised were heavy with his great unhappiness. The sky had changed. The colors that the sun had left above the dark bank of clouds were almost gone. It was within these clouds which in a black wall stood upon the margin of the earth that light was coming now. While he looked, the gray trail that ran along them, and that had faintly gleamed, now by the sun's descent was seen as a fissure dividing an upper and a lower bank. While Sim looked, the fissure (the sun descending to it) was filled with a great light.

Memory stirred.

Where was it, and on whom, that suddenly a light shone—a light shined—a light shined from the sky—*what* were these stirring, buried words? Ah—that suddenly a light shined round about from heaven.

Memory, encouraged, sprang.

It was Saul.

Fragmentarily, not to the verse, but certainly in half-caught phrases, it all returned to him. "Saul, Saul, it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks, and Saul said, Lord, what wilt thou have me do?"

SIM got off his horse. He was shaking with a very great trembling. He put his arms on the saddle before him and leaned his weight against it. Men do not utter to themselves their thoughts aloud; but beneath Sim's great trembling, his jaws, as of a man shivering, were shaking, and in shaking words his thoughts came out.

"That was Paul," he said, "in conversion. Conversion does not come like that. It comes of something actual. Nothing is here."

A little afterward he said: "I do not want conversion. It is nothing to me. I do not want it. It is nothing."

And after a little again: "It comes of desire of it. I have not desired it. It comes of a something definite, something actual. Nothing is here."

He raised his eyes across the saddle-bow and now was something. Where in the fissure of the clouds had been a bright light in a single place now was a path of light. It ran from the extreme brightness of the sun southward and downward; and by the formation of the river bank it presented the aspect of a road of light, broad and gently rising to where the strong light burned, running along a dark and enormous cliff, bounded by a cliff as dark, as huge, towering above it. He began to say:

"Mother, I am your Sim, and I am frightfully unhappy. I am talking to you now, looking at that road, because I have the vision that it is down a road like that, gloriously gleaming, that you will come one day to meet me. Mother, I would to God it might be now, here at this moment, because I am frightfully unhappy, mother. You have told me—one of your beloved messages to me—that you want me to be happy. Mother, in these last months I have tried to be. I can not be. I only want to come to you as I used to come home to you, and you waiting for me. Beloved, I can see you, see you in your every line, treading down that path to take me up. 'Sim!' I can hear your voice. And I shall answer, 'Mother!' And I shall take again those soft dear hands of yours, touch that dear face, look into those dear and loving eyes, kiss those beloved lips. Oh, mother——"

He said to her after a little while:

"Your face? Your voice? Your hands, eyes, lips? It may not be so. Earthbound, I have no other terms in which to think of you. Earthbound, I can not know the form that you will have. Mother, I only know that when I cross and see that path and you upon it coming to me, I only know that you, whom I remember worn, sick with much suffering, bowed with many griefs, desirous of my hand at every feeble step to help you, then will be exquisite in strength, sublime in knowledge. I only know that I, who, when we were together, was prop and guidance, then will be faint with great dismay—only that then it will be I shall be the weak and helpless, much afraid, you the strong, the guide, to——"

He bit upon his lower lip and kept it bitten.

He released at last his lip and said:

"The guide to God."

A sense of a very great comfort came over him. He had refused himself that last word, and while he refused it the eyes with which he had envisaged his mother coming to him had envisaged himself flung in pose not possible to living limbs—as is a body found at daybreak flung and abandoned by the tide upon the shore. He had said the word which he refused to say—and the eyes of his vision had seen his mother stoop to touch him.

IT WAS gone. His mind gave up the images it had conceived. It left him only that sense of a great quiet which instantly, with his speaking of that word, had come to him. He seemed to have no thoughts—peace only.

He put his arm through his horse's bridle and with no declared intention went down the track that brought him to the road where stood the church of Barton Mill. He never yet—often wishing to—had entered it. He had withstood giving himself to influences which there might come upon him.

He tethered his horse outside the gate, went up the path and entered. He was alone in the church and he seated himself, then knelt.

He had no voice for this. First for a long time he knelt in consciousness alone of that great stillness that had filled him. His thoughts, no voice, then said:

"If I am shown herein my purpose and know the purpose Thine; if, as with Saul, I have had summons, not by desire, not by prayer, not by constraint of sorrow, but unsought of Thee; if, as with Simon, it is mine to bear Thy cross; if these, O God, then suffer me some truth that I can understand."

No more; and remained thus.

Continued in the September DELINEATOR

ASK US

Ask us anything you want to know about housekeeping and we will answer it personally. From our recent correspondence we publish the following questions and answers as being of general interest to all home-makers

QUESTION—Will you please tell me how to remove fruit-stains?

Answer—Use boiling water for white or fast-colored washable materials. Stretch the stained material over a bowl or other vessel, holding it in place by a string or an elastic band and pour boiling water upon it from a teakettle, holding it at a height of three or four feet so that the water may strike the stain with force. In stains in which fruit-pulp is present a little rubbing alternated with applications of boiling water is helpful.

A stain remaining after this treatment frequently can be bleached by hanging the wet material in the sun to dry.

QUESTION—I have a matting rug which is badly faded and dingy-looking, but it is otherwise in good condition. Is there any way I can improve it?

Answer—Yes. Matting rugs may be painted successfully. First clean the matting, then scrub it with soap and water and let it dry. It will take several days to dry and may need to be hung where the air will reach it. After it is dry stretch it flat on the floor and fasten at the four corners. Paint it the desired color, using a good floor-paint. When the first coat of paint is dry, apply a second coat. When dry, the rug should be ready for use and will probably last much longer than new matting, particularly if it receives a new coat of paint each year.

QUESTION—Will you please give me a recipe for a sirup which can be used in making iced or hot cocoa?

Answer—

¼ pound cocoa	1 quart boiling water
½ pound sugar	⅛ teaspoon salt
⅛ cup flour	1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix the dry ingredients. Pour boiling water on gradually, stir until smooth and cook over hot water from two to four hours. Add to hot milk to make hot cocoa, or to cold milk in making iced cocoa, allowing one tablespoon of sirup to each cup of milk.



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

6197—Flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with contrasting, makes this slip-over one-piece frock with a straight lower edge. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Or use wool jersey or flannel, etc. Lower edge 45½ inches.

17 years requires 3⅜ yards 27-inch flannel.

It is for misses 15 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust.

6233—10934—The wide belt across the front of this slip-over dress gives it a two-piece effect. The lower edge is straight. Make it of silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, light-weight flannel, etc., plain with contrasting or striped with plain to match; plain satin, etc. The embroidery on the tie is quaint.

16 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch silk crepe. Lower edge 42½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

6171—The curving outline of the yoke and the flare of the circular apron are French touches on a slip-over one-piece dress which fits closely at the hipline. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe faille, etc., printed with matching Georgette; or flat crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch figured Georgette and ⅜ yard 40-inch plain Georgette. Lower edge 44 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6160—Paris is wearing circular flounces in a fancy outline across the front of one-piece frocks. This slip-over dress fits the hipline closely. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma or Georgette, of one material, with Venise lace, or with contrasting; or Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, flat crêpe, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch crêpe satin.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6209—The double jabot dresses up a simple slip-over one-piece frock. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe Roma, Georgette, etc., with lace edging. The straight lower edge makes it suitable for crosswise designs, bordered wide silks such as silk crêpe, crêpe satin, etc.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

6166—An artistic one-piece slip-over frock has inverted tucks at the side. The lower edge is straight. With matching Georgette use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, radium, crêpe satin, printed; or use novelty crêpe satin, or bordered wide crêpe satin, etc.

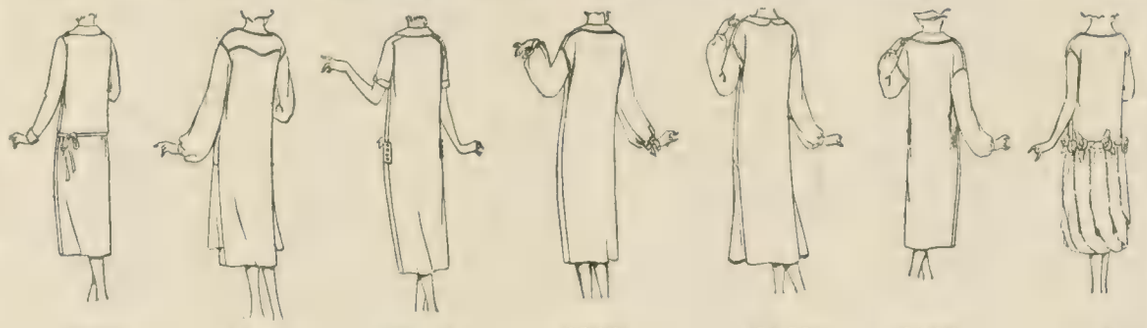
16 years requires 2¾ yards 35-inch printed silk. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6151—Lovely in sheer materials such as Georgette, chiffon voile, chiffon, crêpe Roma, etc., this one-piece frock will flutter its attached petals at Summer dances. It slips on over the head and the flowers are hand-made. Or make it of taffeta or satin with Georgette or chiffon petals and flowers, printed Georgette, printed crêpe de Chine, etc.

17 years requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 41½ inches.

The frock is charming for misses 15 to 20 years. It is also becoming to small women.



6197 6171 6233 6209 6160 6166 6151

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

6183—Smartly tailored the one-piece coat-dress buttons down the front and fits closely at the hipline. The lower edge is straight and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use heavy silk crêpe with satin or heavy satin with silk crêpe, flannel, wool crêpe, etc.

16 years requires 1⅞ yards 54-inch striped flannel. Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

6213—A picturesque slip-over frock has a full straight skirt attached to a basque at the slightly low waistline. It closes at the left underarm. The fichu may be detachable. With transparent materials such as printed Georgette, chiffon or chiffon voile, with plain to match, there is a narrow drop skirt and camisole of flesh-colored satin, etc.

16 years requires 3 yards 39-inch printed voile. Lower edge of skirt 3 yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

6193—The jabot and the attached circular front distinguish this slip-over frock which fits the hipline closely. The back is in one piece. Make this dress of crêpe satin, satin Canton, Canton crêpe, crêpe Roma, Georgette, etc., with lace edging, etc.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 43½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

6147—10208—The two-piece circular skirt has captured the season. It is attached at the hipline of a slip-over frock of flat crêpe, crêpe faille, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe Roma, taffeta, etc. The embroidery is striking. Work in colors.

17 years requires 3 yards 39-inch Georgette (cut crosswise). Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6148—Bordered wide silks such as crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or crêpe satin with plain to match make this one-piece frock that slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. It may have a trimming band on the skirt when made of flat crêpe, etc.

34 bust or 17 years requires 1⅝ yards 54-inch bordered silk. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years, or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

6211—The collar of this blouse ensemble or jumper dress may be buttoned up into a high neck. The slip-over blouse has a straight lower edge and the straight skirt an inverted center-front plait. It is attached to a camisole body. Use satin with contrasting silk crêpe, plain heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, silk broadcloth, flannel, etc.

17 years requires 3¾ yards 32-inch silk broadcloth. Lower edge 51 inches.

The blouse ensemble is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

6168—The gathered straight skirt attached to a long body makes a soft and lovely slip-over frock in printed cotton voile or printed fine cotton crêpe with harmonizing organdy; or crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma, Georgette or crêpe satin, plain or printed with plain, etc. The collar and cuffs may be detachable.

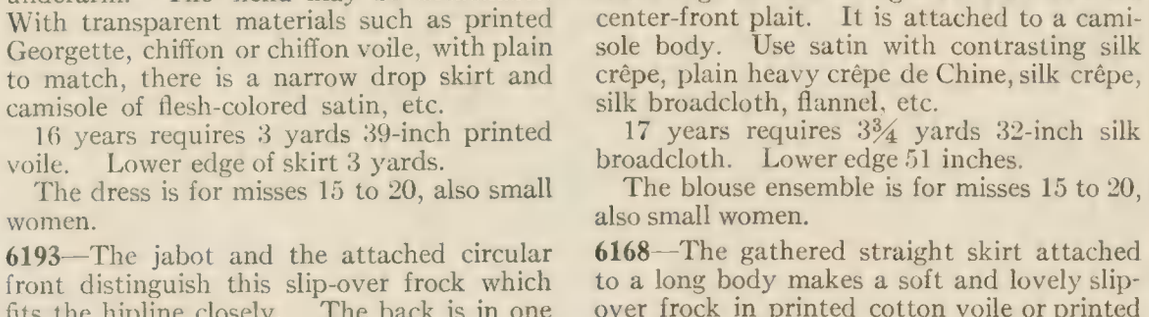
16 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch printed cotton voile. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years.

6161—Opportunities for a play on stripes are suggested by this slip-over frock with its straight band lengthening the one-piece upper part. Use crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, cotton broadcloth or light-weight cotton crêpe, striped with plain to match, etc.

33 bust or 16 years requires 3 yards 32 or 35 inch striped silk. Lower edge 51 inches.

It is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.



6183 6211 6213 6148 6193 6168 6147 6161

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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

6157—A soft type of frock has a straight gathered flounce attached across the front. This is a one-piece dress and it slips on over the head. Make it of printed crêpe de Chine, printed Georgette or foulards with matching Georgette; or use printed cotton voile, printed fine cotton crêpe with plain to match; crêpe Roma, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch printed Georgette. Lower edge 1⅝ yards.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6185—The vogue of front fulness finds a new way to present itself. A box-plaited section is inserted across the front of a one-piece frock that slips on over the head and fits closely at the hipline. The dress may have a body lining. Use flannel; or heavy silk crêpe with satin, or satin with silk crêpe in self or harmonizing color; wool crêpe with contrasting or with silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 1⅞ yards.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch flannel.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6154—One unbroken length of 40-inch material without underarm seams makes the dress part of this slip-over one-piece frock, for certain figures, when a contrasting material makes the vest front and jabot. The lower edge is straight. Use printed crêpe de Chine, printed silk crêpe, printed crêpe faille or crosswise designs with plain to match; foulards, etc. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch printed silk and 1½ yard 35-inch plain silk.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6181—Buttoning all the way down the front, this one-piece dress may also button all the way up the neck. It fits the hipline closely. Make this dress with its convertible collar of heavy silk crêpe, heavy satin or ribbed silks with printed or harmonizing Georgette or crêpe de Chine, or with a jabot of lace edging. For early Autumn use twills, worsteds, cashmere, etc. The lower edge is straight.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6179—When a straight-line frock inserts an inverted plait at each side it also inserts freedom in the slender silhouette. Make this slip-over, one-piece dress of flannel, heavy silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with tie of contrasting or printed crêpe de Chine; or use printed silk crêpe, printed heavy crêpe de Chine or printed crêpe satin with plain to match, etc. There may be a body lining. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 54 inches. The lower edge is straight.

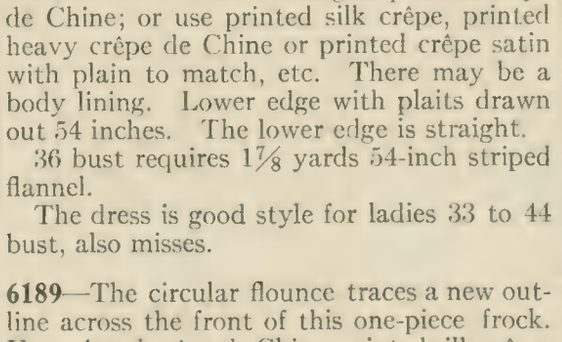
36 bust requires 1⅞ yards 54-inch striped flannel.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6189—The circular flounce traces a new outline across the front of this one-piece frock. Use printed crêpe de Chine, printed silk crêpe, printed crêpe satin, printed Georgette, foulards, printed cotton voile or printed fine cotton crêpe, etc., with plain to match; or use crêpe satin with reverse side, etc. The dress slips on over the head and may have a body lining. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch printed silk and ½ yard 39-inch plain silk.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



6157 6185 6154 6181 6179 6189



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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

6187—Hanging a jabot from a yoke and another from a beltline is a novel idea. This one-piece dress slips on over the head and plaits cluster at each side front and back. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, soft satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe Roma or Georgette; or printed cotton voile, printed fine cotton crêpe, etc., with plain to match, etc The lower edge is straight.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yds. 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge with plaits out 1⅞ yard.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6175—The sectional flounce attached in a fancy outline has only to be placed on this slip-over one-piece frock, so the making of it is very simple. It fits closely at the hip. Use Georgette; or use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or crêpe Roma, with lace edging frills or with lace flouncing and edging; or printed crêpe de Chine, printed radium, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6173—The flowers on this one-piece slip-over frock are hand-made. The becoming yoke and apron have straight lower edges. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma or crêpe satin, with lace, etc.; or use printed cotton voile, printed fine cotton crêpe or printed Georgette, with plain to match.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch Georgette, 1⅝ yard 9-inch lace insertion and 1⅛ yard 6-inch lace edging. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is charming for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6122—The swinging movement now in vogue is obtained by inserted godets on this slip-over one-piece dress which fits closely at the hipline. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use printed silk crêpe or printed crêpe faille with white organdy, or with plain to match the lightest shade; or printed heavy crêpe de Chine, printed crêpe satin, printed Georgette, novelty crêpe satin, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch printed silk. Lower edge 46½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6156—A charming deceiver is the trimming band which poses as a Russian closing on this slip-over dress. A straight band lengthens the one-piece upper part. Make the dress of cotton crêpe of good weight, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton shantung, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, shantung, flannel, etc., striped with plain to match or plain with contrasting, etc.

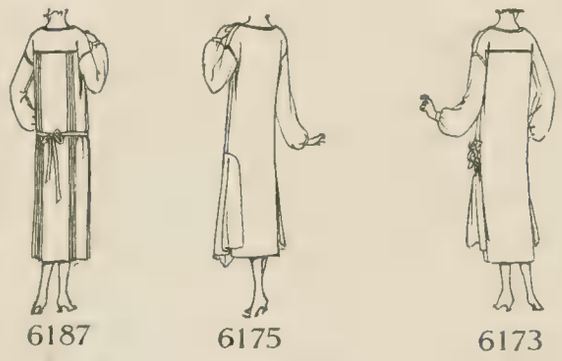
36 bust requires 3¼ yards 32-inch striped cotton broadcloth. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6159—Bordered wide silks, such as silk crêpe, crêpe satin or heavy crêpe de Chine, with plain to match, make this one-piece slip-over dress with an underarm seam on one side only. Other wide materials need only one seam for certain figures, but narrow materials require both seams. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe satin, etc. The lower edge is straight.

36 bust requires 1¼ yard 54-inch bordered silk. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.





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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

6135—10296—This raglan-sleeved dress has separate bloomers. The lower edge is straight. Use pongee, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, light-weight cotton crêpe, etc. The French doll wears black and white satin.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅜ yard 35 to 39 inch contrasting material.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years old.

6167—A jabot trims a slip-over one-piece dress with gathers at the sides. Use Georgette, silk crêpe, pongee, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, etc., printed with plain to match or plain with contrasting. The lower edge is straight.

13 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch printed crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

6192—This suit has straight trousers buttoning on to a waist. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use linen, chambray, poplin, rep, linen-finished cotton, madras, etc.

4 years requires ¾ yard 35-inch linen for waist and 1 yard 35-inch linen for trousers, etc.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

6165—10283—One should manage to keep cool in a slip-over tucked dress with brief sleeves. The embroidery is dainty. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, etc.

7 years takes 1⅞ yard 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years.

6190—10365—This adorable little romper puts its square yoke and sleeve in one. Smocking and embroidery may combine to trim it. Work in different colors. Use cotton pongee, chambray, plain gingham, light-weight cotton crêpe, sateen, pongee, etc.

2 years requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch cotton broadcloth, with ⅜ yard 27-inch contrasting material for yoke and pocket.

The rompers are for children 1 to 4 years.

6202—They don't show, but there are bloomers for this slip-over dress if desired. The raglan sleeves and the long tab are smart. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use cotton broadcloth, cotton pongee, cotton crêpe, linen, linen-finished cottons, silk broadcloth, etc., plain with contrasting.

7 years requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch material.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years.

6176—The easily made suspender skirt has an inverted plait inserted at the side seams. The blouse is separate. Use linen or linen-finished cottons, plain with dimity blouse or plaid, checked or striped with white lawn blouse; flannel with cotton broadcloth, etc.

12 years requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch material for blouse and 2 yards 35-inch linen.

They are for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6184—The one-piece slip-over dress has a plaited flounce across front. Use Georgette, silk crêpe, etc., printed in small designs, etc.

13 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch printed crêpe de Chine and ¾ yard 35-inch plain for jabot and flounce.

It is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6200—Inverted plaits station themselves at the front and each side of this slip-over dress. The bloomers are separate. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee, etc., printed in small designs.

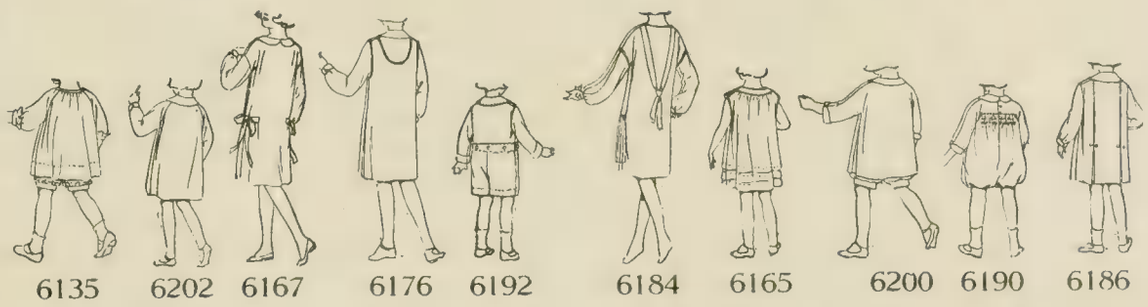
5 years takes 2⅛ yards 35-inch cotton.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

6186—6188—Inverted plaits are placed at each side front and back of this slip-over, one-piece dress. The smart tam-o'-Shanter may be plaited or gathered.

7 years and 20-inch head measure require 2 yards 35-inch striped silk broadcloth for dress and ⅜ yard 36 or 39 inch material for tam.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years old; tam for girls, children, misses and ladies.



6135 6202 6167 6176 6192 6184 6165 6200 6190 6186

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

6208—6089—A six-gored-crown hat of shantung, etc., is smart with a slip-over dress of striped cotton pongee, light-weight cotton crêpe, etc. The lower edge is straight.

12 years and 21¼-inch head measure require 2¼ yards 32-inch cotton broadcloth for dress and ¾ yard 35-inch cotton poplin for hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

6155—10230—A slip-over frock with raglan sleeves and a straight lower edge may have separate bloomers. The embroidery is smart. Work in color. Use cotton broadcloth, etc.

7 years takes 1¾ yard 35-inch cotton crêpe for dress.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years.

6212—4491—A sweet little slip-over dress is made of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc., with hand-made flowers, etc. The lower edge is straight. The hat has a shirred brim.

6 years and 20½-inch head measure require 1⅜ yard 72-inch dotted net (including hat).

The dress is for girls 4 to 12 years; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

6223—Bordered wide silks, such as crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or crêpe satin, with matching Georgette make a lovely slip-over one-piece dress with a straight lower edge.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 54-inch bordered silk. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6230—This simple one-piece dress with slash pockets slips on over the head. The Peter Pan style collar and cuffs may be detachable. Make it of cotton broadcloth, cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton pongee, linen-finished cottons, crêpe de Chine, etc.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch linen.

It is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6214—An adorable slip-over dress is made of light-weight cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, cotton broadcloth, pongee, crêpe de Chine, printed in small designs with plain to match, etc. The lower edge is straight. There may be separate bloomers and the collar and cuffs may be detachable.

7 years requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch cotton print for dress and bloomers.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years old.

6137—The Russian closing effect is merely a trimming band on this one-piece slip-over frock of striped cotton crêpe of good weight, cotton shantung, linen, etc.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 35-inch striped cotton broadcloth.

It is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6206—5214—Colored smocking is a charming trimming for a dress that slips on over the head and has separate bloomers. Use fine cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, cotton voile, etc. The hat has a gored crown.

4 years and 19¾ head measure require 2⅞ yards 32-inch chambray (including hat).

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

6221—This one-piece wrap-around dress is made of crêpe satin or satin Canton with contrasting silk crêpe; flat crêpe, Canton crêpe with contrasting, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 44 inches.

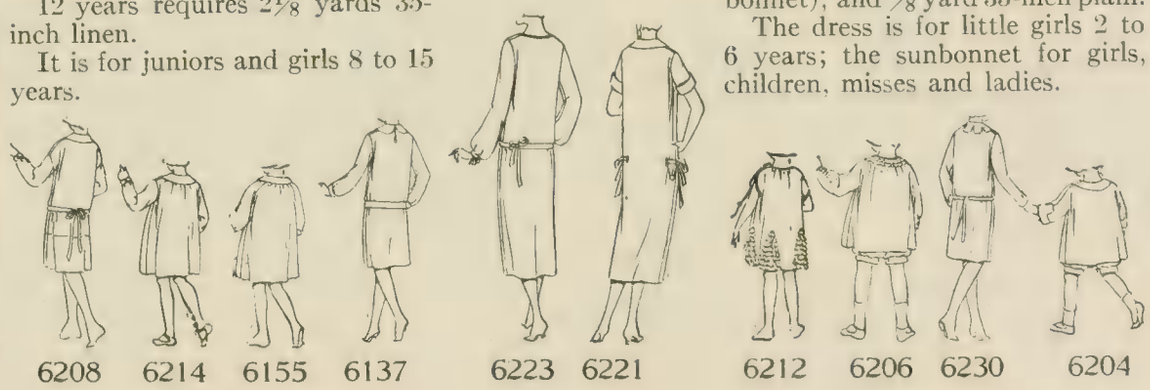
36 bust requires 3½ yards 35-inch material.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 48 bust.

6204—3727—A slip-over dress with separate bloomers made of cotton broadcloth, cotton pongee, cotton crêpe, etc., is worn with a sun-bonnet.

5 years and 20-inch head measure requires 2½ yards 35-inch cotton print (including bonnet), and ⅝ yard 35-inch plain.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; the sunbonnet for girls, children, misses and ladies.



6208 6214 6155 6137 6223 6221 6212 6206 6230 6204



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For Lady Go-Getters

As recently as April of this year a prominent lecturer held a Boston audience in Ford Hall Forum with variations on the theme that getting a man is still the main object in a woman's life. "And," he said, among other things, "the tricks employed are the same to-day as they were when Eve caught Adam." Whether the women present were bored, distressed or pleased, the newspapers failed to report. The assumption is that they found the subject interesting enough to pay their money to hear a serious lecture about it. For our own part, we like better the practical application of what might be called "rules for the hunt" in the story by Maud Hart Lovelace in this issue. A young woman who takes to heart Thackeray's statement that "A woman with fair opportunities and without an absolute hump may marry whom she likes" at once becomes a threat to the peace of mind of every eligible man in her vicinity. For the benefit of readers who missed it, we append the "Love's Daily Dozen" of Claire (once Clara) Goodwin, and refer you back to the story on page five for an entertaining account of their application:

1. Give yourself an alluring name.
2. Make your hair a "crowning glory."
3. Let your motto be "Flattery, flattery, flattery."
4. Be dainty—use a subtle perfume, cobwebby handkerchiefs, silk stockings.
5. Acquire a low laugh.
6. Shroud your past in mystery.
7. Keep your hands exquisitely manicured.
8. Learn some French phrases.
9. Go to the library and get books on "How to Be Beautiful," "Correct Speech for all Occasions."
10. Read up on Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Salome and George Sand.
11. Exploit your personality.
12. Persist.

A Gentle Art Indeed

Mindful of Hall Caine's admonition to avoid one-sided levity in discussing the noblest sentiment of which man is capable, we are inevitably reminded of another article, "The Secret of Being Happily Married," which will be printed in THE DELINEATOR for September. Mr. Irving Bacheller, novelist, essayist, humorist and philosopher, discusses the subject from the point of view of a man who has enjoyed a singularly happy and contented married life. His contribution is in the form of a letter to his son, an actual letter, by the way, which THE DELINEATOR was fortunately able to persuade Mr. Bacheller to make public. In an intimate, fatherly way, the author offers suggestions growing out of his own experience and makes some illuminating deductions about love and friendship. The letter has a great deal of the story quality that makes Mr. Bacheller's novels popular, and anecdotes of his own early married life illustrate his points.

TEN RULES *for* SUMMER HEALTH

By "Hurry-Up" Yost

Nature is an accurate bookkeeper. If you violate her laws, you will pay in ill-health; and if you follow her laws, you will always be rewarded. These are her rules for keeping fit in Summer:

1. Don't worry. Fear and doubt interfere with the normal processes of the body. Summer is a season to be enjoyed, not endured.
2. Get eight hours of regular sleep each day, on a sleeping-porch when possible.
3. Live out-of-doors as much as possible in the pure, healing rays of the sun.
4. Use water inside and out. Drink at least eight glasses daily. Do not drink cold drinks when overheated.
5. Exercise regularly, out-of-doors when possible. Do not sit in a draft when body is heated from exercise.
6. Don't wear too much clothing. Avoid tight shoes and belts and garters.
7. Eat prudently. Avoid eating too much meat and fats. Eat some bulky and some fresh and raw foods daily.
8. Watch your posture. Don't slump and slouch. Sit, stand and walk erectly.
9. Create healthful surroundings in the home. Screen against flies and mosquitoes, and remember the ice-box must be in a sanitary condition at all times.
10. *Stay young.* Mix laughter with your play and work. Play with your youngsters—live in the spirit of youth, for play *is* youth.



ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—Join one or more of THE DELINEATOR Happy Child Clubs. Every month Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, Director of The Happy Child Department, writes you a timely letter. He takes your child step by step through the year, tells you what to do each month.

There are four clubs, one for expectant mothers, one for the "new baby," a third for little runabouts, and one for the school child.

Membership in any one is only fifty cents a year. Or you can join all four for one dollar.

Send for one or all of the important Child Health pamphlets. They cost only ten cents each and treat the following subjects: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding," "Diet Problems of Childhood," "Early Childhood," "The Child's Teeth," "The School Child," "The Mental Health of the Child," "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood," "Play, Eyes and Movies," "Correct Posture," "The Development of Personality," "Widespread and Dangerous Diseases," and "Weight, Growth and Health."

Are you getting ready for the new baby? Our Pattern Department has just issued an up-to-date collection of layette patterns. These have been prepared under the direction and with the endorsement of several State and municipal maternity and nursing organizations.

The whole group of patterns—a complete outfit for the baby, with the Deltor, containing full directions—can be procured for thirty-five cents from any Butterick pattern dealer or by writing to the Pattern Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

Home-Making—This department has a score of leaflets that will help you to systematize, simplify and improve your housekeeping. Write for a list of them, enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home," "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," "How to Know Good Furniture" and "Methods of Painting Furniture," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Beauty — The beauty editor will answer personal questions and send complimentary folders on the care of skin, hands and hair, or lotions and cosmetics. Enclose postage at rate of two cents for two folders.

Etiquette—A new booklet called "Table Hospitality" gives explicit directions for setting the table for formal and informal meals and for entertaining with and without a maid. This is ten cents, and Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette, such as "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," and several others. These cost nothing but the postage, which is estimated at two cents for two folders.

Entertainment—When the lure of fresh air and sunshine calls you out-of-doors these August days, try one of the new affairs Miss Campion has ready to send you. There are leaflets on "Party Ways for Picnic Days," a "Sherwood Forest Hike," "A Tramp Picnic," and summery dances and garden parties. Any two will be sent to you free, on request, for two cents postage.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

WE HAVE always maintained that men are born gentlemen and would remain so if the very qualities that raise them above the common level were not used so often to their undoing by the devious devices of the never-sufficiently-praised sex ◈◈◈ Now comes scientific verification of the first half of our contention from no less an authority than the *Institute of Child Research, Teachers College, Columbia University.* One of the research workers there corralled fifty-three boy babies and penned each of them in a small enclosure with a girl baby. Toys were distributed to the girl babies only, and watchers stood about with notebooks to report results. Only one of the fifty-three boys took the toy away from his girl companion! ◈◈◈ An *Ogden, Utah,* man, sixty years old, sought refuge in the county jail from a nagging wife. His health and spirits improved in no time, and now he refuses to leave ◈◈◈ Another husband, a *Paterson, New Jersey,* man, went to police headquarters and asked to be arrested "to prevent my killing my wife and her lawyer." The police took him seriously when he exhibited a pound ball of lead attached to a wire ◈◈◈ In *Berlin,* children riding in street-cars are compelled by the traction companies' regulations to give up their seats to "ladies" and all older persons. This brought up the necessity for a ruling as to when a child becomes a lady, and the companies have set the dividing age at twelve ◈◈◈ Our special correspondent is now on the way to *Texarkana, Texas,* to verify the report that a woman resident of that city has been constantly wagging her tongue since she was vaccinated, by mistake, with a phonograph needle ◈◈◈ The only important improvement in the art of bread-making announced for years is, as might be expected, the contribution of a man, a resident of *Pully, Switzerland.* One *Jean Matti,* of that village, has perfected a process for keeping bread fresh for two years and in due time will probably share honors in the advertising pages with his countryman who invented milk chocolate ◈◈◈ An *English* innovation that should be welcomed over here is the establishment of special "gossip rates" for telephone users who take up time discussing their pains and aches, the neighbor's new hat, the details of tea fights, bargain sales, motion-picture programs and the general run of the day's chatter. The idea is cleverly designed to appeal to the bargain instinct of the perpetrators by offering them lower rates at hours when telephone communication usually lags ◈◈◈ Our thanks are due to an anonymous rural correspondent who writes that farm women can easily double production in the hay fields if they will learn not to be hampered by the care of small children at home. Youngsters, according to this authority, are exceedingly fond of raw bacon. You simply take a good-sized chunk and tie it firmly to the baby's great toe; then deposit the owner of the toe on the floor and depart for the hay fields. The child, it is said, will suck the bacon contentedly for hours. Should the little dear manage to get the bacon into her throat and choke upon it, she will instinctively kick, thereby withdrawing the bacon and permitting the resumption of regular breathing. The alternate sucking and kicking procedure will then be repeated indefinitely or until the child goes to sleep. Parents who wish to try the experiment are urged to use a soft tape that will not sever the toe when tied securely and to select any fairly good brand of bacon. One mother is reported to have "raised fourteen on 'em" by this method ◈◈◈ A *Broadway* theatrical celebrity who has achieved fame for his ability to select eye-stimulating chorus girls says that the surest indication of a woman's age is the skin on the backs of her hands. We predict that gloves will be freely worn on the porches of vacation resort hotels during the Summer vacation season ◈◈◈ An example, much to our taste, of the uplifting and ennobling influence of a good woman was staged recently on Fifth Avenue in *New York.* A mother and daughter started to pull each other's hair in front of the *Waldorf.* A stalwart traffic cop who tried to separate them was knocked sprawling by a wallop between the eyes from the daughter. A brother officer managed to break the clinching pair, but not until he had been severely bitten and scratched. The moral of this tale is: Always mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers.

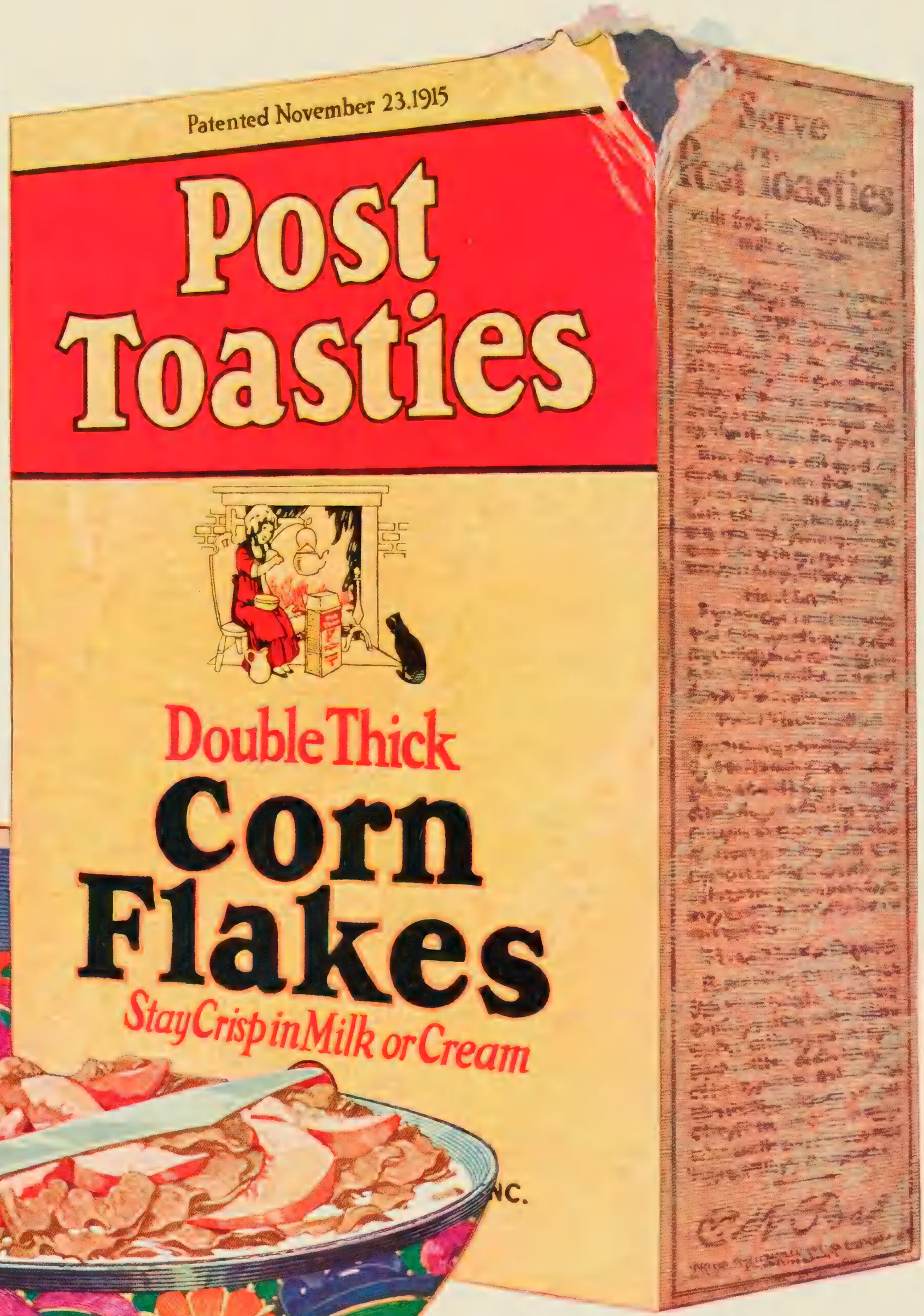
These are the Crisp Corn Flakes

The demand for Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)* is becoming greater every day. The Milk or Cream Test has convinced thousands that Post Toasties are crisper, better flavored Corn Flakes; that they are superior to any other kind. Ask your grocer to give you the genuine Post Toasties. Accept no imitation or substitute. You will know the genuine by the red and yellow, wax-wrapped package —wax-wrapped to keep the flavor and the crispness in.

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Send for free test package and make the Milk or Cream Test for Corn Flakes flavor and crispness.



A great combination—Post Toasties, Double-Thick Corn Flakes, with sliced peaches

FLETCHER

Post Toasties

DOUBLE THICK Corn Flakes

stay crisp in cream

© P. C. Co., 1925

Five Hundred and Twenty Girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr

tell why they are using this soap for their skin



More than half of the 927 girls who replied to our questions are Woodbury users

WE wanted to know how the American college girl takes care of that clear, fresh skin of hers. What soap does she use? Why does she choose it? And what are the qualities about it that especially appeal to her?

It was to learn the answers to these questions that we selected two of the most representative groups of American college girls for a special investigation.

927 girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr answer the questions

Nine hundred and twenty-seven girls replied to our inquiries, giving detailed information about the brand of toilet soap they use and why they use it.

The results were extremely interesting.

Fifty-seven different brands of soap were used. But while 407 girls scattered their choice over 56 *different kinds of soap*—an average of a different soap to every 7 girls—the remaining 520 girls all used Woodbury's.

Three hundred and fifty girls gave the purity of Woodbury's Facial Soap as their reason for using it, or spoke of its mild, non-irritating effect on the skin. Fifty-two girls told of specific ways in which Woodbury's had helped them to overcome faults in their complexion, and to gain a clear, smooth skin The remainder said, for the most part, that Woodbury's simply agreed with their skin better than other soaps.

The following are characteristic phrases used in describing the effect of Woodbury's in ordinary cleansing:

"The only soap that really agrees with my skin and does not dry it up."

"Keeps my skin soft and clear and leaves a feeling of freshness."

"Doesn't seem to irritate my skin as some soaps do."

"Seems to give me good color in my cheeks as no other soap can."

"Found that it made my skin clearer, my color brighter."

"Has worked wonders with my skin."

"My mother uses it," or *"Mother suggested it,"* were answers commonly given in telling how the girls had come to use Woodbury's.

Seven girls reported that their physician had recommended Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Why Woodbury's is unique in its effect on the skin

The investigation among college girls is interesting because of the high quality of evidence it represents. One point is noticeably brought out by it: the constantly recurring testimony to the purity and fineness of Woodbury's, expressed in such phrases as *"the only soap that really agrees with my skin," "doesn't seem to irritate my skin as some soaps do."*

College girls, with their fresh, rosy faces—how do they take care of that clear, youthful skin of theirs? Of 927 girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr, over 56% are using Woodbury's

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.



How to Rouse a Sluggish Skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. If possible, rub your skin for thirty seconds with a piece of ice and dry carefully.

FREE OFFER

A GUEST-SIZE SET, *containing the new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Free—send for it today!*

Cut out the Coupon and send today for this new FREE offer!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
198 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me FREE

The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 198 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. *English Agents:* Quelch & Gambles, Ltd., 211-215 Blackfriars Road, London, S. E. 1.

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THE DELINEATOR

SEPTEMBER 1925



FROM A PAINTING BY F. Z. HUESTON

IRVING BACHELLER ZONA GALE A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

EARLY AUTUMN FASHIONS

TWENTY CENTS THE COPY

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

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Bon Ami

will keep your bathroom spotless and sanitary!

Don't stop when Bon Ami's made the bathtub and basin glisten with cleanliness. For it will also quickly bring back the brilliant lustre to faucets, pipes, and lighting fixtures.

And even that's not all! Bon Ami makes mirrors and windows crystal clear. It removes spots and spatters from tiled walls and painted woodwork. And the floor, whether Congoleum or tile, can be cleaned in a jiffy with this magic cleanser.

You'll never know how easy it is to clean and polish with Bon Ami until you've tried it. No scrubbing, no scouring—for Bon Ami quickly blots up every trace of dirt. It's soft and gentle, never scratches. And it won't redden or roughen the hands.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Principal uses of Bon Ami—

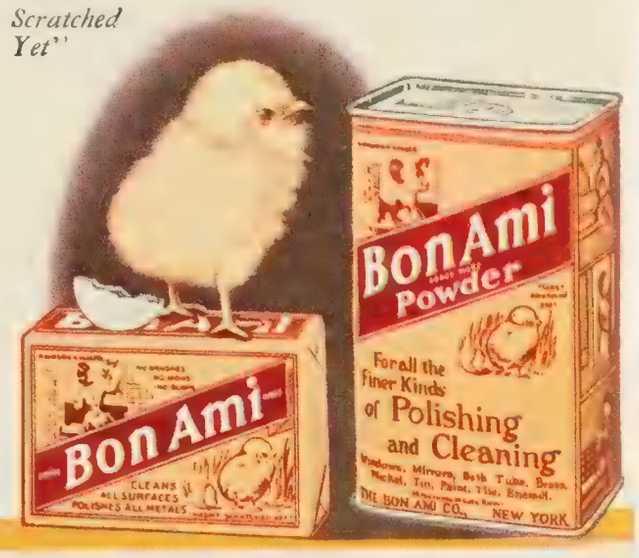
for cleaning and polishing

Aluminum Ware	Windows
Glass Baking Dishes	Mirrors
White Woodwork	Tiling
Bathtubs	White Shoes
Brass, Copper, Tin	The Hands
and Nickel Ware	Congoleum

Fine Kitchen Utensils

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"





THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

DONN BARBER GOES HOME

THE world has lost one of its great dreamers and master builders. Donn Barber is dead!

The readers of THE DELINEATOR have had the privilege for nearly three years of reading the brilliant articles prepared by Donn Barber in the interest of the small-home owner. They have had an opportunity to obtain plans and designs of his making with the best of his great genius given to the problems of a five, six or seven room house.

Architectural societies, universities, scientific publications and artists of world fame were shocked at the untimely death of the great architect. But probably the world's great loss will be most felt by the plain and simple folk who, loving their homes and desiring beauty in them, have been so brilliantly served by this artist.

The New York *Times* in its leading editorial the day of Donn Barber's burial made this comment:

> Not often does a famous architect devote much of his time to the problem of the small house. To this rule the late Donn Barber was an exception. Although distinguished for the large buildings which he designed—including the Department of Justice in Washington, the National Park Bank Building and the New York Cotton Exchange—he yet was willing to employ his gifts in working out plans for small houses and took a notable part in the Better Homes movement. He realized the need of encouraging good taste in small houses and saw the immense stimulus that well-planned attractive little homes could be in a community. The problem was not an easy one, for a model was needed that could be cheaply constructed by a local contractor and yet that would not have the hideous defects of so many of the frame houses still being erected wholesale by real-estate developers. To be successful it was necessary that the Better Homes campaign should enlist the cooperation and not the antagonism of local builders. All of these points he had in mind when he designed the Home Sweet Home house that was erected in Washington to serve as a model and inspiration to home builders.

A week before Mr. Barber's death there was a meeting of DELINEATOR officials and representatives from various parts of the world. Mr. Barber planned to address them, but mortal illness had prevented his leaving his home. The morning of that meeting, he sent a letter to the editor of THE DELINEATOR which so genuinely interprets his interest in the owners of small homes that we feel we should share this last message with you whom he has served so well.

DEAR MRS. MELONEY:

I very deeply regret the indisposition which prevents my being with you to-day.

My connection with THE DELINEATOR during the past three years has been so pleasant that I would appreciate an opportunity to address you briefly concerning the small-house plans and schemes which have been published in the magazine.

It may be that one of the reasons for the definite growth of the Home Building Department has been the shortage of homes throughout the country due to an interruption of building during the war and to the cost of labor and building materials since the war.

The small house as a department of design has had far too little architectural attention throughout the country. It has become the habit of the person who builds a small house to practise his initial economy by eliminating architects' fees.

The plans which are shown in THE DELINEATOR are primarily service material giving fully detailed arrangement of floor-plans and elevations, but they do not specify the kind of building materials to be used. This is a deliberate omission, as conditions and individual choices vary, and it would hardly be possible for a nationally distributed magazine to give specifications narrowed to one or two choices with each plan.

I feel that THE DELINEATOR is rendering a distinct service, and one the nature of which no other magazine or architectural medium has so far attempted. Some few architects and architectural associations have criticized this method of wholesale distribution of plans at a nominal price, but I feel sure, however, that the architect's prerogatives have not been usurped in any way whatever.

It is thoroughly in keeping with the program of THE DELINEATOR (which inaugurated the Better Homes in America movement) that the public should turn to it for expert advice and guidance for the small-home builder of limited means. I might add that it was through my work for THE DELINEATOR that I became interested in the Better Homes movement, and finally became one of the directors of the organization when it was incorporated a year or two ago.

America is surely building better houses. Materials to go into these houses are being chosen more and more by the architect or individual rather than by the contractor, and good design in a small house has now become virtually a necessity.

Again regretting my inability to be with you to-day, and with warm personal regards, I am, faithfully,

DONN BARBER.

To carry on his work Mr. Barber fittingly chose the one who best understood his great aims. When his last wishes were announced, the world heard that he desired Mrs. Barber to continue his architectural practise. With his two associates in this practise Elsie Barber courageously takes up her labor of love. We may be confident that Donn Barber's ideals will live.

APPRECIATION FOR HUTCHINSON

There is a great and increasing purpose to be seen in the work of Harry Emerson Fosdick, America's mighty preacher whose congregation numbers countless millions. He is especially well known to all DELINEATOR *readers, who remember his stirring Fourth of July article, challenging the entire nation to the building up of character. He is constantly speaking to our country through the medium of magazines, books, the pulpit—from which thousands must be turned away each Sunday for want of space in which to hear him. Yet Doctor Fosdick has found time in his crowded life to read A. S. M. Hutchinson's new novel now running in* THE DELINEATOR. *He considers it a story so vivid in the telling and important in the problems presented that he herewith expresses his appreciation of "One Increasing Purpose."*



DOCTOR FOSDICK

A new novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson would in any case attract interest and arouse animated discussion. The religious motif of "One Increasing Purpose" adds certainty that it will be one of the most eagerly read and warmly debated stories of the year.

The fumbling search of this generation for spiritual meaning in life, the sheer futility of existence with the old religion gone and no new religion yet discovered, the homesickness of the mind and heart for a sustaining sense of purpose in creation, are admirably portrayed in Simon Paris. His name will be a staple of dinner-table conversation on every Main Street in America before the year is over. In him multitudes will discover their own baffled bewilderment, and in the other members of his family (portrayed in this story with extraordinary skill) they will find either themselves or other people whom they know.

There will be many opinions about the solution of Simon Paris's problem, many opinions about the story's ending. But about the reality and vividness of the problem itself there can be no doubt.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

AN IMPORTANT CONTEST FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

ONE hundred and ten thousand school-teachers left the teaching profession last year. This is one of the most serious internal problems now confronting America. THE DELINEATOR feels the obligation to open its pages to the discussion of this subject which, even if you have no children, is of importance to you if you love America. As more and more teachers are attracted by glittering opportunities in the commercial world, the shortage of teachers seriously endangers the future of our country.

THE DELINEATOR is offering prizes of one thousand dollars to parents and one thousand dollars to teachers for the best letters answering the question: "What Is the Matter with the Teaching Profession and How May the Evils be Cured?" The conditions of the contest will appear in next month's DELINEATOR, at which time we will publish the first of a series of articles on this subject by Dr. John Dewey, Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University. Doctor Dewey is one of the best-known educators in this country. He has an international reputation. You may not like what he has to say about us, but his message will make sincere people think.

TRAINING FOR ROCKEFELLER MILLIONS

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Senior, has already turned over the responsibility of millions of dollars to his son. In summing up the younger Rockefeller's heritage recently, an historian said: "John D. Rockefeller, Junior, was given a strong body, an excellent mind, a good education and millions of dollars. He has combined these and made a useful life."

Few of us appreciate the significance of such an achievement. To resist the temptations that surround a rich man's son and to assume the responsibility of millions of dollars require careful training and a strong character. And when a rich man's son worthily assumes the responsibility and approaches, as so few sons do, the heights attained by a genius father, it is just another evidence of the importance of early training.

Whether we fit our sons for one sphere or another—whether we give them millions or hundreds—we can not evade responsibility for their spiritual and moral training. The character we help them build in childhood and youth means their success or failure in all the worth-while efforts of their lives.

The greatest gift the senior Rockefeller made to his son was a spiritual training. Another priceless contribution to his upbringing was the responsibility which he gave him for the education of two poor boys—one a white boy and the other a negro. The father took his son to Tuskegee when he was twelve years old. He showed him the poor negro boys there getting an education under difficulties; he made him look over the list of students who were working for an education and selected one for whom the twelve-year-old boy was to assume responsibility. This he did also in a school for white boys.

From the time America's richest young man came to his teens he has corresponded once a month with these two poor boys. As they grew to manhood, they came to years of usefulness. What Mr. Rockefeller did for them, however, was not comparable with the service these young men contributed to the life of John D. Rockefeller, Junior. They gave him a wealth of understanding of the lives of boys less rich than he. The responsibility he assumed for them was one of the chief elements in giving him the stable and generous character that has furthered so many constructive movements for the betterment of home life, education and health.

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Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

Shall you Punish your Child ?

By ANGELO PATRI

Principal of New York's Model School

ALL of us want to help our children grow into fine, strong characters. We want them to profit by our experiences and so be saved many a bitter lesson of their own. But no eager intelligent child is willing to accept our knowledge unquestioningly. We have to search for some plan, usually a scheme of punishment or reward, to force our instruction upon him. Anxiety rides us hard.

Michael, the most persistent truant that was ever pushed, dragged and hauled through a school, entered the principal's office a couple of years after he had graduated and earnestly demanded about his younger friend, "Is Tony here? Is he on the job? I'm not going to have him wasting his time. I know too much about that. If he doesn't stick to school I'll punish him. I've promised him a radio if he gets a good card this time."

We want to save the child from his own ignorance and make him a gift of that priceless discipline and maturity of intelligence which is character. How shall we do it when he sets himself against us? It is a vexing question. Shall we punish him or give him a radio? Shall we take him on a personally conducted tour through life or shall we let him ramble along picking his own steps? Or are we to find ourselves in that too familiar plight, "One foot on land and one on sea, to one thing constant never."

EXPERIENCES of generations of parents and teachers with children make us doubt the efficacy of the system of punishments and rewards commonly administered, but the method has the sanction of custom, which scores heavily in its favor. We try it and see no great benefit. We try another way, and seeing no greater progress, dash back in fear and trembling to find a good sharp punishment or a fat reward to set things right.

"But whatever you do you can not do away with the law of reward and punishment. It is the law of God. When a child touches fire it will burn him; when he stands out in the rain it will wet him; should he take liberties with the sea it will drown him. Break the law and you suffer; obey it and you are safe. It is doing a child no kindness to soften the facts." These are your thoughts.

Quite true: but have you examined the facts? How scant they are and how limited in their power to shed light on the growth of the soul of a child? The laws for the preservation of the body are clear. They are severe and immediately effective. No difficulty surrounds our teaching in that direction. It is keeping the child alive in spirit that staggers us.

For the spirit of man is a subtle thing and its laws are not plain. Cause and effect are not linked in immediately here, nor are they manifested by unfailing signs.

Peter burns himself and you reach for the cooling bandage. Peter errs in the spirit of him and not all the wisdom of the ages shows you a cure. You can always admonish and punish and reward, but can you heal?

The value of punishment lies in its power to educate truly, to awaken in the spirit of the transgressor a responsive thrill which makes him long with a great longing to change something with himself. The test for it is very simple. Will the decree when carried out make the child happier and more unselfish? If it won't, then in all likelihood it is a form of revenge masquerading under the guise of righteous ministration.

Peter was entering his heedless teens when he took on the habit of losing things. One day it was his cap, another, something else—his fountain pen, his books, his sweater, the letter he was given to mail. His mother scolded and punished and promised rewards but Peter could not seem to reform. He came home the first day he used his new skates and reported tearfully that he had lost them.

"Do without," said his mother grimly. For a few days there was no skating and the hardship of doing without the skates was not pressing. Then came a hard, cold snap that made the lake a sheet of polished gray glass that reflected the shining steel of the flashing skates and put flying magic into them. For a time Peter stood shivering and wistful on the bank—then borrowed his cousin's skates and lost them. He had to stop on the way home to see Tom's new pup and left the skates on the porch, just for a minute. When he came out they were gone.

His mother's face went white. "You borrowed Bob's skates after I told you to do without and you lost them. You are the most heedless, the most disobedient boy in this world. Nothing teaches you. You'll have to be punished so you will remember. For this you will not be allowed to have your birthday treat with the Judge. Now remember. That's final. You don't go."

Now August is a far cry from December and Peter, being young and heedless, did not get the full force of the decree. He was subdued and remorseful for a day or two and then forgot all about it. At last August with its one great day in prospect rolled around and Peter began preparations. "I told you that you could not go," said his mother sternly. She would have given a great deal to have been able to forget her edict, but her conscience and what she believed Peter's great need would not allow it. She must keep her word and do Peter good.

Peter was frightened but the thing was too awful to be true. Not go with the Judge on his birthday? Why they had spent this day together since that first one when Peter was scarcely able to reach the finger held out to steady his twinkling steps down the path to the garden gate, where the big shiny carriage with its prancing horses stood waiting to whisk the two friends, a very old man and a very young boy, off for a day with the magi.

No Peter could not believe his mother would do that, so he was very good and watched to obey at the instant of command and hung up his hat and gave the chickens water and shut the screen door without being told. "Mother, it's time to get ready. Shall I put on my best suit?"

"You may put on your best suit because it is your birthday, but you are not going."

Still Peter could not believe and raced away to come back dressed in his best and ready to have the gay necktie properly tied. "You are not to go, Peter," said his mother knotting the tie with trembling fingers, and in very pity for the pain and shocked distress in the pleading eyes she turned her back upon him.

"Step along, Peter," called the happy old man swinging wide the door of the carriage and patting the seat beside him.

But Peter sat tightly on the porch rail and said in a strange hoarse voice, "I can't go. Mother won't let me."

"Nonsense, where is she? What is this? You don't know what you're doing. Remember he is a child. I am old and my days are numbered. Think what this means to all of us. Let him go for your own sake, for my sake."

But the law was the law and Peter stayed all morning on the porch rail, swinging his feet and gazing dumbly toward the library window where his old friend sat in resentful loneliness. At luncheon time he went to his room, changed his clothes and turned his face to the wall. He did not cry. By and by, sleep, the angel of mercy to suffering childhood, came to comfort him.

Peter never disobeyed his mother again. Often she wished he would, for his obedience was but the physical surrender to a powerful force, the spirit of the boy was not in it. That had died the morning he sat on the porch rail grieving for his lost day.

One must be very wise and sure of himself to punish a child like that. It leaves scars that last through life and often results in more harm than good. Once the child gets the notion that he was punished in the spirit of revenge or in a moment of irritation or in an unsympathetic spirit, he loses all faith in the one who hurt him. According to his nature he defends himself. One child is snarling and defensive, another secretive and hypocritical, another self-seeking and cunning—qualities none of us would cultivate in the spirit of any child.

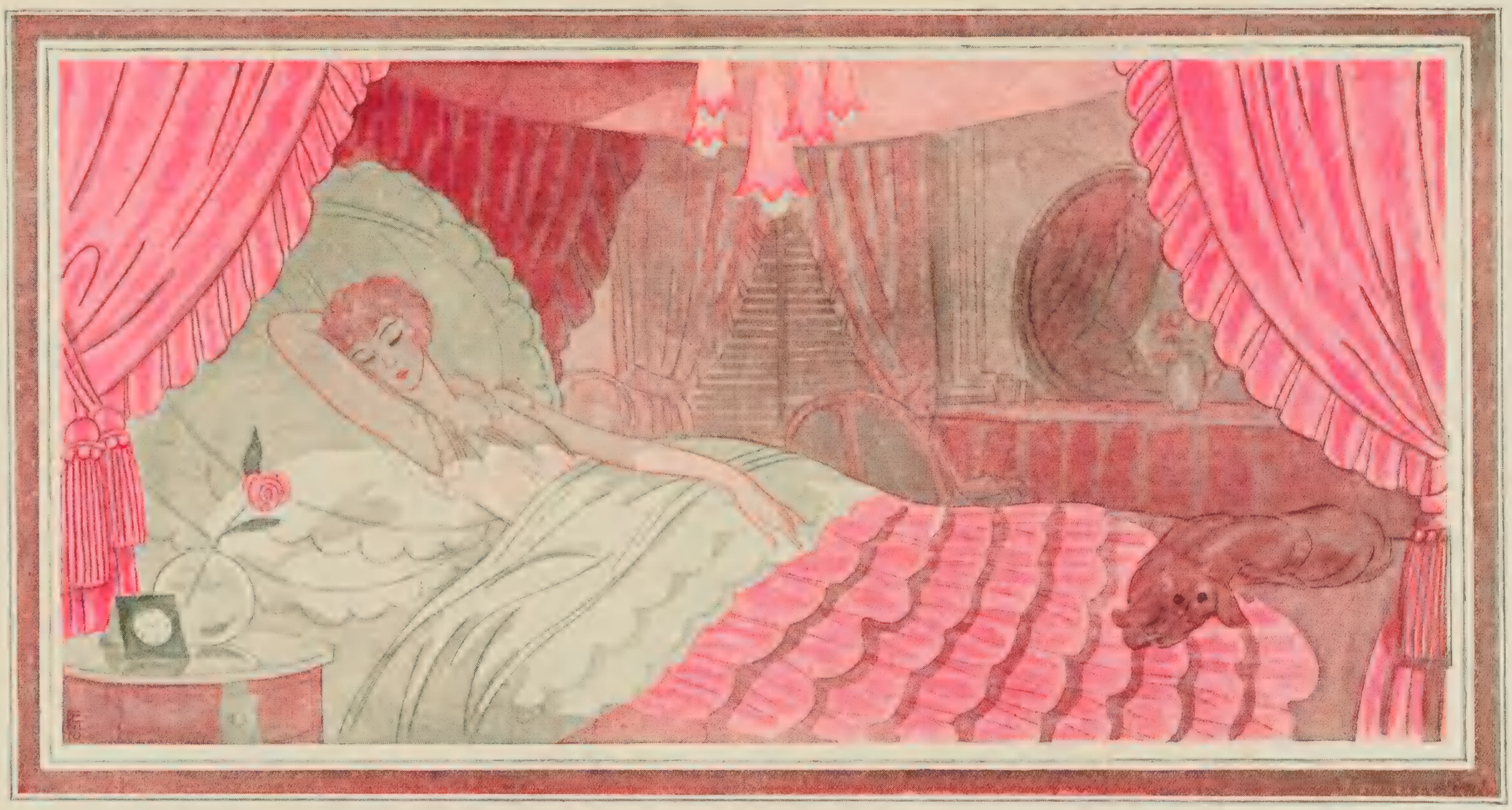
IF PUNISHMENT is so dangerous and so uncertain in its effect, are rewards better? They are on the same plane as punishments and are to be tested by the same standard: Will they make the child happier and more unselfish? Again we hold back in doubt. Character is a spiritual growth and few rewards carry food for souls.

Adolescents are idealists more than grown-ups appreciate. Children would rather feel that they had rendered a service beyond payment than collect wages. They will run Mother Kelsey's errands for no richer reward than her smile and go grudgingly to the corner to earn your nickel. They will carry the bats and balls for their chosen champion and copy notes for the candidate for the composition prize just to save his time and effort. Billy will hear Betty recite her lesson, although he knows she is sure to win the dollar father offered for the best report card. They will do this, and they will cheer unselfishly for the winner if the reward is not used to nag them into grasping selfishness. That happens when the spirit of competition is too keen.

Concluded on page 74

Are your gums suffering from a lifelong slumber?

Wake them up with Ipana and massage!
You can do it when you brush your teeth!



YOU rest, perhaps, eight hours out of twenty-four. And during that time, nature restores your vitality by clearing the poisons of fatigue from your body.

But, if you were to sleep, like some story book princess, for years and years and years, could nature possibly clear those poisons every day?

Decidedly not! Sleep is necessary, but so is exercise—work—stimulation.

And yet, people wonder why the gums are so subject to disease. Far from the heart, fed only by tiny blood vessels, they get only a faint impulse from the blood stream. Under a diet too soft—too creamy—they are cheated of the natural stimulation which coarse, fibrous food once gave them.

What's to be done in caring for the gums?

We cannot control our diet. Modern existence has settled that almost beyond our control. But we can stimulate our gums when we brush our teeth, and thus achieve the good effect which rougher food would deliver to our gums.

Brush your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. It will help to combat gum troubles, because it will induce a lively, health-giving circulation of blood and impart a healing effect to tender, and even to bleeding gums.

Ask your dentist. He'll tell you the value of this treatment. Make your children follow it, too! It's important to their health.

The history of Ipana and the story of its success

Five years ago we presented Ipana to the dentists of America. Our professional men demonstrated it all over America. They urged massage—a light massage with Ipana and the brush.

Dentists tried it—on themselves and in their practice. Ipana was a success. Its active agent is ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic, known by the dentists and used by them to allay bleeding and to heal infected tissue.

Now Ipana is well known—widely advertised. But still we urge you to ask your dentist about Ipana and the method we recommend—for we feel sure both will have his approval.

Ipana, unlike so many things that are good for you, is delicious to the taste. It cleans the teeth well, without abrasives, without whitening chemicals. And, because of its ziratol content, it restores weakened gum tissue to a normal tonicity.

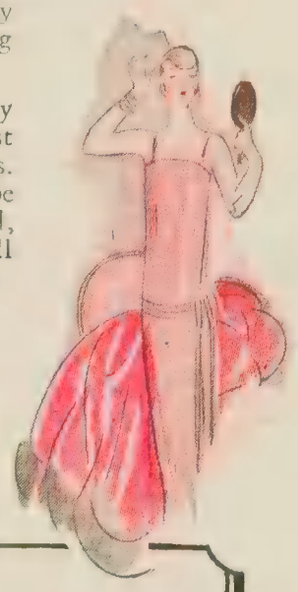
As a test—switch to Ipana for just one month

Try it for one month! As a dentifrice plain and simple, you'll like it. And if, by chance, you are bothered with soft, tender or bleeding gums, you'll find out what a beneficial effect it will have on that understimulated, subnormal tissue.

There's a coupon for your use on this page. Frankly, we'd prefer that you ignore it, for the ten day tube can only tell you of Ipana's taste and cleaning power.

But a large tube, which you can easily get at your nearest drug store, will last for more than one hundred brushings. Buy one today—your teeth will be whiter, your gums will be firmer—and, all the time you are using it, you will have a new sense of oral cleanliness.

Your gums may bother you seldom or never. Your tooth-brush may never "show pink." But even then, as a preventive measure, brush your teeth and your gums with Ipana. Keep the circulation active, the tissue firm and the teeth clean.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. B-95, 42 Rector St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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Bristol-Myers Co., 1925



The winsome guardian of your hair cries:

"Simple care is safest!"

MAYBE you don't believe in elves any more. But a lovely *real* one watches over your hair, and she trembles with fear every time you say, "Well, what should I try next?"

"Don't experiment!" she pleads. "Just get your hair clean and soft and beautiful —and that is *so* easy!"

Elves don't ordinarily bother much with scientific matters, but they have been investigating the writings of scientific gentlemen who really *know.*

This is what they've found:

"You can keep your hair beautiful and fluffy and glossy by cheerfully shampooing it two or three times a month with pure soap and soft water, and by gaily brushing it thoroughly every day with a *clean* brush, to give it the glorious sheen that every woman wants."

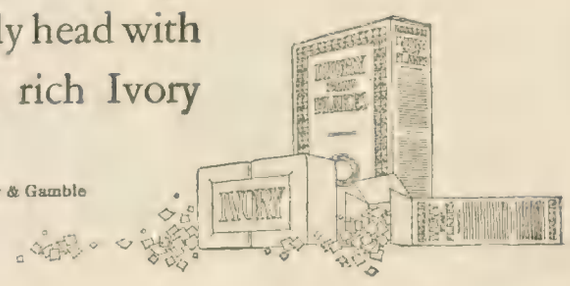
When it comes to soap, the elves just naturally *assume* that you will use Ivory. They know it is pure and mild, and safe. When you massage your shapely head with that lovely rich Ivory lather, and feel the tiny cleansing bubbles getting right down to the depths of your hair, you, too, will know how pure and mild and safe it is.

And oh, how fine your head will feel, and how beautiful your hair will look—soft and fluffy and deliciously clean-smelling.

You will use Ivory for your face and hands and bath, too, of course, just as millions of other careful women do.

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IVORY SOAP · 99 44/100% Pure · It Floats

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

Can the friendship of nations be stolen as lightly as a kiss?

By

ZONA GALE



"I SEE ENOUGH," PAUL MURMURED, "WHEN I LOOK AT YOU"

"DON'T you think it is the way heaven looks? No, I know you don't know, but don't you *think* so? Living here, it is like being the good God, looking down on all those little people—far, far below one."

Maria Alicia went on contentedly and said a great deal more in her sleepy Spanish voice. Homer Harden, her husband, sat listening with a tenderness which would have been the same if her voice had been ordering a car.

He seemed to have been listening to her voice for a lifetime, although their wedding, down on the "border," was but six weeks old. He and Paul, engineering south of Mexico City, had met Maria Alicia Resade, and Homer had won her in a month from that moment.

Her sister Alla, who had come north with them, spoke, with her twenty-year dignity:

"Maria Alicia, darling, would you mind very much not talking? Just looking, you know?"

"Of course," said Maria Alicia warmly, "I would not mind! How can one talk when all that beauty is in front of one? That sky, it is of lemon and orange, like a perfect drink." She said a great deal more.

The three of them sat on the terrace in the yellow California afternoon. From the stone façade of their new home the lawn sloped to the hidden road, beyond whose bordering pepper-trees the little town, the countryside and the distant ocean smiled back at them.

Perched on a post of the terrace wall, Alla was not looking at the valley. Her eyes were on the roofs of the village sunk in leaves beyond the peppers. Not the first white house, she decided, it was the second, nearer the spire—that must be Paul's house. And what if he were looking up this way, *now*, with a field-glass! She lifted her hand in a stiff boyish salute.

"Who'd you sight, Puss?" inquired Homer, apparently from the back of his head.

"—like a picture by you know the one I mean—Oh, what did you say?" Maria Alicia broke off.

"Nothing. No harm done, my darling," Homer assured her lazily.

"I saw Paul—in the mind of my heart," Alla answered Homer.

"But what did you say?" Maria Alicia inquired.

"Nothing, dear," said Homer. "She couldn't have meant it. Here he comes."

"But who comes?" Maria Alicia demanded.

Sometimes they thought that she did it on purpose, catching up a conversation by its ends and tying them thus, too far at the back—because she did look adorable as she questioned one, wide-eyed and intent.

Paul Bonar crossed the lawn, with a respectful look at Homer, a fleet smile at Maria Alicia, and his attention for Alla. Not an adoring, but merely a delighted attention.

Alla looked completely beyond him.

"You're just in time to drive me down to the village," she said, having just thought it.

"I expected to be," said Paul, who wanted nothing so much as idleness and tea.

"You're not going to do any of such things," said Maria Alicia. "We have orange-ice and thin cakes for tea. Besides, I want to plan this Summer."

"Darling, yes, let's plan the Summer," said Homer. "We've done it less than ten times so far, and if we don't plan it again how'll we know what we've planned?" He caught her hand and lapsed into tender murmurs.

"I have," Maria Alicia went on, regarding him not at all, "exactly what I've wanted all my life—a place where I can dig in the garden all the time and have my friends for week-ends. I have nine week-ends planned out and please, please, please, *my* friends first! I am *so* afraid of American friends!"

"But have you that many perfectly good Mexican friends in town?" Homer asked in astonishment.

"Oh, certain-lee! My friends at the consulates, you will love them!" (Her sound of the *o* in love was, Homer thought, not less than celestial. It was *o* as in stove, but yet not that either.) Maria Alicia looked over the tree-tops, her heavy lids drooped above those smoldering eyes; then came a dimple, and another, and a smile as sleepy as her voice. Every one found her adorable.

"See here, my beloved," begged Homer, "why not mix 'em up? Four foreigners and four—I beg your pardon!"

"You do very well to beg my pardon. You would say four foreigners and four Americans—is it not? No, no! Eight Mexicans and *no* American foreigners—oh, well, for ver' little while—" Her voice sank to its tender murmur. "Then I will have my international party, when I get used to your strange American ways, Homer my dear—to your friends' queer *foreign* ways—" she ended in delighted laughter.

Alla laughed too and looked at Paul. Then her laughter died. He was smiling, looking at Maria Alicia, and the look in his eyes was the look which she herself had watched for when he looked at her.

Homer, his mind still on the house-parties, began reciting suggestions. Paul, unbelievably good-looking as he sprawled in the wicker long chair, looked over at Alla, and she thought she caught something of resignation in his tone as he said: "Mayn't I drive you to the village, Allamalalla?"

"No, thanks," she said crisply; "I've decided on orange-ice. Here it comes."

HOMER chose the guests carefully—Sally Rice, Arkwright, John and Elsa Meyer. These, Alla and Paul agreed, could be trusted to represent America in *any* international mix-up. Though they had driven out from town or from the country to leave cards, Maria Alicia had met none of them. "I was in the garden—I was asleep—I was I don't know where," she had told Homer every time. "I will meet them some day—not yet," she always begged. And Homer had reflected astutely that there is something in a man's soul which secretly loves a woman to cloister herself with him and make excuses to the whole world about not being at home to it.

There was also something in his soul which loved the assurance with which Maria Alicia ordered that which he thought of as his household, including its house-party—loved her serene authority in decreeing all as she had been accustomed, not questioning its perfection. Especially he delighted in her secrecy. From the little court round which the house was built, in the fashion in which California loves to copy Spain, Maria Alicia shut them out for days preceding the party.

From the hospital, a half-mile away across the fields, she had coaxed a carpenter. They had seen him going and coming with his tools. From among the Mexican patients in the hospital she had lured one Pedro, a gardener, and his wife Catalina—on the day of the party they had arrived in bright sleeveless jackets sewn with little bells. From the cook at the hospital Maria Alicia had borrowed a red macaw—they had heard it screaming and swearing in the court. Otherwise her plans were her own.

When on the night of her dinner Maria Alicia came down-stairs in her silver gown sewn with blue jewels, Alla thought: "If I were as beautiful as Maria Alicia, Paul would have loved me as Homer loved her, and we should have had a double wedding and the world would be a decent world. As it is——"

"Maria Alicia," she said abruptly, "do you think Homer loves you as much as if you were American?"

"No difference!" cried Maria Alicia positively.

"All the same, I wish I were American," said Alla.

"Paul likes *me* as much as if I were American," said Maria Alicia innocently.

Out on the terrace with Paul, Homer was dwelling on another aspect of the matter.

"If Americans could give dinner-parties enough to foreign guests," he said, "we'd get some idea of internationalism."

"I've been thinking," said Paul, "that I wish here to-night we represented a dozen nationalities instead of two. Only——"

"Yes? Only——"

"Sometimes," said Paul, "about marrying into another nation, I get my doubts——"

Homer laughed. "Doubt about marriage or about nationality?"

"You've had doubts about neither?" said Paul.

"My heavens," said Homer artlessly, "I've got Maria Alicia."

Paul's eyes followed her as she led the way indoors.

"She's no lovelier than Alla," he said.

"She is too, man!" cried Homer hotly. "I beg Alla's pardon," he added.

"What about Alla?" Alla herself asked.

"Nothing, Allamalalla. Come along," said Paul, and tucked her hand in his arm.

"You like me to-night," she observed as they entered the house. "But you need not like me, you know, if you don't want to like me."

"You think I can help myself," said Paul grimly. "Well, perhaps I'm trying to."

"I will help you, too!" she cried with enthusiasm.

They streamed through the drawing-room to the court, a company of charming people. The Mexican guests were of distinguished bearing. Señor and Señora Gómez of the consulate, their niece, Soledad Gómez, and their cousin, young Carlos Gonzales of Mexico City. They were speaking English, save Gonzales, who was replying in Spanish to Sally Rice's excellent use of it. At the inner arch of the drawing-room they all paused.

OF THE court, which had been an unimaginative little patio with a bed of green in its cement, Maria Alicia had made a place of beauty. The hospital carpenter had thrown out, high on the wall, at unequal levels, two little balconies, their railings painted black. Here and there he had hacked at the stucco walls and she had inserted some charming old tiles which she had found in town. Two ugly cement vases, banished from the terrace, she had turned bottom side up, quite changing their line, painted them terra-cotta and piped water in one and gas in the other so that a tiny fountain and a glow of blue-and-orange flame gave two high points of interest, between which half-curved the table about the green, starred by veiled bulbs of light. In one balcony Pedro strummed a guitar, while his small wife sang monotonously and sweetly with her castanets. And in a bright hoop swung and scolded the blazing-red mackaw, cross and sleepy and profane.



AND ONCE A CLEAR AND BEAUTIFUL VOICE CAME FROM BELOW, AND MARIA ALICIA HERSELF STOOD THERE SINGING OLD SPANISH LOVE-SONGS

"By George," said Paul, "this is the kind of a world I live in, inside, only I've never seen it before!"

"You will see more," said Maria Alicia.

"I see enough," Paul murmured, "when I look at you."

Alla caught his tone, but not his words, and she flashed round on young Carlos Gómez such a sparkling look that he turned from the little Soledad to whom he was betrothed, and who pouted up at Arkwright, saying: "They say American men make pretty speeches. Where are yours?" And Sally Rice, seeing Arkwright's answering warmth, leaned to the staid Señor Gómez and observed: "Señor, are American girls as charming as you had thought?" And at his fervent reply his plump wife turned to the American, John Meyer, and cried: "Surely all American business men are not tired! You are not!" "Not now," the gallant John replied. Whereupon his wife, Elsa, said to her host that there was *absolutely* no fool like an old fool, and this Homer did not hear at all, because he was watching Maria Alicia. It was a perfect international circle.

They found their places, and Alla, sinking into hers, was abashed to find tears very close as Paul's great figure settled into his chair beside hers and he murmured:

"Everything all right, Allamalalla?"

"No," she said forlornly.

"Nothing the matter with the way you look," he said idly. "You can't start with that. Go on from there. What's wrong?"

"Is it not so, Mr. Paul?" came in Maria Alicia's clear tones. "Am I not as—what you call—as *partial* to you as to my Mexican friends?"

"That's what I want to know," said Paul, and Alla turned abruptly to Arkwright, on her left.

"Let's settle the whole blooming international question," said Homer. "If twelve of us can get along as peacefully as this—even a couple of us marry—why, doesn't that compose the danger of *any* difficulty forever?"

"But what if *we* land in the divorce court?" Maria Alicia inquired.

"By a rapid calculation, that will only be one of us from each nation," Homer exclaimed. "There will be others left."

"Other Americans will marry you, my dear Mrs. Harden," Arkwright suggested.

"But will they?" asked Maria Alicia. "How can *you* be so sure?"

Señor Gómez, with his great voice which boomed out above the droning sweetness of the little voice in the balcony, said with his manner of finality:

"International difficulties, these are first of all matters of manners. Of caste! We here—could we ever disagree about anything seriously at this moment of the world? We have too much humor, too much *savoir faire*. We could laugh away any difficulty. There is probably nothing that we here could not manage among ourselves."

"Oh, I disagree," Paul said lazily. "I'm certain that I could start a fight here, all in the exercise of the best of manners."

"What nonsense, Paul," Homer protested. "Nothing could come up here that we couldn't settle amicably, as among close friends—and that even though some of us had never met before to-night."

Young Carlos Gómez cried: "I am with Mr. Bonar! A quarrel is possible in any company."

"What bloodthirsty folk at the party!" cried Maria Alicia. "Why will men talk of fighting—fighting! Why should anybody fight me?"

She looked so lovely, so plaintive, so exquisite. Above, on the tiny balcony, the red-jacketed Catalina began the lazy measures of "Golondrina."

"It is very likely about you that we should all be fighting, señora!" said Paul.

"But I do not *wish* to be foughten for!" cried Maria Alicia, with one of her rare and delightful lapses of English.

THEY debated it gaily. The lines of opinion, they observed curiously, did not form on either nationality or sex. While Señora Gómez, Sally Rice and Arkwright were with Paul and Señor Gonzales, on the other hand Soledad and Alla and the Meyers believed, with Homer, a quarrel to be impossible. And Maria Alicia continued to say only: "I am so hoping that something may test us. What, I ask you, *could* test us?"

"If you have a lower class to deal with," Señor Gómez gave out, "I might agree with you. All quarrels nowadays start with the lower classes. It was a Serbian student who——"

"Let us call in the opinion of that class," said young Gonzales softly and at a pause in the song called up to the man in the balcony:

"Pedro! Did you ever see a quarrel among ladies and gentlemen at such a party as this?"

There was an instant flash of white teeth in the dark face as the smooth voice answered:

"*Sí, señor.* I have seen ver' nice gentlemen fight. Ver' good fight, too."

There was a burst of laughter from the table. As it ceased, Paul heard Arkwright say to Alla:

"What a beautiful sapphire you are wearing!" She lifted her hand and touched her necklace.

"The expert opinion of the class!" John Meyer was crying. "That class will always fight. As long as you have Pedro's class on earth, you will have fighting. Since dueling, gentlemen never *start* a quarrel—understand me, gentlemen do not *start* a quarrel. All over the earth they are drawn into it by tradesmen, commercialists, money-lenders mere politicians. The learned professions, the arts, the scientists, polite society do not quarrel first."

"By Jove," said Arkwright, "you're right. They

Continued on page 54

The Secret of being happily married

A Husband passes on the Rules to his Son

By IRVING BACHELLER

"And the love that is best is the love that has lived,
When the springtime of youth is gone."

So runs the old song. And IRVING BACHELLER *in this beautiful letter to his son tells how the "love that lives" is fostered by understanding and humor, by mutual helpfulness and common sense.* THE DELINEATOR *is happy to have secured permission to publish the letter for its readers. With a wealth of intimate and moving detail this popular author tells how his own married happiness was built up step by step and year after year. All married and going-to-be-married couples should read this letter. They will draw from it inspiration and a wider vision of what they can do with the life that lies beyond the wedding march, the rice and the flowers*



Drawing by Clara Elsene Peck

MY OLD MOTHER TALKED TO ME OF THE GENTLE ART OF KEEPING STEP



WHEN MY WIFE WAS LATE FOR A DINNER I HAD PREPARED TO SURPRISE HER, I TASTED THE BITTER CUP WHICH IS SO OFTEN TOUCHING THE LIPS OF WOMEN

MY DEAR Son: One thing I would not fail to leave to you. It is the secret—if I may call it that—of my happy and contented life, a part of which you have shared. So, while the truth of the matter is clearly in my mind, I sit down to commit it to you in this letter. It will be a little history of my loves, the first of which was my love of men, all kinds of men, which was born in me.

There is no art so useful as that of making friends and keeping them. Yet this gentle art will be of slight service to any one unless it begins at home. There are many people who have not learned how to win and keep the friendship of a wife or a husband. They are careful to win and keep the friendship of those who command the way to success, but they are careless of him or her whose friendship is the thing most important to them. It commands the way to real happiness.

The love between a man and a woman is like a plant. It must grow or die. It can not stand still. Nothing stands still. One's love either grows wider and deeper or it grows less. The first passion is not the real thing, it is only a phase of it, a kind of preparation. That will pass. It should be the beginning of that affection which endures and is patient. If it is to grow it must have the bread of friendship and mutual sacrifice to feed upon Love is capable of miracles, but there is one miracle which it can not perform: It can not fast and grow strong. It is like every other thing that has life. It must be fed. When you get a wife, don't expect the ravens to feed her love for you.

I used to struggle anxiously for success in my business and later in my craft. It came slowly. I find now in its delay a great kindness. I have seen much water and many people going over the falls in my time. I have come to think that it is a misfortune for the young to achieve riches. The danger of disaster is too great. The strength of the young is for struggle. Therein is their great chance for real achievement and lasting happiness. What a rich and delightful comradeship I enjoyed in those years of hard work!

Once I saw a memorable meeting between old comrades of the Civil War. They embraced each other as tears ran down their cheeks.

"My God, sir!" one of them exclaimed, in explanation of his tears, "I love that man. He and I have fought and bled together and shared the same piece of hard-tack."

It is the smooth and flowery path of ease that is dangerous. Shared troubles and hardships are the meat and bread of real affection.

If my wife had a good husband it was because she made me that by loving, faithful devotion. I know that I had a good wife. We got from each other the things we sowed.

What a harvest came to us! I had not dreamed that in all the fields of this world I could hope to see the like of it. Slowly an abiding conviction had reached us that one had not to die to go to Paradise. We knew that we were in the midst of it.

Then suddenly she was called to another part of that wonderful country. I was alone, but my faith was strong for the trial.

We were very human. The result might have been different—so vastly different.

Now a word to you as to the seed of our harvest. It is mostly in the words *honor* and *judgment*. Most men and women could be just as happily married as we, if they would put into the enterprise the same sense and honor that is needed in running a successful peanut-stand. You could not succeed with inferior goods and dishonest measurements. You know the first step in making a hare pie is to catch your hare. The first step toward making a happy marriage is a decent boy and a decent girl. The world is full of them. They are not hard to find. Nobody of ordinary common sense can long be fooled in choosing a mate. It's as easy to distinguish between a good and a bad person as it is to tell a straight from a crooked stick. The first important function of the human intellect is to help one in choosing his mate and his way. If one is foolish enough to marry without consulting his intellect as well as his heart, he is almost sure to be unhappy.

Once the well-chosen two are married the rest is mostly up to the man. He is the leader, the captain, the pathfinder. Much depends upon his honor and courage and good faith. At the altar he has taken upon himself the most solemn and binding obligation known to this world of ours. Before God and man he has promised to be true to the woman of his choice, and leaving all others to cleave to her. Does he mean it? Is he honest in this great undertaking—as honest as he would be with a business partner? Will he treat his wife with as much good faith as he gives to Smith and Jones, who are associated with him in the shop? Are the laws of God as sacred to him as the by-laws of his corporation? If so, there is not one chance in a hundred that his marriage will be unhappy, for the wife will be apt to follow in his footsteps whichever way they lead. It is natural that it should be so.

We should all understand that a man who is a traitor to his home, who breaks the heart and spirit of his wife and brings discredit upon his children, is guilty of the grossest breach of honor of which a man is capable. I would sooner forgive him who defaults in the counting-room. There may be some faint flavor of righteousness in *his* motive, and he is always hoping to restore the sum he steals. In any event he is not seriously undermining the foundations of civilized life.

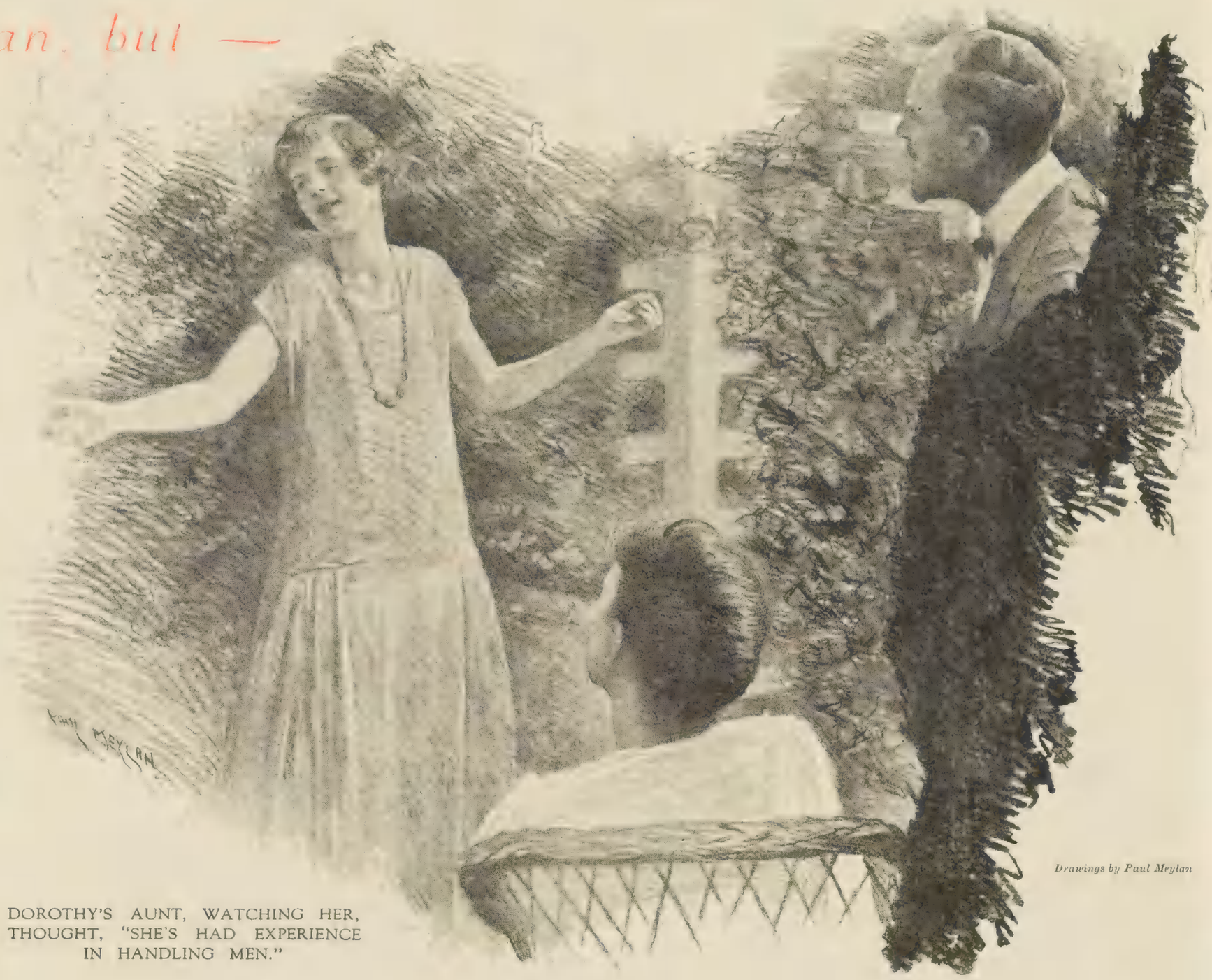
So many men try to stand on both sides of the fence in this matter—to be openly straight and secretly crooked. How sure they are to wreck their homes and build up a growing distrust of themselves! For here is a great truth. No man ever fooled his wife or his community for long as to the exact condition of his character. It will come out, somehow, in whispers that travel like the winds of heaven. You might as well try to keep the air out of your house. Then, too, the human eye has a power which is little comprehended of seeing the truth. The eyes and ears of

Continued on page 60

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

She gets her man, but —



DOROTHY'S AUNT, WATCHING HER, THOUGHT, "SHE'S HAD EXPERIENCE IN HANDLING MEN."

Drawings by Paul Meylan

DOROTHY got off the train, hot and secretly cross. She stood disdainfully on the platform, looking like an illustration of what the Summer girl should wear while traveling, her flat envelope purse tucked under her arm at the proper angle, her hat-bag at her feet. She loved the hat-bag, so new, so shiny, so deftly initialed—and much good it would do her, she thought, to bring it to this place. There was probably not a man in the town. Doubtless they all left as soon as they were christened. Kerosene lamps, crocheted tidies, mosquitoes loomed gloomily in her imagination.

She turned sharply and almost ran into a woman approaching rapidly—wearing, as Dorothy promptly noted, a white linen dress that wasn't so bad, but a hat without an atom of style.

"I had to look twice," said her aunt, "I couldn't believe it was you. Somehow you don't look like your pictures."

"People seldom do," said Dorothy, with sophistication, being kissed through the remark.

Mrs. Boyd led her niece around the station to the parked automobiles, and they entered a well-washed and comfortable one. Dorothy's eyes ran over the group of cars. Here were pleasant indications—cars of important makes, and beside one of them a couple of interesting-looking men. Her spirits went up automatically.

"It doesn't look like a small town with all these lovely cars," she said.

"What keeps such people here in Wyndham?"

Her aunt laughed. "They live here only part of the year, many of them. They come for the Summer. You see, there's the lake only a mile away and the best beach for miles—and then there's the golf, and I suppose lots of them come because they like the town. Your mother always loved Wyndham, Dorothy."

"Did she?" asked Dorothy, whose eyes had grown keen at the mention of beach and golf.

"She didn't come back to it often after she was married. Never after you were born. You were such a little thing when she died."

FOR a few minutes they drove in silence, and then the car was stopped before a gray shingled house with green shutters which Dorothy regarded with enthusiasm.

"What a darling house! Did you build it?"

"We made it over," said Mrs. Boyd, "little by little, as we could afford it."

She and Dorothy went through the yard, surrounded by a low wall of natural stone.

"Of course the garden's in back," said Mrs. Boyd, "that's the best of the place. That's my pride."

Dorothy smiled at her. It was all charming and not in the least what she had expected during that last miserable hour, when she had decided that she had been a fool to come, even if it did give her a chance to say that she had been visiting in the East.

"This is the bed that your mother used to have when we were home," her aunt told her, putting the hat-bag down beside it.

"Pretty yellow wood," Dorothy commented.

"It's hard maple," answered her aunt.

She gave a curious glance at the girl looking around her with approving stock-taking. How very pretty she was and how much taste she had. Everything about her was pleasing, from the bobbed hair with its very slight permanent wave to her exquisite silk stockings. But Mrs. Boyd found her own smile getting mechanical. She gave Dorothy a little information about the next meal and the time her uncle would be in, and fled.

Doctor Boyd found his wife sitting in the little arbor, out back of the bird-bath.

"Dorothy here?" he called jovially.

"Yes. She's here."

"Well, what's wrong with her?"

"Hush. Not so loud. Nothing. She's awfully pretty."

He sat down and took the sewing out of his wife's hand.

"Well, what is it?"

"Oh, I suppose I thought she'd be a little less mature, somehow. Isabel's daughter—I don't know why I let her escape me so long. Perhaps she felt a little strange. Maybe we were both shy. Here she comes."

Doctor Boyd advanced to meet his niece, his eyes lighting up, for she was very lovely as she stood between the hollyhocks in a quaint blue dress with Kate Greenaway fulness.

"Why, you're a beauty, Dorothy. Nobody told me that!" he said.

She laughed.

"I'm so thrilled. This is almost the nicest place I've ever been. It's like the Mount's garden at home."

Mrs. Boyd, watching, thought, "She's had experience in handling men. How different she is with Tom. They are both quite at ease."

Doctor Boyd paid his niece a humorous kind of court at dinner. She met it easily, pleasantly. No, she wouldn't smoke. Never had the habit—or any decent cigaret holders! Besides she wasn't allowed to on the newspaper. She then told them about her work. She wrote the society pages, but her pride was the "Jane says" column which she edited, a column written by a mythical "Jane," who had a great deal of inside knowledge of social events, a humorous outlook and an array of clever phrases.

"They all want to be mentioned in it, especially the ones who pretend that they want to be left out."

Hard, cruel little reflections such as this came from her strangely, for she looked so sweet and so young. Mrs. Boyd, watching her, felt the puzzle increasing.

Doctor Boyd chuckled.

"Work's all right, I suppose, with plenty of young men to dance attendance?" he questioned.

The faintest cloud came over Dorothy's face.

"Not many men. Most of my best friends are married now. There are so few available men at home left."

"What makes a man available?"

"You should know, Uncle Tom," laughed Dorothy, "he has to be a 'good provider,' anyhow. That's all I insist on."

"And how's your father?" asked her aunt, changing the subject swiftly.

"Father? Oh, you know what he's like. He's a darling, but he's always running a convention for some terrible lot of people—people you never meet. Or boosting for something."

Mrs. Boyd let the conversation fall to her niece and her husband. Oh, you couldn't blame this girl for being a little hard, seeing life on its cheapest, hardest side, from the social columns of a newspaper. She must be given a good time—a young time—while she was in Wyndham.

"What would you like to do to-night, Dorothy? We could ride out around the lake—it's a lovely drive—or drop in and see Mrs. Jennings. She used to be your mother's best friend and she's very anxious to meet you."

"Just as you say, Aunt Louise," said Dorothy docilely, reflecting that there wasn't much choice. Either way she would probably be expected to be sentimental over her mother's old home.

So Mrs. Boyd made the decision. Perhaps she rather dreaded being alone with her niece.

"Well, let's just say hello to Mrs. Jennings."

DOROTHY liked the walk. She felt herself relax a little out of the mental tenseness that always kept her alert for her advantage. To walk along in the shadowy street, past houses with big beautiful lawns, to feel that Mrs. Boyd was in a way part of this, made Dorothy easier than she had been in a long while. They

turned up an avenue of trees (a private drive, thought Dorothy—her mother's old friend must be rich), and on a deep-screened veranda, Mrs. Jennings rose to greet them.

"You've brought Dorothy over right away!" she exclaimed delightedly and held out a cordial hand.

"She isn't going to sob over me, anyway," thought Dorothy cheerfully, warmed by this sense of being welcome in the midst of such affluence.

Mrs. Boyd turned to speak to some one who detached himself from the shadows.

"You home, Martin?"

Even in the darkness Dorothy guessed that Martin must be young. Her mind, so concentrated on its own purposes, began at that instant to weave about Martin Jennings. But she had learned in a hard school not to be over-eager in action.

"So you meet Dorothy right at the start of her visit," Mrs. Boyd introduced them.

"Do I begin to say Dorothy, too?" asked Martin Jennings.

Dorothy felt that beginning was auspicious.

She barely noted that his face was well cut and that his hair was thick and sandy. Odd, how little a man's looks had come to mean to Dorothy. So many other things counted so much more—the amount of money he had, the place he held socially—above all, his freedom from marriage or engagement. It was such a struggle to find any one eligible, and if any such men did turn up in Cosmopolis it was always the girls who could entertain them, the girls with cars and homes and dress allowances, who got them.

Martin Jennings couldn't be engaged or married. The older women didn't act as if he was. Mrs. Jennings said that he had come home from some little town to be with her over the week-end.

"I wonder, Martin," she suggested, "why you don't take Dorothy—the car's still out in the avenue—and run over to the club for a while. They'll be dancing. She can meet a few people. He's quite safe, Dorothy, and we're a most informal community. All your aunt's friends have been expecting you as much as she has, I think."

"Would you like to go?" asked Martin Jennings. He spoke courteously, without any pressure in his tone.

"Would you?" countered Dorothy.

"Well, to tell you the truth until this minute I most decidedly did not. But I'm changing my mind. Unless you're one of the girls who dances all night. I ought to warn you I'm no good in endurance dances. I'm old, you know."

"Run along, Martin," said Mrs. Boyd, "it will do you good."

DOROTHY wondered vaguely why Martin should need to have good done him. Then she forgot his possible problems in the fun of being driven along the lovely country roads in a car that went so smoothly and so very swiftly. Her respect for her companion grew.

It was delicious to be a visiting girl for once. How many times she had written up the triumphs of some visiting girl at home! Now to be the center of the stage was like a dream. She knew from the attitude of every one—but particularly that of the girls—that Martin Jennings was a young man of importance.

"My luck," thought Dorothy, "has come at last."

They did not stay late. Dorothy suggested herself that an hour was long enough. He liked that. On the way home she rather expected to find him human and flirtatious, for everybody "necked" now, especially these quiet ones—but he made no attempt to do anything of the sort. So she huddled in her cloak and kept to her own side of the car and listened to him talk.

Her uncle and aunt were still up when she came in and she captivated her uncle even more with the wind-flush on her face and the glow of excitement in her eyes.

"Did you like Martin?" asked her aunt after he had gone.

"Yes," said Dorothy, "but why is everybody so choice of him?"

Doctor Boyd laughed but his wife sighed.

"Poor Martin."

"Has he an affliction?"

"Wealth," said her aunt.

"I could stand up under that," laughed Dorothy.

"There's more to it. He's very rich and he's had a good deal of faith knocked out of him. You see, his mother made a second marriage when Martin was growing up. She had a large fortune and the man who married her thought more of it than he did of her. It ended in the divorce court and the stamp is on Martin, in a way. He suffered a lot of disillusionment. But he fought. He wouldn't let the man, who really was a fortune-hunter, get a thing out of it but a ruined reputation. It brought out a hard streak in Martin."

"You mean he's suspicious that people are after his money? Got a fortune-hunter complex?"

"That's it," said Doctor Boyd, "he's a stern and implacable youth—he needs attention, Dorothy. You give it to him."

"I'll fortune-hunt him," laughed Dorothy.

She went up-stairs with a gay good night. She was thanking her stars that she had been careful with Martin Jennings. Her mind leaped ahead, half-fearful. What a triumph it would be to go back to Cosmopolis engaged. Engaged to a wealthy man. To marry—to show the girls who thought she was a last leaf—to show the men whom she had failed to land what she could do.

Little phrases danced through her mind. "Mr. Lewis Lasalle announces the engagement of his daughter Dorothy to Mr. Martin Jennings—" that was the way it would read. And then—"The groom is a Yale man, a member of—" Dorothy closed her eyes in a dreaming anticipation of triumph. For two years she had known that her only chance of improving her position was in a good marriage. And who was there to marry in Cosmopolis? Phil Moore had rushed her and she thought he was almost in love with her until it was suddenly announced that he was engaged to Cynthia Deming, who was poorer than she herself and had no drive at all. It wasn't as if she had cared for Phil. She simply wiped him off the scant list of possibles. But he hadn't played quite fair, she felt.

ARMS back of her head and pillowless, Dorothy went to sleep dreaming.

As she got up in the morning she felt again the sense of refreshment that had come the night before. The smile on her face was more real when she appeared in the dining-room. Her aunt, sitting behind the sort of coffee service that Dorothy admired, greeted her warmly. Doctor Boyd was full of jokes—not the kind of jokes her father told, which were stupid men's jokes with raucous endings. Her uncle had humor and philosophy. By the time breakfast was over Dorothy felt that she belonged here in Wyndham.

And the next two weeks were happy ones. Into such Summer gaiety as there was in Wyndham, and Dorothy soon discovered that it was a distinguished gaiety, she was welcomed at once. Doctor Boyd's niece was welcomed everywhere and soon Martin Jennings was always in attendance.

Her first feeling when Martin asked her to marry him was one of quick relief—that this time at least she had not deluded herself or overplayed her hand. While she rather fumblingly sought to say just the right thing she could not keep the picture of an amazed and admiring Cosmopolis out of her mind. A thoroughly confounded Cosmopolis! But those thoughts did not interfere with her sweetness to Martin and certainly not with his happiness. He was a radiant young man, so much in love that his mother was delighted. Only Mrs. Boyd's pleasure was tempered and she did not show that except to her husband, whom she knew she could trust. Once or twice she looked speculatively at Dorothy, and one day when Dorothy was expatiating on what she had to do to get "things ready" for her wedding which was to take place in the fall, Mrs. Boyd said deterringly:

"You won't forget that it's *you* Martin wants. He won't care what kind of wedding you have. Come and be married from my house, dear——"

"It's wonderful of you," said Dorothy and hesitated. Before her came a vision of what peace a quiet wedding in Wyndham could offer; but that was followed by the thought of Cosmopolis and the revelation of her triumph. For years Cosmopolis and its society had been the center of Dorothy's life. She was going to show Martin to Cosmopolis! She finished her remarks to her aunt, "I think I ought to be married at home. There are so many



"LISTEN," SHE CRIED BREATHLESSLY, "YOU KNOW HOW YOU HATE FORTUNE-HUNTERS—WELL, THAT'S WHAT I AM—AND I'M NOT GOING TO MARRY YOU!"

of my friends who will want to be there, you see. And you'll come, won't you, Aunt Louise?"

"Of course we'll come, dear——"

IT WAS only a day or two after that that Dorothy was back in the office of the Cosmopolis *Journal*.

"My, I'm glad you're back," said her assistant. "It's been a dirty grind—and I can't get the kick into the stuff that you do."

Never had Dorothy felt more impelled to put kick into it. She put a fresh sheet of paper into her typewriter, ran over the notes and began to tick away. Just at the foot of the column which announced what "Jane" had to say came a properly formulated notice of her engagement to Martin Jennings.

Dorothy had come back from Wyndham to make Cosmopolis fête her. But she had not been back a week before she found that there was much managing to be done.

It was not that she forgot Martin. Not for a minute. She told herself that she only wanted Martin to be proud of her, to see that her own townspeople liked her. But her letters to Martin became perhaps a little mechanical, enough so to draw forth a protest in one of his—"I don't give a whoop how many parties they give for you. Only don't let them tire you out, will you, darling? Of course they'll all want to do things for you, but just don't let them."

He wrote that letter to Dorothy one day when Cecilia Moore of Cosmopolis was saying crossly to her mother, "I don't care about entertaining for Dorothy a bit, mother. But she expects it and it's embarrassing. She did give your reception a wonderful send-off in the 'Jane says' column——"

"Well, it must be very simple," answered her mother.

Dorothy sensed it all—but she did not care.

She was blithe, for so an engaged girl must be. She made a miraculous trousseau for ridiculous prices, deftly copying the things in the best trousseaux of the season. She dropped in at the shops where wedding-presents are chosen to hint at her favorite patterns of china and silver—her taste in linens. All those things that some one else may do so tactfully for a bride Dorothy was forced to do for herself. She flashed her engagement ring, which was beautiful, and it encouraged her with the thought, "After I'm married to Martin, I can relax."

She had planned it for October twenty-eighth before she knew that Cynthia Deming and Phil Moore had chosen the same week. It was too late to change.

THERE came the time, of course, when Dorothy put her final "Jane says" column into shape, shook hands all around the office (it was astonishing how much they seemed to like her) and left the *Journal* office for good. The next night was to be her wedding. All through the day Dorothy was nervous. Cynthia Moore was married two days before Dorothy and had somehow sapped a good deal of the social interest in nuptials. Dorothy wondered how many people would come. She was full of pathetic, almost desperate hope and fear, and her bridegroom found her hardly normal. Fortunately he took that as a natural enough development.

She had told Martin she could not see him the next morning. At eight o'clock that day she was dressed and working, a bride in an old blue smock. Details claimed her. The whole affair rode on the crest of the wave of happiness for Dorothy, who, none the less, was somewhat shadowed under the eyes, having no mother to insist that she rest and only a host of friends who said "You need sleep, Dorothy—why don't you try to get a nap?"

Night came. Management did pay after all. If Esther Davis was bridesmaid, then the Davises, of course, would come—if the Davises, then the Pentons—and so on. And Dorothy had supplemented the engraved invitations by personal telephonings. The rooms were crowded with people all in wedding mood, a little grave, a little curious, a little gay.

Dressed in white velvet, for Cynthia Moore had worn satin, she stood before her mirror. The bridesmaids were in the next room, talking noisily. In half an hour or so she would be married.

There were voices in the next room still. Two women were sitting on the bed next the partition, probably taking off carriage-boots. How easy to hear them. How easy——

"Put it over, didn't she? Clever girl."

"Well, she's been at it for years. She knows all the ropes. You never see Dorothy Lasalle without an ax to grind. How she did work up this wedding! She wanted all the important people in town throwing rice at her."

"Everybody's here."

"I was dead to-night, but she called me up personally and asked me to get here. No reason why I should. My husband absolutely refused to come. But then, you always have some curiosity, you know. She's worked people so for presents. I wanted to see what she got."

Why didn't they go away, thought Dorothy, her face aflame!

"What's the man like?"

"Very nice, I hear. I always feel sorry for a man who gets a girl like that. Sooner or later he finds out that the girl's a fortune-hunter. She tried desperately to get Phil Moore, you know. Mrs. Moore stopped that. She didn't mind Cynthia having no money, but she didn't want Dorothy."

"Clever girl, though," said the skeptic.

AT LAST they moved. On the other side of the partition Dorothy stood, hands clenched. So that was how they talked, so cruelly. Oh, she'd vaguely guessed it, of course. One wasn't social editor without knowing such things. But she couldn't face these people now—she couldn't face that mockery to-night. Suddenly she thought of Martin as the only person she wanted to see and then the words came back with redoubled force—"Sorry for the man—sooner or later—he would find out"—No, he wouldn't—there wasn't anything to find after all. She'd be a good wife! Her startled, tired thoughts scurried away from the word "wife!" Somehow, in the rush of preparations, in the sense of "putting it over," she hadn't thought what it would be like to be Martin's wife. To have him find out that he didn't want her after all perhaps, to have the look in his eyes that she had sometimes seen in her Aunt Louise's face—Oh, they all knew she was a schemer. Only Martin hadn't known or believed it.

Dorothy gathered up her dress and went down the hall to the room where Martin was. He looked very proud and a little nervous.

"What did I forget?" he grinned at Dorothy.

She shut the door behind them both and leaned against it.

"Listen," she began breathlessly, "you know how you hate fortune-hunters—like the man who married your mother. Well—that's what I am."

Like most men in crises, he made only unintelligible sounds.

"I am—and I'm not going to marry you! Go away quietly, get out of here and if you ever think of me at all, remember what I saved you from!"

She heard her aunt outside.

"Can I come in, Martin?"

"Yes, something's gone wrong with Dorothy."

Dorothy confronted her aunt.

"You know," she said, still in that tense low voice, "you know what kind of a girl I am, a schemer. You've known all along. Every one here knows. They're all sorry for Martin and making fun of me. Ask me if I'd marry you if you were poor, Martin. I wouldn't. Not for a minute. I wanted to show Cosmopolis I could get a desirable man. But I won't put you through it. That's one thing I won't do, Aunt Louise. Let them go away and say what they like. Give everybody a chance to spread the news. Tell them all the truth. I don't care!"

"Hush," said Mrs. Boyd. "Martin, she's simply exhausted and hysterical. Get Doctor Boyd for a minute."

Martin hesitated.

"You mean you don't like me, Dorothy?"

Dorothy laughed, a foolish, crushed laugh.

"I don't know," she cried. "I know right well I wouldn't go through this for any one else!"

They called the doctor and tried to calm her, tried to prove it was only fatigue. But Dorothy was silent and rigid. She would not be married. It was only an apartment, in which such things can not be suppressed and wedding-guests can not be kept waiting too long. Gossip began to filter through to the living-rooms. They consulted hastily a worried Lewis Lasalle, a grim bridegroom and a grave uncle and aunt. Then, suavely, Doctor Boyd announced that Dorothy had been suddenly taken ill and that there would be no wedding. The guests dispersed, the caterer and his assistants were paid off and went their bewildered way, the little maid wept, the smilax in the living-room seemed to droop, the candles were blown out. Martin hung around, but his mouth was set, and finally he went away without asking to see Dorothy again. After that Mrs. Boyd made her niece go to bed. A strange, uncertain silence came over the house and the older people sat around trying to eat some of the wedding ices, which Lewis Lasalle tried to joke about and failed.

"I'll stay here to-night, if Lewis will give me his room," said Mrs. Boyd. "You go back to the hotel, Lewis, with Tom."

MRS. BOYD went to sleep after she had heard the clock strike three. There was no sound from Dorothy's room, no sob, no complaint, no hysteria. But it was impossible that she should be asleep, thought her aunt. She wondered if she dared offer affection and did not quite dare. Mrs. Boyd felt that Martin had not been very fine. He must have seen at least how brave Dorothy was.

When she wakened, it was to find the morning advanced. She looked at her watch and felt ashamed of having dodged tragedy so long. But when she slipped into one of Dorothy's negligées and went to her niece's room, it was empty. She found Dorothy in the dining-room, making coffee in the percolator. She was dressed for the street, even to her hat.

"Good morning," ventured Mrs. Boyd; "but Dorothy, you shouldn't be up!"

Dorothy straightened her shoulders and smiled.

"Well, if I'm not getting married, I'm going to get my job back. I can't lie around with a broken heart. This will make a good story for my column, too!"

"You mustn't go to work. Come to Wyndham with me. Maybe you and Martin——"

Dorothy shook her head.

"No—I couldn't go to Wyndham. I just couldn't. I'm better off here. I thought out a lot of things last night, Aunt Louise, and I gave up the idea of running away. There's a whole lot of wasted stuff to be paid for—I may as well help pay for it. And I don't really care what they say. I really don't—that's a fact."

She looked straight at Mrs. Boyd and her aunt recognized the truth. She didn't care for gossip. She had gone past that.

"Also," remarked Dorothy, pouring out the coffee, "I'm glad I did just what I did. All night I was more glad every minute. It ought to show Martin that even if he thinks every one is after his precious money and position, some people don't take it."

She faltered over that last statement, then looked nonchalantly at her ringless hands and back at Mrs. Boyd.

"I'm hard, Aunt Louise, you know—hard as nails."

"You're brave," said Aunt Louise, "braver than any one I have ever known, except your mother, who was braver yet—for she married your father because she loved him and faced a good deal of ridicule from her friends who only saw the most obvious things about him."

"So they made fun of my mother? Well, anyway she got the man she wanted. I'm glad of that."

She rose from the table abruptly, pushing away her coffee and toast.

"I'll bet they'll take me back on the paper. After all, I haven't committed any crime. And with days on the paper and nights sending wedding-presents back, I shall be too busy to mope!"

THE telephone rang and Dorothy shivered.

"There it goes," she said. "Tell any one I'm all right, will you, Ida?" she addressed the maid. "I haven't time to talk. I've got to get out of here before the telephone begins to ring steadily. I'm not much of a hostess, Aunt Louise, but I can't sit around cherishing my broken heart. It's not my style, even if it is sentimental and picturesque. I can keep working. That's what I've always done." She jumped, nervously. "Lord, there's the door-bell. The telephone is for you, Aunt Louise. And don't let any one in, Ida."

But Ida failed or was bribed, for Martin Jennings appeared in the doorway, looking tired and sheepish and frightened and triumphant. They faced each other—defiant weariness on Dorothy's face, a look which seemed to beg him to leave her alone and not force her to talk. Her words were the echo of her old gay manner.

"Aren't you early—under the circumstances? Want some breakfast?"

"Don't I!" said Martin. "I didn't have time to get any. I gave up the railroad ticket, but I have your wedding-trip down below. I got a shop open early, thanks to your father's influence with the automobile show. Your wedding-trip is red and has four tires and is very expensive," he grinned at her "and it's quite fit for a fortune-hunter to ride in. It stops only at small towns and restful hotels where we can get acquainted. We'll let your family come far enough to witness the ceremony and then we'll show some speed."

Dorothy looked tired and white and dragged and pitiful.

"You mean you're suggesting that I go away with you after all this? Why? A sense of pity or obligation?"

"A sense of shame," said Martin. "I'm ashamed of myself. As far as I can see, my money is the only attractive thing about me. Take it, Dorothy, and if you can bear it, throw me in, too. Doctor Boyd told me a few homely truths last night and I saw a few myself. I've been staggering around for years, suspicious and ugly for fear I wouldn't be loved for myself. And last night I didn't measure up, because I was still thinking about myself, even when you were proving so fine and showing more than that—weren't you?"

"More than that," said Dorothy. "Oh, yes. I care. Horribly. But you're sure you want me, hard and scheming and everything? Even if I love you? You know what every one will say?"

"The only thing I care about," said Martin, coming close enough to demonstrate, "is what Jane says!"

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON'S *Greatest Novel:* ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Even more gripping than "If Winter Comes"



Drawings by Joseph Simont

"WE JUST MUST GO," THE TWO GIRLS WERE SAYING TO LORD STAVERTON AND HIS MOTHER, "FATHER NEVER LIKES US TO BE FROLICKING INTO SUNDAY." THE WHOLE COMPANY GASPED

What love may lead to —
Alice and Linda dash toward the precipice

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And that thoughts of men are widening with the process of the suns."

Mr. Hutchinson took the title of his great new novel from these lines of the poet Tennyson. At first he called it "The Increasing Purpose," but he has recently determined to hold even more closely to the original quotation. He has therefore asked us to run the remaining instalments under the revised title, "One Increasing Purpose."

SYNOPSIS

SIMON PARIS came through the slaughter of war unscathed. Why? he wondered in agony. A mysterious answer seemed to come from his dead mother: "You are spared for a special purpose." But the war ended and still he could not find the purpose. Visiting first his brother Charles and his wife Alice, later his rich brother Andrew and gay wife Linda, he witnessed in both houses turbulent married life with storms ahead. Then came again into Sim's life Elizabeth Glade. They loved deeply at the instant of their reunion—but she had pledged never to marry while a sum of money stolen by her father remained unrepaid. Groping for further light, Sim bought a cottage in the country—near the country-seat of Lord Staverton, Andrew's employer, and the estate of Stupendity, the great department-store genius, for whom Elizabeth did secretarial work. Sim, creating a new furniture design, aroused the keen interest of Stupendity's business assistants. But one evening, on the downs, a vision of his purpose came at last to Sim—a certain knowledge that the purpose was "of God."

PART FOUR

ELIZABETH'S life, self-chosen, was very hard. She worked unceasingly—but work unceasing is not of itself hard. The always busy are the enviable. They have no time for frets or ills. Their brief snatched leisures, just in being leisures, are packed with delights impossible of purchase by those at whose command lie all of pleasure's toy-shops. Not less than sleep, work does knit up the raveled sleeve of care. It is a hard couch—but herein lies its recompense: a stone pillow, before and since that used at Bethel, is capable of dreams.

Elizabeth had no dreams. The heart, however long and hard the road of duty, always can dream dreams. But her heart, and not her mind alone, was given to her duty in behalf of her father's memory.

"I don't want only to pay his debt," she more than once had said to Sim. "Sim, what I can not bear is the thought of some one sending out bitter hate against my poor father. Dear Sim, that is what I want to shield my father from."

Miss Andiron, embittered, made this very hard to do. She lived in a London boarding-house and whenever Elizabeth came to see her, as at every opportunity Elizabeth came, "This is how I am compelled to live" was the burden of her cry. "I might have had a nice house, I might have had nice servants, I might have kept my car—but no, I was robbed. In my old age when I need comforts and when I could have had comforts I am denied comforts because your father robbed me."

Those were cruel words for the heart of Elizabeth.

IN THE week-end following Sim's vision as he rode home from Chesney Towers, Elizabeth came down to the Towers immediately after a visit to Miss Andiron in which Miss Andiron, particularly out of humor, had caused her particular suffering. She had come alone, no Stupendity party with her; and Sim went over to the Towers and into the library and was struck, immediately he saw her, by the paleness of her face and by the sigh with which, getting up from the table at which she worked, she sank onto the couch to which he led her.

These were the signs and tokens of a very great weariness. They caused in Sim an excess of pity and a great hungering of love. They caused in him also a very great concern at that which, much wounded in a great conflict within himself, he had come to tell her.

Approaching it circuitously, he began:

"Elizabeth, you are frightfully tired."

"Oh, I am a little bit fagged, Sim."

"You have been going too far, Elizabeth."

She sighed. "Sim, I have a long way to go."

He said: "That is what I want to talk to you about. A long way to go. There are twenty years for you to go, at this rate."

"Nearly twenty years, Sim."

"And then?"

She made a gesture with her hands.

The couch was low. She put one foot across the other and clasped her hands about the knee thus raised and set her eyes upon the long vista of the great apartment. As though her thoughts hung pictures there and she reviewed them, she said low and softly: "I feel that I shall be very old in twenty years, Sim—all gone that is pleasant in one—all done that one cares to do."

Perhaps the pictures changed.

"We might have married, Sim—had children——"

A sound of pain escaped him.

"But this thing came into my life. Marriage, dear you, motherhood, children had to go."

Her voice was barely audible.

"Of course that's frightful for a woman, Sim. They talk, these modern women, they talk of a glorious independence. Sim, I've got independence. I am doing very well. When I have paid my father's debt, I can see quite plainly that I shall be established, able to get excellent employment, beyond any fear of a starved old age. That is independence. But, Sim, for a woman, that is life incomplete, not rounded off, left just to peter out."

She watched those pictures.

She presently said: "Sim, a man somehow can complete his life, round off, satisfy it, without a woman. I don't know how—I only know that it is clear he can. Alone, he can go up the wave of life, achieve the crest, look down the trough, see the long dimness in the hollow, begin descent, and have no loneliness, no sense of incompletion.

"A woman can't do that, Sim. She needs, she is created for completion—completion in her husband's and her children's home, Sim."

After a while she said: "That is what I am facing, Sim."

His turn was now—now was the hour of the casting of his die.

He said: "You need not face it, dear."

His voice shook. "I love you, beloved."

He said: "I love you, beloved. I have offered you marriage. There were those chances of employment that I had. They did not seem to suit me. That was nothing. If you had said that you would marry me, I would have taken one—and can—they still are open."

She murmured: "Dear, my vow."

He got up and crossed the room and then returned to her.

"Well, let that be so. But I have thought about this. Suppose that I had an offer of enough money not only to make your payments to Miss Andiron but to make them much greater, to pay her off in half, in a quarter of twenty years. Suppose you asked her to choose—should you continue to pay her little by little as you are paying her or should you, by marrying me, pay her all in half, in less than half the time? Suppose you asked her that—what would she choose, do you suppose?"

Elizabeth said: "Sim, of course there is no doubt which she would choose."

"And are her choice, her wishes to be considered?"

"Much more than any one's, Sim."

"Well, then—well, then!" His voice was thick, there was about his look and tone an intensity that almost was alarming to her. He said a third time: "Well, then! Suppose I had an offer to-morrow, now, this minute, of a thousand pounds a year—a thousand, and more increasingly to come."

The harshness suddenly went out of his voice. He said deeply: "And, Elizabeth, there is this that you have told me of the incompletion of your life, its desolate and pitiable outlook—there is this of our love, of me, of children to us."

"Sim, yes," she breathed.

He said: "All possible within the offer of a thousand pounds a year."

"All possible," she sighed. "Impossible all."

He said strongly: "Not impossible. Elizabeth, I have had that offer."

"Sim!"

He had his elbow, as he sat, on his knee. He bent forward his clenched fist, and she could see the flesh gone white where with a terrible constriction of his fingers the nails pressed in. "I have had that offer," he said. He bowed his head down on to his extended arm: "God help me, I have refused it."

She saw that something very insupportable had happened. She put an arm about his bowed shoulders. "Oh, what is this, Sim?"

His voice, coming between teeth that were clenched, said, as in a groan: "I have refused it and I have drawn you on to tell me the happiness that I have lost you. I have drawn you on to tell me the happiness that might be mine and I have refused it. God, God!"

"Sim, tell me."

HE CAME up from his bowed position and faced her. "There is a very great deal to tell you. I came to-day to tell you of two things. That is one. Stupendity came over to see me last Sunday. He has taken up those furniture designs of mine. He thinks that there are immense possibilities in them. He wants to put them on the market—'Simparis furniture,' it was to be called."

He stopped. He said wearily: "You had better hear the whole of this part while I am at it, before I come to the other. Simparis furniture—I was to design it, I was to superintend the making of it. Elizabeth, you have to understand, as Stupendity quite clearly understood, that this stuff, this furniture, if it was to create the vogue it could create, essentially must be individually made by a craftsman's hand and under the eye of the designer. No two pieces even of one pattern could be exactly the same, each would have the workman's self-expression. That was the difference between the things of Heppelwhite, Chippendale, Sheraton and those——"

He broke off. "Elizabeth, I am sorry for all this jargon."

She said: "Dear, go on."

"It is necessary that you should know it all. That was the difference between the art of those men and the machine-turned stuff, however beautiful, that came after it—that, in its turn, was to be the difference between the Simparis stuff and the other. Well, there was the proposal. I was to design, I was to find and select and supervise the workmen. A whole-time job, Stupendity offered me a thousand pounds a year—to start."

He stopped again.

"Dear, wonderful!" she breathed.

He said bitterly: "Yes, wonderful!"

He said to her in tones most deep: "Elizabeth, that was last Sunday, early, just at nine in the morning. That was one thing I had to tell you. The other thing had happened to me on the evening before, and I had not slept that night. Elizabeth, I had been coming back from here to my cottage, and as I came a thing happened to me. Elizabeth, my purpose—this thing that has been so utterly distressing me all these months—Elizabeth, my purpose, came to me as I was coming back."

"Oh, Sim!"

"Elizabeth, it is—of God."

She breathed: "I knew it, Sim."

He told her that which had happened to him. He told her of his thoughts as he rode up the common; of the light in the sky; of his thought of Saul; of his thought of himself, crossed over from life transient to life eternal, flung abject at the foot of that bright road between the two and of his mother coming down to lead him up; of the refusal of his throat to ask her to lead him up to God; of his pronouncing of the word and of the great stillness that came to him when at last he uttered it; last, of his prayer within the church—"some truth that I can understand."

She heard him with a shining happiness in her eyes, murmurs of happy wonder in her voice, in her hands touches of a great comfort, that were exquisite to him, though they tortured him.

He said: "But, Elizabeth—but, Elizabeth, all that was clear, and in the night there came this clear thing—that I had just to wait and I should have some truth that I can understand. I am nothing without it. I am a very ordinary man—I am a man of my time, a material, practical time, and I wait now to know some truth that I can understand behind the mystery. I have only now to wait for the revelation—to watch for it; give all my thoughts to it; Elizabeth, to pray for it."

She murmured: "Watch and pray."

His mood seemed to change. He said very heavily: "Yes, watch and pray."

He got up. "I have said that my purpose has been revealed to me. Elizabeth, do you see that it has been only half revealed? Of God, I know. For God, I know. How for God, I do not know."

"Sim, it will come."

He cried: "You say it will; Elizabeth, I said that, I knew that on the night that it happened; and immediately, on the very morning after, came this offer which can give me you. But the two are not possible together: God's purpose, man's purpose—all that I think I seek of heaven, all that I know I seek of you. God's purpose, that I shall watch and pray for it; man's purpose that I shall take this offer, earn, work, be occupied. Elizabeth——"

She took from him the question he had not spoken. "Sim, you have done what you are to do. God's purpose, you have accepted it; man's purpose, you have refused it."

He cried, "Refused it!" He held out his arm. "It is here, in my hand, waiting for me. I have only to close my fingers to take it. Stupendity will give it to me, he would give me twice a thousand pounds, to-morrow, if I will take it. Elizabeth, all our happiness, all here in my hand—" he began to close his fingers—"for me to close my fingers on."

She leaned forward and, with one hand beneath his hand, with the other hand smoothed back his closing fingers.



"A THOUSAND POUNDS IS A LOT OF MONEY FOR OLD GAND TO LEAVE TO HIS NURSE," EXCLAIMED SIM TO HIS BROTHER. ALICE SHUDDERED VIOLENTLY

IN THE time that followed it was very curious to Sim that, in a way he could by no means define but only very strongly feel, he had the sense of being nearest to an answer of his prayer when he was in the company of a family whose acquaintance he had come to make. These people, resident some ten miles away, were called the Englands. They lived over at Knapton, beyond Shifney. They were a very old family, many generations settled in that part of the country and owning there a considerable estate; and Sir Henry England was dependent, Andrew told Sim, entirely on the revenues of

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The weakest Link

By

FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

THE life tables of the United States Census for 1920 tell us that the death rate of women between the ages of seventeen and thirty-two has risen and now, for the first time in history, exceeds that of men. The home-making woman has become the weakest link connecting this generation with the next.

I do not know the full explanation for this condition, but one reason may be that other groups are having a great deal done to preserve life by outside agencies, while the mothers are left largely to their own resources.

Therefore women must take it upon their own shoulders to discover where their special weaknesses lie. To this end every woman should have regular, periodic physical and medical examinations. These would show up whatever defects she might have.

Frequently the "little smoldering fires of illness" are hidden from sight. Silently they spread. If ignored, they are often fanned into a devastating flame of disease, but if discovered in time they can be extinguished.

At periodic intervals a prudent owner of an automobile has it overhauled by an expert. The engine is examined, all bolts tightened, the electrical system tested, the springs inspected and the carbureter regulated. A modern business man takes an inventory of his stock. An up-to-date manufacturer has the machinery of his plant, from engine to furthermost pulley, made one hundred per cent. efficient.

Is it not more important to have your human power plant overhauled from time to time? All unknown to you some important part, the heart, the lungs, the kidneys, may be on the verge of a breakdown. Only a thorough medical examination by a competent physician can reveal your real condition. Let one examine you. If he finds you in good physical condition, you will be glad to know it. If he finds any impairments, you can apply corrective measures, which may overcome them, or at least so control them as to save you from severe illness, possibly from permanent disability or death.

Approximately ninety-eight per cent. of our people are afflicted with physical imperfection of some kind, and over ninety per cent. of these are unaware of it. Preceding most serious illness there is usually a long period of impairment. This breaking-down is frequently so slow and insidious that one does not realize its danger until it is well advanced, although from the very beginning it leaves signs that science can detect.

AS A more or less extreme example of what I am getting at: a great many women suffer regularly from headache; yet week after week they will make no attempt to determine what causes their trouble. As a headache is a symptom and not a disease, there is a plentiful supply of drugs that will relieve the symptom. For this reason, there is no warning or danger signal so frequently neglected as a headache. A tablet or a powder, and "pouf!" the headache is gone. Yet in doing this the sufferer merely eliminates the symptom, and thus masks the true cause.

Headaches result from various causes. Sometimes inherited sensitiveness of brain and nerve tissue, together with some other more immediate irritation, is the cause. Or headaches may result from eye-strain, from nose and throat affections, from an affected tooth, from constipation, overeating, improper eating or other digestive troubles. Other causes are flat-foot, tight shoes, tight corsets, tight collars and tight hats. Also there are headaches that come from diseases of various kinds. Headaches due to disease of the brain are likely to come under medical treatment early, but others, such as result from kidney troubles, coughs or rheumatic troubles, frequently pass uninvestigated.

When an acute headache is present for more than a day, medical advice should be sought. When headaches persistently recur, a thorough physical and medical overhauling is called for.

I use headache as an example because a headache is so easily recognized; but there are many other symptoms that carry messages fully as significant to the trained



Drawing by Joseph Simont

expert. These can be revealed only by a thorough medical examination.

Most intelligent people report periodically to their dentists; some report to their oculist regularly—but why stop with the teeth and eyes? Are not the lungs, the heart, the kidneys, the stomach and spine just as important?

Many industrial organizations are taking hold of the idea of periodic physical examinations with enthusiasm. Managers of large establishments have appointed their own physicians or sometimes have brought in physicians to take the personal histories, to examine medically and to advise their personnel, hoping in this way, by prolongation of periods of healthy activity, to get improved qualities and quantities of production, as well as to keep their people better satisfied and in better health.

Not only has this movement gained a foothold in the industries, but it has become a regular feature of life-insurance practise. At the present time over forty of the life-insurance companies are making use of the opportunities in periodic examinations to prolong life. Some of these companies have for a number of years offered policyholders the services of their laboratories for urinalyses and certain other examinations. Others have extended their service to include a complete physical and medical examination at the home offices or in the field. Still others have employed some agency qualified to make their examinations throughout the country.

This service of the insurance companies is based on sound business sense. One company made a study, in 1920, of the policyholders that had taken advantage of the company's free examinations offered in 1914. They found that in the six years two hundred and seventeen of the originally examined had died, whereas they had expected from their mortality tablets that three hundred and three would die in that period. In other words, eighty-six fewer policyholders died than expected, resulting in a large saving to the company. The test was further extended to include a comparison of *examined* policyholders with the whole body of policyholders. The difference between the two groups was twenty-four per cent. in favor of the examined.

Insurance companies are not organized for charity. Nevertheless one company is willing to spend $300,000 in one year to provide physical and medical examinations for its policyholders. It is very easy to see why. If an examination did nothing but prolong a life for one year, it would save the company many times the cost of the examination. An examination such as an insurance company would give would probably cost the company in the neighborhood of $10.00. Interest at five per cent. on $20,000, assuming that to be the value of the policy, for one year would be $1,000. In other words, the company is saving $990. Is it any wonder that insurance companies are spending money to provide free examinations?

NOW the question: Does your life mean more to the insurance company than it does to you and your family? If the insurance people find it profitable to them to have you examined, certainly it would be infinitely more valuable to you. The insurance people are interested, professionally at least, only in preserving life. You are also interested in prolonging your life, but, perhaps, even more than that—you are interested in securing and maintaining for yourself abounding health, strength and endurance. Your health is your greatest possession, without which the coming years would be a menace and old age a tragedy.

The practise of periodic physical and medical examinations is based upon the theory that it is better to *keep well* than to *get well*. The need is periodically to search your body and your life for the original sources of physical decay and life failure, and to utilize the abundant means that science can supply for lessening your burden.

I am addressing this message principally to the women of America between the ages of seventeen and thirty-two. I do this for two reasons: First, because the women of this class constitute not only the most important link but also the weakest link in the progression of the race. Certainly every woman of this group should receive a complete physical and medical survey at least once a year. I myself obtain a complete examination twice a year.

The examination will reveal your true condition. Then the real benefit of the revelation is up to you, personally. Your examiner will prescribe remedies for whatever impairments he finds. Some will require medical attention, but more frequently the remedy will call for some revision of your living conditions. Most physical impairments are the result of improper eating, improper exercise or improper sanitation. The remedy is to eliminate the cause and follow sane rules of health.

PAY YOUR DOCTOR

before instead of after the wearisome siege of disease. A thorough physical examination made at least once a year helps your doctor to combat disease and disorders before they develop, to regulate faulty living conditions and to build up your strength and energy.

Check up on yourself with the aid of THE DELINEATOR Health Chart, prepared, under the supervision of Coach Yost, by Dr. Margaret Bell, Professor of Physical Education for Women and Physician for Women at the Health Service of the University of Michigan.

There's a chart for you to fill out and one for the doctor's report. They provide invaluable records for you, for your family and for your doctor. Just a two-cent stamp for return postage with your letter to the Health Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., will bring them to you.

The tip-top story of the big top

LITTLE TEXAS

By DIXIE WILLSON

A circus star lights the way to a honeymoon

DO YOU love the circus? Do you love twelve-year-old girls? Then step right up and meet little Texas Fitzgerald, star of the Great Melbourne Shows. A multimillionaire grandfather, who cast her off because his son married Meg, her circus mother, now wants her very badly and is hunting America over for a clue to her. But little Texas knows nothing of this. Her happy circus life fills her days and nights to the brim. Dear friends are everywhere—the animals, the show people, Mrs. Sunny Bill Peck who mends the glittering costumes. Even funny old Mr. Fobes at the St. Louis boarding-house (where she stayed when she left the show at Three Trees, Arkansas, to go hunting her grandfather) has a warm place in her loving heart. Relentlessly the old aristocrat pursues his latest whim. The chase for his granddaughter is at its hottest just as this instalment starts!

PART THREE

JUNE afternoon in Three Trees, Arkansas, was like the end of a long journey. Sleepy houses, sleepy lawns and trees, drowsy fences, lazy dusty roads, little stores with drawn blinds and awnings napping in the sun.

In the cool old Cavendish house, back among its trees, waited a midday chicken dinner until train time, when Mr. Cavendish and the Honorable Richard Zylder were to go and meet the latter's client, Kingsley Fitzgerald.

"Well, Richard," Mr. Cavendish was saying as they walked slowly along the quiet streets to the station, "there must be some mistake somewhere. My father's log cabin was the first house in town. I've lived here all my life, and of five thousand people who've moved in and out I've known or I've seen every one of 'em—every one!"

"But, Cavendish," Mr. Zylder argued for the fiftieth time, "there would have been no reason for the girl and boy to mislead me! It was to their advantage—not mine—that I should know where to find them. I couldn't possibly have misunderstood the town or State. I asked them blankly where they had come from and they told me Three Trees, Arkansas."

"You're sure you can tell me no more about the mother?" Cavendish suggested.

"No," Mr. Zylder replied. "I regret to say—no. King married her in France, they lived in Paris three years till he died, and we heard nothing else, until suddenly a week ago Mr. Fitzgerald was addressed on the train by a conductor, who informed him he had a granddaughter aboard! Mr. Fitzgerald has very set habits and views of life, Mr. Cavendish, which did not at all accord with the interference of such an unexpected thing. He had been utterly disappointed in his son marrying against advice, and had repeatedly expressed his desire never to meet the woman who was the cause of it—so his immediate decision was to escape an unpleasant experience by having me dismiss the child—whose only knowledge of how to reach him, it seemed, was through me."

At the end of the main street was the railroad station, drowsing like the rest of the town in the sleepy sun. The two lawyers crossed the bare yellow road and seated themselves at the end of the little wooden building on an iron bench in the shade.

"The name is Fitzgerald, you say," Mr. Cavendish mused, "and the child is a girl, twelve years old?"

Mr. Zylder held his hat in his lap.

"Twelve years old," he repeated. "A child noticeably handsome—light curls, slender build, straight aristocratic head—called 'Texas,' the young man said. The young man was much interested, though no relation—a tall fellow, poorly dressed. His first name was Joe. I didn't ask the other."

The men sat silent and thoughtful. Mr. Cavendish looked at his watch, turned the stem back and forth in his fingers.



"WHY, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS PICTURE?" LITTLE TEXAS CRIED IN AMAZEMENT. A FLUSH OF PINK CAME UP IN MRS. SUNNY'S CHEEKS

"Richard," he said at last, "I'm sorry, but I can not help you. I can only say that to my knowledge there is no Fitzgerald in the town of Three Trees, and—" he smiled—"and as I'm quite a connoisseur of the favor of ladies from ten to twenty, I can pretty safely say that never, in Three Trees, has there resided any noticeably handsome young lady who has had either light short curls or the nickname of Texas!"

Mr. Zylder didn't reply. He was entirely mystified. In three minutes more the two-coach train steamed into the station.

MR. FITZGERALD, as brusk, as autocratic as ever, acknowledged Mr. Cavendish, swung into pace with them and, direct as always, wished to know without delay what had developed.

The entire matter was gone over again—and then, in silence, the three gray-haired gentlemen, absorbed entirely in thought of one fair-haired girl, made their way to the old-fashioned house where the dinner of old-fashioned chicken fricassee was waiting.

Mr. Fitzgerald respected the information Mr. Cavendish had been able to give them, but he was not willing to accept it as final. When dinner was over, he suggested a call on the postmaster.

Yes, sir, he'd been postmaster nineteen years. Yes, sir, he knew everybody who'd ever lived in Three Trees, Arkansas. No, sir, there had never been a family of Fitzgerald in town. Well, sir, why not ask the schoolmaster?

So they found the schoolmaster. Yes, there was a school law that every child in town over five must attend school. Yes, he personally knew every twelve-year-old child in town. There was no Fitzgerald.

Through the remainder of the afternoon client and lawyer went from one place to another—to every one who might have known, but there was only the same answer over and over. No one named Fitzgerald. No golden-haired child.

In the evening they sat in willow chairs on the Cavendish lawn. Little girls in delicate frocks strolled by, hand in hand with tall people. A shy little girl in a flowered apron came to bring Mr. Cavendish a bouquet of flowers. Across the street in a garden swing a little girl dressed in lavender stretched white toes down to reach the green grass.

It was June and twilight. Slowly it began to come over the self-centered old man that Fitzgerald Mansion wasn't all the world after all. Suddenly that great house of his in St. Louis seemed empty. Suddenly he dreaded going back to it and being there alone.

Mrs. Cavendish and the shy little girl brought a table for supper out on the lawn. Mr. Cavendish held the little girl on his knee.

"How old are you, Alice?" he asked her.

"I'm twelve," she said bashfully.

"Do you know a little girl with curls all over her head who is twelve?" he asked.

"Yes," she said promptly. "Josie Barber has curls all over her head. She's twelve."

"But her curls are *black*," Mr. Cavendish said gently. "Don't you know any one twelve with short yellow curls?"

She shook her head. "There isn't



Drawings by Gerald Leake

BUT JIM'S MONKEY BROUGHT THE WEDDING PLANS ABRUPTLY TO A CLOSE BY SUDDENLY LEAPING FROM TEXAS' KNEE STRAIGHT AT MR. FOBES!

any one twelve with short *yellow* curls," she said.

After supper was over Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish walked down the street to take the shy little girl home to her mother. They left Mr. Zylder and Mr. Fitzgerald alone on the old-fashioned lawn in the twilight.

"Well, Kingsley," Mr. Zylder said, "there doesn't seem anything to do about it, does there? I'm sorry."

"She must be found," Mr. Fitzgerald said, immediately his curt, demanding self once more. "I will *not* give her up."

But sometimes there are things demanding people may demand in vain.

"My dear Kingsley," Mr. Zylder answered, "there is nothing else for you to do but give her up. You did that a week ago!"

BUM Casey, the Melbourne circus elephant-tender, buckled himself into a ragged rain-coat at five o'clock one morning.

"Lord a'mighty, I never see the beat!" he grumbled. "When I git a show o' my own, I bet my bottom dollar one place I never come to is Wy-nona, Minnesoty! Thirty years I been comin' here every blamed Summer—and I never got forty miles any side of it but rain didn't start up!"

Bum was swallowing a mug of coffee in the privilege car, where food was served before and after the cook-tent was up.

"Hear that, boys?" the waiter roared down the length of the counter. "Bum's goin' to spoil his clothes in the rain. Ain't that awful!"

"Say, you ain't kiddin' me a bit! Keep still!" he retorted. "It's Albert's account makes me low down on rain. Every job on a thick lot is got off on Albert, the best elephant o' the lot, 'cause he's got a willin' disposition. Band wagon gits sunk—stakes is drove in too deep—trunks has to be got out—who does it? Albert! And the stickin'est mud that rain ever made is in Wy-nona, Minnesoty! It's——"

"Shut that door!" some one shouted. "It's blowing rain in my coffee!"

Bum stepped out in the wet gray morning and pulled the door shut behind him. The performers' section had come in on a siding several tracks away—doors shut, shades drawn, everybody asleep. Farther up, the cages rolled down from the flats, the teams were hitched on and they rumbled away.

A rain-soaked fellow shambled toward him in the gray twilight.

"Say, Bum," he called half-way across the tracks, "git Albert around, will yuh? My pole wagon's stuck half a mile down the road, and I can't git her out!"

"How come yuh waited till five to git stuck?" Bum inquired. "Yuh been haulin' since four, ain't yuh? How come yuh give Albert an hour in peace?"

"Wy-nona, Minnesoty," however, proved more considerate of Albert than its owner had anticipated. It was not until parade was out and back and the show was in running order for the day that his "willin' disposition" was again imposed upon.

IN THE ladies' dressing-tent everybody was singing as they sewed or fussed around the trunks, their feet up on the little platforms or in rubber boots. Somehow it was always part of a rainy day that the girls in the dressing-tent should be singing.

Rivers of water ran under the side wall and a great puddle was at the front door. Aunt Mary's costume-tables were standing sideways to save them from sinking, and Aunt Mary and Mrs. Sunny, in storm-rubbers and rain-coats, were busy moving velvets out of the drip.

"I always say," Aunt Mary declared in her most convincing tone, as she tugged a basket of gold hats out from under a roof leak, "I always say nobody's worth their salt unless they can stand a good miserable rainy day and not weaken! These dispositions that shrink up when they get damp are folks that I'm a-hopin' will get shrunk plum' out o' my sight!"

Mrs. Sunny, shaking the wrinkles out of the scarlet hunting-coats for the high-jumping act, was joining quaveringly with the girls in the corner singing "Kathleen Mavourneen."

"That's why," Aunt Mary went on, "that's why this rain is showin' me a lot about you, Mrs. Sunny, that all your willin'ness and handy ways never showed me at all! It sure satisfies me to see you here with a—" She stopped short at the door, her hands on her hips.

"Well, bless my soul, ladies!" she said with spirit. "Now let it rain!"

With a splashing like a young tug-boat, rubber coat buttoned close, little Texas appeared in the doorway, her face sparkling with laughter.

"Oh, it's *lovely* and wet," she glowed. "Aunt Mary, where can I get a boat to sail in this puddle?"

"Law sakes!" sputtered the keeper of the wardrobe, "don't bein' a star make any difference to your dignity, for goodness' sake? Expect me to drop the whole routine of a show dependin' entirely on me and go into the boat business? What's the matter with all your *gentlemen* friends to-day? Go down to the pad-room and make Joe build you a boat!"

Texas glanced around.

"Yes, I might ask Joe," she considered, "but it looks awfully nice in here, too. Maybe I'll stay."

It was the end of the little girl's third week as a real performer. It still was more than Texas could realize that this wonder should have come out of those hours of practising which she had cherished only as a happy surprize for her mother. She and Meg loved it and wondered at it together; and this day was like the gorgeous tail of a sky-rocket, because it was only one day after pay-day when her third salary envelope had been delivered into her mother's hands!

Texas shook the fringe of water drops from her rubber hat and stopped at Mrs. Sunny's table a minute.

"Maybe," Texas suggested pleadingly, "maybe, Mrs. Sunny, after the show, we could look at your keepsakes to-day?"

Mrs. Sunny, in the top tray of her open trunk, had a little white box full of pictures, tiny shells and samples of silk that she called her "keepsakes."

She had promised a long time ago that they might some day look at them together.

"May be we can," Mrs. Sunny smiled, "if the rain stops a little so they won't get wet."

A sudden shouting outside and a sloshing on wet ground interrupted them—and a growling undertone of grizzly bears!

"Oh, listen, Mrs. Sunny, the bear-cage is stuck in the mud!" began the little girl. "I'd better hurry out and help, don't you think? There's always some little teeny weeny place where I can push!"

Aunt Mary looked around from a pair of purple trousers she had spread on the trunk to patch.

"Well, of all things!" she put in. "The star of the show moving the bear-cages! You stay right where you are, Miss Fitzgerald, and git into your tights! Now that you've got crowds comin' on purpose to see nothing but you, you've got to be there and look like they expect you to! There goes second bugle now! *Ladies! Outside for grand entry!*"

So Texas, with an uncomfortable feeling of neglecting duty, had just to listen to the trouble around the bear-cage.

"I think it must be very handy to be nothing but a boy," she said with a sigh. "If mother'd like me as well, I wish I could be one!"

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Disorders of the Skin in young Children



"The world is mine"

By HENRY L. K. SHAW, M.D.

The Happy Child Department

Directed by DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

THE skin of a young child is not simply a protective covering or an envelope in which the body is sealed, but it is an important organ performing several vital functions. For example, it is the principal means by which the heat of the body is kept at a constant temperature. When the heat is produced in excess, it is eliminated through the skin by a process of radiation and evaporation. The skin also protects the body not only from mechanical or physical injuries, but also from bacteria which may cause blood poisoning.

The skin is composed of two distinct layers. The outer layer, called the epidermis, is made up of flattened cells which get tough and horny in exposed parts such as the hands and feet. These surface cells become scaly and rub off. Where there is an undue amount of pressure or irritation, they increase greatly and form calluses and corns.

The inner or true skin, known as the dermis, contains blood vessels, nerves, sweat-glands and oil-glands. The pressure of these nerves in the inner skin explains why a cut, bruise or burn is so painful. The nerves can convey pleasant sensations, such as many touch sensations.

Tiny blood vessels are very numerous throughout the true skin; this is the reason why a small cut will often bleed profusely. Warm clothing or hot weather will expand or dilute these blood vessels and give a bright flush to the skin. This may also occur in certain emotional states, as when a child blushes with shame or flushes with anger. Cold and fright will contract these small vessels so that the skin appears white or blanched.

Various poisons formed within the body may be carried to the surface by the blood and cause irritation which results in rashes or eruptions on the skin. Certain diseases produce specific poisons; these cause characteristic eruptions, from the appearance of which a diagnosis of the disease can be made. The rashes which occur in some of the contagious diseases of children, such as measles, scarlet fever, and chicken-pox, are examples of the effect of different poisons produced within the body and carried to the skin.

THE inner layer of the skin contains glands that secrete an oily substance which serves to keep the skin and hair in good condition. These are the sebaceous glands and are found in large numbers over the face and scalp. If the oil is not frequently removed by washing, it gives an oily, greasy appearance to the face or hair. On the face the glands often become plugged with dirt or dust and form little black spots, commonly called blackheads, which are a source of much embarrassment to girls and boys. Blackheads can be removed by steaming the face, washing with a mild alkaline soap and gently squeezing the pores. When the glands in the scalp secrete too little oil, the skin becomes dry and scaly, and the condition known as dandruff results. When too much oil is secreted, the hair becomes greasy.

Sweat-glands are also found in the true skin and they have several important functions. Their chief use is to secrete a water-like fluid known as sweat or perspiration. This process goes on continually in healthy persons, but under ordinary conditions is evaporated as rapidly as it is secreted and is thus not noticed. A large and visible amount of perspiration is secreted as a result of exercise, hot weather, warm clothing, fever, or general weakness, for then the glands become more active, largely on account of the greater amount of blood flowing through these glands. The cooling of the skin by the evaporation of the perspiration is one of Nature's methods of controlling and maintaining the normal temperature of the body.

Another function of the sweat-glands is the elimination of body poisons and waste. The necessity of this elimination of waste and poisonous products was illustrated in the school physiologies of many years ago by the story of a small child whose body was entirely covered with gold-foil at a time when Queen Elizabeth was to be welcomed on her entrance to London. This gold-foil covered and sealed the outlets of the sweat-glands and prevented the discharge of their poisons, and as a result the child died.

In babies these sweat-glands are very active, and the excess of perspiration often irritates the pores so that a fine rash is produced which is called prickly heat. Woolen underwear keeps the skin warm and induces perspiration, while the fine fibers of the wool irritate the moist skin. This accounts for the location of the rash on the throat and abdomen where the wool comes in most direct contact with the skin. The sweat-glands in the scalp produce a great deal of perspiration when the body is overheated or weakened by a condition known as rickets. There is generally more sweating on the back of the head where it rests on a pillow. This is one of the very early sign of rickets.

It is rather a remarkable fact that a baby has over three times as much skin or surface area in proportion to his body weight as an adult. This has an important practical bearing in the care, bathing and clothing of a baby, as the skin is the chief organ concerned with the production, maintenance and regulation of heat. Therefore greater caution must be taken in exposing babies and young children to inclement weather and to extremes of heat and cold.

The larger area of the skin in children, the greater activity of its various glands and the more rapid circulation of blood produce more perspiration and execrete more waste material than in adults. When the pores become clogged so that these poisons are not removed, they cause rashes and eruptions on the skin. For this reason it is necessary to keep these pores open to promote the health of the child and to see that nothing interferes with the process of elimination of body wastes. The general health rules of life must be observed, such as careful diet and food habits, personal hygiene, care of the mouth and teeth, abundance of rest, outdoor air and exercise.

THE hygiene of the skin itself is concerned chiefly with cleanliness. Regular bathing not only removes dirt from the skin, but opens and cleanses the pores of the oil and sweat glands, stimulates the circulation and refreshes the nerves. A hot bath with water of a temperature of about 100 degrees Fahrenheit for ten or fifteen minutes twice a week with a good lather from a mild alkaline soap will remove the oily secretions and the products of perspiration from the skin and keep it in good condition. A daily cool water bath at a temperature of about 80 degrees Fahrenheit for a few minutes cleanses the skin and produces a healthy warm glow after the bath which not only is invigorating but is an excellent preventive against colds. In little babies the evacuations from the bladder and the bowels are apt to irritate the delicate skin if the diapers are not removed directly after soiling. These parts should be carefully washed after changing, and should be thoroughly dried and powdered with a good, unscented talcum powder.

A very painful eruption which may lead to raw, sore points of ulceration is sometimes found in the diaper region and is the result of irritation from wet diapers which have a strong odor of ammonia. The ammonia usually is not passed in the urine but is the result of the action of an acid urine on the alkali left in the diapers from the soap used in washing and not entirely removed in rinsing. In these cases the diapers must be more thoroughly rinsed after washing and not left on the baby after soiling. The parts can be cleansed with mineral oil and protected with some mild antiseptic ointment. Exposure to the air helps to clear up this very unpleasant eruption.

It is well to remember that exposure to the direct rays of the sun will heal many disorders of the skin. The healing property is found in the ultra-violet or actinic rays, which are filtered out when they pass through ordinary window-glass. The tanning of the skin by these rays gives it a remarkable resistence to infections. The sun treatment is now very generally used in the treatment of rickets and in all kinds of tuberculosis in children. There are a number of special sun sanitoria in this country and in Europe where the children under treatment live out-of-doors practically stark naked in Winter as well as in Summer. They play in the snow in Nature's garb and they gain in strength and vitality, make complete cures and never catch "cold" or develop pneumonia. Colds are more prevalent among children who are over-dressed and live in over-heated rooms during the Winter and who do not get enough sunshine or out-of-door life.

ECZEMA in babies is rather a common disorder and one that distresses not only the infants so afflicted but their parents and relatives. There are a number of different inflammations of the skin included under the term eczema. A frequent form in fat, well-nourished and often overnourished breast-fed babies appears on both cheeks and is called facial eczema. There may be a good deal of inflammation of the skin with oozing of fluid which forms hard crusts. This may spread all over the face and extend into the scalp and is most disfiguring. The causes are not definitely known, but they are concerned in some way with the nutrition of the body. In some cases the mother's milk is too rich, as a result of her eating too much and exercising too little. But when these babies are weaned from the breast on this account and put on artificial feeding the condition does not always improve. It is sometimes caused by too much sugar or too much fat in the food. Some babies with facial eczema pass very acid urine, and when this acidity is reduced by medicine and diet the skin shows improvement. There are certain elements in food called proteins which, when absorbed into the blood, produce irritation and an eruption of the skin which is often called eczema. Physicians can make skin tests with various proteins to determine whether any particular one is responsible for the eruptions. Then the elimination from the diet of the mother or the baby of the food containing the offending protein is supposed to cure the eczema. Unfortunately while brilliant results are sometimes obtained, yet in most cases this does not seem to affect the course of the disease. This encouragement, however, can be given to mothers of babies suffering from eczema: in very rare

Concluded on page 54

OFF TO SCHOOL!

Just a postage stamp may help you keep your little students sturdy and well, and put them near the head of their class. Your letter, with a two-cent stamp for postage, will bring you our FREE leaflets — "The School Lunch" and "Making Homework Count."

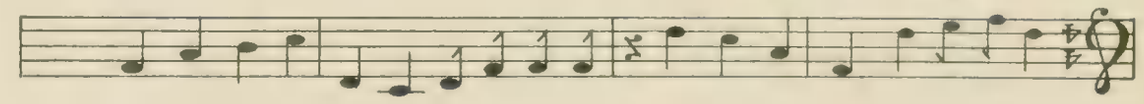
"The School Lunch" tells you how to organize a simple community plan for school luncheons, gives you food plans for the cold lunch, the hot dishes, the mid-morning feeding, and recipes for some nourishing dishes.

Angelo Patri, the great educator who has written on this subject for THE DELINEATOR, in the leaflet "Making Homework Count," shows what the sympathetic help of father and mother can do for the youthful scholar.

Other booklets that mothers of the school child should have are THE DELINEATOR Service bulletins on "The School Child," "Mental Health of the Child" and "The Development of Personality." They will be sent promptly on receipt of the price—ten cents for each one.

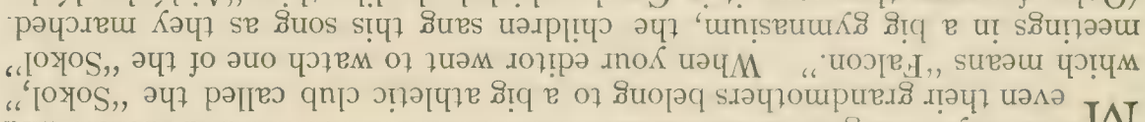
And every month—if you join the Happy Child Club for mothers of the School Child—you will receive a personal letter from Doctor Shaw, guiding you in the training, feeding and care of your youngster as he grows. Membership in this club is only fifty cents a year and the first letter will be sent you immediately upon receipt of your membership dues.

Address The Happy Child Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

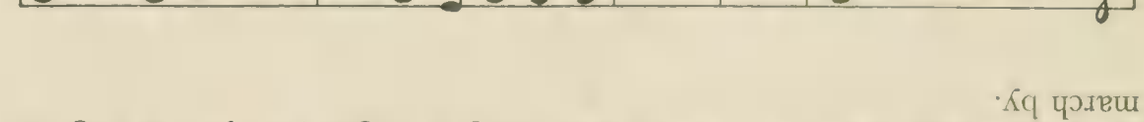


Oh where the fair - est mead - ows lie, Grass - es green are grow-ing, grow-ing high! Hol

Oh look! from moun-tain spring as pure as I, as I, A lit - tle mead - ow brook



is flow - ing, flow - ing by, Oh look! from moun-tain spring as pure as I, as I,



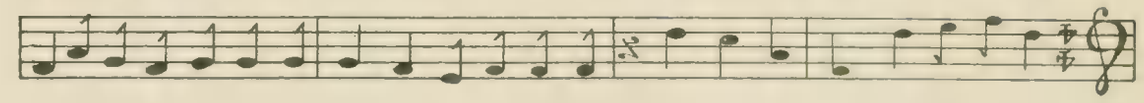
A lit - tle mead-ow brook is flow - ing by.



OH WHERE THE FAIREST MEADOWS LIE

An Old Czech Song from Across the Sea

MOST boys and girls in Czechoslovakia and their mothers and fathers and even their grandmothers belong to a big athletic club called the "Sokol," which means "Falcon." When your editor went to watch one of the "Sokol" meetings in a big gymnasium, the children sang this song as they marched. (Only of course they sang it in Czech, which looks like this: "Ај lúcka, lúcka zelaná, roste na ni tráva.") Here is the song in English, for you to sing and march by.



Oh where the fair - est mead-ows lie, Grass-es green are grow-ing, Grass-es green are grow-ing,

A Wonder Clock of Prague

ON A tower in Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia, stands a wonderful clock, hundreds of years old. This clock not only tells the hour, but the season and the month of the year as well. Figures on it move whenever the hour strikes, a bell rings, the cock crows, two doors open and the figures of Christ and His Apostles go by. The machinery inside is so complicated that when it got out of order no one knew how to make it go, and the Wonder Clock was still for two hundred years, until at last a clever clock-maker started it again. At all hours during the day, in the street before the clock-tower, people stand waiting to watch the hour strike. Your editor saw it three times.

Here is a picture of the Wonder Clock. Cut out the two doors. Cut out the notched circle, or if you do not want to spoil your LITTLE DELINEATOR, copy or trace it exactly the same size on stiff paper or pasteboard. Copy and color the twelve figures. With a paper - fastener inserted through the red spot on the face of the clock fasten the circle through the middle, on the other side of this page. As you turn it, the figures will go by the cut-out doors as they do in the real clock.

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

SEPTEMBER 1925

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN NUMBER

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF

MY LITTLE PAGE





Your editor took a picture of the Deli-sign in Prague

MILE DETI:
(that is "Dear children" in Czech.)

First I want to explain about Deli-bear's adventure—your editor really did find the Deli sign and the Deli candy-store, near my hotel in Prague, 'way over here in Czechoslovakia! So I took this picture to prove it was true. I would have bought Deli-candy for your prize, but it would have grown stale before it reached the winner. So instead I found this game of nine-pins, made by Czech children in a club called "The Little Legion." And what do you suppose those boys and girls were doing the afternoon I went to visit their "Little Legion" club-house? Laughing over an American movie—Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna!"

Good-by till next month. Please try for the contest. Don't forget to send for your September Deli-Club Secret Letter.

Your editor in Czechoslovakia,
HARRIET IDE EAGER.



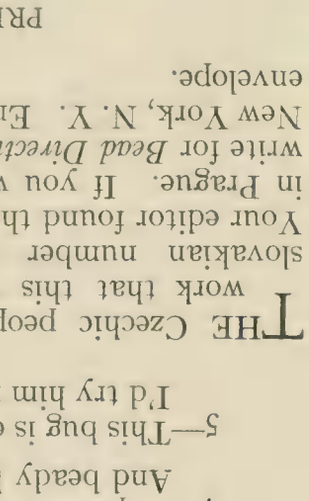
WIN THIS GAME FROM FAR AWAY

These nine-pins will be given as a prize for the most interesting letter telling what you like best in this LITTLE DELINEATOR and why. *Second prize* — this month's cover, framed. Contest closes September 20. Address Czech Contest, LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.



BE SURE TO FIND CZECHOSLOVAKIA ON YOUR MAP OF EUROPE. ON BEFORE-THE-WAR MAPS IT IS CALLED BOHEMIA

Copyright, 1925, by The Butterick Publishing Company.



Bright Bugs and Beasts from Czechic Lands
All Made by Clever Czechic Hands,
For You to Copy—Jills and Jacks —
With Wire and Beads and Sealing-Wax!

1—A pop-eyed monk, all green and sweet
From beady tail to beady feet. 1

2—Blue and green and red and yellow
Proudly stands this peacock fellow.

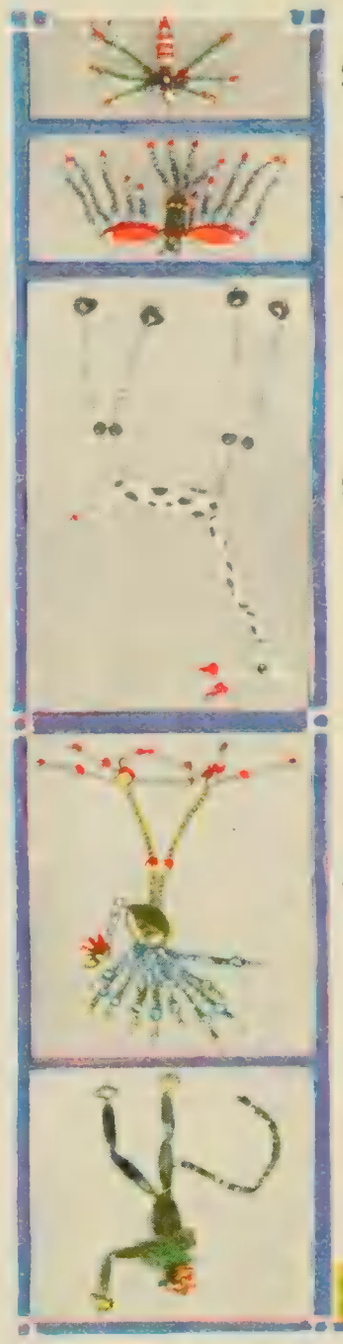
3—A timid chap, poor pale giraffe—
You'll hurt his feelings if you laugh!

4—A queerish bird with two red wings
And beady beak that never sings. 2

5—This bug is easier to do—
I'd try him first if I were you.

THE work that this would not be a real Czechoslovakian number without something to make. Your editor found these bead bugs, birds and beasts in Prague. If you want to help in copying them, write for *Bead Directions*, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

3



4

5

6

PRIZE-WINNERS

1924—*September Cover Contest:* Dalton E. Lotz, Altoona, Pa. *October Cover Contest:* Carola Loos, East Orange, N. J. *November Puzzle:* First prize—William Preston, Jr., E. Cleveland, O. Second prize—Mary R. Hefnstall, Albany, N. Y. *December Christmas-Gift Contest.* First prize—Lillias Davis, St. Peter, Minn. Second prize—Eula Gould, Carrollton, O.

1925—*January Christmas-Gift Contest:* First prize—Marjorie Pickett, Kansas City, Mo. Second prize—Virginia Russell, Oxford, Pa. Third prize—Reba Messer, Tyler, Tex. *February Cover Contest:* Helen Jenkins, Everett, Wash. *March Circus Puzzle:* First prize—Joan Adams, Kelowna, British Columbia. Second prize—Ruth Schwartz, Fort Wayne, Ind. *April Rainy Day Contest:* First prize—Jean MacKenzie, Ottawa, Ontario. Second prize—Ruby L. Buchanan, Waukon, Wash.



Courtesy of Czechoslovakian Red Cross

The Castle of the Cats

A LEGEND OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

ONCE upon a time, in an old castle-fort near Black Hill there lived a rich King and his daughter. Eleven fair maidens waited upon the Princess, but she was herself so fair and so good that she shone among them like the sun in the heavens. And all in the Castle were happy and God blessed them, because they were kind to the poor.

But one day a Witch and her ugly son came to live on Black Hill above the Dark Valley, and they were jealous of all happiness and plotted evil against the Castle. But every day the Princess and her maidens went walking in the sunshine, for they were safe so long as they did not climb Black Hill nor wander into the Dark Valley. And as they went, they blew sweetly upon little horns of gold, so the sight was fair to see.

Now the Witch's ugly son saw the sweet sight and heard the sweet sound and he followed the Princess at a distance, until his ugly heart nearly shriveled up with love, and he ran home to his mother and teased and whined and gave her no peace until she promised to get the King's daughter into her power.

So the Witch turned herself into a strange and beautiful bird, and flew ahead of the maidens above the Dark Valley. But the Princess did not follow. Then she turned into a strange and beautiful beast, and ran ahead in the underbrush. But the Princess did not follow. Finally she hid in the woods and played such strange and beautiful music as was never before heard by human ear. But the Princess only laughed, and returned safe to the Castle with her maidens.

How the old Witch shook with rage, and her ugly son grew uglier and more shriveled day by day!

One afternoon, as the Princess and her eleven maidens rode forth upon their twelve beautiful steeds, in the sunshine above the Dark Valley, they heard far below a pitiful sound of weeping as of some poor soul in distress. Their kind

hearts were touched; they forgot all danger and galloped down to the rescue.

Suddenly, dark shadows began to close about them and one of the maidens cried in terror: "Alas, we are in the Dark Valley. It is the Witch who led us here!"

Back they turned, and rode at breakneck speed, but it was too late. Close on their heels came the old Witch, while her ugly son galloped grinning behind.

Then the frightened Princess remembered a holy man living near by, who might be able to save them. "To the hermit's cave!" she called, and madly they rode, till the sparks hissed under their horses' hoofs. But ever closer came the Witch.

That was a wild race! Hearing the clatter of hoofs, the old hermit ran from his cave. He saw the terrible danger of the Princess, but he had no power to set her free, but only to lighten the spell, when it should fall.

Now the Witch had caught up with the maidens and raised her black wand to strike. Suddenly the Princess sprang from her horse, turned, and fell headlong down the steep cliff into the valley below. Before the Witch could speak, the hermit had cried in a loud voice: "She shall turn into a pillar of rock and stand until there comes this way a youth of generous heart and pure soul who is worthy to set her free."

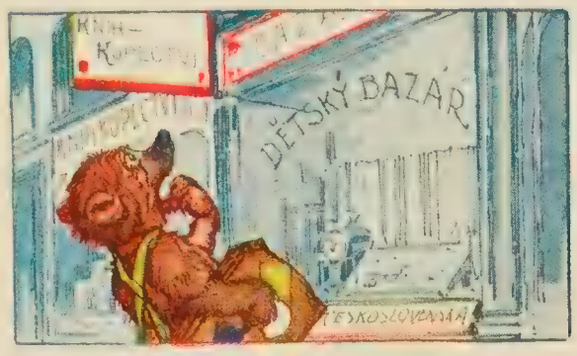
How the Witch's ugly son shrieked and yelled and how his mother stamped her big feet with rage! The Witch turned and fiercely she struck the eleven maidens with her wand; they vanished, and eleven pretty little cats ran mewing and meowing to the Castle. Since that day, it has been called the Castle of the Cats, and always at midnight may be heard a loud mewing and meowing. The Witch herself became a bird of prey, and each night she circles over the Castle of the Cats, shrieking hideously. As for her ugly son, no doubt he shriveled up completely. But the pillar of rock still stands in the valley, waiting for the youth of generous heart and pure soul worthy to set her free.

An old shepherd who lives near Black Hill and the Castle of the Cats told this legend to one of the editors of the Czechoslovakian Junior Red Cross Magazine, who let us have it for THE LITTLE DELINEATOR.

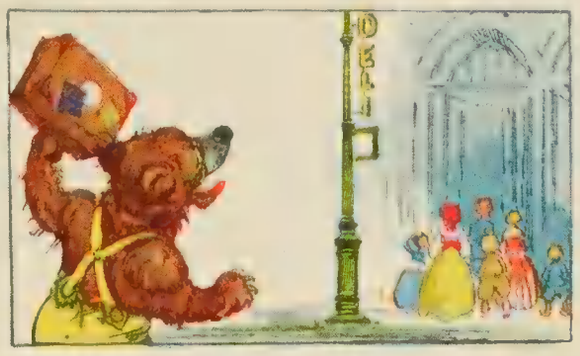
DELI BEAR IN THE CAPITAL CITY



1—Poor Deli-bear is lost in Prague and
can not ask his way,
For not a word of Checkish talk has Deli
learned to say.



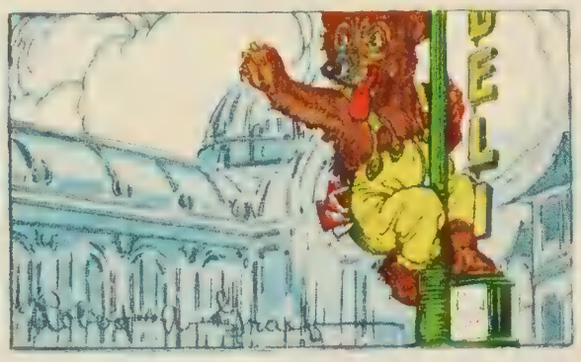
2—Such funny upside-downish signs on
every house and street;
But which means what, and which tells
where is something good to eat?



3—Oh, ho! he spies upon a post—D-E-L-I—
and more,
A window full of Deli-sweets—a Deli candy-store!



4—He only orders: "Deli!" and the sales-
girl understands.
With Deli-sweets of every size she fills his
Deli-hands.



5—So tummy full and pockets full, and
feeling fit and fine,
"Hurray for Prague!" our hero cries and
climbs the Deli-sign.



6—While Checkish children laugh to watch
a bear, with might and main,
A-throwing Deli-badges down, and Deli-
sweets like rain!

Little Ships for Decoration

By MARGARET MOCHRIE

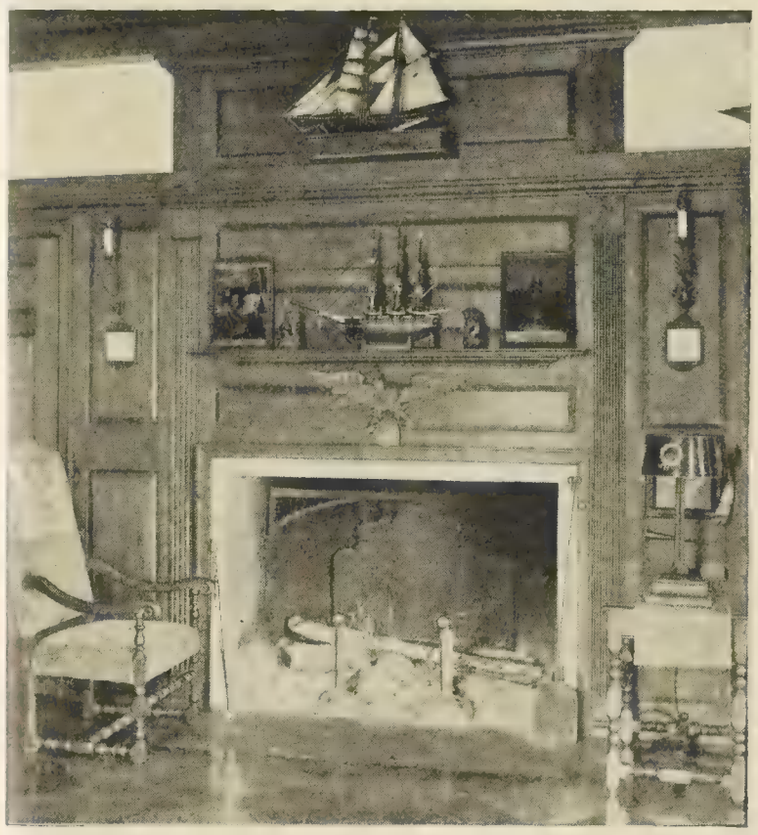
Department of Home Building and Furnishings
Directed by MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well! the harbor would not hold
So many ships as there would be
If all my ships came home from sea.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

And if they didn't?—Well, then you could have one of these entrancing little models of gallant seafarers. Our House Decoration Department will tell you where their harbors are, if you'll write, enclosing a stamped envelope, to THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*

AFTER seeing the fascinating miniature old ships, one wonders how they could have escaped the attention of interior decorators for so long; for they add immeasurably to the distinction and individuality of a room and are as colorful as they are interesting. What could be more fitting, for instance, in a house of old English architecture, than a ship—perhaps a model of one



Ships, emblems of adventure and romance, bring the allure of sea-swept shores to the stay-at-home's fireplace

which helped scatter the Armada for Queen Elizabeth—sailing gallantly above the fireplace? Or a tiny replica of the *Mayflower* on a brass-bound chest in the hall?

There is almost no limit to the different types which may be had. They are as numerous as the kinds of ships that have sailed the seven seas. There are gay Spanish galleons, their sails adorned with brilliant coats of arms. There are romantic Chinese junks, with strange carvings and lantern-hung decks. There are French ships of the time of Louis XV, lavishly decorated in gilt, and Flemish and Dutch fishing-smacks, rugged and brown, with a sturdy charm all their own. And there are the breezy clipper ships, which made much of our own adventurous history.

It is only recently that ship models have found their way into homes as purely decorative objects. Until a short time ago they were confined, for the most part, to museums, to small private collections, and to the families of seafaring folk who kept in the "best parlor," along with the wax flowers and the plush-covered picture album, a little model that grandfather, or perhaps great-grandfather, made of his own ship. Often, in their spare moments at sea, sailors carved and fitted together little replicas of the vessels in which they sailed. Although these are sometimes faulty in detail and proportion, particularly with regard to the parts of the boat that are not readily visible from the deck where the workman sat,



Here a seventeenth-century British frigate rides gallantly at anchor under a winding stair



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

An original model, this—and in a state of perfect preservation

they are more decorative than many which are mechanically correct, and are sought after for their artistic value. Besides being kept as mementoes of past voyages, these models were often placed in churches as votive offerings.

The scale models are more or less elaborate. Those used as construction guides were at first finely executed and decorated by some of the best artists. Later they degenerated into plainer objects. Some models were presented as gifts to reigning sovereigns or to certain important nobles. Boxwood, ebony, pear wood and ivory were among the materials used in fashioning them. Exquisite carving decorated the decks and cabins. It is not unusual to find a small ship model with such items as parquet floors, real glass windows, fine inlay work, and doors complete even to the hinges. A model of a brig called *The Great Patience*—and what great patience must have gone into the making of it!—is correct down to the most minute detail. Pots and pans hang in the galley, and the tiny bunks are fitted with blankets. There are even locks and keys for the cabin doors! One can readily believe the story that the retired Portuguese seaman who built the boat went mad worrying over what was to become of his treasure after his death.

The number of really old ship models available at the present time is limited. Some of the little ships have been lost and broken, and the most valuable of those that remain are in museums. The Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts, contains the oldest collection in the United States. There are some interesting specimens at India House, New York, and some good ones at the Metropolitan Museum. But probably the finest collection in the world belongs to the Louvre in Paris.

Private collections of ship models are a comparatively recent development, but they are rapidly increasing in number. The collecting fad has naturally sent the prices of good ship models soaring; models which used to be obtainable for twenty-five dollars now sell for far up into the hundreds. The *Britannia*, a man-of-war, built in Chatham in 1682, recently brought seven thousand dollars, and other ships have gone for five, ten, twenty, and even as high as thirty thousand dollars.

So, if you are fortunate enough to have inherited or



This quaint sloop model stands out decoratively against its window horizon

have acquired a good original model, cherish it as you would a Rembrandt. But even if you haven't, you need not entirely despair of owning a decorative ship. Replicas of models of many historically important ships, such as the *Santa Maria* and the *Mayflower* and the *Bon Homme Richard*, and of many different types of vessels, have been made by modern workmen, both amateur and professional, and may be had at reasonable prices. For the slender pocketbook there are inexpensive models flattened at both sides. They are full-rigged, but are wrought with less detail than the others. Hanging against a plain wall, they are very effective and colorful.

On the whole, it is more satisfactory to buy a good modern copy that is artistic and graceful in line than an antique which is in poor condition or badly made.

An authority on the subject told me that the safest small boat to purchase is an American clipper ship. This type is easily recognizable, and the modern models are usually well-proportioned. However, for some reason—perhaps because of the greater demand for them—they are more expensive than models of other kinds.

Spanish galleons and seventeenth and eighteenth century English ships are attractive, and so are the more elaborate Chinese junks and French vessels. The wisest plan is to choose the model which best suits the house and the room it is to decorate.



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

Growing up politely

By ELSIE C. MEAD

THOUGH the teaching of table manners seems to be the crux of definite child training, probably because bad manners are more noticeable, and therefore more objectionable, at the table than anywhere else, the mother's responsibility for teaching courtesy does not end with the dessert. To raise children who will behave at all times, as Gilbert and Sullivan express it, "most politely" will require constant attention to all the little amenities of daily life.

The question of when children should rise is safely met by the rule that they should always do so when older people enter a room, whether friends, family or strangers. If the older person is running in and out he can relieve the child of this duty by telling him to keep his seat. Strangely enough, there seems to be a feeling in some quarters that this common courtesy is servile. Recently a trustee of a very large educational institution was being shown around the new dormitories by the dean; when they entered one of the sitting-rooms where two students were reading, the students did not budge, and later the trustee inquired of the dean about this lack of respect. The dean's reply was that he had taught the students to pay no attention to him, as, he explained, "I like to be considered one of them. I think it is more democratic." With such false ideas promulgated by the heads of our institutions, it is easy to understand the difficulties of instilling courtesy in the young. As a matter of fact it is the A B C of good breeding to rise when any one enters the room in which you are sitting. In this case the office of dean carried with it a dignity which should have been acknowledged.

One of the precious early lessons to be taught and one that helps children after they enter the larger world of adult life is to learn unfailing courtesy to employees and domestics, or people of a different social status. "Good morning" and "good night" smooths many a path, and children will unknowingly copy parents who are careful in this direction. All orders to employees should be courteous requests; children should learn that imperious demands are ill-bred and unbecoming. A respect also for the hours of employees does not come amiss; a child who learns that on certain days he can not expect the services of his nurse or the sympathetic aid of a "general girl" learns a useful lesson in consideration for others. In this connection a mother without the help of a maid should plan her day so that she can have a rest hour, and a child, even a little tot, can be taught to respect that time and learn to amuse himself while mother takes the rest that she so much needs. Don't feel you are asking too much of your youngster to consider you; this is the easiest time for him to form this habit of thinking, and you are depriving him of what is his due, if you don't give him the chance to project his thoughts away from himself.

TEACH your children the laws of hospitality; a guest should have the best of everything you have to offer. Children should particularly be taught to feel the responsibility of what is due a guest of their own age; the ideal little host gives up the nicest of everything to his visitor. If it is a question between a bed and a cot, he gives the guest the bed; he also gives him the best hook on which to hang his clothes and lets him have first say in choosing their games.

Courteous manners sit so gracefully on children who have absorbed them early and without self-consciousness. Teach yours to hold open doors and allow the adults to pass before them in or out. Always have your child escort a guest to the front door in order to perform this service.

Your children usually love to use the telephone, but they should be taught to speak courteously at it or suffer the pain of not being allowed to answer it; note the casual "yup" and "what" and "wait," without any prefix. Telephone manners always recall to me the story of a green office-boy, just employed by a banking house in New York, who was asked to get Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan on the wire for the head of his firm. After he had connected with the Morgan office, his horrified employer heard him say, "J. P. to the phone, please."

Never let cruelty to animals get any headway with your youngsters; it is a basis for cruelty in all forms. Teach them respect for old age. Lucky the children who have grandparents they can know, but failing that, contact with people two generations older than they helps to breed reverence if their parents make it a point to instil it. Train your children to leave the most comfortable chairs for their elders, and also impress on them never to pass between two people talking together, even if it means a long way around.



TEACH YOUR CHILDREN COURTESY TO VISITORS

In a house where no maids are kept, a child can be most useful in learning to help to serve gracefully at the table, remembering to pass food always on the left side and never to cross the arm in front of a person to remove anything from the further side.

At the movies or the theater or church, children should learn to step forward and hold open doors, to stand aside and allow the older people to take their seats first. In church it is often welcome for the younger eyes to find the place in the hymnals or prayer-books and hand the book on before doing the same thing for themselves. This should apply to a visiting stranger in the pew as well as to the family.

TEACHING your children the proper form for introductions will give them an ease in this matter that is hard to acquire later. At a friend's house the other day I found the young daughter of nine in the living-room with a playmate and after I had greeted her she said, "Mrs. Mead, this is my friend, Sarah Jones." Immediately we were all friendly and at home; introductions break down awkward barriers and should never be omitted. The woman's or older person's name should always be mentioned first, as "Mrs. Star, may I present Alfred Barnes." Never should children acquire ill-bred alternatives such as, "Shake hands with Alfred Barnes," "Mrs. Star, meet my friend, Alfred Barnes." Boys should learn that they must always remove the right-hand glove before shaking hands, and after the first salutation on the street it is not necessary for the young man to keep his hat off while talking to a woman.

At a party young boys should feel their responsibility, for by their thoughtfulness and willingness to put themselves out a bit they can make a lagging party "go." A little unselfishness towards the less popular girls by all the boys at a party would not fall very heavily on the individual boy and certainly would lighten the burden of the hostess. No party is a really joyous one if only the very popular dancers whirl about and there is left an outer fringe of wallflowers. I actually heard a boy refuse his hostess's request to dance with a certain girl at a party in New York not long ago. This struck me as the very acme of bad bringing-up. The fear of being "stuck" with a girl seems to obliterate any thought of obligation, and it does suggest that a vast improvement could be made in the system of conducting dancing parties. A group of ushers especially chosen to be responsible for introductions and relieving each other by dancing with the girls who have fewer partners is one way to make a party give more pleasure. The young male of to-day, when it comes to dances, believes the world revolves about him, and he is often insufferably self-important. Mothers have a real task with their growing sons to have them keep their perspective as regards themselves.

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When George and Mary wish to marry

By

MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER and FLORA ROSE

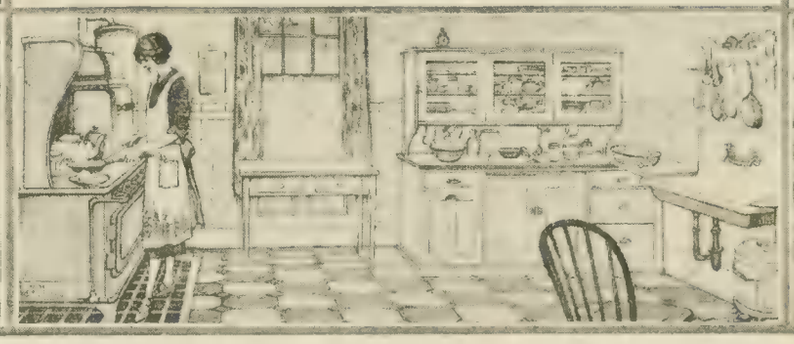
Home-making Department

Directed by MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the New York State College of Home Economics, Cornell University











CAN YOU AFFORD TO MARRY?

Perhaps you could live on his salary if you planned your expenditures with a careful eye. Martha Van Rensselaer and Flora Rose have gathered a wealth of information from families within every range of income. The series of articles of which this is the first will give you in practical, helpful form the results of their study. Each article in turn will help you with your food budget, your clothing plans, your home-buying and house-furnishing allowance—every item of household and family expense will be scrutinized and given its proper place in the budget. When you make your own budget, send for our leaflet which gives you a suggestive division of items. It's a valuable guide and the first step you should take in budgeting. When we mail it, we will include, too, an interesting incentive to budget-making—the leaflet that shows you "How Money Makes Money." A two-cent stamp for postage will bring you both of them. Address the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

MARY and George wish to marry for the age-old reason that they have fallen in love with each other. They are asking themselves—and us—"How much of an income should two people have if they wish to begin housekeeping together, and what will it cost to raise a family? Should there be some protection in the way of savings or investments to fall back on, or is it reasonably safe to marry now without such protection?"

What too often happens with young people is that blindfolded by romance they set out together without map or compass on an uncharted sea to come through whatever perils beset them as best they may. We shall never advise our Marys and Georges to run away from risk or hardship or sacrifice. These are ordeals through which youth needs to pass. Our concern is not to halt these two ardent young people, but to get them ready to meet their difficulties; to unblindfold them and teach them to face the risks they will run. This will not keep them from sailing, but it may keep many of them from shipwreck.

The details of what any family must spend to maintain itself in comfort and decency may be gathered under five main headings:

(1) *Food*, which includes not only cost of all raw materials, but also cost of meals eaten away from home and cost of ice.

(2) *Clothing*, which includes cost of materials used in making, cost of ready-made clothes and of repairs, cleaning and pressing.

(3) *Housing*, which includes rent, if a house is rented; interest on investment, insurance, taxes and cost of upkeep, if a house is purchased; and includes in either case cost of upkeep of grounds. It includes also furnishings and any cost of transportation incurred in going back and forth to business and to school.

(4) *Operating*, which includes heat, light and water; telephone and telegrams and postage; fuel for cooking; all cleaning supplies; small working equipment; laundry; service.

(5) *Development*, which includes health, recreation and vacations; education; personal expenses; charities and benevolence; savings in all forms.

There is truly nothing simple about this problem of the cost of living. It is too much tied up with all the other intricate problems of human life, such as strength of character, tastes, standards, desires, social customs, and knowledge and skill in home-making, ever to be other than difficult.

Marriage is a partnership in which each member of the firm has special duties and needs special training. In this partnership it is the right and obligation of the man and woman to determine together the expenditures for the common good of the family. It is also the right of each to be independent in personal expenditures.

Safety in marriage demands a long look into the future. Gaze forward into the years and see if you can finance the housing, clothing and feeding of a family, and the rearing and educating of children.

Marriage can be successful even on a small salary if the parties are thrifty, vigorous, self-sacrificing and courageous—able to find their way through the essentials and non-essentials of life.

Martha Van Rensselaer

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THE only way to give two young people any fundamental assistance in this problem of the cost of living is to set up before them some standard which they may use as a measuring-rod. The measuring device we have attempted here is that amount of money which will, on the average, if carefully spent, provide safety, decency and a reasonable amount of comfort and development. Such a device includes low standards of comfort, and does not take into account any real luxury. The attempts we have made to show how to figure costs must be regarded largely as guides and not as rules.

What must Mary and George spend for food? To provide a dietary that will give the greatest measure of health protection from food, not less than eighty cents a day is necessary for raw food materials for two grown persons. This small amount spent for right foods means a wholesome diet, but a monotonous, uninteresting and unvaried one. It restricts eating to eating to live. A dollar to a dollar and ten cents a day for two adults with knowledge and skill will buy raw food materials for a simple, plain diet with a few spots of interest. A dollar and a half a day for raw food materials for two adults will permit some food luxuries; two dollars a day for two adults, skilfully spent, will provide raw material for food luxuries as well as necessities. To furnish anything like an appealing and at the same time adequate diet, however, these young people should count on not less than fifty cents a day apiece or a dollar a day or thirty dollars a month to buy the raw food materials.

What shall Mary and George spend for clothes? Nowhere can we find any satisfactory basis for agreement on a clothing standard. All we can do is to summarize the budgets we have had given to us by various friends who are maintaining a fair to good appearance on modest incomes.

Mary, if skilful, may maintain the wardrobe decently but meagerly for a hundred and fifty dollars a year for herself, and a hundred and twenty-five dollars for George. With two hundred dollars for herself and one hundred and fifty dollars for George, plus her skill in making, making over and keeping in repair, the two may be simply but attractively clothed. With three hundred dollars for Mary and two hundred and twenty-five dollars for George, they may begin to rise into the well-dressed class; but this larger amount still means a very modest wardrobe for each. To maintain a standard of clothes which will give them not only comfort but reasonable satisfaction in looking well, it is hardly safe to plan on less than two hundred dollars a year for Mary and one hundred and fifty dollars for George, and this means that Mary must do no inconsiderable work on her own wardrobe and some on George's. If Mary can not sew, they must count on spending much more than this. Exceptions to these allowances may be made in warm climates, where the cost of clothing may be reduced.

What must Mary and George spend for housing?

If Mary and George marry with the idea of having a family, they must anticipate choosing shelter for one or two children at least. While it might be possible for just the two of them to live in two rooms or three rooms, they must be ready to think ahead to a larger need. Rents

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The Curving Bow

By

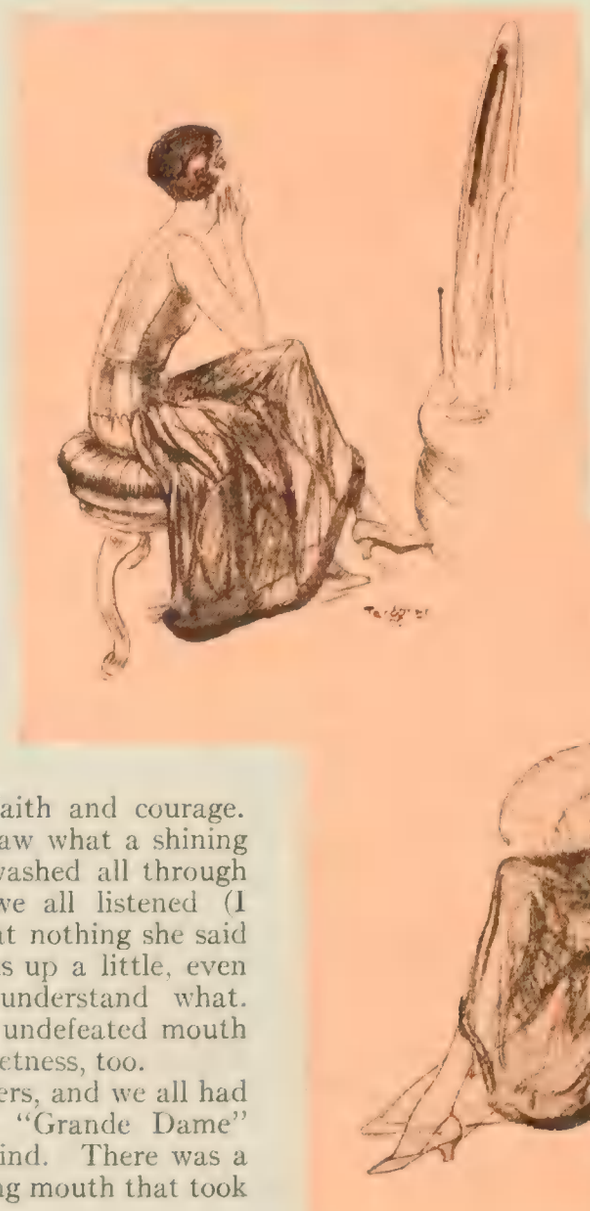
CELIA CAROLINE COLE

WHERE IS YOUR MOUTH?

Is it with you in the living present? Or does it go back to collect the records of old defeats and grim sorrows? Your face can not look alive unless your mouth is alive with you. Your lips may be dry and discolored when they should have a silky softness. You may unknowingly grimace when you talk. Your teeth, and tongue and breath—all these are factors in the beauty of "The Curving Bow." Ask for Mrs. Cole's leaflet on the "Care of the Mouth." She will be glad to answer any other questions on beauty too. Just write to her, at THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, enclosing a two-cent stamp for return postage.



FOUR women stood on a corner. One of them was the kind to whom, or around whom, nothing awful ever happened; you could feel smooth, wide driveways all through her life; no rough, pioneer paths. Her eyes were keen with intelligence, but her full, red mouth drooped at the corners like plumes that had started out in sunshine and had got caught in a rain. The second woman was a writer—an impressionistic person; no clear lines nor colors, mystical—born for luxury and love. Her eyes were velvet and moonlight and her mouth was a "sweet, red, splendid, kissing mouth." The third was a writer, too. She looked tired and there was a grim, fighting look hidden somewhere back of her eyes, and her slim little body drooped with weariness. But her mouth was like a banner, flung joyously out, marching to victory, singing with faith and courage. When you looked at her mouth, you saw what a shining little thing she was—like something washed all through with light. And when she spoke we all listened (I was the fourth), because we knew that nothing she said would pull us down, but would lift us up a little, even though we didn't believe or quite understand what. The strength and sweetness of that undefeated mouth came out in words of strength and sweetness, too.



All four of us were wives and mothers, and we all had "jobs" and worked at them. The "Grande Dame" since the war had lost faith in mankind. There was a hopelessness and ennui in that drooping mouth that took the heart out of you.

The second one had kept her soft "Cupid's curves" because she believed that warm, individual, human love was the one thing worth having and giving. She had known despair and failure, but nothing had hardened her because there was always human love somewhere for her into which she could creep and find new strength.

And the little shining one had known hunger and daily fear of death for the one person in the world dearest to her; she had carried a man's responsibilities in supporting a family, and she was still not "out of the woods" so far as work and a living were concerned. But she had faith—crystal, shining faith in a guiding intelligence; an unfailing love that you could go to and renew yourself.

And the secret thing of every one of us was revealed in our mouths. Eyes tell tales, too, but not so nakedly as do our mouths.

You are discontented or disillusioned; your pliant mouth drops its corners the way a scolded dog drops his poor little tail. You are vain; your mouth flattens into shallowness. You are generous in your judgments and actions; your mouth keeps its curve and takes on a warm, human, understanding expression, and laughter waits in the corners. You are grim with fighting against the blows life gives most of us; your mouth straightens out into an endurance line, thin and grim. You love good food and luxury and caresses; your mouth becomes sensuous and a bit coarsened. You adopt a philosophy of "All is good" and get it no further into your life than words, and your mouth takes on that thin, flat look of optimism that is worse than a droop, because it's artificial.

Whatever is going on inside of you is betraying you at your mouth.

There are quite a number of mechanical things to do to lift up the droop and banish the lines that come with drooping. Perhaps the best is five or ten minutes' molding at night from the sides of the chin up to under the eyes; not pushing, but pressing, lifting, pressing, lifting, pressing, lifting, by the two middle fingers of each hand; then from the sides of the chin to the temples, lifting and strengthening those muscles that control the corners of the mouth. When molding, have a good, rich cold-cream, a skin food, or cold-cream mixed with some one of the good muscle oils on the market, spread over the face. Then at the end, pat with an absorbent cotton-pad wet in ice-water, squeezed out, and wet with a tonic or an astringent. Then when you get in bed, consciously lift the mouth by thinking a smile, and take that thought-smile into peaceful sleep with you.

And don't go to sleep, please, with your thoughts sitting in a family circle discussing some problem, round and round and round. Send your thoughts off to play, and say to that unconscious mind in you that you don't use half enough, and that has stored in it all you need for every problem—say to it, "Mark me, you Mind-in-Me, give me that solution in the morning. You can. Thank you." Watch the corners of your mouth come up, relieved from tension and responsibility and fear. And watch, too, how many problems are solved by the morning answer!

Several of the beauty salons have mouth exercises, scientifically worked out to keep the face muscles supple and firm. Whistling is splendid for the mouth. Feel the whistle in your eyes as well as in your mouth.

A smile and silence are two of the most powerful charms in the world. A smile that understands, or challenges, or rejects, or reassures. Oh, so few words would be needed if people only understood the power and charm of a smile!

Very often there is a slight discoloration around the mouth. Always cleanse the mouth after eating, preferably with a bit of cold-cream on a dampened cotton-pad, or with warm water, if you prefer that. Then until all discoloration disappears, use one of the stinging circulation or combination creams the beauty manufacturers have proven to be so effective. It brings the blood up strongly and extracts yellow tones and brown shadows quite astonishingly. Do this four or five times a week, always putting on skin-food afterward for five or ten minutes; then wipe off and powder. It brings a velvety, cleansed, whiter look. Or use a mild bleach—a cream or lemon-juice; or if your skin is not too dry, pat with a lotion made half peroxide, half rain-water, holding the lips folded in, to protect their sensitiveness. Let the lotion dry on.

Deepening the pleasant little valley that runs from the nose to the center of the upper lip, adds to the curve of the mouth—the Cupid's bow. With thumb and forefinger bring together gently the curves of the upper lip; make a habit of this when you are reading, or having your scalp massaged, or listening to your youngest's spelling lesson.

All the sweetness and adventure and understanding in you should be in your mouth. You can have a nose that leads you around, and a skin that isn't at all luminous any more, and hair that is faded, and a certain look under the chin that every woman of forty knows, but if your mouth has kept its sweetness and sense of humor and generosity, you're a nice person, and he who runs may read.

All grown-up life is rather a snuffer. Dreams so rarely come true. But if you haven't lost your ability to dream, and have gained the courage to follow your dream, you aren't snuffed low. It's all there in your mouth—the struggle and the refusal to be snuffed out.

Just why a mouth is called a Cupid's bow I don't know, but if one could keep love in the heart, *brimming*, and a bit of mischief in the mind, just enough to make one play, and never forget that to neglect a moment's happiness is a crime punishable by law—the law of living, I think perhaps there would be more curving bows in the world. Don't you?



Drawing by Gustaf Tenggren

THERE ARE SEVERAL THINGS YOU CAN DO TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH A CURVING BOW; ONE OF THEM IS—NOT TO TAKE YOUR WORRIES TO DREAMLAND

Dressing Up the Everyday Dish

By WINIFRED MOSES

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

THE simplest dish gains interest if attractively garnished and appropriately served. A little extra time invested in dressing up the daily meals will yield ample returns both in the satisfaction experienced in having appealed to the eye as well as to the stomach and in the pleasure and appreciation of one's family and friends.

A very simple method of improving the appearance of the ordinary main hot dish is to arrange some of the vegetables or starchy foods in the form of a border with the meat in the center and the other vegetables as a garnish on the outside. Very simple meals present an attractive and festive appearance when served in this manner.

Perhaps the simplest and easiest border to prepare is one of mashed potato. To prepare this border, mash the potatoes thoroughly. Then add four tablespoons of hot milk or cream (some varieties of potatoes require more than this amount of moisture to make them of the right consistency) and two tablespoons of melted butter for each pint of mashed potatoes. Season with salt and beat with a fork until the mixture is light and fluffy. Place an oval, round or square pan, buttered on the outside, in the center of a hot platter. Shape a border of the potatoes around this and then remove the pan. Place a creamed meat, fish, eggs or vegetable within the border. Reheat the dish for a moment. Garnish it and serve.

To vary this border for a company dinner, add two egg-yolks to each pint of the seasoned mashed potatoes and mix well. Then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Shape in the same way as the plain potato border on a platter or chop-plate, or on a plank such as is employed for planked dishes, and place in a hot oven until the potatoes take on a delicate brown. Remove from the oven and fill the center with creamed fish, ham or ham *à la* king, and surround with a border of buttered onions or baby beets that have been reheated in melted butter and a little vinegar.

Another combination that is still more attractive and colorful is a ring of the potatoes filled with creamed chicken or eggs *à la* king, with an outside border of stuffed baked tomatoes or peppers. If a very festive dish for some special occasion is desired, put the hot mashed potatoes to which the eggs have been added into a pastry-bag. Set the greased pan in the center of a heat-resistant platter or plank and pipe the potato mixture around in ribbon form. Fill this with chicken *à la* king and surround it with a border of broiled mushrooms or buttered asparagus tips.

Sweet potatoes are prepared in the same way as white potatoes, except that the border should be brushed with the white of an egg before reheating in the oven.

Greens—spinach, dandelion, beet and turnip greens—present a more distinguished appearance when served either in a mound or in the form of a border. Put carefully cooked, well-seasoned, chopped greens in a hot, well-greased ring mold. Invert on a hot chop-plate. Fill with creamed or mashed potatoes or well-seasoned boiled rice and garnish with rings of hard-boiled eggs and slices of crisp bacon.

Greens to be used in borders must be thoroughly drained in order that no water drain from the border to detract from the appearance of the finished product. They can be more attractively arranged when dry.

The appearance of common cabbage or the often-despised sauerkraut may be improved greatly by this method of treatment. Arrange in the form of a ring, fill the center with fluffy white mashed potato piled high, and surround with a border of crisp sausage cakes or link sausages.

Rice also lends itself to the border treatment. Rinse the rice thoroughly in cold water and put it on to boil. While it is cooking, melt four tablespoons of butter in a saucepan, add one or two tablespoons each of finely minced onion, green pepper, red pepper and celery. Let this mixture simmer, with an occasional stirring, until the rice is ready. Add the drained rice. Mix the sauce in with the rice. Turn the whole into a well-greased hot ring mold. Invert on a hot platter. Remove the mold; fill the ring with curried salmon or eggs. Surround it with buttered cauliflower or slices of fried tomato. Creamed or minced dishes may also be served in the rice border.

Macaroni, spaghetti or noodles make excellent borders. These of course can not be molded, but they may be arranged on the outside of the platter or chop-plate. Serve them in an appetizing ring as a border for roast beef or mutton.

Macaroni makes an especially delicious border for a Swiss steak or pot roast cooked with tomato or creole sauce. When the steak or roast is done, arrange it in the center of a hot platter. Add the cooked macaroni to the sauce in the pan in which the meat was cooked and reheat, stirring lightly to prevent burning and to mix it thoroughly with the sauce. Arrange this in a border around the meat.

Planked meats, chicken or fish offer one of the most effective means of serving food in an attractive form. A border of mashed or duchesse potatoes usually surrounds the meat on the plank. These may be put on with a pastry-tube or arranged in balls or patties with a spoon. Nests of the potatoes may be used as a border or may be used as a garnish around the meat. Inside the border these nests of potatoes are most effective when filled with a colorful vegetable such as buttered peas, carrots or a combination of the two vegetables. Potato croquettes, balls, French fried or Julienne potatoes, bread points or rice croquettes may be used as a border for planked meat.

Stuffed tomatoes, peppers, glazed or buttered onions, or broiled tomatoes are used to fill in the plank. Other vegetables, such as string-beans, asparagus or cucumbers, may be used with the planked dish in attractive arrangements.

These garnished dishes have many advantages besides beauty. The whole meal is served at once with a minimum of dishes and the maximum of ease.

Planked fish may be decorated with parsley and slices of lemon alone. Chicken on a plank may be garnished with mushrooms or oysters in addition to the potatoes and vegetables.

Eggs served on a bed of chopped spinach, mashed potato or chopped meat are more interesting than the egg alone. A poached egg surrounded by a thick sauce or purée is most appetizing. Crisp slices of bacon or sprays of parsley make a great difference in the attractiveness of an egg dish.

Many vegetables are colorless affairs unless a bit of paprika or a sprinkling of chopped parsley is added. So simple a thing as browning in the oven will add much to certain vegetables, especially if they are first sprinkled with grated cheese.

Even soups may have their bit of decoration. Nicely browned croutons made from left-over bits of bread make a clear soup attractive. A spoonful of whipped cream added to pea or tomato soup gives just the contrast of color desirable as an appetite appeal. Noodles, tapioca, spaghetti, egg balls, royal custards, thinly sliced vegetables, a bit of chopped parsley or a sprinkling of cheese will give the dressed-up effect to many every-day dishes.

Desserts and salads are the easiest of foods to garnish. With salads one should always be careful that the garnish does not extend over the edge of the dish. Here, too, as in all cases, the garnish should not interfere with either the service or the eating of the food. Where more color or accent is needed than that supplied by the lettuce, cress or parsley used as a background for the salad, it may be supplied by a sprinkling of paprika, minced parsley, a few capers, a grating of cheese, a strip of pimiento or of green pepper, or a few grated nuts. Tiny new onions, radishes cut to resemble roses, sliced pickles and whole or sliced olives are appropriate to use with vegetable salads.

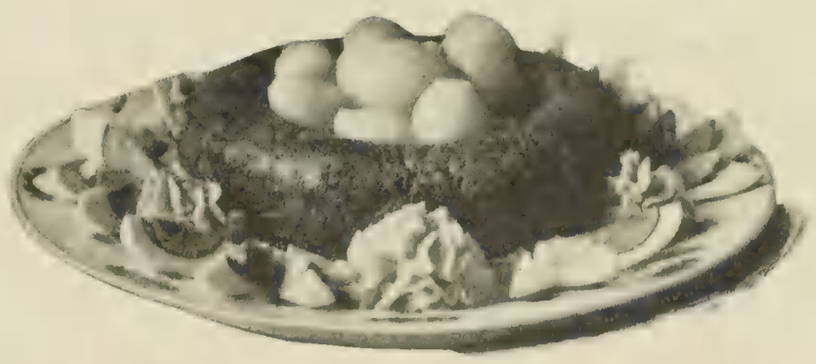
Whipped cream, either plain or sprinkled with chopped nuts, cherries, candied fruit, preserved ginger or a bit of jam, offers an attractive finish to many a plain dessert. The possibilities of the pastry-tube in using whipped cream, decorative icings and meringues to garnish desserts is almost limitless.

GARNISH AND SERVE!

How much or how little those words can mean—simply a sprig of crisp green parsley or an elaborate decoration made with a pastry-bag and vegetables. If you would like our directions for preparing planked steak and ring mold—two dishes which can be easily and effectively decorated—write to our Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope

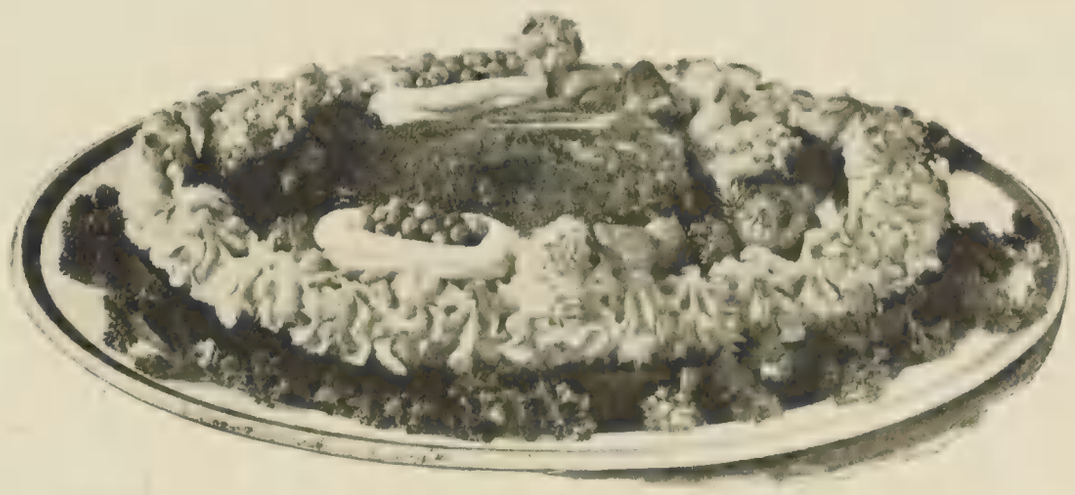


Greens, potatoes, onions and boiled eggs look like most ordinary food when served in this plain fashion



But see what happens when you mold the greens in a ring, fill with the onions and garnish with potatoes and egg





Would you think that with a steak, potatoes and tomatoes and peas you could make such a glorious dish as this home-cooked, planked steak?



Timbales, puddings, custards and croquettes are made better by a bit of garnish. This timbale is trimmed with strips of pimiento put in the dish before filling

ADVENTURES IN LAMP-MAKING

By Frances Lorry



Gay-colored beads make fascinating ballast in this glass-bottle base

THERE is as much magic in the lamps one can buy or make to-day as there was in that far-famed lamp of Aladdin's. Indeed, a modern person is just as apt to be a slave of the lamp as the genii of old, for the bewildering array of shades, brilliant parchment and subdued silk, the fascinating stands of polychrome, wrought iron and pottery, leave one almost powerless when it comes to making a choice. The only way to make a wise selection is to keep in mind sternly the home setting—that is, the size of the room, the kind of furniture you have, the color scheme, and the uses to which the lamp will be put.

With a world of color and shapes to choose from in shades and bases, one may need a bit of advice. If the lamp is to be used for reading—a purpose which is often far from the intention and the design of the maker—use some tone of yellow or rose in the shade. Avoid blue, as this color absorbs light. Furthermore, make sure that the light from the lamp will be shed over a sufficient radius to include the reader's back. Remember that the taller the base and the broader the shade the larger will be the patch of light thrown by the lamp.

If one lacks sufficient funds to purchase the alluring lamp bases and shades that are so temptingly displayed in the shops to-day, take heart, for it is quite possible to have individual and decorative fixtures attractively shaded at a very small cost, if only a little ingenious thought and labor are expended.

After the amateur's first timid but successful venture into lamp and shade making, no empty jug, crock, bottle or vase will be safe from schemes of transformation. Old oil-lamps, vases of good shape whose decoration or coloring offends, empty jars that have been saved with the hope that they might be used "some time," seem to plead with the lamp-maker to turn them into joys forever. Perhaps the happiest feature of this delightful pastime is the feminine triumph of using things one hasn't had courage to throw away or vision to utilize before.

When I learned that I was to have the joy of furnishing a cottage of my own, I vowed I should never have the usual cottage lighting—stark incandescent bulbs swinging stupidly from the rafters. Thereupon I began to look around the house for suggestive jugs or bowls. To my joy I found there was a lamp in everything—if only one had the vision to see it!

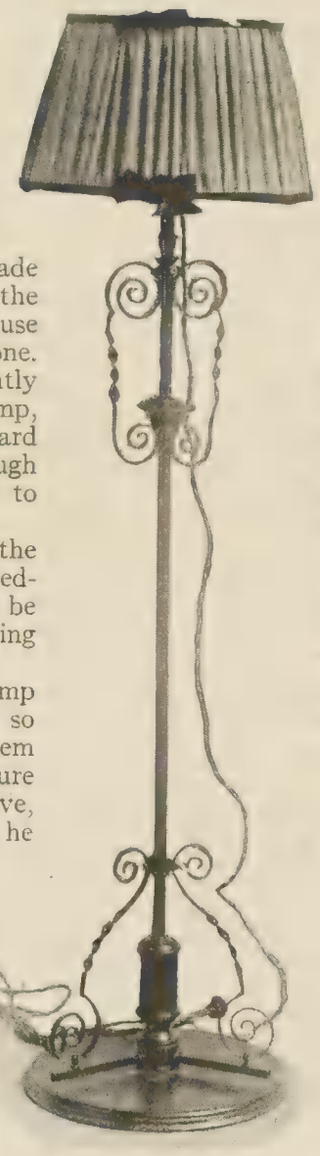
Since fixtures already wired can be bought ready to slip into the base with a small opening, the amateur lamp-maker need be concerned only with bases and shades. If the lower part of the fixture is too large for the opening, cut it into several pieces and lap them over, pressing them together with pliers. If the lower part of the fixture is too small, wind it with paper and fasten it in firmly with melted paraffin or sealing-wax.

In selecting a wire frame for your lamp-shade, remember that a circular rather than a hexagonal or octagonal shape will give better results and be easier to make. From two-thirds to three-quarters the height of the base is a fair guide for proportion. The fixture should not show below the shade, nor should the lower edge of the shade cut off the top line of the base. Because wire frames come only in stock sizes with diameters differing by two inches, the right proportion is sometimes difficult to get. A frame that is too large can be cut down by a tinner, but don't let him try to add to a smaller one. It's like the added cubit to one's stature.

In a single-bulb lamp the shade generally rests on the bulb. If the fixture shows below the shade, use a round bulb instead of a long one. If the shade needs to be slightly higher in a two or more bulb lamp, put a few thicknesses of cardboard on the center rod, but leave enough of the rod projecting on which to fasten the finishing knob.

It is a good plan to ballast the lamp-base. I use sand. A bedroom lamp of clear glass may be made very attractive by anchoring with varicolored crystals beads.

The idea of making a bridge-lamp from two discarded chandeliers so intrigued me that finally I took them to a tinner, together with a picture of one of the popular, inexpensive, wrought-iron ones. Listlessly he gave ear, unperceiving, "Lady, with my time at a dollar thirty-five an hour, you better forget it and *buy* one." But the thought persisted in my mind, and when, some time later, that old family retainer, the plumber, was at the house, I showed him how I thought the transformation might be made. That perceiving soul returned with his hacksaw, and together we achieved. He amputated the three projecting arms, mounted the tip of the rod thus left in a ready-to-hand circle of wood, miraculously of the right diameter, and secured it with a washer and a nut. From the twin chandelier we took two matching scrolls and fastened them to a joining in the rod near the top. These we bent to the desired shape before fastening them with screws and binding them with fine wire. This major operation took half an hour of the plumber's time. A coat of dull black paint gave the stand the appearance of wrought iron.



It took two discarded chandeliers and a plumber to produce this really practical and individual floor-lamp

As this lamp and one made from an unglazed vase of terra-cotta were both intended for the living-room, they were given twin shades of orange crêpe bound with black velvet ribbon. The vase lamp was painted black with a drip pattern in orange to match the shade. Needless to say they were hugely successful.

For my cottage porch-lamp neither a parchment nor a fabric shade nor a painted base seemed suitable. So I cast about me for an inspiration. Finally I located three tall, slender jugs of roughly glazed clay. Two I found in the attic, one in the laundry. Now the three of them are netted into a wicker-and-reed covering of the simplest pattern and each one is topped by a shade of finely woven split bamboo that in a former incarnation was a man's garden hat.

The difficulty of making parchment shades seems to be exaggerated in the sets of directions now current. Only a few special materials are necessary: the parchment itself, some tubes of oil-paints, including black, turpentine, paper-clips and small brass brads. Orange, vermilion and light brown are desirable tints to buy because shades so colored give a soft glow when lighted and are cheerful to look at in the daytime.

When working with parchment, many steps such as winding the frame and gluing the outside may be eliminated. First make a pattern by folding wrapping-paper over the frame, fastening it at intervals with paper-clips. Allow from one-third to one-half an inch at the edges and three-quarters to one inch at the lapover. See that there is no fulness or wrinkling in the pattern before laying it on the parchment and cutting it. Have ready oil-paints thinned with turpentine to brush on the paper, covering small sections at a time with a light stroke and using a clean cloth to distribute the color evenly. A very light color may be applied to both sides. The paper-clips are used to hold the covering to the wire until the edges have been turned down, sewed and finished with the binding. The two ends are lapped over and fastened with small brass brace brads evenly spaced.

The wires of shades to be covered with fabric should be wound so there will be a foundation to hold the stitches. The upright wires are wound first, then the top and bottom, so that all the ends are covered. Use pieces of any light-colored narrow ribbon. These do not twist quite as the long rolls of special winding-ribbon do. Always sew the lower edge of the lining and the outside first; then draw the material up tightly to the top. Calculate the fulness according to the fractions made by the upright wires, and pin the gathers into place before the final sewing. Bindings, such as ribbon, velvet and galloon, cover a multitude of stitches and rough edges, and make an attractive finish.

If you live in an accumulative household, try the game of "I spy" a lamp the next time you inspect your cupboards and other hiding-places. It's a most enjoyable pastime and profitable as well.

And second-hand bric-à-brac and furniture shops offer a wealth of material in every form—from old vases and candlesticks to cart-wheels, which, with ingenuity, may be turned into the most individual of lighting fixtures.

One of the most interesting central fixtures I ever saw was made from the hickory wheel of an old cart. Turned on its side, it was hung by three short iron chains which led to a central chain that was fastened to the ceiling by a stout hook. From the ceiling and down the chain, passed the electrical wire which ran around the wooden rim of the wheel and lighted the candle-equipped sockets. These candles were placed at intervals of about five inches around the wheel, and when the entire fixture was lighted, produced a soft, pleasing circle of light.

This type of fixture is, of course, unshaded, and may not appeal to many who like the softness and mellowness which a bulb gives when covered with silk or paper. The problem of shading a high ceiling fixture is often difficult, but THE DELINEATOR will be glad to advise its readers in this matter as well as in any other relating to lamp-shades.



An old earthenware bottle makes this lamp

If the writer made distinctive and good-looking lamps for her home, so can you. You need directions, of course, to have your shades possess that so-desired professional look. But our House-Decoration Department will gladly send you those in return for four cents in stamps to cover postage. Just address Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*

YOU CAN DO IT, TOO!



Once an oil-lamp, but now converted into the most modern of lighting fixtures

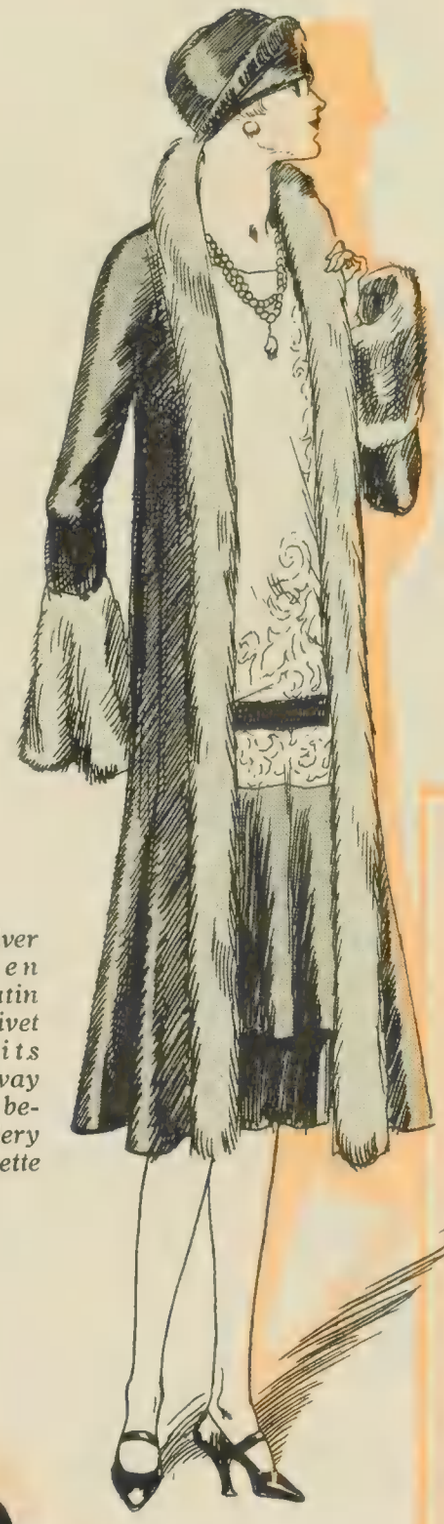


Even a vase can be utilized in making a very appropriate living-room lamp



Three jugs, a gardener's hat and some bamboo made this unusual porch light

SOULIÉ SKETCHES FROM THE BUTTERICK PARIS SHOP SHOW FLARED LINES FOR FALL ENSEMBLES



Black, white and silver are used by Lucien Lelong. The heavy satin coat is banded with civet cat, and side plaits stitched down part way are allowed to flare below. Silver embroidery trims the white georgette tunic top



The element of surprise in a coat of black marocain from Chéruit is contributed by the unexpected glint of copper-colored velveteen where the flares ripple foward from each side. The facings of the lapels are also of the copper color. The sleeve is unusually close for a coat

A gray ensemble makes itself more interesting by the insertion of bands of gray crêpe de Chine. The kick plait, the slanted pockets and the small white linen collar strike a boyish note. White linen also peeps out, vestee fashion, from the slit at the front. From Premet



Tortoise-shell Byzantine satin turns up its dull side for bands, collar and deep cuffs, and gives a waistcoat effect to a Jean Patou frock. Flares, which we have learned to expect at the front and back, have moved to each side



A flared coat of billiard green velvet is put over a rose-beige crêpe de Chine frock trimmed with rows of gold buttons. The collar, pointing the way to the ear, is in a position to whisper that high necks are becoming important. "Modèle Jenny"
(Déposé, reproduction interdite)



Renée paints a plaid on brown crêpe satin for the long tunic of this ensemble. The scalloped hem climbs upward at the sides and its curved outline is repeated by the flares of the coat. The fur at wrists and neck is Labrador and the exaggerated tie is part of the frock collar



Blouse ensemble 6211

Dress 6175

Dress 6276

Dress 6193
Embroidery design 10230

Dress 6289

Dress 6278

Sailor dress 6266
Embroidery design 10939

Dress 6293

Other views and descriptions are on page 80

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 78.



Other views and descriptions are on page 80

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 78.



Dress 6267 Dress 6253 Dress 6255

Dress 6273 Dress 6271 Dress 6224

THE FLARED SILHOUETTE IS FLOUNCED OR APRONED AND PARTIAL TO THE JABOT

THE Autumn fashions show an important silhouette—the easier line of the flare. The leaning toward softer lines, which began with Spring and increased with Summer, is becoming a positive bent with Autumn. It takes the form of circular flounces, circular skirts and circular aprons. A flounce that encircles the entire frock is as smart as the one that ripples at the front only. Many well-dressed women, however, prefer the front-flounced frock, for it combines the two silhouettes—flared at front, straight at back. One of the newest of the front flounces is lifted, drapery fashion, to the left hip. Another runs its upper edge diagonally up one side. An all-around circular flounce curves upward at the front to meet the downward curve of a jabot. The circular apron on a straight dress gives the flare line without sacrificing anything of the slim line. Handkerchief draperies, also, simulate the new fulness.

Other views and descriptions are on page 81

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 78.



Dress 6233 Dress 6269 Dress 6261

PLAITS ARE SMART, SLEEVES ARE LONG AND THERE IS A TENDENCY TO BRING NECKS HIGHER

YOUTH is the "pull" straight frocks have with style. For freedom and to make the short skirt more wearable, slim frocks hit upon the happy plan of plaits. They allow width without advertising it and their lines assist at slenderizing. Frocks are smart with a single inverted plait at the front, or a cluster of them there. A new dress puts a plait at each side. The straight frock without fulness also holds its own, and the wrap-around does not need plaits for freedom.

Wool frocks take the straight line. Flounced ones invariably use silk. The circular skirt may use either. For silk dresses there are crêpe satin, satin Canton, satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma, Georgette, etc. Straight dresses use both silks and wools, the latter including soft twills, cashmere, wool crêpe, kasha, camel's-hair twills, flannel, novelty wools, serge, etc.

Other views and descriptions are on page 82

Blouse 6264
Skirt 6049

Dress 6243 Dress 6265

M. SWALLE

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 78.

Dress and bloomers 6240
Hat 5557

Sailor dress 6244
Tam-o'-Shanter 6246
Embroidery design 10939

Dress 6242
Hat 5966

Dress 6212

Blouse ensemble 6250
Hat 6089

Dress 6254
Hat 5904

Suit 6248
Sailor tam 5815

Dress and bloomers 6206

Dress and bloomers 6252
Embroidery design 10107

Dress 6258
Tam-o'-shanter 6188

Other views and descriptions are on page 83

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 78.

Coat 6294
Hat 5557

Coat 6292
Tam-o'-shanter 6246

Coat 6280
Tam-o'-shanter 6188

Overcoat 6270

Overcoat 6256
Sailor tam 5815

Dress 6260
Tam-o'-shanter
5416

Dress 6284
French Dolls 10296

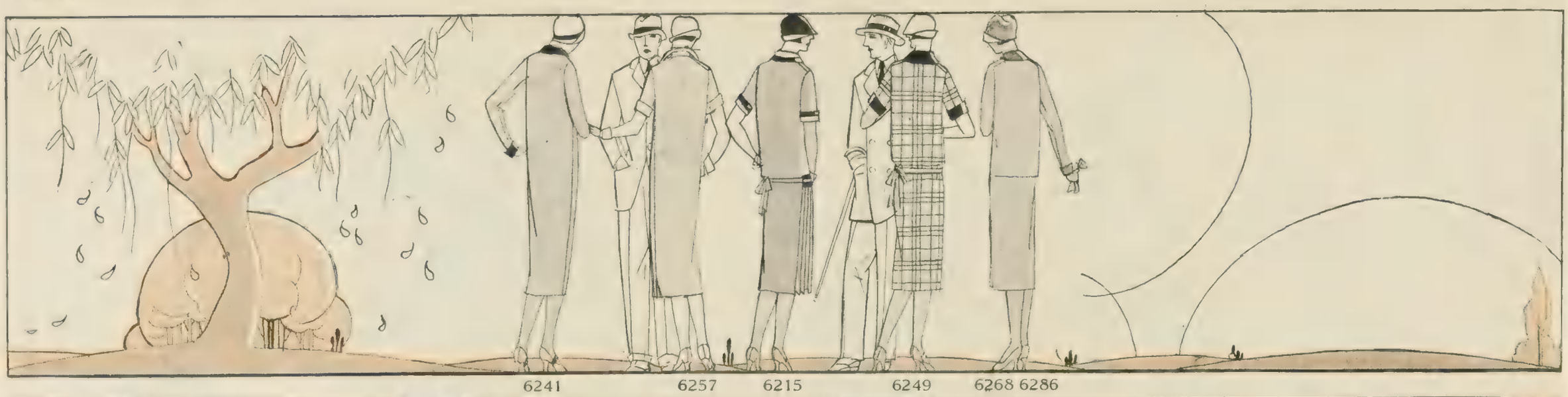
Dress 6262

Dress and bloomers 6288
Hat 4926

Dress and bloomers 6274
Hat 4838
Smocking design 10151

Other views and descriptions are on page 83

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 78.



6241 6257 6215 6249 6268 6286



6268—6286—In Paris they wear the slip-over jumper or blouse with a new two-piece skirt box-plaited across the front and attached to a camisole body. Or the skirt may be made on an inside belt only. The lower edge is straight. Use wool jersey or heavy crêpe de Chine of one material or with contrasting, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅞ yards 54-inch flannel (skirt attached to camisole body). Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2⅛ yards.

The blouse is for 32 to 44 bust, skirt for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

Dress 6241 Dress 6257 Dress 6215

Dress 6249 Jumper 6268 Skirt 6286

THE PARISIENNE SEEKS TAILORED SIMPLICITY AND FINDS CHIC

6241—One inserts chic when one introduces a cluster of plaits at each side front of a one-piece slip-over dress which fits closely at the hipline. Use twills, worsteds, cashmere or camel's-hair twills with contrasting faille silk, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge with plaits out 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch kasha.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6257—Twills, worsteds, cashmere, serge and wool crêpe with harmonizing satin are smart for this slip-over one-piece frock with the new convertible collar. It fits the hipline closely and the lower edge is straight. Or use kasha, camel's-hair twills, flannel, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6215—Smartly tailored, the one-piece wrap-around dress inserts a plaited section at each side. Use worsteds, wool crêpe, camel's-hair twills, kasha, crêpe satin, satin Canton, plain satin, etc., with contrasting silk crêpe, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge with plaits out 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch soft twills.

The dress is attractive for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6249—A smart frock for stripes is the one-piece slip-over type with a straight lower edge. Use light-weight flannel, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, radium, pongee, etc., striped with plain to match or plain; plain light-weight flannel, wool jersey, etc. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch novelty material.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.



6263 6279 6287 6295 6201

6263—The coat-dress with a chic little hat and scarf makes a very smart street costume. This one has the new double-breasted effect. It fits the hipline closely and has a two-seam long sleeve or a one-seam short one. The lower edge is straight. Use twills, worsteds, cashmere, camel's-hair twills, kasha or heavy satin with contrasting faille silk; ribbed wools, serge or heavy silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2 3/8 yards 54-inch cloth. Lower edge 44 inches.

The coat-dress is good style for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

Coat-dress 6263

Dress 6279

Dress 6287

Dress 6295

Dress 6201

STREET FROCKS FIND THEIR WAY IN STRAIGHT LINES OR FLARES

6287—It doesn't look it, but this is a slip-over dress with a one-piece back! The box-plaited lower front is attached below the hipline. Use crêpe satin or plain satin with harmonizing silk crêpe, etc.; or satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3 1/4 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine, 3/8 yard 35-inch contrasting. Lower edge with plaits out 2 1/8 yards.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6279—Wide borders, worsteds, cashmere, kasha, camel's-hair twills, twills, wool crêpe, serge, etc., may make this charming one-piece frock that slips on over the head. It fits the hipline closely and has a two-seam long sleeve or a one-seam short sleeve. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2 1/4 yards 54-inch bordered flannel

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6295—Buttoned to the chin and belted this one-piece dress slips on over the head. The lower edge is straight. Use light-weight flannel, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, pongee, etc., or use these materials striped with plain to match. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 2 1/4 yards 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 52 bust, also misses.

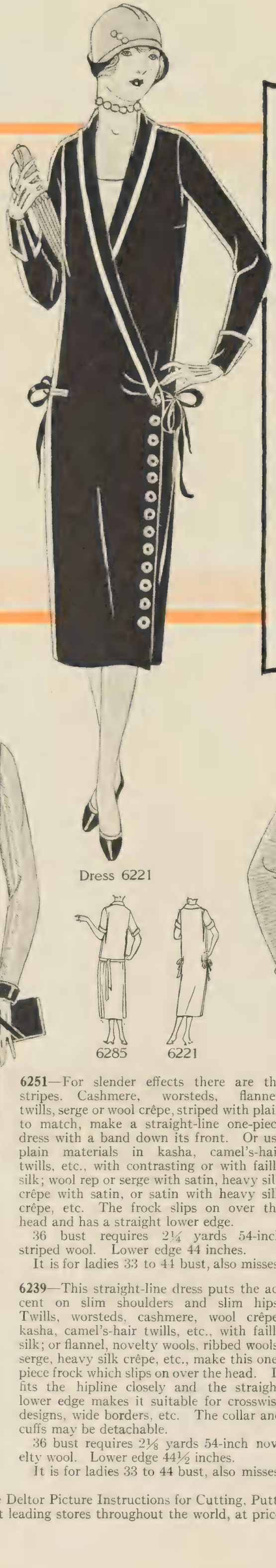
6201—Slim at shoulder and straight at back this one-piece slip-over frock is widened by a circular front attached below the hipline. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, faille silk, taffeta, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 3 1/8 yards 39-inch satin Canton and 5/8 yard 35-inch contrasting cut crosswise. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Dress 6285





STRAIGHT FROCKS TURN TO PLAITS, COAT CLOSINGS, NEW COLLARS

6285—This slip-over one-piece frock becomes both the slender and stout. Use crêpe satin or plain satin with matching or contrasting silk crêpe; satin Canton, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, etc. The lower edge is straight.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch flat crêpe and ½ yard 35-inch contrasting. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6221—This attractive wrap-around frock—one-piece type—has a straight lower edge. Use twills, worsteds, cashmere, kasha, camel's-hair twills, wool rep, ribbed silk, soft wool crêpe, crêpe satin or satin Canton with contrasting silk crêpe and novelty silk braid, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch twill.

The dress is good style for ladies 36 to 48 bust.

6185—A new way for front fulness to take is in a box-plaited section inserted across the front of a slip-over one-piece frock close fitting at the hipline. Use twills, worsteds, camel's-hair twill, cashmere, serge, etc., with contrasting or with faille silk; wool crêpe, flannel, etc. Lower edge with plaits out 1⅞ yard.

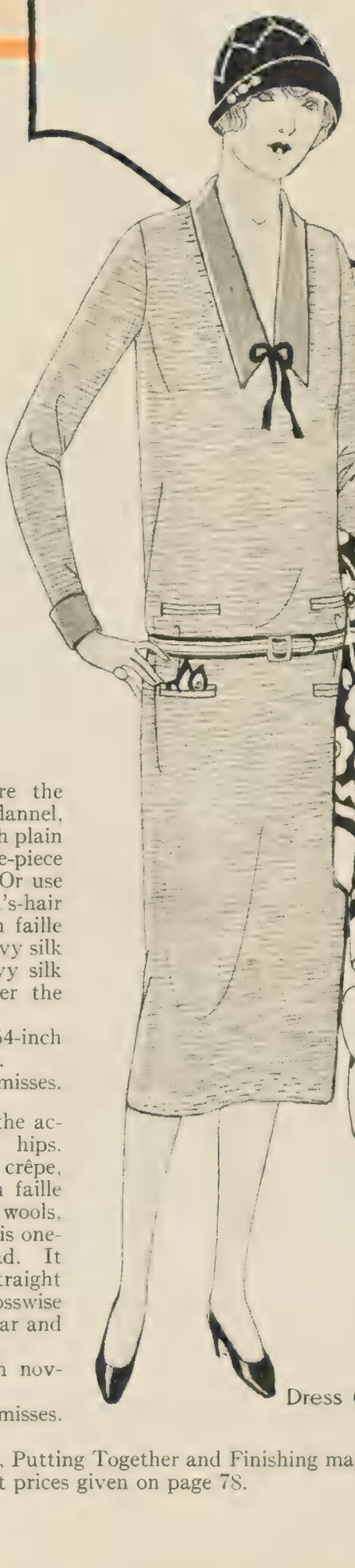
36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch kasha.

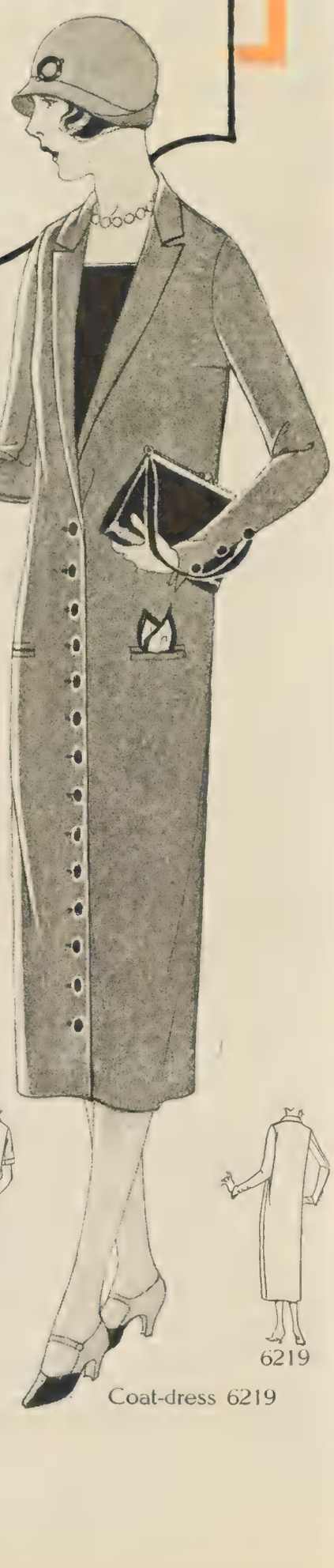
The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6219—Long in lines if short in length, a straight-line coat-dress fits the hip closely. Use twills, worsteds, wool crêpe, kasha, camel's-hair twill, flannel, stripes, plaids, checks, etc., with harmonizing crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, etc. Or use serge or wool rep with satin. Lower edge 45½ inches.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch cashmere.

The dress is attractive for ladies 36 to 52 bust.





Dress 6221

6285

6221

Dress 6185



Dress 6251

6251—For slender effects there are the stripes. Cashmere, worsteds, flannel, twills, serge or wool crêpe, striped with plain to match, make a straight-line one-piece dress with a band down its front. Or use plain materials in kasha, camel's-hair twills, etc., with contrasting or with faille silk; wool rep or serge with satin, heavy silk crêpe with satin, or satin with heavy silk crêpe, etc. The frock slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch striped wool. Lower edge 44 inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6239—This straight-line dress puts the accent on slim shoulders and slim hips. Twills, worsteds, cashmere, wool crêpe, kasha, camel's-hair twills, etc., with faille silk; or flannel, novelty wools, ribbed wools, serge, heavy silk crêpe, etc., make this one-piece frock which slips on over the head. It fits the hipline closely and the straight lower edge makes it suitable for crosswise designs, wide borders, etc. The collar and cuffs may be detachable.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch novelty wool. Lower edge 44½ inches.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



6185

6251

Dress 6239

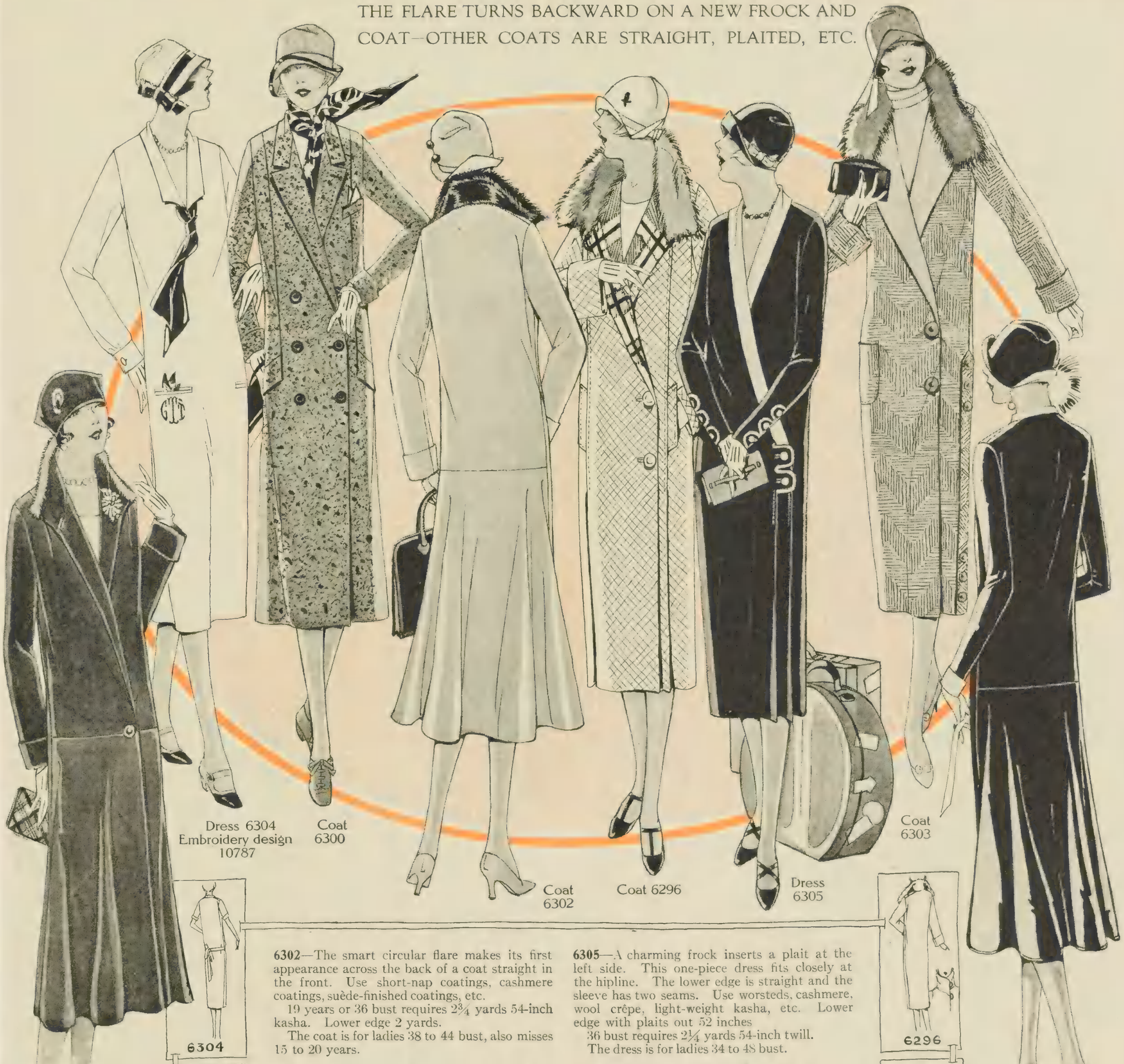


6239

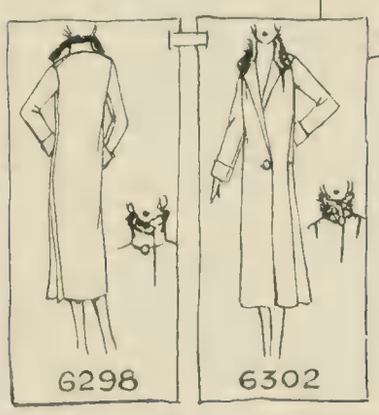
6219

Coat-dress 6219

THE FLARE TURNS BACKWARD ON A NEW FROCK AND COAT—OTHER COATS ARE STRAIGHT, PLAITED, ETC.











6302—The smart circular flare makes its first appearance across the back of a coat straight in the front. Use short-nap coatings, cashmere coatings, suède-finished coatings, etc.

19 years or 36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha. Lower edge 2 yards.

The coat is for ladies 38 to 44 bust, also misses 15 to 20 years.

6300—A mannish-style coat must of course be double-breasted, notch-collared and conveniently pocketed. This smart coat, cut on the newest lines, has a slightly fitted effect above and flares a bit below. Make it of tweeds or mannish suitings. Lower edge 53 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch tweed.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6304—10787—Flannel, kasha, camel's-hair twill, heavy crêpe de Chine, heavy silk crêpe or heavy satin, etc., makes a smart one-piece dress. The straight lower edge makes this slip-over frock also suitable for wide-bordered flannel, etc. The monogram is decorative. Work in color. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 27-inch flannel.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6298—Here we find the circular flare across the front. This new and graceful coat is an excellent type for an ensemble. Make it of short-nap coatings, cashmere coatings, etc.

19 years or 36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch kasha duvetyn.

The coat is for ladies 38 to 44 bust, also misses 15 to 20 years.

6305—A charming frock inserts a plait at the left side. This one-piece dress fits closely at the hipline. The lower edge is straight and the sleeve has two seams. Use worsteds, cashmere, wool crêpe, light-weight kasha, etc. Lower edge with plaits out 52 inches

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch twill.

The dress is for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

6296—The straight-line coat looks with favor on the fashionable plait, and places one on each side of its lower front. Use novelty weaves, tweeds, cashmere cheviots, or camel's-hair with plaid or plain twill flannel lining, etc.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 48-inch novelty wool. Lower edge 47 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 52 bust, also misses.

6303—This collar makes a becoming frame for the face. The straight line coat may have its pocket on the outside or on the lining. Use tweeds, cashmere cheviots, novelty weaves, etc., with plain twill flannel or plaid lining. The lower edge is straight.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch novelty wool. Lower edge 47 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 52 bust, also misses.

6299—The circular flare attached across the back is new for frocks. Make this one-piece slip-over dress, which fits closely at the hipline, of crêpe satin, satin Canton, plain satin, satin faille, etc.

19 years or 36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch satin. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 38 to 44 bust, also misses 15 to 20 years.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 78.



THE AUTUMN SILHOUETTE TAKES THE EASY LINE OF PLAITS, FLARES AND SOFT GATHERS

6259—With collar tied and shoulder running into the sleeve, this one-piece slip-over dress has chic. Use crêpe satin or plain satin with silk crêpe satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, etc. The lower edge is straight.

36 bust requires 3¼ yds. 35-in. crêpe de Chine. ⅝ yard 35-inch contrasting. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6275—10119—The embroidered flowers and the hand-made one belong to the same plant family. Work in one-stitch. A circular flounce crosses the front of this one-piece slip-over frock, which fits the hipline closely. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yds. 39-in. crêpe satin. (Flounce cut crosswise to avoid piecing), 1 yard 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6227—Plain Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile, etc., are delightful for the slip-over frock that has a full, straight skirt attached at the low waistline. The narrow drop skirt and camisole are of matching satin. The ribbon flowers are hand-made. Lower edge of skirt 3 yds., of drop skirt 48 ins.

36 bust requires 3½ yds. 39-in. Georgette.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6291—Slenderness and height are given to this frock by the cluster of plaits at each side, front and back. Make this one-piece slip-over dress of crêpe satin, plain satin, satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or heavy crêpe de Chine, with contrasting, etc. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2 yds.

36 bust requires 3¾ yds. 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is excellent for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6191—The fulness of this one-piece slip-over frock forms a godet on the left hip. Only one underarm seam is required when using wide borders in silk crêpe, crêpe satin, etc., or, for certain figures, other wide materials. Narrower material requires both seams. The lower edge is straight.

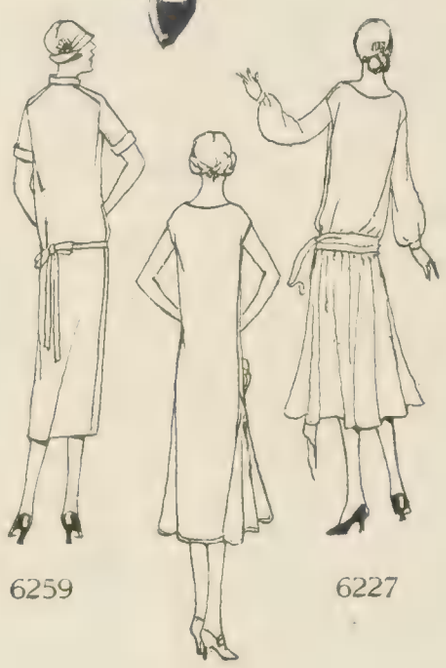
36 bust requires 2⅛ yds. 54-inch bordered silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6297—The fashionable circular flare now appears outlined in scallops. This slip-over frock fits closely at the hipline. Make it of satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma or Georgette; or use printed crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

36 bust requires 3 yds. 40-in. crêpe satin.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.



6259 6227

6275



6291 6297

6191

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 78.

FROM ROMPERS AND AN ANIMAL COSTUME TO LOUNGING-ROBES AND LINGERIE



Night-gown 6222

6222—The vogue for stripes descends upon the nightgown. This practical slip-over nightgown with a collar and an open neck is made of cotton crêpe, muslin, long-cloth, nainsook, crêpe de Chine, outing flannel, etc.

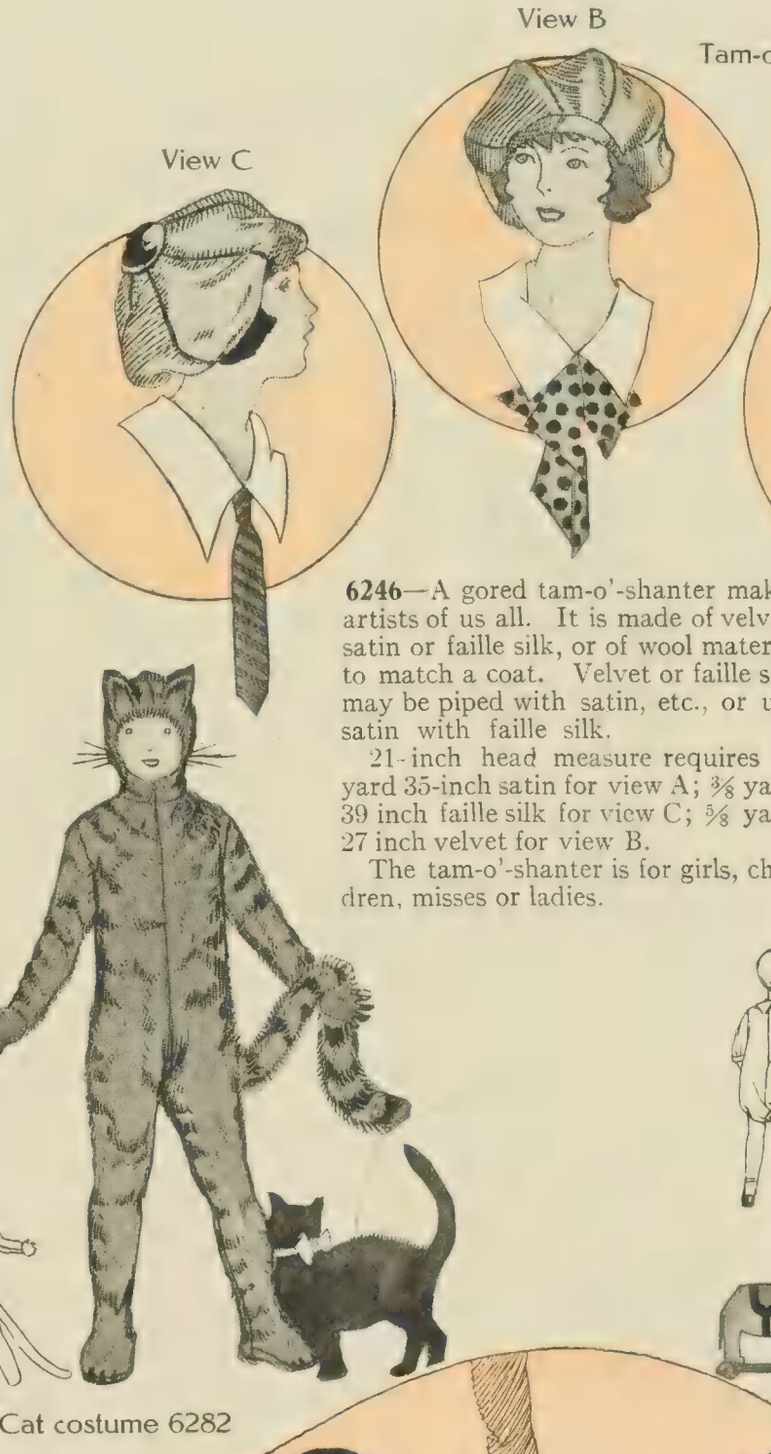
36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch striped outing flannel. Lower edge 2 yards.

The nightgown is for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

6282—Animal costumes are unusual for masquerade parties. This is a cat costume and it may be made of Teddy-bear cloth, Canton flannel, flannel or flannelet.

8 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch Teddy-bear cloth.

The cat costume is for 4 to 12 years.



6246—A gored tam-o'-shanter makes artists of us all. It is made of velvet, satin or faille silk, or of wool material to match a coat. Velvet or faille silk may be piped with satin, etc., or use satin with faille silk.

21-inch head measure requires ½ yard 35-inch satin for view A; ⅜ yard 39 inch faille silk for view C; ⅝ yard 27 inch velvet for view B.

The tam-o'-shanter is for girls, children, misses or ladies.



Night-gown 6272

6272—For sleeves this slip-over nightgown has a choice of two—this or a short one. Use cotton crêpe, muslin, long-cloth, nainsook, crêpe de Chine, outing flannel or flannelet.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 35-inch striped outing flannel. Lower edge plait drawn out 2 yards.

The nightgown is for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

6290—A pink romper might be smocked in black, yellow, Nile green and rose. Or make it without smocking. Use cotton broadcloth, cotton pongee, chambray, plain gingham, light-weight-cotton crêpe, sateen, etc.

2 years takes 1½ yard 32-inch chambray.

The romper is for children ½ to 3 years old.



Cat costume 6282



Romper 6290



Knickers 6194

6194—In the cause of slenderness knickers are narrow. But the gusset assures a free stride. Make them of silk jersey, crêpe de Chine, washable satin, china silk, soft fine sateen or mercerized fabrics. For later in the season one likes flannel or wool jersey.

38 hip requires 1¾ yard 35-inch silk jersey.

The knickers are for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

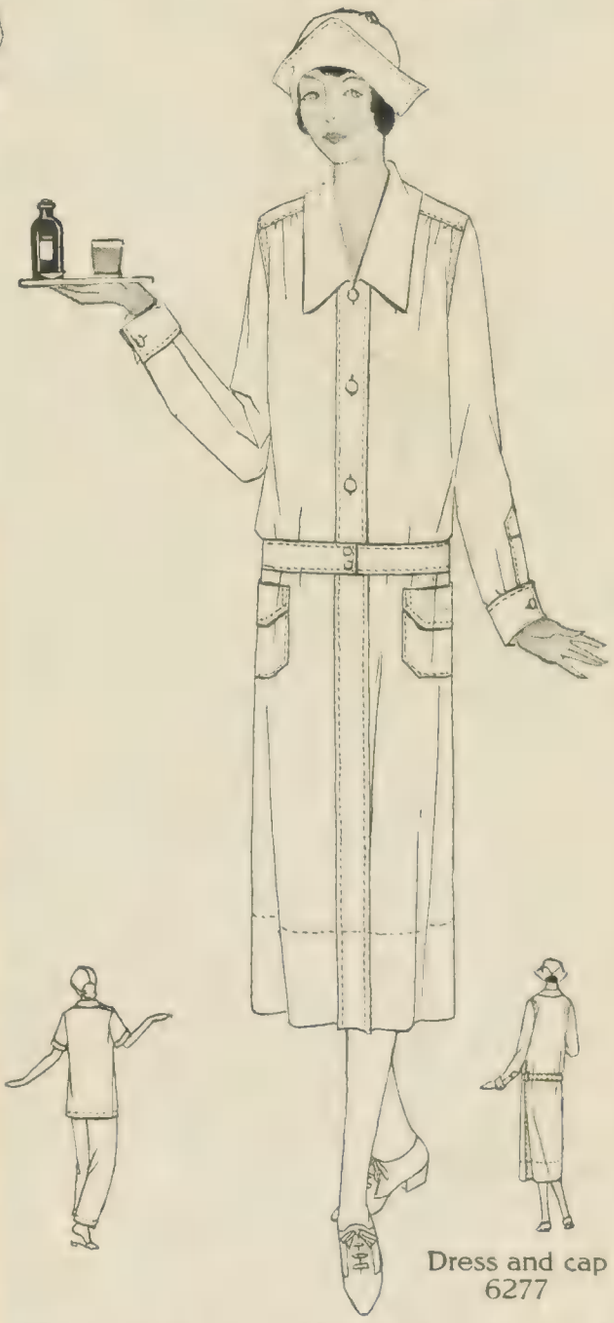
6093—Something new in negligées is the pajama one, and extremely smart. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee, satin, silk crêpe, cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, or cotton broadcloth plain with printed or contrasting, or printed with plain to match; or use chintz, cretonne, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch satin.

The pajama negligée is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Pajama negligée 6093 Pajamas 6178



Dress and cap 6277

6277—For a nurse this one-piece dress and cap are made of poplin, cotton broadcloth, oxford cloth, etc. For a house dress use linen-finished cottons, cotton broadcloth, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch nurses' linen. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6178—A frog — hand-made — holds the neck opening of these pajamas or lounging-robe of shirtings, radium, outing flannel, flannelet, cotton broadcloth, pongee or crêpe de Chine, striped with plain to match, etc.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards 32-inch cotton crêpe.

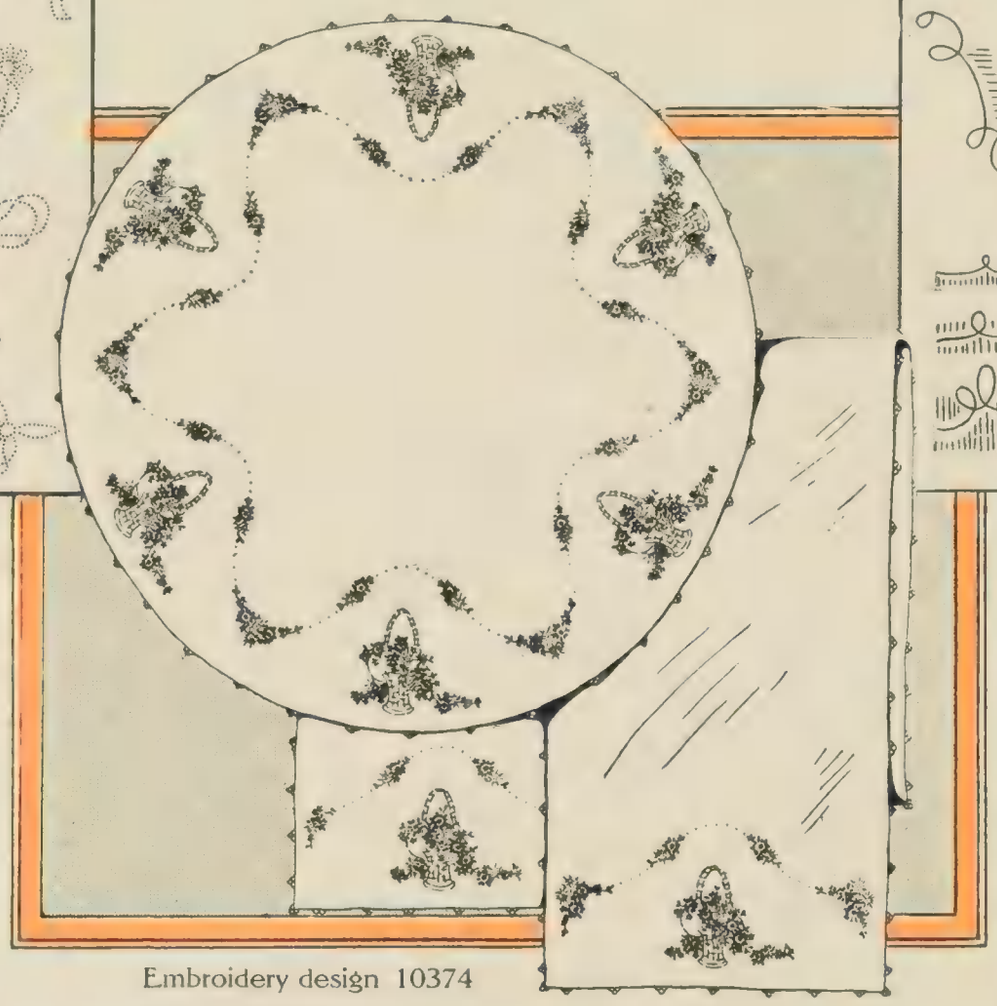
The pajamas are smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

EMBROIDERY APPEARS WITH BRAIDING, BEADING AND ONE-STITCH FOR FROCKS AND WITH LAZY DAISIES FOR LINENS

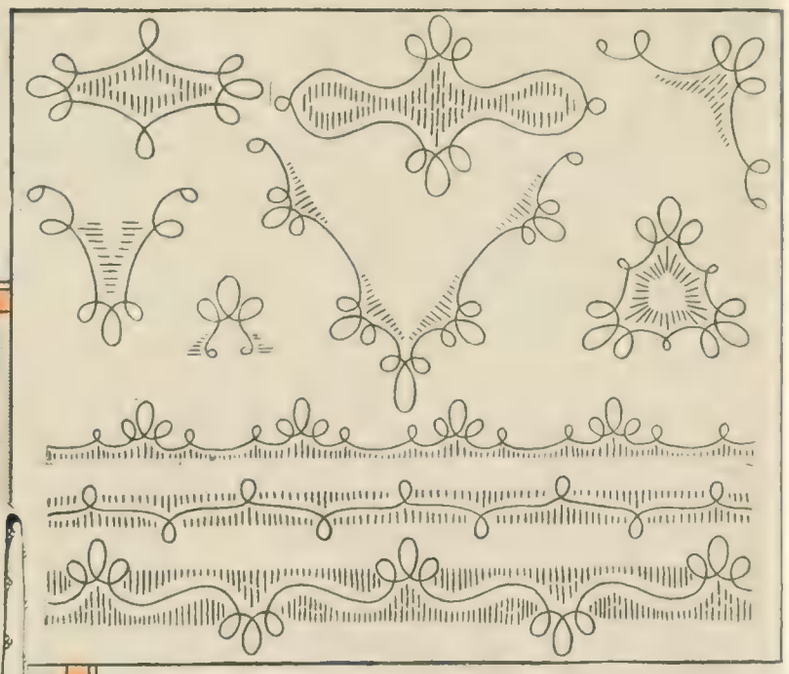


Embroidery design 10373

10373—This beading or French knots design can be adapted to 1¾ yard each of 2½-inch and 3½-inch banding for dress trimming, 2 neck outlines, 14 motifs in four designs and sizes and 4 corners.

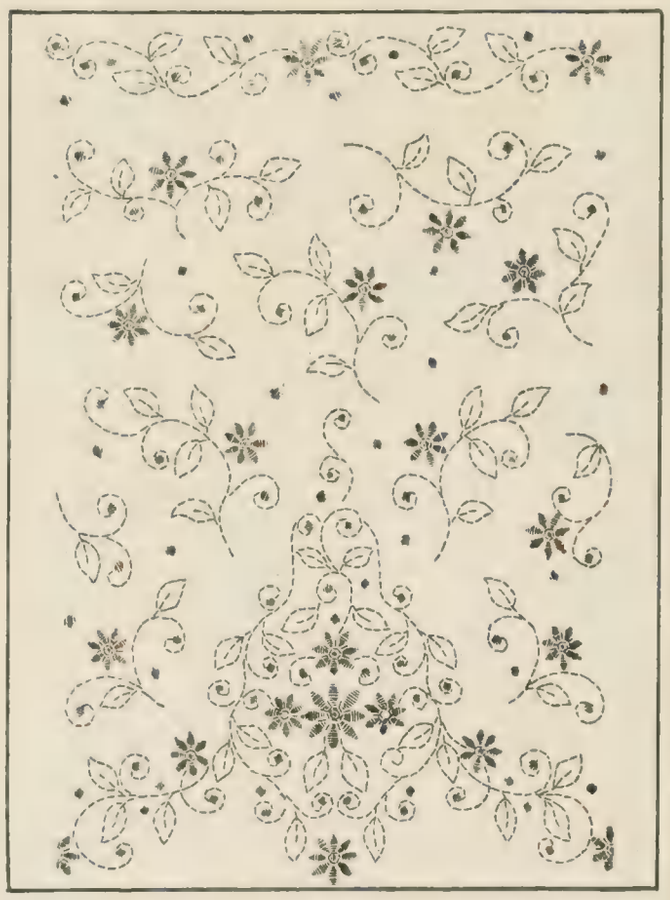


Embroidery design 10374



Embroidery design 10376

10376—Braiding and one-stitch make dress-trimming that can be adapted to 2⅞ yards of 4-inch banding, 1¾ yard of two style bandings each 2 inches wide, 2 neck outlines, 18 motifs and 4 corners.



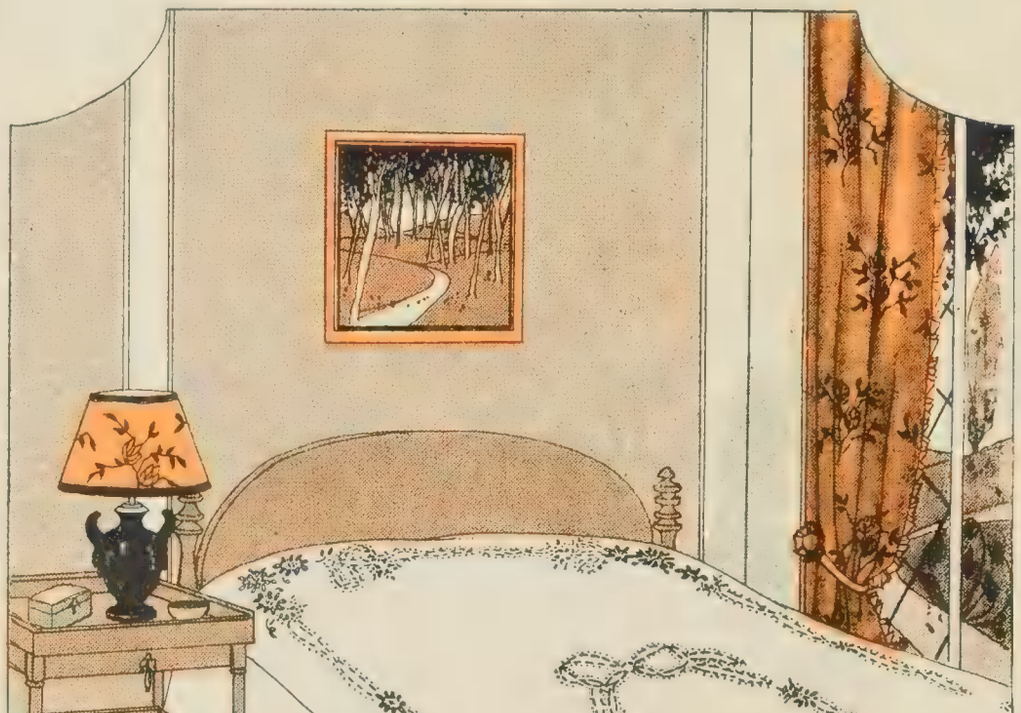
Embroidery design 10369

10369—One-stitch speeds swiftly through leaves, flowers and stems of a design for dresses, coats, etc. It can be adapted to 2⅝ yards each of 2½-inch banding and 28-inch banding.



Embroidery design 10371

10371—A lovely one-stitch design for dresses, etc., can be adapted to 3⅝ yards each of banding 6 inches, 2⅜ inches and 2¼ inches wide, 18 motifs in five assorted designs and sizes and 6 corners.



Embroidery design 10375

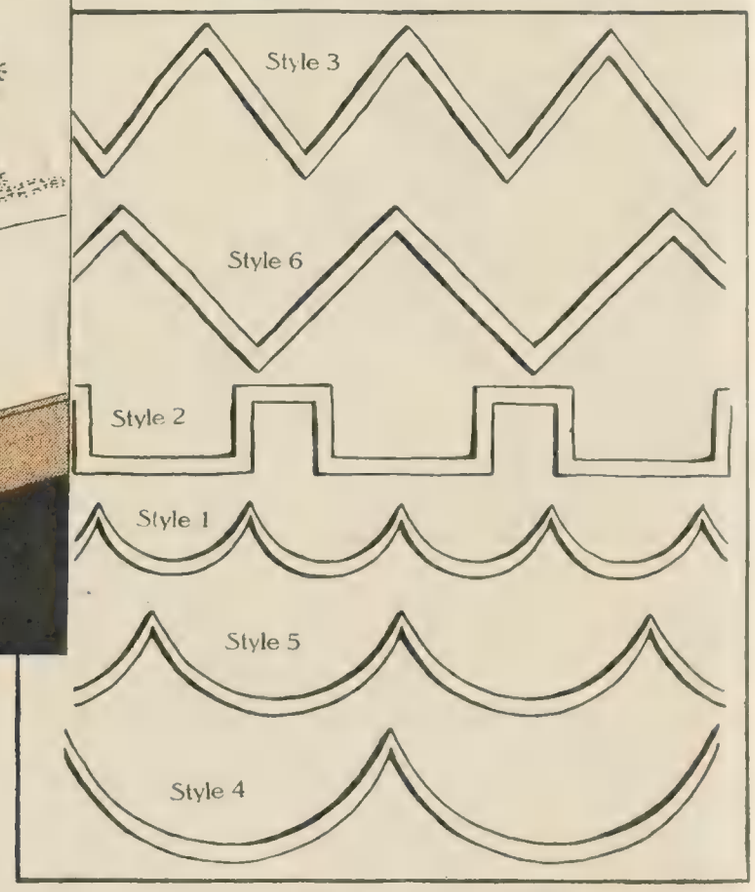
10374—The well-loved flower-basket motif owes its popularity to easy embroidery and beauty of design. A combination of one-stitch, French knots, lazy-daisy stitch and outlining make flowers spring forth on white or colored linen. This design can be adapted to one 36-inch centerpiece, three motifs 7½ by 16¾ inches, and three motifs 7½ by 13½ inches.

10375—In Autumn the bedroom expects a change of scene to mark the change of season. New bedspreads do much to brighten a room. This one is quickly worked in a combination of one-stitch, French knots and lazy-daisy stitch. The design can be adapted to an oval motif and banding for a single, double or three-quarter bed.



Embroidery design 10372

10372—Baby clothes, lingerie, etc., use this design which has 1⅝ yard each of banding 1¼ inch wide, and ¾ inch wide; and 1⅝ yard of scalloping, 3 neck outlines and 40 assorted motifs in different styles.



Embroidery design 10377

10377—Attractive scalloping for lingerie, linens, etc., can be adapted to 5⅛ yards for Style 1, 2¼ yards for Style 2 and 3 yards each for Styles 3, 4 and 6, and 3¼ yards for Style 5. Work in buttonholing.

TASTE THEM IN ALL THEIR GLORY IN THIS TOMATO SOUP!

The harvest for Campbell's Tomato Soup



Nature smiles her sunniest on the tomato. Upon it she lavishes her gifts. Within it she stores the food that invigorates. She enriches it with pure tonic juices and luscious "meat". She gives it a brilliant color and a skin of velvet.

But Campbell's have glorified the tomato—grown it on their own great farms to a new perfection, aided a host of other growers to produce a finer yield.

And then this rich harvest is transformed, at the deft hands of Campbell's famous chefs, into as tempting and delicious a treat as ever spoon brought to your lips.

Tasting Campbell's Tomato Soup is tasting tomatoes at their greatest glory.

I'm Captain Kidd with a pirate crew,
We sail the Spanish Main.
But when we're out of Campbell's Soup
We sail straight home again!



Tomato Sauce!

Housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Try it as a sauce for meats, fish, sausage and salads and for added tastiness in spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables. Of course, it makes the most delicious Cream of Tomato!

12 cents a can



My new ways to cook these old favorites

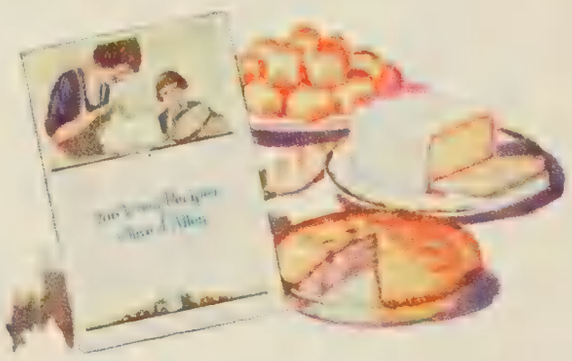
SINCE I have found a way to fry without filling the house with smoke and unpleasant odors, I have been frying everything I possibly could. The result is that I have a greater variety of dishes to serve from our same old reliable favorites.

Delicious foods, too, crisp and brown outside and thoroughly cooked inside. Crisco is economical, too. It isn't absorbed by the food, so very little is used up in frying.

Crisco has made possible the delicious new ways of frying the foods you see pictured on this page. It has made possible, too, a brand new pleasure in frying for it is a real pleasure to cook with a fat as clean and sweet as Crisco is. Crisco, you know, is a vegetable shortening.

Delicious cakes, pies and muffins

I make all my cakes with Crisco. Crisco doesn't have to be kept on ice, so it is always ready for instant use. It makes perfect cakes and is so much more economical. I use Crisco for every purpose which requires shortening and find it always the same, giving uniform results no matter whether I am frying, making cakes, biscuits, pies or muffins. W. S. C.



Free! 200 Tested Recipes!

Miss Olive S. Allen, a real home cook of many years experience, gathered and tested hundreds of recipes from all over the world, from famous foreign chefs, from old fashioned home cooks; from luxurious hotels and little inns; even from trappers and hunters. From these she selected the best two hundred and put them in this little cook book. To secure it free, simply fill in your name and address and mail coupon to Section F-9, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

Fried Tomatoes



Remove stem from tomatoes and cut them in half the broad way. Sprinkle with salt on both sides. Dip in flour. Put enough Crisco into cold frying pan to partly cover tomatoes when Crisco is melted. When Crisco is hot, put tomato in and fry first on the flat side. When brown, turn with pancake turner and fry on the other side. Delicious with broiled steak.

Peach Surprises



2 cups pastry flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon sugar
10 peaches
¼ teaspoon salt
3 eggs
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon melted Crisco

Beat eggs. Add Crisco, then milk. Sift dry ingredients together. Add and beat until smooth. Peel peaches. Cut in half removing stone. Dip each half into batter and fry in deep Crisco heated to 375 to 385 degrees F. or when a small piece of bread browns in 40 seconds. Fry until peach is soft. Test with a toothpick. Serve with a meat course or with whipped cream for dessert.

Deep fried Cauliflower



1 medium sized cauliflower
Yolks of 2 eggs
¾ cup flour
½ cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt

Wash cauliflower and separate the flowers. Boil until tender (with 1 teaspoon salt in the water), then drain. A slice of lemon boiled with it keeps it perfectly white. Beat egg yolks until light. Add milk, salt, and flour. Beat smooth with egg beater. Dip each section of cauliflower into batter Drop in hot Crisco heated to 385 to 395 degrees F. or when a piece of bread browns in 20 seconds.

Fry until brown and serve with following hot sauce:

White Sauce:

3 tablespoons Crisco
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt

Rub to a paste over fire. Add 1½ cupfuls boiling water. Last add 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

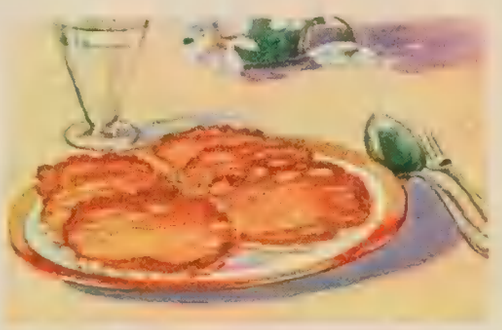
Panned Corn and Peppers



2 cups green corn
2 green peppers
⅓ cup cream
Crisco (enough, when melted, to cover bottom of pan)
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt

Cut from ears of fresh corn enough to fill two cups. Chop peppers. Add salt and pepper. Mix together. Put Crisco in cold frying pan. When melted, put in corn and peppers. Cover and cook slowly about 10 minutes or until corn is tender. Uncover and cook until thoroughly done, and just before serving add cream. Will serve four people.

Corn Cakes



2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups fresh green corn
Crisco (enough, when melted, to cover bottom of pan)

Cut corn from ears. Beat eggs light. Add to corn with the salt. Stir all together. Put Crisco into cold frying pan. When hot, drop corn mixture by spoonfuls into hot Crisco. Keep them far enough apart so you can turn them easily. Fry until brown. Turn and brown on other side.

They will be easier to fry if you add one tablespoon flour but they will not be so good.

All measurements level. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

ATTRACTIVE WHOLESOME FRIED FOODS—*without smoke*



1 All you need for deep frying (in this case cauliflower) is an ordinary saucepan, a wire strainer and a 3 pound can of Crisco. And, of course, all you need for delicious pan frying is Crisco and your frying pan.



2 For all frying put Crisco in cold pan and heat slowly. Remember, Crisco will cook food before it is hot enough to smoke. If you have no thermometer, use the bread test given in the deep frying recipes above.



3 In pan frying use enough Crisco to half cover the food. It need not be wasted for you can strain it back into the can and use it over and over. Crisco does not take the taste of foods; not even cauliflower, which has a decided flavor.



4 Notice that Crisco foods, both pan fried and deep fried, are free from grease with a brown outside and a well cooked inside.

Crisco is trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable by The Procter & Gamble Co. Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. © 1925 by The Procter & Gamble Co.

WHY STAY IN THE KITCHEN?

Cooking at the Table Is Less Work and More Fun

By Ruth B. More

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

PLUG IN

and cook a whole meal right at your dining-table.

After you have discovered how easy it is to cook with electrical devices you will want more menus and recipes. And we have them ready to send you: recipes for delectable dishes that can be made conveniently at the table and menus for breakfasts, luncheons and suppers.

Let us help you to electrify the rest of your housekeeping, too. Our Home-Making Department has prepared a list of necessary and desirable electric equipment for the home, together with an estimate of cost. It will help you plan your electric purchases and select the equipment best suited to your needs. We'll gladly send you both these leaflets if you will just send a two-cent stamp to cover postage with your request to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N.Y.

A FEW pieces of electric cooking equipment are among the possessions of practically every family in this country, and yet few families use to any extent this simple and at times very jolly means of preparing their daily food.

The usual pieces of electric equipment for cooking at the table are chafing-dish, grill, toaster, waffle-iron, egg-cooker, percolator and the small electric stove of one or two plates.

In cooking at the table, let several guests or members of the family assist. No other custom develops such intimate charm and ease of manner.

There is, however, one word of warning which must be heeded if electric cooking equipment is to be safe for cooking-at-table meals. The ordinary single circuit will not usually heat more than two pieces of equipment at once. If more than two pieces are used, the third must be attached to a plug from another circuit; otherwise fuses may be blown out. Oftentimes the lights of a room and the floor plug in the same room are on a different circuit. This makes it possible to use two and three pieces of equipment if the table is lighted by candles.

There are several other ways of adjusting this condition, but it is advisable to have an electrician look over the wiring and fuses if you contemplate using more than two attachments on any one circuit. If stronger fuses are used, it may be necessary to have heavier wiring put in; otherwise the fuse may not act as a safety device between your house and fire.

THE following menu may be suggestive to those who wish the first experiment with this pleasant kind of service to be simple:

Grapefruit Cocktail, mint-flavored and garnished with crystallized mint leaves
Club Sandwiches
Ice-Cream with Crushed Peanut Brittle
Small Cakes or Wafers *Coffee*

A club sandwich, combining as it does a variety of foods, is almost by itself a well-balanced meal if its ingredients are thoughtfully selected. Club sandwiches, preceded by some concoction of fruit, accompanied by ice-cream with crushed peanut brittle, with a bit of cake thrown in, and a cup of fragrant coffee make a luncheon or a supper that will satisfy the most ravenous appetite or delight the fastidious nibbler. Though the contents of a club sandwich may vary at the will of its composer, there are certain combinations which are especially pleasing to the majority of consumers. For this menu a sandwich consisting of toast, lettuce, tomatoes, onion, cream cheese, sweet pickles, bacon and mayonnaise has been selected. Cold sliced chicken is a welcome addition.

WHILE one member of the party is setting the table, others may prepare the food. The lettuce should be washed, then wrapped in a linen towel until ready to be served. After removing the skins, cut the tomatoes in slices about one-quarter of an inch wide and arrange them in a bowl, together with the lettuce leaves, thin slices of Bermuda or Spanish onion, cubes of cream cheese and slices of sweet pickles. The butter for the toast will spread more easily and much more quickly if it is creamed. When the sliced bacon has been placed on a grill, the bread cut for toast and the mayonnaise placed in a bowl, the preliminary preparations for the club sandwiches are complete. The coffee may then be measured and put into the percolator, ready to be "perked" when the time arrives.



Boil the eggs, perk the coffee, toast the rolls—everything quickly made right at the table and piping hot for a comfy breakfast!

The peanut brittle should be crushed or ground into fine particles, ready to be sprinkled over the ice-cream just before serving. Meanwhile the table has been set.

If this menu is served in the evening, candles will also add charm to the setting, and are practical as well as esthetic, for the electric equipment may be consuming the full amount of power and no burned-out fuses must mar festivities.

The percolator, cups and saucers, cream and sugar may be conveniently placed on the tea-wagon or service-table near one of the guests who will serve the coffee. The process of frying the bacon should be started as soon as the fruit is eaten and a few moments before the toast is begun. At first glance the thought may arise, "Will not the bacon make a lot of odor?" Of course it will—the most tempting, appetizing, hunger-stimulating odor imaginable. Place the food on the table so that when it is passed the sandwich is logically built up. First a piece of toast, then lettuce, tomato, mayonnaise and onion, followed by bacon, lettuce, mayonnaise and toast again.

As soon as each one has buttered her toast, the plate of lettuce and tomatoes should be passed. The guest places a leaf of lettuce on her toast, then two or three slices of tomato. Then the mayonnaise is passed and spread over the lettuce and tomato. The onion and bacon follow and are placed on top of each other. If chicken is used, a thin slice or two of light meat is now added. Then another leaf of lettuce and a little mayonnaise are added before the roof of this delectable edifice is put on. The cheese and pickles are then passed and placed at one side of the plate.

Thin slices of veal or of roast pork may be used in place of chicken. Slices of lean ham may be used instead of either, and the bacon may then be omitted.

Other suggestive menus (unfamiliar recipes are given at the end of this article):

BREAKFAST MENU

Orange-Juice
Soft-Boiled Eggs, prepared in the egg-cooker
Rolls, split and toasted on the toaster
Grape Conserve
Coffee, made in the percolator



Softly glowing candles are beautiful and practical too. Don't make too great demands on the current, and when several electric devices are connected at the same time, avoid blowing the fuse by using candles

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER MENUS

Cream Oyster Stew, made in the chafing-dish
Ginger Waldorf Salad, with Cheese-Sticks, toasted in toaster or grill
Glorified Rice with Raspberry Jam
Coffee, made in the percolator

Lobster Newburg, made in the chafing-dish
Crisp Sallines or Toast, toasted on the toaster
Endive Salad with French Dressing
Fruit Compote with Gingersnaps
Coffee, made in the percolator

RECIPES

GRAPEFRUIT COCKTAIL WITH CRYSTALLIZED MINT LEAVES

Mint-Sirup

- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 4 tablespoons water
- 2 or more drops of extract of peppermint

The drops must be added with care to secure just the strength desired, and no more.

Boil the sugar and water until it forms a thread (230 to 236 degrees Fahrenheit) when dropped from spoon. When cold, add extract of peppermint.

Crystallized Mint Leaves

- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 4 tablespoons water
- ½ cup mint leaves

Wash and remove mint leaves from stem. Boil sugar and water until a heavy sirup is made—that is, until a hard ball is formed (254 to 260 degrees Fahrenheit). Dip each leaf separately into the sirup, then roll in granulated sugar. Dry on waxed paper.

Remove the skin from each section of grapefruit. Cut the fruit into small pieces and marinate in mint-sirup. Chill and garnish with crystallized mint leaves.

GINGER WALDORF SALAD

- 1 cup diced tart apple
- 1 cup diced celery
- ½ cup broken walnut-meats
- ¼ cup French dressing
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- Garlic dressing
- ¼ cup candied ginger cut in slender shreds

Fold together the apple, celery, nuts and ginger. Marinate with French dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing into which have been sliced two garlic beans. Do not allow this to stand long before serving, as the nuts will discolor it.

CHEESE-STICKS

- ½ to 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 6 slices day-old bread
- ½ cup melted butter

Slice bread one-half inch thick. Dip in melted butter, then in grated Parmesan cheese. Toast on both sides in pan of grill. Have ready a plate with a paper napkin. Place sticks on napkin to drain slightly.

GLORIFIED RICE

- 2 cups boiled rice
- 1 cup whipping cream
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla
- Pinch salt
- Raspberry jam

Whip the cream and to it add the vanilla and salt. Just before serving toss rice lightly into cream mixture. Add teaspoon of raspberry jam to each serving.

LOBSTER NEWBURG

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup mushrooms
- 2 egg-yolks
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1 pint milk
- 1½ cups lobster-meat, shrimps, or each may be combined with oysters

Place the butter in the blazer and add sliced mushrooms. Cook for five minutes, add the flour and then the milk. Cook until thick and smooth. Add the lobster-meat broken in pieces about the size of an oyster. Mix egg-yolks with a little of the sauce and stir lightly into the lobster mixture. Cook only long enough to set the yolks. Lastly, season mixture to taste with lemon-juice, a dash of nutmeg, Cayenne pepper and salt.

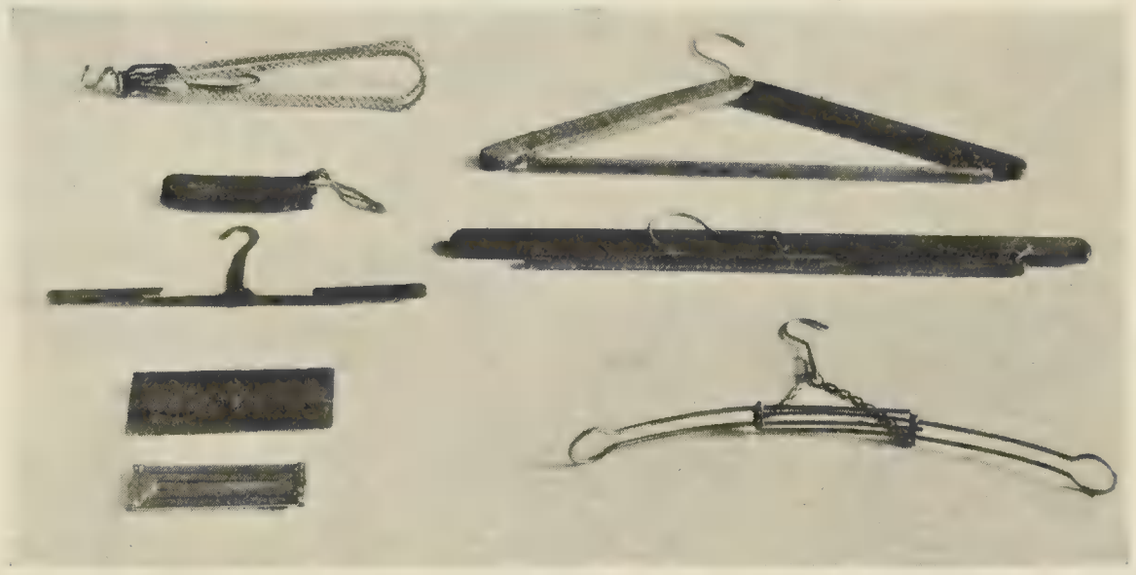
MAKE CLOTHES CLOSETS CONVENIENT

By Beulah Blackmore

Head, Department of Clothing and Textiles, the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University



Snap clothes-rods into a vertical position if space is scarce



Folding hangers, padded hangers, or simple wooden or wire ones can be used—but get them smooth and wide enough with rounded edges



Sliding rods make clothes more accessible and easily seen

Dress up your clothes-closet and increase its usefulness. A rack to keep your shoes tidy or a sliding clothes rod improves the appearance of closet and clothing. And there are many other conveniences you can install. Send two-cents for postage to the Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and ask for our timely pamphlet, "Interesting Closet Devices."

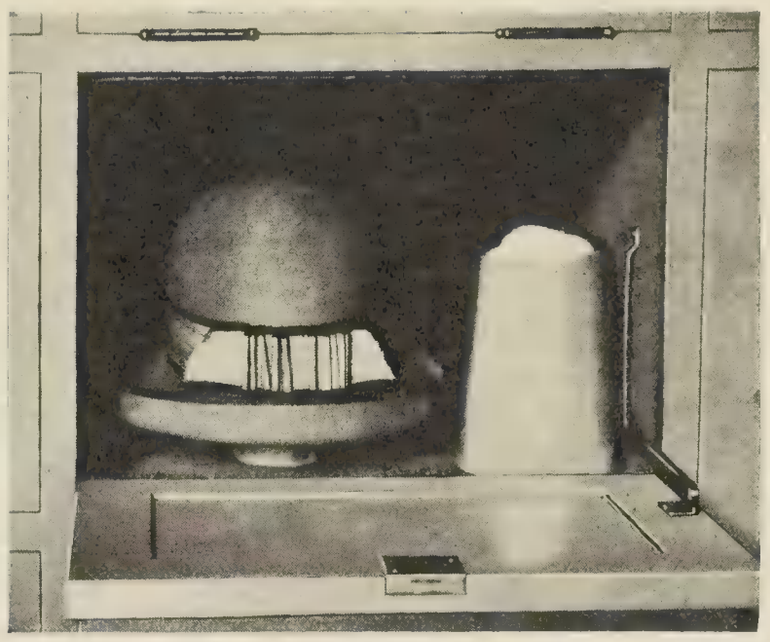
"A PLACE for everything and everything in its place" is an old maxim dear to every housewife, yet how difficult it is without continual reminder to make all members of the family regard it.

Many busy housewives have discovered that when they can arrange convenient and very accessible nooks and closets the time-consuming occupation of "picking up" is reduced to a minimum. Also, convenient and adequate places for clothes will lengthen their period of usefulness, improve their looks while they last, save pressers' bills, and satisfy the desire for orderliness.

Blessed is the architect or builder who places a window in each clothes-closet! Fresh air and an abundance of sunlight are the natural enemies of moths and other insects.

Air and sunlight also freshen garments which have been worn. If a window has not been built in, the next best substitute in a closet is an electric light.

A closet should be as nearly dust-proof as possible. If practical, the floor should be made about two and one-half inches above the level of the adjoining room floor. In clothes-closets used by children all conveniences should be placed low enough to be within easy reach.



Low hat-stands in a hinged cupboard or dust-proof boxes keep hats in good condition



Provide a capacious bag for your shoes, shoe cloths and brushes

One of the first requirements of a convenient clothes-closet is a large number of clothes-hangers. A hanger should be very smooth with rounded edges and wide enough so that it will not make unsightly marks or impressions on a garment or catch into the thread of linings. If a garment is very heavy, or a gown very flimsy, and only worn occasionally, it is often desirable to pad the hangers with soft tissue-paper to avoid marking.

Many dresses are now hung on hangers by loops placed at the waistline. This brings the annoying difficulty of keeping the loops on the hanger. Rubber bands twisted a number of times around the ends of the hangers, making a little ridge of rubber at each end, will prevent the loops from slipping off the hanger.

For camp use or if there is a temporary shortage of hangers, a satisfactory substitute may be made by twisting a roll of newspaper tightly, bending the roll slightly, and suspending it by a string. A portion of a barrel-hoop covered with paper may also be used.

A small number of skirt and trousers hangers should also be provided, as it is inadvisable to hang skirts or trousers on the ordinary dress-hanger.

Garments should not be placed one on top of the other. The most practical contrivance for hanging garments which are on hangers is a pole placed lengthwise or crosswise in a closet at a height to accommodate a full-length dress. A broomstick, a curtain-pole or a brass rod may be used for this. Curtain attachments may be used for attaching the pole if there are no cleats on which to rest it.

For the closet which is very narrow and deep small sliding rods such as are used in clothing stores may be installed. There are also several patented devices on the market for hanging a number of garments in a very small space. Hooks of various kinds and lengths may be secured, but these are usually uneconomical of space. For the hanging of sweaters old embroidery-hoops may be suspended by a string from a hook. Garments not often used should be covered with an easily arranged garment-bag.

The most simple arrangement to care for shoes is a shelf nine inches wide, placed about twelve inches from the floor. This allows space for cleaning under the shelf and places the shoes at a convenient height away from the dust.

If such a shoe-shelf seems to occupy too much space in a narrow closet, it may be placed higher on the wall and slanted toward the floor. A narrow cleat three-fourths of an inch thick is then placed three inches from the edge of the shelf attached to the wall. The heels of the shoes are caught into this cleat and the shoes rest at an angle.

Another arrangement for the care of shoes is a shoe-case. The most convenient place to hang this case is on the inside of the closet door, and it should be tacked firmly in place.

For party or delicate shoes, bags which draw up at the top may be used. Shoes so cared for are always ready for packing into dress-suit case or trunk. There are also several patented metal devices for holding shoes, such as narrow metal cleats or racks attached to wall or door.

Shoe-trees are of course practically indispensable for keeping shoes in shape. One may secure various kinds. Some come in pairs, others are single, simple ones to hold the shoe in shape. Those which, besides holding the shoe in shape, are provided with a hook to hang the shoe are convenient in some closets. A shoe-tree should never force the shoe out of shape.

Closed shelves, like cupboards, or shelves with drop doors are a great convenience for hats, but a closet must be unusually large to accommodate this type of shelf, as the swinging or dropping of the door will take considerable space.

If open shelves are used, they should be about fourteen inches wide to hold a hat-box. Shelves much wider than this are likely to become cluttered with unused articles and make one hesitate to investigate their depths for cleaning and airing; thus they become breeding-places for moths. If several shelves are needed and one is placed above the others, they should be graduated in width, the highest shelf being the narrowest. All boxes and packages placed on a shelf should be labeled on the end in view unless the contents are perfectly obvious.

If it is not desirable to keep hats in a box, then light-weight bags of large dimensions may be made to cover them. The crowns of hats should be stuffed with tissue or a cone of stiff paper used to keep the hat from resting on the brim. Every closet should be equipped with one or two low hat-stands.

A full-length mirror or a small mirror hung on the inside of the closet door is very conducive to the profitable study of the angle at which the hat should be worn.

Drawers in large closets are a great boon for tucking away small folded articles, though shelves may be substituted for drawers. While articles are more easily found if placed on shelves, they may also become dusty. If drawers are to be used for woolen articles, it is desirable to have them cedar-lined and made moth and dust proof. If drawers are used for storage in a closet in an unfrequented part of the house or in a house used only during certain seasons, they should also be made animal-proof by strips of tin tacked along all joinings.

Above all else, closets should be sufficiently lighted, conveniently arranged and have every part easily accessible. For probably there is no other thing in the house that expresses the standards of cleanliness of a person better than the arrangement and care of these hidden corners.



One hook up and one down, the lower for an extra skirt or two



"As a young mother, having given birth to eight children within nine years, complications setting in and my nerves badly shattered, I was fast losing my vitality. I tried eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I soon developed a fondness for it, and my health started to improve wonderfully. For clearing the complexion there is nothing like it. Within eight months I felt as if I could do the work of a longshoreman. It certainly did restore energy to my wasted body."

Mrs. Florence Murray, New York



"I had such severe indigestion that I could eat almost nothing—often could not sleep at night at all. I had tried every sort of remedy without real relief. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast; I ate it for two months. Today my digestion is absolutely normal; my appetite has returned—in a word, my health is perfect again. I owe all this to Fleischmann's Yeast, and I cannot praise it enough."

Miss E. Lapointe, Montreal, Quebec, Canada



"Two years ago I found myself very unfit physically. I was fagged and nervous, fearful of chronic ill-health. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. Amazing! It has entirely eliminated that weak, fagged condition; made me feel and *look* wonderfully fit. I am now adding Yeast to the diet of my small son. He was so under-nourished looking, and ordinary tonics did him no good. He is responding beautifully—his skin and eyes are clear, appetite fine, and he is fast losing his emaciated appearance." Mrs. Virgil Hart, Cross Plains, Texas

Only Half-Living?

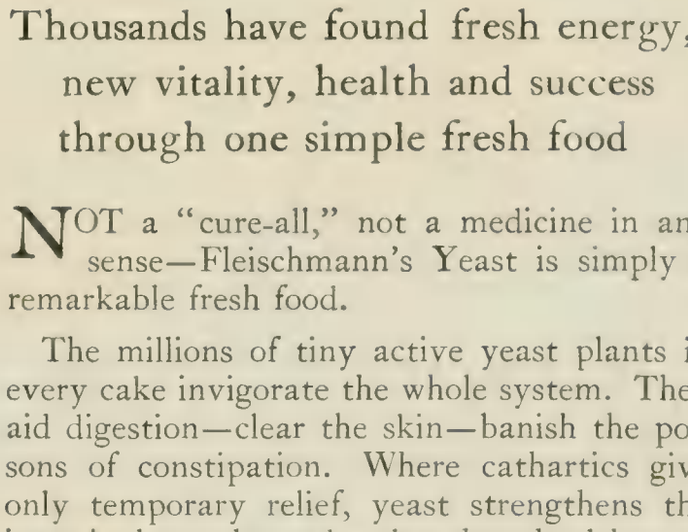
Thousands have found fresh energy, new vitality, health and success through one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

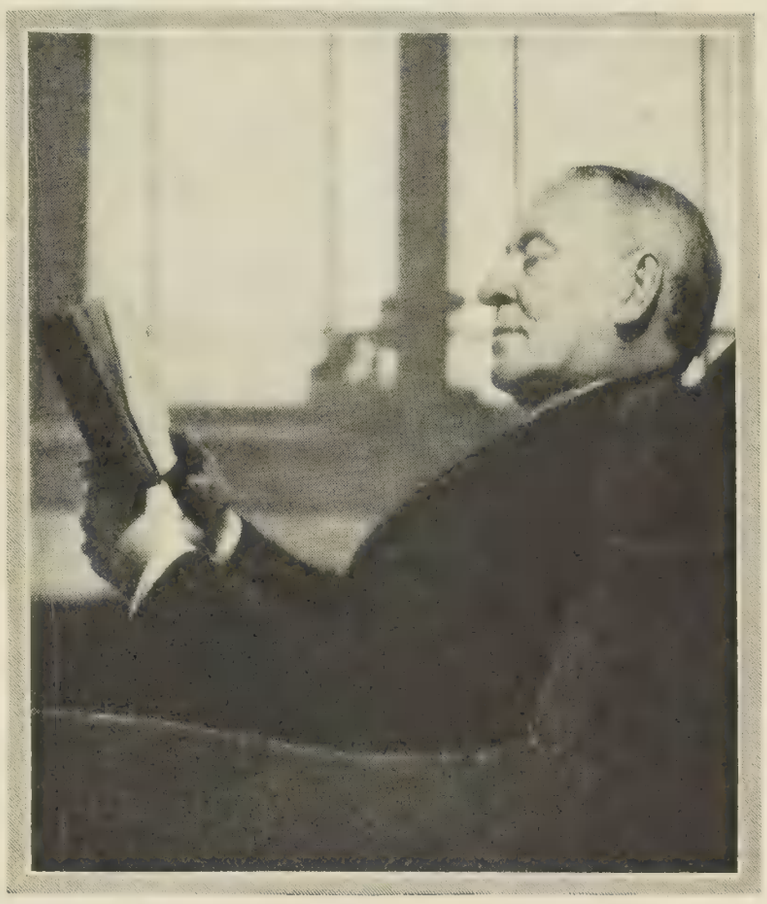
And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. C-20, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!



"A severe airplane crash while serving as Flying Instructor during the war resulted in derangement of internal organs. My health failed rapidly for two years. Extreme gas pains, boils and other effects of aggravated auto-intoxication combined to make existence a thing of almost constant pain. Malnutrition helped lower my vitality. My wife started me on 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Within a week natural functions were normally resumed. Immediately I gained strength. Rest became possible and proper nourishment. Thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, today I am in normal rugged health." Rex V. Bixby, Culver City, Cal.



"I am a minister. Under the pressing duties of a heavy Pastorate, in 1924, I began to go down hill. I was threatened with a complete breakdown. One morning a brother minister strongly urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I sceptically consented. I did not notice any change for ten days, but one morning I awakened to find that my constipation was not so bad as formerly; after 16 days it had disappeared entirely. My nervousness and irritability were fast leaving me. I kept on . . . I was able once again to take up my pastoral duties." The Rev. Duncan P. Cameron, Detroit, Minn.



Grandma's Cookies

HOW little eyes light up at the sight of Grandma's cookies! Fully fifty years ago Grandma perfected her art of cookie-making with Pillsbury's Best Flour and they've been firm friends ever since. From the experience of hundreds of baking days Grandma has learned Pillsbury's Best is always uniform and dependable. And she uses it for *all* her baking—for bread and cakes, pies and cookies.

The Pillsbury Basic Recipe Method

There's a better way of baking that thousands of women are endorsing. It adds interest, subtracts work and multiplies the variety of foods quickly prepared. This Pillsbury Basic Recipe Method shows you how to prepare 100 delicious foods from 4 basic recipes. It doubles your baking skill—divides time and trouble. And it's the most convincing test that Pillsbury's Best is ideally suited to every baking purpose.

Send for this free book of recipes

The whole story, an absorbing booklet of recipes, is yours for the asking. Hundreds of women tell us it's a cook book they prize. Why not send for it today? Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour
Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour
Health Bran
Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour
Graham Flour
Farina

Pillsbury's Best Flour

One of the family

MENUS FOR SEPTEMBER

By Jessie A. Boys

These menus were planned to provide correct nutritional values within the means of an average household budget. They were edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics, at Cornell University

DON'T CALL—INVITE!

Make your family your guests at meals. Every summons to the table can be an invitation instead of the old call to the too-familiar menu. Introduce them to the deliciousness of baked apple roly-poly, stuffed turban squash, eggplant and tomato casserole, peach shortcake and the rest of the dishes we have starred. We'll be glad to send you the recipes. Just write to the Homemaking Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and ask us to send you the "September Dozen." But enclose a two-cent stamp for postage*

THESE days of "taking thought" for the Winter are busy days indeed, and any expedient that will contribute to ease or speed of accomplishment is to be given consideration. Unusual devices for saving time are suggested as follows:

The dry ingredients for baking-powder biscuit or corn bread may be mixed and sifted and even the shortening mixed in and then put into a closely covered container, labeled with the amount of wet ingredients needed and stored in a cold place.

Butter, flour and the requisite seasonings may be melted together, cooled and made into balls of uniform size. One tablespoon of butter when melted will take up two tablespoons of flour, and when cooled will measure a slightly rounded tablespoon. It is an easy matter to take even half a ball from the ice-box, and in a jiffy the sauce is made or other ingredients thickened.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Cantaloup
Buttered Steamed Whole-Wheat Biscuit
Hot Milk
Crisp Bacon *Toast* *Marmalade*
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Fruit Salad *Cheese Biscuits*
Sea-Moss Blanc-Mange *Maple-Sirup*
Iced Chocolate

DINNER

Clear Tomato Soup *Wafers*
Broiled Steak *Baked Potatoes*
**Creamed Mushrooms* *Dressed Lettuce*
Cherry Jelly *Rolls*
Peach Sherbet *White Cake*
Milk *Coffee*

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Prunes
Scrambled Eggs
Corn Muffins *Apple Jelly*
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON

Stewed Rice with Cheese Sauce
Cabbage Salad *Graham Bread*
Apple Sauce **Ginger Cookies*
Milk

DINNER

Pork Chops *Milk Gravy*
Mashed Potatoes *Sliced Tomatoes*
Dixie Relish *Brown Bread*
**Peach Shortcake*
Milk *Coffee*

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Fresh Peaches
Corn Flakes *Top Milk*
Soft-Cooked Eggs *Bran Muffins*
Cocoa

LUNCHEON

Potato Soup *Toast Triangles*
Curly-Endive-and-Tomato Salad
Cottage-Cheese-and-Brown-Bread Sandwiches
Grapes
Milk *Hot Tea*

DINNER

Roast Beef *Brown Potatoes*
Corn on the Cob
Swiss Chard *Bread*
Currant Jelly
Prune Whip *Soft Custard*
Milk *Coffee*

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Pears
Flaked-Wheat Cereal *Top Milk*
Potato Cakes *Toasted Muffins*
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON

Vegetable Casserole
Baking-Powder Biscuits
Caramel Junket *Hermits*
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Fruit Cocktail
**Fricassee of Beef* *Boiled Rice*
**Baked Stuffed Turban Squash*
Cucumber-and-Tomato Salad *Rolls*
Custard Pie
Milk *Coffee*

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapes
Toasted Whole-Wheat Bread
Bacon and Eggs
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON

Cream Tomato Soup *Croutons*
**Stuffed Peppers*
Olives *Brown Bread*
**Baked Apple Roly-Poly*
Milk

DINNER

**Baked Liver with Stuffing*
Scalloped Potatoes
**Eggplant and Tomato Casserole*
Shelled Beans *Piccalilli*
Graham Rolls
Sliced Peaches and Cream
Sweet Wafers
Milk *Coffee*

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Baked Apples
Griddle Cakes *Sirup*
Sausage Cakes
Coffee with Hot Milk

LUNCHEON

Oyster Stew *Crackers*
Olives *Radishes*
**Pineapple-and-Cabbage Salad*
Nut Bread
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Broiled Fish
Rice with Savory Butter
**Stewed Cucumbers*
**Beet-and-Pickle Salad* *Bread*
Lemon Meringue Pie
Milk *Coffee*

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Hashed Brown Potatoes *Ham and Eggs*
Muffins
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON

Creamed Potatoes and Carrots
Succotash *Dill Pickles*
Bread
Baked Apple and Gingerbread
Hard Sauce
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Cheese Fondu
Beets with Sour Sauce
Creamed Lettuce
Tomato Salad *Whole-Wheat Bread*
Iced Watermelon
Milk *Coffee*



She who prizes beauty must obey Nature's law!

How MANY of you who envy the perennial beauty of some favorite of the stage know the simple secret of her perpetual loveliness?

No life is more arduous than hers, no environment more trying to the complexion. Still she comes before the footlights year after year, young and radiant because she has not transgressed Nature's simplest law.

Faulty elimination is the greatest enemy that beauty knows. It plays havoc with the complexion; brings sallow skin, dull and listless eyes.

When intestines fail to function normally, when they become clogged with digestive waste, poisons generate and spread throughout the system, destroying health and beauty, paving the way for sickness and disease.

Harsh drugs and laxatives should seldom be taken except at doctors' orders. They bring only temporary relief and make matters much worse later. How much wiser it is to prevent faulty elimination and establish regular habits by eating the proper food.

Bran is a bulk food which your own physician has recommended highly. Perhaps you have tried to eat ordinary bran and found it dry and tasteless.

But there is a bran that's really good to eat

Post's Bran Flakes is bran in its most delicious form. You can eat it every day and enjoy it. Served with milk or cream it is a splendid breakfast cereal. It makes the lightest muffins and the most tempting bran bread.

If eaten regularly Post's Bran Flakes will correct faulty elimination and establish regular habits. It provides the intestines with the bulk they need to function normally and at the same time brings to the body such vital food essentials as phosphorus and iron, proteins, carbohydrates and the essential Vitamin B.

Post's Bran Flakes is the best-liked bran. More of it is sold than any other kind. Millions eat it every day as an "Ounce of Prevention". Try it. Now you'll like bran.

Send for "An Ounce of Prevention"

Let us send you a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our booklet showing different ways of serving bran. Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. 9-104, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes, Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)*, Postum Cereal.

everybody every day

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention



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ESMOND



BLANKETS

A NEW THOUGHT IN BLANKETS

Think a minute—how clean can you wash a blanket?

You can wash an *Esmond Blanket* as clean as your sheets! And as often as you wish. Esmond Blankets are scientifically made of the right material—selected curly cotton—for hygienic cleanliness. They are made the modern way—the Esmond way—"2-in-1," double weave and double warmth in single length, warmth without weight.

Esmond Blankets are moth-proof and fade-proof. They are clean and soft, made in color combinations and patterns to fit any scheme of room decoration. They are economically priced from $4.00 to $7.00 for you and $1.00 to $4.00 for Baby. Think that over and examine an Esmond Blanket at your favorite store. Have blankets for Baby and yourself that are clean and can be kept clean.

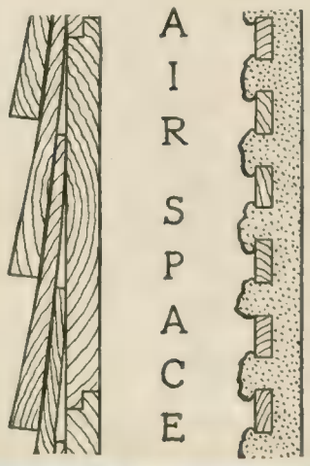
Made in America

THE ESMOND MILLS, ESMOND, R. I.

Esmond Bed Blankets, Blanket Comfortables, Indian Blankets and Sport Designs and Esmond Baby Blankets

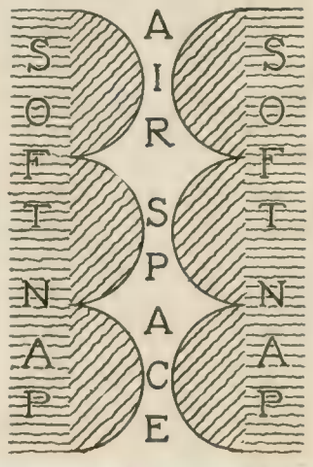
CLARENCE WHITMAN & SONS, INC., SELLING AGENTS, NEW YORK CITY

Through the centuries it has been proven that the double walled house is the only warm house—that an air space is necessary between the outer wall and the inner wall to retain the warmth in the house and keep the cold out. All good houses are insulated with an air space between the outer and inner walls. This is also the Esmond process of Blanket manufacture.





Send 10c for Esmond Doll Blanket. It will please your children and show what Esmond Quality is. The story of Bunny Esmond for children, free on request.



Esmond Blankets are woven two-in-one—two walls with an *air space between.*

Esmond Blankets are single blankets with the warmth of a pair. In the Esmond process, only one side of the yarn is fuzzed which makes the Esmond stronger, besides warmer, than a blanket made in the ordinary way with only one strand fuzzed on both sides. All Esmond Blankets have the air space between—it is the Esmond process.

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope)

SAVE SMALL CONTAINERS FOR CHILDREN'S LUNCH-BOX

I find the little screw-top jars that come filled with salad dressings, cold-creams and sandwich fillings are very useful for the children's lunch-boxes. They may be utilized for jelly, preserves, custards and other foods used in small quantities.—MRS. C. M. G., Columbia, Miss.

SAVE ON GIFTS FOR SHUT-INS

Glass jam containers may be colored by the simple bronze-paint method. One done in marigold yellow with a touch of black at the top would be attractive; another in larkspur blue with burnt orange at top and bottom. Fill with dates dressed with ground raisins and nuts dipped in chocolate.

Gather dainty grasses and paint in brilliant hues to give cheer after the sweets are gone.

Save your grape baskets and cover with plain red crêpe paper. In each basket put one steamed pudding in aluminum cup, pressed veal, a cluster of raisins, sweet red apples, oranges, and graham fig cookies.

For children in the charity hospitals fill the baskets with healthful edibles (including fruits), tiny dolls, tops and balls.

A year's collection of LITTLE DELINEATORS, with scissors, an unbleached-muslin booklet and paste, will entertain a small shut-in, while the adult DELINEATOR may be passed along to some grown-up who could not otherwise possess it.—MRS. M. C. MCK., Logan, Utah.



You need not throw away empty jelly and cold-cream jars. They make ideal containers for the children's lunch-box

SAVE THE LIFE OF FLOWERS

The life of cut flowers, particularly of roses, may be greatly increased if a damp oiled paper is put over them at night. Cover the flowers with the oiled paper, tying the sides of the paper to the top of the vase.—J. W. M., Detroit, Mich.

SAVE SEARCHING FOR RECORDS

My small children will spend hours playing the talking-machine, but formerly they took much of my time running to me with a record to ask me what it was. Recently I hit upon the plan of pasting an appropriate picture on each record. They quickly learned to identify the records by the pictures and no longer ask any help in finding what they want.—MRS. C. P. K., Bristol, Va.

SAVE LAUNDERING PILLOW COVERS

The toy box in the nursery was first painted, then covered with cretonne, but the paint was soon marred and the cretonne quickly soiled. Next I bought a very soft flexible black oilcloth and covered the box; then I padded an old blanket and covered that with the oilcloth. Only a moment is required to wash it and it is quickly fresh and clean. Nursery pillows were covered with the same material in different colors. The oilcloth can not be stitched on the machine. I use long-and-short stitches with wool, fastening the oilcloth on the pillow in this fashion, leaving a border with a raw edge about two inches wide.—MRS. E. A. G., New York.

SAVE TIME IN CARING FOR BIRD

Instead of cutting a paper for the bird cage each morning, cut six or eight papers, place them in the bird cage and each morning remove the top one.—MRS. A. D. W., Dallas, Tex.

SAVE THE SILENCE-CLOTH

When the children first begin to eat at the table there are bound to be accidents when the milk or other food is overturned. To protect the asbestos mat or silence-cloth I bought white oilcloth just large enough to cover the table and placed it over the mat and under the table-cloth.—MRS. H. A. H., Portsmouth, Va.

SAVE LOST RUBBERS

After her small son had returned several times from school with one rubber of his own and one belonging to some other child, one mother solved the problem by providing her youngster with one of the spring clothes-pins, on which his name was plainly printed. Thereafter when the rubbers were removed at school they were fastened together safely. Other mothers soon followed suit and order reigned among the rubbers of this school.—MRS. E. E. D., Lincoln, Neb.

SAVE TIME IN PREPARING CITRUS FRUITS FOR SALAD

In making fruit salad or cocktail one often wishes to remove the sections of the orange or grapefruit in whole pieces from the white membrane to which it is attached. If the following procedure is used much time and labor will be saved, and the sections may be easily removed without being broken up into small pieces. Cut the skin of the fruit lengthwise and crosswise so that the skin is divided into quarters. It can very readily be peeled off. Place the peeled fruit in a pitcher or pan of cold water and let it stand in the ice-box for at least two hours. The white membrane will peel from the sections of the fruit very readily and it will be found that the fruit will not break easily.—MRS. A. F. F. J., Reedsburg, Wis.

SAVE BUYING RUGS

Very pretty and durable rugs may be made from old chenille curtains and rope draperies. Ravel out the chenille and wind it into balls, then crochet it into round, oval or oblong rugs with a wooden hook.—MRS. G. E. H., Cory, Pa.

Extra help!
Fels-Naptha gives extra washing help you cannot get in any other form!

Extra help that brings bright, sparkling cleanliness to your wash—more quickly, more easily than any other way!

Extra help that makes your clothes *safely* clean, and spares your back and hands!

Splendid soap and dirt-loosening naptha—working together in Fels-Naptha—give you this *extra* washing help.

Isn't Fels-Naptha's *extra* help worth a penny more a week? Cheaper in the end, anyway!

Get a bar or two from your grocer today, and give Fels-Naptha a chance to prove its *extra* helpfulness in *your* home!

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* clothes with Fels-Naptha if you prefer. You are bound to get good results any way you use it. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.



Naptha! You can tell by the smell!

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Protect your gums and save your teeth

Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink, serious dangers result.

The teeth are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves become tender and bleed easily. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They often disfigure the mouth as they recede.

Prevent Pyorrhea with Forhan's

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent or check Pyorrhea's progress. Forhan's is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. It preserves gum health and corrects tender gum spots, hardens gum tissues so they will offer proper support to the teeth, and keeps your mouth fresh and healthy.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's twice a day and consult your dentist immediately for special treatment.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

WHEN RECREATION CONTRIBUTES TO RE-CREATION

By Flora Rose

Director, The New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

REENFORCEMENTS!

Wherever you go on your vacation, air and exercise are sure to whet your appetite. For the between-meals nibble, or if the food served where you are staying is not well balanced, take a few jars of reenforcements. With these and the recipes we'll send, you can whisk together delightful breakfasts and suppers or satisfying picnic luncheons

Write to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage, and our leaflet "Vacation Eating" will be mailed promptly

A SUCCESSFUL vacation returns the vacationer to the business of life with a new point of view toward the job, whether it be home-making or banking. It leaves us eager to begin over again to try for the inner reward that only work well done can give and builds us up against the ravages of the year's work.

First, *our vacations should include sunshine*, all of it we can possibly press into the allotted time, storing up the sun's radiant energy in our bodies. If our years are spent in one of those sections of the country covered by the goiter belt, we should look for iodin as well as sunshine. This search will lead us to the seashore, and we can bathe in the salt water, breathe in the salt air, and eat all we can of the iodin-bearing sea food.

Second, *we should exercise out of doors*. Exercise is a very necessary part of a real vacation, and its effects are far-reaching. The sun-kissed vacationer, with a replenished supply of more actively circulating red blood in his veins, is going to find zest in Winter's work as well as Summer's play.

Third, *let us allow time in each twenty-four hours for eight hours' sleep or rest*. How much better if this might be spent on an out-of-doors porch! At least, in planning the vacation, let us try to get a room which gives the maximum of air. A tent has values for vacations that no room can ever possess.

Fourth, *we should have well-chosen food each day*, though this I recognize as very often the greatest difficulty of all. Our daily food on vacation should contain:

1. *A pint of milk for each adult and a quart for each child*. It may be on cereals, made into bread, eaten in custards or sauces or soups or chowders, but it should be there.

2. *One fresh green vegetable*, just as soon after it is picked from the garden as it is possible to get it, though this is not easy. Canned vegetables should be left for Winter use. Now is the time for fresh greens.

3. *Another fresh vegetable besides potatoes*. This may be carrots or radishes or celery or lettuce or beets or corn.

4. *An egg each day*. This, together with the sunshine, will aid in our re-creation.

5. *Fruit twice a day*. Oranges are always easy to ship in and the much-talked-of prune is a blessing.

6. *All the other food* which we need to satisfy healthy appetites created by sun baths, fresh air, exercise and free spirits.

7. *From six to eight glasses of water a day*. One reason why many vacations fail to give the needed refreshment is that constipation is sometimes brought about by any slight change. Drink plenty of water, eat plenty of fruits and vegetables, and, if possible, whole-wheat bread.

If the plan we have chosen does not give us the right food, with a little added time and money we can reenforce a poor dietary so that it becomes a satisfactory one. A jar of mayonnaise, a jar of peanut butter, a jar of cheese, a small can of milk, a jar of tart preserves or jelly to be kept on the shelf will help; a pat of butter, a loaf of bread or a box of crackers, a head of lettuce, a small cabbage, an onion, a tomato, a lemon, each can be bought as needed.

HERE is the type of meals which we should have each day on vacation:

Breakfast—Fresh fruit in season, an egg, bread, butter, a beverage. This breakfast may also contain a breakfast food, marmalade and bacon.

Lunch or supper—A simple meat dish or meat substitute, such as omelet, macaroni and cheese, or fish chowder; a salad of fresh lettuce and vegetables or fruits; a glass of milk or a cup of cocoa; an abundance of good bread and butter; jelly or other preserves; a simple dessert, with the opportunity to choose fruit if preferred.

Dinner—Meat; a liberal serving of a fresh vegetable, such as carrots, turnips, beets, spinach, beans, peas; potatoes; bread and butter; a dessert, with the opportunity to substitute fruit or crackers and cheese if preferred; opportunity to choose milk in place of another beverage. If fresh milk is not available, our desserts should be largely milk desserts, made from preserved milk. We should drink cocoa freely, and have an opportunity to drink coffee with half hot milk, the hot milk to be a diluted or reconstructed form of preserved milk.

If you are to be fortunate enough to have the fun of preparing your own meals during your vacation period, then follow the general rules for what you should eat daily; and if you are remote from sources of fresh supplies, learn the resources of the nearest market, have lettuce, onions, cabbage and oranges shipped to you by the crate, carrots, beets, turnips by the basket, tomatoes by the hamper. You can depend very satisfactorily upon various forms of preserved milk to meet all your needs and to incorporate into foods.

ASK US

Ask us anything you want to know about housekeeping and we will answer it personally. From our recent correspondence we publish the following questions and answers as being of general interest to all home-makers

QUESTION—Should clothes be soaked in plain water or in suds? Should the water be hot or cold?

Answer—Clothes should be soaked in slightly soapy, tepid water. Unless the soap itself contains something like kerosene or turpentine, a teaspoonful of either added to the water in which clothes are soaked helps to loosen the dirt. After clothes have soaked, they should first be washed clean in tepid water. Very hot water may set any stains which have been overlooked. It also has the drawback of tightening the pores of the fabric and keeping the dirt from falling out. After clothes are clean, they may be washed in hot water or boiled.

Question—Will you give me a few suggestions for decorating salads?

Answer—Fruit salads may be decorated with slices of maraschino cherries, either red or green, cut very thin or finely minced or with candied fruits treated in the same way. Sliced English walnuts give an attractive garnish. If the salad is not to stand long after it is made, finely-chopped mint sprinkled lightly over salads gives beauty and flavor.

Vegetables and meat salads may be decorated with peppers, both red and green, minced, cut in strips or rounds or other shapes. Hard-cooked eggs, sliced or with yolk and white sifted separately, may be used to give an unusual touch of both color and design.

Question—Is it necessary to give orange-juice to my children in the Summer? Oranges are hard to get here at this time of the year.

Answer—This is the golden time to use tomatoes to replace orange-juice in the diet, even for very tiny babies.

As Mrs Livingston Fairbank of Chicago sees it

"Today women are better groomed, just as they are healthier and more efficient than ever before. Their skins, particularly, are kept clear, fresh, youthful. Pond's two delightful Creams are responsible for thousands of lovely complexions."

Miriam Fairbank.



MRS. Livingston Fairbank, whose hair and eyes are of that lovely golden brown the French call *châtaigne*, and whose fresh complexion has the tone and quality of a girl's, is an outstanding social leader in the second largest city in America.

One may always recognize her winsome smile in her box at the Chicago Opera. One sees her at the Twelfth-night Balls which mark the height of the social season. And her Sunday evening musicales, at which one meets and hears a distinguished company of artists and musicians, mingling with the music-lovers of Society, are occasions of rare delight.

Mrs. Fairbank had just returned from Palm Beach when I encountered her on the Boulevard one March morning.

"How could you leave blue sea and oleanders for this—dust, soot and gales?" I asked her, gesturing at the atmosphere. "They're disastrous to one's skin. And the water, too, which seems to get harder every day. But *you* seem to thrive on it all!" I added. "You're like a Dorothy Perkins rose this morning. Did Palm Beach teach you a new secret?"

"No," laughed Mrs. Fairbank. "I didn't need to go to Palm Beach to learn how to care for my skin. When you've lived in Chicago as long as I you'll know you can have a perfectly good complexion—even a lovely one—right here, in spite of unfriendly elements."

"What *do* you do," I begged her, "to keep so unblemished in the midst of soot and dust?"

"I JUST use Pond's Two Creams," answered Mrs. Fairbank, "the very same two that I found so many of my friends were using and that are responsible for thousands of lovely complexions everywhere. A simple method—requiring only a few moments each day. The busiest women use it." And then she told me how:—*Every day and more frequently than once if you have been out a great deal*, cleanse your face, neck, throat, arms and hands with Pond's Cold Cream. Let it stay on a few moments. Remove every vestige with a soft cloth which reveals how much dirt the pure oils of this delicate cream have brought from the depths of your pores. Do it all over again. Now close the pores with a dash of cold water or a light massage with ice.

If your skin is dry, use more Pond's Cold Cream after cleansing, before retiring, and leave it on all night. Your skin will be softened, yet toned to elasticity, too. And how white and soft your hands! If your skin is oily, paradoxical as it may seem, Pond's Cold Cream, used lavishly and wiped off, will free the pores from all accumulated oils, as only such a light cream can do.

THE *complementary step in the Pond's Method of skin care*, is to smooth over the skin of your face, throat and hands, now cleansed and revivified, a gossamer of Pond's Vanishing Cream which vanishes instantly. It gives your skin a soft even-toned finish, a new lustre. It protects it—denying the power of wind and sun to coarsen and burn, of city soot and dust to scratch and mar the fineness of its texture. And it keeps the soft whiteness of your hands!

Now, too, your powder and rouge go on with a smoothness and blend with a natural charm that leaves no further need to worry about a shiny nose, or that blotchy, artificial look. So always use it before powdering and before going out.

Try Pond's for yourself. The unfailing results which have commended this method to Mrs. Fairbank and the loveliest, most perfectly groomed Society leaders everywhere, will also endear these Creams to you.

Free Offer *Mail this coupon for free tubes of these two creams and a little folder telling how to use them.*

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. J.
149 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....



THE TWO CREAMS society women are using today

Steichen

MRS. LIVINGSTON FAIRBANK

Before her marriage into a Chicago family whose wealth and prominence date from pioneer days, she was Miss Miriam Patterson of the Far West. She is today a leading favorite in Chicago's most exclusive social set, both because of her social charms and her lovely lyric soprano voice which was trained in this country and abroad.

To the right, the Gothic mantel in the music-room of her apartment at 999 Lake Shore Drive, which commands a superb view of Lake Michigan. To the left, on Mrs. Fairbank's dressing table, stand jars of Pond's Two Creams.

* *

Among the other women of distinguished position who have expressed enthusiasm for the Pond's method are

Her Majesty, Marie, the Queen of Roumania; The Lady Diana Manners; Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt; Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop; Mrs. Marshall Field, Sr.



HEINZ does the cooking
—*you just heat and serve*



HEINZ
COOKED
Spaghetti
with cheese and 57 tomato sauce

Mother late. Children hungry. Noon hour half gone.

How a delayed shopping tour would upset the domestic schedule if it were not for Heinz!

Instead of a cold bite—Heinz Cooked Spaghetti—steaming hot in a moment and delicious to the last morsel.

Heinz-made dry spaghetti, Heinz Tomato Sauce, a special selected cheese, all seasoned and expertly cooked in the Heinz kitchens.

You should have a dozen cans in your pantry all of the time.

New salad-making recipe book sent for four cents in stamps

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

WHEN THE MILK TURNS SOUR

By Jessie A. Boys

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University



The more acid the more soda. For slightly sour milk add one-fourth of a teaspoon for each cup. If it's quite sour, make it half a teaspoon

A SUDDEN THUNDER-STORM

or just the heat of Summer—and before you can drink it, the milk has turned sour. It can still be used in cooking though, as this article shows you

Or try making it into cottage-cheese, which is delicious and healthful and is an increasingly popular food. We can send you directions for making cottage-cheese and recipes for some new and appetizing dishes

Write to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, and ask for "The Uses of Cottage-Cheese." Please don't forget to enclose a two-cent stamp for postage

THOSE accustomed to using sour milk and sour cream in cooking claim that the products are more tender and have a better flavor than when sweet milk and cream are used. This is true to a great extent. They also claim that it is just as easy to substitute sour milk for sweet milk in any recipe. This is not quite so true, but when one knows just how and is willing to experiment it is fairly simple.

The amount of soda varies according to how sour the milk or cream may be. If it is only slightly acid, one-fourth of a teaspoon of soda is needed for each cup. If quite acid, not more than one-half teaspoon of soda at most to each cup will be necessary. If milk and cream are very sour and old enough to have a bitter or a cheesy odor, don't use them.

It is safer and better results are obtained if the soda is stirred directly into the sour ingredient and one teaspoon of baking-powder is provided for each cup of flour and is to be sifted with it.

When sour cream is to be substituted for the fat in a cake or a quick bread, it must also take the place of the liquid as well as the fat. For example, if a cookie recipe calls for half a cup of shortening and half a cup of milk, the total of these is the measure of the cream to be used—that is, one cup of cream. Then soda is measured in proportion to this measure of cream and one teaspoon of baking-powder allowed to each cup of flour.

Another point well to keep in mind when mixing doughs and batters with soured milk is that the mixture should be stirred up somewhat thicker than is usually the case when sweet milk is used, because of the softening effect of the lactic acid of the milk upon a part of the gluten of the flour.

SOUR-CREAM CAKES

1 cup thick sour cream
⅜ teaspoon soda
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Stir soda into the cream until foamy; add sugar and stir until well mixed. Break eggs into mixture and beat vigorouly till smoothly combined. Mix and sift flour, baking-powder and salt, and stir gradually into the mixture. Add vanilla and beat well. Put into well-greased individual tins and bake twelve to twenty minutes in a moderate oven (380 degrees Fahrenheit).

SPICE-CAKES

To the recipe for sour-cream cakes add

½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon allspice
¼ teaspoon cloves

sifting these with the flour, or use half a teaspoon of cinnamon and half a teaspoon of nutmeg.

SUGAR COOKIES

1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup thick sour cream
½ teaspoon soda
Flour to roll (2 cups)
2 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon lemon extract
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Beat sugar and egg till foamy, then add the cream, into which has been stirred the soda. Add lemon extract. Sift the rest of the dry ingredients with the flour, and add to the first mixture. When well combined, toss half of the mixture on a floured board, roll and cut. To the trimmings add the remainder of the dough and proceed as before. After cutting, the surface of the cookies may be brushed with milk and coarse sugar sprinkled on. Bake about ten minutes in hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit). This amount should make three dozen thick cookies, two and one-half inches in diameter.

CHOCOLATE DROP-COOKIES

1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1 cup thick sour cream
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup nuts
1½ cups entire-wheat flour
1 teaspoon baking-powder
3 squares chocolate
¾ cup raisins

Beat the sugar and egg well, add the cream mixed with the soda. Melt the chocolate over hot water and add to this mixture. Stir well. Sift flour, baking-powder and salt. Use about one-quarter of a cup to coat the raisins and nuts, which should be cut and added after the flour has been well beaten in. Drop by the teaspoonful onto a greased sheet, and bake in a moderate oven, or at 300 degrees Fahrenheit. This mixture burns more readily than the sugar cookies and needs a lower temperature and careful watching. This recipe makes three dozen cookies.

CHOCOLATE CAKE (COCOA)

½ cup fat
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup sour milk
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons cocoa
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 teaspoons baking-powder

Cream the fat and add the sugar. Mix and beat till a foamy appearance has been obtained. Beat in the egg-yolk, then stir in the milk, which has had the soda thoroughly stirred into it. Mix and sift salt, flour, cocoa, cinnamon and baking-powder. Add to the first mixture. Fold in the beaten egg-white. Bake in a loaf-tin about forty minutes in a moderately hot oven (380 degrees Fahrenheit).



Now Make Dull Breakfasts Happy and Gay!

Try tempting the morning appetite with grain foods that entice!

HERE are grains with the rich flavor of nutmeats – a cereal wondrously and amazingly different from any you've ever tasted before.

Why not serve this, if only for a change from the more prosaic breakfasts? You'll find new lusciousness, a touch of variety to tempt the most indifferent appetite.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are steam exploded to eight times their normal size—as alluring as a confection, yet with the food value of *rich* grains.

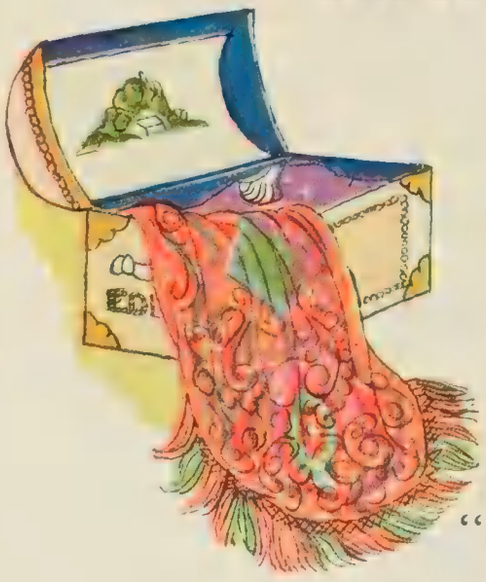
Serve with cream, milk or half and half. Try with cooked or fresh fruit. Serve, as a light luncheon, in bowls of half and half; and, too, as a bed-time dish beyond compare. There are countless ways, each one a new delight.

Today, include these fairy grains—a package of each, for variety's sake—with your grocery order.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Quaker Puffed Rice

When *THOMAS A. EDISON* was known as *"Little Al"*



He accidentally splashed mud on a beautiful Paisley shawl ~ attempts to clean it failed ~ 65 years later Lux restored this treasured heirloom to loveliness



"MY Mother was out walking one day with *her* Mother who wore a beautiful Paisley Shawl about her shoulders.

"As they were passing a warehouse, a little boy jumped from a wagon to the sidewalk, immediately in front of them. The plank was loose and a big splash of muddy water literally covered the beautiful Paisley.

"Grandmother attempted to clean it, but such 'soaps' as she had were ineffectual.

"The little boy who soiled the shawl was then known as little Al Edison, now known as Thomas A. Edison. As near as Mother could remember, this incident occurred in 1855. In 1920 the Paisley was given a thorough Lux washing and restored to its original beauty—after 65 years!"

Mrs. Jean Pratt, Chicago, Ill.

Now your whole Monday's Laundry goes into its sparkling suds



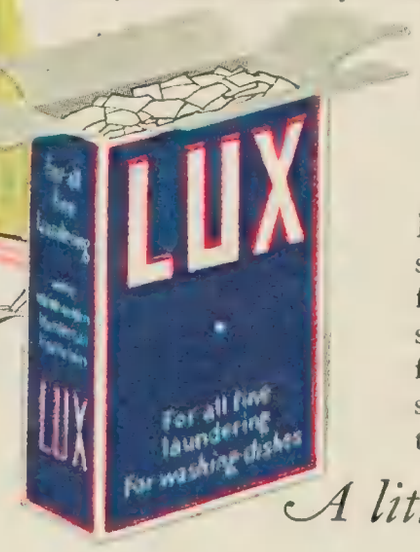
All your clothes ~ your hands, too ~ repay this care

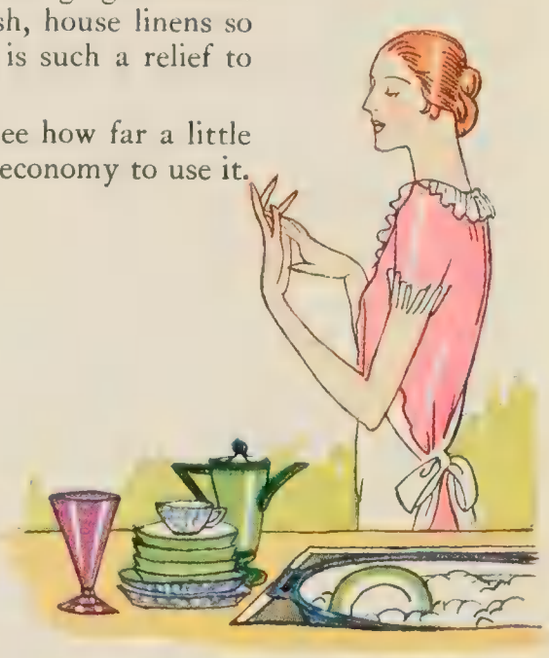
For years you washed all your fine things in marvelous, bubbling Lux suds and you saw them bloom with a fresher, sweeter beauty. You saw how soft and smooth Lux left your hands.

Then one Monday—a new idea! Joyfully you plunge *all* your clothes—the whole week's laundry — into rich active Lux suds. Such nice clothes, too — for which you have to pay so much more nowadays than formerly—really, they *do* deserve the care you give your silks and woolens.

With what deep satisfaction you fold away your laundry! Not since the day you bought them have you seen your clothes look as beautiful as they do after their Lux-washing—colored ginghams and prints so bright and fresh, house linens so snowy white! And Lux is such a relief to your hands.

You'll be amazed to see how far a little Lux goes—it's really an economy to use it.





No more rough red HANDS from washing dishes

Drop a few Lux flakes—just about one teaspoonful—into your dishpan. See the difference! Lux leaves your hands soft and smooth—white. It treats them as kindly as the finest toilet soap. Your hands quickly respond to this care—wash your dishes in Lux today! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Get the Big Convenient Package — New!

A little Lux goes so far it's an economy to use it



WHEN GEORGE AND MARY WISH TO MARRY

Concluded from page 21

differ so much throughout the country that it is hardly possible to give specific help here. We know two young people who are renting a large old house on the outskirts of the town for twenty dollars a month. They spend another twenty on transportation in the shape of the upkeep of a very rattling old Ford, and it costs them on the average twelve dollars a month to heat the house. They are able actually to supplement their income by keeping chickens, sharing a cow with neighbors, planting a good garden. Two other young people of our acquaintance are paying, in a good neighborhood of this same city itself, seventy dollars for an unfurnished but heated apartment of five rooms and bath. Both couples have about the same income. It is hardly safe to allow an average of less than forty dollars a month for the rental of a modest, unheated house.

What it will cost Mary and George to operate a home.

For heat, light, water, fuel for cooking, telephone, supplies and small utensils, it is not safe to estimate less than twelve to fifteen dollars a month, unless the climate is a warm one. If any laundry is to be done outside the house and even occasional service to be employed for extra cleaning, this amount will need to be increased two to five dollars a month. An additional amount will be needed to cover additions to furnishings and replacements and repairs for furniture on hand. Except in warm climates, then, the most meager allowance for operating forty dollars' worth of shelter would be in the neighborhood of fifteen dollars a month. A fair allowance would be twenty dollars a month or twenty-five dollars a month.

What Mary and George may need to spend for development.

If it has been difficult to determine what amount of money these young people need for bare living, it verges on the impossible to say what should be allowed for development. The health factor alone, which includes medical and dental service and vacation expenses, will need to vary from almost nothing a year to rather large amounts. The training and habits and tastes of these young people will have much to do with the expense and the forms of recreation they must have. Ambition to own books, to buy magazines and papers, and to pursue some educational activity, and the contribution this will make to their sum total of happiness must be considered. The extravagance of personal habits, such as smoking, candy-eating, use of cosmetics, shaves and hairdressing must all be brought to light to see how they will balance up with the income. The obligation of these two to the community in which they live which takes the form of charities and benevolences and of club dues must be scrutinized. Finally, some conclusions must be arrived at as to how much for savings must be included if they are to have any feeling of freedom in the future. With no provision for savings as such, fifteen dollars a month is a very meager allowance to cover even modestly all these items. Twenty dollars a month is a safer average and twenty-five dollars will begin to bring real relief.

What it will cost to provide for each child.

If Mary is to be protected adequately when her babies are born, it is a safe plan to have not less than a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars saved for medical and nursing care and hospital expenses. It is safer to have a fund of three or four hundred dollars.

For added equipment in the form of bed, carriage, bath equipment and toys, seventy-five to a hundred dollars may be counted on for the first child and twenty-five to fifty for the second or third child. These amounts may be taken from the equipment budget if necessary, but that hampers the family. For food and clothing, and added cost of operating and development, two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty dollars a year should be added for very little children; and three hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty dollars a year for older children. When the family has as many as three children, and perhaps with the coming of the second child, a larger house may be necessary, then fifty dollars a month rent may be needed.

How the budget will look as a whole.

To provide Mary and George with food that is safe for health and satisfying; with clothing that will keep them decent with a little style; for shelter that will give them room for development in a decent neighborhood; for operating that will keep them comfortable and clean; for development—health protection, reasonable recreation and small savings—the following amounts are a safe minimum:

	For a Month	*For a Year*
Food	$30.00	$360.00
Clothes	30.00	360.00
Shelter	40.00	480.00
Furnishings	5.00	60.00
Operating	20.00	240.00
Development	25.00	300.00
Total	$150.00	$1800.00

To provide for Mary and George and a child or children, the following amounts may be regarded as a safe minimum:

For maintaining Mary and George	$1800.00
For baby	250.00
Total	$2050.00

Minimum added costs of each child at time of birth:

Extra expenses to allow for birth of each child	$ 200.00
Equipment for child unless purchased from furnishing budget .25	(100.00)
Total	$225 (300)

If Mary and George have two or three children, a larger house may be needed and ten dollars a month should be added to cover that item. The minimum cost to figure for maintaining a family of two adults and three children under comfortable conditions may be estimated as follows:

	A Year
For Mary and George	$1800.00
For baby	250.00
For older child	350.00
For grown child	450.00
Added rent for extra children	60.00
Total	$2910.00

IF PROVISION is to be made for any considerable savings this amount will need to be increased. It is needless to say that hundreds of thousands of families in this country are living on smaller incomes than this. To many such families these figures may look unnecessarily large. They have faced and adjusted themselves to the sacrifices which must be made where money is too scarce to provide the amount of comfort we have defined as reasonable. Mary and George too may be willing to sacrifice much to be together and have a family.

This they must decide for themselves. If they are wise, however, and they have children, the things last to be reduced will be the items for food, shelter and health.

On the other hand, to many families this amount will look pitifully small and they will ask "would you really allow your Mary and your George to try it?" Again Mary and George must answer for themselves.

Further to aid Mary and George, a series of articles will follow this, giving the details of the cost of food, clothing, shelter, furnishings, operating and development. From these details they may learn what sacrifices will least affect family welfare.

HOLD ON TO SUMMER

Health-giving greens and fruits—you need them all year round. And you can easily preserve them yourself, now. "The Complete Canner" tells you how. It gives you the most up-to-date methods, with easily-followed directions for canning, preserving, jelly-making and pickling, together with a few good recipes

The book costs only twenty-five cents and will be sent you at once if you write the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



Now comes the hardest work of all —*to sit still and study!*

There's just one thing an active child can't do—*sit still!* "Animal spirits" accumulate under restraint and explosions almost always follow.

School imposes not only this forced, unnatural physical state, but hard mental effort. And the combination makes decided inroads on a child's energy.

With school comes a new, insistent need to keep an abundant energy supply constantly on tap. Every day a child's intake of energy should more than provide for his needs; thus building up a reserve fund for future and emergency use.

The great source of energy

Food, of course, is the one great source of energy. Food which is known to be high in energy value should be a major part of every child's daily diet.

But food can also be a thief of energy, if it is hard to digest. For then it imposes a tax on the stomach which consumes extra energy.

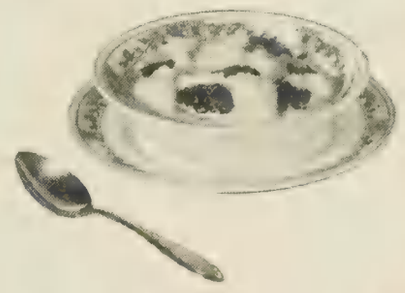
Mothers should realize the necessity of simple food, high in energy; nourishing and extremely easy to digest. They should realize the special necessity of such food for breakfast.

You can find no food which satisfies this need for energy and easy digestibility more perfectly than Cream of Wheat. For 28 years physicians and dietitians have recognized its value.

In its delicious creaminess is a wonderfully rich store of energy. And it is so easy to digest that it is regularly used for babies and convalescents whose digestion is very delicate.

Children need a hot breakfast

A good, hot energy-breakfast is the first vital need of the day for all school children. Send the children to school fortified—with a Cream of Wheat breakfast! With it you may be sure their energy supply is ample for the morning's needs. And there is no danger of burdening digestion, as foods less simple in form would do.



Cream of Wheat with Prunes

Put new zest in breakfast for children by serving Cream of Wheat in different ways. They love it with fruit or brown sugar or poached egg

Send for Free Sample

and Book of 50 Recipes

Send today for free sample box of Cream of Wheat, containing enough for four generous cereal servings or to make any one recipe. With it we will also send our new recipe book which gives 50 tempting dishes made with Cream of Wheat—dainty desserts, breads, meat, vegetable and cheese dishes.

We also have for mothers, an authoritative book on babies' and children's diet which we will gladly send you free.



Cream of Wheat Company
Dept. 129, Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Please send me free sample with recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

☐ Please send me your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."

Name .....

Address .....



Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

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This TALC!
So distingué! So différent!

In your America, so many, many talcs! To be different, to be *distinguée,* which will *Madame* choose?

A French Talc, *assurement.* And, I urge you, *Mademoiselle,* my French Talc Djer-Kiss. In my own Paris do I fragrance it with my *Parfum Djer-Kiss*—there do I gift it with a charm and romance quite, quite Parisian.

My Talc Djer-Kiss! Indeed a luxury for France! So soft *Madame* will find it as fairy thistledown. So cool as an ocean breeze. So welcome as snow in August.

Everywhere now will you find it—this Talc Djer-Kiss. In two fashionable shades: Blanche and Rose. For your boudoir in the new bottle of fluted glass—so chic, so French. And for traveling, in the tin of mottled green.

Kerkoff PARIS

Djer-Kiss
KERKOFF, PARIS
TALC

FASHION'S LAW: "Let but a single French fragrance breathe its alluring *parfum* from each *nécessité de toilette.*"
—*KERKOFF, PARIS*

Monsieur Kerkoff's Djer-Kiss Aids to Charm

TALC PARFUM FACE POWDER
VEGETALE TOILET WATER BRILLIANTINE LIP ROUGE CREAMS
BATH CRYSTALS ROUGE SACHET SOAP



DISORDERS OF THE SKIN IN CHILDREN

Concluded from page 16

instances does it persist beyond the first year, and it does not appear later in life.

Eczema of the scalp is sometimes called cradle-cap or milk-crust and is generally limited to the area around the soft spot on the top of the head. The oil-glands are very active in the scalp and many mothers fear to touch or cleanse the region of the soft spot, or fontanella, with the result that thick crusts or scabs appear with raw, tender skin underneath, which is very liable to become infected.

There is also a form of eczema which affects all parts of the body and is a disease or infection of the oil-glands themselves. This type is not influenced by the nutrition, food or proteins and is not apt to clear up at the end of the first year, for it is quite resistant to treatment.

Every one concerned in the treatment of eczema gets discouraged before the disease is cured. A physician who is either a specialist in children's diseases or in diseases of the skin should be seen in consultation with the family physician. A few points in the treatment of cases in general can be outlined, but individual cases may and often do require special diagnosis and treatment. If the cause can be ascertained it must be at once rectified. A very real danger in all these cases is that of infection, so that the utmost pains must be taken to have everything clean that comes in contact with the baby's skin, and to protect it from all injurious agents both internal and external. In the treatment of all forms of eczema the objects to be obtained are cleanliness and protection. This includes protection from the air. In the case of the face and scalp this can be done by the use of a mask which covers the entire affected area. The inflamed areas must be protected from scratching, rubbing and all external irritation. In the case of babies this can only be accomplished by mechanical restraint. Tie or pin the baby's hands down, using aluminum mittens or placing splints about the elbows so the arms can not be bent. One or two digs with the finger-nails will do great damage. Water is very irritating on the skin in these cases, and the crusts and scabs should be removed gently after softening with mineral oil. When a bath has to be given it will be less irritating if a small bag filled with bran is dragged around in the water for a few moments. Since the evaporation of the water on the inflamed skins is painful, the skin should rapidly be dried, not by rubbing but by gently patting with gauze or soft linen. In cases of cradle-cap a good tar-soap shampoo with plenty of lather cleanses the scalp, which after rinsing should be dried quickly and the crusts removed before the lotion or ointment prescribed by the doctor is applied. It is necessary always to remove the crusts and scabs on the face or body before any local treatment can be used effectively.

URTICARIA, or hives, is one of the commonest, most distressing and least understood of the skin disorders in early childhood. The skin in this condition shows red blotches which appear suddenly, spread over a large area, disappear and then reappear at some other portion of the body. There is intense itching, and scratching irritates it all the more and brings out more hives. The causes are many and manifold. It appears in some children when they eat eggs, in others after eating strawberries, fish, orange-juice or even chocolate. The bites of certain insects, such as mosquitoes, fleas, spiders and bedbugs, produce the same affect. Some drugs and serums will bring out an attack of hives in susceptible children.

Quite a number of babies will have very sudden and severe attacks of hives after eating an egg or drinking albumin water. This is the reason why doctors do not allow eggs in the baby's diet until it is at least one year old. The yolk of the egg does not have this effect, so the grated yolk of hard-boiled eggs is first used. The effect of the white can then be tried a little later. The treatment in these cases is the removal and avoidance of the irritating cause.

The skin of young children is very susceptible to infection from all kinds of germs. For this reason boils, pimples, etc., are very common. Soft and deep pillows are conducive to boils, as the skin thus becomes moist and the germs are planted and spread all over the head. The soft, delicate skin is easily chafed in the folds of the neck, arms and groin, and may become infected and cause much discomfort.

From all that has been said it will readily be apparent that the skin of a child should receive intelligent and watchful care, as it is most intimately concerned with its health and well-being. As the health of the skin depends on the health of the body as a whole, so disease and disorders of the skin affect the growth, nutrition and health of the child.



A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

Continued from page 6

don't start a fight any more than they start a fashion. It's the barbers and the tailors and the modistes who dictate our fashions. I never thought of it before, but it's tradesmen that get us into fights."

This Homer combated fiercely, claiming that it was that very class which furnished the pawns in national or international struggles, led into it by those above them.

"Certainly," said Paul, "it's the swells that are hottest for fights, every time. Even we, I repeat, could be in a row here in this delightful court in no time at all."

"Please let us talk of something else," said Maria Alicia plaintively. "Talk of my macaw. Polly—Polly!"

IN HIS colored ring the baker's parrot stirred comfortably, looked down on the upraised faces, and muttered, quite clearly: "Oh, my, what a pretty girl!"

In the laughter which he had excited he joined as heartily as the guests, so heartily that he tipped from his perch and went down among the green and the lights of the flowerbed. There was a general movement to rescue him and a momentary confusion furthered by a burst of quite clear and varied profanity from the gorgeous bird. Maria Alicia lifted her hands and disowned him, but he was restored, ruffled and muttering, to his perch.

At the same time a sharp clear cry sounded, and Alla stood clasping her hand to her throat.

Paul was beside her in an instant, crying: "What is it?" She said nothing, but her pallor grew as the guests crowded about her. She tried to say that it was nothing, to excuse herself, but when Paul brought a goblet of water and she put out her hand, it was he who cried: "Alla, your sapphire! It's gone."

She said faintly: "I must have dropped it—will some one look, please?"

Paul cried roughly: "Nonsense. It has been torn away—the clasp is broken. It was there a moment ago—you spoke of it——"

They made a perfunctory search in which Paul did not join. He returned the goblet to the table, stood for a moment quiet, and then said clearly:

"Gentlemen! You all understand that Miss Resades's sapphire pendant has just been torn from her throat. You see what this means——"

There was an instant clamor of exclamations and questions, an indignant "No, by Jove, I don't see!" from young Gonzales.

It was Arkwright who stepped over to Paul and said: "Certainly we see. There is not one among us who will not agree to it."

"Agree to what?" cried Señor Gómez.

"To a search, of course." Paul's jaws snapped on the words.

Continued on page 56



On your Salivary Glands depend the *Safety* and *Loveliness* of your Teeth

How you can restore the normal alkaline flow of these glands

SALIVA should flow over your teeth to the extent of several pints daily. These alkaline fluids were intended by nature to counteract the acids that collect on your teeth from food.

But few people today have this normal salivary flow.

The salivary glands do not get sufficient stimulation from the soft, sweet foods we eat. They slow down more and more. And your teeth, unprotected, gradually decay.

The greatest modern dental authority in his latest book makes this conclusion, "A salivary stimulant should be used in order to promote and educate the activity of the salivary glands."

Pebeco increases the saliva

PEBECO contains no soap —no free alkali of any kind —no acid. Its base is the only safe salivary stimulant known. Its effect is accomplished by gently promoting the flow of your natural, alkaline saliva.

As soon as Pebeco enters your mouth the salivary glands flow more freely. You can feel the difference. Your mouth feels fresher.

With regular daily use Pebeco entirely restores the normal, protective flow of your glands. Their alkaline fluids bathe your teeth day and night and prevent the formation of bacterial placques or film. *The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.*



FROM morning till night, as you smile and laugh and talk—people are noticing your teeth. Keep them shining and safe with Pebeco.

Every day your teeth grow cleaner and stronger.

Pebeco does its polishing carefully without using any gritty substance. It keeps your teeth beautifully white, your gums clean and soothed, your whole mouth normal and healthy.

Do not let your teeth gradually deteriorate. Learn to keep them white and safe with the tooth paste that restores the natural protective function of your salivary glands.

* * *

Send today for a ten days' trial tube of Pebeco. You will be surprised to see how white and shining your teeth can be—how fresh and wholesome your mouth will feel. Wherever you go you can be proud of your teeth, glad to smile and confident they are truly safe.

Pebeco is made only by Pebeco, Inc. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. At all druggists.



YOU will always smile beautifully with Pebeco. Use this tooth paste that increases your alkaline saliva and counteracts the acids of decay as fast as they form.



LEARN to keep your teeth white and strong with the tooth paste that restores the natural protective function of your salivary glands.

FREE OFFER!

Send coupon today for free generous tube of Pebeco

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. B-33, 635 Greenwich St., New York, N.Y.
Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

To

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Then he saw it from *her* point of view

It was often a source of wonder to him, how she managed to accomplish so much. But he never knew the cost to her in effort, in time, in the freedom which a man has—and a woman wants. Until, one day, it was all made clear to him. She had found dirt in rugs which *should* have been clean. She had discovered that they must be *beaten*, regularly, frequently. (You, too, can prove this* . . .) And she realized how powerless she was, with the utensils provided her. Distressed, discouraged, she told him of *her* need for aids akin to those which contributed to *his* success. And then he saw it from *her* point of view! The result? A Hoover, of course. For what other electric cleaner do you know of that *BEATS as it Sweeps, as it Cleans?* All he paid down was $6.25. This included the remarkable Hoover dusting tools that fill every "dusting" need. The balance was distributed into easy monthly payments. You can purchase a Hoover on the same plan. See your Authorized Hoover Dealer.

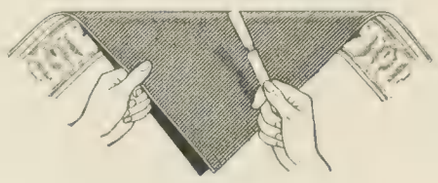




The HOOVER

It BEATS . . . as it Sweeps as it Cleans

*TO PROVE RUGS NEED BEATING: Turn over a corner of a rug; with the handle of an ordinary table-knife, or something of equal weight, give the under or warp side 15 to 25 sharp *taps* and watch the dirt dance out from the nap depths onto a piece of paper. Feel the destructive character of this grit. This is the dirt your present cleaning methods have missed, *and that beating has dislodged.* Correct use of The Hoover causes this embedded dirt to be *vibrated* to the surface by the rapid, gentle *beating* of the Hoover brush, as powerful suction *lifts* the rug from the floor and draws all the beaten-out, swept-up dirt into the dust-tight bag.



THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners · The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario



A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

Continued from page 54

"Bonar, are you insane? I never heard such insolence!" cried John Meyer.

"Are these your American manners?" cried young Gonzales.

"Bonar is perfectly right," cried Gómez in his great voice. "Carlos, have you no sense of what has occurred?"

"Sense!" cried Gonzales violently.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" Homer was struggling to make himself heard. "There is no occasion. The pendant, it is of no possible importance. My sister will not be willing——"

"It isn't only that," said Paul briefly. "Pardon, Homer, *this* is not your affair. You are the host. It is for us to settle."

A clear voice rose above their throaty tones.

"It is for me to settle!" cried Maria Alicia peremptorily. "Sit down, everybody. Be quiet—the salad is coming. When you are all gone, which God forbid to be soon, I will question the servants——"

"Mrs. Harden," said Paul firmly, "we are sorry——"

"It is such good salad—you force me, the hostess, to say so!"

"Please, please, Paul—" Alla was trying to say.

"Gentlemen!" Paul took command now and there was silence. "The ladies," he said, "will remain at the table. The gentlemen will come to the library and—we shall proceed as is usual in such cases."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said John Meyer flatly.

"*Diós mío!* I should think not!" cried young Gonzales. "It is an outrage—an insult."

"I am ready to be searched," said Señor Gómez quietly.

"And I," said Arkwright.

"And I," said Paul. "Three against two, in any company, gentlemen."

Gonzales burst into a fury of exclamation and John Meyer shook his fist in the air. Paul and Arkwright and Gómez, moving toward the exit, shepherded these two along, violent in their protesting.

"Gentlemen," cried Homer, "I say that I have a vote in this. I vote no! No!"

"I have a vote," cried Alla's clear voice. "I vote no!"

"No, no, no!" shouted Soledad Gómez. "It is shocking, Carlos!"

"We all vote no!" cried Maria Alicia. "Sit down! My guests are maniacs. We are voting no——"

"On the contrary," said Sally Rice coolly, "I am voting yes."

"And I," said Mrs. Meyer, "vote with my husband. No. Ladies, this is outrageous."

A HIGH, piping voice broke on them from above their heads. Pedro was leaning from his balcony, his peasant's face terror-stricken.

"Gen'lemen — gen'lemen — I beg you — I pray you! Do not fight—*I* beg of you——"

Maria Alicia burst into high and beautiful laughter. In the same moment, young Gonzales struck out blindly at Paul, who parried and pinioned his arms. In an instant men were separating them, the women were crying out, a candelabrum was overturned——

"Gentlemen!" cried Pedro reproachfully.

"*Diós mío!*" cried Pedro's wife.

Two men servants entering the patio, far from being transfixed by the scene, seemed barely to notice it. They hurried to Homer and both spoke to him, said over more than once some message which they were painfully endeavoring to communicate:

"The hospital," they kept saying. "The hospital. At once, sir—at once——"

"Good God," said Homer, and shouted out terribly: "Gentlemen, for God's sake. The hospital is burning. They want every man of us. There are a hundred sick people in that place—come through the kitchen, *quick*—this way!"

Pedro's shrill voice rose in a wail of fear.

"One minute," shouted Arkwright above the man's cry. "What about this matter of ours?"

"You fool!" said Paul merely, and leaped toward the door.

Young Gonzales was close behind him.

They ran together down the slope, the others streaming behind. Standing at the door of the kitchen, Maria Alicia sent her clear voice after them. "Have them brought here, Homer—all of them! We'll be ready."

The six women worked with the servants. From closet and storeroom, extra cots and bedding were made ready in the upper rooms and the passages. Some one was sent after the men with sheets for stretchers. Water was set to boil. From the upper windows they could see the building, its west wing already a mass of flames. Smoke filled the house, the air outside, and the red flames reflected on the moving leaves of the pepper-trees. Down on the road they heard the clang and gallop of the village fire department, still in the era of horses.

Soon they saw them coming across the moonlit meadow, the first of the refugees, carried in powerful arms or laid on the improvised stretchers. Mexican men, Mexican women, Mexican children, a sprinkling of whites, half a dozen Japanese and Chinese, and then more Mexicans. The mission in the village had done its work well—these men and women, drawn from the poorer area of the neighboring city, had filled the west wing of the hospital where the fire had broken out. Ten, twenty, thirty-odd of the poor creatures were carried into the house. There was no other house so near, within half a mile. The cots were filled, the divans were used, the beds in the rooms of the guests were filled, the servants' beds were opened, the last half-dozen of the sick men were laid upon rugs in the patio.

The skilled and unskilled alike among the guests and the servants of the house worked together, doing the best that they knew, until the physicians came. Nurses, summoned from a neighboring town, arrived by motor. There was nothing to do but to make the sick ones comfortable where they were until daylight.

MARIA ALICIA'S guests, still in the bright array of the dinner whose excellent salad stood untasted on the table in the court, moved through the house all night long, taking direction from the capable men and women who came to have charge. All night long they ran on tired feet, quieting the terrified women, soothing the sobbing children, trying to explain to the men what had happened. In the court the six who lay on carpets were Mexican men and it was Señora Gómez who was helping there, and when she spoke to them in their own tongue one of the men looked up and smiled, and said, in Spanish, "Everything is right with me now," and slept.

Her husband, stooping to a Mexican laborer in the front passage, saw him open his eyes and listened as Maria Alicia's clear voice came down the stairs, and thereafter he sat by the sick man, talking to him gently in his own tongue. Passing among them all and becoming aware of something of this, Maria Alicia went calling for Pedro and his wife. She sent them back into the little black painted balcony, where they had been singing—days ago as it seemed—and bade them sing again. And when the soft voices rose through the house, she went about throwing doors wide so that all might hear.

The women of the village who came both hurrying and hesitating up the slope to the villa stood spellbound in the passage when, entering the house of pain, they were met by the cadences of "La Chaparrita." And when it was finished, from room after room there came a feeble clapping of hands, and there were voices that called: "Again! Again!" For hours Pedro and his wife sang or strummed or struck the castanets. And once a clear and beautiful voice came from below, and Maria Alicia herself stood there singing old Spanish love-songs.

TOWARD dawn the house grew quiet, and Alla, coming from the servants' quarters, where she had soothed to sleep a talkative old woman, slipped out on the terrace. The moon was like a flying car of silver, with white ragged cloud pennons streaming. Alla threw herself in a chair, and saw Maria Alicia and Paul standing by the terrace balustrade. Alla shut her eyes, too tired and miserable to care. But Paul saw her, and both came hurrying toward her.

Paul cried: "You're done out! Go to bed, Alla."

Concluded on page 59

The Simple Charm of Childhood

Let it live through the years by starting now, in this way, with correct skin care



THE simple charm of childhood is a precious trust, placed by Nature, for safekeeping, in the hands of mothers.

It can be kept in constant bloom, through girlhood, into glorious womanhood . . . or, be left to fade.

Gentle skin care is the all-important factor . . . future charm, beauty, social success and womanly allurement depend on it often.



PALMOLIVE, *and no other soap,* is the rule in thousands of homes where there are growing children . . . its gentle oils of palm and olive are scientifically blended to protect the skin during the years when protection is most needed.

The safe rule to follow

See that the skin is kept clean, the pores open and free.

See that no harsh cleansing method is used. Palmolive soothes while it cleanses. Its ingredients are mild and gentle; lotion-like in their action. It protects from injurious irritation.

* * *

Wash gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly with cool water. In this simple manner is beauty and charm preserved and youth prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind. Your child's skin will be of fine texture. Her color will be good.

As they grow older, let them use powder if they wish. *But never leave it on over night.* It clogs the pores, often enlarges them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. The skin must be kept clean, the pores open and active.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color!

The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

2886

CHILDREN are Play Laborers



A hard day's work by the beach, but little engineers building fortifications won't hurt clothes made of Indian Head. The Permanent Finish and fast colors remain as beautiful as ever. The surface will never "fuzz up," and the colors defy the merciless sun.



The smartest shops for children are showing dresses of Indian Head in popular colors for late summer and early school wear.

All day long in the brilliant sunshine children work hard at play, or at school. Big stains and dirt spots appear on their clothing; perspiration dampens their little backs—fine for the children, but deadly for their garments. When school begins, their clothes get grimy with chalk and school dust.

IN the past these were hard problems for mothers, but now the new *Permanent Finish* Indian Head furnishes an easy solution. Hard work or play will not affect its beautiful colors and its clear white, or destroy its Permanent Finish.

Permanent Finish Wins

This new finish gives Indian Head a charm never before seen in a cotton material. It has the cool, crisp appearance that used to be found only in the better grades of linen, yet at the same time it is slow to soil, slow to wrinkle, and easy to iron.

Practical and attractive, Indian Head has more than fifty popular uses for children's clothes, women's clothes, interior decoration, and embroideries.

You can get the Permanent Finish Indian Head in eighteen colors and white. Each color is absolutely fast—your money back if it fades. It is 36 inches wide, 50c a yard. White Indian Head comes in seven widths, 18 to 63 inches, from 25c to 79c a yard.

On every yard is stamped Indian Head Permanent Finish. Ready-made garments have an Indian Head label for your protection.

What colors do your children wear?

Send for our free booklet, "Your Color and Why." It is full of helpful information about colors. If you mention, when writing, your favorite color, we will send you a generous sample of the new Permanent Finish Indian Head. You can put the sample to any test you wish.

Amory, Browne & Co. Dept. 614 Box 1206 Boston, Massachusetts

Nashua Blankets, Gilbrae Fine Cottons, Parkhill Fine Ginghams, Lancaster Kalburnie Gingham Buster Brown Hosiery, Conestogo Woven Tickings

LOOK FOR THIS MARKING ON EVERY YARD

INDIAN HEAD

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Permanent Finish



The young girl knows that her school dresses of Indian Head are smart, attractive and comfortable. The new Permanent Finish gives the appearance of lightness, but quality and weave are unchanged.



Today's fun will not mean a scolding and spoiled clothes tomorrow, when the clothes are made of Indian Head. The colors are fast and the fabric is easy to iron.

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A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

Concluded from page 56

"In what?" she inquired briefly. "I'm all right. Don't bother about me."

"I'm not," said Maria Alicia, "I'm dying. I'm going to wash my face in the fountain."

"Won't it all come off?" Paul asked.

"Yes, I shall probably wash my whole face away," she replied, and went into the house.

"Alla," said Paul, "this is the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me."

"Who is so wonderful?" asked Alla.

"These people!" He sat down beside her on the foot of the wicker chair. "I've never felt this before—I've never seen anything that would let me feel it. I've lived a dead life," he added grimly.

She said nothing. She was thinking that if every such minute when she was with him could last forever life might not be such an affair of death for her.

"An old man named Páez," Paul was going on. "He told me of his son—he says I look like him—he doesn't know whether he's alive or dead. A Spanish woman, Señora Navarro—her mother is in another part of the hospital, she spoke of her mother as a woman speaks of her child. And the children—Alla—a little boy gave me a wilted flower he had kept in his hand through all this. He said, 'Please, señor, give it a drink. It's the first flower I ever had to myself!' "

"I know," she said gently. "I've been every one of those people to-night, one after another. I've fallen in love—or in pity—with half of them in there. Even the stuffy ones who wanted to tell me their lives——"

"Alla," he said, "I'd wondered whether Homer and Maria Alicia would be happy—*could be happy*—coming from lives so different, background, standards—everything different."

"Well?" she asked steadily.

"I've looked at her, and tried to see how Homer would feel toward her—when they differed, when they don't understand one another's ways——"

"Oh, that is how you looked at her!" cried Alla with immense vivacity.

"Well, nearly always I was looking at you," he owned. "I've known that I loved you, I've dreamed you might love me—do you Alla? Do you?"

"But if I do?" she cried. "I am from the southern part of this great country—and you are from the northern part! Tell me, is that not fatal? Will not every one tell you that that is fatal? And if——"

He leaned to her and drew her to him and kissed her. Then he said: "Alla! That was an international kiss. But could it possibly have been any better?"

The terrace grew gray and grew blue, and the pepper-trees stirred in the wind before the dawn. They sat there, talking of what the time had brought. Afterward they recalled that the matter of a sapphire necklace had not entered their thought in connection with that night.

YELLOW daylight struggled into the house and into the court, and as the sun came blazing above the mountains Maria Alicia led the women to the kitchen. The men had come up with supplies from the village, where the shops had not been closed all the night. There were two hours of preparing before all could be served. Then the ambulances began to arrive from the city hospitals.

Maria Alicia, still in her silver and blue jeweled gown, and Alla, with her broken necklace still about her throat, were in the hallway when young Gonzales came from the court carrying a crippled boy. Some one was with him, wheeling the boy's chair, which had been saved. It was Paul—and Paul and young Gonzales together helped the boy into the car. It did not at the time occur to either of the women that there was anything strange about this—not even when Paul and Gonzales hurried back to the house together. John Meyer came down the stairs carrying a child, and they noted a red burn on his arm. When Homer said to him, "Have that bandaged, man!" he asked, "Have what bandaged?" with an air of wonder. And it was Gómez who found some gauze and tied up the arm, Meyer protesting that it was nothing.

It was when the last of the patients had been put in the ambulances with the nurses, and the physicians were preparing to follow, that Maria Alicia first became aware of the dozen and more women in her house who were not nurses and who had not been her guests. Calm, capable women, who went about folding bedding and dragging away cots as if their efficient hands had spent their lives like this, serving the human race.

"Who are you—all of you whom I do not know?" Maria Alicia inquired.

One of them answered—a strong, erect woman, with the patient face of a mother:

"Why, Mis' Harden," she said, "we're all your neighbors down in the village. Every one of us has been expecting to call on you—but we didn't think we'd do it quite so informal."

Maria Alicia put out her hands.

"I'm glad to meet all of you," she said. "Stay for breakfast and tell me your names!"

They had breakfast to prepare for their families at home, but they all went away promising to come soon again to see her—and this Maria Alicia was urging!

It was a pallid and rumpled dozen guests who sat round the table in the court, where the servants were trying to clear enough space to serve them coffee. Maria Alicia, limp and shaken, all her pretty vivacity vanished from her face and manner, sat in her silver and blue and cried: "Those people—they were wonderful, they were brave. They are my people." But the Gómezes and Gonzales and Soledad reminded her that they were their people too. And Homer and Arkwright and Sally Rice said crossly that they'd like to know if they weren't their people as well. "Sure, they are," said somebody sleepily.

On a wicker couch sat Paul, with Alla in the circle of an arm. He said only:

"She says I can tell you——"

And Alla cried quickly: "But we apologize for getting engaged before the very last ambulance was loaded!"

Everybody wished them happiness rather absent-mindedly, Sally Rice first asking whether somebody's crutches had been put in. This matter was settled, and some more of like pressing importance, in the midst of the congratulations. An engagement seemed one of the minor issues of life.

Then Arkwright said, almost as casually: "By the way, I was an ass. I am one—I always will be one for what I did. It was I who grabbed that pendant—here it is, Alla. I was trying to test out whether we *could* start a fight. Didn't mean it to go so far——"

There was a pause. No one seemed overwhelmingly interested. Even Maria Alicia was evidently too sleepy to exclaim—or too uninterested.

"But we did start a fight all the same, didn't we?" said Gonzales at last.

"We ought to be shot for it, though," said Meyer.

"Not at all!" said Paul clearly.

"Well, I don't know—" began Gonzales hotly.

"Oh, shut up!" said Arkwright. "Don't do it again."

In his big voice Señor Gómez addressed them from a retired spot on the bottom step of the fountain-vase where he sat with his coffee.

"I call your attention," said he, "to the fact that it was the crowd in the Mission hospital that settled that fight. It wasn't us, with our manners."

"What manners?" asked Maria Alicia.

On his colored hoop the macaw awoke, took his head from under his beautiful wing and laughed raucously.

Maria Alicia looked up at him.

"It was Polly," she observed, "who fell from his perch and started everything but the fire."

"Not everything," said Alla and Paul as one.

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A LOVELY SKIN is, prosaically, a layer of active tissues. It excretes certain wastes through the pores. It must be fed, else it becomes too relaxed and impoverished to work. And it *must keep working*, else the wastes pile up and mar the skin with blemishes, coarse pores and sallowness. Correct care of the skin means simply keeping the skin cells beautifully busy.

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GROWING UP POLITELY

Concluded from page 20

Teach your children that their hostess has conferred a great favor on them by inviting them to her house, and they must not leave without saying good-by and expressing their appreciation. If the mother dances, they should never fail to ask her to dance, and they should be sure to pay attention to your hostess's daughters if there are any. At public dances and school parties have your boys remember to ask their older women friends to dance; very often they do not accept, but the courtesy is pleasing.

Invitations, either written or telephoned, should be answered the day they are received. And do not fail to impress your children with their duty of writing letters of thanks promptly. Unacknowledged gifts create irritation in the donor, and belated gratitude is like eating food grown cold. Christmas time brings joy and excitement, and school children often look upon writing as a task, so that indulgent parents frequently do their writing for them. This is wrong. If your children go away to visit, they should also write at once on their return.

These suggestions are not new, but I have gathered them together in order to make a plea for their requirement at an early age and to emphasize once more Lord Chesterfield's remark: "Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world." And a parent's greatest aids, let us remember, are a child's instinct for imitation and the sure laws of habit.



HAPPILY MARRIED

Continued from page 7

the world are against the transgressor and they are many.

The happy home must be founded upon honor and built of sound timbers if it is to stand against the winds and floods.

Now I do not need to tell you that I am no angel. I have been no anemic half-man. I know what temptation means. Men and women who stand against it will need all the strength they have, and perhaps even a little more. What do I mean by "a little more?"

Well you know I do not have much to say about my religion. It has been a rather quiet and unobtrusive detail in my life. I have not even been a church member until recently, but I yield to no man in my respect for religion, and years ago I began to have that love in me which fulfills the law. To its demands I have given as freely as I could of my strength and substance. Nor have I neglected to seek help from the source of all strength. Have I received it? I dare not say that I have been so honored, but, anyhow, I have had faith and strength enough to keep my vows.

You will never forget the atmosphere which your mother created in the home which has been yours and mine. Simple as it was, the sacred light of beauty was there. It was loved and sought by many friends. That home had a voice, not of human lips, which spoke to one who entered it and seemed to say: "Here are peace and rest and comfort and perhaps even a greater treasure."

Whatever you have seen and felt in your home is the natural expression of happiness. Slovenliness and uncleanness are the voices of failure and discontent. Have you not observed that a happy spirit growing sweeter and cleaner, year by year, will clothe the body that holds it with a kind of beauty? The homely face of Abraham Lincoln became beautiful as his spirit developed and his ungainly physique assumed a majesty all its own. What is true of people is true of houses. A home will soon be beautiful, if its spirit is developing in the right direction; or unattractive, if its spirit is going wrong. It can not help being so. That spirit will inevitably find the art of expressing itself in dress, in color, in furnishings, in music and in its associates.

YOU may wish to know what it is that makes for the right spirit in one's home. Broadly speaking, it is a proper respect for beauty in nature, art and personality, for good books, good pictures, good music, good people, good talk. It is the love of noble things and especially of friendship. The art of being a true friend is not well understood. There is an old saying that one who tastes your salt is sacred. Give him your best and protect him even from himself. We were wont to serve wine in our home but only in moderation. It is bad to gamble, but if one is so foolish he should do it at his club—never in his home. Nothing is surer to break down its spirit. Gambling is built on the love of gold; it is an offshoot of the root of evil. It is essentially a cold business, and one of its hazards is friendship. It is the natural soil of dissension and bitterness. Often I have played for small stakes as a pastime, but never in my home. No one ever left it with a sense of loss. I have told some racy stories in my time, but never have I told one in my home. I have tried to keep it a clean place.

You will have observed that your mother and I had learned the gentle art of keeping peace. In the forty years of our wedded life a comradeship had grown up between us which was the subject of much comment. What a help and joy it was to me!

I remember a time when we were first married and we went to visit my old mother. We were sitting together in the twilight of a Summer day. I recall that my young wife had said something which displeased me, and I made a thoughtless and impatient remark. We were as sensitive as a pair of thoroughbred colts and were both hurt by what had been said. Then, as the light grew dim, my old mother talked to me of the gentle art of keeping step, of bearing and forbearing, and of the danger in hasty words. Of the things she said this I remember: "Every day, at least once, I want you to think of this: What can I do this day to show her that I really love her? What can I do to make him love me more? If you are ever angry with each other, don't speak, I beg of you, until the anger has passed."

It was a great lesson to us. In a sense we were remarried that night. I would not have you think that our relations became suddenly ideal, but from that day we made rapid progress in the art of self-adjustment.

We made our home as attractive as our means would let us. Every one should do that, for his home is his gate to Paradise. If extravagance can ever be justified, it is in making a home. My wife had good taste, and I was fond of books. I bought a wagonload of them at a shop in New York, and we sat up half the night waiting for them to come. We had fitted up a study opening off the back parlor and built a bookcase into its long walls. The books brought into our home a new atmosphere and source of inspiration. The best company began to feel at home there.

My life was a very active one. Often I was getting home late to a dinner which had been carefully planned and prepared for me. It was apt to be a spoiled dinner. Then there came a day illumined and memorable with revelation. Hard times had come to us. Our goods were mostly in storage. We were living in a little flat in Tarrytown. I was working on a novel. My wife had gone to New York for the day. It was a delightful Summer day. I sat at my task until one o'clock and got a bite to eat. I didn't know quite what to do with myself then. Oh, the loneliness of that little flat! I read a while. I sat and listened to the chirping of crickets and the drowsing of katydids. I worried. Suppose some evil thing should befall her in the big city.

I went to her bureau to look for a pair of nail scissors. What a treasure-box of dainty and beautiful things was that upper drawer! In what an orderly manner they had been laid away! Odors like the breath of dewy

Concluded on page 62

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HAPPILY MARRIED

Concluded from page 60

meadows came out to me. I looked in a box covered with red silk and embroidery. It held a package of letters bound together with the daintiest pink ribbon. I took it out of the box—a bundle of my old love-letters—so carefully stored away! Why should she treasure them? I sat down and read them over. How boyish, how sophomoric, how crude, they were!—how utterly artless! How much better I could say it now. Yet she loved those silly letters. They were dear to her or she would not have put them away so carefully, so daintily. I returned the letters to their resting-place and lay down upon the cushioned sofa. Oh, what a lonely place it was! I began to think of the past.

EIGHTEEN years had gone by since that evening when we had sat together at the feet of my old mother, in the twilight, and listened to her wise counsel. They had been hard years full of anxious toil and small accomplishment. I could see that, as a husband, I had been more or less of a failure. She had seen little of me save when I had returned to her, often at midnight, worn out by the burdens of the day. How many lonely hours, like these I was now spending, had been hers! True, I had tried to follow the good advice of my mother. I had brought my wife gifts, many gifts, bought in distant cities when in sheer loneliness my thoughts had turned homeward. I had gone to the limit in that matter, and yet I had given her not half enough of myself.

An idea came to me. She would be returning on the 6:10 train. She would be hungry and tired. I would have a dinner, fit for a queen, ready for her when she arrived! There would be fresh-cut roses on the table. I would broil a choice beefsteak basted with strips of bacon. I would have mushrooms and new asparagus and fresh tomatoes and lettuce and strawberries just out of the garden, and a pint bottle of cream and coffee—for she loved my way of making coffee. I went out for a walk, and then I did my shopping with the greatest care. The beefsteak was cut from the loin of a young steer and was two inches thick. I returned a little before five with my arms full of roses and ferns and smilax. My goods were lying at the door. I got the fire going and set and decorated the table as if it were to hold a wedding-feast. I made the salad and dressed the mushrooms and began my cooking. What fun I had anticipating her surprise and pleasure! The steak was ready, beautifully browned, under its melting crown of golden butter.

Put on as much butter as you think you need and then double the quantity. That was my rule in serving a steak. How delicious it looked, and its aroma was perfect! The mushrooms were ready. The strawberries were heaped in saucers of ancestral china and set upon graceful mats of smilax. The coffee was in the pot. The asparagus was steaming on a gold-rimmed platter. It was 6:20. She would be coming in a minute or two. I went and looked out of the window to see if she was near. Five minutes passed. I began to be anxious. What could have happened to her? I drew a chair to the window-side and sat watching, a quarrter of an hour and still no sign of her.

"Good heavens!" I said to myself. "Isn't that like a woman? A man works himself tired to please her and she——"

I went to the stove. The steak was getting dry. The mushrooms had shriveled. The asparagus had a dejected look. I was irritated. The clock struck seven. I didn't care what happened now. My exertions had wearied me and I threw myself on the sofa to rest. Gosh! What a rankling, bitter sense of baffled effort filled my soul!

At a quarter after seven the bell rang. It was growing dusk. I arose and opened the door. There stood my adorable wife with a sweet smile.

"Hello dear!" she exclaimed as we kissed each other. "How are you?"

"About all in!" I answered. "What in the world kept you so late?"

"Met an old friend and we sat down to talk in the station. Why, what is the matter? You look so cross."

"Anybody would be cross who had been treated as I have. Just look into the dining-room," I said.

She followed me with exclamations of delight through the dining-room and into the little kitchen. "Look at the dried beefsteak," I went on sadly. "Look at the mushrooms that are like India rubber. Look at the asparagus that has turned cold and stale. Look at your spoiled husband. If there were a man's page in the paper, I would write a letter to it on the subject of neglected husbands who spend their days in loneliness and their strength in preparing dinners doomed to lie on a cooling stove until they are ruined."

We fell into each others arms and laughed, and then we put the food on the table and sat down and had a wonderful hour together. She declared that it was the finest dinner she had ever eaten in spite of its staleness. I—well I was a wiser man after that, for I had tasted the bitter cup which is so often touching the lips of women.

I LAID aside my novel to join the editorial staff of a great morning newspaper. We were living in New York. My wife fell ill. Her mother and a well-known physician were attending her. I returned to the apartment from my task one morning at two o'clock. A serious change had come over the patient. I could see it in her face. I went out and found one of the best physicians in the city and brought him to the bedside. It was none too soon. My wife was being mistreated. Her trouble was peritonitis, her condition serious. The doctor told us what to do. Through that night and until nine in the morning I was dipping and wringing hot cloths. It was that timely help which carried her over the danger-point.

> "How silver sweet the sound of lover's tongues
> by night!
> When the eager youth seizes
> The white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
> And steals immortal blessing from her lips!"

True, but never so sweet are they as in the night of pain and utter discouragement. Then, indeed, you get the full sweetness of the lover's tongue and a blessing from tender lips truly immortal.

I know, for I had had my turn of sickness and suffering and had learned what a good wife can do to keep a man in courage when it is growing faint. Together we had suffered failure, the pinch of hard times, the anxieties of sickness, the peril of great loss. A man and wife who have not stood, side by side, through such troubles may perhaps be fortunate, but they have missed the priceless thing which, if borne with good courage, makes a man and woman one and inseparable and gives them a peace and power beyond all measurement. We had stood the final trials of the thing called love and had entered upon a new era in our wedded life.

Success came to us swiftly, unexpectedly. It enjoyed our company as we enjoyed it. We were turning forty. The spirit of youth was still in us. Is it any wonder that when a degree of wealth had come to me I threw it at her feet and said: "It is as much yours as mine. I want you to go to the bank with me and leave your signature. Henceforward your check shall be honored, like my own, whenever it is presented." Always, after that, she had no need of asking me for any treasure which she desired.

She was wont to claim that an allowance would have suited her better, as her privilege had made her extremely careful. That was strictly true. Why should a man wait until he dies to trust his wife implicitly?

SO NOW you know how simple is the secret of our happy life. We had no more love for each other than have most boys and girls who marry. But we managed to keep and increase our love instead of killing it and mainly by being honest with each other. For all that I claim no credit. I would not have told you all these things save that you and others have made me believe that it ought to be told. If a time has really come when honor between men and women is in need of my humble recommendation, I give it freely.

I am lonely but not cast down. I know her spirit. It is still the same spirit that walked beside me. If I were to rest dejected in the shadow of my loneliness, I know what this beloved Martha would be saying. She would be out of patience with me. So I go on, as of old, seeking, day by day, the things we loved together; companionship and beauty and a full use of the strength of mind and body.



The one room exclusively a woman's

And so the kitchen should reflect cheer and charm as well as provide comfort and convenience

The only room in the house which a woman does not share is the kitchen. It is the one room where she may have her own way without consulting others.

Perhaps this is the very reason the kitchen is so often last to get its due. Yet every woman has her dreams of what this room should be!

She would have it furnished as completely and carefully as the family living room—with every convenience to save an aching back and tired feet.

But above all, it would be a *charming*, restful place, with dainty, feminine touches to cheer her work day along.

Don't think that such a kitchen is beyond your means! With a surprisingly small outlay, you can enjoy this convenience, this fresh attractiveness in your own kitchen.

Domestic science authorities have studied your kitchen needs and have designed just the furniture to make it an easy, pleasant place to work. Hoosier Equipment!

First, of course, and the main unit of every modern kitchen, is the Hoosier Cabinet. It is the efficient center from which thousands of households are directed. And it is far from being an extravagance; for you can have a Hoosier on such easy terms you will never feel it!

Next, your need for extra storage space is splendidly filled by Hoosier movable units. One style has deep shelves for dishes, utensils and supplies; the other is fitted as a broom closet. You may use them as an extension of your cabinet or in other suitable places. The units, too, you may have and enjoy on the easiest of payments!

An added touch of cosy cheer is given with the dainty Hoosier Breakfast Set of table and chairs. For breakfast nook or rest corner, it is both decorative and practical.

You can get Hoosier furniture in White or French Grey Enamel, golden oak, or painted to match your special color scheme. Whatever your choice, you have a tastefully appointed, charming room.

Don't go on "putting up" with shabbiness just because your kitchen is old! New Hoosier furniture will work wonders—and without tearing out or building in! And for *new* kitchens Hoosier is regularly installed as affording more facilities and greater beauty than your carpenter can build in.

The Hoosier Easy Payment Plan will revolutionize your kitchen!

The best part of a Hoosier kitchen is that you will never know you've spent the money! For buying Hoosier furniture is now reduced to the easiest, simplest terms and a very small first payment brings what you need. As you use it you can finish paying in terms to suit your best convenience. The Hoosier store in your town will gladly tell you of this special plan, or write us for details.

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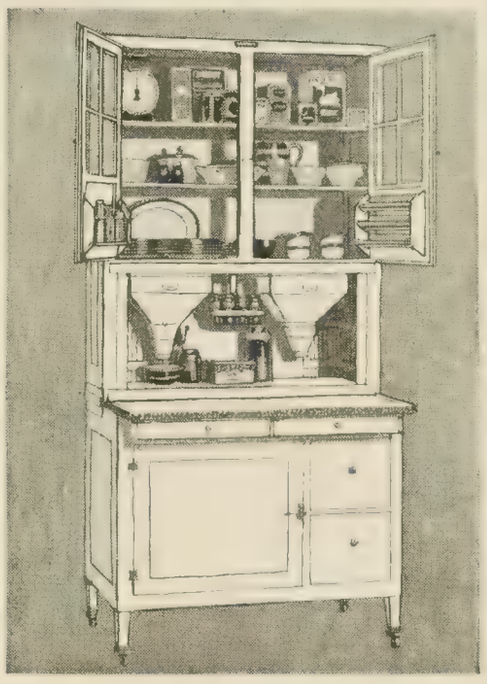
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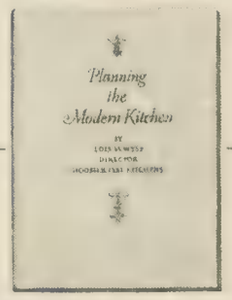
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The Quickest Way to a hot breakfast



QUICK QUAKER cooks in 3 to 5 minutes —*that's quicker than toast*

DOCTORS now urge oats and milk as the ideal vigor breakfast. Here it is—savory, flavory, wonderful—cooked and ready in 3 to 5 minutes.

Get Quick Quaker, the new Quaker Oats.

Cooks while the fruit is being served. As easy as plain toast!

All that rare Quaker flavor—all the richness that made Quaker Oats the world's preferred brand—you'll find here. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference. We urge you to try this new Quaker breakfast.

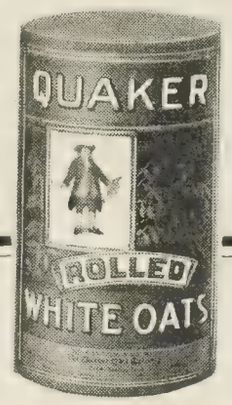
Your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and Quick Quaker.

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Medium: 1¼ pounds;
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Send for it. 96 new and universal recipes, covering everything from correct soup thickening to cookies and desserts—oats, wheat, rice, corn, barley, illustrated in color. Send 10c for a copy postpaid. The Quaker Oats Company, Room 1651, 80 East Jackson Street, Chicago.

Quaker Oats
The kind you have always known







Quick Quaker
Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes



LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 15

"Well, there are cookies in my trunk—but they're for children who thank the Lord for what they *are*, not talk about what they *wish* they was," Aunt Mary remarked. "And I wish they'd get through pushin' bears! That growl makes me nervous!"

"Get Albert," some one shouted outside.

"He's got to ride Entry," another voice answered. "I'll get him when he's through."

A sudden burst of band music told them Entry had started.

Ten minutes later there was a great flutter of excitement around the wardrobe-table. Albert, the helpful old elephant, now harnessed to the mud-stuck bear-cage, had shoved himself against the tent and thereupon on the inside scattered over the wet ground all Mrs. Sunny's keep-sakes!

Texas hurried down on her knees to help collect them—a tiny book, a gold horsehoe pin, a satin post-card, some pictures.

Suddenly, with a snap-shot in her hand, Texas stopped short—stared at the picture—and up at Mrs. Sunny.

"Why, where did you get this? Whose is it?" the little girl asked in amazement.

A flush of pink came up in Mrs. Sunny's cheeks.

"It's—it's somebody I used to know a long time ago," she said. "He sent it to his cousin Car'line where I lived—and I—I took it. His name's on the back."

"And do you *know* him?" Texas cried. "Why, Mrs. Sunny, he's—he's a friend of mine, for a very certain special reason! And besides that, he bought a red necktie on purpose to please me!"

She turned over the little square picture. Across the back of it, in small old-fashioned writing, this was what she read:

"Jason Fobes. 1837 West Dale Street, St. Louis, Mo."

THE Crandle boarding-house lived along as usual. Breakfast continued to be served from seven till nine—lunch from twelve till one-thirty—dinner at six promptly. Friday continued to be cleaning-day, on which Mrs. Crandle continued to pin her skirt up behind and Peralee continued to serve corned beef and cabbage.

Mrs. Crandle was a person who not only *made* rules but *kept* them, which everybody in her household knew and respected. Consequently, along with other things that continued, everybody also continued with care to keep entirely away from the subject of the circus child and her grandfather.

And that was how it happened that Mr. Jason Fobes, who, it may be remembered, had been absent from the table the evening Mrs. Crandle had expressed herself about it, never heard or knew any later chapter of the grandfather story.

As Mr Fobes went here and there in his various red neckties, he often remembered, with a tug at his heart, that morning when a little arm had been around his neck—a soft cheek against his. He often wondered what that little girl had meant about a "special reason" for having sat beside him and he thought of her more often than any one would have supposed.

He had tried long before to forget about little houses and gardens where people loved each other and made each other happy. He had dreamed of it once—as every one dreams of such a thing once—but of his dream nothing was left but an old-fashioned tintype of a girl of eighteen, with a ruffled dress, lace mitts, curls pinned around her head. He had dreamed of a little house with Lucy there and himself to take care of her—but that was so long ago it seemed to him now like a dream some one else must have had, not he. Just a bookkeeper on a high stool, just a cranky little lodger at Crandle's—that was all Jason Fobes had been for years and years and years.

But somehow that little sunny-haired girl had brought all his dreams back again. Perhaps it was her own dream of a little house and garden with her grandfather—perhaps it was because, when he had dreamed that dream of a cottage and Lucy, he had dreamed, too, of childish arms around his neck, which never had happened until Texas had come that morning.

At any rate, the Crandle boarders noticed that he smiled now and then. They whispered about it when he wasn't around, and said his red neckties were affecting his disposition.

Mr. Fobes himself didn't know he had changed—he only knew he wanted Lucy's picture out of his trunk where he could see it again. And somehow he found himself knowing that though a dream be only a dream that never hopes to come true it is far sweeter company than no dream at all.

He would sit by his window and remember the funny little way Lucy's nose had wrinkled when she smiled, and he would wonder what all the years had done for her.

MRS. CRANDLE let these strange symptoms pass, but one morning something happened just one count too much. The mail-carrier brought a letter addressed unmistakably to Mr. Jason Fobes! The postmark was Winona, Minnesota, the address penned in a round, precise hand, as though it had been written with great care.

Mr. Fobes had lived in her house thirty years and (with the exception of a Christmas letter from his cousin Caroline) he had received no mail since the day he had come there.

She held the letter to the light. It was quite a long letter. The paper was folded thickly, the envelope square and pink, but that was all she could tell—which kept her in fidgets all day as she watched the clock for Mr. Fobes's coming-home time.

She prepared her dinner early so she could meet him on the porch and pin him there till he should open the letter and explain it. She wondered if he was expecting it or if it would surprize him as *she* had been surprized, but when at last he came his face told her as well as she needed to know that he didn't have any better knowledge of it than she did.

"There!" she said. "Since half-past ten this morning this has been annoying me! Mr. Fobes, if you've got any relations in Winona, Minnesota, *I* don't know about it—and I hope nobody *else* would be writin' you pink letters at *your* age!"

Mr. Fobes held the letter gingerly and looked on both sides of it. It was addressed to him! Mrs. Crandle planted herself fillingly in the doorway, but Mr. Fobes, to her complete and entire disgust, deliberately passed her—and went on up-stairs.

She watched him go in and then returned to the kitchen for her only redress—cutting down his piece of pie.

In his room, behind his door, on the edge of his hard little single bed, Mr. Fobes opened his letter. He looked at the signature first. It was "Texas." The corners of his lips drew up in a smile. He straightened the red necktie and moved over to his chair in the window. The little girl who had brought back his dreams! She must have found the grandfather in Winona, Minnesota!

It was with a warm feeling of belonging to some one that he settled back in a streak of left-over sunlight to read the letter. The dinner-bell clanged in the hall below, but he didn't hear it. He was reading:

DEAR MR. FOBES: I have thought of you often, and thanked you for changing your neck-ty. I didn't have any grandpa after all, so Joe and I came back to the circus and I am a star now because mother is resting. When I came back somebody was here who wasn't here before, and I love her very much, and as I love you very much too, wasn't it funny that the elephant spilled the box? When I found your picture fallen out of her keepsakes, I was so surprized I couldn't believe it.

Mr. Fobes drew his brows together in a puzzled sort of way and kept on reading as the dinner-bell insistently clanged again.

When I told her you were a dear friend of mine and told her about the neck-ty, she was so surprized she couldn't believe it either, so she told me all about you. She says she will always keep your picture, but never tell you where she is, so I thought I might as well tell you now as any time as I can not keep secrets. So will you please write and ask her to forgive me for telling. She keeps our wardrobe and my mother says she is a little jar of peach preserve. I think so too. Her name is Mrs. Sunny Peck, but she says you only called her Lucy.

I hope you weren't late to your office that day and I would like to hear from you myself also. I wish you could see me on the cloud swing. It earns money for mother and I love to go in the air so well I can't wait till every day comes. The people clap and clap and I bow a hundred times. I hope all the boarders are well. Your loving

TEXAS.

P. S. I enclose a sheet of towns to tell where we will be when you write.

Mr. Fobes held the letter so long he forgot what it was, or what it said, or who had sent it. Lucy! He was back again in a little green boat on a little green river, with trees

Continued on page 66





Toys, furniture and other attractive articles are decorated in beautiful colors







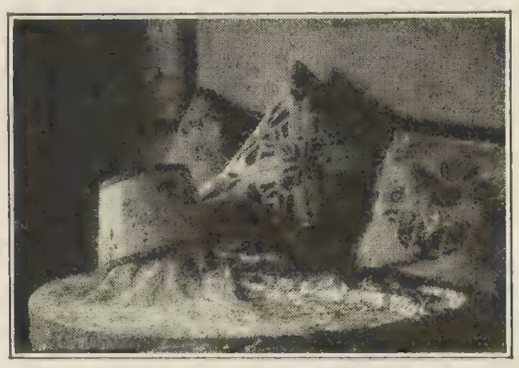
Desk sets, candlesticks, picture frames and boxes can be decorated

Fascinating new way to make money at home

How people all over the country are discovering a new joy in living, a means of expressing and developing their personalities and earning handsome incomes through Membership in the National Organization of Fireside Industries. Nothing is more fascinating than decorating Art Novelties at home and few occupations pay so well. New members now invited to join.



A home studio pays well



Beautiful designs are applied to lamp shades and pillow tops.



Batik is easy to do



FOR the man or woman who would like to earn extra money in spare hours or establish an independent business, there is probably nothing that offers so great an opportunity as the Decoration of Art Novelties.

That is why the men and women all over the country who are engaged in this work as Members of the "happy family" of Fireside Industries are so wonderfully enthusiastic about it. This new way of turning pleasant hours into dollars through work that seems like play, is, as one woman expresses it, "just like a delightful dream come true."

Splendid earnings in spare or full time

High prices are gladly paid for these exclusive, hand-decorated Art Novelties, and the field is unlimited, for all sorts of interesting articles can be decorated, such as candlesticks, picture frames, wall plaques and book shelves; gaily painted wooden toys; copper and brass novelties; hand-painted furniture, such as gate-legged tables, sewing cabinets and Windsor chairs; enameled lamp bases, hand-painted parchment lamp shades, table runners, pillow tops, piano scarfs and other textile pieces decorated in Batik; hand-colored greeting cards, and many other articles too numerous to mention here.

Many of the Members of Fireside Industries conduct Home Studios, while others have opened regular Gift Shops. But aside from the money that members earn, this joyous work gives them a new means of self-development, an opportunity to express their personalities in art, a method of awakening their sleeping love for the beautiful; in fact, members are enabled to become fully alive to the better things in life.

No Special Ability or Experience Required

Many people have the impression that some special artistic ability is required for decorating Art Novelties. To the contrary, most of the Members of Fireside Industries had never had any artistic training whatever.

The complete plan of operation that this organization gives to its members, its wonderfully simple and fascinating course of instruction, the personal guidance of Mr. Gabriel Andre Petit, Director of the Art Department, and the help of the members of the staff, as well as the many co-operative advantages, all combine to make success easy and certain. Anyone who is willing to make a conscientious effort cannot fail—in fact, your complete satisfaction is GUARANTEED.

The work is so simple that almost anyone can do it, for it is merely a question of following the very simple instructions. In addition, each member receives a complete Outfit, without extra cost, which contains all the supplies and materials needed for the lessons.

Another important element in the success of the men and women of Fireside Industries is the co-operative buying privilege that enables them to secure merchandise for decorating at membership rates. It is impossible to describe here, however, the complete plan of operation and all the helpful features. As many say, they had not dreamed that such a wonderful plan existed.

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Here is a remarkable opportunity for you, whether you want extra money, a pleasant hobby, or a way to express and develop your personality. No special qualifications are required. It makes no difference where you live or how much time you may have to spare. If you think you might be interested in decorating Art Novelties at home for pleasure and profit, you are invited to send for the beautiful book of Fireside Industries, which will be mailed to you FREE and which explains the plan in detail. Just mail the coupon at once, enclosing two-cent stamp. Address:

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"I started to make things to sell before I finished my second lesson. Since I started my course in October, I've sold about $150 worth of novelties." *Mary A. McLeod, Mass.*

"I am very much pleased and satisfied with the results. I made enough to pay for my course and a little more, besides the experience and pleasure I got from the work." *Mrs. E. D. Hagen, N. Dakota.*

"I made all my Christmas gifts, and earned about $50 over my expenses." *Mrs. A. Hellewell, Rhode Island.*



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Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part, please send me the book of Fireside Industries which tells how I may earn money at home by Decorating Art Novelties; also particulars of your Guarantee and the special co-operative privileges and services. I enclose two-cent stamp.

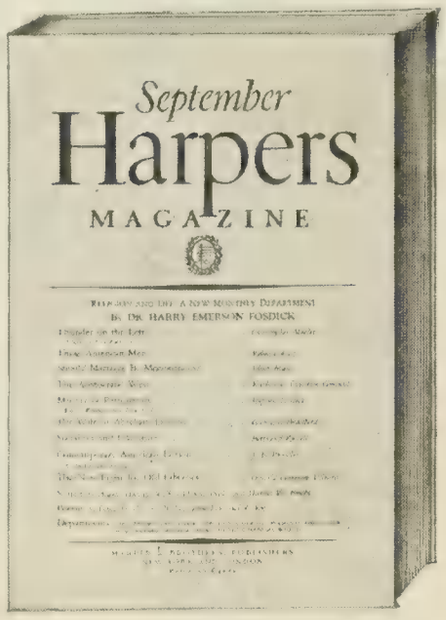
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LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 64

bending over the bank, and Lucy dipping her fingers in the water, telling him good-by. That had been forty-eight—forty-nine years ago!

THE dinner-bell clanged again. Mr. Fobes started to his feet, looked at his fat old silver watch, took off his coat and hastily poured water into his wash-bowl.

He was in the act of scouring his face when Mrs. Crandle knocked sharply at his door.

"Mr. Fobes," she shrilled, "dinner will not be held for any one!"

He opened the door and looked out—his face an odd study in smiles.

"You can clear mine right off, Mrs. Crandle," he said in a chirping little voice. "I won't be at table for two or three days!"

Mrs. Crandle gasped. Thirty years of Mr. Fobes excepting Friday nights! What was the matter with the man?

"What are you saying, Jason?" she burst out. "What ails you?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Crandle," he chirped. "I'm all right! I'm just going on a little trip for a few days, that's all."

He pulled an antiquated, dusty, brown satchel from the top shelf of his closet.

"For land's sake, where are you *going?* What *for?*" his landlady demanded.

"Haven't looked up just what town I'm going to," he chuckled, "but I'm going to see a—a couple of lady friends of mine."

Mrs. Crandle shut the door in his face. The man's head was twisted!

THE plump conductor who had been on that Missouri passenger train the day little Texas went seeking a grandfather was off duty every Wednesday and Saturday, and it was with much excitement one Saturday five weeks after the little affair on the train that his wife pressed his best suit while he shined his shoes on the back porch.

"Four o'clock, the letter asked you to come," his wife said. "It's half after two now, so you better get dressed. I wish it was *me* that was going! How I'd love to get a sight inside one of those elegant houses!"

"Well, it *better* be elegant the way I'm shinin' my shoes for it!" her husband answered from the back porch. "And you don't wish it was you any more than I do! When a fellow don't know where he's going, nor who to see—he'd a dang sight rather not go!"

"But as long as you wrote him you'd be there," she said, "don't be late!"

"Of course I told him I'd be there," he replied, between vigorous strokes of the shoe-brush. "What else could I tell him? Where's the letter? Was it four or four-thirty?"

His wife, plump as he was, hung the coat over a chair-back and reached to a shelf for a letter—rich paper, addressed in a wide hand. She read again, aloud:

MY DEAR SIR:

You may recall having met me on board the St. Louis Special on Tuesday the tenth of June. Your name and address were given me by the railroad company, and I shall appreciate greatly your finding it possible to call at my home Saturday afternoon at four. Kindly let me know that I may expect you. Yours truly,

KINGSLEY FITZGERALD.
(Per Donald Cuffly, Secretary.)

"Yep," the conductor remarked, coming in with the shoes in his one hand and the brush in his other. "Four o'clock, that's right. Well, if I knew what the old greaser wanted, I'd be better satisfied! Judging from his looks and talk on the train, it won't be anything *sociable*, anyway."

"Well," his wife said plumply, "I'm glad of one thing. We'll get to know how it turned out. Ever since you told me about that little girl I've been wondering what happened to her, poor little soul!"

"Hm—" the conductor grunted, struggling into his vest. "Yes, the old man was pretty dang small, and I don't know but what I'll up and tell him so—though at that I wouldn't have envied her if he *had* claimed her for relation. *I* wouldn't have wanted him:"

His wife held his coat.

"But that's an elegant letter," she said, her voice taking on a much-impressed tone. "It sounds awfully rich!"

"Rich, maybe, but he hasn't got *me* bluffed," her husband replied.

"Of course not," she said in a motherly way. "And you look just handsome in your good suit. Talk right up, no matter how stylish the house looks! You won't be too warm with your vest on, will you?"

"Warm!" the conductor sniffed. "Well, that old codger will freeze me up quick enough, if I am!"

She kissed him good-by and watched him fondly from the parlor window—then got out the Fitzgerald letter and read again the address it gave, to see just exactly where her conductor was going.

He wasn't entirely sure of the place himself, but he had a note on an envelope in his pocket and knowing at least that it was west he took the west-bound car at the corner.

IT WAS five minutes earlier than the appointed time when the conductor, who had last seen Kingsley Fitzgerald disappearing in the crowd at the railroad station, arrived at the gates of Fitzgerald Mansion which were swung wide open, lindens bending over them. The conductor had expected a home of wealth, but nothing like this!

"Great goslings!" he said to himself. "And he passed up that little kid as cold as a turnip! He could have kept ten of her in this place without even knowing it!"

He drew his shoulders up straight as he went through the gates and along the magnificent drive. On the side veranda, which was screened and hung with green awnings, some one was sitting. He heard voices as he approached. He saw it was Mr. Fitzgerald himself with a young woman in white and a servant receiving orders.

The conductor pulled down the corners of his vest and walked up the wide steps—the young woman hurrying to open the door for him as Mr. Fitzgerald acknowledged him slightly and motioned to a chair.

"Certainly, John," the master continued to the servant, "the building of the pergola is to be continued as I told you, overlooking the lake, and the swimming-pool must be tiled fifty feet square—but everything child size, understand me? Child size! When Kingsley is older we will rebuild, but tell the men everything is to be in a child's size now."

Mr. Fitzgerald turned to the guest.

"Good afternoon," he said in that same brusk tone the conductor remembered. "Miss Kent," he addressed the young woman who had returned to the embroidering of a child's frock, "this is the conductor of whom I told you. Miss Kent is my granddaughter's governess," he explained.

The conductor put his hat on the table and leaned toward Mr. Fitzgerald.

"Then she's here—the little girl is?" he asked eagerly. "She found you?"

Mr. Fitzgerald smiled slightly.

"No," he answered. "It's an astonishing thing—but we haven't been able to trace her. She seems to have lost herself completely. I shall not give her up, however."

The conductor glanced around the porch, at Miss Kent, the children's books——

"You have another grandchild?" he asked, politely puzzled.

Mr. Fitzgerald laced his aristocratic fingers about the arms of his chair.

"No," he said. "I have only one, but I choose to be entirely ready to receive her at any time. I asked you to call, thinking you might cast some light on the subject. Will you be good enough to tell me exactly what you remember?"

The conductor looked down for a long minute at his well-polished shoes. Miss Kent's swift needle went in and out—Mr. Fitzgerald waited. There was no sound but the purring of two electric fans in the ceiling, the rustle of the pages of a book with gay pictures on a little table.

"So you—can't find her," he said at last slowly. "Poor little soul! I can see her little hand on my knee so plain and those big eyes looming up—her telling me so trusting how long she'd waited to have a grandpa—and how glad he'd be to see her. I didn't understand, sir, that day—no matter who she was—how you could pass her by——"

"I asked whether or not you remembered any details of her conversation," Mr. Fitzgerald interrupted shortly. "Did she say where her home was?"

The conductor thought seriously again.

"No," he said at last, "she didn't. They were already on the train when I took up my run and only said that they were going

Continued on page 69



He spilled the jam and destroyed the evidence—but not the Valspar!



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The famous Valspar boiling water test

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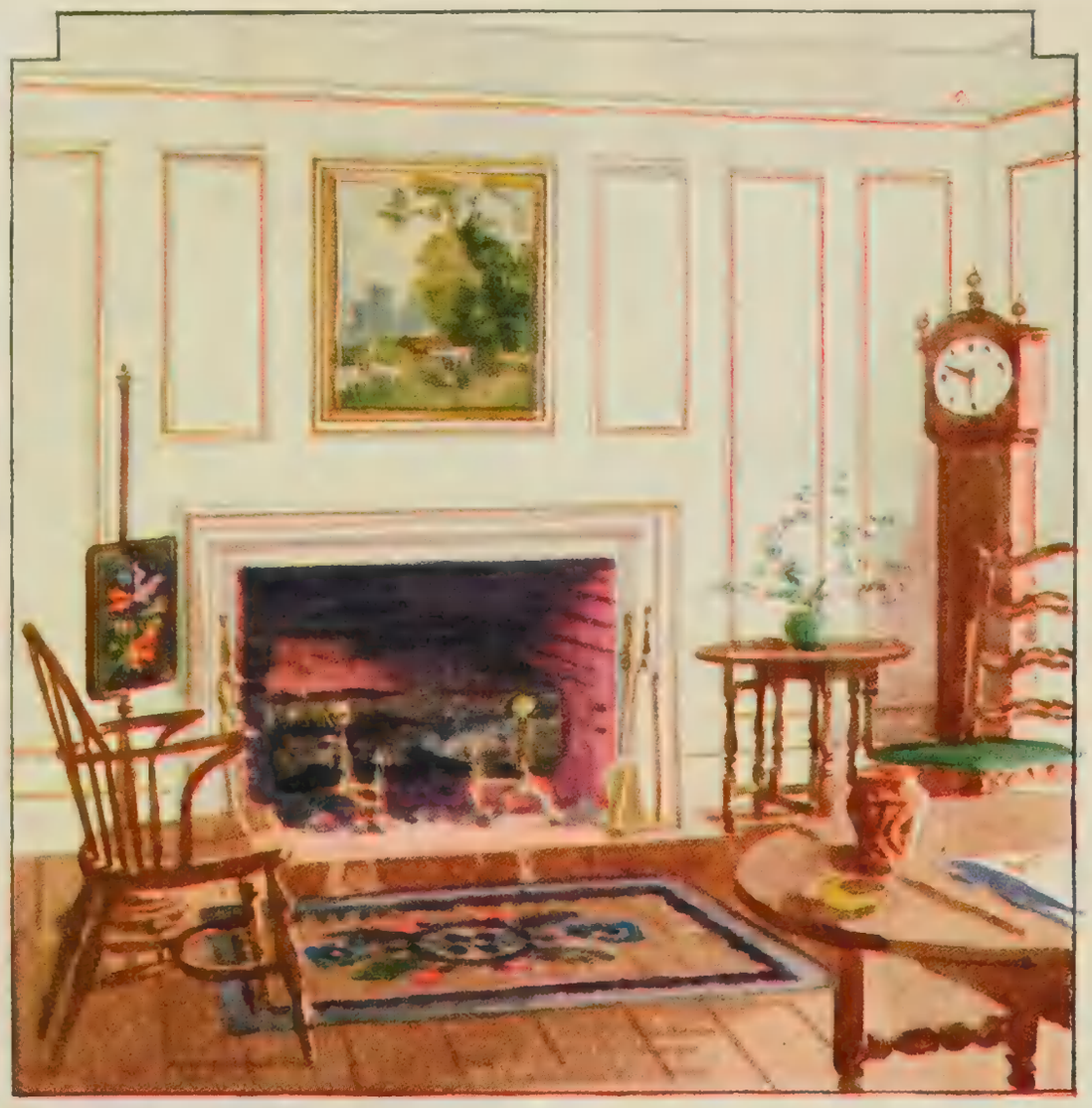
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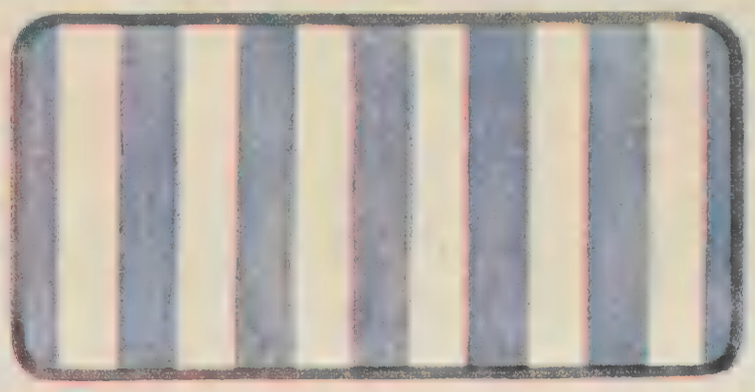
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LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 66

to St. Louis to find her grandfather. Then, when they mentioned your name, I recalled it from your luggage, as I told you."

Mr. Fitzgerald shifted in his chair slightly.

"You didn't ask or tell her anything after you spoke to me?" he asked.

"I didn't see either of them again," the conductor told him. "I was going back—but I couldn't find the heart to do it."

Somehow now that he saw the old aristocrat in the midst of this luxury—now that the occasion brought to him memory of the stubbed little toes, the wistful eyes, the eager stories of the grandfather she'd waited for—it made him even more resentful than he had been before. He felt no awe now of multimillionaire or the mansion he lived in.

He assured them that there was not a suggestion that he could give them—and then, in no uncertain terms, he expressed the opinion that had been gathering in his mind since the moment he had stood at the end of that coach on the tenth of June and had seen that brief drama take place.

Miss Kent hastily left. Cuffly came to the door and speedily went away again. The white poodle frolicked out from the house, but promptly turned tail and hurried back.

But Mr. Fitzgerald sat perfectly still and listened. The conductor finished entirely, brought out a striped handkerchief and wiped his much-perspiring face, murmured to himself that he guessed he hadn't shined his shoes for nothing—then the multimillionare touched a bell.

"Bring the gentleman some iced grape-juice," he said to the servant who answered. Then he turned to the conductor.

"Sir," he said quietly, "had you said all that to me six weeks ago I should have had you forcibly removed. To-day—I thank you for saying to me what I have never had the candor to say to myself!"

MEG did not get stronger. At first she went every day to the lot with Texas, then every other day, then every other day only when the lot was very close to the cars.

And little Texas grew all the while more a part of the spot-light, more like a flower blooming in the wind, more radiant when it came time to work, more gracious every time she came back with the applause from the big top sounding in her ears.

Doctor Mifflin had swung a hammock from his tent to the band-wagon for Meg and she would lie there smiling as the folks passed her in their wooden slop shoes on the way to the ring. She would call to them with gay little words, she would laugh at the clowns around the door, and listen, her eyes misted with love, to her own little girl's marvelous success.

"Is it fun for you, Sugar Plum?" she would smile. "Do you like it?"

And little Texas would pucker her lips and throw kisses to the whole world.

"Mother, dear," she would say, "I can't wait till the music starts."

They put away for Meg every penny that was earned and Doctor Mifflin said that, though she didn't get stronger, she *would* be stronger when they could go somewhere where she could have wonderful air and be away from the travel that was wearing, no matter how gentle they made it for her.

"We take turns, don't we," the little girl laughed one day when the act was done and she, all dressed, lay flat on the ground by Meg's hammock, Jim's monkey sitting across her knees, solemnly picking a dandelion to pieces. "*I* used to stay out by the back door and wait for *you*—now *you* stay out and wait for *me!* Think of that, mother! I never thought in the whole world I could be like you. Do I really work well, Mama Meg? Do I really seem like you?"

"Very much like I did when I was your age, dear," Meg told her. "I was twelve, too, when I began, though taller than you. My mother cried every time I went into the ring. I used to wonder why—but now—I know."

Texas unceremoniously dislodged the monkey and sat up and looked at her slender young mother.

"But *you* don't cry, Mama Meg, do you?" she demanded. "When my dress is like a rainbow, and I know my tricks so well—*you* wouldn't cry, Mama Meg?"

But, even as the little girl talked, tears came up in Meg's eyes, causing two little arms to scramble around her quick—the monkey squealing pettishly at being so thrust aside.

"I'm afraid I *do* cry, darling," Meg faltered. "Mothers always cry when babies grow out of their arms."

THE afternoon show was just closing, the bell across the hippodrome track clanging for the Roman races. Texas, on her knees on the grass, cuddled against Meg's shoulder and was whispering loving little words in her ear when Bum Casey came shuffling on to the scene—to inform Texas that a gentleman was waiting to see her in the menagerie.

"But I don't *know* anybody," Texas demurred.

Bum, however, only knew that the man had asked for Texas, so Meg brushed a daub of marshmallow sugar from the little round nose and told her to run along and see who it was.

The very next minute she came chattering back, her eyes glowing, her hand tucked in that of a little old man in new pin-stripe trousers, his hat under his arm, his hair thin and gray, his necktie red—and precisely tied.

The monkey on Texas's shoulder gibbered at both of them as Texas, in pink-cheeked excitement, tried to tell a dozen things at once. When they reached the hammock, she glanced warily around the doctor's tent toward the dressing-room.

"Mother, just think of it! This is Mr. Fobes," she said breathlessly. "He's come to marry Mrs. Sunny and we've got to surprize her something wonderful."

"To marry *Mrs. Sunny*, dear," Meg exclaimed, sitting up to smile at the little man whose cheeks suddenly grew very red. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Now, I hadn't said—" he stammered, "I hadn't thought—I hadn't figured on Lucy saying——"

Meg instantly felt his embarrassment.

"Just sit right down, Mr. Fobes," she urged. "I'm so glad to meet the gentleman who was kind to my little girl. Texas didn't know what she was saying, of course."

"But I *do* know what I'm saying, mother," the child insisted. "Mrs. Sunny told me if she ever sent for Jason she'd marry him—didn't she, Jason—I mean Mr. Fobes?"

"And Mrs. Sunny sent for you, Mr. Fobes?" Meg asked.

"Why no, *she* didn't," Texas dimpled, "*I* did. She doesn't know it at all. But I thought a wedding would be such fun, because Aunt Mary has white satin flowers for a bride's veil in the trunk, and I could wear my——"

But Jim's monkey brought the wedding plans abruptly to a close by suddenly leaping from Texas's knee straight at Mr. Fobes, who sprang up from his chair, began shaking his coat violently—and tried to free himself, preserve his dignity and keep out of sight of the dresing-tent all at once.

Meg hastily secured the monkey, while Texas leaned against the hammock rope in shouts of laughter.

"Oh, Mr. *Fobes*, what a funny dance you were doing," she bubbled.

Meg reached for Texas's hand to silence her, and then the little girl saw that her mother was looking over her head with odd expression of suspense—she saw that Mr. Fobes was looking beyond her too, his dim old eyes bright with sudden tears, his hand held out tremblingly—and suddenly she saw Mrs. Sunny, like a pale little rose in a soft pink dress, her gray hair pinned in tiny curls around her head, her fingers caught together in a helpless sort of way.

Texas stepped toward Mrs. Sunny and held a hand out to each of them.

"Lucy," she said, her head on one side in her odd little way, "don't you know who it *is?* It's *Jason* come after you."

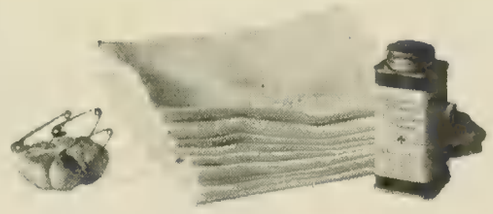
Then Mrs. Sunny wrinkled up her nose and smiled.

"Jason needs somebody to tidy him," she said. "What's happened to his collar and tie?"

Mr. Fobes smiled too, and wiped the corner of his eyes with his thumb.

"I left my grip in the ticket-wagon," he said. "Maybe we'd better get a *clean* collar, had we?"

Continued on page 70



Damp diapers

To guard against the chafing they will cause

Over a million mothers use this *safe baby powder*



"ALL napkins should be removed as soon as wet or soiled, and the parts kept scrupulously clean and well-powdered."

DR. L. EMMETT HOLT

WHEN baby is wet, he himself will announce that fact to you, by crying.

Crying is the only way a baby has of telling you how uncomfortable he is—and how the damp clinging diaper is stinging his tender skin.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt, America's great authority on the care of infants, says that to prevent chafing where it most frequently occurs, where the parts are so frequently wet and soiled, "*the utmost pains should be taken that all napkins be removed as soon as wet or soiled, and the parts kept scrupulously clean and well-powdered.*"

The powder must be incomparably pure. It must have been guarded all through the process of its preparation from the slightest possibility of the entrance of any foreign matter. And it must contain nothing but healing, soothing elements.

* * *

THESE are the reasons why over a million of the young mothers in America already know that Johnson's baby powder is *safe* to use.

Johnson and Johnson are well known to everybody as the makers of Red Cross absorbent cotton and Johnson and Johnson sterilized gauze. And they are even better known to physicians as the makers of hundreds of other articles for the medical profession. Everything they make must be surgically clean, antiseptically safe. It was to them, therefore, that physicians turned when they wanted a baby powder they could depend on and could recommend.

Johnson and Johnson have been preparing that baby powder ever since in their great laboratories.

* * *

The function of Johnson's Baby Powder is to guard against chafing from damp diapers and the infection caused by moisture lurking in the creases of the skin. It is wonderfully absorbent. And it has the faint sweet odor that will keep baby sweet and fresh all through the day.

It should be used invariably after the daily bath, and after every changing of the diapers.

To enable all mothers to know for themselves the goodness and purity of this beneficent powder, Johnson and Johnson are now offering free, to the readers of this magazine, a small can of it together with their concise little book on the care of baby skin, "*The Faith of a Baby.*" Just send them your address on the coupon below.

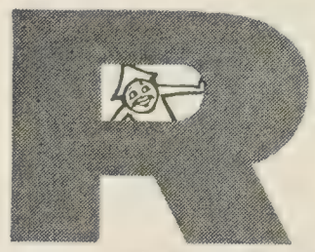
Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N.J.

Please send me free, the small can of the baby powder made in your famous laboratories and the little book—"The Faith of a Baby."

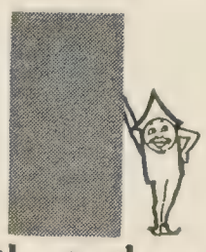
Your druggist is more than a merchant E-6



Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.



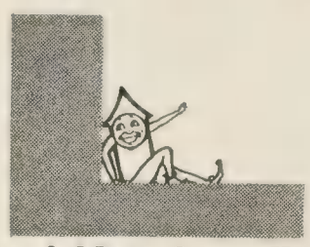
Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.



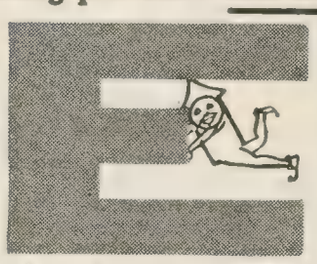
It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.



Good gum is good for you—doctors and dentists affirm this.



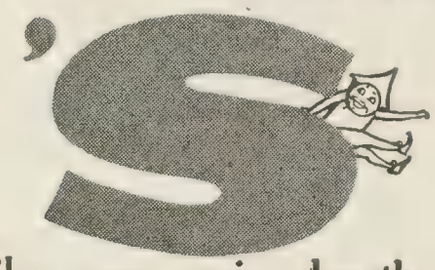
Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.



Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's—after every meal.



You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.



Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's — after every meal!

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LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 69

Texas and Meg watched the two cross the sunset meadow, Mrs. Sunny touching his arm shyly to show him the way.

Texas wrapped her checkered apron around Jim's monkey in a grotesque little skirt.

"Mother," she said thoughtfully, "it must be lovely to be a bridesmaid. I hope Mrs. Sunny won't forget who started this wedding."

A GREAT deal of Kingsley Fitzgerald's business had been put aside or trusted to Cuffly during the weeks since the finding of his grandchild had been his uppermost thought, but in the last week of July a cotton corporation in which he owned controlling interest really demanded his presence in Springfield, Illinois.

There was great excitement in the kitchen the morning Mr. Fitzgerald sent word that he would like to have his cook, Mrs. Becker, ready at seven the following morning to accompany Mr. Cuffly, Mr. Zylder and himself to Springfield. His explanation was merely that he wished to have her oversee the making of some kitchen fixtures at a small mill in Springfield. He didn't admit, even to himself, that he felt the need of her calm presence.

It gave Becker, the butler, a slightly disconcerted feeling to see his wife setting forth with trim black hat and suit and grip in the most elegant limousine in St. Louis as one of a multimillionaire party—but he assisted her into the car as respectfully as if she had been a Fitzgerald herself.

When they arrived at Springfield, they found the town turned into a carnival—paper streamers flying, tent shows holding forth on the corners and the streets so crowded they were half an hour getting to their hotel.

Mr. Cuffly had had their rooms previously arranged for, and Mrs. Becker immediately went about ordering Mr. Fitzgerald's lunch. It was from one of the maids that she found out what was causing the buzz in town. It was circus day!

"Now *there!*" Mrs. Becker chirped all to herself, "that's just exactly what Mr. Fitzgerald needs to take him out of himself! He wouldn't go, though—unless somebody just *made* him. Let me see——"

She bustled to the elevator, down-stairs to the lobby ticket-stand and twenty minutes later when she arranged her employer's luncheon-table in his private suite there were placed conspiciously with the silver two reserved seats to the Great Melbourne Shows.

"Hm—" he said as he sat down—"what's this?"

So Mrs. Becker explained.

"If you and Mr. Zylder go, sir," she urged, "it will do you a world of good! I dare say, Mr. Fitzgerald, sir, you'd even come back with an appetite!"

"Very kind of you, Mrs. Becker," the multimillionaire said, bowing slightly, "very thoughtful. But a circus is something I invariably avoid. The heat and noise of it displease me."

Mrs. Becker's disappointment was obvious, but somewhat lessened when it was finally arranged that she and Cuffly should go instead.

Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Zylder hired a car and drove about town, then returned to the hotel and waited the return of the very tall secretary and the very short cook. It amused Mr. Fitzgerald that the two had gone together.

"Zylder, I begin to feel like a man with a family," he said. "It's an odd thing—change of mind—isn't it?"

It was dinner-time when Cuffly and Mrs. Becker returned, Mrs. Becker bearing with a guilty look a red balloon on a bobbing stick. Cuffly had taken the performance in a dignified way, but Mrs. Becker was overflowing with it.

"And Mr. Fitzgerald—a little girl!" she said rapturously, "—like an angel! They say there ain't another person in the world can go up in the air like she did, and I believe it! Why, Mr. Fitzgerald, I thought my heart was going right out of my shoes! And I had the good fortune, Mr. Fitzgerald, to sit right by the door where she passed and I couldn't resist it, Mr. Fitzgerald—I reached right out and caught hold of her hand! She was that near to me—the blessed lamb! And I said, 'That was wonderful, dearie,' and she smiled right at me—'Oh, thank you!' she said like a beautiful little angel!"

"I made Mrs. Becker change seats with me when the clowns came out," Mr. Cuffly remarked. "I thought it was my duty to Becker in his absence. No telling whose hand she would have been holding next!"

"No, indeed, sir!" she said to her employer. "You know I behave with the greatest decorum! But that little girl somehow put my mind to our little Miss Kingsley, sir, so pretty she was, and just about a size! I only said a word to her—thinking of *our* child! There isn't anything new between you and Mr. Zylder, I suppose?"

"No," Mr. Fitzgerald said with a breath that was almost a sigh, "I regret to say there is none, Mrs. Becker, but in appreciation of your interest, I want to assure you we are leaving no stones unturned!"

Mrs. Becker gathered up her balloon, her fan and bonnet.

"Now, couldn't you and Mr. Zylder see fit to go to the circus to-night, sir?" she presumed to suggest. "I do so feel it would cheer you up, and you could see the wonderful little girl in the air, sir!"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Becker," her employer replied in a tone of definiteness. "No, indeed. As I told you before, a circus is something I prefer to avoid."

And Mrs. Becker hastily left as she saw Cuffly making preparations for Mr. Fitzgerald, after the somewhat strenuous day, to go immediately to bed.

IT WAS doubtful if anything—even the well-remembered explosion of the kitchen stove—had ever caused as much disturbance as the going away of Jason Fobes. Mrs. Crandle had not been able to find out a thing about it and at the breakfast-table, following his gay and sudden leave-taking, she openly announced (as much for the effect on the other boarders as for her own satisfaction) that his disregard for her peace of mind in the matter should cost him his place in her household upon his return.

"When I shelter people under my roof," she said with spirit, "I certainly consider that they owe me certain explanations! When I have sewed Jason Fobes shirt-buttons on for thirty years, I do say I should be more than a business convenience."

But his going away was as nothing to his return, which occurred five days later just at lunch-time. If a stage had been set and timed for him, the curtain should have gone up exactly *when* and *as* it did! The boarders were just seated—Mr. Fobes's place vacant and the one next it where Texas had sat. Chairs were just hitching into comfort and napkins fluffing out when the door pushed open and Mr. Fobes, in light gray, with pansies in his buttonhole, beamed in upon them.

"Well, hello everybody," he greeted gaily. "Glad to find you just as I left you!"

Mrs. Parsons, as usual, engineered the response. "Why, good afternoon," she twittered. "Do come in and sit down, and tell us *where* you have *been!* Another new suit! Now, Mr. Fobes! Mr. Fobes!"

She shook her finger at him playfully, then observed some one behind him in the shadow, observed that some one's hand was in his!

"Why—why, is somebody with you?" she asked in polite surprize as Mr. Fobes stepped aside and drew some one in beside him—a little lady whose hands fussed with a lace handkerchief in her Alice-blue pocket and tucked at shy curls peeping out from an Alice-blue bonnet.

Mrs. Crandle appeared in the doorway just in time to hear her oldest boarder's answer to her most talkative one.

"Yes," he said proudly. "I brought Mrs. Jason Fobes!"

There was a rustle of silence as every head turned to Mr. Fobes and the little Alice-blue bride—then Peralee's black face appeared in the kitchen door unceremoniously behind Mrs. Crandle, her eyes fairly popping.

"Good *night*, Mistah Fohbes!" she burst forth. "Y'all done git wedded? Well, ain't she a lil' doll!"

The gentlemen boarders remembered themselves and rose, grinning broadly; out of sheer excitement the lady boarders rose too, while Mrs. Crandle bustled into the china-closet for the best napkins, then just caught little Mrs. Jason Fobes in her arms and kissed her.

"There, you dear thing, come in and sit right down and get acquainted. Mr. Fobes, congratulations! I'm sure I don't begrudge anybody one mite of happiness, and all is forgiven between us—but if you had told me, as you *should*, I could have had pink crêpe paper strung up to the lights. Well, I can get the parlor flowers out any way."

So amidst the pretty confusion of introductions, congratulations and the array on the table of the variegated wax roses, Mrs. Sunny Bill Peck found herself entirely Mrs. Jason Fobes—the center of bubbling attention and the object of her husband's open adoration.

After five minutes Mrs. Crandle ushered a glowing Peralee in from the kitchen bearing a huge fluff of uncut lemon pie which was placed before the shy little guest of the day.

"There! That's your wedding-cake," Mrs. Crandle announced in a tone that dared any one in the world to dispute it. "There's no reason *I* can see why a weddin' needs cake any more'n pie. A bride can cut pie and give it out as handy as cake, and most folks like pie better. Of course, if Jason had confided in me ahead," she said meaningly as she wiped the pie-knife and put it before the bride, "I could 'a' been prepared with trimmed cake or anything."

"Well, it isn't too late to tell us now where you've been, Mr. Fobes," Mrs. Parsons put in. "Do tell us all about it. Mrs. Fobes wouldn't mind, would you, dear?"

Mrs. Fobes smiled up at Jason.

"Of course not," she said. "Jason, tell the folks where we were married."

Mr. Fobes patted her hand.

"Well," he said, "it'll surprize you folks all right. Lucy and I were sweethearts fifty years ago." He said the fifty as though fifty made it so much more precious than just one or two. "But I might never have found her again if that little circus girl hadn't come here to breakfast."

Two or three of the boarders glanced apprehensively at Mrs. Crandle, but she was smiling serenely.

"Go on," she said. "I can stand to hear it as well as anybody."

"Nobody can figure out how things happen odd as they do—but Lucy was part of the same circus the little girl told us about, and *that* was how it happened. We were married yesterday morning in a church at South Bend, Indiana, with the circus folks all there and little Texas for the bridesmaid. She sent her love to all the boarders——"

"And sent you each a pressed daisy from the wedding-bouquet," Mrs. Fobes added softly.

"And this morning," Mr. Fobes went on with pride he didn't try to conceal, "Mrs. Fobes and myself found a home just out of the city, furnished as complete as we want—and we hope you'll all be out to see us—you, too, Mrs. Crandle."

"A home!" Mrs. Parsons echoed rapturously. "Oh, how sweet! What's it like, Mrs. Fobes?"

"Well," the little bride said happily, "it has a front porch and a garden of flowers and a few nice chickens and an—an apple-tree."

"Did that child's grandfather find her?" Mrs. Crandle asked abruptly.

"Why, the little thing found out she didn't *have* any grandfather," Mrs. Fobes told them. "She's working in the circus now to take care of her mother, bless her beautiful heart!"

"Didn't *have* any grandfather!" Mrs. Parsons exclaimed. "Why, Mr. Fobes, didn't any one ever tell you he came here *after* her?"

"Indeed he did," Mrs. Crandle informed them, "but it was on Friday, Mr. Fobes, so you missed it. The grandfather and another gentleman spent an entire morning here discussing it and that child's grandfather is a *multimillionaire*, Mr. Fobes."

"But why—why didn't she find him when she came here?" Mrs. Fobes asked excitedly, "or why hasn't *he* come to find *her?*"

Mrs. Crandle jerked at her apron uneasily.

"Well, the truth is," she confessed, "it seems to be my fault. I didn't hear anything the child said about herself that morning—so I just told the old man I didn't know anything about where she went to—and I didn't see any sense in asking *his* name or address—so afterward we didn't have any way to find *him!*" She sniffed softly and put the corner of her apron to her lips. "I—I felt terrible about it," she quavered. "I've—Ive tried hard as I could to think up a way to fix it."

"Why not write the child about it, Mr.

Continued on page 72

This Will Make a Great Difference in Your Life



This NEW way solves, exquisitely, woman's oldest hygienic problem—and provides security, poise and immaculacy impossible under old conditions . . . *by providing three unique features unknown before!*

A BRIDGE, a dinner, a dance . . . a filmy frock to be worn . . . a motor trip that will last for hours!—these no longer come as problems.

Under old conditions, the average woman spent almost one-sixth of her time in self-consciousness, so many of her activities were ill-timed. Now she lives every precious day, *unhandicapped.*

Modern science has discovered a new way in personal hygiene. A way that contrasts the uncertainty of old methods with a security that is absolute.

Women have changed their hygienic habits. Eight in every ten women in the better walks of life employ this new way.

These new factors assure immaculacy, every hour of every day

This new way embodies three factors of importance . . . plus many others.

It is different in material from any other product obtainable for this purpose.

It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture! It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad. And thus assures a true protection.

It is as easily disposed of as a piece of tissue . . . and thus banishes the embarrassing difficulty of disposal . . . *and laundry.*

It is deodorized . . . and thus supplies a feeling of security that old ways denied.

AND . . . it is obtainable everywhere, at every drug store, every department store—virtually at every corner—to meet emergencies.

You ask for them by name, and without hesitancy, simply by saying—Kotex.

Test Kotex, please

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your life, in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and health.

60% of many ills, common to women, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Hygienic authorities charge almost 80% of the lack of charm, poise and immaculacy, expected of women in this modern day, to the same mistake in hygiene.

Thus on every count, millions are turning to this new way.

A fair test will prove its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy.

Obtain Kotex today at any department or drug store. In many you'll find them ready-wrapped on a display table, and ready to take out without even having to ask.

You'll appreciate these 3 factors



(1) Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and is deodorized, thus assuring double protection.



(2) No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



(3) Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them *ready-wrapped*—help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue.

KOTEX
DEODORIZED



Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

**Supplied also in personal service cabinets in women's rest-rooms by The West Disinfecting Co.*



Still youthful and lovely at fifty

BUT the daughters of today—will their complexions be smooth and unblemished at fifty? The rush of modern times, the promise of marvelous results from quick beauty treatments, the very heavy use of cosmetics—all combine to ruin the skin long before the age of middle life.

More than ever, today's girl needs the careful cleansing of her skin with a pure soap and warm water. For over thirty years fastidious women have relied upon Resinol Soap to protect and preserve the freshness of their complexions, and the modern girl will find no worthy substitute.

Resinol Soap claims no miraculous healing powers—it is simply an exquisitely pure and reliable toilet soap which satisfies every need of the skin, because:

It gives an abundant foamy lather in either hard or soft water.

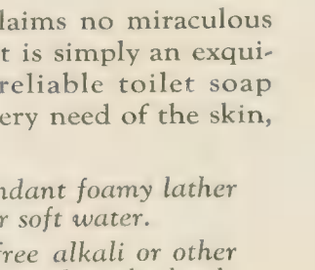
It contains no free alkali or other harsh properties, and is absolutely non-irritant to the tenderest skin.

It has no heavy perfume or strong odor—just the delightfully distinctive fragrance which comes from its Resinol properties—those properties which make its rich color and give protection to the skin.

It rinses easily and leaves the skin so refreshed and invigorated that you know it has been cleansed to the depths of each tiny pore.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes.

RESINOL SOAP



Dept. N, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
I have never used Resinol Soap and Ointment, so please send me a free sample of each.

Name .....

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City ..... State .....

Please print plainly



LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 70

Fobes?" the insurance agent suggested. "Maybe she knows where to get hold of him—or how to."

"Of course she doesn't," Mrs. Parsons interrupted in a superior tone, "or she'd have done it when she came here on purpose. I wouldn't tell her about it and get her all worked up unless we can find him first."

"No," Mr. Fobes said, considering thoughtfully, while his wife just slipped her fingers into his and watched him anxiously. "It wouldn't be right to tell her after she's got her grandfather all out of her head once. What we want to do is find out if this really *was* her grandfather—isn't that right, Lucy?"

"Oh, yes, Jason," she nodded eagerly, "if we only *can*. Those two are so alone—and Meg is so weak. *How* can we find him, Jason?"

And there was the problem. How could they? Then in the quiet of every one thinking, waiting, with only the sniff-sniff of Mrs. Crandle's tears, Peralee with a plate and dripping dish-rag in her hand shoved the door open.

"The gen'min wid' de gran'pappy say he one ob dese tuhneys ob de law," she offered placidly. "Mistah Fobes, ef somebody git all de tuhneys ob de law, dis hyah one maght be imongst 'em. Ain' dat so?"

Mrs. Parsons half rose.

"Why, Peralee!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell us that? That's a grand idea."

Peralee shuffled her feet across the rug.

"Nevah figahed it out 'till dis hyah minute," she said.

The insurance agent laughed.

"Yes, fine idea," he said with amused sarcasm. "There are exactly three thousand one hundred and eighty-four attorneys in St. Louis."

Mr. Fobes folded his napkin briskly and looked at his silver watch.

"Then we better get right started, Lucy," he said as he rose, and reached for the hand of the little woman at his right. "It may take quite a few days to call on three thousand one hundred and eighty-four!"

Mrs. Crandle came forward, the end of her apron crumpled in her hand.

"Oh, Mr. Fobes, could you really *do* it?" she asked chokingly. "I'd be ten years younger if some one could only find that man! But Mr. Fobes, that's an awful undertaking! Can you ever do it? How *can* you?"

The other boarders had risen too, and were gathered around the little man with the light-gray suit and purple-pansy *boutonnière*.

"No reason why I can't, if Lucy'll help me," he said crisply. "I've taken a month off, and if lemon pie can be a wedding-cake—I don't see any reason why calling on lawyers can't be a honeymoon, eh, Lucy?"

"Why of course, Jason," she agreed. "I'll tell you what we'll do! We'll take them by the alphabet! We'll write down every attorney in St. Louis in alphabetical order and just begin with A and go straight through! We ought to do thirty A's this very afternoon!"

They lost no time about starting. All the boarders followed to the door. Peralee and Mrs. Crandle followed to the gate—and thus Mr. Jason Fobes and Lucy began their quest.

"By the way, Mrs. Fobes," Mrs. Crandle called, "just for my own satisfaction, you write on pink paper, don't you?"

"Why, no," Lucy smiled, I never had any pink paper."

Mrs. Crandle's face took on a look of utter blankness—but before she became completely overcome, Lucy stopped and turned back a step.

"—But Little Texas does," she added.

IT WAS a weary little bride and a foot-sore groom who took a crowded street-car home to the outskirts of St. Louis at the end of the second week of their honeymoon. The chickens had pecked lonesomely around the gate every day for two weeks, the breeze talked lonesomely to the apple-tree, but every night at the little white kitchen table, over tea and fresh berries, the little house had ceased to be lonesome and made up for what it had missed in the daytime.

Lucy tucked her arm in Jason's this second Saturday night of the first two weeks as they turned from the street-car corner down the block to their own cottage.

"How far are we down the alphabet, dear?" he asked her. "To-day when I went to the last J—to a Mr. Theodore Judd—he said he thought there were more lawyers in St. Louis than in any other place in the world. He said, Lucy, he never had understood himself how so many men could be lawyers! He said he didn't see how we ever *could* find one among them all—and if it wasn't for that little girl, Lucy——"

Lucy smiled up at him.

"That's it, Jason," she said. "It seems like when our house is so pretty and we're so happy, Jason, there isn't enough we could do for her! I can't believe it's really us, Jason—can you? All my life, Jason, I've wanted little blue bowls to cook in!"

They found a pile of letters on the door?" step. It had been Lucy's idea to *write* all the "K" and "L" lawyers, and ask the question by post. Jason followed her into the tiny kitchen and while she tied on her apron he sat on the window-seat and opened the mail—opened every letter with hope and put it aside with disappointment.

"Jason," Lucy sighed, "sometimes it almost seems like that lawyer told you—that we can't do it! To-day on the street I almost gave up and then I thought of that little pink letter Texas wrote you and——"

"Say," Jason interrupted, "there's a pink letter in with these! It must be—sure, it's Texas!"

The preparation for supper was put aside, and the other lawyer letters as Mr. Fobes moved over and made room in the window-seat for Lucy, as he read aloud:

DEAR TWO PEOPLE:

As long as we miss Mrs. Sunny so much and of course Mrs. Crandle misses Mr. Fobes. I guess this wedding was too bad on almost everybody's account but yours. I will tell you all the news.

Jim's monkey ate too much and is very sick. The camel mama stepped on her baby and we had to leave it behind yesterday in a grave. It was very sad. There are three beautiful new pelican eggs. Every one was glad when I read them your last letter, but in answer, Mr. Fobes; please scuse me from saying what was the speshal reason I wanted to be friends with you. I think I better not tell you. Mother is very happy but not as well, but nothing hurts her and the doctor says some day she is going to be better. I am making you a towel with pink lace that is pretty. Aunt Mary says the stitches are disgrasful, but I think they look like triming. Mr. Melbourne who owns our circus died yesterday in New York City, so Papa Saunders feels very bad. It was a funny thing that Mr. Melbourne and the camel died the same day. Your loving bridesmaid,

TEXAS.

There was a lump in Jason's throat and in Lucy's when he finished. He put the letter rather abruptly aside and turned to the remaining lawyer letters in silence.

"Well, dear," he said when the last one was opened "they all have the same answer. It seems we've been from one office to another, and one building to another, and one telephone to another, till there can't be any more of them!"

"Yes, it does seem so," Lucy smiled tiredly, "it does! And we aren't half through yet! But if there was a chance left in the last lawyer's office in the world it would be worth trying, if it was to make that little thing happy, wouldn't it, Jason?"

"Yes, Lucy," her husband said, "it would. While you're fixing up supper, how'd it be if I write all the letter M's?"

"That'd be fine!" She smiled and dropped a kiss on his bald spot as he took out his fountain pen and reached to the window-shelf for paper.

The chickens pecked around the door, a little wind rustled the apple-tree, there was a light in the window, the scratching of a pen—and the sound of a spoon mixing muffins in a blue bowl.

GRAY dawn was just coming in the state-room window one morning, two weeks after Texas' letter to Mr. Fobes and Lucy, when the child awakened sharply as though something had called her.

In the opposite bed Meg was sitting up, her hand against her head, her face flushed, her breath coming quickly. Instantly Texas was beside her.

"Mother dear," she whispered, "what is it? Does something hurt you?"

Meg reached for the little girl's hand.

"Mother can't see, dear," she said, trying to keep back the tremor in her voice. "I wonder, Texas, could you get to the doctor?"

In her bare feet and her trailing nightgown Texas ran into the hall. She found the porter of the bachelors' car at the door, and while the train sped on through the gray fields of early morning, while the little girl waited breathlessly on the platform, Doctor Mifflin hastily pulled trousers over pajamas, found his case and hurried outside to follow her. He was half the car behind her when he heard her cry out as she opened the door. Meg, still and white, lay on the floor.

Doctor Mifflin, in his strong arms, put her on the bed and quieted Texas with a word, as her mother's eyes gradually trembled open.

It was hard for the little girl to be still and know Meg was all right when she lay there with colorless hands, colorless lips, scarcely breathing at all—but as dawn changed from gray to rose, rose to gold, Meg's strength returned a little, till she could tell the doctor all about it and take Texas's cold little hand in hers.

The doctor held the little girl in his lap.

"Texas," he asked, "could you get along without your mother and let me send her away where some one can take care of her? That's the only thing that will put color back in her cheeks for you!"

Texas fought the tears back from her eyes.

"Yes, doctor," she said sturdily. "I'll stay here and be such a good acrobat we'll have a million dollars! Can you find any place that will make my mother well?"

Doctor Mifflin caught her by the shoulders and kissed her soundly.

"That's my wonderful Meg and Texas," he said. "That's what makes me proud of you. I'll find a quiet place to-day, and to-morrow I'll take Mama Meg myself."

So he left them with the sunrise breaking through their window, the train coming to a stop by a meadow across which, slim and black, the poles of the circus tents already stood against the sky.

The doctor sent Torchy to stay with Meg all day—though Texas didn't leave her until they heard the music for the afternoon show coming across from the big top.

The little girl clung to Meg's hands and kissed them over and over—tears she couldn't keep back falling hot on Meg's fingers—and from the meadow as far as she could see the car-window she waved and looked back and looked back and looked back.

Meg's face, too, was wet with tears for the little girl so brave, so sweet and fearless.

Texas slipped into the dressing-tent quietly and sat so still for madame to fix the curls that the others watched her, wondering. All herself she put on the pale pink tights, the little shoes, stepped into the rainbow dress and reached the one big hook. Then she sat silent and pale as a little shadow, and waited for her music.

When at last it was time, Aunt Mary watched her across the open space to the big top.

"Somethin' ails that little girl," she said to Gipsy Jean. "I'm goin' to get Joe up here to take her home and put her to bed when she's done."

The show was in Virginia. The big top was suffocatingly crowded.

Texas carried through to her whirlwind finish, did her arrow drop to the ring, opened her arms wide to the people and threw her kisses again and again. She stopped a minute at the back door to steady herself, to push back her damp curls, then started across to the dressing-tent—an appealingly beautiful little thing, a delicate flower with petals just a bit wilted. Joe was by the dressing-tent door, sitting on the ground against the end pole.

"Joe, it's pretty warm to-day." Texas smiled—then put her head on one side seriously. "Joe, it's *very* warm."

Joe motioned with his head to the other side of her.

"Somebody's waitin' to see you," he said briefly.

Texas glanced up. She had noticed only Joe.

A tall old gentleman was standing there—like some picture, Texas thought instantly, that she had once seen of a king. He carried an ebony stick and a silk hat in his hand—and was looking at her so searchingly it frightened her a little.

"How do you do?" she said hesitantly. "Did you want to see me?"

"You are Kingsley Fitzgerald?" he asked.

She smiled.

"Why, yes," she said. "How do you know that?"

"I am Kingsley Fitzgerald, also," he said bluntly. "I am your grandfather."

Concluded in the October DELINEATOR



Her ride home seemed like a year

THAT one ride home with him was enough. They were wedged quite closely together in a very crowded train. And the more he tried to make conversation, the more irritated and uncomfortable she became.

She was never so glad to be at her home station. Her ride had seemed to her like a year's trip.

And how happy she was that she had never accepted his invitations to go dancing!

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

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Sweetest lil' fellow

It's a pleasure to comfort a lovable mite of a baby! And a science! The little body is so indescribably tender and delicate that it must be handled with exquisite care.



After his bath, roll baby up comfortably in soft, warm towels and pat him dry. And don't forget his daily powder bath, his dry shower with Mennen's... It keeps skin clean and comfortable for hours.

Mennen's was the first Borated Talcum. And mothers consider it the safest. It has been the choice of doctors and nurses for over half a century because it is scientifically prepared to combat the three foes of baby's skin.

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And in this cooling, soothing talcum are blended five mild, healing elements—all gently antiseptic — which ward off *infection* and keep the roly-poly body always healthy and contented.

Each can of Mennen Borated Talcum holds millions of flecks of comfort, happy days and peaceful nights for you and baby. Dust it on the little fellow after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap and whenever he grows restless.

When baby presents a new problem—and any baby can puzzle a young mother to the point of distraction—Aunt Belle's Baby Book is a never-failing source of reference... Just use the coupon.

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SHALL YOU PUNISH YOUR CHILD?

Concluded from page 2

The educative reward carries none of the competitive spirit with it. It is gained by the child's projecting himself into the life of the child beside him and helping him to a greater happiness and a higher achievement.

Nick was no artist, but Dante, two seats down the row, undoubtedly was. The school offered no prize to Dante, but suggested that the children raise the money to enable him to study art. Nick smiled the smile of one who knows what he knows and from then on haunted the wood-working shop at school, until the instructor wondered if he ever went anywhere else and the janitor threatened to sweep him out. He made little wooden rabbits whose ears twitched itchingly and whose tails bobbed delightfully when you pulled the string. They were mounted on red and yellow wheels that carried them swiftly.

At the fair he sold them to eager buyers and turned the money over to the treasurer of the art fund with a triumph no craftsman's medal could have inspired. No material reward could have brought that light to his eyes nor summoned the affection that shone in Dante's when they fell on those little rabbits carved out of bits of waste wood and perfected in hoarded moments.

Life is a series of high and low places with stretches of level grayness between. When we mount the heights we believe we are being rewarded with joy and when we wander in the depths we are sure we are being punished. We believe that these influences of joy and sorrow effect a growth of spirit and in our groping way we try to administer them to the children.

Handle punishments and rewards as though they were edged tools. Test them. Will they make the child happier and more unselfish? Are they free from irritation and revenge and dominance? Will they free the spirit of the child or hamper it with grudging and fear? Does the child understand and accept them?

If not, shun them. Your help does not lie in them. Search a little farther and find the gentleness that turns away wrath, the kindness that calls out love and the understanding that draws children to you. For unless you draw them closer by your teaching, it were better they go untaught.



ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 12

the property. Sir Henry and Lady England had been calling on Lord Staverton, at Staverton Park, when this information had been given; and "property being the drain instead of the source that it is now," Andrew had added, "you can guess what that means."

Sim, at this first meeting, had taken a great fancy to the pair. Sir Henry, a man of about sixty, was of the type beneath whose picture any generation, Sim had thought, would have written: "Portrait of an English Gentleman." His wife's picture, Sim had said to himself, would have exactly partnered it: "Portrait of an English Lady."

Two daughters of the England family were the next that Sim met; and this also was at Staverton Park and on the following night, a Saturday, when they and he (the only outside guests) came up to join the house-party at dinner. Lord Staverton, who was a widower, was wonderfully tender to his very old mother, the hostess of the evening, and she was enormously proud of her famous son. It was his habit on these occasions to keep his whole party, and not the men only, seated about the table for general conversation when coffee was served; and it was in this pleasantly easy half-hour that Sim noticed an attribute in the two England daughters that struck him as, in his expression to Linda, "uncommonly nice."

The two had presented themselves to his notice as girls in their final 'teens, very alike, notably pretty, and with an engaging air, unusual in their day, of quite frankly enjoying their invitation. They had the air of high pleasure merely in the fact of being alive, a feature wherein they differed sharply from Lord Staverton's married daughter (who, unusually, had suffered herself to be her father's guest on this occasion) and from a friend she had brought with her to support her through the ordeal, both of whom looked as if they would a great deal rather be dead. The daughter, Lady Millicent Fell, prominent in gossip journalism as Lady Tony Fell, wife of Captain the Honorable Tony Fell, sat opposite Sim; her friend was on his left. This lady who had been introduced to Sim by Lady Tony as "Fly Jennet, the writer, you know," was thin to the point of emaciation, shingled as to her hair, shorn as to her clothes, ate scarcely anything, spoke not at all, and at the earliest possible moment planted in her mouth a cigaret-tube (which stretched half across the table), drafts from which she inhaled in volumes that caused the cigaret to splutter like a firework and exhaled, through her nose, in such very minute quantities as to suggest that like the most modern engines she consumed her own smoke. Sim, at whose other hand was Linda, had made but one effort at conversation with her.

"I'm afraid I am the worst possible person to be put beside you," his effort had been. "I read hardly anything. What do you write?"

Miss Fly Jennet, who was flicking a bit of fish around her plate, addressed the fish and not Sim. "I don't write—I gesture."

"Ah!" said Sim; and tried again.

"Do you know B. C. D.'s novels?"

"I thank God," said Miss Fly Jennet to the fish, "I do not."

SIM tried no more. He gave himself to Linda's jolly rattle and to watching the obvious pleasure with which the England girls were enjoying themselves. The "uncommonly nice" incident came when, during the sitting round at coffee, Lord Staverton spoke down the table.

"Well, mother, I think it would be nice if some one were to entertain us, don't you?"

"Why, very, very nice, dear," agreed the very old lady. She beamed down the table. "Now, who will? Miss Jennet, my daughter tells me that you recite quite wonderfully and that——"

Miss Fly Jennet, without removing the tube from her mouth, announced, "I don't care to."

The very old lady flushed. Sim was looking at the elder of the England girls and saw her flush quite painfully also. Lord Staverton's mother caught her eye. "My dear, your mother was telling me—little French ballads, I think she said——"

The girl jumped to her feet. "Of course I will, Mrs. Miller. They're silly little things, I'm afraid, but we know them by heart, my sister and I, and if you would like it——"

Her sister as spontaneously and unaffectedly jumped up. A piano was in the great room and they went to it, and, one playing, the other stood beside her and they gave in delightfully fresh voices a delightful little French song, one of the series of old national jingles, familiar to the French as are our own nursery rhymes to us. More were called for, more as prettily and delightfully given.

Uncommonly nice, Sim thought; and uncommonly rare, Linda agreed; and quite astoundingly rare was the reason the sisters quite simply gave for leaving early when, later in the evening, dancing in progress, they announced their intention.

The very old lady was going to bed, and the two were thanking her for their evening as Sim remembered children used to be taught to thank their hosts after a children's party. "But, my dears," the old lady was saying, "though it's late for me, it's nothing for you. They keep this up for hours yet."

"Why, we've scarcely begun," Linda joined in.

The younger girl said: "It's ever and ever so kind of you, but we just must go. As it is, it will be well after eleven when we get in and it's Saturday, you see."

"Saturday?" questioned Linda.

The elder girl explained: "Why, father never likes any of us to be frolicking into Sunday."

Miss Fly Jennet, who lolled her cadaverous body against the wall near by, allowed her cigaret-tube to fall from her fingers and laid her head back, mouth open, petrified.

Observance of Sunday to that extent was petrifying to wider circles than that represented by Miss Jennet. It further interested Sim in the Englands, and on an early occasion he rode over to call. Thereafter he came to see a great deal of them.

The two girls, as he found, were called Rose and May. There was another girl, younger, Violet—"My English nosegay," as Lady England once said of them—and three sons, Henry and John and Willie, whose ages ran from sixteen to somewhere short of thirty and who all happened to be at home, from school, from Cambridge and from the army, during the period of Sim's visits. Why, when watching these people and when in the atmosphere they created about him, came there to Sim a sense of being in the atmosphere of—what? He could not define it, but he felt that something *different* was around him.

A DAY came when a chance incident threw up to him a clue.

Sim's friend, the author B. C. D. Ash, happened to be visiting in the neighborhood. He not only knew the Englands but, astonishingly, appeared to like calling there. "They're about the only family in the world I'm not frightened of," he explained to Sim.

One rainy Saturday these two happened to be lunching at the Englands' and B. C. D. was reminded by the weather to tell of a Summer-end, the wettest and coldest he had ever known, which he had spent entirely alone in a tiny chalet perched high up in the French Alps. He had done everything for himself there, he told, cooking on a spirit-stove and freezing whenever he was not out tramping. His sole neighbor was a woman who had, as he expressed it, "the most shocking teeth and the loveliest eyes in Haute-Savoie." She had fled from her husband who ill-treated her and she lived about a hundred yards from B. C. D. in a tumble-down cabin with a goat and some chickens. He got friendly with her, he explained. She smoked a huge wooden pipe and they used to smoke and talk together.

"She got to know that I used to sit, frozen with cold, writing every morning," B. C. D. went on, "and one particularly vile day in she came to me with a hot brick she'd warmed in her stove for me to put my feet on. You know, I thought that was the kindest action I ever had come across."

There was a general assent.

"Why, it was more than kind," Rose England declared. "It was just exactly what we call——"

She was nodded at by some of the others. "Yes, yes," they declared, "I was just going to say it."

"—exactly," Rose went on, "what we call K. O. H. kindness."

"And K. O. H.?" Sim asked.

May England joined in. "Why, K. O. H. kindnesses are the sort that spring just out of simple goodness of heart—Kingdom of Heaven kindness."

"Don't you think it's rather good?" John England said. "Don't you think it's rather—well, that things like bringing that hot brick just *are* Kingdom of Heaven kindness?"

John was a man not much younger than Sim himself, and a soldier—yet he said what he had said, albeit with a slightly laughing air, quite naturally, as though he had been stating some matter-of-fact thing.

"I think it's just perfect," Sim agreed. "K. O. H. kindness—I shall remember that."

He thought it better than perfect. He was immensely struck by it. He sat silent for some little time, then he began telling of old blind Yeoman, the seats he was making and why.

They all were interested.

"What brought it to my mind," Sim said, "was that K. O. H. of yours. The idea of putting seats for weary travelers at the top of the hills, I'd call that——"

They were delighted with him. "You've got it exactly," he was told. "Mother, he must be given the freedom of the family. The idea of seats like that—yes, that's just what K. O. H. kindness *is*."

"What K. O. H. kindness *is*." His thought as he rode home to Old Ballards was:

"K. O. H.; Kingdom of Heaven; *that* is the secret of those people; *that* is the secret of all that abounding happiness they have, of their uncommon affection for one another. It is not religion, an abstract, that is in their house—it is K. O. H., a positive, a living, human thing—divinely human—it is the spirit of the Kingdom of Heaven."

He arrived at Old Ballards and Margaret Yeoman, who had heard him, met him at the door, in her hand a telegram. It had come for him an hour before, she said.

He opened it. It was from Charles:

"Old Gand dead. Perhaps you'll come this time."

CHARLES'S hand when he had written the telegram, writing one also in precisely similar terms to Andrew, had trembled so that he could hardly form the words. It had come at last! He had grown to believe that old Gand never would die. In Charles's mind that very old man was as stable within the house as was the roof above it. He suddenly was dead, and the immediate visible effect upon Charles was precisely as if the roof suddenly had crashed in. He went about shaking.

But Alice's own hand that took the telegrams from him also shook.

Charles said, stuttering: "I don't see why you should go with the telegrams. Why can't a servant go?"

Her own voice would have stammered if she had not, by a tremendous effort, controlled it. She said: "I would like to go. I feel that I would like a little fresh air. I shall not be ten minutes."

She went. She almost ran down the drive, the telegrams fluttering in her hand. She was terrified of the house. She was not terrified of the dead in the house—she was terrified of the living, Swiss Jule, who stood beside the dead.

That very day she had been with Conrad Bryne in the drawing-room, on the sofa, in his arms. She had been saying to him, "Well, I am desperately worried about it," and it was with those words, she was convinced of it, that the horror had begun—she was sure that as she pronounced them she had heard old Gand's door open up-stairs; but criminally she had taken no notice.

"Well, I am desperately worried about it," she had said; "our letters are gone."

"Darling, don't worry. They're just mislaid. They'll turn up."

"But, Conrad, *how* can they be mislaid? I kept them, I keep telling you, in that box, all tied together with a piece of ribbon, and the box was locked."

"But it was still locked when you went to it."

"I know it was—that's the mystery."

Conrad Bryne was not taking her worry very seriously. He was certain, on the facts, that his letters to Alice had not been removed from their hiding. He stroked her face. "Darling, surely that proves it." He smiled down on her. "Let me be a lawyer stating the facts. The box, my lord, is an enormous old-fashioned wooden chest. It is absolutely stuffed with old clothes of the defendant's husband——"

She smiled. He was soothing her. "Conrad, how ridiculous you are!"

"Absolutely stuffed, my lord. The defendant's husband never will get rid of his old clothes and the chest will scarcely shut for them. The defendant has the only key and it is a curious old-fashioned key. She should have burned the letters, my lord——"

She murmured, "But I loved them, my lord," and he stopped and long they kissed—and the door, without premonitory noise, was opened and Swiss Jule stood there.

"Pardon," Swiss Jule said, and slightly bowed. "Pardon, I came for my scissors. I have looked everywhere for them. As I turned the handle of the door, I remembered it was in the bathroom I had them. Pardon."

And he bowed again and was gone.

Alice, whose hand was on her heart, was first to speak. "Oh, Conrad!" She pressed her side as though it wrung her.

He got up. He was very white. "He didn't see," he said.

"He must have seen."

"I think he didn't. My eye was on the door and I saw it open. We were apart before he clearly had the room."

"Conrad, if he did see——"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Conrad, if he did see, he will tell."

He came to her and took her hand and patted it. "He didn't see."

Conviction was not in his voice. She withdrew her hand. "Oh, Conrad!"

He crossed the room and stood looking from the window. Suddenly, with a snap of his fingers, he turned and came to her. "I'm a fool. If he saw, let him tell. I'm a doctor, am I not? I was examining your throat, feeling pulse, getting something out of your eye."

He was afire with a heat hot as if it had been virtue indignant.

"I'll go straight to him now and——"

"Conrad, for God's sake, no!"

He would have carried out his word, but pity for her alarms overbore him. So he kissed her confidently. "Run straight up now and reassure yourself about those letters. That's two frights you've had to-day. I've cured one. Tell me to-morrow that I was right about the other."

He scarcely had gone, she still was on the sofa collecting herself sufficiently to go and look again for the letters when she heard feet on the stairs.

Swiss Jule, inflection or emotion of no kind in his toneless voice, said: "Pardon, Patient has passed."

Patient passed! Old Gand dead!

She managed, "Dead?"

"Yes, dead. Patient has passed at last."

Her mind was reeling. It staggered tipsily between relief at the blow which had not come and stunning at the unexpectedness of the long-expected. She said, "I will come with you," and she advanced and followed Swiss Jule up the stairs.

THEY entered the room. She never before had seen death—she could not believe that she saw it now. Her mind seemed a blank. What had happened to her just before this? She remembered. She was in the presence of something much more terrible than death. She looked across the bed at Swiss Jule, and because she found Swiss Jule steadily regarding her she looked swiftly away again.

She said: "But—" and stopped. Whichever way her words shaped, a terror stood in the path of her speech like a sword. She tried again. "But Doctor Bryne saw him, he was perfectly normal then, not ten minutes ago."

"Longer than that."

Straight into the sword! How long had they been together in the drawing-room? She had no idea.

But she must defend this. "It couldn't have been more than ten minutes. He was asleep then, when the doctor left him."

Swiss Jule let the time question go. "Yes, Patient passed in his sleep. Patient is gone from us at last!"

She perceived now that Swiss Jule was affected. He was wiping his eyes.

"When? Just this minute?"

Affected or no, Jule's voice still was his toneless and deliberate voice. "Much longer than that. It would be nearer twenty minutes ago."

"Twenty minutes! But Doctor Bryne was here then?"

"Yes, I came in to tell him. You will remember that I came in?"

Her heart went ice.

"You said you had come to look for something—for your scissors."

"I saw that you were busy."

She looked full at Swiss Jule. Swiss Jule dropped his eyes and smoothed the pillow.

"But if he was dead?"

She was trembling. Swiss Jule smoothed away at the pillow, but she could see that it needed no smoothing. His voice came in a murmur, addressed to the pillow, soft as his touch upon it. "Well, there was nothing the doctor could do, was there? I saw that you were busy, so I just went off. When I I came again, thinking perhaps you would have finished, he was gone."

She must have this out. "Finished what?"

Still smoothing away, still to the pillow: "Oh, how should I know, Mrs. Paris? That's not for me to know."

O menace! She dared not dare again. She walked to the window. She noticed for the first time that the blinds were drawn and she went from one to another pulling them where they were not at their full extent. It was Saturday, Charles's day at home for lunch. Charles! He would be in any moment now. She heard her voice say: "I will go and draw the other blinds. It will break the news to my husband."

"So it will," Swiss Jule agreed. His voice was changed. It suddenly was fuller, warmer, a human note was in it. She looked at him. He straightened himself from his stooped pose above the pillow and the face he turned toward her also was changed.

Continued on page 76

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ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 75

"Mrs. Paris," he said, "I would like to say, if you will permit me, that of course this is not like an ordinary death, is it? Any time these two years it might have happened and better if it had. It has been a strain on you, Mrs. Paris, one way and another. That I know, if I may say so."

She was arrested. She took at once the note he offered her. "A strain, yes, in many ways," she said. Was it this death has wrought this change in him? Had he indeed seen nothing in the room down-stairs? She desired above all things to placate this man and she went on: "You have been very devoted, Jule, we all recognize that."

He bowed. "I was fond of Patient and Patient was fond of me, that I do know, Mrs. Paris."

Alice agreed. "I am sure he was." She somehow did not quite like this frequent "Mrs. Paris" in his words, a kind of edging rather closely to her. But all else was infinitely reassuring. "I am sure he was," she repeated.

Swiss Jule smiled gratefully. "He spoke just before he died."

"He spoke?' She somehow was newly alarmed.

Swiss Jule nodded, sadly smiling. "Dear Patient, yes."

"But you said—in his sleep?"

"He just woke up and opened his eyes and had a sudden little rally (I've seen it happen before like that) and spoke, and then closed his eyes again and passed away."

"What did he say?"

Swiss Jule looked embarrassed and said he was embarrassed. He gave the little shred of a different cough. "Well, it is difficult, awkward, for me to say, Mrs. Paris. It was about me."

"About you?"

Again the cough. "About leaving me some money—that is what makes it so awkward for me to say, you see."

"But you don't tell me."

Swiss Jule looked down and fumbled the sheet between his fingers. "Why, you see, Mrs. Paris, I knew that the last will Patient made was before I came here, and these last two years he never was able to make any change in it, much though he wanted to."

"What did he say?"

Swiss Jule twisted the sheet. "Oh, nothing of any consequence, Mrs. Paris. Just that he wanted to show his gratitude."

Alice hated this man, but she was afraid of him. After all, that Jule should be recompensed was natural enough. "I can quite understand that, Jule," she said.

Swiss Jule looked up, warmly pleased. "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Paris. Well, what he said just before he died was that he wanted me to have a thousand pounds."

ALICE was amazed. A thousand pounds seemed to her an incredible, a monstrous sum.

"It is extraordinary," she exclaimed.

"Well, I only just mention it, Mrs. Paris, you understand, being his last words, you see. Of course, if I had had a witness, it would have been different, but not having a witness—well," Swiss Jule shrugged his shoulders, "there's nothing more to be said, is there?"

"I don't quite see there is. No."

Swiss Jule suddenly straightened his pose. "But there is, though, Mrs. Paris." The diffidence, the awkwardness were gone. His voice, with his straightening, had a straightness of ring. "There is just one thing to be said. A thousand pounds is a lot of money to feel you might have had and must lose just because there wasn't no witness to his last wish. So there is just one thing, Mrs. Paris—knowing me as you do, Mrs. Paris, I suppose you couldn't say that you knew Patient said I was to have a thousand pounds?"

There was that in his tone, in his swift change of manner, which caused Alice to clench the fingers of her hands. "Say I knew it? However could I say I knew it?"

"Well, of course, you couldn't in one way. When I say, though, knowing me as you do, what I mean is—" he looked penetratingly at her—"what I mean is me knowing you as I do, Mrs. Paris." He stopped and Alice said nothing. "Perhaps you hadn't thought of that?" Swiss Jule said.

Alice's fingers that had been clenched now were terribly constricted. "What is it that you mean?"

"Why, I have said it, Mrs. Paris. Me knowing you as I do, you couldn't say, I suppose, that you were here when he died and were witness to what he said?"

"I absolutely do not understand you."

Swiss Jule said like a rap: "I think you do."

He was declared. She knew him now. The mask was off his face. She must fight.

Like a rap again: "I think you do."

God, yes, she must fight! She took all her courage in her hands: "Are you being insolent?"

"Why should I be insolent, Mrs. Paris? I'm just giving you—an offer. Could you have been witness to what Patient said, that's all I'm asking?"

"I feel that you are being insolent."

"I'm just asking you, could you have been witness?"

"You have had your answer."

"I'll take it then." A common sound was coming in his speech. "I'll take it then, Mrs. Paris. It doesn't matter so much to me. If I'm to lose a thousand pounds I've got the worth of it, I reckon."

Alice said nothing. She was shaking.

Swiss Jule went on. "There's little trifles he always kept under his pillow. I could keep them, I suppose?"

"It would be for my husband to decide."

"That's just what I thought." Swiss Jule put his hand beneath the pillow. "I'll show Mr. Paris and ask him." He drew forth his hand.

A packet of letters tied with blue ribbon was in his hand.

Alice caught at a chair and sat down heavily.

She scarcely knew her voice when she was able at last to speak. "Ah, you are a thief," her voice said.

"There's worse words—to a woman—than thief," Swiss Jule said.

They remained then silent for quite two minutes, the dead man between them.

Alice got up then, very slowly, as if her limbs were jointless, nerveless, and very slowly went toward the door.

As she reached it: "Mind you, I've never been one to make trouble," Swiss Jule said.

Alice dragged on.

"There's no trouble here that I can see, Mrs. Paris."

Alice turned and presented to the other an ashen face. "There's ruin," she said. "You know it."

"There isn't. There's nothing."

"What do you mean now?"

"There's two places, Mrs. Paris, for these letters. One's in the fire and you shall see me put them there, and one's in Mr. Paris's hands, and that I don't want any more than you."

"What is it that you do want?"

"It's just to have you witness that Patient said what I said he said."

Alice said, astounding herself: "Of course he never said it. Of course you are a liar as well as a thief."

Swiss Jule shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, any one can call names." As if suddenly the names had sunken into him, his face became venomous. "But it's dangerous for you, Mrs. Paris." He started and had a listening attitude. "There is Mr. Paris coming up. Mind you, I'm asking nothing of you. Your word may not get me the money—how do I know it will? I'll take my chance of that. I'm not robbing you—I'm not robbing any one. It's coming out of Patient's pocket if it comes, and glad he'd be to know it, I'm sure." Charles was on the landing. "You've got to choose, Mrs. Paris, and quick—or I shall."

CHARLES came in. He looked ghastly. His hands were shaking. "What has happened? The blinds—" He looked at the bed. "Is he dead?"

Alice said: "Yes, dead, Charles."

Charles went over to the bed and peered. "Good God, dead? Good God, dead?" He turned to Alice. "When?"

"Just now, just a little while ago."

He turned and stared again. "I must have been coming along from the station. Good God, I must have been just walking along." He put his hands to the sides of his head. "Good God, dead!" He began to kneel and before his knees touched the floor was up again. "I don't know what I am doing." He bit his left thumb. "I can't think." He turned about. "How did it happen? Who was here?"

Swiss Jule looked at Alice. Alice did not speak.

Swiss Jule said: "Me and Mrs. Paris, Mr. Paris."

He said to Alice: "You were here?"

Her voice, scarcely to be heard, said: "Yes."

"Well, well, what happened, what happened?"

"Charles, he just passed away."

He muttered: "Passed away! Good God, passed away!" He said: "In his sleep?"

Alice looked at Swiss Jule. Swiss Jule was standing before the fire with his hands behind his back. Alice said: "In his sleep, yes."

Swiss Jule brought his hands before him. The packet was covered with his fingers, his thumbs behind it. "Just a minute before, though, Mr. Paris, Patient had opened his eyes, and Patient spoke."

"Spoke?"

"Quite clearly, Patient did, didn't he, Mrs. Paris?"

Alice said: "Yes."

"What did he say?"

Alice said: "He thanked Jule."

"Ah, nothing else? Nothing about us? Nothing about me?"

"Nothing, Charles. He thanked Jule." She wiped her face with her handkerchief. "And he said that out of his money he wanted Jule to have—" she wiped her face again, "—a thousand pounds."

Swiss Jule turned and attended to the fire.

IMMEDIATELY upon the death of old Gand events of very great moment arose and followed one after the other in the lives of that small world (the persons of this book).

It was five of the afternoon when Sim was handed the snarl that was Charles's telegram, and it was the snarl that caused him within two hours to be on his way to London. "*Perhaps you'll come this time.*" The snarl caused in him an immense compassion for Charles. K. O. H.—the Kingdom of Heaven. He had come straight from a house where was established the spirit of this most happy kingdom, and in Charles's telegram he saw with his mental eye the desolation of the heart where only bitterness and turmoil were, no peace. Poor, poor old Charles! There was no sort of practical use in going to Charles at once, that night; but nevertheless Sim rushed his preparations for the journey.

He had an hour to spare in London before a connection on to Blackheath was possible. From Barton Magna he had sent a telegram to Andrew as well as to Charles and so he took Mayfair Street on his way.

Andrew was alone; Linda was out. Sim went past the servant who, admitting him, gave him this information, and into the study where he was told Andrew was. Something strange was in Andrew's manner, Sim thought. Something stranger yet he found in Linda's room, unexpectedly, he saw before he left.

HE OPENED the study door. Andrew was standing before the fire, hands in pockets, head bent. He appeared to be in deep thought.

"Niggs!"

Andrew very slowly raised his head. He looked at Sim, but did not seem to realize his presence.

Sim came forward.

"Niggs, old man, how goes it?"

"Oh, pretty good, Sim."

He roused himself, but his face remained iron hard, his voice stony. He extended his hand. "I quite forgot you were coming, Sim."

"It's only a dash in. I must go in half an hour. Poor old Gand, eh, Niggs?"

"Ah, yes, poor old Gand."

The tone was that which touches, perfunctorily, a bygone recollection, remote, of no concern.

"But poor old Charles, I'm thinking most," Sim said. "This will rattle poor old Charles, Niggs."

"I suppose it will."

Sim then spoke at some length of the circumstances that had brought him up. Andrew, if he listened at all, listened without comment of a single word. No subject can run single-handedly for long. Sim stretched himself. "Oh, well!" he said and dismissed it. "How's Linda?"

"Linda is all right."

"Out on the spree somewhere, of course?"

Andrew said: "You may be perfectly sure of that."

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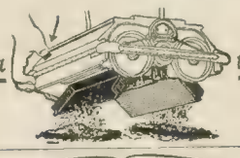
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ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 76

His tone, extraordinarily hard, caused Sim to look at him, surprised. He spoke again and the words came with a suddenness and with a hardness as of a pent emotion suddenly escaped. "Does it occur to you," he said, "that straight on the top of this news was not precisely the night for her to go out?"

Sim was entirely surprized. The idea never had come to him; that Andrew should present it was astonishing. "Why, no," he said. "No, it doesn't, Niggs."

"It occurs to me—" said Andrew. He shut his mouth like a trap—and immediately there flashed before Sim's mental eyes Linda at the station seeing him off to Barton Magna and her strange, sudden exclamation: "Sim, sometimes Andrew looks at me and I've a feeling——"

He said: "Niggs, old man, I absolutely do not see it. Old Gand's death in all the circumstances is little enough to any of us. It's nothing at all to Linda——"

The trap opened. "Would you say my wishes equally should be nothing at all?"

Sim got up. "I say, old man, I don't much like this."

He had put a hand on Andrew's arm. Andrew turned to look at the clock behind him. His action shook away the hand. "If you are going to catch that train——"

"Niggs, you're not having some tiff with Linda?"

"You'll miss that train."

"I've time yet. Old man, it's not for me to butt in——"

Andrew said: "It is not." He held out his hand. "Good night, Sim."

THE door opened. Linda, a glittering evening wrap about her, stood there.

She began: "I didn't—" She saw Sim. "Oh, Sim!" She came to him very impulsively and gave him her hand. "Sim, you are staying the night?"

Her voice, all her gesture, had a pleading note. Her hand was very cold, he thought. He held it while he said: "I'm booked for Charles. He is expecting me. I'm this minute off."

"Oh!" she said and dropped his hand and turned to Andrew. "I didn't go on to the dance. I changed my mind. I've come back."

Andrew said: "So I perceive."

Sim saw her eyelids flicker, as though she winced. She turned to him. "The car can take you on. It's waiting. I'll see you in."

"A message for Charles?" Sim asked of Andrew.

"Tell him I'll phone him first thing in the morning."

"I will. Good night, old man."

"Good night, Sim."

Descending the stairs, Linda said nothing. At the foot she turned to him. "Sim, I've had a hell of a row with Andrew."

"Linda!"

"Oh, hell's own row!" She was smiling, but it was no smile that he had ever known from her.

"Linda, you can't have had. Not a real row."

Even the pale smile was gone. "We have, Sim."

"But it's impossible—you and Niggs. Whatever about?"

"Oh, things. I can't tell you now. I wish you had been staying the night, Sim."

He thought of Charles. But human help, most clear to see, was much needed, too, in this poor lovely creature, always so radiant, so forlorn now. "Would you like me to stay, Linda?"

She seemed to consider. She put out a hand to him. "Sim, do you remember my saying to you when I was seeing you off to Barton that I wished to God you were not going?"

"I remember it well. It troubled me."

"I didn't know how truly I spoke. I said it because I had caught Andrew looking at me sometimes—frighteningly. Well, I was right in what I thought. Since then, it's happened."

He put his other hand to the hand she had extended to him. "But, Linda, you amaze me. Frighteningly? Happened? You can't possibly tell me you are frightened of Andrew?"

She tried to speak, but her lips quivered. It utterly distressed him.

"Linda!" he said. "Linda!"

She said: "Not frightened of him, Sim—frightened—of losing him."

"Losing him! Linda, he worships you."

She shook her head. "Sim, Andrew doesn't love me."

He stared. He could have thought her mad.

"Linda, you must be crazy. Not love you! You make me laugh."

"Ah, don't laugh! Sim, what Andrew loves— Do you remember what you said to me at the station when I asked you what you thought of me?"

He smiled at her. "I remember it perfectly. I said 'the jolliest, the loveliest——' "

She stopped him. "That is what Andrew loves."

He still smiled. "Whatever is the difference!"

She said, "All Andrew loves is just the surface, Sim—just what you call the loveliness—just this—" she made with her hand a gesture, touching her face, indicating from head to foot her person. "Just that—" she pointed to where across the hall a great wall mirror stood and showed her. "Just that—the picture."

He took her hand and ran his fingers softly up her naked arm and smiled at her. "It is absurd," he said. "How can he love the lovely picture that you are and yet not love you who are the lovely picture? Why, Niggs would tear his heart out for you, you know he would. Go right up to him now and be the lovely Linda that you are and see."

She seemed to be considering. "I think you are right. Yes, go now, Sim. But you'll come back? Come, now you are in London, and stay a day or two, Sim."

"As soon as ever I can leave Charles," he promised.

She stood a moment, still considering. She suddenly raised her face to his.

"Kiss me, Sim."

He stooped and kissed her, patting her shoulder. "Our lovely Linda."

"Dear Sim," she said, and turned from him and went up the stairs.

PERTURBED, he also turned, taking himself now from where distress had not been looked for to where he knew most well that he would find distress.

He did.

He found Charles, as he had expected, aggrieved at the outset at the lateness of his arrival. Charles opened the front door to him and his first words, prefaced by no greeting, struck the measure of his aggrievance. "The servants have all gone to bed," he said, taking Sim's hand and immediately releasing it. "So has Alice. I never imagined you would arrive at this hour of the night."

"I thought I would come at once. How are you, Charles?"

"There wasn't the least need."

"Well, I dare say you'll find there will be a lot of little things one way and another. Anyway, there are you and Alice to look after. This is a bad business for you, old man."

Charles led the way into the dining-room. "I'm accustomed to bad business," he said.

"Poor old man! But Charles, it is going to be better for you now in a good many ways."

Charles said sharply: "You say better for me. That just shows how little you've thought, you or Andrew or any of you, about what a tie it has been or about where I am now it's—" he snapped his fingers, he was moving about, his hands and his face going all the time—"*snapped*. Perhaps I'm—" he snapped again—"*snapped* too. How do I know where I am? I'm in the dark. I always have been in the dark."

Sim watched him, pained for him. "You mean about his affairs?"

Charles faced him across the table, and to the increase of Sim's pain for him actually leaned forward and struck the table while he spoke. "I'll tell you where I am. It will surprize you. I'm grieved, I'm sorry that that old man is gone. Now I look back and I see how he relied on me and trusted me and I tell you that I *miss* him."

Sim was shocked at the state he was in. It was clear that his nerves were raw as if they were sticking through his flesh. He went quickly round the table to him. "Poor old

Continued on page 78

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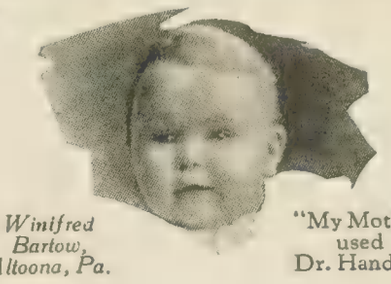
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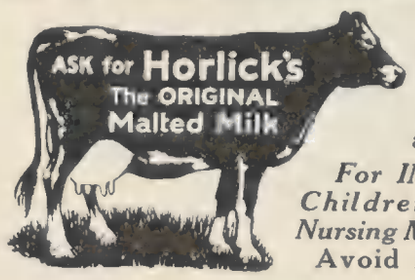
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ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 77

Charles—this has been a shock to you—no wonder. Sit down, old man."

Charles, suddenly limp, suffered himself to be directed to a chair at the table. He dropped into it and dropped forward his head on his arms. "I can't think," he said.

"You're thinking too much, old man. You leave all the thinking to me."

Precisely as the door suddenly had opened when he was with Andrew, now when with Charles it opened. Precisely as Linda had come, now Alice entered.

Her hair was down. She wore a wrapper. She looked very ill, Sim thought.

Her eyes at the level of Sim, she was about to greet him when her vision took in Charles, bowed on the table. "Oh, Charles!" her words were, and she went to him and stooped over him.

The note on which she spoke, her quick movement to him, was tenderly maternal. It touched Sim. She appeared to him in the few moments they now were together to be somehow and for some reason deeply sorry for Charles with the sorrow of one who was herself responsible for what she saw.

But her own state called for sympathy.

"I came down for Charles," she presently was saying. "I thought you could not be coming, Sim. I was listening for you. I think I must have fallen asleep." She shuddered violently.

Charles by this time had agreed with a suggestion from Sim that bed was the best place for them all and, quieter now, was going to the door, Alice attending him.

Sim said: "Alice, you are shivering."

She controlled herself. "It is Charles who is cold." She had a hand of his in both of hers. "Charles, you do need sleep so much. You can find your room, Sim?"

"Right, old girl. I'm so glad you came down to carry Charles off. A good night's rest is what you both want badly. And on my way up I will just look in on old Gand. I suppose I can? Jule is not there now, is he?"

"No, but he's been there the whole day, right up to an hour ago."

"He was fond of old Gand, Charles."

"Gand was fond of him. He's to have a thousand pounds from him."

Sim opened his eyes. "A thousand pounds! But, Charles, you've not seen his will?"

Charles broke out: "Of course I've not seen his will. Didn't I tell you I was all in the dark about his affairs? The will's at his bank. I'm going up for it to-morrow. This wasn't his will. This was his wish, his last wish just before he died."

Charles was again in a pitiable state. Alice, watching him so sorrowfully, was equally pitiable. Sim said: "Old man, anyway the whole thing can wait."

"How do you mean *wait?* Wait for what?"

"Why, Charles, till you know how his affairs stand. A thousand pounds is a lot of money."

But the suggestion made Charles worse. "Well, what if it is? It's my affair, isn't it? Old Gand's message about Jule was to me—not to you or to Andrew. There's not going to be a wrangle about it, is there?"

Sim came over to him smiling and took him by the shoulders. "You're going to bed, old man. Off with him, Alice."

Tone and touch had effect. Charles at last completely relaxed. He wiped his eyes. "I'm dog tired, Sim," he said, and he suffered himself to be led from the room.

Sim went along the up-stairs passage and quietly into the room where old Gand lay. The lights were burning. He lifted the cloth that lay upon old Gand's face and stood and looked upon the prison whence the prisoner now was gone.

What peace!

He knelt.

Prayer had not been his habit when last he stood within this room, but now he made prayer in what he knew with certain knowledge to be the living presence of his God.

"Remember, O God who pitieth, this very old man's long road; remember his uprightness, remember his courage, remember his fondness for my father, his love for my mother; remember his wish that she should bring us up in Thy knowledge and love; remember his long and grievous suffering; and, these remembering, receive him, O God to whom the weary turn, into Thy infinite compassion."

He raised his eyes and looked again upon that sanctuary that had been prison-cell.

What peace!

The Kingdom of Heaven in us all?

He bowed himself upon the bed.

THINGS, to Sim's relief, were better on the morrow. In the morning Swiss Jule left, and Alice, who had stayed in bed, unexpectedly came down to lunch and somehow seemed to have a freer air. In the afternoon the will was heard, and Charles, after the will, was almost curiously composed.

But all morning Charles was in a state of nerves deplorable to witness. Watching him, looking at him especially as he sat restlessly in the train going up for the appointment at old Gand's bank, Sim was filled with an infinite pity for him. With infinite desire he longed for courage—words—to try to tell him of his new knowledge.

He had not courage.

It was a strange will that was read that day. The old man left over sixty thousand pounds to charity; to Charles only the business and fifteen hundred pounds.

"Well, well," said Andrew when the reading was over. "I must get off."

The movement aroused Charles. Sim saw him come as with a start from rapt preoccupation. He sat up. "I have the business," he questioned, "and fifteen hundred pounds?"

"Clearly," the bank manager said.

Charles's murmur was heard: "A thousand five hundred." He drew an immense breath. He might have been a man realizing the ambition of a lifetime.

They went out—Andrew obviously intent on getting away quickly, Sim with a hand in Charles's arm, Charles irresponsive, deeply absorbed.

"Charles," Andrew said outside, "I'm glad you've got the business, as of course you were bound to, without any fuss or restrictions." His car was waiting. He shook Charles's hand as he got in. "Good, I'm glad you're fixed all right. What's this Sim was telling me about a thousand pounds to the nurse?"

Charles said absently: "Yes, that was his wish—he said it to Alice."

"Ah, well, that's your affair, of course."

Charles looked up. "Of course he will have it," he said.

Andrew said: "No doubt." He seated himself. "It rather slumps your fifteen hundred, though," he said.

"It leaves five hundred. Five hundred means a lot to me," Charles said. His voice suddenly had a ring in it, his eyes a spark—he suggested a schoolboy with a gift of money and with some mighty plan. "And everything clear, settled," he said.

Andrew's car drove off.

SIM, but more fully and genially, spoke the congratulations that Andrew had made. Charles scarcely replied, so fully absorbed was he in some thought.

Changing the subject might rouse him, Sim reasoned, and he said: "Charles, what was that little red rosette that the man who read the will was wearing on his left arm? I've noticed quite a few people wearing them. Look, there's a woman there with it."

Charles neither looked nor answered.

Curiously uncommunicative he remained not only through the journey home but in the days following. Something very new was occupying his mind. Sim, noticing this, spoke of going, and Charles made no pretense but that this would well suit him.

Sim took the news of his departure to Alice and her reception of it, "Oh, must you go, Sim?" uttered without sincerity, caused him to give a little laugh. "Alice, you don't break down and weep, I notice. Charles certainly wants to be rid of me. I believe that you do, too."

It surprized him how she colored, as though guiltily. "Sim, how can you say that?"

"Well, Charles wants me to go—he makes no bones about it, old Charles."

She avoided the direct subject. "But I think Charles is much better in the last few days," she said.

Sim's voice had a pensive note. "I don't know that I would say better. Better in

one way perhaps, less—less rattled. Not better in another. What is it he has got on his mind, Alice, do you suppose?"

"On his mind?"

"You've not noticed it?"

She shook her head. "No, Sim."

He looked at her. "What is it that you have on yours, Alice?"

She was scarlet. "On mine? Nothing whatever, Sim. You are ridiculous."

As though he dismissed the subject, "Well, well," he said; but she did not speak and he pondered and then returned to it. "You both—is it ridiculous?—give me the idea of waiting for something."

She had a paper in her hand and her fingers closed on it, causing it to rustle. "Absurd," she said. The paper rustled again. "If you are apprehensive about Charles," her voice was a murmur, "you have not forgotten your promise to come to him if he should be in need of you, Sim?"

"I remember it very well." He smiled at her. "I will be waiting for it," and then he laughed. "All of us waiting for something, eh?"

Waiting for something? Sim left her and when the door was closed upon him she opened the paper—it was a letter—that was in her hand and read it again.

"Why wait? If, as I well can know, the sight of Charles and of what he has lost through that Jule-devil gives my beloved pain, why wait?"

The hand that held the letter went down to her knee. She just sat there.

SIM left on the morrow and went for a promised night or two to Andrew. Linda, looking adorable in black, had attended the funeral, but the circumstances had not availed a talk with her alone. Virtually this was the first time he had seen her since her acute distress of that hurried evening and he wondered as he approached the house how things had gone.

They seemed to have gone well; they seemed—at first—to have gone altogether. Linda greeted him in radiant spirits and radiant dress. He had no intention of reopening fears that seemed quite dissipated. "Linda, who was that man going out as I came in?"

"Lesson, that man was, little Sim boy. How nice you look! I do love seeing you, Sim. Sir Toridd Lesson, as they call him, that man was. What a name!"

Sim said: "I thought I recognized him. You know what we called him out in the war when we read about the jobs and the knighthoods he was pulling off in government work at home—the 'Orrid Lesson."

Linda laughed. "He's called that still."

"I believe you," Sim agreed, and also laughed. "Not," he continued, "that he's anything but a mighty good lesson in the way he's got on, mind you. Engineering contractor he calls his job, doesn't he, or is it contracting engineer? Anyway he contracted to some profit in those days. He's made piles, I suppose?"

"You bet he has!"

"I thought Andrew couldn't stick him at any price?"

"Andrew simply can't. When Andrew ever goes to church and they say 'Here beginneth the first lesson,' he gets up and goes out."

Sim laughed. "What is he doing here then?"

"What are you doing here, Inquisitive?"

"Talking to you."

"So was he." Linda jumped up. "Sim, forget 'Orrid Lesson and take me out to tea somewhere. I like being seen with you. Your hideousness sets me off."

Sim agreed. "Right. One thing more about the 'Orrid one, though. What was that little red rosette he had on his left arm? I see loads of people with it."

"Been vaccinated, of course."

Sim struck his hand to his forehead in mock heroics. "Ass that I am! Of course that's it—this smallpox scare—those red things have been puzzling me ever since I came to town. Have you been done, Linda?"

"Likely!" said Linda.

"Well, I don't see why not. Of course it isn't really bad anywhere except down in Westchurch, near where I am. That's where it started, you know. There've been three cases at Barton. But you never know. I've seen it in India and it's unspeakable when it once gets going. I think you ought to be vaccinated, Linda."

Linda made a face at him. "You can think what you like, Mr. Apothecary. But if you think I'm going to make my lovely arm into a chopping-block you'd better think again."

Sim said: "My dear Ugly, you needn't be done on your arm. There's no need to be done where it will show."

"That's all you know," cried Linda. "My dear little Sim boy, when I'm in one of my new evening frocks the parts of me that don't show simply aren't talked about—not by nice people."

Sim laughed aloud. "Linda, you're awful—you really are!"

She joined him impishly in his laughter, but in the very middle of it she suddenly was grave. "Oh, Sim, I know I am," she said.

A couch was beside her and she dropped on to it, hands lax, frame drooped.

He was concerned. "Linda, it was just ragging."

She smiled at him. "I know it was. But, Sim—" She stretched out a hand toward him. "Come and sit by me, Sim, and I will tell you something."

He came to her, taking her hand, and held it while he sat. "Tell me, old girl."

She put his hand to her face and rested her cheek against it. "Dear Sim, strong Sim," she said—and was silent, holding his hand there.

Immediately with her change of mood their scene in the hall that night came to his mind. "No trouble, Linda? Not——"

"Sim, just a pain."

"A pain?"

She took his hand to her heart and pressed it there. "A pain—here, Sim."

"Yes, it is that trouble of the other night," he said. "I thought it gone, you seemed so bright."

"I'm always bright," she said (her tone belied her words). "I make people, everybody, laugh as I made you just now, Sim, and in the middle of it—" She made a little gesture with her other hand. "That's what I am going to tell you, Sim." And suddenly, after silence, she began to tell him.

"Sim, I made you call out to me just now that I am awful. I know I am. But I'm not bad, Sim. I do risky things and I say risky things and I am everything that's light and reckless, but that's because it's just my nature. I *live*, Sim. I live every minute of every hour. Sim, I love living—but I'm not bad, Sim."

He took his hand from hers and put his arm about her shoulders: "My dear, you, bad!"

By motion of her body, a small confiding movement, she seemed to thank his gesture and his words. "I only just love living, Sim—but I've been true as true to Andrew. I only loved to live and laugh, but I never truly loved till now. And Sim, this is the pain I have when I just rattle on, and live, and set the table in a roar—that I really love Andrew, but Andrew does not love me."

A piteous thing to hear.

"Well, let that be," Sim argued. "Look, this is clear as day, that loving him now you never will be giving him a reason for--for getting grumpy—for looking at you as you think he sometimes looks."

She did not respond. She sat quite silent.

"As clear as day," he reaffirmed.

To another quarter now her mood seemed changed. She got up. "Sim, that is easy saying," she said. Her voice was somber, warning.

"It is easy doing. No need for any picture business."

"Yes, there will be need, Sim."

"What need? Come now?"

"I'm in too deep, Sim."

"Deep in what?"

She was silent. Presently she said: "Money debts."

"Oh, come!" he said. This left him unconcerned. He could not associate debts with the lavish living here. "Oh, come!"

His tone had no response in hers: "Have you got any money, Sim?"

He said lightly: "I've got about ninepence, and my return ticket."

She smiled, but palely, and she drew away and he saw his unconcern not justified: "Old girl, I dare say I could raise a hundred pounds, and jolly glad to."

"Dear Sim!" And then she said: "A hundred!"

She began to tell him of cards and of borrowings, of bills and of extravagances, principally of losses at play and of advances, from friends, from accommodating dressmakers. When she had finished, he was prepared to be taken above the estimate he formed in his mind, but he was not in the least prepared for what she told him.

"But what does it all come to? What is it that you want, Linda?"

She looked at him. "Eight thousand pounds."

"Linda!"

Continued in the October DELINEATOR

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

6211—What smarter costume than this blouse ensemble or jumper dress with a slip-over blouse having a straight lower edge, and a straight skirt, attached to a camisole body, with an inverted plait at the center front! Use plain silk broadcloth, wool jersey, etc.

17 years requires 2¼ yds. 54-inch plain flannel. Lower edge 51 inches.

The blouse ensemble is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6175—The sectional flounce, attached in fancy outline, is a graceful feature of this slip-over one-piece dress, close fitting at the hipline. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe Roma, Georgette, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3½ yds. 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 43½ ins.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years, 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

6278—Silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc., make a slip-over one-piece dress in two-piece effect, with an inverted plait set in the center front and a straight lower edge. Or use plain flannel, plain silk crêpe, etc.

16 years requires 4⅛ yds. 27-inch striped flannel. Lower edge, plait drawn out, 50 ins.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years.

6293—This smart slip-over one-piece dress with a straight lower edge boasts four slash pockets, trim cuffs, boyish collar and neat leather belt. Use light-weight flannel, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, pongee, etc., with contrasting; or use these materials striped with plain. Lower edge 45 ins.

16 years requires 2 yds. 54-inch wool jersey.

This dress is for misses 15 to 20 years; ladies 38, 40 bust.

6276—A youthful slip-over one-piece dancing frock with hand-made flowers has fluttering handkerchief draperies. Use Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile, crêpe Roma, etc., with a normal or cut-down armhole. The separate one-piece slip may have a camisole top. Lower edge 44 inches.

17 years requires 2⅝ yds. lace 27 to 35 inches wide; 2⅜ yds. 39-inch chiffon.

This frock is for misses 15 to 20 years.

6193—10230—A fluttering jabot trims the long line of this slip-over dress, close fitting at the hipline. It has an attached circular front and a one-piece back. The embroidery is smart. Lower edge 42½ ins.

16 years requires 2⅝ yds. 40-inch crêpe satin and ⅞ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years; ladies 38, 40 bust.

6266—10939—Some fashionable schools require serviceable sailor dresses of serge, pongee, etc., with a slip-over blouse, made with or without a yoke, and a straight, plaited skirt, attached to a belt or underbody. The emblem is embroidered. Work in color.

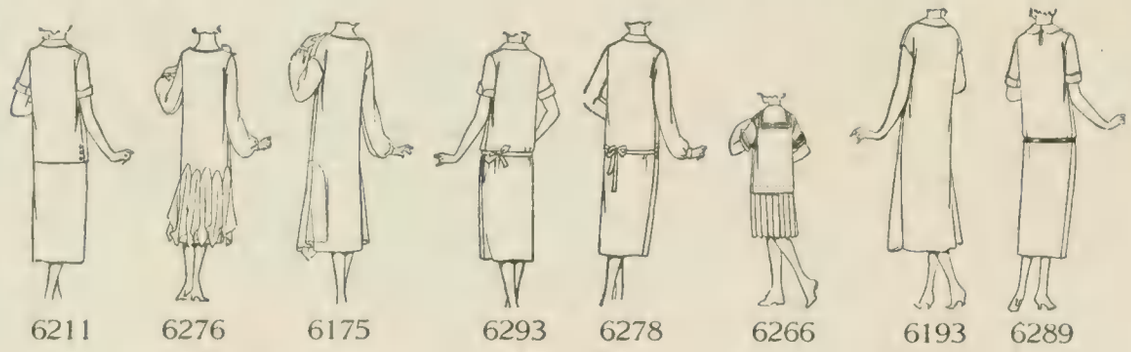
13 years requires 4 yds. 36-inch flannel.

It is for juniors and girls, 6 to 15 years.

6289—Easy to slip on over the head is this smartly tailored one-piece dress with a straight lower edge! It fits closely at the hipline. Make it of plaids, stripes or checks, with plain to match or novelty weaves, serge, twills, worsted, cashmere, wool crêpe, etc.

17 years requires 2⅛ yds. 54-inch wool plaid. Lower edge 43 ins.

The costume is for misses 15 to 20 years; ladies 38, 40 bust.



6211 6276 6175 6293 6278 6266 6193 6289

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

6281—Youthful in cut is this slip-over, one-piece dress in two-piece effect, close fitting at the hipline and with the new turtle neck and an inverted plait set in at center front. Use plain silk broadcloth, silk crêpe, etc. It may have an open-neck collar. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge, plait out, 49 ins.

16 years requires 2 yds. 54-inch flannel.

This dress is for misses 15 to 20 years; ladies 38, 40 bust.

6177—A slender slip-over, one-piece frock, close fitting at the hipline, is made of cashmere, soft worsted, twills, kasha or camel's-hair twill with contrasting or with faille silk, etc. The straight lower edge makes it suitable for wide borders, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3½ yds. 27-inch flannel. Lower edge 43½ ins.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years, 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

6233—10194—Slim shoulders, important in the Autumn silhouette, are achieved by this slip-over one-piece dress. The wide belt at the front gives a two-piece effect. The lower edge is straight. Use plain light-weight flannel, etc. The embroidered figure is quaint.

16 years requires 2½ yds. 39-inch flat crêpe. Lower edge 42½ ins.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years; ladies 38, 40 bust.

6179—Smartly simple, a slip-over one-piece dress with straight lower edge has an inverted plait inserted at each side which gives freedom in walking. Use stripes, plaids, checks, twills, light-weight worsted, etc.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2 yds. 54-inch flannel. Lower edge, with plaits out, 50½ ins.

This dress is for misses 16 to 18 years, 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

6283—10312—Autumn frocks are alluring in light-weight flannel, silk broadcloth, crêpe de Chine, pongee, etc., with contrasting. This slip-over one-piece dress has raglan sleeves and a straight lower edge. The embroidery design is worked in one-stitch.

17 years requires 2⅛ yds. 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 46 ins.

This frock is for misses 15 to 20 years; ladies 38, 40 bust.

6236—A circular flounce lengthening the one-piece upper part gives a rippling movement to a slip-over dress, close fitting at the hipline. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe Roma, etc. Lower edge 2½ yards.

17 years requires 2⅝ yds. 39-inch silk crêpe (with circular flounce cut crosswise).

The frock is for misses 15 to 20 years; ladies 38, 40 bust.

6245—Fashion favors the jabot and fluttering tie-ends of a slip-over dress made with kimono sleeves and a two-piece circular skirt attached at a low waistline. It is smart in satin Canton, plain satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, etc. Lower edge 2⅛ yds.

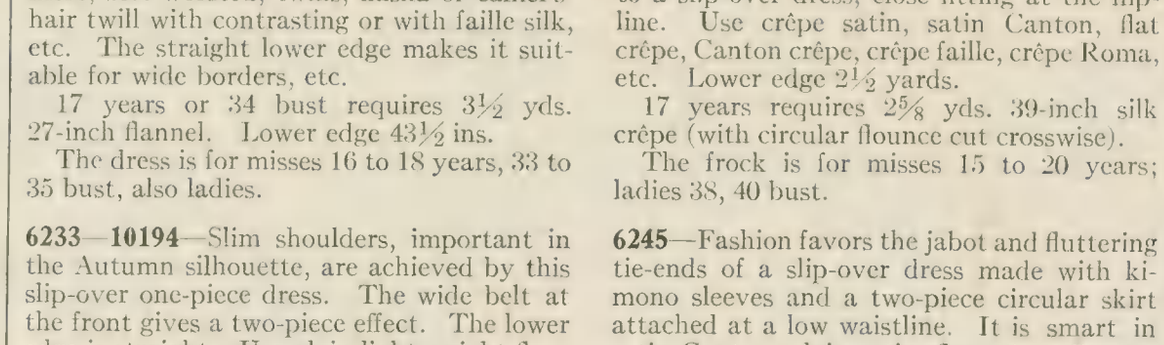
16 years requires 2¾ yds. 39-inch crêpe satin (skirt cut crosswise).

The frock is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

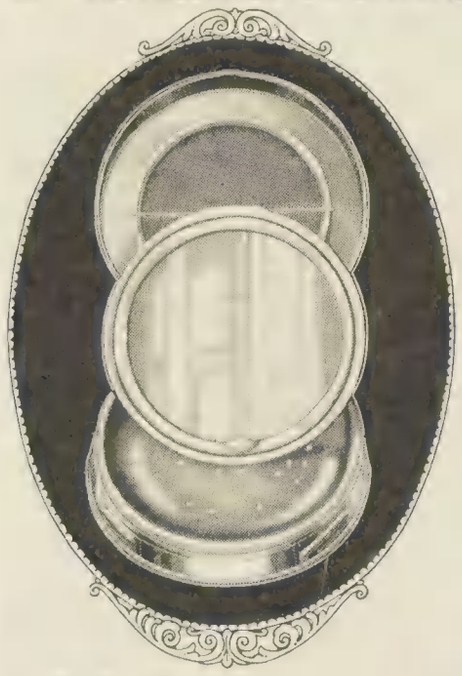
6247—This soft slip-over dress with a ruffled straight skirt and hand-made flowers attached at a low waistline is most alluring made of Georgette, chiffon, chiffon voile, etc., on a foundation skirt of net to match.

17 years requires 3⅛ yds. 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 62 ins.

The frock is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.



6281 6283 6177 6236 6233 6245 6179 6247



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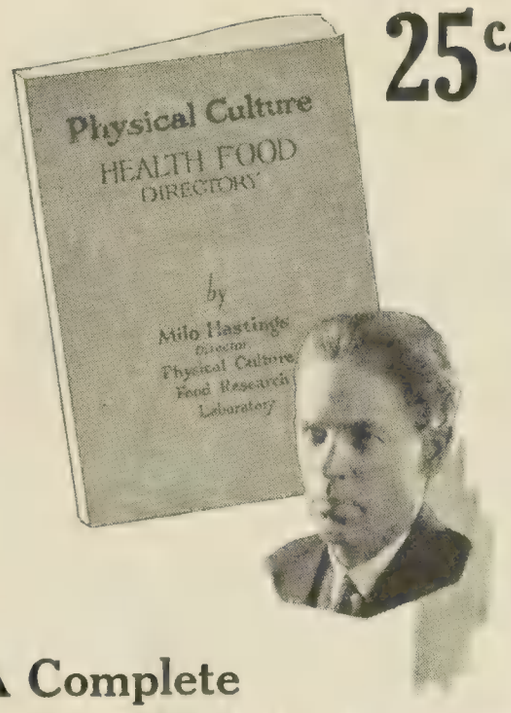
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

6267—The circular apron gives a smart flare to this one-piece slip-on-over-the-head frock, and the slightly different type of jabot a pretty, softening effect Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, etc. The jabot may be made of lace edging. The dress fits closely at the hipline. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The frock is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6253—The apron appears in a new rôle. This time it is circular and draped across the front, leaving a diagonal line across the dress. Use satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, etc., with lace edging vestee. With long sleeves and vestee, etc., of Georgette use printed crêpe de Chine, printed crêpe faille, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The dress is charming for ladies 36 to 48 bust.

6255—Freedom is given to this slim one-piece dress by its cluster of plaits at the left side. The smart long sleeve has two seams. Use twills, worsteds, cashmere, kasha, camel's-hair twills or wool crêpe with contrasting silk crêpe; serge with contrasting satin; or use heavy silk crêpe with satin, or satin with silk crêpe. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 51½ inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch cloth.

The dress is attractive for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

6273—Worsteds, kasha or camel's-hair twills with silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine in self or a harmonizing color make up charmingly into a slip-over frock with a long upper part lengthened by a two-piece lower part. Or use cashmere with satin or silk crêpe; serge, ribbed wools, etc., with satin. This is a convenient style for making over a silk or wool dress. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39 inch silk crêpe and ½ yard 54-inch soft twill.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6271—With fluttering handkerchief draperies and a hand-made flower at shoulder and hip this one-piece slip-over dress is ready for afternoon engagements. Use Georgette, chiffon or chiffon voile. The separate one-piece slip, which may have a camisole top, is made of flesh-colored satin or silk crêpe, etc. For evening wear, without sleeves, use crêpe Roma, brocaded Georgette, lace with matching chiffon, etc. The frock fits closely at the hipline. Lower edge of slip 44 inches, dress 46 inches.

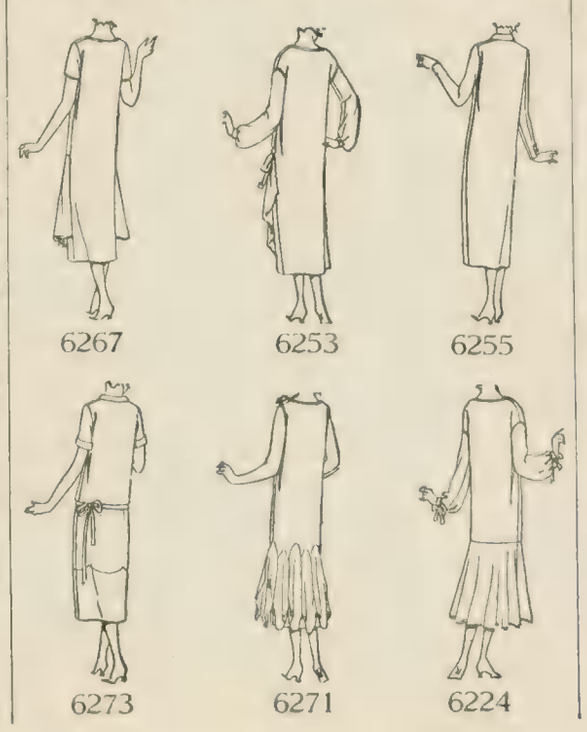
36 bust requires 5¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6224—A circular flounce rippling all around this slip-over frock lengthens the one-piece upper part. Use satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma, Georgette, etc., with lace edging; or use printed silk crêpe, novelty crêpe satin, printed crêpe de Chine, printed Georgette, or foulards with Georgette to match, etc. Lower edge 2⅝ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (with circular flounce cut crosswise).

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

6265—The collar may be buttoned up into the new high neck. Make this wrap-around one-piece frock of twills, worsteds, cashmere, serge, or wool crêpe with harmonizing satin; kasha or camel's-hair twills with contrasting silk crêpe; heavy silk crêpe with satin or heavy satin with silk crêpe. The vestee and cuffs may be detachable. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch cloth.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6233—A dress with a wide belt at the front has the appearance of being a two-piece frock. In reality it is a one-piece dress that slips on over the head. The lower edge is straight. Use light-weight flannel, silk broadcloth or heavy crêpe de Chine; plain with contrasting or printed with plain to match; plain satin with contrasting silk crêpe; plain silk crêpe, striped radium, etc.

19 years or 36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch flannel. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 38, 40 bust, misses 15 to 20 years.

6269—Inverted tucks at the sides suggest a low waistline for this one-piece frock. Use satin Canton, plain satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or heavy crêpe de Chine with crêpe de Chine jabot. The straight lower edge makes this slip-over frock suitable for wide borders in silk crêpe, crêpe satin or heavy crêpe de Chine with plain to match. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6261—This frock has a great deal of style. The collar can be worn either high or low and a cluster of plaits are inserted at the front. Use flannel, silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, satin, etc., with contrasting. The lower edge is straight. This frock is the one-piece type and it slips on over the head.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge with plaits out 1⅝ yard.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6264—6049—The turtle-neck collar, hip band and cuffs are hand knit. Or this slip-over blouse may have an open neck with fabric cuffs and hip band. The two-piece skirt has an inverted plait at the center front, and is attached to a camisole body. It may be made on an inside belt only. Use silk jersey, silk broadcloth, satin, radium, pongee, etc., for blouse, with soft twills, kasha, wool jersey, men's-wear suitings, etc., for the skirt.

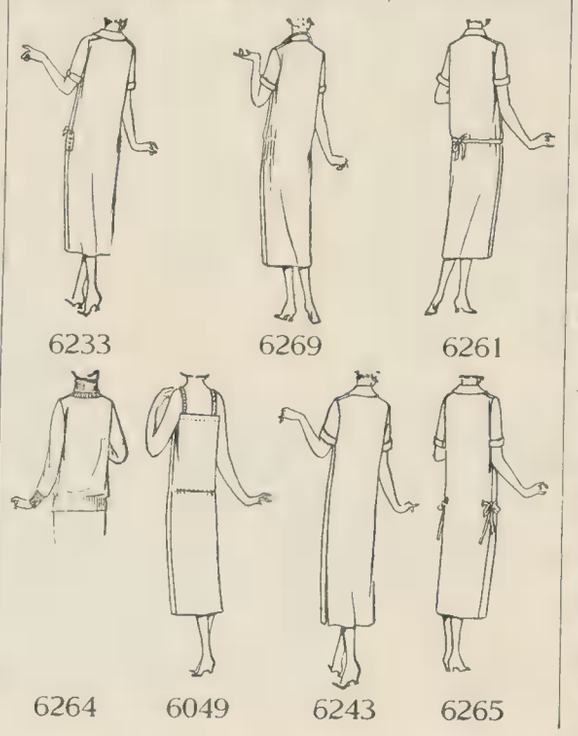
36 bust and 38 hip require for blouse 1¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine; for skirt 2¾ yards 27-inch flannel (skirt attached to camisole.) Lower edge with plait out 52½ inches.

The blouse is for 32 to 40 bust; the skirt for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

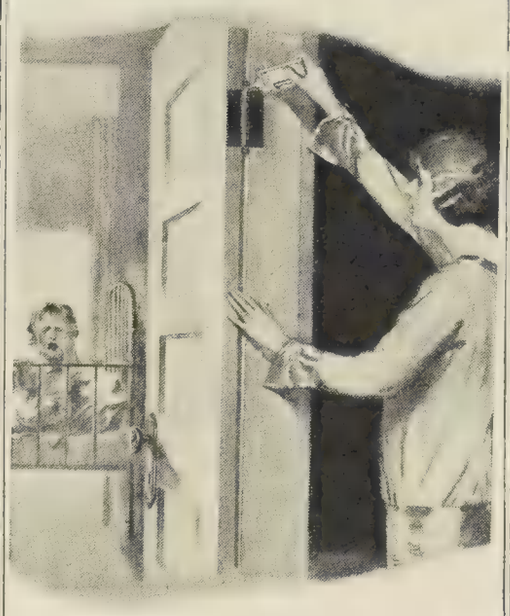
6243—The inverted plait at each side seam gives a cleverly hidden fulness to this slender one-piece dress. It slips on over the head and may be made of soft twills, soft worsteds, cashmere, soft kasha or soft camel's-hair twills with collar and cuffs, which may be detachable, of contrasting silk crêpe or white linen. Or use serge, silk crêpe, satin, etc. Lower edge with plaits out 55 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch light-weight flannel.

It is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



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By Mrs. Youngwife



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

6240—5557—A little slip-over dress with separate bloomers has a straight lower edge. The hat has a four-gored crown.

6 years and 20½-inch head measure require 2⅜ yards 35-inch printed material for dress and ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; the hat is for girls 2 to 12 years.

6242—5966—This hat is smart with a slip-over one-piece dress of flannel, silk broadcloth, shantung, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc.

12 years and 21-inch head measure require 1¼ yard 54-inch plaid flannel for dress and ⅝ yard 27-inch flannel for hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; hat for girls, misses and ladies.

6250—6089—The blouse ensemble or jumper dress is smart for school. The straight skirt with its inverted plaits is attached to an underbody. The hat has a six-gored crown.

12 years and 21¼-inch head measure require 1⅞ yard 54-inch flannel for dress and ¾ yard 35-inch silk for hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; the hat is for girls 2 to 12 years.

6248—5815—Tweeds, wool jersey, etc., make this suit consisting of a waist and straight trousers. The sailor tam uses serge, etc.

4 years and 19½-inch head measure require ⅞ yard 54-inch serge for suit and ¼ yard 32 or more inch material for hat.

The suit is for little boys 3 to 7 years; tam for boys.

6252—10107—Smocking makes a charming trimming. Work in colors. This slip-over dress has an inverted plait at each side. The bloomers are separate. Use cotton broadcloth, cotton pongee, light-weight cotton crêpe, pongee, crêpe de Chine, etc.

4 years takes 2½ yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

6244—6246—10939—A gored tam-o'-shanter is worn with a slip-over box-plaited one-piece sailor dress. The emblem is smart.

12 years and 21-inch head measure requires 1¾ yards 54-inch serge for dress and ½ yard 35-inch velvet for hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; tam for girls, children, ladies and misses.

6212—The tiniest of hand-made ribbon flowers and rows and rows of frills trim this little slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Make it of crêpe de Chine, taffeta, net, point d'esprit, etc.

7 years requires 1⅝ yard 35 or 39 inch Georgette.

The dress is for girls 4 to 12 years.

6254—5904—Separate bloomers may accompany this slip-over dress with raglan style sleeves. The lower edge is straight. The four-gored crown hat is smart.

8 years and 20¾-inch head measure require 3⅛ yards 32-inch gingham for dress and bloomers, and ½ yard 27 or more inch material for hat.

Dress for girls 6 to 10; hat for girls 2 to 12.

6206—Separate bloomers peep from beneath a slip-over frock of pongee, chambray, fine cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, challis, etc., with or without smocking. Without smocking use sateen, printed in small designs, etc.

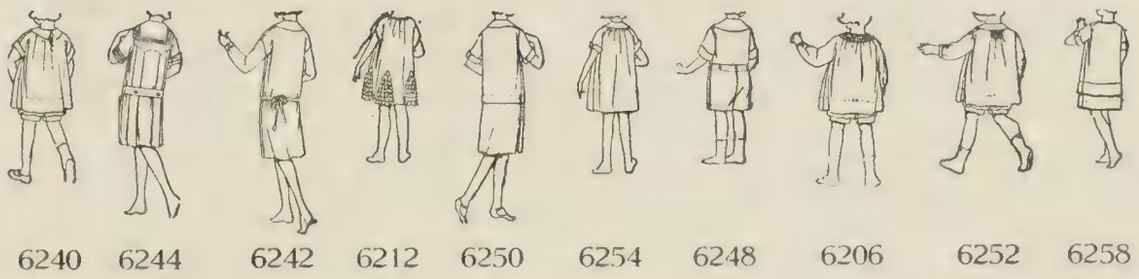
5 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

6258—6188—Flat tiers are new on a slip-over dress with a one-piece back. The smart tam-o'-shanter is gathered or plaited.

7 years and 20-inch head measure require 1⅛ yard 54-inch wool crêpe for dress, and ⅜ yard 36-inch silk for tam.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years; tam-o'-shanter for girls, children, misses and ladies.



6240 6244 6242 6212 6250 6254 6248 6206 6252 6258

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

6280—6188—The gathered or plaited tam-o'-shanter is smart with this new double-breasted flare coat in raglan style. Use chinchilla, etc., with tam of satin.

5 years and 20-inch head measure require 1¼ yard 54-inch camel's-hair for coat and ⅜ yard 36-inch velvet for hat.

The coat is for little girls 1 to 7 years; tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses and ladies.

6292—6246—Tweed, cheviot, homespun, camel's-hair twills, etc., make this coat worn with a gored tam-o'-shanter.

5 years and 20-inch head measure require 1¼ yard 54-inch chinchilla for the coat and ⅝ yard 27-inch velvet for hat.

The coat is for girls and small boys 1 to 7 years; tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses and ladies.

6256—5815—Double-breasted and belted, this overcoat is made of chinchilla, mixtures, homespun, tweeds or camel's-hair. The sailor tam is of serge, cheviot, etc.

4 years and 20-inch head measure require 1½ yard 54-inch chinchilla (including hat).

The overcoat is for little boys 2 to 6 years; tam for 19½ to 22¼ inch head measure.

6270—Cut on smart lines, this single-breasted overcoat with its convertible collar uses homespun, cheviot, checks, oxford, mixtures, tweeds or light-weight chinchilla.

12 years requires 2 yards 54-inch tweed.

The coat is for boys 8 to 16 years.

6260—5416—Smart for school is the one-piece slip-over dress, which may have separate bloomers. Use cotton broadcloth, linen, etc. The tam-o'-shanter is new.

7 years and 20-inch head measure require 2¼ yards 39-inch striped crêpe de Chine for dress and bloomers, and ⅝ yard 27-inch flannel for hat.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years; tam for girls, children, misses and ladies.

6294—5557—A coat without underarm seams (when wide materials are used) is worn with a four-gored crown hat. The straight lower edge makes the coat also suitable for narrow borders for certain ages.

12 years and 21¼-inch head measure require 2 yards 54-inch cashmere (with hat).

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

6262—Clusters of inserted plaits grace the front and sides of a one-piece dress that slips on over the head. Use silk crêpe, or soft pongee, etc., with contrasting linen, linen-finished cotton, etc. With long sleeves use light-weight twills, soft serge, etc.

7 years requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years.

6288—4926—A little slip-over frock wears separate bloomers and a gored-crown hat.

4 years and 19¾-inch head measure require 2⅛ yards 35-inch cotton print for dress and bloomers and ⅜ yard 54-inch velours for hat.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

6284—10296—The softly gathered straight flounce lengthens this slip-over frock. The French dolls are very smart.

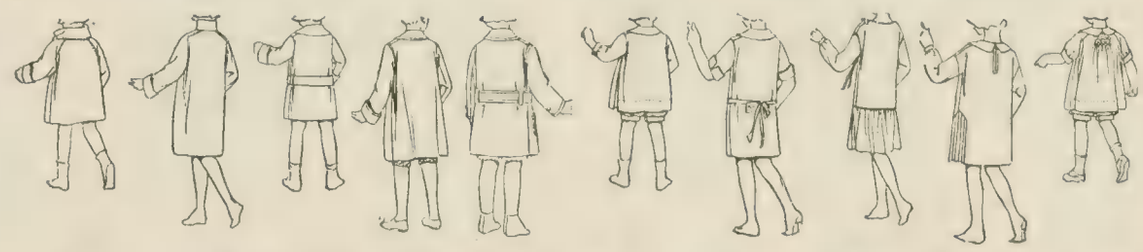
12 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for girls 8 to 15 years.

6274—4838—10151—Embroidery is new between rows of smocking. This slip-over raglan style dress with a straight lower edge has separate bloomers. Use cotton broadcloth, etc. The hat is made of serge, etc.

4 years and 19¾-inch head measure require 2⅜ yards 32-inch chambray for dress and bloomers, and ⅝ yard 36-inch silk for hat.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.



6280 6294 6292 6270 6256 6288 6260 6284 6262 6274



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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

From a Bed of Pain

A little invalid girl who knew little else but pain until she was ten years old fortunately survived years of tortuous affliction and grew up to be Bessie Potter Vonnoh, now one of our most famous American sculptors. In the October issue of THE DELINEATOR Mrs. Vonnoh tells her own story, the simple record of a woman's single-handed effort to succeed in her chosen profession despite discouraging handicaps that made every step of the way a struggle. "Those first ten years of my life," writes Mrs. Vonnoh, "are foggy in my mind to-day. Over them hangs a blurring haze of pain dimly remembered." Yet those years were to have a profound influence on her after life. They taught her to busy her hands with pencils, paints and scissors and they forced her to think. Eventually she discovered that her bent was to look for beauty in every-day life and to record it in clay. Impressed by a motto on a classroom wall, "Know what you want to do, then do it," she made it her own and thereafter never deviated from the chosen path. Mrs. Vonnoh has shown special interest in mother-and-child subjects. She received the Julia A. Shaw prize for "Enthroned" in 1904, was the only woman on the great jury of awards at the St. Louis Exposition, is a member of the Society of American Artists and was recently chosen to do the Roosevelt Memorial—a bird fountain to be placed at the entrance of the Roosevelt Memorial Bird Sanctuary at Oyster Bay. Her story is an inspiring record of an active life.

Some Kids Have All the Luck

A few months ago the world stood still for a moment—or seemed to—when the arrival of a daughter in the home of the Nicholas Longworths was announced. The little lady had simply had the foresight to select Alice Roosevelt Longworth as a mother and to identify herself rather intimately with a family to which an ex-President of the United States lends the luster of a distinguished name. However, the accounts of her début failed to mention, as we recall it, how she came to be christened Paulina. St. Paul, it appears, is the favorite historical character of Mrs. Longworth, "Princess Alice" that was. Undeterred by the fact that the militant Apostle was a rather uncompromising enemy of the fair sex, she named her first-born after him, thereby displaying a touch of characteristic Rooseveltian individuality. As all this world and his wife knows, thanks to the camera man, Paulina spends much of her time in a market-basket, just an ordinary, homely carry-all such as is commonly used on Main Street for toting fruits and vegetables. It is not surprising to learn, therefore, that, in a home where a child is so sensibly cared for, THE DELINEATOR'S "Baby Record Book" is already in use. Few children can duplicate Paulina's good fortune in other respects, but her baby book is available to all. Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, Director of the Iowa State Laboratory for the Study of Normal Children, put into it provision for a scientific record of the baby's physical and mental growth and family history. In addition, there are ample compartments for photographs, keepsakes, certificates, prescriptions, etc. The moderate price of one dollar doesn't begin to cover the value of the book to intelligent parents.

Reducing in Spots

No service feature we have offered in years has enjoyed so huge and immediate a demand as Dr. Lillian E. Shaw's "Reducing in Spots." Requests for the pamphlet poured in on us in such great numbers that the first two editions were quickly exhausted and inquirers obliged to wait for a new supply. The edition now on hand seems ample to meet all requirements and new requests will be taken care of promptly, provided the customary twenty-five cents is enclosed. Briefly, the pamphlet contains a special set of reducing exercises prepared for women by a woman physician who has specialized in physical training for her sex. The exercises have the approval of our own authority on physical training, Mr. Fielding H. Yost, and of Dr. George A. May, director of the Waterman Gymnasium at the University of Michigan. By their regular use, excess fat may be reduced safely and quickly in specific areas of the body such as lower legs and ankles; abdomen and waist; hips and thighs; chin and throat (including double chin and "dowager's cushion," *i. e.*, the pad of fat at the back of the neck); upper arms and shoulders. Illustrations make the instructions easy to follow.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—Join one or more of THE DELINEATOR Happy Child Clubs. Every month Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, Director of The Happy Child Department, writes you a timely letter. He takes your child step by step through the year, tells you what to do each month.

There are four clubs, one for expectant mothers, one for the "new baby," a third for little runabouts, and one for the school child.

Membership in any one is only fifty cents a year. Or you can join all four for one dollar.

Send for one or all of the important Child Health pamphlets. They cost only ten cents each and treat the following subjects: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding," "Diet Problems of Childhood," "Early Childhood," "The Child's Teeth," "The School Child," "The Mental Health of the Child," "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood," "Play, Eyes and Movies," "Correct Posture," "The Development of Personality," "Widespread and Dangerous Diseases," and "Weight, Growth and Health."

Are you getting ready for the new baby? Our Pattern Department has just issued an up-to-date collection of layette patterns. These have been prepared under the direction of several State and municipal maternity and nursing organizations.

The whole group of patterns—a complete outfit for the baby, with the Deltor, containing full directions—can be procured for thirty-five cents from any Butterick pattern dealer or by writing to the Pattern Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

Home-Making—This department has a score of leaflets that will help you to systematize, simplify and improve your housekeeping. Write for a list of them, enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home," "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," "How to Know Good Furniture" "Methods of Painting Furniture" and "Slip Covers and How to Make Them," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Beauty—The beauty editor will answer personal questions and send complimentary folders on the care of skin, hands and hair, or lotions and cosmetics. Enclose postage at rate of two cents for two folders.

Etiquette—A new booklet called "Table Hospitality" gives explicit directions for setting the table for formal and informal meals and for entertaining with and without a maid. This is ten cents, and Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send instructive leaflets on phases of etiquette, such as "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women" and "Introductions, Invitations and Replies." These cost nothing but the postage, which is two cents for two folders.

Entertainment—Something new in September affairs is all ready for you. Any two of these leaflets will be sent for a two-cent stamp to cover postage. There's "Capital Fun for Labor Day or Any Day," "A New Barn Party and Dance," "Dutch Dallying for Dog Days" (a delightful outdoor informal dance and stunt party) and "A List of Pageants for Country Gatherings."

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

EVERY time we ascend this rostrum to address our fair pewholders we are mindful of our indebtedness to some of the great leaders among the never-sufficiently-praised sex whose laudable endeavor is much the same as our own ◈◈◈ There is *Elinor Glynn*, for instance. A paragraph in her latest book contains a nugget of wisdom that echoes our convictions, but we could not express it here without inviting the displeasure of the censor. Listen to this mouthful from Mrs. Glynn: "There are all sorts of modern philosophers (in petticoats mostly, but still some of them are men!) who, with more or less subtle reasoning, are trying to inculcate an idea of the necessity of individualism in all women. They urge every unit to express her individuality, with the result that the average female, who is little higher than the animal world in intelligence, and not half so endowed with instinct, is becoming a perfect bore! She has not the sense to see that, if she were really gifted, nothing on earth could keep her from being individual, and that, if she is not so, to try to push forward her commonplace ideas only serves to make her less attractive" ◈◈◈ The *Russian Soviet* has put a ban on the exportation of *caviar* because it is one of the principal foods given to hospital patients in Russia and last year's catch was far below expectations ◈◈◈ Readers who share our zeal for equal rights for women will deplore the following incident reported in *Ed. Howe's Monthly:* "In a certain town a wife walked up to her husband on the street and shot him in the back, killing him instantly. The police took the pistol away from her. Now that she has been freed by a jury (on her own testimony) she is demanding that the pistol be returned to her, also, that there be less delay in paying the husband's life insurance to her" ◈◈◈ *Dr. Charles Gray Shaw*, professor of philosophy at *New York University*, views with alarm the decline of the stiff collar. "When man changed his stiff collar and soft shirt," says Doctor Shaw, "for a soft collar and silk shirt, it was too attractive and women copied it. As a result, man is becoming effeminate and there are now flappers in both sexes." *Doctor Shaw* places much of the blame on the haberdashers who sell a man lilac pajamas, embroidered bathrobes, silk slippers and cosmetics. He goes home with the gay apparel; his women folk see it and get envious, so they invent a new style, going the man one better. In contrast to our own day the professor points out that in the days of chivalry no nice girl wanted to wear a suit of armor and that no Victorian gentlewoman ever wanted to imitate the dress of *Prince Albert* or *Mr. Gladstone* ◈◈◈ As a barometer of the alertness of our 1,000,000 fair pewholders we have framed up the little test which appears within the ruled lines just below. The idea is to read the sentence within the rules and then say how many *f*'s are in it. After you have experimented yourself, try it on your friends:

> Every reader of magazine fiction should remember the name of THE DELINEATOR

The clerk in charge of the Bureau of Marriage Licenses in *Detroit, Michigan*, is reported to have taken a poll of all the couples who came before him during Leap Year on the subject of who popped the question—he or she? The results indicate that sixty per cent. of the brides did the proposing ◈◈◈ A lovely lady in *Estherwood, La.*, attests to the truth of the following anecdote which she sent in response to our S. O. S. for "stretchers" about the return of lost articles. "In my northern home (*Vineland, New Jersey*) one of my neighbors, after preparing dinner, found to her utter dismay that she had lost a finger ring. Searching everywhere failed to reveal its whereabouts. The following Summer her father brought in a pail of new potatoes harvested from the compost heap (composed of rakings from the lawn, kept from year to year), where she had thrown potato peelings long before. Imagine her surprise, on cutting one of them in two, to find her missing ring in the center of it!" ◈◈◈ The *Massachusetts* Senate has refused to pass a measure repealing the law prohibiting the use by women of hatpins protruding more than three inches from the crown of a hat ◈◈◈ If, by the way, you didn't find three *f*'s in the test sentence in the frame above, try it again.



1 Use two tablespoonfuls of Gold Dust to a gallon of water - *and a tin, aluminum or galvanized pan.*

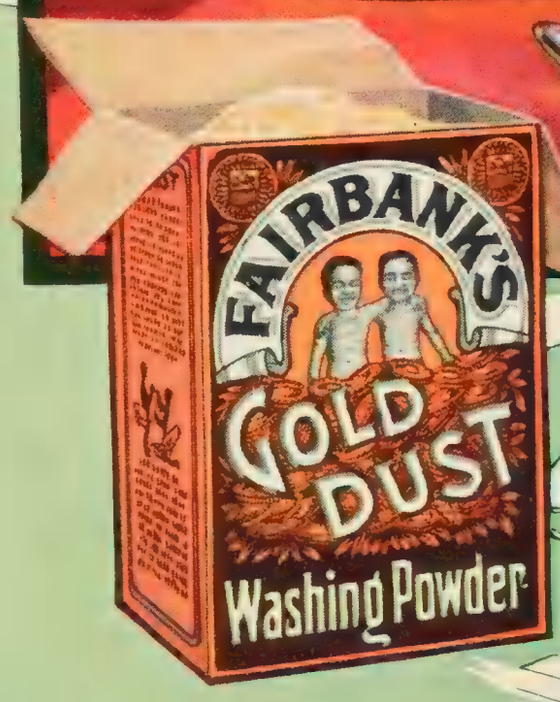
2 Water must be boiling hot and sufficient to cover silver.





3 Place silver in the boiling solution for one minute. Each piece must touch the pan. Remove - and





4 Rinse with clean hot water. Then dry with a soft cloth or chamois



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THE DELINEATOR

OCTOBER 1925



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THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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OUR GUARANTEE: We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. *If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in* THE DELINEATOR, *we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will.* G. W. WILDER, *President of The Butterick Publishing Company.*

FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

WHAT PRICE!

THIS editorial is for all Americans, but especially for parents and teachers.

What is the matter with Education? Why do the most thoughtful and experienced educators annually discuss the problems of education, and yet—

One hundred and ten thousand teachers leave the profession every year? That number abandoned teaching in 1924. That number or more will give up teaching this year. A few of those who left were a good riddance, but in losing many others the schools were drained of the finest teaching material America has produced.

Who will pay for this loss? Not the uneducated legislators—blind politicians; not the ungenerous school boards; not the unthinking voter; but—*your* child and mine.

In this generation of prosperity and materialism we have come to imagine that good education rests on foundations of brick and mortar and towering walls. We boast that we have the finest school buildings in the whole world. That is a splendid gesture, but it is not enough. In some places, where the fine buildings have been turned into educational factories for quantity production, it has become an irony, a farce. We have in mind a well-trained, high-souled teacher from such a beautiful school building who in desperation recently said: "I can not endure it another day! Fifty pupils of ten different nationalities in one room for half a year! I do not even get a chance to learn all their names. I can not do justice to them nor to myself. The whole system is wrong."

That woman reluctantly gave up teaching and entered the commercial world.

Her case is typical of thousands of others. Last year The National Education Association sent a questionnaire to one thousand teachers, just like her, who had abandoned their profession. The answers the Association received revealed five conspicuous weaknesses in the teaching profession. Contrary to expectation, low salary was not the first of these. The chief causes for desertion were, as the teachers themselves expressed it:

1. "There is little respect for teachers. The public holds them in contempt."

2. "There is little hope of advancement. The average pay of a teacher does not make it possible for her to travel or to continue her higher education."

3. "Tenure of office is uncertain because of politics in many of the school systems. In many parts of the United States teachers hold their jobs not by competence, but by the will and the pleasure of an untrained, often illiterate, school board."

4. "Living conditions are intolerable for rural teachers who are required to 'live around' with various families during the year."

5. "The rulings against married teachers are unjust."

And so in one year, for these and other reasons, one hundred and ten thousand fine, alert, inspirited men and women equipped to mold a finer race were lost to the most important work that life holds.

THERE is no denying that teaching is our most important business. A failure to pass on in one single generation all the knowledge so painstakingly gathered during the ages would start the human family back to a state of barbarism. Most men and women who have succeeded in life in their mature years admit debts of gratitude to two people—a parent and a teacher who helped to show the way.

Every year colleges drop girls and boys, bright, ambitious young people, who are thus marked with failure because they were not well prepared in their lower grades. Every day business schools turn out inefficient girls and boys who will never get very far because they will never have time—nor know how—to fill up the holes left in their early education. Every day some part of young America goes wrong because it has missed that tower of strength—the influence of a great teacher.

Who pays? Why, your child and mine! Later the whole nation pays.

The system is wrong. The attitude of the public is wrong. Ask the dean of almost any college. Ask the headmaster of the high school. Ask the principal of the elementary school. Ask the teachers. They will tell you who pays.

THE DELINEATOR believes that education is one of the most important problems before the country, and that the desertion of the teachers is one of the most important phases of this problem.

But there will be no solution until a large percentage of the people themselves become interested; until it gets into the consciousness of America that teaching is the most important business in life, and that getting an education is the business of *every child*, no matter what occupation that child will follow in later life.

The people best fitted to discuss this question and perhaps find an answer are you who are closest to it—parents and teachers. So we are turning to you for assistance. In this number of the magazine we are starting a campaign to find out *"What Is the Matter with Teaching?"* On page 5 Dr. John Dewey, one of the country's leading educators, author of "School and Society," "Democracy and Education," "Human Nature and Conduct," tells what he thinks is the matter. Other well-known educators will discuss the subject in later issues.

But this is not enough; we want to hear directly from *YOU*, teachers, parents, and all those interested in education, what, in your opinion and experience, is the matter with teaching, and what remedies you would suggest to keep other men and women from leaving the profession.



KATHLEEN NORRIS

Kathleen Norris has been studying rich American girls for many years. She has watched their restlessness, their bitter, desperate dissatisfaction with life. She has seen some of the best in young America turn to Europe for new life in the old world, for adventure, for social power. The great novelist has become immensely interested in what happens to these title-hunters. Last Winter she went to Europe to watch their intrigues at first-hand. She has now written the result of her observations of the millionaire American girl adventuring abroad, into a lively and discussion-making novel.

This story of the loves and dangers of the social leaders of the world begins next month in THE DELINEATOR. Don't fail to read the first installment of

"Beauty and the Beast"

Search your own memories and tell us, simply and directly, and in *not over one thousand words*—less if you prefer—why *you* gave up teaching, or would give it up. We want real experiences—either yours or your neighbor's or your community's. You may give one reason or many reasons.

And we don't want papers which simply find fault—we can all do that; we want you also to suggest a remedy. For instance, many teachers complain that their lives are of necessity narrow and restricted. If this is so, what could be done to change the situation and who should do it? These and many other questions will occur to you. Let us hear your answer.

BEFORE starting to write your paper, read the announcement of the contest on page 5. Then read carefully the following rules, for if your paper does not conform, it can not be considered for a prize:

1. Manuscripts must not be over one thousand words in length, must be *typewritten*, and must be *on only one side of the paper*. They will not be judged on literary merit, but on their sincerity, insight, the conviction they carry, and their constructive suggestions.

2. Manuscripts must bear the name and address of the sender *and the statement as to whether or not the sender is a teacher*.

3. No manuscripts will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

4. Manuscripts must be addressed to "Prize Contest Editor, THE DELINEATOR. Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.," and must be received by us *on or before January 7, 1926*.

5. Prizes will be announced in THE DELINEATOR for June, 1926.

6. Prize-winning papers are the property of THE DELINEATOR. The magazine also reserves the right to purchase, at its regular rates, and to publish any manuscripts submitted in this contest which are not prize-winners.

The following well-known men and women have consented to act as judges:

David Starr Jordan, President Emeritus of Leland-Stanford University.

Livingston Farrand, President of Cornell University.

Ada Comstock, President of Radcliffe College.

William McAndrew, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago.

Katharine Lee Bates, Professor of English Literature, Wellesley College; author of "America the Beautiful."

Angelo Patri, Principal of Public School No. 45, New York; author of "A Schoolmaster of the Great City."

Mrs. A. H. Reeve, President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

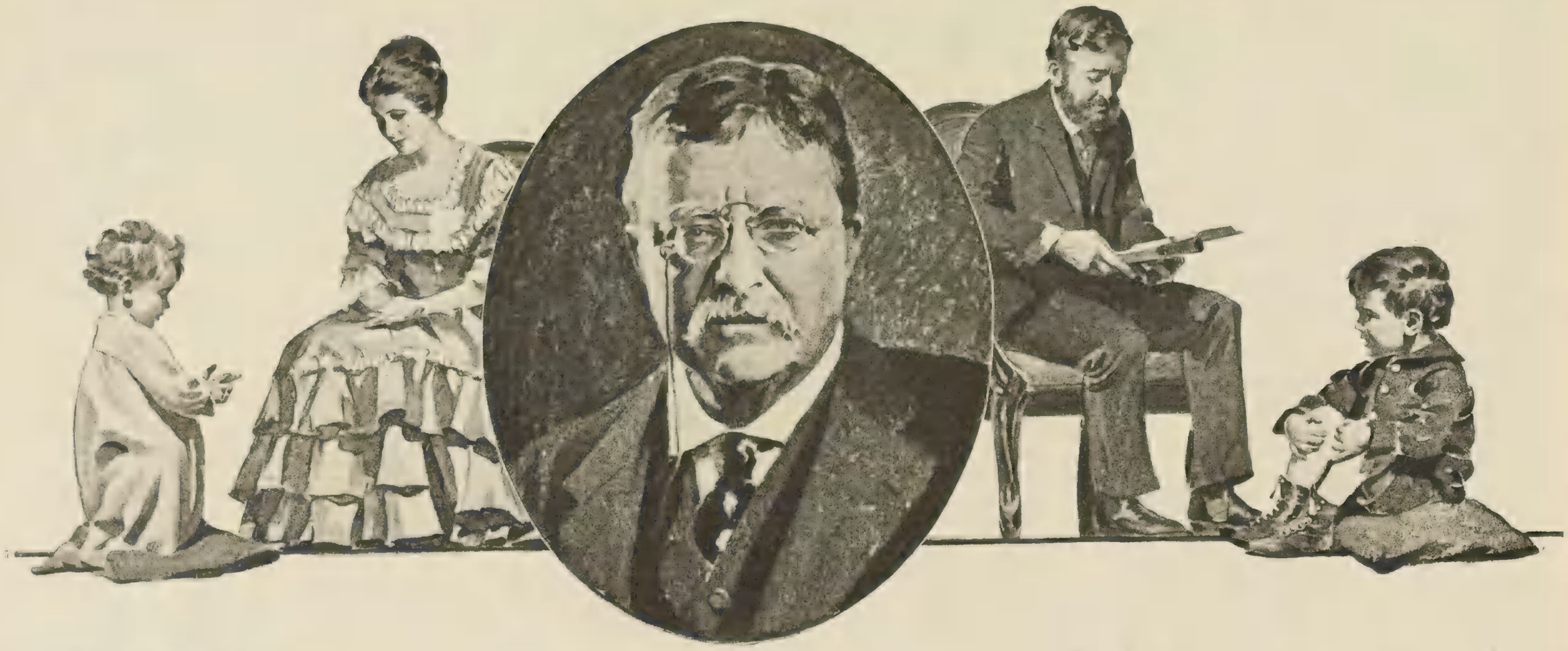
Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Editor of THE DELINEATOR.

"A MATRON OF SOUTH CAROLINA"

THE approaching celebrations of the one hundred and fiftieth year of our independence will undoubtedly add to our growing interest in all things historical. As a nation we are now old enough to remember our childhood, and have begun to collect and preserve with tender enthusiasm all the relics of our past which time has not already destroyed. It should give pride to all women to remember that one of the most sacred of the nation's shrines was saved from destruction by the patriotism and energy of a woman. Mount Vernon, the home of our first President, which was falling into decay, and which both Congress and the Virginia Legislature had refused to buy, was bought, beautifully restored, and has since been maintained through the efforts of Ann Pamela Cunningham, "a matron of South Carolina," who founded the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association for the purchase and upkeep of Washington's home.

Complete information about this and other patriotic societies is given in THE DELINEATOR'S booklet "Patriotic Organizations for Women," which will be sent for twenty-five cents to any one interested.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 110



"Valiant-for-Truth"

How Teddy Roosevelt's parents made a man of him

By ANGELO PATRI

IS YOUR BOY A "TEEDY"?

Somewhere—perhaps in your home is the gifted "Teedy" of to-day who will be the "Teddy Roosevelt" of to-morrow. In hundreds of homes just like Roosevelt's boys and girls are playing and studying and unknowingly preparing themselves for leadership in the next generation. What can we do to help them? Angelo Patri, that great "understander" of youth, will show in this new series how the parents of great men fitted them for their high places. Read this human and interesting story of Roosevelt's parents, the training he received from his father, what his mother meant to him and did for him.

The story of other great men's parents will appear in succeeding issues. You can not afford to miss any of them.

HOW much of a child's future success depends upon his father and mother? I believe that the major part of it is due directly to them. From his parents he inherits his gifts and his shortcomings, and they are responsible for the environment in which he lives. I would say, then, that Theodore Roosevelt was a very fortunate child, for he had the most charming of mothers, the most devoted of fathers and the best possible surroundings.

From his mother he took his tender loving nature, his gentleness, his sympathy. From his father, his wonderful energy, his altruism, his fighting courage. In his early years he was afflicted with asthma, and the father and mother spent themselves generously in his service. We find them packing hurriedly to carry him to some place where he might breathe easier and be at rest. The ailing child was always the first thought; all else could wait.

Here was the stage set and ready for a spoiled boy. He was a gifted child, headstrong, impetuous, loving, and delicate. He was the son of a rich and influential man. But he was not spoiled. He had the rarest of rare good fortune—he had a loving, intelligent father. All the power of the elder Roosevelt's mind—and that was much—all his money and all his influence were directed toward the development of the spiritual, mental and physical growth of his children, especially toward that of "Teedy," the unusual, the gifted, the turbulent member of the flock. He was not easy to deal with, you may be sure. Alive to his very finger ends, he vibrated through the house as in later years he vibrated through the country—yes, through the world. Such powers as his, so varied and so dynamic, would naturally require the wisest direction, the most unceasing care.

Once when he was four years old he bit his sister. He knew that he had committed an awful offense and fled for safety to the kitchen. As he sped by the cook, he snatched a lump of dough from her molding-board and scrambled under the table. His father came in search of him and asked the cook, "Did you see Teedy?"

Torn between her duty and the sin of informing, she compromised by glancing toward the legs of the table. Father Roosevelt dove down to drag the culprit out, but he threw the dough in his father's face and raced to make good his escape. He was caught at the foot of the stairs and given his first and last spanking.

Now I do not believe that Teedy's father felt that his son was hopeless because he had bitten his sister, nor do I believe that he lost his temper and whacked him soundly because he had thrown the dough in his face. Neither do I think that he lectured him long and reproachfully. I think he spanked him and let it go at that, and that afterward he and the lad's mother had a good laugh at the young cockatoo who nipped his neighbor and fled for refuge to his fortified nest.

THIS father's spirit was full of joy and seasoned with mirth. Everything that he did in his busy life was done on the crest of delight. He enjoyed his children. Their tastes found ready sympathy and fatherly acceptance and understanding. He never made Teedy feel that he was troublesome or in any way a source of anxiety, and he must have been all that and more many times over.

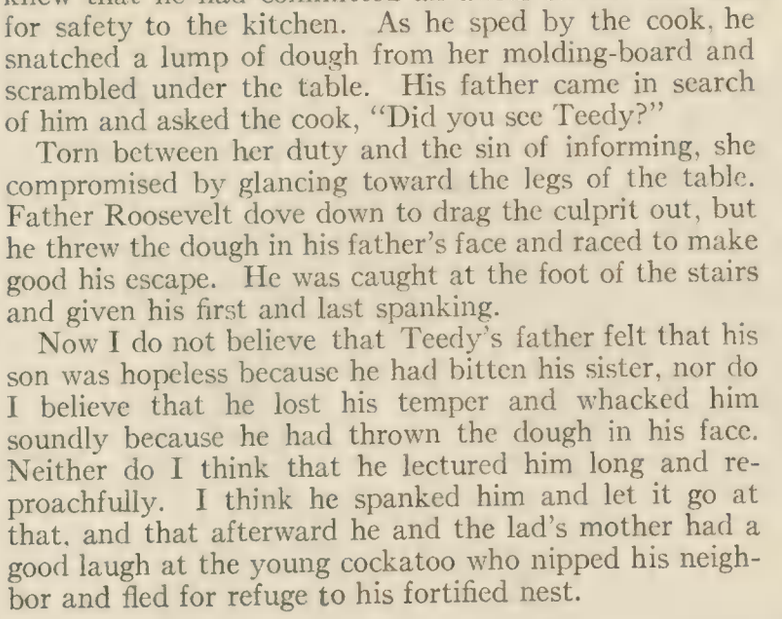
When the lad began to grow spindly, his father said: "Son, you have the mind but you have not the body to support it. You will have to make your body."

The child's face flushed and he said: "I'll make my body."

The wise and generous father built an open-air gymnasium on the upper porch, and here the boy set to work to overcome his handicap and literally build his body. Here, his sister says, he worked day after day, patiently stretching the narrow chest, strengthening the feeble arms and legs in a stern effort to make himself strong. Here, too, gathered the boy clans, for the spirit of leadership shone early in this brilliant lad, and there was many a strenuous hour of wrestling and boxing and see-sawing in the airy gym.

It would have been far easier for the father to have turned the child over to the nurses and doctors, and coddled him into invalidism as many a fond father had done before. It took courage of a rare kind to turn that headstrong, daring boy into a gym with instructions to grow a body; but this father had exactly that sort of courage mixed with faith, and he passed it on in large measure to his high-spirited son. I like to think that it was in this gym that the first strands of the powerful chest muscles that turned aside the assassin's bullet were first laid. I like to think that they were the result of this gift of his gracious, loving father.

While he aided in building the boy's body, the father fostered the growth of the youngster's eager soul. The elder Roosevelt was a lover of his fellow men. For years he gave one day a week to visiting the sick and the poor. His home was the philanthropic center from which flowed the spirit that inspired many a civic and charitable undertaking, and there Teedy received his first lessons in service to common people. His father taught by deeds rather than words. But words were not neglected.



"TEEDY'S" MOTHER AND FATHER

EACH morning there were family prayers. Many fathers will wonder how a man could possibly conduct family prayers, so outworn the custom seems to be. But in this family the ceremony was performed in the same spirit of joy as every other ceremony. God was no remote and fearful personage here, but the God of love, the loving Father of His children.

I like to think of the little boy learning his prayers, drinking in his first impressions of the Divine Father from the lips of his own beloved earthly father. I like to remember and credit to the teaching of this father the reverence the boy had for all that was pure and holy.

Once, when the children were at play near the Vatican

Concluded on page 76



Everyone notices your teeth





Pebeco keeps them white—and safe

CHARMING WHEN YOU SMILE . . . . AND SAFE FROM DECAY

A CONSTANT struggle is going on in your mouth . . .

Acids are forming slowly but continuously from tiny particles of fermented food—and attacking the delicate enamel of your teeth.

To counteract these deadly acids, nature intended that several pints of alkaline saliva should flow over your teeth daily.

But in practically no mouth today are the salivary glands working normally.

Modern soft, sweet foods do not stimulate them sufficiently. Your glands grow less and less active. The acids of decay collect on your teeth and eat the enamel.

Brushing is merely a temporary remedy. In "The Prevention of Dental Caries and Oral Sepsis," the greatest dental authority today says, "Some substance which is a salivary stimulant should be used in order to promote and educate the activity of the salivary glands."

Pebeco stimulates the salivary glands

Pebeco contains no ingredient harmful to the teeth or gums. Its base is a safe, neutral salivary stimulant. Its effect is accomplished by gently promoting the flow of your natural alkaline saliva.

As soon as Pebeco enters your mouth the salivary glands flow more freely. You can tell the difference. Your mouth feels so fresh and pleasant.

These Teeth can be yours

Learn how to keep your salivary glands active



To protect your teeth—use the tooth-paste that keeps your salivary glands working normally

With regular daily use Pebeco entirely restores the normal, protective flow of your glands. Their alkaline fluids bathe your teeth day and night. They prevent the formation of bacterial plaques or film *because the acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.* Every day your teeth grow cleaner and stronger.

Pebeco does its polishing carefully without using any gritty substance. It keeps your teeth beautifully white, your gums clean and soothed, your whole mouth normal and healthy.

Do not let your teeth deteriorate. Learn to keep them white and safe with the tooth-paste that restores the natural protective function of your salivary glands.

* * *

Send today for a ten days' trial of Pebeco. See your teeth whiten. Feel your mouth grow fresh and normal, and safe for your teeth.

With Pebeco you can be free to smile and laugh from morning till night. You will know that your teeth are always white and beautiful to look at, that everyone who sees you is admiring them.

Pebeco is made only by Pebeco, Inc., N. Y. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. At all druggists.

FREE OFFER!

Send coupon today for free generous tube of Pebeco

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. B-32
635 Greenwich St., New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

To

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Wisconsin *says* *to* New Mexico

"I'm glad you agree, too."



THERE'S Wisconsin, away up at the top of the map. And there's New Mexico, away down at the bottom of the map. What is the unseen bond between them? What accounts for the cheerful smiles of both?

Both have discovered, in America's greatest laundry soap, the secret of the whitest, freshest clothes that ever blew upon a line—*without drudgery!*

The presence of P and G The *White* Naphtha Soap in the washtub explains the Monday morning smiles that appear regularly, not only in the homes of Wisconsin and New Mexico, but across an entire continent! For in these two states, as in all of North America, P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap.

Like you, perhaps, many of these women have *tried* other soaps. But after experimenting, they have decided upon P and G, because:

No finer soap for laundry or household use has ever been made.

It really takes out all the dirt, quickly, safely, economically.

It saves time, it lessens rubbing and it is wonderfully easy on clothes.

It makes rich, lasting suds with hard or soft water.

Winter or summer, cold water or hot, it cleanses quickly and rinses out completely, leaving behind no grayness or unpleasant soapy odor.

White clothes come out from a P and G laundering glistening white—colors come out fresh and smiling.

Maybe you are saying to yourself: "Can there *really* be a *noticeable* difference between my present soap and P and G?" Well, the simplest way to answer that question is to buy P and G—then wash and watch! Week after week you'll *see* your clothes improve in whiteness and freshness. You'll *feel* the difference in your arms and back.

Before your next washday, order P and G from your grocer. In its spic and span blue-and-white wrapper, the clean-smelling white cake holds the secret discovered by the women of Wisconsin, New Mexico, and all the rest of America. There is no real mystery about the supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

"I have been using P and G The White Naphtha Soap for several years and find it gives splendid results. It keeps the white clothes fresh and white and I do not believe it fades the colored clothes a particle. I also use it for dishwashing—it loosens the grease better than most soaps. I like it for general housecleaning such as washing woodwork, kitchen walls and floors, and for bedroom rugs and rag rugs. In fact, I recommend it highly for all general household purposes."

MRS. G. O. H., Milwaukee, Wis.

"I find P and G unsurpassed for washing white as well as colored clothing. I have no dread that my colored clothes will fade. For dishwashing it is all anyone could want. For general housecleaning, such as washing woodwork and the bathroom, I would use nothing but P and G."

MRS. J. S. G., Tucumcari, N. Mex.



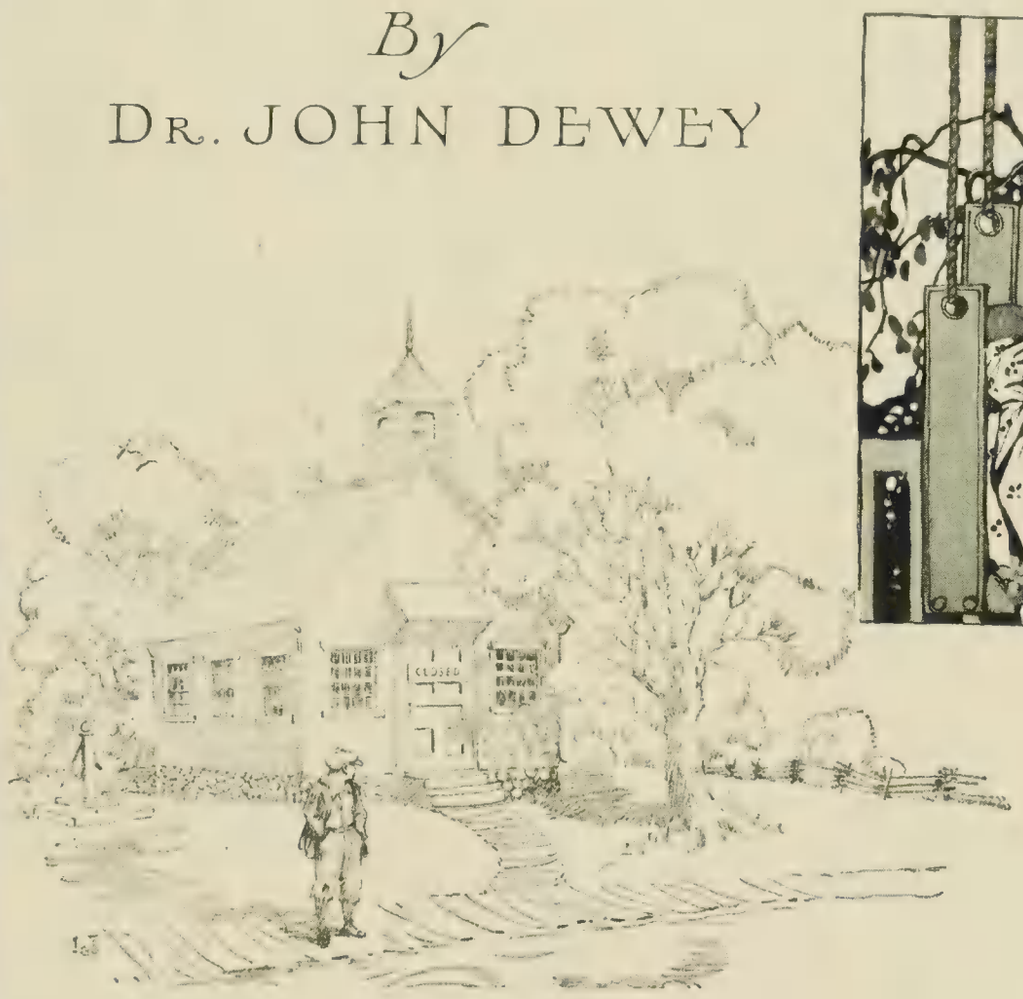
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THE LARGEST-SELLING LAUNDRY SOAP IN AMERICA

What is the matter with Teaching?

By

DR. JOHN DEWEY





LONG VACATIONS DO NOT COMPENSATE YOUNG WOMEN FOR THE OTHER DISADVANTAGES OF THE TEACHING PROFESSION. IN MANY RURAL DISTRICTS THERE ARE FEWER SCHOOLS AND FEWER TEACHERS TO-DAY THAN THERE WERE TEN YEARS AGO

AMERICAN educational theory is the most advanced to be found in the world. It is a recognized source of progressive educational movements in Japan, China, Australia, Russia, Turkey, South Africa as well as western Europe. Those schools in the United States in which this theory is put in operation are an inspiration to modern schools all over the world. And what is most significant is that these schools are a good deal more than models for improvement in this or that new detail. They have furnished new and revolutionary ideas of what schools are for; of what they are capable of effecting in transforming lives of boys and girls, and of how the transformation is brought about. It is in elementary education that this work has been accomplished; no such striking advance is found in high schools or colleges.

Nevertheless the vast mass of American elementary schools show no trace of the influence of advanced educational theory or practise. They are practically what they have been for the last fifty years; worse, one is tempted to say, but that perhaps is an exaggeration. In the big cities they are by and large big scholastic factories, efficiently managed for the American commercial specialty—mass production of standardized products at lost cost. In the rural districts they are dead, dispirited, poorly equipped, with the air of carrying on a losing struggle.

WHAT is the cause of this contrast? this contradiction? In a word, the answer is found in the old saying: As is the teacher, so is the school. Yet this answer tells us only where to look for the problem; it does not solve the problem. Teachers are an effect of social conditions before they are a cause of schools.

Why are the teachers of our elementary schools what they are? What selected them? What keeps them what they are? The responsibility is found in the community; we can not unload it on the teachers, for they are symptoms, products of our own beliefs, desires, ideals, and what we are satisfied with. To find out what is the matter with the schools, we have to make an examination of teachers; to find out what is the matter with the teachers, we have to examine ourselves.

As a people, we profess to believe in education above everything else. We have succeeded in making ourselves believe in this profession. Critics are taken in by it, and ridicule our alleged faith as a blind religion and our devotion to schools as a cult, a superstitious mummery. But what is the test of the depth and sincerity of a faith? Only acts show whether a professed belief is living or is a form of words. In the case of education the actions which serve as a test are: First, are we willing to pay, to give, to sacrifice, to get and keep in our elementary schools the kind of men and women teachers who alone can make our schools be what they should be? And, secondly, apart from money for salaries and equipment of schools for educational work, what are we willing to do in the way of esteem, respect, social prestige, hearty backing? For neither question is the answer very encouraging, least of all for elementary schools.

Immediately after the war the shortage of teachers was such as to compel some attention to the question of adjustment of wages in the face of the rise in the cost of living. The Red scare helped also, at least as far as high school and college teachers were concerned, since there was a fear that poorly paid "intellectuals" would be attracted toward Bolshevism. But symptoms only, not causes, were then dealt with, and that remains true to-day. Salaries were increased with reference to quantity and not quality. The aim was simply to pay what was demanded in order to get enough teachers to go around, such as they were; not to find out what would be required to attract and hold the best men and women within the schools.

In spite of the readjustment of wage scales, the shortage is still all but chronic in many regions, and in many rural districts there are fewer schools and fewer teachers to-day than there were ten years ago. A serious feature in the situation is that while elementary teaching is lessening in attractiveness, other callings are gaining in competitive power, especially for women. It is not necessary to point out how many avenues formerly closed to women are now open to them. The "invasion" of business, if not of the professions, by women is a commonplace. Moreover, the higher paid positions in business are becoming more and more accessible, so that ambitious women see something ahead to beckon them on. In contrast the pulling power of the elementary teaching vocation on the financial side is almost pitiable.

TEN years ago one of the greatest problems of the women's colleges in placing their graduates was to find anything but a poorly paid teaching profession for them to go into. The more enterprising institutions made a business of diversifying opportunities. So rapid has been the change that one of the colleges which took up this matter most seriously found a few years ago that its courses to prepare students for teaching were almost without students. In less than ten years teaching sank from an almost monopolistic rôle among gainful occupations for women down toward the lower half of the list.

The other side of this story is that as cultivated women coming from homes with a tradition of culture find teaching less and less attractive, keeping school presents itself to another class of girls as an opportunity to take a step upward beyond the place of their parents in the social scale. In the larger cities a constantly increasing ratio of elementary school teachers come from daughters of immigrants of, as a rule, not more than one generation's standing.

I have no sympathy with the highbrow and "Nordic" slurs passed upon our recent immigrants. I only point out that it is impossible to secure in large numbers from this particular class

$2,000 IN PRIZES!

"What is the matter with the teaching profession and how may its evils be cured?"

For the best answers to this question THE DELINEATOR is offering $2,000 in prizes, as follows:

To Teachers: A first prize of $500, a second of $300, and a third of $200.

To Parents (and others not teachers, but interested in education): a first prize of $500, second of $300, and a third of $200.

You do not have to be an experienced writer to take part in this contest. We want you to search your own mind and experience and tell us, quite simply, one or more reasons why, in your opinion, over 110,000 teachers deserted the teaching profession last year, and why every year a smaller percentage of college graduates are choosing teaching as a life work. If you are one of those who have deserted it, give your own experience; if not, give the experience of your friends or of your community.

The following are some of the well-known men and women who will be judges in this contest:

David Starr Jordan, President Emeritus, Leland-Stanford University.

Ada Comstock, President of Radcliffe College.

Livingston Farrand, President of Cornell University.

William McAndrew, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago.

Katharine Lee Bates, Professor of English Literature, Wellesley College; author of "America the Beautiful."

Angelo Patri, Principal of Public School Number 45, New York City; author of "A Schoolmaster of the Great City," etc.

Mrs. A. H. Reeve, President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Editor of THE DELINEATOR.

You can find the rules for the prize contest on the editorial page of this issue; see that your paper conforms to these rules, for if it does not it can not be considered for a prize.

any high grade of cultivation, occupied as the families have been with getting a bare economic foothold, and that the pathetic eagerness for education displayed by many of this immigrant class does not compensate for the generations of intellectual starvation which has produced this hunger.

In one form and another, the depths of culture are contained in the resources of the mother tongue, and not much can be expected from teachers to whom the daily language is still largely an external instrument and not an organ of the soul.

Another proof of the seriousness of the financial aspect of the question is the extent of the "labor turn-over." I spare the reader any attempt at statistics upon this point as upon that of salaries. Any one can take judicial notice of the fact that even in the cities where preparation and advancement are best organized from a mechanical point of view, the number of teachers who abandon their calling is very large. This signifies in practise that young and unexperienced girls are flowing in a steady stream into the elementary schools, only, after they have obtained some experience and some professional sense and outlook, to be replaced by others, equally crude, who have also resorted to teaching as a temporary stop-gap pending marriage or the taking up of some more lucrative pursuit. And this is the situation at its best!

In the country districts as a whole there is hardly even a pretense of the maintenance of professional standards and spirit. Teaching is no more a profession than washing dishes and taking care of the baby at home. It is an improvised occupation easily taken up and easily laid



aside, largely pursued to fill in because it does not involve as much social stigma as going out to service and exacts little if any more special training than is acquired by any one who has himself or herself been at school. If these words seem harsh or exaggerated, let it be remembered that there is little prospect of any great improvement in our schools throughout the country as a whole until we get rid of our feeling of complacency.

FINALLY, let us bear in mind that all conditions are at the worst in elementary schools. A large part of even the educated part of the community is still under the shadow of the old belief that anybody who is in possession of his five senses and who has himself or herself learned to read, write and figure, knows enough to teach *little* children, at least if he or she "be handy with the children." It is not too much to say that psychological science has in the last few years practically proved the prophetic insight of a few great educational reformers who asserted that the early years are the most important, because at this period all the underlying emotional habits and unconscious attitudes are being formed. The scientific demonstration is the more impressive because it has come mainly from physicians who in dealing with abnormalities have been forced to trace them to their origin in badly adjusted personal and social relationships in childhood.

It may be that this scientific demonstration will mark the beginning of a new era in education. But if so, the epoch is still in the future. Parents and teachers alike are still committed to the absurdity that the older a person is, and the more fixed, closed and specialized his habits, the more important are skill and learning in his guardians and teachers, while in the plastic years in which habits are being formed for the whole of life, habits which are fundamental and general, the human being may safely be left to chance, ignorance and inexpertness. I sometimes think that this absurdity is itself more than enough to account for all the failures of all our educational efforts, and that until it is remedied all our energies spent in other directions are wasted. See what happens. As a rule the most inexperienced teachers and those who receive the lowest rate of pay are given the youngest children. Because the latter are the easiest to teach, they shall receive the supposedly poorest teachers. Then because being the easiest to teach and learn, and having been started by acquiring habits in the most haphazard and misfit ways, we will pay subsequent teachers more and more to try and correct the results of prior poor teaching and learning! So it works out that we college teachers, who by the nature of the case can do the least in forming fundamental habits, although most, of course, in imparting specialized skill and knowledge, get the highest pay for the fewest hours of work.

It is not all a joke if I say that we can measure the dawn of a serious faith in education by the manifestation of willingness to pay the highest wages going to those who actively direct the education of the youngest. We shall then begin by setting new teachers to deal with older and relatively case-hardened specimens, and as they prove their fitness promote them to teach younger children whose education is so much more important just because they are much, so much easier,to teach wrong. As for high-school and college students, once started right they would largely educate one another, together with the contacts which they would naturally seek with those specially skilled and learned in the lines in which their curiosity had been aroused.

IN DEVOTING so much of my space to the pecuniary side, I do not imply that right education can be bought out of hand like a material commodity. I have in mind the will to pay adequately as a sign and test of the genuineness and depth of our professed faith and interest in the cause of popular education. My first question is really part of my second: What is the degree and quality of our esteem, our working respect for education as measured by our attitude toward those who pursue it? Judged by our desire to make the calling materially attractive, it is pretty low, and the intangibles and imponderables of the case bear out the conclusions indicated by the material factor. Who pays the piper calls the tune.



IN RURAL SCHOOLS THE "LABOR TURN-OVER" IS VERY LARGE. ONE OF THE REASONS IS UNCOMFORTABLE LIVING AND LACK OF CONGENIAL COMPANIONS IN A SELF-CENTERED COMMUNITY

Consider first the conditions with which teaching is surrounded. It is a commonplace of those scientific principles to which allusion was made at the outset that no two children are alike, that no two learn in just the same way, or are, strictly speaking, capable of being compared, measured and graded on a basis of just quantity, more and less. Nevertheless the number of pupils to a teacher may average anywhere above thirty-six, this being regarded as about the lowest number under most favorable conditions. Consequently quantity becomes the controlling consideration. The teacher is compelled to instruct in batches and on a basis of uniformity. Everything tends automatically to lock-step treatment in teaching and discipline. To cover so much ground with every pupil, to have each one go through as nearly as possible the same motions as every other, is the same thing as to discourage originality and depress individuality.

What if the teacher believes in encouraging independent thought and creative impulse? The pressure of circumstances gives her no opportunity; she is forced to fall in line; she is a part of the machine. Uniformity gives speed, and speed alone enables her to get over the ground that she is required to cover.

Human beings were not constructed to operate like machines; they need more leeway and variety of action. Hence the teacher is under constant nervous strain from the abnormality of her life. The type of nervous fatigue and overstrain which marks the school is as easily recognizable as that found in the overdriven factory worker.

In the teacher it goes deeper and leaves behind it a great organic irritability. For the factory hand is only working against machines. The school hand is working against other human beings who also rebel against being treated as machines. The strain and irritation is more than doubled. Then the teacher looks for the first chance to escape from the treadmill. The vicious circle keeps on.

GENERALIZATION regarding the social esteem in which elementary teachers are held is probably foolish, since it is not likely that the same rule holds for the country as a whole. What is needed is a careful collection of data made by investigation of selected parts of the country. Upon the whole, however, elementary teachers seem to be approaching the status of upper-class servants, save that their conduct and movement are subject to a closer watch and stricter censorship. What is galling to those with brains and is surely driving them from the profession is that they are not expected to have any ideas of their own on any controverted social and moral subjects. Wo be to them if in an unguarded moment they permit a dull class in geography, or history or civil government to be enlivened by a discussion of some contemporary topic in which the appearance of heretical ideas is permitted. These things are in the keeping of the local branch of the American Legion, of the hardware merchant and bank cashier and the local board of education.

Colorless intellectual conformity, blank vacuousness, is the estate to which the teacher is called. Even in her amusements and what is commonly called "social life," the teacher must be not only blameless and circumspect, but neutral and subservient. Consciously and still more by unconscious selection and elimination, the teaching profession is insured against the presence of vigorous, many-sided and rich personalities, from whom alone something positive and constructive might be expected.

The ever-thickening wall which divides the classroom teacher and the administrative officer is another sign of the degraded esteem in which the elementary teacher is held. When the community thinks with some degree of respect and honor of an "educator," it is the principal and superintendent who is thought of. Within the system promotion and increase of pay are almost equivalents of getting out of teaching and into that professional mystery termed administration. The further away one is from children and from the only place where education takes place, the direct contact of mind and mind, the greater is the probability that one will be an educational authority and looked up to with respect and envy. In the name of scientific administration and close supervision, the initiative and freedom of the actual teacher are more and more curtailed. By means of achievement and mental tests carried on from the central office, of a steadily issuing stream of dictated typewritten communications, of minute and explicit syllabi of instruction, the teacher is reduced to a living phonograph. In the name of centralization of responsibility and of efficiency and even science, everything possible is done to make the teacher into a servile rubber stamp. After we have either thus scared away intellectual creativeness and originality, or else segregated it in offices remote from fertilizing contact with child life which is touched only through statistics and standardized tests, we wonder why all the energy and zeal expended upon education bears so little fruit!

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BULGARIAN BET

A story for baby-lovers — and other lovers, too

By SHIRLEY SEIFERT



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

IN THE DIMNESS THE SAINTS ON THE WALL SMILED AT THE SITUATION

"NOW, isn't she sweet?"

"She certainly is not sweet! She smells like a sour cheese."

Elizabeth Harkaway's blue eyes burned hot defiance at Doctor Whalen over the absurd bundle of human composition which the doctor insisted was hers by ties of flesh and blood. The baby lay on the oak table of the parlor at St. Mary's Hospital, wrapped in one of those idiotic blue blankets sprinkled with white bears or rabbits—only the person who made them could say which. Elizabeth Harkaway, angry at her rôle of aunt, charming as the brilliant March morning in her white studio frock with a golf cape strapped carelessly to her shoulders, stood on one side of the table and Doctor Whalen stood on the other.

Elizabeth disliked Doctor Whalen, too. He was fat. He looked disturbingly maternal in his all-over smock with the sleeves short above his plump elbows. He was the most popular baby doctor in the city. For that, also, Elizabeth despised him. And it made her furious to know now that his eyes. for all their sleepless heaviness, were twinkling at her stubborn chin, that the very painted saints on the walls around were smiling at the situation. Elizabeth wanted to scream.

The baby spoke first. A pink flipper feebly beat the air above the blue blanket and the child screeched.

"I won't touch her," said Elizabeth. "Every time I tilt her the least bit, she spills some of that awful buttermilk food. She's ruined this dress now. And I pay my own laundry bills."

The doctor considered anew the crisp linen studio frock.

"You had better wear something more ordinary—less spoilable—until you are accustomed to handling her. Mothers find it advisable——"

"But I am not a mother. I am an artist-photographer."

THE doctor picked up the blue bundle, made a smoothing motion or two with his broad hands, and laid it down again—perfectly quiet. To see the enormous man manipulate the speck of a baby gave Elizabeth a queer feeling about her nose. And in an effort to remove that tightness behind her nose she drew a breath which in a weaker person would have been called a sob.

"It isn't fair! No, it really isn't fair!" Elizabeth protested.

"What isn't fair, child?"

"I'm not a child. I'm thirty years old. I'm old enough to know my own mind—to decide my own life. I have decided it. Years ago I made up my mind to have a career. I loved pictures—painting, sketching, all of that. I loved beautiful pictures so that it hurt, but I couldn't draw a line. Somebody gave me a camera one Christmas and—oh, well! Anyhow, beginning there, I took up photography. I broke my legs climbing trees—I burned my hands and my best clothes with acids—I worked and worked. Then I began to get a reputation and later some business. And now—now, when things are really beginning to happen—this! I wouldn't marry myself. I deliberately chose not to marry."

Even a sleepy doctor could have told that non-marriage had been choice on her part.

"Dear me!" said he.

Elizabeth turned back to him, her blue eyes still hot.

"It isn't fair," she stormed. "You've seen Peggy up-stairs with her ruffles and curls and invalid pallor and sweet, saintly air of martyred motherhood, and you think she's perfectly lovely—and that isn't fair."

"Now, now!" said the doctor.

"And you'll only think less of me when I tell you about Peggy—it will sound awful—but I've got to say it. Peggy always was pretty and ruffled and curled and sweet like that—at some other person's expense."

Elizabeth waved her hand at the ceiling to indicate the general location of Peggy's room—then, meeting the doctor's eye, flushed.

"I'm not referring to the fact that I am paying the hospital bill here and will pay for her maintenance at the sanitarium that you recommend. I'm talking about the big things—the things that really matter. When we were girls at home together, it was like this. At one time I had to stay at home from my first Artists' Guild reception because Peg had worn my Georgette dress to a circus and shredded the skirt on the boards. That sort of thing. And then she married. Of course she married. That was never in doubt. The question was what would she marry. She made the poorest selection possible. She picked on a trombone-player in a jazz orchestra. Imagine! He had neat silk ankles and he wore sideburns and could make more different kinds of noises than any other trombonist known. She saw him once and sent him a note—in my name—making an appointment with him at my studio for a free photograph. She gave him tea and two weeks later they eloped." Elizabeth's tone was bitter. The doctor puckered his lips and whistled softly.

"Of course he wouldn't stay married. He skipped out and she came here and had a baby. I was glad to pick up the heavy end of the load and carry it. But I never dreamed that this would happen."

A blue-robed Sister paused at the door to make signs to the doctor.

"Just a minute," he said.

"Do you understand?" said Elizabeth. "I know Peg is sick—and really I am sorry, though I know she'll come out on top somehow. But doesn't it seem downright devilish that she should have to be sick in such a way that she can't care for her own child, that she should have to go to a sanitarium where the baby mustn't go?"

Still the doctor smiled. He was the most persistently amiable person!

"You do appear to be the victim of a conspiracy," he said. "But none of this happened on purpose, really. Your sister was not glad to unload the care of her daughter on you."

"How do you know that?"

"She said, 'Poor little baby!' "

"What?"

The doctor spoke on—in a would-be soothing manner.

"You see, she, too, told me about you two sisters. She understands your attitude toward matrimony and children."

"Did she insinuate that I wasn't fit to care for a child?"

Wild anger shook Elizabeth's voice as she spoke.

"I hope I'm intelligent enough to prepare a buttermilk and corn-sirup formula!"

"The mother would be worrying because you had no

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Tears and Laughter caught in Bronze

A great woman sculptor recalls her trials and triumphs

By BESSIE POTTER VONNOH

"NOTHING CAN BE DONE"

Little Bessie Potter heard the doctor's death sentence when she was only ten years old. But something was done—after eight years of invalidism she fought her way to health. That same dauntless spirit has carried her on to fame. One of the few women elected to the National Academy of Design—the greatest honor that can come to an artist—prize-winner at many exhibitions, represented in famous museums, and designer of the exquisite Roosevelt Memorial Fountain, Mrs. Vonnoh has an inspiring story of courage and achievement to tell you



THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL EXPRESSES THE JOYOUSNESS OF YOUTH

WHEN I was fourteen I decided that I wanted to be a sculptor. This seems really the begininng of my life. Yet it would be ungrateful not to mention the invalid childhood which came before, for the sufferings of those long years taught me a lesson in endurance.

I was born on the 17th of August, 1872, in St. Louis, Missouri. When I was two years old, my father was killed in a railroad accident. Shortly after this my invalidism set in, and until I was ten years old I knew little else but pain.

The ailment was mysterious. One puzzled doctor after another diagnosed the case. All disagreed. All prescribed differently. As a result I endured years of slow torture, sometimes encased in plaster casts, sometimes held by straps from the ceiling in an upright position, sometimes lying exhausted in a wheel-chair. During those invalid years my inactivity stunted me so that to-day I am child-size, standing only about four feet eight inches from the floor.

At last, in my tenth year, the doctor then attending gave me up. I heard his death sentence: "I won't come again. Nothing can be done. Make her as comfortable as you can."

But instead of dying I began gradually to get well. Why, no one ever understood. I only know that when all treatments and fussing ceased I slowly began to mend.

When I went to school, the modeling-class was my delight. We copied casts of fruit and flowers and made reliefs in wax from pictures—preposterous things. But the work enchanted me. The touch of the clay and the joy of creating gave me a sense of deep contentment. Our teacher was an old German professor, whose principal piece of advice was: "Make it smootin mit your finker."

We were living then through an epidemic of hand-painted "things," from sofa pillows to shovels decorated with snow scenes and sprinkled with diamond dust. I loved all these, and painted away furiously, decorating every loose object in our house; even coloring the pictures in all our books.

IT WAS in these same days of callow youth and untempered zeal that I fitted up a little "studio" at home, pinning on the walls pictures of sculptors from the magazines. But my workmanship immediately attracted orders. And how comical they were!

First I was asked to paint the portrait of a house. I eagerly undertook the commission and concentrated on it fiercely. There wasn't a shingle I didn't put on that house! Next I modeled the head of a political candidate for a campaign cane. To-day I shudder when I think of it.

When I was about fifteen, mother and I discovered an Italian plaster-caster's shop. The discovery of this shop was a turning-point in my life, for it was through its proprietor that I heard of Mr. Lorado Taft, the sculptor, to whom my mother finally took me for advice. I was still a child in years, but much in earnest, and knew that my mother's moderate resources only would permit another year of schooling. Mr. Taft, understanding this, kindly permitted me the privilege of working in his studio every Saturday.

On his advice I also enrolled in the Chicago Art Institute, where he was an instructor, and it was my fortune to obtain immediately from various sources enough orders for portraits to pay my expenses from the very first.

At the end of my second term at the Institute I had the joy of receiving a prize for my work in the class. During the next year, 1891, I began to exhibit locally. Soon I was exhibiting in most of the Chicago shows and earning enough to enable me to make a long-dreamed-of trip to New York. There I spent the whole Summer, drinking in beauty and meeting the famous artists of the day. I had been given letters of introduction to Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, Mr. Daniel Chester French, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, Mr. Olin Warner and others, and I made the round of their studios with my heart in my mouth.

Never shall I forget Mr. St. Gaudens. Physically he was the fine type I had expected, with an ideal head, a straight nose and sensitive face. But personally he was lovely and kind beyond imagination. The day I called on him he was working on the Shaw Memorial for Boston. Over it there is a flying figure, and something about this was troubling him. He turned to me earnestly.

"There's something wrong with it, Miss Potter," he said anxiously. "What do you think it is?"

I don't remember my reply. But I do recall my astonishment at the man's sweetness and simplicity. Imagine his turning for advice to a child who had chanced to blow in! I learned, then, a lesson about the truly great.

When I was once more back in Chicago, I found the World's Fair in preparation. To my unbounded delight I was employed to work on the sculpture under Mr. Taft's direction, together with his other pupils. I was also given a commission to do a figure eight feet high, representing Art, for the Illinois Building. I was to receive five dollars a day for my general work and eight hundred for the statue.

My joy can hardly be imagined. What mattered it that I must ride to the Fair grounds every day in an unheated horse-car with straw spread on the floor? I mounted that bumpy car each morning as if it were a chariot.



"SHE HAS PUT NEW LIFE INTO YOUR OLD BONES OF AN ART"

IN 1894, when I was twenty-two years old, I left behind me forever the swaddling clothes of art-student life and became a professional. That is, I rented my first studio!

No jewel will ever be as precious to me as that studio



LORADO TAFT WAS MRS. VONNOH'S FIRST TEACHER AND LIFELONG FRIEND

key. And as for the orders—luckily for me they came trickling in. Between times I invited my girl friends to pose, making little statuettes of them just as they dropped in, dressed in all the incongruities of the day.

Like all young things I was radical in art. Greek sculpture did not appeal to me at all. It seemed a far cry, and cold. What I wanted was to look for beauty in the every-day world, to catch the joy and swing of modern American life, using the methods of the Greeks but not their subject-matter. I was equally determined to prove that as perfect a likeness and as much beauty could be produced in statuettes twelve inches in height, and in busts six inches, as could be had in the life-size and colossal productions suitable for so few houses.

With this ideal before me, and barely enough orders to keep me going, I struggled along in obscurity for a number of months. Then suddenly, almost overnight, I found my little statuettes had become the fashion. I had started a vogue—portraits in plaster; orders were pouring in.

My struggle for a livelihood was not over yet, however. For I had to produce these statuettes ("Potterines") with great rapidity, and was able to charge for them only about twenty-five dollars apiece, including the cost of casting. Then, too, there was the serious problem of how to portray charmingly women in the atrocious fashions of the day—balloon sleeves, pinched waists, full skirts, funny little hats.

As my savings grew, there was born in me the intense desire to go to Europe. So one day mother and I sailed with Mr. Taft and his sister.

My stay in Paris was packed with big experiences—among them a visit to Rodin in his studios. He was my idol at the time, and to meet him was an event so tremendous in my uneventful life that I went to it trembling.



THE ARTIST'S MOTHER, MRS. MARY McKENNEY POTTER

We found him working in a big bare room with marble-cutting and casting going on around him. But in place of the man of rugged appearance and gruff manner whom I expected there came forward to receive us an affable, kindly, neat gentleman who had laid aside studio togs and donned black business clothes in our honor. I suffered a bitter shock of disappointment, but in a few moments I had forgiven him, for he was very kind. He showed us photographs of his work; and whenever I admired one especially he would ask me if I did not want it.



THIS FINE STATUE, "MOTHERHOOD," IS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

I RETURNED to Chicago filled with enthusiasm, and a busy Winter followed. I had all the orders I could fill, besides which I produced two figures—"The Spirit of the Water" and "A Young Mother." The latter is one of my best-known pieces to day, as it is in many museums and private collections.

Virtually all my effort, however, was put into portrait work—statuettes of society women in the horrible dress of the day. It was amazing how intelligent women clung to it. Julia Marlowe was an exception among my sitters. She posed for me in a graceful Juliette costume. How I longed for the power to do justice to her, for she was beautiful!

An extreme example of the other type of sitter was a certain wealthy matron who wanted a portrait of Susan B. Anthony and herself together. This lady—Mrs. Blank—was enormously stout. And the dress she insisted on using would not come together in the back. It was terrible beyond words—white satin with balloon sleeves, full skirt and great baskets of flowers embroidered at the hips.

"Never mind," I consoled her, as patient Miss Anthony looked on with quiet tolerance, a willing martyr because Mrs. Blank was helping to finance the "Cause." "No one will see that it is open." I seated Miss Anthony—a charming subject, gentle and feminine, almost beautiful; then I stood Mrs. Blank beside her, white kid gloves and all.

We had hardly started when a caller dropped in, Mme. Lillian Nordica, the fashionable singer of the day.

"Don't let me interrupt you," she urged. "I'll just look about." And she commenced to stroll around the studio.

Mrs. Blank's bosom began to heave, and for a moment I thought she was going to run from the room. Instead, however, she kept turning, so the singer would not see her back. Nordica soon caught on, became highly amused, and tormented the poor lady by hovering near, until I was in despair for fear I should lose my order.



ROBERT W. VONNOH IS ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED PAINTERS



"ON SANDMAN'S TRAIL"

IT WAS during this year that a congenial group of workers in the various arts—such as Eugene Field, Edward MacDowell, Herbert Stone, Henry B. Fuller, Hamlin Garland, Lucy Harriet Monroe, Burton Holmes and A. B. and L. K. Pond—came together in my studio, forming a club called "The Little Room."



DOROTHY, DAUGHTER OF GUY WIGGINS, THE PAINTER

Eugene Field was one of the most beloved of our members. Droll, whimsical, full of nonense and pranks, yet pathetically wistful at times, he was a kind of male Maude Adams. Himself a boy who had never grown up, it was his impish delight when riding on a street-car to make a fiendish face at some fat, stupid baby while its mother was not looking; then, when it howled, and she turned, to cross over and ask mildly: "Nice little child! What is the matter, dear?"

That year I began to send my work to exhibitions in the East. To my great joy and astonishment it sold; and the critics commenced to write magazine and newspaper articles about it. Partly on the strength of this I

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ONE DAY to LIVE

In which an arrogant Emperor learns the meaning of heaven from Princess Budding Moon and a stranger warrior

By MAUD and DELOS W. LOVELACE



LOVE IS THE KEY TO JOY. SEE THESE TWO. THEY SIT IN THE TIMELESS VALLEY OF HAPPINESS

Drawings by Joseph M. Clement

"HEAVEN and I understand each other," the Emperor Yeng Ti dictated. And then he fell into profound thought, while Ming Foo, the copyist, cut fresh wrinkles of awe into his face, which was already as wrinkled as a dried cassia leaf.

"Heaven accepts my omnipotence in the world as I accept Its omnipotence in celestial realms," the Emperor resumed. "Of this I have had abundant proof. My subjects must honor the scroll which the four winds hereafter will bear aloft, '*Yeng Ti and God!*' "

And the Emperor, having finished, ordered the necessary copies to be made in readiness for dispatch to his countless governors throughout his kingdom, which ran even unto the far Pamir.

"I will have Lo Chun, my sorcerer," he commanded then. The command was swollen with a mighty arrogance. None other than one who believed his overlordship coequal with Heaven's could have attained such a tone. Bright-clad courtiers made a startled lane for the hurrying messenger.

And, waiting, the Emperor Yeng Ti leaned upon the arm of the golden Dragon Throne and looked through the window of his lofty Council Tower to where the nearby Palace of Delight vaulted azure and black and red. This was the greatest palace in the world and the most beautiful, and he had builded it to be the home of his daughter, the greatest Princess in the world and the most beautiful—Budding Moon.

A fermentation broke out in the multicolored host who swarmed before the Gate of the Emperor's Daughter in the sun-brightened wall of the Palace of Delight. And the Emperor, observing this, was moved to an uncommon joy. For he knew that it marked the long-expected home-coming of his daughter

THE Princess Budding Moon was come home to choose a husband. She had sixteen summers, and besides comprehending all wifely duties, together with the care of silkworms and the weaving of silk and cotton and the culture of the lotus, peony, hibiscus, wisteria and orchid, she was profound in her knowledge of the philosophies of both Lao-tse and Confucius. Thus her mind was prepared to essay the responsibilities of matrimony.

As for other attributes, she was not tall and she was very slender. She went upon her little feet as the windflower drifts. Her young waist was as yielding as a bundle of new silk.

At sight of her palanquin that joy welled up in the Emperor which only he knows who centers all his love upon one being. And this was followed by a little sadness. For the Emperor knew that even the best man is scarcely fit for any woman. Pondering upon this he wondered where, then, he might find a mate for the Princess Budding Moon. He became fearful, realizing that even the greatest Princess in the world is only imperfectly secured from sadness.

Love fought with his great pride of place, impelling him to arise and go to greet her. But he denied himself this gratification. On this day not even for his daughter would he openly reveal ordinary emotions. On this day even she must come second to his empire.

And he turned resolutely to meet the advancing Lo Chun, who was the most mysterious man in all Yeng Ti's land. None knew whence he came nor who were his ancestors. But his power was greater than that of all the Emperor's other advisers in union. He was old and tall and garbed in a pale-blue robe. And he had a pale pontifical face in which piercing eyes were set. Rumor spoke of a mission to which his hand had been put—some said divinely.

"Lo Chun," commanded the Emperor Yeng Ti, "I will be told whether I may spread my new banners to-morrow. Will my General Wu T'ang be successful in the battle he fights to-day?"

"I have learned," replied Lo Chun, the sorcerer, "that to-day your foe becomes a Guest on High."

"My last rival! Then my banners will be finished none too soon. To-morrow it will, indeed, be '*Yeng Ti and God.*' "

Lo Chun, the sorcerer, gave no response to this. A locust strummed vibrantly from some chink in the tower wall and for the space of the sound the sorcerer was silent, tight-lipped. As it ended, he seemed evanescently to rise in his slender height up and up until his head passed through the open dome and vanished in the sky. But this could have been nothing more than the fantastic swaying of his mysterious figure bowing before the Emperor's exultation.

"And the battle!" cried the Emperor Yeng Ti. "My last rival departs—but what of his army and his generals?"

"The event of the battle is in the hands of the Emperor's general and of the Emperor himself."

"Then show me the scene that I may know what I must tell my general to do."

Lo Chun, the sorcerer, fathomed into his capacious blue sleeve, drawing from its depths a sphere. This was of a substance like frozen milk, polished to opalescence. It seemed a vast eye without a pupil. Yet the Emperor Yeng Ti was to have proof that it could see.

The sorcerer mounted now to the throne level and the sphere was cupped reverently in his hands. He floated close to Yeng Ti. They bent their heads and as they did the room went black, as black as the faces of Yeng Ti's warrior dwarfs.

Outside sunlight flooded the world. But the bright rays were turned back at the window of the Council Tower as a spear is turned back by an impenetrable buckler. The room lay under the hand of darkness. Only the sphere in the grasp of Lo Chun, the sorcerer, remained lucent. A fierce light blazed within it, pouring down upon the landscape which it revealed.

This appeared a devastated country with villages huddled like dusty beggars who had died in their alms seats. At one point a river spread out into a broad lake. Above the lake a vast fleet of war junks raised sails and dropped oars. It moved forward and upon the lean commander who stood in the prow of the leading vessel sat an air of harassed resolve. Below the lake another great fleet advanced confidently. And over this fleet floated the banners of the Emperor Yeng Ti.

"Wu T'ang prepares to fight in the wide lake," explained Lo Chun.

"Send him more swiftly forward. He must halt my enemy in confusion at the narrow mouth of the lake. Then into this confusion he must send fireships. Thus he will win the event with little risk."

A fiercer luminosity within the sphere burned down upon the landscape. And when this dimmed, the sunlight flooded back into the Council Tower. Lo Chun, the sorcerer, backed down from the throne, making his obeisance while he returned the sphere lightly to the depths of his sleeve.

THE Emperor Yeng Ti stared again through the window of the Council Tower. The bright wake of his daughter's retinue eddied into the Palace of Delight. He saw this even as he imagined a vast banner, "*Yeng Ti and God.*" And rising to descend, as a special occasion demanded, into the Hall of Judgment, he beckoned the Greatest Noble.

"The Princess Budding Moon will sit with me to-day. It should please her to see me pass judgment upon the Foreigner. And it should please my people to see her on the day of her return from the philosophers. You will carry this message to her in the Palace of Delight."

The Greatest Noble prostrated himself. Then he arose and departed swiftly. He was a meager man with a face like blank steel. He wore a yellow robe only a shade lighter than that of the robe of Yeng Ti. He was second to Yeng Ti in the empire, and he was the personal attendant of the Dragon Throne. "For," argued Yeng Ti, "if I make the highest do me daily service, then will the lowest of my subjects never cavil at according me that humility which is my due."

And the Emperor strode through the door of green jade set in a wall of porphyry. And he descended the wide alabaster stairway which led to the Hall of Judgment.

As the Emperor Yeng Ti entered, moving up the Aisle of the Twenty-five Statues, the walls rippled with sound. This sound came from the silks of the courtiers and the warriors' armor as the audience bent in homage.

The Emperor Yeng Ti advanced haughtily to the great double Dragon Throne and seated himself. His embroidered yellow robe fell open a little at the waist, revealing his breastplate of gold. Upon his head rested the imperial cap ornamented with one hundred and forty-four precious stones. Twelve pearl pendants hung from this to veil the Emperor's eyes. Thus, ordinarily, was a blind and fair justice insured. But to-day the ropes of pearl were pushed aside and the Emperor held a naked sword. This was because his pride had been audaciously flouted.

So, justly or unjustly, the Foreigner was being brought now to see his past service blotted out by one disservice. A murmur about the Western Door marked his approach. And as he entered, the soldiers were won anew by his gallant youth and the murmur swelled. The courtiers, who knew him from the amazing tales of his beardless bravery, gave way curiously before the advancing square of warders.

The Foreigner advanced proudly. His head, with its shock of yellow hair, was high. He was tall and moved with a lightness betokening great strength, although he was slender in comparison with the Emperor's bodyguard who grouped about the Dragon Throne. Beside the leader of these, Li Kong Ho, he seemed a stripling. And indeed he was young, although the leather lining of his suit of mail was scarred with many blows. By many blows. also, the tall cross upon his shield had been effaced. By much use, too, the freshness of the little golden spurs upon his heels had been worn dim. Yet, if the long sword at his side had been drawn, an armorer would have said the cross upon the blade had been engraved new within three years. But the sword would not be drawn, for it was bound into its scabbard by the golden prison cord of the Emperor.

The Foreigner performed a genuflection at the foot of the double Dragon Throne, but he did not prostrate himself, and the Emperor frowned.

"Hurl him onto his face!"

The command was upon the Emperor's lips, half uttered indeed, and the giant Li Kong Ho was shuffling ponderously in anticipatory obedience, when the speech was interrupted. Subdued cymbals clashed outside the Eastern Door. Soft harps sounded. Mellow flageolets blew. And then the Princess Budding Moon entered.



AFTER THE FORMAL MARRIAGE RITES THE STRANGER YOUTH REVERENTLY UTTERED SIX WORDS IN HIS OWN TONGUE

THE Princess Budding Moon was come in obedience to her imperial father's command, walking modestly beside the Greatest Noble down through the Aisle of the Twenty-five Statues. Her little smile, like a child's appealing fingers, touched one man after another in the great hall. Smiles broke out in answer. And as she bowed before her father's throne a thunder of voices avouched her serene charm:

"Hail! Hail! Hail! Our Princess, hail!
Hail, our Princess! Hail! Hail! Hail!"

The Emperor Yeng Ti greeted his daughter distantly lest he should betray a common father's pride, but he helped her into the left seat of the double throne. There she sat, a butterfly shining in a cumbrous frame. She looked about in gentle confusion. And then her hands convulsed in her lap.

The Foreigner continued to stare at her and she at him until that which his gaze proclaimed forced her eyes aside and deepened the dawn in her delectable cheeks. Terror started in her face when her father arose and spoke.

"Because you have disobeyed my command, Foreigner, you are here. Do you deny my right to inflict punishment in proportion to your crime?"

"I ask but justice, O Emperor!" replied the stranger youth.

"Justice is my word. You shall hear that accordingly as I balance your deeds against your misdeeds."

And thereupon the Emperor resolutely gripped his naked sword

No demurrer came from the stranger youth. Indeed he may not have heard, for the Princess Budding Moon had taken a flower from her hair and it had slipped down through her fingers to his feet. Li Kong Ho strode to rescue it, but he took scarcely one step to the other's five. And there was the flower in the hands of the golden-spurred youth.

"You came among us as you stand now," began the Emperor Yeng Ti, intent only upon voicing the vengeance of his pride. "You brought nothing save your sword and shield with their strange device and your strange armor You said you had been an unwilling warrior upon the pirate ship which broke upon our shores.

"You told a tale of a vow made to your God, of much fighting in a certain land which you called Holy. You told of treachery, capture, slavery.

"We gave you an honorable place. Your prowess gained due reward. Were you not, until the day of your crime, a favored general despite your beardless face?"

The stranger youth bent low before the just tally. And at the nadir of his obeisance his lips lingered unseen upon the flower in his hands, unseen save by the Princess Budding Moon.

"Did I not, honoring your merits, intrust you with a paramount duty?" the Emperor resumed. "I ordered you to capture the Prince Cho Sun. And I who stand equal with God look to have my commands obeyed throughout my empire even as His commands are obeyed in Heaven. Yet how do my emissaries report your conduct? 'He stopped in his pursuit ten hours,' they tell me, 'to gain a second glance at a maiden he saw upon a temple wall.'

"And so my General Wu T'ang must to-day hurl into battle fifty times ten thousand men."

The flame of denial burned in the face of the stranger youth. Yeng Ti held out an imperious hand.

"You are about to say my emissaries accused without cause. You would tell me your delay did not open the net to Cho Sun. Your friends already have told me that if you had not been seized you could have continued the pursuit to success But I do not know this. I know only that a maiden made you forget my commands."

As he paused, the Princess Budding Moon in her golden seat quivered like a shining butterfly in a blast.

"Only the greatest of the five punishments will suffice for this crime."

A murmur of pity swept the watching audience. Frowning heavily, the Emperor pushed on: "Yet there is none who may say that Yeng Ti abuses his power. And even this punishment will I ameliorate. Decapitation is not honorable for a soldier of one worthy deed. And the brush of valor has writ many upon the book of your days. Therefore Li Kong Ho will slay you here and now in fair battle. This much will be vouchsafed you."

And now the pity of the audience grew into a louder murmur. The boyish Foreigner was loved and honored for his gay courage and his gentleness. And no man ever had lived after facing the sword of Li Kong Ho, whose sword was sanguinely athirst. Once drawn, the demon within it would not permit it back into its scabbard until it had drunk away a life. The stranger youth, however, shook his yellow crest hardily.

"And if Li Kong Ho does not kill me?" he asked. "If I kill Li Kong Ho?"

Li Kong Ho burst into laughter. Indeed he almost burst with laughter. Even the Emperor passed over his anger and smiled. For a flash he regretted that this valiant Foreigner must die. Once, he recalled, he had considered this handsome youth as a spouse for his daughter. In all his realm he knew none other so worthy, so promising in greatness. But he banished the thought, remembering the affront to his pride. His face became like a descending blade.

"Loose the sword of the Foreigner!" ordered the Emperor.

The Princess Budding Moon cruelly twisted her fingers against the carven mouths of the dragons upon her throne. That which had before but dawned in her eyes shone now for all to see like the noonday sun. But all save the stranger youth were intent upon the coming combat. He smiled and kissed the cross hilt of his sword. Then he strode beside the giant Li Kong Ho into the Aisle of the Twenty-five Statues.

Li Kong Ho made his tremendous attack, a black cyclone sweeping upon a stripling oak. He swung his

two-handed sword like a resistless scythe of death. And with a speed appalling to the watchers the stranger youth was driven back.

Now the Aisle of the Twenty-five Statues sloped down to the Emperor's throne. Thus the stranger youth now was forced up an incline. This incline ended in a brief flight of steps, leading to a secondary dais upon which visiting potentates sometimes sat.

When the stranger youth had reached the third of these steps, it was made apparent that his retreat had been deliberate. He halted abruptly. He attacked. He forced Li Kong Ho's sword to waver in its deadly sweep. His blade became as a dozen darting arrows, threatening every crevice in his adversary's bulky armor. Never before had Li Kong Ho met such an onslaught. He gave way a pace. Seizing this moment of misgiving, the stranger youth leaped. With a great shout he hurled himself high above Li Kong Ho's thirsty point. His sword arm lunged out. His lithe body rose behind it. Sword and man became a terrible spear which drove into the throat of Li Kong Ho. And the giant fell upon his own blade, so that even in its master's death the thirsty sword drank away a life.

Breathless, exultant, the stranger youth strode back to bow before the Emperor.

No word came from Yeng Ti, gripping his naked sword. No word came from the soldiers and courtiers, staring at the clay of Li Kong Ho. The hall was a vast dumfounded silence until, like a crystal bell tinkling in a pall, two little hands clapped.

This loosed the voice of the audience. A packed hall took up the ecstasy of the Princess Budding Moon.

THE frenzy of the marveling host lifted the Foreigner to the pinnacle of worship. But the brow of Yeng Ti grew black, black. He saw his imperial power mocked by the victory, and his anger scorned the custom which called for the victor's liberation. At the deafening climax he shot to his feet. The great hall stilled.

"This man shall die!" He swore. "Enough of this clamor! Shall he slay my man after flouting my command?"

A vague babble of protest arose, but the naked, shaking sword forced silence.

"The Sticks of Destiny shall decide his fate. They shall say if he dies at once or if he is to be flung into a ship to float back whence he came."

The Sticks of Destiny were brought, and no less than the Greatest Noble cast them. The whole audience crowded to watch their fateful fall upon the yellow throne rug. Would the flat sides come up, sending the Foreigner to immediate death? Would the rounded sides come up, dooming him to mysterious waters?

The face of the Greatest Noble was blank. He gazed steadily at his master. Yeng Ti drew erect. His hand clenched so tightly about the haft of his sword that the drawn skin broke over the knuckles. And the Greatest Noble cast the Sticks of Destiny, and their flat sides came uppermost.

A little moan broke from the Princess Budding Moon. A great sigh broke from the watching audience. Lo Chun, the sorcerer, looked on with outraged eyes which the shamed gaze of the Greatest Noble would not meet. But the Emperor smiled in triumph.

"It is decreed," cried Yeng Ti. "Now, O Foreigner! If you would deny the will of Yeng Ti, speak!"

The stranger youth shrugged intrepid shoulders as he advanced to the foot of the dais.

"I bow to your judgment, O Emperor!" he said. "It is, after all, a small matter. No man can escape death in his turn."

He met fleetingly the gaze of the Princess Budding Moon and his voice tripped a little. Then with sudden resolve he raised it. He spoke now reverently, as one who recites a prayer.

"But Yeng Ti, I give thanks that the justice of Heaven transcends the justice of earth. For where an Emperor sends me alone to death, Heaven has given me love to be my companion.

"And if this is to be my last speech, let it be the utterance of that love. You say I die for a maiden upon a temple wall. I ask no greater boon. I beg only that she may hear these words. Let Heaven grant that the South winds, friends of lovers, bear them aloft! Let them reach her upon a temple wall—or elsewhere!

"Let her know that in my heart she reigns a golden vision encompassing all the beauty of the world. Let her know she was the one for whom I waited. And for whom I shall wait after the death you give me."

His voice fell softly.

"And for whom I shall wait," his whispering lips repeated. "I have done."

HE HAD no more than ended when the Emperor Yeng Ti was erect, raging.

"Name me this maiden!" he cried. "Name me this maiden that she may stand beside you! Ch'ou Chang, commander of my guard! Flay this man until he names the maiden. Is Yeng Ti to be mocked? She shall die with him. She shall die, though she be the daughter of the highest priest in my empire. Flay him! Find her! Slay them both! This is the command of Yeng Ti. *I* have done."

"Then I begin!" cried the little Princess. She fluttered down from the great throne. Unmoved by the wordless plea of the stranger youth, she ran swiftly from the dais and thrust her little hand into his.

"Hunt no farther!" she cried. "I was the maiden on the temple wall."

The tongue of Yeng Ti clave to the roof of his mouth. His face went gray. The multitude found its voice, however. There arose a sound low and dolorous, like the sea as it bruises itself against the feet of a mountain.

Now Lo Chun, the sorcerer, whispered into the ear of the stranger youth, who moved forward to the foot of the dais, never letting go the hand of the Princess Budding Moon.

"I claim the day," he shouted loudly. "I claim the day for the Princess and myself."

Once, early in the reign of Yeng Ti, a condemned man was executed summarily. Within the hour this man's innocence was irrefutably established. Whereupon the Emperor decreed that each culprit should have a day of grace lest justice miscarry again.

This was the day the stranger youth claimed. And upon his words there flashed over Yeng Ti's face a look which in any other would have been easy to define. But what it meant upon the countenance of the Emperor none knew. All were the more baffled because his words seemed to belie the look. He strode to the edge of the dais and nodded.

"I grant the day," he said. "But the decree stands for both. It is death."

He paused in a weighted silence.

"Heaven," he ended arrogantly, "will endorse my act as I have always endorsed the acts of Heaven."

THE weighted silence held. The echo of the Emperor's voice was the one sound in the shadowy hall. No shade, however, dimmed the shining eyes of the stranger youth and the Princess. These two turned to each other in joy. Sorrow chilled the hall, but they held happiness in their breasts and were warm. Never once did they cease gazing upon the wonder they saw in the eyes of each other. Only the Emperor seemed unsoftened by their love. With a mien like adamant he flung down his sword, dismissing the audience.

"Ch'ou Chang," he ordered, "imprison these in the Palace of Delight."

Then he hurried toward the Council Tower.

Lo Chun followed the Emperor, but slowly, for he stopped in the arcade to watch an itinerant magician. This man had set up his little stand before the dismissed audience. Thrice, to attract attention, he thrust a long knife into the body of his apprentice who received no harm therefrom. Then the magician found Lo Chun watching him and chagrin crimsoned his face. His shame was plain at being caught debasing his mysterious art before a master. Lo Chun only looked long into the apprentice's face turned skyward as in a mesmeric trance.

Back in the Council Tower the Emperor clapped his hands imperiously.

"I will have Lo Chun, my sorcerer," he called.

"Shall we read the progress of the battle of Wu T'ang?" asked Lo Chun.

But when he would have drawn the white sphere the Emperor caught his hand. The sound of a multitude floated up from the base of the Council Tower, many voices lifted in a common burden:

"Mercy for the Princess and the Foreigner. They love!"

The Emperor seemed to devour the supplication.

"I would be transcendentally magnanimous were I to free those two," he remarked. He gazed at his closed fist as though it held the world in its compass. "My people would bow before me as before a very benign god."

"Do you torture that rare child," Lo Chun, the sorcerer, demanded, "save in a sincere though misshapen sense of justice?"

"I torture! I wield the power which is mine."

"You flout Heaven with your acts. Do you not think Heaven has long observed your swollen pride and has looked to humble it?"

"To humble me?" The Emperor Yeng Ti was so amazed that he passed over the affront of the assertion.

"Be warned! Be warned! Modest must be the mien of him whom Heaven forgives. I see the hand of Heaven reaching vengefully toward you who usurp its power."

And then he dipped into his sleeve to find the opalescent sphere.

"Rejoice at the progress of your general Wu T'ang and see in his success cause for magnanimity."

The Emperor shook his head.

"Later!"

"But Wu T'ang may lose without your advice. And if your rival conquers, he becomes stronger."

"At the proper time I shall brush my rival aside like a cobweb. But not now. Show me, instead, my daughter."

Lo Chun, the sorcerer, drew close with the opalescent sphere and the two bent their heads and the room went black as before.

"See!" whispered the Emperor, and then he repeated softly, "See!"

They gazed into a room revealed in the sphere's immanent light, a room all draped in softly colored silks and with many flowers in it. Gently swinging censers cast a mild perfume. And here, upon two closely drawn seats of ivory and fur, were

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THE EMPEROR'S FINGERS TORE AT HIS EYES AS THOUGH TO BLOT OUT A SIGHT OF HORROR. "LO CHUN," HE STAMMERED, "LO CHUN!"

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Life's threads become more and more tightly tangled



SHE WAS GAZING AT HIM, HER LIPS PARTED IN A WHISPERED ECHO TO HIS WORDS

Drawings by Joseph Simont

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Compelling author of "If Winter Comes"

HOW THE STORY BEGINS

THE war miraculously spared the life of young Major Simon Paris. "*Why?*" he wondered in torment, while death struck all around him. "You are spared for a special purpose," came a comforting message as if from his dead mother. But when the war ended, he still did not know what that purpose was to be. Seeking it vaguely, seeking positively his lost friend Elizabeth Glade, he first visited his two brothers in London. At Charles's house, where a great-uncle, old Gand, lay paralyzed, a secret love-affair was being carried on between Alice (Charles's wife) and Dr. Conrad Bryne. Only Swiss Jule, old Gand's male nurse, suspected the hidden passion. At Andrew's house, marital troubles of another kind were brewing. This rich and austere brother, loving his butterfly wife Linda for her beauty only, was beginning to lose his desire for the sport of pursuing her. Sim just at this time found the girl of his own heart, so the heart troubles of others faded from his notice. For Elizabeth Glade had pledged never to marry while a sum of money stolen by her father from a grim spinster, Miss Andiron, remained unrepaid.

Groping for further light on his purpose, Sim bought a cottage in the country, near the great estate of Lord Staverton, Andrew's billionaire employer. Then on the downs one evening, just at sunset, there came to Sim a vision of his Purpose—and a deep knowledge that it was to be "of God." Friendship with Sir Henry England and his happy family further led to the discovery of a bit of the Kingdom of Heaven in every human being. The solution to his problem seemed very near at hand—when old Gand's death called Sim suddenly back to London. There, Alice's affair with Conrad Bryne was in such danger of discovery that she had pledged a thousand pounds in hush money to Swiss Jule, to be paid from her husband's little fifteen-hundred-pound legacy. Linda's affairs, too, were growing more stormy. Horrified, Sim learned from her that she had run up gambling debts (unknown to Andrew) to the extent of eight thousand pounds!

PART FIVE

"WHAT I am afraid of," Sim was telling Elizabeth, "is that Linda has the plan of raising this money from people who would be only too glad to help her and who——"

He was with Elizabeth in a small ante-room of the boarding-house where Miss Andiron, who "might have had a beautiful house of her own," was "forced to live." Filled with all that was arising within him from the revelation that in the Kingdom of Heaven in us all lay the truth he sought, he had immense reasons for wishing long evenings with Elizabeth while he remained in town. But this meeting, come to straight from his interview with Linda, was their first since his arrival, and Elizabeth had been telling him that there could be no more such evenings together. She was living at the boarding-house now. Miss Andiron was very ill, and she was nursing her. Miss Andiron in her illness was pathetically different (Elizabeth said) from Miss Andiron in her health. "She is so gentle, so grateful—and Sim, though of course she can not be left, she seems to love to have me by her. You can imagine what happiness it gives me."

He had reproached her that she was taxing herself too greatly. "I get very tired," she had replied, "but, Sim, the more tired I am the greater happiness I have."

"K. O. H. happiness," he said gravely. He had already told her of his discovery of the Kingdom of Heaven. "K. O. H. happiness, because it is K. O. H. kindness that you are showing. Elizabeth, there is proof every way I turn."

"Sim, it is the most wonderful, wonderful thought," and she had gone on to speak of Miss Andiron's exemplification of it in this new gentleness and gratitude; and out of that how now, her time so taken up, they could not meet; and thus to ask him where he now was staying—"With Andrew?"

He had said, "Yes, with Andrew," and on the words had been carried straight to speak to her of Linda's cause.

"That is what I am afraid of, Elizabeth—the idea for raising this money that I believe she has on her mind. It is worrying me badly."

"What idea, Sim?"

"Why, all she is borrowing now to pay her card losses and the losses themselves that have not been paid have got to be met. Every dip she takes in those sources is just a dip deeper. But there is another source that wouldn't want to be paid back, I think. There are people—men—in Andrew's world who would jump at the chance of helping Linda and let it run till Doomsday."

"Sim, to an amount like that?"

"To more, I wouldn't be surprized. I don't know much about these things, but I am talking about the people who do huge business deals and they think in amounts that to me are just rows of meaningless figures. Presents to Linda, from their point of view, wouldn't even be a gift—they would be an investment. The people I mean are the people who want to stand in well with Andrew."

Elizabeth questioned him.

"There is a man," said Sim, "—Sir Toridd Lesson, you've probably seen his name in the papers—whom Andrew will have nothing to do with except when he has to meet him in business. Well he has been calling on Linda—and Linda, immediately after assuring me that she had ways of raising money, made me promise on no account to tell Andrew that Lesson had been there. Elizabeth, don't you see that, supposing Lesson were interested in, for instance, a South American deal of Andrew's now pending which involves the investment of some sixty million pounds—why, eight thousand pounds, twice eight thousand, would be as nothing to having a share in the huge contracts that will go out on a scheme like that? But Elizabeth, it wasn't about Linda that I came to talk."

"No, for we just got on to poor Linda's trouble somehow. It was about that thought, that discovery of yours."

He was silent a few moments, looking deeply before him. "Elizabeth," he then said, "I have a feeling that I shall not be at Barton Mill much longer."

"Sim, your Purpose?"

He very slowly nodded. "Something is quickening within me, Elizabeth, and I have a kind of instinct that courage will be called for in it and that leaving Barton Mill will be called for in it."

"Sim, Sim, it has something to do with your Kingdom of Heaven—I am sure of it!"

Happy at her perception, he smiled at her. "Yes, it is that—but I have not told you the half of it, Elizabeth. I only have told you what those Englands told to me—the little things that are Kingdom of Heaven kindness. But, while I stood by old Gand as he lay dead something happened to me, the thing that is quickening in me began. I haven't told you that."

HE BEGAN to tell her. He told her of his thought, "What peace!" beside that tranquil sanctuary upon the bed; then of the answer that suddenly had filled him—the peace of the Kingdom of Heaven. He told her then of how, delving among these revelations through the night, his mind had thrown up proof on proof—"for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"—"Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven"—proof in the words of Christ Himself that here indeed the sought-for knowledge lay—here, here, the faith a man could understand and live and follow.

He said: "Elizabeth, the Kingdom of Heaven in us all—in you, in me, in every one! The more I think of it, Elizabeth, the surer seem my feet to go toward it. 'Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven.' What does it mean but that that Kingdom is already here, set in each one of us, needing only to be known to be realized?"

Elizabeth's voice when she then spoke was a whisper, "Sim—needing only to be known to be realized!"



"I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT'S COMING TO YOU," SIM CRIED AGAIN

He said: "But Elizabeth, I need courage. Why, I looked at Charles, coming up in the train with him to hear old Gand's will, and saw him, haggard in trouble sitting there, and wanted to tell things like this to him and did not like to, had not courage."

She was gazing at him, her lips still parted in that whispered echo of his words. She put a quick hand to him and said: "Oh, Sim, your Purpose—make it known."

He said very deeply: "I have thought of that."

They were alone in the room. Profoundly moved, she gave herself into his arms. He held her. She could feel the quiver in him of some great emotion. He said, "Knowledge—a little more; and courage, courage!"

"Sim, Sim!"

WHEN Sim was back at Barton Mill, he had the feeling of approach toward that final knowledge which should show him where he was to go. Something was quickening in him he had told Elizabeth—and strongly, strangely, daily, he now could feel its pulse.

Strange that beneath his very roof were two whose lives were illustrations of the enshrining in each human soul of Heaven's Kingdom—old Yeoman and his sister.

Sim was working one day with old Yeoman on the fourth of his wayside benches when the post brought him news of another person that his roof should house.

Linda—her letter informed him—was coming to him, that same day.

She gave no reason—but he guessed it.

In the afternoon he went to meet her. He had guessed aright—trouble, acute, with Andrew.

When he greeted her as she alighted from the train, and while a porter got her things— "You and Niggs?" Sim questioned. "Oh, don't ask!" she said and made a gesture mockingly calamitous.

That, and to call her last meeting with her husband "a fiend's own scene," was as far as she would go. She was in gayest spirits.

When they were out of the town, "Well, come on now, Sim, you aren't telling me anything," she cried. "What's that place on the hill over there?"

He gave way, very gladly, to her mood. "Linda, you're just having a game with me! You must have driven this road scores of times going to Staverton Park. What do you do, sleep all the time?"

"Just where you make a *mighty* mistake," cried Linda, "for I've never got out at Barton Magna before. Staverton Halt is where the grown-ups get out, little boy."

"Ah, I have forgotten. It is all new to you, of course."

"Absolutely fresh from the cow, and I'm losing it all because for a guide the village idiot would beat you. Come on, tell me, poor little idiot boy—that place over there? It's hideous enough. Is it a prison or is it that cottage of his that Major Simon Paris is always gassing about?"

Sim laughed. "You're nearer with your prison shot, ugly lady. That's the county isolation hospital, and pretty full at present, ma'am. Linda, have you been vaccinated yet?"

"Not me."

" 'Not I,' as B. C. D. would tell you. Well, you ought to have been, Linda—especially coming down here. Andrew ought to put a collar and chain on you and drag you off to be done."

"Oh, Andrew!" she cried. "Next time you see Andrew it will be down on his benders and offering me a bit of sugar to come back into the cage again—tears streaming down his face. You see!"

She clapped her hands. She was radiant.

"Linda, seriously, what's the game?"

She caught his arm and snuggled against him. She stretched out her legs and clapped together her dainty shoes. "Oh, wouldn't you like to know!"

"Well, I certainly would. I insist. What's at the bottom of your coming down here? Out with it, Linda."

Animatedly she told him—that Andrew had been at his blackest and most stern, that she had tried to coax him round and had failed, that she suddenly had conceived the brilliant notion of leaving him for a bit, that she knew he would be eating his heart out for her the moment she had gone, that when he saw her again he would be at her feet—and that here she was!

She stretched out and clapped her shoes together again: "Here I be, fiddle-de-dee! Here I be, fiddle-de-dee!"

Could this be the same creature who, almost in tears, had spoken to him of the bitterness of having to employ that very coaxing, and of how hard and harder to achieve was that same tragic coaxing's success? He never had seen her in higher spirits—he never had seen her, he thought, looking more radiantly lovely.

"Ugly though you are, I believe you are right," he said. "Does Niggs know you are here?"

"You bet I told him! I *want* that sugar he'll soon be offering me. Oh, yes, he knows. He'll come plunging down after me this very night, I shouldn't be surprized."

She was wrong there (not that it was seriously expected). Andrew did not come plunging down that night, nor in any day of those that immediately followed, nor did he write. But no qualms were given Linda by his silence. She was certain of her plan.

She was at her liveliest one night, pantomiming Andrew's ecstasies when he should see her again, and Sim had exclaimed, "Linda, you the limit, you really are!" when, on a change starting in its abruptness, she came swiftly to him and cast herself on her knees beside his chair: "Oh, but dear little Sim boy, don't think I am not in earnest. Sim, I am staking everything on that when Andrew sees me next he will be longing, longing for me. And when he is, it is fresh I'm going to start, Sim. He is going to idolize me then and I am going to be his true and worthy idol evermore. I am only excited now, because I am so certain that when next he sees me he will adore me. He will, Sim, won't he? Tell me he will—tell me, Sim!"

He put his hand on her forehead and smoothed back her lovely hair, more soft than down, more bright than gold. Beneath the brownness of his hand her skin gleamed white as milk, beneath the pleading of her mood her eyes and lips touched with new beauty the beauty of her face. He thought that such an exquisite creation could not be elsewhere in all the world. "Linda, next time he sees you he will want to worship you," he said.

She put her head down on her folded hands crossed on his chair's arm: "Oh, the next time," he heard her murmur. He always remembered that moment.

LINDA had said the next morning that she was going up to Staverton Park and would take lunch there. Left to himself, Sim rode over to the Englands' and remained for lunch. Returning, he came by Staverton Park and thought to call and see if Linda had yet left. The servant told him Linda was not there—"No, not to lunch, sir. Mrs. Paris has not called here to-day at all."

He rode home quickly. It had begun to rain and he was wet before he made Old Ballards. Linda, not there, was much the more wet when, an hour later, she turned up.

"Linda, you are soaked," he told her. "Where have you been?"

She was about to speak, but his words were running on. "You never went to Staverton after all," he said. "I called there for you just before tea."

He did not notice it then, but, when later events had struck, he could recall that she appeared in smallest degree taken aback.

All that at the time he saw was that she turned away and swished the raindrops from her felt hat. "*Look* at the wet! Why, no, I went a tramp—miles. I'd the sudden idea I would. It's fun. I loved it!"

"Where?"

She did not know; could not tell him; had just tramped. Lunched at a Trust House somewhere at Shifney, she thought; got caught in the rain coming back and took shelter in a cottage; stuck it till it was certain she would be there for the night if she waited for the rain to stop; came on in the rain; loved it; was *ravenous*—"Tea! Tea!" and she fastened upon the tea-table and ravenous appeared to be—also, beyond even her ordinary measure, animated and excited. Sim commanded her to get off her soaking things. No, no! it was lovely here by the fire—she was steaming like a tea-kettle and she loved to see herself steam and there still was tea in the teapot and cake on the plate and she wasn't going to move until the whole of it was inside her.

She moved nevertheless throughout her meal, dancing and play-acting about, cake in one hand, cup in the other. She was wildly excited. She might have been a boy who had just passed an examination—she might have been one suddenly discharged from a load of care. Sim got her off to a bath and a change at last because he caught her in a shiver—but he could hear her singing during her operations and she was as excited as ever when she reappeared, and in gay pantomiming of Andrew's ecstasies when he next should see her, and in that deep but happy cry of hers, her head on her hands, "Oh, the next time!" the evening ended.

Of her all-day tramp she would say nothing. "Well, suppose you tell me first what *you've* been doing all day," was her counter to his questions. And when he told her that he had visited the Englands, and that they had asked him to bring her over, enthusiastic, she insisted that they would go over on the morrow. "We'll walk," she declared. "You'll see then what a walker I am"—and they were back again on her tramp, but the most she would say, teasing him, was that it was the "most luckiest" walk she ever had had in her life; "the luckiest, luckiest ever—oh, wouldn't you like to know—oh, *wouldn't* you like to know!"

In the morning the high spirits were equally within her. Now her excitement was looking out for the postman—there would be a letter from Andrew she was sure, she said in explanation. She dashed out to meet the postman when he came in sight and then dashed in

Continued on page 85

REVENGE

By KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

It may be sweet, but love is sweeter

HER name was Mary-Martha Honeywell, and that made a poem—so people, who are mostly prose, called her Bud, and she was without reverence. Her father was a black sheep (so his family said) and her mother (so his family said) was an upstart. Let it stand—adding, only, that her father was as peaceful as cleanliness, and that her mother had been as beautiful as the Twenty-third Psalm and not at all unlike it.

Had you known that people were ever born in Nevada? Bud was born there, away up in the northeastern corner of the map in a tie house built at the base of a mountain.

One reason why Felix's family—two unmarried sisters, elderly now and always exemplary—said he was a black sheep was because he had dared to step out of the innermost exclusive circle in Washington, where he and they had been born and reared, for a breath of newer, more vigorous air. In order to do this he had embraced a profession which the Misses Honeywell had considered disreputable—mining engineering—and had gone West to California, and had found Cecilia—that was the lovely name of Bud's mother—and had married her, and had never been homesick at all.

How Felix and Cecilia happened to come to the tie house at the base of a mountain in Ruby Valley is a long story, having to do with love, and with a lead and silver mine. How they happened to remain there is a shorter story. They stepped into the old, deserted house and looked out of one window at the range of Ruby Mountains, and they looked out another window across thousands of miles of serenity—and Cecilia took off her hat, and Felix built a fire of sage-brush in the big fireplace, and they said, "We'll stay for a little while."

TWO years, and Bud was born and Cecilia went to dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Bud and Felix stayed on together for nineteen years, and into a gracious September, and then Felix took a notion.

He took the notion because some young tourists from Boston took the wrong road and came by mistake to the tie house. The tie house had grown very grand during the years; outside it was covered with stucco and shaded by aspen trees, and inside it had Navajo rugs and a wall of books and a grand piano tucked slyly away in one corner of the living-room. So the young tourists treated the tie house with respect and put on their best airs and graces for it. After they had driven away in their sedan, Felix produced his notion.

He said, "Honey-bud, I've decided that I want you to accept Aunt Violet's and Aunt Lucy's invitation to you to come to Washington and visit them for a Winter's season."

Bud closes a book on a finger of hers and we see her for the first time. It is an adventure, seeing Bud for the first time, a heady sort of experience that leaves one rather breathless.

"I'm not," she answered Felix's notion, "going back East to visit those two old stiffs who were mean about mother."

"That's all long past," he said. "I have decided that I want you to accept the invitation."

She rose from the chaise-longue, she was strongly slender as a sword is slender, and walked to the window and said, "But I'll not go, you know, Fe. I'll not go."

"Yes, I think you will, Honey-bud," he responded, as if he were agreeing with every word she had said.

"Are you planning to go?"

"No— You see, there is no reason why I should go."

"I see," she replied, dangerously. "But what I don't see is why I should go."

You have read that Felix was peaceful; no mention was made of wisdom.

He said, "Bud, I realized this afternoon, when I looked at those young married people, that it was time you were meeting men of your own class. Every girl has a right to a home, and a——"

He got no further with it. Then and there Bud went on a rampage.

TWO weeks later, in Chicago, Bud, instead of going directly to another train as had been arranged, got into a taxicab and went to a hotel recommended by Miss Bobbed-hair as swell, gee, yes! but awful high-priced. Bud and Miss Bobbed-hair (who was returning eagerly to Chicago where she made—she said—seventy-five dollars a week, and to her sweetie, who was—she told the world—some sheik) had met on the train and effected a sort of chumminess, due, largely, to Bud's insistent friendly overtures.

From the hotel in Chicago, Bud sent two telegrams. A short, formal one to her waiting aunts, and a longer and less formal one to Felix.

Continued on page 95



Drawing by Joseph A. Maturo

YOU HAVE SEEN CROWDS GATHER WHERE FOOD SAMPLES ARE BEING GIVEN AWAY—MARY-MARTHA'S SUCCESS WAS LIKE THAT

The Child who won't Eat



"The world is mine"

By RICHARD M. SMITH, M.D.
Formerly secretary of the American Child Health Association and author of "The Baby's First Two Years"

FOR many parents of young children the dining-room is a daily battleground. Will the occupant of the high-chair eat the proper food his mother has provided, or won't he? At almost every meal the struggle is renewed. Of course the child does not always actively resist; frequently he is just listless about his food; has no appetite. Threats, bribes, cajoling and all kinds of strategy are considered necessary to get the proper fuel for growth and energy into his little body.

Since food is the most important single factor in the development of children, their refusal to take it is the cause of much parental anxiety. The anxious mother tries all the persuasive weapons in her arsenal and is ever ready to learn of more.

Of course appetite is a natural thing, and when a child lacks it, something is wrong. The trouble may be in either his body or his mental attitude, since mind and body work together to make perfect digestion. The sight of food and the pleasure which the normal person expects to get from eating it make the mouth begin to water and the digestive juices to flow. This increased preparation on the part of the body for receiving food makes us even more hungry, and we hurry to satisfy our desire for it. Thus appetite may fail when either the bodily or the mental part of the apparatus is out of order.

Sometimes loss of appetite follows an acute illness. In this instance it is usually only temporary, and when the child feels perfectly strong again he is willing to eat the usual amount. In such cases a tonic is often of real assistance.

On the other hand, the child may be suffering from some chronic disease, as a result of which his desire for food and ability to digest it are both lost because there is a decrease in the quantity and quality of the digestive juices, owing to the little one's poor general condition. This reason for loss of appetite is generally easy to recognize, since the child shows his weakness in other ways, and appetite returns only when the chronic disease is cured and the youngster returns to normal health. A tonic is frequently helpful in these cases also.

THERE are many children, however, who have no inclination for food at any time, though they have no acute or chronic disease and no abnormal bodily condition. It is frequently difficult to convince their mothers that there is really nothing the matter with the physical condition of these youngsters—that there isn't anything wrong with either their throats or their digestive systems. The parents find it hard to believe that what is really wrong in these cases is the child's mental attitude.

Such children are generally—to put it bluntly—badly spoiled. Their refusal to eat is just one way of showing the power they have over their parents. They enjoy having all the grown-ups in the family talking about them and making a fuss over them. The more the grown-ups discuss their lack of appetite the more satisfaction they get. These egotistical little persons have created parts for themselves and captured the center of the stage. They like the excitement which is caused by their taking a small amount of food and then vomiting because they are urged to take a little more. Mother and the nurse rush about to clear the table and the room and bring more food, often some specially prepared dainty, thus setting the stage for another scene. Sometimes the little tyrant is read to or told stories or shown toys during the meal-time, or father performs like an animal on the floor, or mother runs the victrola in the hope that the youngster can be fooled into eating more while these diversions are going on. This is all very pleasant to the high-chair ruler, and the more excitement and amusement he gets the more he wants. Such children are usually very alert physically and mentally, are active and responsive; and consequently are favorites with older people—except at meal-time. Their parents often describe them as nervous, though this term is incorrect.

What can be done about them?

First and foremost, don't let them form the habit of not taking food. Tackle the problem in infancy, and you can solve it. There are two things to consider:

The Happy Child Department

Directed by DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health



THE RULER IN THE HIGH-CHAIR BECOMES AN UNMANAGEABLE TYRANT IF MOTHER ALLOWS FUSSY HABITS TO DEVELOP

the kind of food and the way in which it is given. I can not go at length in this article into the question of the child's diet from babyhood through school age, except to say in a general way that he should be given simple food, and that important health builders, such as milk, cereals, vegetables and fruit, should constitute the greater part of his menu. Highly seasoned food is not good for children, nor is it well to use a great variety of flavors to conceal the taste of milk.

Foods other than milk may be introduced into the diet quite early, as it is best not to keep a child on an exclusively soft solid diet after the teeth have made their appearance. Nor should the baby be fed on the bottle more than a week or two longer than the first birthday.

I have often heard mothers complain that the diet recommended for their children was monotonous. Inquiry sometimes reveals the fact that the child has never made any complaint; the mother has simply tired of preparing the same things day after day and week after week. Of course the youngster's food ought to contain a certain variety during the week, but this does not mean that he should have all the dishes the grown-ups eat. Don't give him tastes from the family table; it will only serve to spoil his liking for his own food.

The way in which food is given to a child is almost as important as the kind of food. Establish regular hours for feeding and stick to them; otherwise the child will not recognize the need for regularity. Especially do not give him food between meals, except in the form of a definite lunch coming at the same time every day.

Another point: Don't let meal-time be turned into play-time, either for the infant or the school child. It is not a good thing to tease the baby while he is eating, or to try to amuse him, or to make him the center of a ring of admiring relatives.

A third important rule is: Teach him as early as possible to feed himself. Many children are still being fed years after they ought to be eating without assistance.

And don't discuss food in front of him; children are so imitative. I have heard mothers say: "I suppose it's natural for Johnny not to like spinach. I never liked it myself." The truth is that if Johnny had never heard her make this remark he probably would be eating spinach obediently. The same rule applies to the introduction of new articles of food into the diet. Just add them, without discussion. A veiled apology—"Here are some nice carrots which are good for the baby"—will sometimes excite suspicion, even in the infantile mind, and cause a revulsion of taste.

Some children are confused by having too much food offered them at one time. Of course their diet should be reasonably varied and the amounts sufficient for growth and health, but it is usually better to put before them only the food which is to be eaten at once—that is, the dessert should not be put on the tray before the meat and vegetables have been consumed. One course at a time is best, and in the proper order.

Begin early in the game, for your own sake and the child's, to insist that he learn to eat everything that is offered him. Of course this doesn't mean that you must offer him most frequently the things he likes the least, but don't let him form the habit of demanding and getting dishes which have not been prepared.

The child should also be allowed an adequate amount of time for each meal, but not enough to let him dawdle. Half an hour is sufficient for breakfast and supper, and three-quarters of a hour for dinner: At the end of the allotted time take the food away, clear the table, and send the young one about the next thing to be done. Don't discuss the fact that his meal was left unfinished, or that he has not had enough to eat, or that he won't grow strong if he doesn't take the proper amount of food. Make him realize that the time for eating is now over. When his meals are treated in this matter-of-fact way, he is very likely to settle down to normal; fussing about his food has ceased to be a pleasant diversion.

Of course it is frequently hard for the mother to reach this common-sense state of mind. But if she simply can't keep from showing that she is worried about the baby's food, she had better keep away from the room in which he is eating and let some one else give it to him, some one who can take toward him an attitude of absolute indifference as to whether he eats the meal prepared for him or not. The child will, in time, work out his own salvation. He may go hungry for a time—but not permanently. Before long he will acquire the right attitude of mind.

So we see that the mother's is usually the final responsibility for lack of appetite in children. This trouble does not develop with those who have been well brought up from infancy. If it has developed, the only cure is reeducation. The young ones must readjust their attitude toward the daily routine of life and toward their environment. Feeding can not be considered apart from the rest of life.

IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT

You would not need to worry about that finicky little youngster if you got down to the root of the trouble. Lack of appetite is nearly always caused by the mistakes that mothers make. Why is your child hard to feed? Is it faulty nutrition, lack of variety, a chronic disease or just bad training?

It is necessary to correct the condition, whatever the cause. Next month we tell you of one important step in the process. "Vegetables for Children" shows you the need for vegetables in a balanced diet, and tells how children can be trained to like them.

Eating habits are important. But so are all the others. There's sleep for instance. If you have difficulty enforcing the afternoon nap, or getting the children to bed at night, if you want to know how much sleep children need at various ages, what are the best conditions and the clothing they should have while they sleep, write for our new leaflet—"Baby's Sleep Habits," enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage. Ask for a complete list of Happy Child pamphlets.

Address requests to the Happy Child Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York.

I F

IF YOU lived in a little fishing village of Denmark, there would come a day at the end of February as exciting as Christmas. Your mother would clean your pretty, red-brick house from top to toe, and scrub the double windows till they shone like crystal. (Danish windows have double panes to keep out the cold, and in the space between, people grow plants and flowers, like a little greenhouse.) Mother and big sister would deck out in their best, and father might



4

bearded fireman squirting water on everybody, and comical men dressed as women (there's your father!) and big-headed trolls (do you see your brother?) and every kind of crazy costume the fisherman could invent.

Every man holds a big club. What for? Why, to break the back of Winter. Just wait and see.

High across the main street, strung on a rope from flagpole to flagpole hangs a barrel, a very gay red-and-blue barrel, painted especially for the parade. If the men can break it with their clubs, they will have broken the back of Winter, and Spring will soon be coming.

City people crowd the windy street, wrinkled grandmothers smile above green plants in near-by windows, and babies press pink noses against the panes. The village band—men in black suits sitting in a shiny, black carriage—begins to play. Down the street the parade stops.

Whoop! here comes the first horseman. He gallops under the barrel, rises in his saddle, and strikes his club at it—thwack!

But the barrel swings on as strong as ever. Winter is not so easily broken.

Whoop! On gallops the next horseman and takes a mighty crack. Thwack! But the barrel swings on. Whoop! On comes the next horseman and the next and the next—thwack! thwack! and thwack! But the barrel swings on.

Now the wagons rattle by. All the funny firemen stand up and thwack! go their clubs, and whizz! squirts the water. Everybody laughs. But the barrel swings on.

Now the men in skirts take a swing that nearly splits their dress-seams—thwack! thwack! thwack! and thwack! But the barrel swings on. Thwack! go the big-headed trolls and the clown policemen and all the crazy wagonfuls. You stand up all excited in your red-and-yellow suit and slap at the barrel with a fish—thwack! How the city people laugh! But the barrel swings on. Will old Winter's back never be broken?

Round the cobbled street behind the little red-brick houses rattles the parade, and stops. The horsemen begin once more—thwack! thwack! So do the wagon people—thwack! thwack! A second time and a third and a fourth and a fifth the parade passes under the barrel between the flagpoles, and thwack! swing all the clubs. The band plays anxiously, babies press their noses flatter against the windows, grandmothers shake their heads and sigh: "Ah, boys were stronger in my day!" City people are stamping their feet and blowing their fingers in the cold sea wind, when——



5

One day, the little town of Odense, where he was born, invited him home again to be given the freedom of the town, which meant he could go anywhere and do anything without paying. All the houses were decorated, the school children had a holiday, the mayor and all sorts of important men made speeches, and at night a torchlight procession marched by the Town Hall, where the great man stood—Hans Andersen—who had once been a queer, timid little shoemaker's boy running barefooted daily over those same cobbled streets.

The fairy-tale had come true, and the Ugly Duckling was a beautiful swan at last.

I F



put on one of mother's old dresses and a mask and wig, while big brother and his friends would perhaps dress like trolls, those ugly underground fairies with big heads. If your family owned a horse and wagon, out they would come, to be decorated for the village parade. For to-day you must know the great Spring Festival is being celebrated by the villagers.

If you are lucky, you are chosen to wear a red-and-yellow clown suit and sit inside the Big Horn of Plenty on one of the gay wagons. That pleases you especially because, although the horn is only pasteboard, it looks like the wonderful almond-cake, striped with white icing, which mothers and bakers make only once a year for the Spring Festival day.

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

OCTOBER 1925

DANISH NUMBER

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



AN OLD VIKING SHIP OF THE FIRST PEOPLE WHO LIVED IN DENMARK



MY LITTLE PAGE

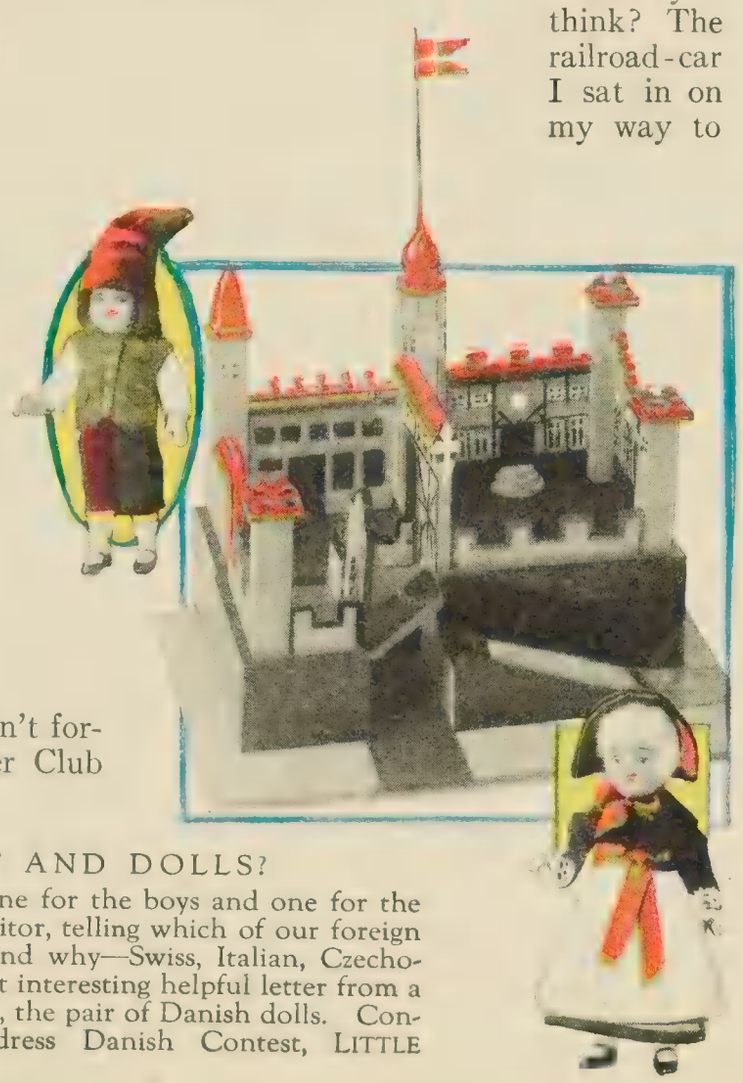
DEAR CHILDREN:

Well, your editor is hopping around Europe, isn't she? And here is your Danish number from 'way up North in Denmark! I hope you're finding all the countries and cities on your map each month. And please don't stop writing to me, just because I'm far away.

What do you think? The railroad-car I sat in on my way to Denmark was run on tracks on to the ferry-boat which took us across the water from Warnemünde to Gjedser. When we reached shore, the bow of the boat bent up to make a bridge, and our car ran through. Before I say good-by, I must explain the cover. It is an old Viking ship, like those used by the Norsemen hundreds of years ago.

Your editor-in-Denmark,
HARRIET IDE EAGER.

P. S.—D. C. members, don't forget to send for your October Club Secret letter.

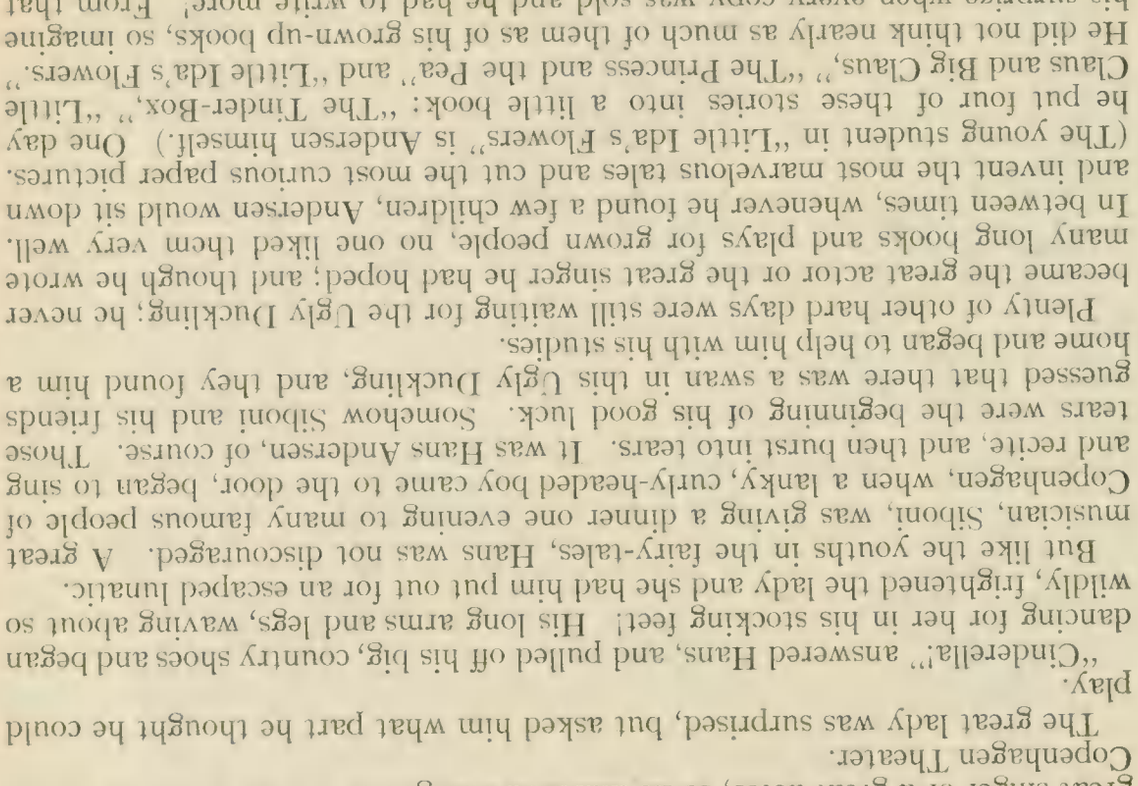


WHOSE FORT AND DOLLS?

Here are two Danish prizes, one for the boys and one for the girls. Write a letter to your editor, telling which of our foreign numbers you have liked best and why—Swiss, Italian, Czecho-Slovakian or Danish. The most interesting helpful letter from a boy will win the fort; from a girl, the pair of Danish dolls. Contest closes October 20. Address Danish Contest, LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.

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The Ugly Duckling of Denmark



MOST of you have seen on the map of Europe that wiggly little country, full of islands, called Denmark, and all of you, I hope, have read "Andersen's Fairy-Tales." But did you know that Hans Andersen was born in Denmark—that his father was a poor shoemaker, and that his own life happened like the story of the Ugly Duckling who became a swan?

The Andersen family had only one room to live in, but little Hans used to climb the ladder to the roof, where his mother grew vegetables and flowers in a big chest of earth between the gutters. Years later, Andersen made that roof-garden bloom again in "The Snow Queen"—do you remember *Kay* and *Gerda* playing around it in the story?

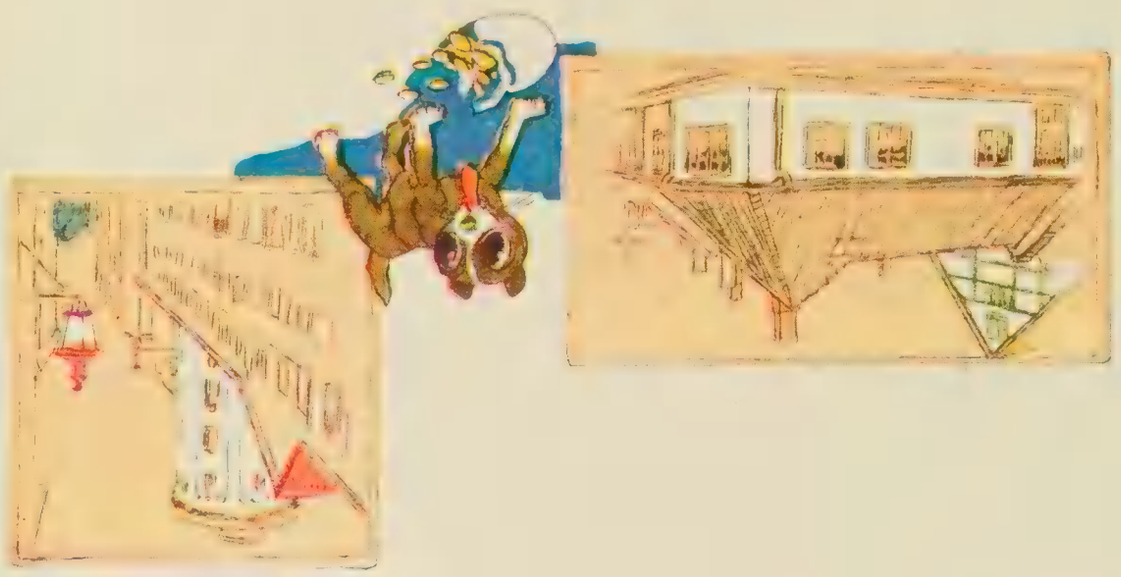
But it was not only because he was poor that Hans was an Ugly Duckling. He was a timid, queer little boy, afraid to play rough games with other children, and he loved best to dress up dolls for his toy theater and make them act stories of his own imagining.

At night, his mother set him in the middle of their big, old-fashioned bed, and drew the curtains—later, his little trundle-bed would be pulled out from underneath and he would be laid in it, half asleep. Little Hans would lie there, blinking drowsily, watching the shadows through the thin curtains and listening to his father reading "Arabian Nights" aloud. Perhaps the strange stories mixed with his dreams were the beginning of the fairy-tales he wrote so many years later.

Poor Hans was even afraid to start to school, so his mother, who spoiled him badly, promised that if ever the teacher whipped him, he might come home to stay. One day the old lady did. Hans picked up his books and slate and never went back again.

He was an odd-looking boy and he grew odder as he grew older—tall and gawky, with a big nose and curly hair and a high voice like a girl's, wearing his father's made-over clothes that did not fit. Of course all the children poked fun at him, just as the chickens in the barnyard pecked and poked at the poor Ugly Duckling in the story—for children can be very cruel.

But Hans believed in fairy-tales. When he was fourteen years old, he took a little money he had saved and set off for the city of Copenhagen to seek his fortune, like all the youths in the stories. He hoped to become a



great singer or a great actor, so he marched straight to a famous dancer of the Copenhagen Theater.

The great lady was surprised, but asked him what part he thought he could play.

"Cinderella!" answered Hans, and pulled off his big, country shoes and began dancing for her in his stocking feet. His long arms and legs, waving about so wildly, frightened the lady and she had him put out for an escaped lunatic.

But like the youths in the fairy-tales, Hans was not discouraged. A great musician, Siboni, was giving a dinner one evening to many famous people of Copenhagen, when a lanky, curly-headed boy came to the door, began to sing and recite, and then burst into tears. It was Hans Andersen, of course. Those tears were the beginning of his good luck. Somehow Siboni and his friends guessed that there was a swan in this Ugly Duckling, and they found him a home and began to help him with his studies.

Plenty of other hard days were still waiting for the Ugly Duckling; he never became the great actor or the great singer he had hoped; and though he wrote many long books and plays for grown people, no one liked them very well. In between times, whenever he found a few children, Andersen would sit down and invent the most marvelous tales and cut the most curious paper pictures. (The young student in "Little Ida's Flowers" is Andersen himself.) One day he put four of these stories into a little book: "The Tinder-Box," "Little Claus and Big Claus," "The Princess and the Pea" and "Little Ida's Flowers." He did not think nearly as much of them as of his grown-up books, so imagine his surprise when every copy was sold and he had to write more! From that time on he became the famous Hans Andersen of the fairy-tales. Everybody loved them, kings invited him to read them aloud, and in any country where he went, boys and girls on the street ran to greet him as their best friend.



DELI BEAR IN COPENHAGEN



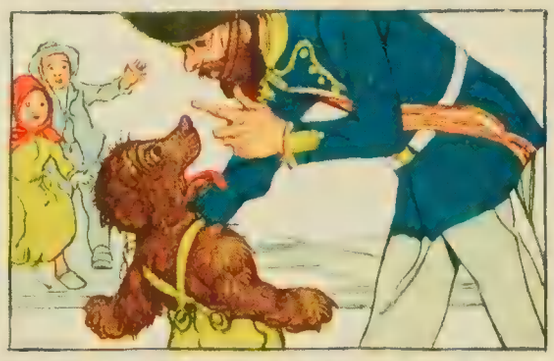
1—In Copenhagen, Deli says "Hello!" first thing of all
To the statue bears of Greenland on the Danish City Hall.



2—When suddenly, tra-la! a band—the tramp of many feet—
And boys and girls and mas and pas come pouring down the street.



3—He scrambles off, he slips, he falls ker-plunk-a-lunking down
Bang! on the soldiers of the king of Copenhagen town.



4—Drum-major frowns, but smiles at last, the children beg him so:
"Our Greenland bear has come alive!" they cry "Oh, let him go!"



5—So mascot of the Royal Band, our Deli stalks before
To help the changing of the guard before the palace door.



6—And the shortest soldier of them all, he stands up stiff and proud
While the king, behind his curtains, laughs in Danish right out loud!

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At night, his mother set him in the middle of their big, old-fashioned bed, and drew the curtains—later, his little trundle-bed would be pulled out from underneath and he would be laid in it, half asleep. Little Hans would lie there, blinking drowsily, watching the shadows through the thin curtains and listening to his father reading "Arabian Nights" aloud. Perhaps the strange stories mixed with his dreams were the beginning of the fairy-tales he wrote so many years later.

Poor Hans was even afraid to start to school, so his mother, who spoiled him badly, promised that if ever the teacher whipped him, he might come home to stay. One day the old lady did. Hans picked up his books and slate and never went back again.

He was an odd-looking boy and he grew odder as he grew older—tall and gawky, with a big nose and curly hair and a high voice like a girl's, wearing his father's made-over clothes that did not fit. Of course all the children poked fun at him, just as the chickens in the barnyard pecked and poked at the poor Ugly Duckling in the story—for children can be very cruel.

But Hans believed in fairy-tales. When he was fourteen years old, he took a little money he had saved and set off for the city of Copenhagen to seek his fortune, like all the youths in the stories. He hoped to become a

DELI BEAR IN COPENHAGEN

1—In Copenhagen, Deli says "Hello!" first thing of all
To the statue bears of Greenland on the Danish City Hall.

2—When suddenly, tra-la! a band—the tramp of many feet—
And boys and girls and mas and pas come pouring down the street.

3—He scrambles off, he slips, he falls ker-plunk-a-lunking down
Bang! on the soldiers of the king of Copenhagen town.

4—Drum-major frowns, but smiles at last, the children beg him so:
"Our Greenland bear has come alive!" they cry "Oh, let him go!"

5—So mascot of the Royal Band, our Deli stalks before
To help the changing of the guard before the palace door.

6—And the shortest soldier of them all, he stands up stiff and proud
While the king, behind his curtains, laughs in Danish right out loud!

The tip-top story of the big top

LITTLE TEXAS

A circus suddenly changes hands—and brings to an heiress a change of heart

By DIXIE WILLSON



HE STEADIED THE CONTRACT ON HIS KNEE WHILE TEXAS SIGNED ON THE DOTTED LINE "KINGSLEY FITZGERALD"

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

TEXAS moved her hands in a helpless little way, her eyes wide on Kingsley Fitzgerald's face.

"My—my *grandfather!*" she repeated, almost whispering it; "but I *haven't* any grandfather!"

"That was—a mistake." Mr. Fitzgerald said, an odd note in his voice.

Joe stretched across the grass lazily, reached for Texas's hand and drew her toward him.

"No, it wasn't any mistake, Texas," he said. "Can't you remember this gent walkin' past us in the train that day, lookin' us up and down?"

Texas looked at the tall old man, who glanced sharply at Joe and uneasily back to her.

"Why, yes—why, *yes*," she said after a long minute. "He came walking into our car and looked at the doll you made."

Joe laughed.

"That's it," he said. "Nobody can fool this kid! All right, honey! Remember when that conductor went away so fast? Well, what he went after was this gentleman right here, who was travelin' on the same train, with his name marked out on his grip so big the conductor remembered it! Well—that conductor went and told this gentleman the whole thing, and brought him back to look us over—and this here gentleman, Texas, was *ashamed* of us! That's what! So he beats us to the lawyer and tells him to make us believe he's dead or gone and to get us out of the way! Honey, that's what he did! When I went to get the tickets for us to come back to the show, the brakeman who was along with that conductor on the train told me the whole business!"

Mr. Fitzgerald's lips twitched. His fingers opened and closed nervously over the edge of his silk hat. Texas clung to Joe's hand.

"Why, Joe," she said in a voice that hardly knew what it was saying, "did you know all this time that I *did* have a grandfather?"

She looked up at the old aristocrat incredulously. "And did you know all this time that you had *me?*" she asked, vaguely trying to understand.

"I wouldn't call nobody my grandfather that was ashamed of me," Joe said scornfully, "and as to me knowin'—say, when you'd been figurin' ever since you could talk on a grandpa bein' the perfectest man in the world, was I goin' to tell you that the only one you had didn't want you?"

Mr. Fitzgerald listened to Joe as he had listened to the conductor, though it seemed as if he hardly heard, for devouring Texas with his eyes.

When Joe was done talking, the child looked up at Mr. Fitzgerald frankly.

"Mother and I didn't want any money," she said with childlike simplicity. "We only wanted a relation. But we're all used to not having any now, so you don't need to bother about us. You can just go home again."

Kingsley Fitzgerald rested his ebony stick against the canvas. Performers passed in and out, gold-wheeled wagons rumbled by, the band played on, but neither he nor she knew it. He put out his hand to her.

"But I've come after you," he said. "I've been trying everywhere to find you. You can leave your mother here and come to live with me. I'll buy you everything you want."

"Leave my *mother?*" Texas questioned. "Why should I leave my mother? And I don't *want* to live with you! I don't want you to buy me anything! You see, I wasn't a performer when I went to find you—Mama Meg and I *wanted* a grandfather then—but we're all right now, thank you." She studied him thoughtfully. "Are you *sure* you're my grandfather?" she asked politely. "Mother and I didn't expect one like you at all!"

Mr. Fitzgerald smiled a little stiffly. "What *did* you expect?" he asked.

Texas tucked herself closer to Joe.

"Oh," she told him, "just a regular grandpa, you know—to make pop-corn and tell stories and live in a little grandpa-house, with not much money."

Aunt Mary came out of the dressing-tent.

"Come and take off your dress, Pettie," she said, looking inquiringly at the tall old stranger. "Joe's waiting to take you home to your mother."

"Oh, *my*, yes!" Texas said hurriedly. "I'll be ready in one minute, Joe!" She turned to her grandfather. "My mother isn't very well to-day," she said, "so I'm going right back to her. If you came clear to Lynchburg, Virginia, just to take me home with you, I'm sorry you had all that trouble, but as long as you didn't exactly want me, you don't care, do you?" She approached him and offered her hand. "Good-by," she said simply.

Mr. Fitzgerald felt the little hand in his a moment, then saw the child turn to Aunt Mary and disappear in the dressing-tent. Joe got up and strolled over to the bear-cage.

WHEN Texas came out ten minutes later, in a rather soiled gingham and with streaks of dusty fingers across the warm dampness of her cheeks, she was much surprized to see her grandfather still waiting.

"Oh," she asked, "did you wait to see the circus?" She had a letter in her hand—fluttering, closely written pages.

"I waited to see—your mother," he said.

Texas considered.

"Mama Meg isn't well to-day," she said doubtfully, "and I don't think she'd want to see a stranger, but of course we can go and ask her."

So Joe, Texas and the tall old man went across the blue-grass meadow toward the string of cars with their little blowing white curtains. Texas clung to Joe's hand and watched for a sight of Meg.

"What's the matter to-day, honey," Joe asked, disregarding entirely the man who strode beside them. "You're so quiet. Don't you feel good?"

"I guess it's just because Mama Meg's going away, Joe," she said, her voice breaking. "I don't know—I don't know—" She caught her fingers tighter in his. "Joe, what can I *do* with mother gone?" she cried, her voice suddenly strained and frightened.

Her grandfather said nothing, asked nothing. Texas was conscious only of Joe and herself and the cars ahead. Joe put his arm around her protectingly.

"Now, it's all right, honey," he soothed, "everybody's going to take care of you, just like they did the little brown bear when its mama went to the zoo! You couldn't ask for nothing more'n for your mother to get better, could you—and ain't that what's goin' to happen?"

Texas made another streak across her face with tears and little soiled fingers.

"I know it, Joe, only—oh, there she is!"

Meg, in something sheer and white, was lying on a bank of bright pillows and rugs in the shady slope between the cars and the meadow. Her hair was in braids over her shoulders, her feet in white sandals, her hands full of wild-flowers, and Torchy, in the grass beside her, was trying with sharp fingers to untangle a ball of knitting-wool.

As Texas squirmed under the fence, Joe and Mr. Fitzgerald following, they heard Meg laugh aloud.

"But Torchy, the grasshopper was exactly on the end of your nose!" she was saying. Then she heard Texas come bounding through the grass.

"Oh," she cried, "my baby's home again!"

She turned eagerly as Texas tumbled down to her, rumpling her all over with quick hot kisses. Then Meg saw Kingsley Fitzgerald standing there.

To him she seemed scarcely older than Texas—this slender girl, pale, frail, delicately lovely as she looked up surprized and questioning. Then she drew herself up among the pillows and leaned forward, her eyes on his face.

"You are—King's father," she said slowly.

Joe and Torchy went away down the track. Texas brought a wicker chair from the cars for her grandfather and then curled herself in the crook of her mother's arm. Across the meadow the sound of the band and the calliope came faintly.

Frankly, simply, Texas repeated to Meg what the brakeman had told Joe. Meg watched the stern old man as the child talked—saw that his face scarcely changed expression.

"Well then, darling," she said when Texas's story was done, "as long as Mr. Fitzgerald didn't quite want you—how glad we are that you didn't quite find him!"

"But you're quite wrong," Mr. Fitzgerald said sharply, bringing his fists down on the arms of the chair emphatically. "I wish to take Kingsley with me. I wish to make her my sole heir. I have a governess for her—clothes—everything she needs."

Meg smiled and caught her fingers in the little silken curls. "She needs *love* more than anything," she said meaningly, "and I think perhaps there will be more of that here! *You* didn't want *her*—and I don't believe *she* wants *you*—though of course that's entirely for her to say."

Texas put her head on one side.

"Mother, I don't want to hurt Mr. Fitzgerald's feelings, when he's come all this long way," she said, "but don't you think it would be all right for me just to stay here and earn money?" Then suddenly she remembered the letter still in her fingers. "Mother, the doctor told you about the letter from Mrs. Sunny for you to come to the cottage, didn't he? Wasn't it wonderful that Mr. Fobes should ask you just the very same day we needed somewhere to take you! Won't it be fun, and won't you be happy! Think how fast you'll get well with flowers and chickens and apple-trees and a little tiny sweet house! I can spare you *now* mother, because I *want* you to be there!"

Meg held the bright head against her cheek.

"I—I've been ill, Mr. Fitzgerald," she explained. "That's why Texas went into the ring. The doctor thinks best that I should have rest and care, so I am going to-morrow to dear friends in St. Louis."

"I will take you to St. Louis," Mr. Fitzgerald said quickly. "I will take you to my home. I will see that every care is provided."

"Oh, but you see, mother is going to Mr. Fobes and Mrs. Sunny," Texas told him sweetly. "Thank you, but they have a brand-new cottage and chickens and everything like that!"

"I made Mr. Fobes a present of a limousine yesterday," Mr. Fitzgerald said.

Texas sat up in complete surprise.

"*Mr. Fobes!*" she exclaimed. "Do you know Mr. Fobes?"

Mr. Fitzgerald smiled at her.

"It was Mr. Fobes who found you for me," he told her, "or rather, who found my lawyer. I have not seen Mr. Fobes himself."

"Oh, Mr. Fobes is such friends with me," Texas said. "I loved him very much the first time I saw him—for a very special reason—and I decided, when I heard about his chickens and little house, that I'd have him for my grandpa, as long as he was just like I wanted and there wasn't any other. For one thing, Mr. Fobes wears red neckties on purpose to please me! I thought I would ask you to wear them, too, when I first went to find you—but then I didn't know you had so much money! I guess rich men only like to wear black ones."

Doctor Mifflin interrupted them, coming from the lot. He got under the fence and came into the shade, mopping his perspiring face, his hat on the back of his head.

"Well, well, here's my two girls!" he greeted gaily—then, without ceremony, offered his hand to Mr. Fitzgerald as that gentleman rose. "Glad to know you, sir," the doctor said. "Heard you were here. You chose a mighty hot day to pay us a visit! Meg—" and he turned to his patient—"this is fine about the Fobes cottage opening its arms to you—but I came over to say we'd better start to-night. Cooler traveling, quicker trip, better all around. I'll go with you—and we'll leave at eight. How's that?"

Mr. Fitzgerald coughed slightly.

"Doctor," he said, "unless it's necessary for you to go, I will be able to accompany my—my daughter to St. Louis, and my—granddaughter, too, I hope. I came with the idea of taking them both with me."

He looked down at Texas—and the doctor did—and Meg did—all silent, waiting for her to speak.

"I *think*," the little girl said at last. "I think mother would rather go to Mrs. Sunny's where the chickens are—and I think I'd rather stay here and earn our own money. You see, it was because you thought we needed some money that you didn't want us, so I think mother and I would rather take care of each other."

The sun was low by seven o'clock, the lot was soft Virginia blue. Torchy had gone to do the lights alone—to set the yellow gas flames flaring in the wind. Aunt Mary and Madam Helen had packed a case with the clothes Meg would need, and there, around the dressing-tent, the same little crowd that had gathered once to say good-by to Texas gathered now to say good-by to Meg. Doctor Mifflin was waiting to go with her to the station, where Mr. Fitzgerald had gone to see to the accommodations.



THEN WITH A WILD RUSH SHE PELTED INTO HIS ARMS. "GRANDAD, YOU OLD SCAMP," SHE QUAVERED, "GIVE TEXAS A KISS!"

Josephine was to live in the stateroom with Texas and Gipsy Jean was to wash, iron and mend the little ginghams.

The minutes went quickly, stars came out here and there, until at half-past seven Meg, pale but smiling, kissed Texas, clung to her hand just a moment—then Doctor Mifflin lifted her into the car, and the parting was all over.

Joe swung Texas up into his big arms and without a word to any one strode with her into the meadows, where nothing was—but crickets singing in the grass—and daisies going to sleep.

AUGUST at Fitzgerald Mansion was like an artist's picture in gold and amber. It was late in the afternoon, two weeks after Meg had become a beloved part of life in the cottage, that Mr. Kingsley Fitzgerald's limousine started to the Fobes's tiny cottage to call for her according to Mr. Cuffly's arrangement of the day before.

Every soul God puts in His world has its own little importance! Who would have thought that just one small person, traveling one day in a dusty passenger train, could have been the cause of stir upon stir in a busy, growing, moving city?

The uprooting of every routine of Fitzgerald Mansion, an attorney's entire attention, a wedding, a cottage, the casual drawing up of Jason Fobes before Crandle's boarding-house in his own private car—stir upon stir—and now this day when Meg Fitzgerald for the first time was to enter her husband's home!

At first she had declined to go, but Mr. Fitzgerald had asked for just one hour, so to-day he was calling for her. She still felt much in awe of this tall old relative who had come to them so unexpectedly. She wished, as she waited, that for this one day she might have her child's utter fearlessness of the whole wide world.

When she saw the long car turning down the street, she felt her fingers growing cold—but she steadied herself and walked with Jason to meet it.

She felt very small, very needful of strength as they rolled along through the parks and quiet boulevards to Fitzgerald Mansion—she in the great foreign velvet-lined car, alone with this man so much like King—yet so very unlike him.

"I sent Kingsley a watch," Mr. Fitzgerald said, "and she—she returned it to me!"

Meg looked up quickly.

"Returned it?" she repeated. "What did she say?"

Mr. Fitzgerald drew a note from his side pocket and handed it to the little girl's mother. It read:

MY DEAR SIR:

I thank you. I wore the watch yesterday, but I thought you would rather have the money, so I will send it back. Yours truly,

KINGSLEY FITZGERALD TEXAS.

Meg could not but smile.

"That's very like her," she said. "She has her father's pride, and I have taught her to think for herself."

"Doesn't she care anything for what her father would wish?" Mr. Fitzgerald asked rather curtly.

Meg's hands were in her lap—her eyes fixed on the gold wedding-ring there on her left hand where King had put it. Paris came back to her—King so young and eager—the message this father had sent—the three years of struggle!

"Did *you*—care for anything her father wished?" she dared ask.

They rode the rest of the way in silence through the warm mellow fragrance of Summer afternoon. They turned in at the great Fitzgerald gates. Mishmer loped across the lawn, then spread his tail and strutted toward them in great dignity as Mr. Fitzgerald helped Meg to the ground and guided her, still in silence, past the fountains up the terrace. The multimillionaire took her carefully to the veranda and placed her in a low cushioned chair. She saw the small porch furniture—the books, the tea-set—she closed her eyes and the tears dropped down on her cheeks.

Continued on page 100

What should we Spend *for* Food?

By FLORA THURSTON

POINTS IN FOOD ECONOMY

Here are the rules to remember when you plan your food budget:

1. *Money wisely spent for food is the best kind of health insurance.*
2. *Select the most important foods first.*
3. *Lose as little food value as possible in preparing meals and using left-overs.*
4. *Make wholesome foods attractive and appetizing so that the family will like what it has to eat rather than eat merely what it likes.*
5. *Have your own garden, if possible, and grow nearly all the vegetables you need.*

"But," you may ask, "what are the important foods, and how can I make the wholesome foods attractive?"

If you would like to know how, send for our leaflet "Eating on a Budget." It gives you a large and varied group of menus that are healthful, appetizing and inexpensive. Another helpful leaflet is "The Cost of Food." This tells you how to divide your food allowance—what part for meat, how much for milk, butter and eggs, and how much for all the other divisions of the diet. It will help you reduce expenses without eliminating important foods. Just a two-cent stamp for postage will bring you both pamphlets. Send your request to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and they will go to you at once.



START A SERVICE CORNER

Just a small shelf will hold the handy leaflets that are so valuable when you have a few minutes to read about little Mary's training or the way you are going to decorate the living-room, or when you want to try a new recipe. Every month we offer you new leaflets that will add to your little library. They are interesting and practical, and have been edited and approved by the directors in our various departments.

Look through the articles in this issue and choose the aids you want us to send you. Here are the services our experts have prepared for October, and if you will turn to the page number given after each one in this list you will get further details:

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IF "THE most comfortable place to live is inside your income," certainly for most families a food budget is a necessity before moving in. Without a plan the food bills are likely to consume too large a proportion of the family income and keep the savings account from growing as rapidly as it should. Any home-maker who is eager to have her family get the most out of life on a limited income must first decide how much she can reasonably allow for food, and then see that every penny yields a good return.

She will recognize, however, that it is poor economy to spend so little for food that the safety of her family is in danger, because one of the most important sources of family wealth is family health. There are certain foods which are important in any dietary no matter what the cost. These should be provided first, then others added to give palatability. Food luxuries should be included only if there is money to spare.

The charts at the end of this article represent the weekly food bill for an average person, and show at what low cost an adequate diet may be purchased. Chart I gives the market order for the cheapest desirable selection at low and at moderate prices. Chart II shows how a larger allowance for food provides a greater margin of safety and a wider variety of vegetables and fruits.

The amounts suggested are sufficient for an active woman, an adolescent girl, a sedentary man or a young boy. About one-fifth more will be needed for an active man or an adolescent boy, and one-fifth less for a sedentary woman or a young girl.

THE foods listed in Chart I have been selected because in most localities they provide the greatest amount of food value for the least cost. In making substitutions, it is essential that an equally good food be chosen. Any greens may be used in place of spinach, which can be either canned or fresh in season. If oranges are as cheap as tomatoes, they may be used interchangeably. Any fresh fruit can be substituted for apples at the same price. The apples should be used raw as often as possible.

By combining the fruit with cereal foods, it may be stretched and so appear often though in small amounts. In place of some of the milk, it would be economical to purchase occasionally cottage cheese at fifteen cents or twenty cents a pound, because the food value is similar and the cost is less. The cabbage should be served raw as often as possible, because it is more valuable raw than cooked. Prunes or raisins are among the best and cheapest of the dried fruits.

No part of the family income should be more carefully guarded than that set aside for food. Sound bodies can not be built and maintained without the needed abundance of good materials. If necessary, sacrifice even savings for food, since money wisely spent for right food is the best investment and health insurance that any family can have.

Learn what you should include in the daily dietary and how much it will cost. Then try to make the income provide the best possible protection which food can give. Remember that to cut down on food bills may mean depleted health and costly illness.

Martha Van Rensselaer

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When eggs are sixty cents or more a dozen, it may not be advisable to use them often. They may be reduced or eliminated from the diet temporarily until the price is lowered, or water-glass eggs may be used. The beans included in the diet lists are a source of much excellent food value, but they should be made as digestible as possible, particularly for the children. Bean soup is probably its most acceptable form. If cheap cuts of meat can be attractively prepared, the family may afford a little more than is listed. This may be stretched by combining meat with cereal foods and vegetables.

Bread and cereal are somewhat interchangeable, but it is important to emphasize the whole-grain products. Other sweets may be used in place of sugar if they can be secured as low as six cents a pound.

Butter should be used generously, since it has a high vitamin content.

The standard of Chart I when compared with the food-selection Score-Card published in THE DELINEATOR in June, 1924, will fall a little short, because it represents not a desirable safe standard but a minimum safe standard. Every effort should be made to keep it as high as possible and to waste nothing. Chart II is a more ample one and contains foods that are more expensive but not always as valuable as those in Chart I. It provides for a desirable standard as well as a good margin of safety, but it does not permit the luxuries of food out of season, the finest cuts of meat and other expensive foods that are delicacies but not really essential in the diet.

If liberal amounts of fruits and vegetables are allowed, if bacon and marmalade are added to increase the satisfaction and food value of the breakfast, if cream instead of top milk is provided for cereal and coffee and other similar high spots of flavor are included, from fifteen to thirty cents a day or from one to two dollars a week will need to be added to the allowance for each person. An extra allowance will have to be made in any of the budgets if food is purchased out of season, if it is wasted or if prices are more than moderately high. When a diet is generous or on a luxury level, there is more temptation to exceed the limit of moderation, especially in the case of foods that fatten but do not strengthen. Special care should be taken to see that the total amount of food is not more than health requires and that the selection is well balanced and rates high on THE DELINEATOR Score-Card.

IF A home-maker decides to feed her family on the lowest desirable amount, she will need to use considerable care in the selection and preparation of the food. The variety she has to choose from will necessarily be small, because she must select the cheapest foods of each kind. Her ingenuity, therefore, may be taxed to the utmost in making each appearance of the same food somewhat different and always attractive.

The problem of conserving all the food value each food has to contribute is much more acute in the low-priced budget than in the one allowing a larger variety. It is possible and even probable that one-half the chief value of vegetables may be lost by careless methods of cooking. Since vegetables are one of the chief sources of vitamins and minerals, no one, and especially the economical home-maker, can afford to throw down her sink half the price she has paid for so important an article of diet. Instead she can steam the vegetables or boil them in a small amount of water and serve the juice with the vegetable or use it for sauces or soups. Better still, she may pare them thinly, avoid soaking them and bake them in a dish which will conserve all their flavor and juices.

Continued on page 62

Accepted by the Light

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

OH, I CANT GO!

Did you ever look into the mirror and see a very sparkleless person that just couldn't *get ready in a jiffy? Mrs. Cole has some aids for the too-tired—treatments that send you out slick and shining to enjoy the unexpected invitation or greet the visitor just "flying through." Ask her for the list and for any other beauty advice. Just address the Beauty Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage, please*



"YESTERDAY I FELT IT ACCEPTED BY THE LIGHT"

WHAT a drab world this would be if there were no such things as dreams; if people never closed their eyes to shut out things as they are, never opened their minds to let their imaginations slip out the open door into things as they might be! Here a man sends out his dream like an ever-widening circle of light into the No-Man's land of the Undiscovered, and brings back the steam-engine, the printing-press, the radio. There a woman, "last at the Cross and first at the Resurrection," visions beauty and freedom and peace where ugliness and limitation and strife now are—and the faith that is born of her dreams spreads through her children and so through the race. Yes, our dreams give us our faith, the sustaining belief that even though life be a mist there is a burning star at its heart which one can seek and find.

And if we did not have these dreams? There would be no growth, no progress; in fact there would probably be no human race—just cells, perhaps, or something with no capacity to dream.

All the lovely things in the world are dreams come true. All the magic around us is a dream come true.

THE reason we're talking about dreams instead of about bottles and jars is that we have just found a magic phrase of inspiration. It was at a studio party where a lot of painters and sculptors were discussing a figure recently finished by our host, and he said, "It was not until yesterday that I felt it accepted by the light."

"Accepted by the light!" Clear, white light falling on it from all sides and finding no flaw in it! What a lovely expression! What a lovely dream—to have all one's work accepted by the light!

And straightway our mind flew to women, and what they mean in this confused, whirling, multi-colored old world. For some reason, other kinds of people—men and children and dogs and rabbits and everybody—can be a little hit-or-miss and incomplete, but woman—the last high note in the symphony written by the Great Composer—must be accepted by the light. She must be virtuous and stimulating and patient and noble and alluring and understanding and witty and beautiful. Yes!

"Accepted by the light." Think of a wide, revealing shaft of amber light turned on you, full—your face, hair, body, habits, aims, thoughts, desires. We couldn't bear it calmly, many of us, could we?

And yet it's happening to us all the time, from that every-day light that shows up as you sit with your back to the window, for instance—if you're past thirty-five, never let anybody put you with your back directly to the window, it's the act of an enemy—shows up every poor little sagging muscle, every tired, worn line; from that light up to the blaze you have turned on your soul each time you measure yourself by some person you meet or read about, keen, clear, gallant and fine in all her reactions and battles!



"THEY LOOKED AT US WITH THAT 'HO! SHE'S RATHER NICE!' EXPRESSION"

It's the amber light, turned on from all sides and finding you—not acceptable.

It's a good yardstick, that expression, "accepted by the light." If one could live *evenly* and yet not get into ruts doing it, one wouldn't have so many flaws in the marble, so many bad curves. It's the sudden rush and jam, the drive, that makes us pay. If only there were always some swift and glorious thing one could do in an emergency!

NOT long ago we went through ten whole days of unusual activity without doing the daily building up that we practise because we wanted to try out the effectiveness of all these emergency treatments the *salons* have been seeking for, and finding.

We passed ten days of burning the candle at both ends with all our respectable little might, and then every other day taking our ruined face into a *salon* for an emergency treatment. The *salon* people let us do it by ourselves as if we were home alone, just as you might be, out there in Iowa or Kansas or Mississippi! Skins like our own have to be careful not to get too dry, and always to watch their step when they stay up nights; otherwise they will get yellowish and sulky. Our usually firm and docile chin strikes when it gets no daily encouragement in the way of patting and ice or astringent, and becomes double-dealing and lackadaisical; our eyes, uncared for and abused, look as if they had lived quite long enough in this world of so much effort and such thin returns. So we were always looking our worst when we went to the emergency treatments.

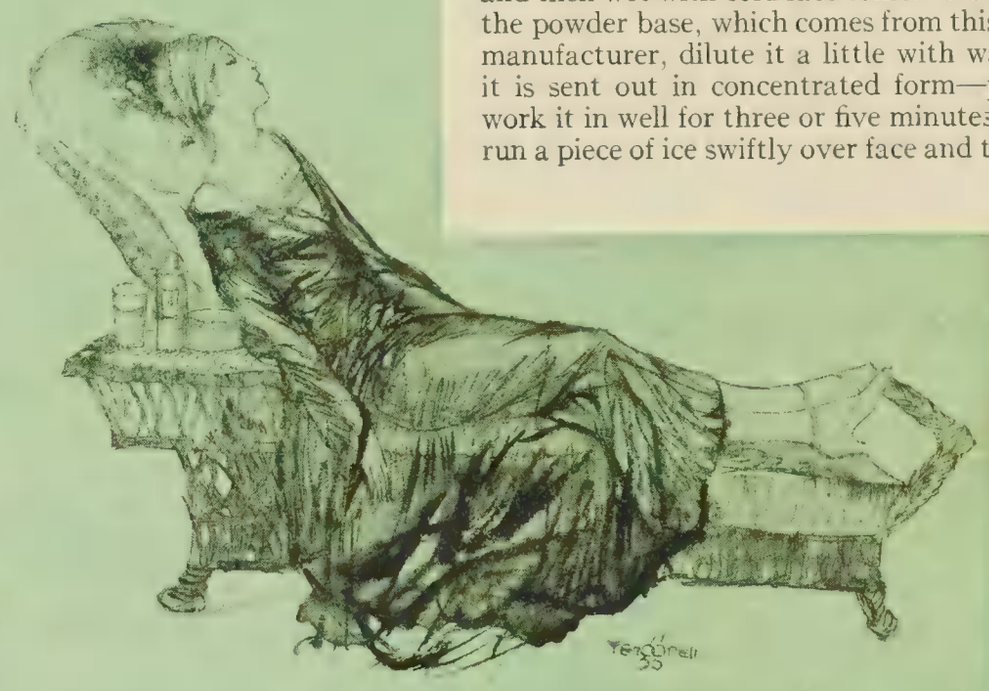
This is what happened. Every single time as we went along the street on our way to a *salon*, nobody looked at us with that "Ho! she's rather *nice!*" expression (not that we look for that, oh no! but one notices it when it comes). But every single time as we came away, after the treatment, somebody looked at us and usually quite a lot of somebodies. Same clothes, same inside-me, discreetly walking along. The difference between adding nothing to the gaiety of nations and later, after the treatment, apparently contributing something was my face. It had been made acceptable to the light.



AN HOUR OR TWO LATER YOUR HAIR IS GLAD-TO-BE-ALIVE

THERE were four treatments which accomplished this. You can take your pick.

The background, of course, is always a tired *you* who has at most an hour before you must get on to the next place. You enter your room, drop off your frock and street shoes, slip on a bathrobe and a bathing-cap. Cleanse the face with cream, soft, melting, put on with an up-and-out stroke; then wipe off cleanly with a tissue or soft cloth. Now spread on a glorious and quite-new-to-this-world special astringent cream, all over the throat and face, up and out, and lie back, eyes closed, not one heavy or sharp thought anywhere about you, full of peace, no time but all eternity stretching around you. Lie there till the cream has dried. Now wet a face-cloth in cold water. Lay it over your face until the cream is all soft and will wash off easily. Dry the face. Pat a bit with a pad of absorbent cotton wrung in cold water, and then wet with cold face tonic. Now take the powder base, which comes from this same manufacturer, dilute it a little with water—it is sent out in concentrated form—pat or work it in well for three or five minutes; then run a piece of ice swiftly over face and throat.



AFTER PUTTING ON THE MASK, LIE DOWN, CHIN RAISED, CORNERS OF YOUR MOUTH UPTILTED

Then a dash of rouge right where that artist, Nature, put the color when you were seventeen; then a fluff of powder, a whisk of rabbit's foot for luck and smoothness. Look! You not only feel as if you had been lying for half an hour in an apple-orchard with the trees in full bloom or the apples hanging on the trees in October ripeness, but you look astonishingly new and pleased-to-be! Lines are relieved and sometimes, unless they are too deep and permanent, are wiped out, and your skin glowing softly, all the tenseness gone. That's one treatment.

This same beauty shop has a mild and nourishing bleach cream that also unfailingly works the miracle. Mix it with a little muscle oil, in the palm of your hand, smooth it over the face, work it in, only be careful

Concluded on page 105

When Pictures puzzle

Learn to Choose, Frame and Hang them correctly

By MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS

Department of Home Building and Furnishing
Directed by MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS

DO YOU KNOW

how to select pictures? If you were buying for your dining-room walls, would you select a Japanese print, a decorative flower group or an etching? If it had to be framed, how would you have it done? A dozen little ticklish questions may be answered by sending twenty-five cents for our bulletin, "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures." Address the House Decoration Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

PICTURES on the walls of our houses are significant of the love and companionship that we find in our fellow creatures, in nature or in art. Nothing indicates our culture and education more definitely than does our taste in pictures.

It is far more restful to have a room without any pictures than to have it decked with an array of the wrong kind. Yet almost no article of house decoration is bought so thoughtlessly as a picture. Different subjects and types appeal to the different individuals who buy them. The matter of fitness to the room and its furnishings is too often a secondary consideration, if any at all.



SILK CORDS HANG THIS RESTFUL LANDSCAPE



ON LARGE WALL SPACES, CAREFULLY FRAMED PICTURES OF VARIOUS SIZES MAY BE EFFECTIVELY HUNG IN GROUPS

Very often in a family one member likes landscapes in oil, another engravings of animals, another water-colors of ships, and still another vivid colorful pictures in the modern manner. How can such an assortment be assembled in one room and still have that room considered well furnished? The answer is—it can not!

The most fortunate people are those who embark on their home-making careers unburdened with a motley assortment of pictures; or, if they are already well established, have the courage to throw away acknowledged mistakes or misfits of the past.

IT IS not advisable to buy oil-paintings or water-colors, if one knows nothing about them, without first asking the advice of an expert. If, however, there is no expert at hand, one is usually safe in selecting oils, water-colors, colored prints, etchings and engravings which are good reproductions from the masters.

At all times it is wise to avoid a display of "calendar art" or chromos in cheap, harsh colors. Photographs, too, are not exactly works of art, especially those taken in years gone by. These, if persons choose to display their family or friends, should be hung in rooms more personal than the general living-room; preferably in a bedroom or intimate sitting-room. Of course good paintings of the family or its ancestors are most decorative and appropriate when hung in a living-room or dining-room.

The first thing to do before hanging pictures is to make sure that they suit the room in which they are to hang. Second, assemble the various types and kinds and hang them in the same or in closely adjoining rooms. Never hang an oil-painting next to a family photograph or sampler, nor a silhouette next to a delicate water-color. Rather group these various types and hang them in separate rooms. If, however, they must be hung together in the same room, or even in closely adjoining rooms, they should hang on opposite walls.

For the *living-rooms* genuine water-colors, oil-paintings, etchings and colored prints are most suitable. Since we can not all own original and authentic works of art, reproductions of the works of famous masters in colors, in black and white or in sepia prints make interesting pictures. For the Early-American or Colonial living-room, colored prints of incidents of bygone days, samplers, water-colors of Yankee clipper ships, silhouettes and daguerreotypes are appropriate.

In a *library or man's room* may be hung etchings and engravings. The walls and woodwork, however, must not be too light in color, otherwise the drawings will give the walls a spotted appearance.

Decorative flowers, hunt subjects and architectural paintings are deemed most in keeping with the dignity of the *dining-room*, *hall and living-room*, provided the furnishings are not strictly of a period.

In *family bedrooms* may be hung photographs, old costume prints and pictures of the most intimate type.

For the *guest-room* one should select small water-colors or prints of a subject of general interest to all.

For the *nursery* be careful to select subjects and colors that are pleasing to the child who is to occupy it, for pictures make an impression that lasts long after the child has matured.

THE frame of a picture may be considered its "cloak" or "dress" and should be chosen in accordance with the type of the picture to be framed. The following suggestions should be remembered:

As a rule, oil-paintings are framed without either mat or glass in dull gilt frames, the width and type of which should balance the weight of the picture. A black-and-white picture is usually best in a black or gray frame, and a brown picture in either brown or dull gilt, or a combination of the two. Colored prints, water-colors, pastels and some oils may be framed with moldings which have a little color in them. It is well to have this color in the frame "pick up" the predominant color note in the picture. Generally speaking, gilt frames of simple design and correct width suit a great variety of pictures.



TWO SMALL PICTURES AND A LARGE ONE MAKE AN ATTRACTIVE GROUP OVER A DAY-BED OR COUCH

Concluded on page 64

PLANT YOUR SPRING GARDEN NOW

By FRANCES DUNCAN

Author of "The Joyous Art of Gardening"

BEFORE YOUR GARDEN GOES TO SLEEP

If you want a lovely row of iris, gay daffodils or a clump of early blooming crocus next Spring, this is the time to plant them.

Read this interesting article and then follow one of the helpful garden plans you can get from THE DELINEATOR. *On sturdy brown paper, large and easy to read, these plans will be an invaluable aid all year.*

Tack a plan on the kitchen wall or in the tool closet and consult it regularly. It gives you detailed working instructions, a diagram of your garden plot, the seeds and material required, with their approximate cost, and the calendar that tells you what to do each month.

There are seven plans. A free sheet showing you all seven in reduced size will be sent you for just a two-cent stamp to cover postage. You can order the actual plan—which costs only twenty-five cents—from this sheet. Write to the Garden Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*



"BESIDE THE LAKE, BENEATH THE TREES, FLUTTERING AND DANCING IN THE BREEZE"



THIS QUAINT LITTLE HOUSE, WITH ITS BORDER OF TULIPS, LOOKS LIKE A FAIRY-TALE COME TRUE

THE most delightful, most joyous of all gardens is the Spring garden. Not all the wealth of Summer blossoming gives us the vivid happiness of finding on some drab, gloomy, February day the first snowdrop, bravely venturing its delicate loveliness—or the first crocus!

Very fragile, very delicate are the earliest comers. In gardening, as often happens in life, it would seem that courage belongs to the apparently fragile, rather than to the robust. No peony or zinnia would risk its petals to the March winds as does that most ethereal of magnolias, the *stellata*, whose flowers are as exquisitely white as the Indian pipe.

The Spring garden blooms when its loveliness is a peculiar delight; when the suburbanite has grown weary of braving raw winds to catch the 7:58, when the longing for Spring is keenest. No one who has seen the ranks of gay daffodils, the sudden, vivid beauty of crimson peach-trees, the poetic loveliness of the little flowering cherry covered with blossoms as with a rosy mist, but wishes that he also had a Spring garden.

I believe every one would have a Spring garden if at the time of blooming he could betake himself to a florist and buy the narcissi, daffodils and crocuses and plant them then. But when a thing requires forethought, we don't get it so often. And the Spring garden has to be planted in the Fall. This is why there aren't more Spring gardens.

The best of all times to make a Spring garden, or for that matter any hardy garden, is *now* in September and early October. This especially is the time for putting in bulbs. Now the soil may be worked over, and the planting done leisurely. There is no need for disturbing the garden beds in the Spring; only the careful working in of manure or other fertilizer, and the sowing of annuals where vacancies occur—and your garden is in order!

To my mind, bulbs are the friendliest of all the garden denizens—like charity they "bear all things, hope all things, endure all things" —and of them it may almost be said "never faileth." You can plant daffodils and tulips deep, to have annuals grow over them; they will be a trifle longer perhaps in coming up, but will bloom serenely. You can plant the lovely little grape hyacinth of a soft, Delft blue (*Muscari botryoides*) and with it plant thickly forget-me-not; after the grape hyacinth has done blooming the mass of forget-me-not foliage covers it completely, but the hyacinth blooms the next year as radiantly as ever. Daffodils once planted will persist a hundred years or more; so will the poet's narcissi, although the grass has closed over them and all traces of the garden they once adorned are gone.

It is sad news for flower-lovers that this Autumn of 1925 is the "last call" for many of the so-called Dutch bulbs. The embargo will be on, and they may no longer be imported. The idea, presumably, is to stimulate the activities of American bulb-growers, but our climatic conditions are so different from those of Holland, our labor situation so different, that American growers have never found it profitable to produce these bulbs in large quantities, finding other forms of horticultural endeavor more remunerative. Our people are not given to skilled hand-work, nor does it seem likely that we shall produce that type of worker.

After this Autumn, bulbs of course may be had, but in smaller quantities and undoubtedly at a very serious increase in price—possibly five or ten times as much as we now pay.

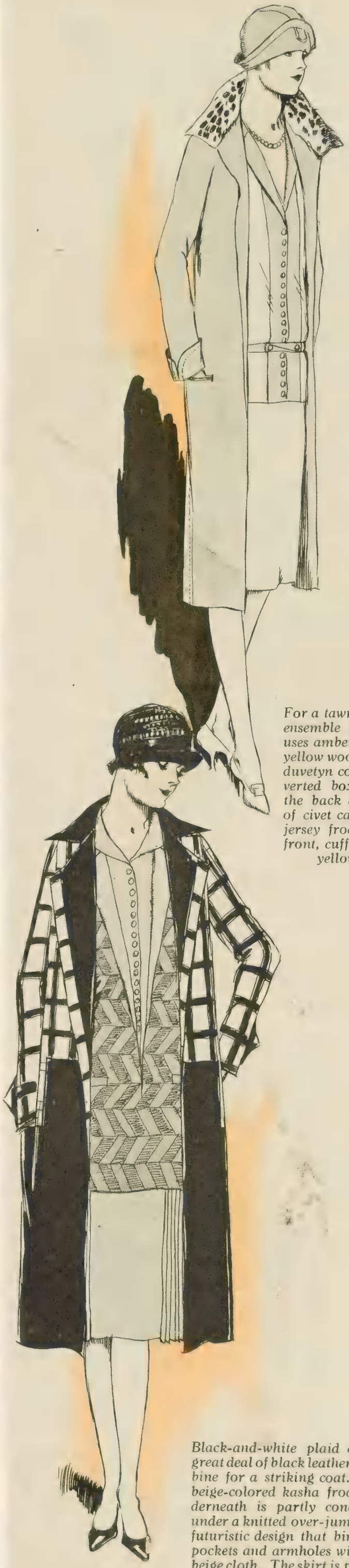
AMONG the bulbs which will be excluded after this Autumn's importations are snowdrop, chionodoxa, scilla, ixia, the lovely little grape hyacinth (*Muscari botryoides*), the two fritilaries (*Fritilaria imperialis*—the "Crown Imperiall" which flourished in Queen Elizabeth's garden—and the *Fritilaria meleagris*); crocus may still come in, also lily-of-the-valley. Therefore gardeners everywhere are hastening to invite these adorable emigrants, for who would willingly miss the snowdrop, the charming sky-blue stars of the chionodoxa or the little scilla, blue as a fringed gentian, which was kind enough to bloom in March?

Another loss will be even more sorely felt when the exclusion sentence is on against the whole race of narcissi. This means not only poet's narcissus and others of the *Poetaz* group, but all daffodils and jonquils, the paper white narcissus—that most kindly and long suffering of bulbs, blooming in short enough space to content even the impatience of childhood, the bulb which any one can grow and under almost any condition, barring complete thirst. This too is to be brought in no more.

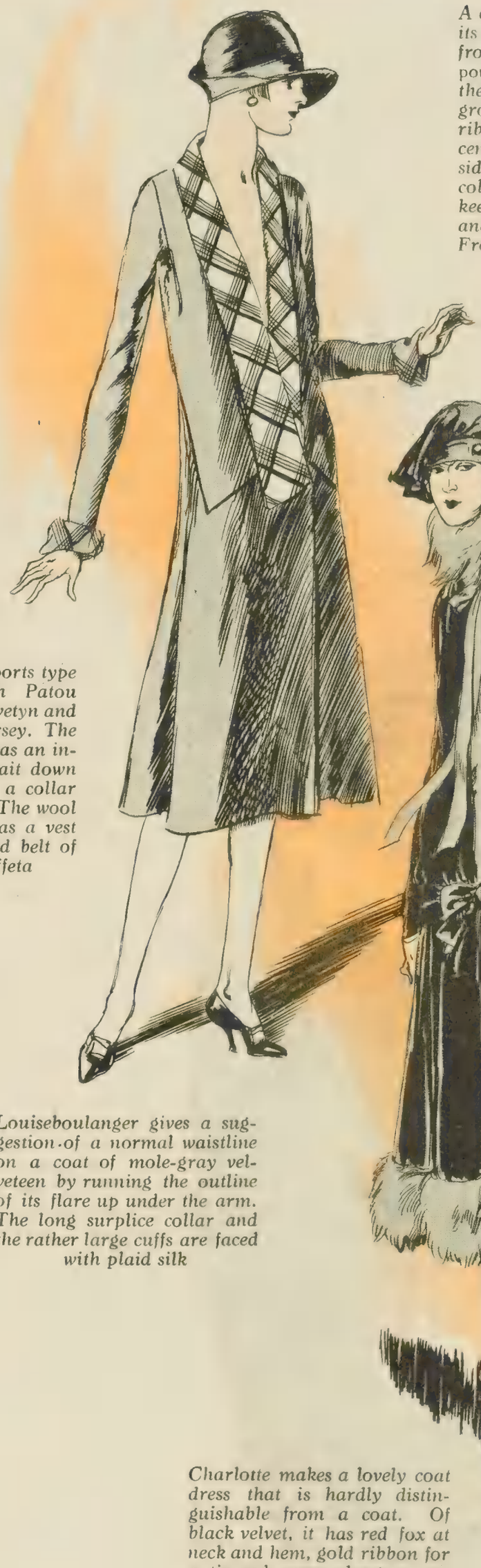
It is a cheering thought, however, that bulbs are not annuals and that if brought into our gardens now, embargoes may come and embargoes may go, the bulbs will continue to blossom year after year and to increase after their beneficent fashion. And crocuses we may still plant freely; tulips and hyacinths may yet come in, though the idea seems to be, ultimately, to exclude all.

Concluded on page 98

SOULIÉ SKETCHES SENT FROM THE BUTTERICK PARIS SHOP SHOW NEW ENSEMBLES WITH PLAITS AND FLARES



For a tawny sports type ensemble Jean Patou uses amber duvetyn and yellow wool jersey. The duvetyn coat has an inverted box plait down the back and a collar of civet cat. The wool jersey frock has a vest front, cuffs and belt of yellow taffeta



Louiseboulanger gives a suggestion of a normal waistline on a coat of mole-gray velveteen by running the outline of its flare up under the arm. The long surplice collar and the rather large cuffs are faced with plaid silk



Charlotte makes a lovely coat dress that is hardly distinguishable from a coat. Of black velvet, it has red fox at neck and hem, gold ribbon for a tie and opens along a centered strip of gold lamé. The skirt is both gathered and flared—the gathers coming at each side



A black satin coat shines with kolinsky at its neck and hem. The coat fits closely at the hips, but just below there are gathers to give a flaring line which is intensified by the circular cut of the fur. Stitched bands trim the sleeves. From Rolande

A cape ensemble makes its cape and jumper frock of brown grain de poudre and borders all the edges with brown grosgrain ribbon. A ribbon connecting the center back and each side front of the cape collar acts as a lever to keep it standing up and out from the neck. From Suzanne Talbot



Black-and-white plaid and a great deal of black leather combine for a striking coat. The beige-colored kasha frock underneath is partly concealed under a knitted over-jumper of futuristic design that binds its pockets and armholes with the beige cloth. The skirt is plaited at each side. From James

A TAILORED ENSEMBLE, SPORTS DRESSES, SOFT FROCKS AND EVENING GOWNS GO INTO THE COLLEGE GIRL'S TRUNK



Dress 6349

Dress 6245
Hat 6359



Dress 6308

Jumper 6268
Skirt 6337

Coat 6324





Dress 6330



Dress 6281

Dress 6328

Other views and descriptions are on page 106

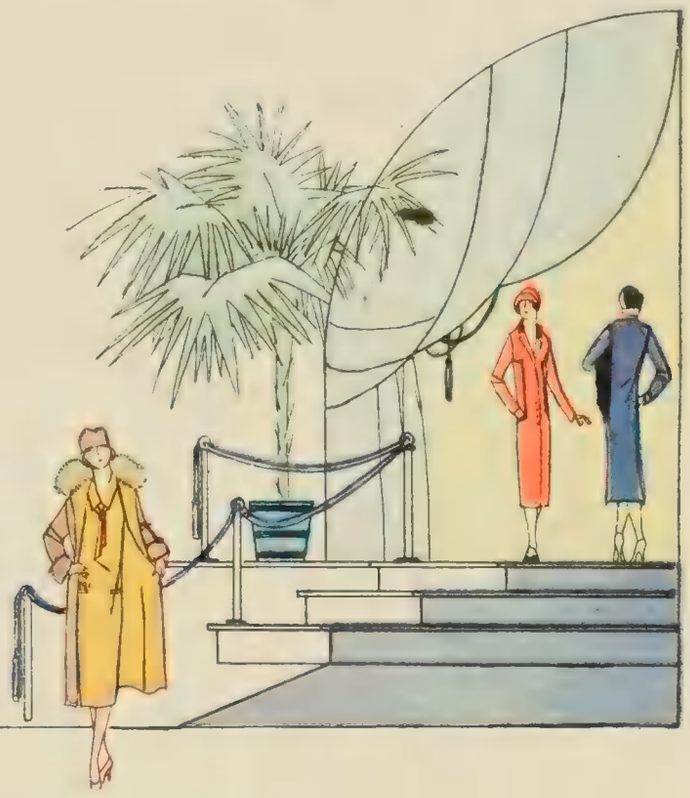
Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 100.

THE FASHIONABLE YOUNG GIRL CHOOSES NEW ENSEMBLES FOR GENERAL AND BETTER WEAR



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PARIS PRESENTS AUTUMN ENSEMBLES OF THE SMART SPORTS TYPE AND THE



Dress
6316



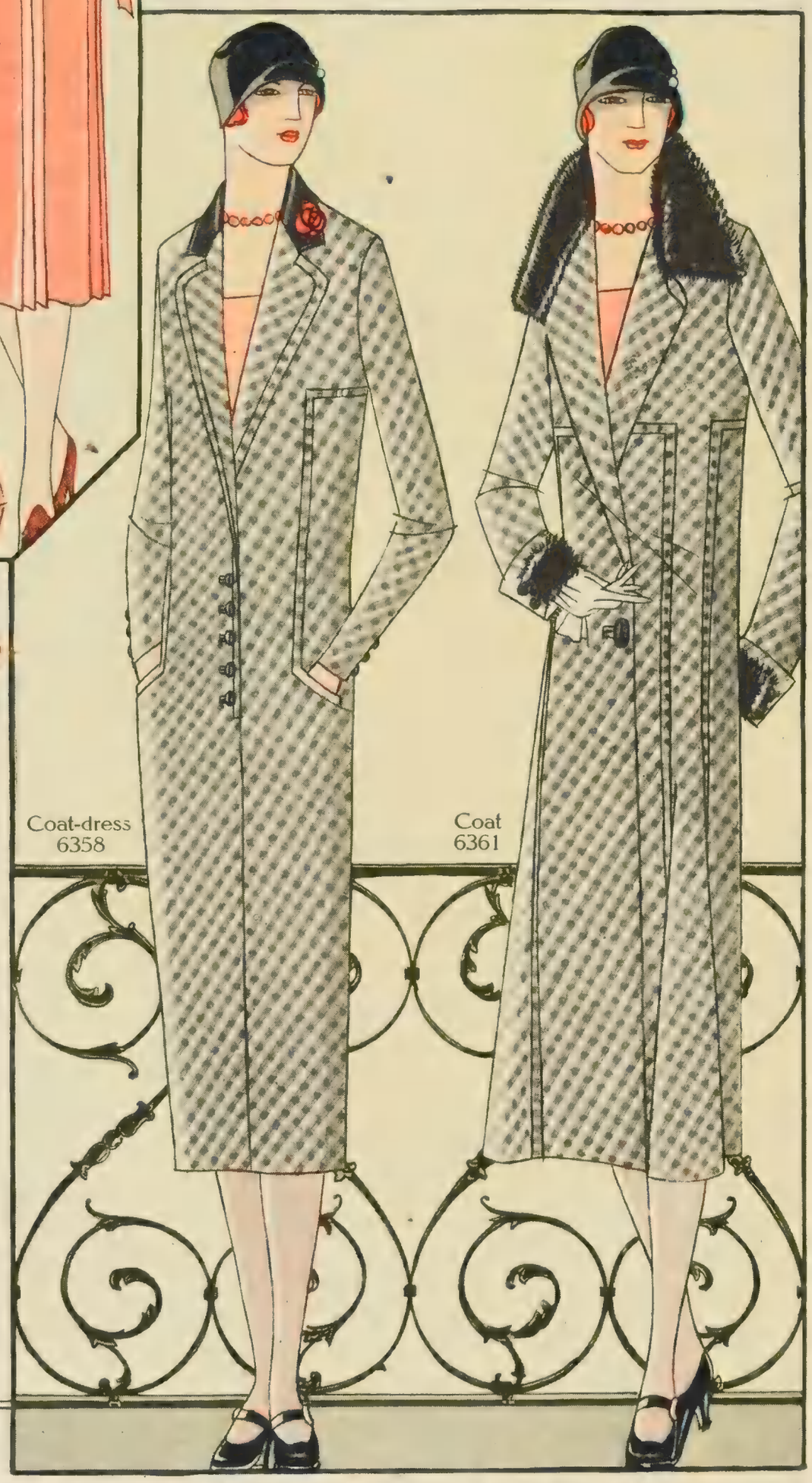
Coat 6300

Blouse 6339
Skirt 6331



Dress
6304

Coat
6296



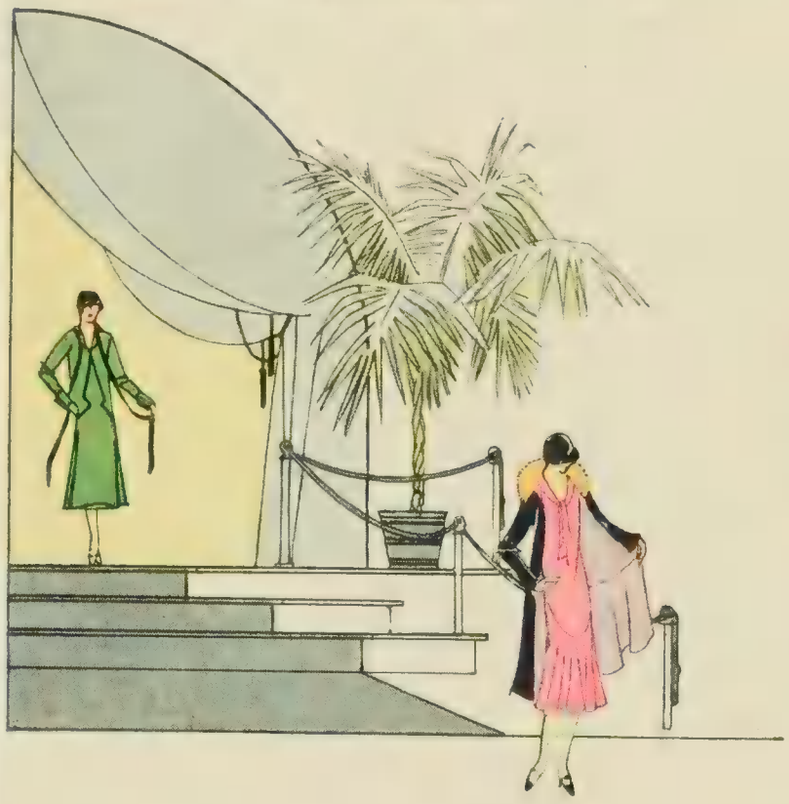
Coat-dress
6358

Coat
6361

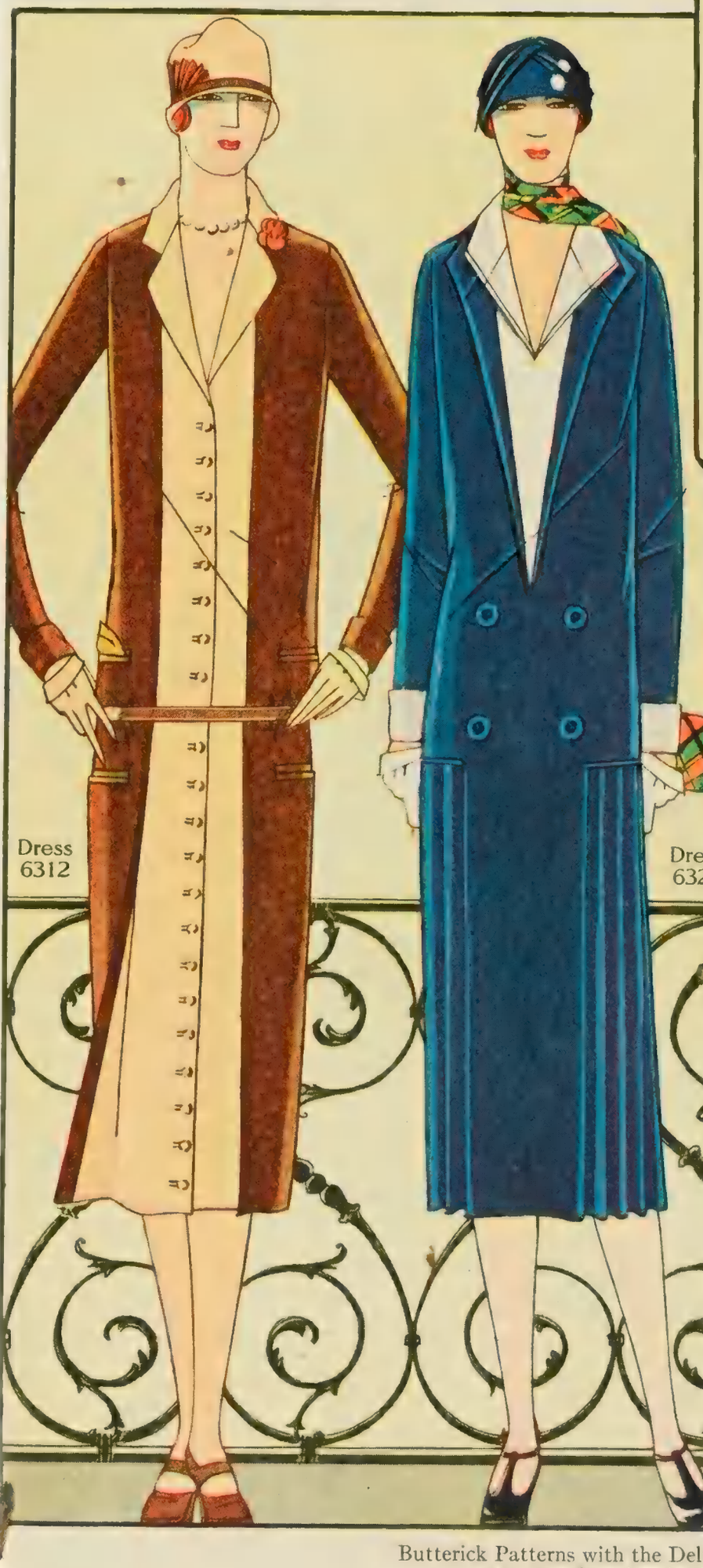
Other views and descriptions are on page 107

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IMPORTANCE IN THE NEW REDINGOTE, ENSEMBLE OF MORE FORMAL CUT







Dress 6312

Dress 6320

Dress 6350

Coat 6302

Dress 6332

M·S·WALLÉ

Dress 6326

Other views and descriptions are on page 108

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Overcoat
6317
Hat 6323

Dress 6321
Tam-o'-shanter 6246

Dress 6329
Tam-o'-shanter
6188

Dress and
bloomers 6311
Hat 5212

Coat 6280
Tam-o'-shanter
6188

Other views and descriptions are on page 109

Dress 6307
Hat 5557

Dress and
bloomers 6288
Hat 6323

Coat 6292
Hat 6323

Coat 6335
Hat 6327

Dress 6309
Hat 6327

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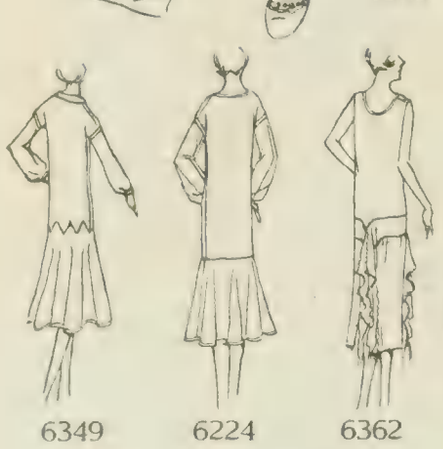
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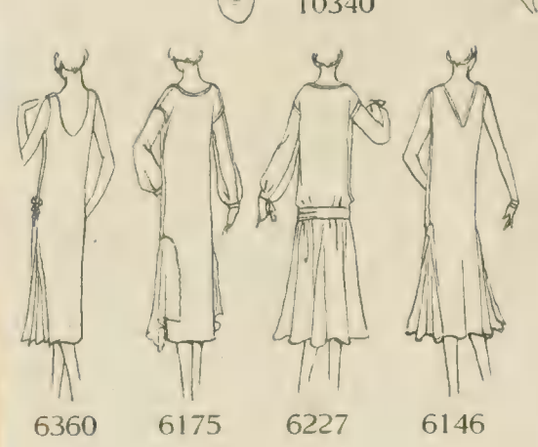
Dress 6224—Embroidery design 10285 Dress 6175 Dress 6146

Dress 6349

Dress 6227 Embroidery design 10340



6349 6224 6362



6360 6175 6227 6146

BRIDES OF OCTOBER IN FLARED OR SOFTLY DRAPED FROCKS, LACE AND PEARLS

6349—This very young bride wears a two-piece circular skirt attached in an interesting outline. Make this slip-over frock of crêpe satin, satin Canton, etc.

18 years requires 3½ yards 35-inch satin. Lower edge 2¾ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6224—10285—The smart circular flounce of this slip-over frock lengthens its one-piece upper part. The embroidery is attractive. Work in pearls. Use satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, etc. Lower edge 2⅝ yards.

36 bust requires 3 yards 36 or 39 inch crêpe satin (circular flare cut crosswise).

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6175—Lace for the frill and sectional flounce, attached in a curved outline, turns a simple one-piece slip-over dress into an elegant frock. It fits closely at the hipline. Use flat crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch crêpe satin and 2 yards 20-inch lace flouncing.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

Dress 6362 Dress 6360

6146—A slip-over one-piece wedding-gown has inserted godets of lace. The lace sleeves are on a separate one-piece slip. Use crêpe Roma, Georgette, etc., with satin slip. Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 2⅝ yards 35-inch lace.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6227—10340—Flowers and long stems almost cover this slip-over frock. Work in beads. The full straight skirt is attached at a low waistline. There is a narrow drop skirt and long camisole.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge of dress 3 yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6362—Soft draperies attached to this slip-over one-piece frock make it particularly attractive. It fits closely at the hipline and has long sleeves attached to a separate one-piece slip. Use plain chiffon, chiffon voile, etc., with satin slip.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6360—After the wedding this draped one-piece gown may become an evening dress by leaving off the separate one-piece slip with its day neckline and long sleeves. The armhole may be cut down. Lower edge of dress, plaits out, 2½ yards.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 35-inch satin and 1⅝ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 3 bust.

6360—This lovely draped dress, one-piece type, has an evening or a day neck, a normal or a cut-down armhole. The separate one-piece slip may have sleeves. Use black crêpe satin, satin Canton or satin faille, etc. The flower is hand made. Lower edge of dress, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch satin and ¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is attractive for ladies 36 to 48 bust.

6362—The attached draperies are charmingly soft. This slip-over one-piece frock fits closely at the hipline and may have an evening or a day neck. The separate one-piece slip may be made with sleeves. Use plain chiffon, chiffon voile, etc., with satin slip. Lower edge of dress 44 inches.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 40-inch Georgette.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6354—Inserted godets put motion into a slip-over one-piece dress which fits closely at the hipline. Use bordered wide Canton crêpe, etc., with at least a twenty-inch plain border at the bottom and with plain to match.

36 bust requires 1¼ yard 54-inch bordered crêpe satin and 1¼ yard 54-inch plain. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6356—The straight lower edge of this one-piece slip-over frock makes it suitable for bordered wide silks such as crêpe satin, Canton crêpe, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch bordered crêpe satin.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6364—The new bordered wide velvet brocades on Georgette, silk voile or crêpe voile, bordered wide crêpe satins, etc., are best displayed by a simple slip-over one-piece frock. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 44 inches

36 bust requires 1½ yard 54-inch bordered Georgette.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



Dress 6360 Dress 6362 Dress 6354

6348—6359—Backed by a circular flare this slip-over frock presents a one-piece front to the world. Use worsteds, cashmere, wool crêpe, etc. The hat has a six-gored crown. Lower edge 1¾ yard. 36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch soft twill for dress.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust; the hat is for ladies and misses.



NEW ENSEMBLES CHOOSE TAILORED FROCKS, FLARED

STRAIGHT COATS FOR COATS FOR OTHER TYPES



Coat 6371
Dress 6364

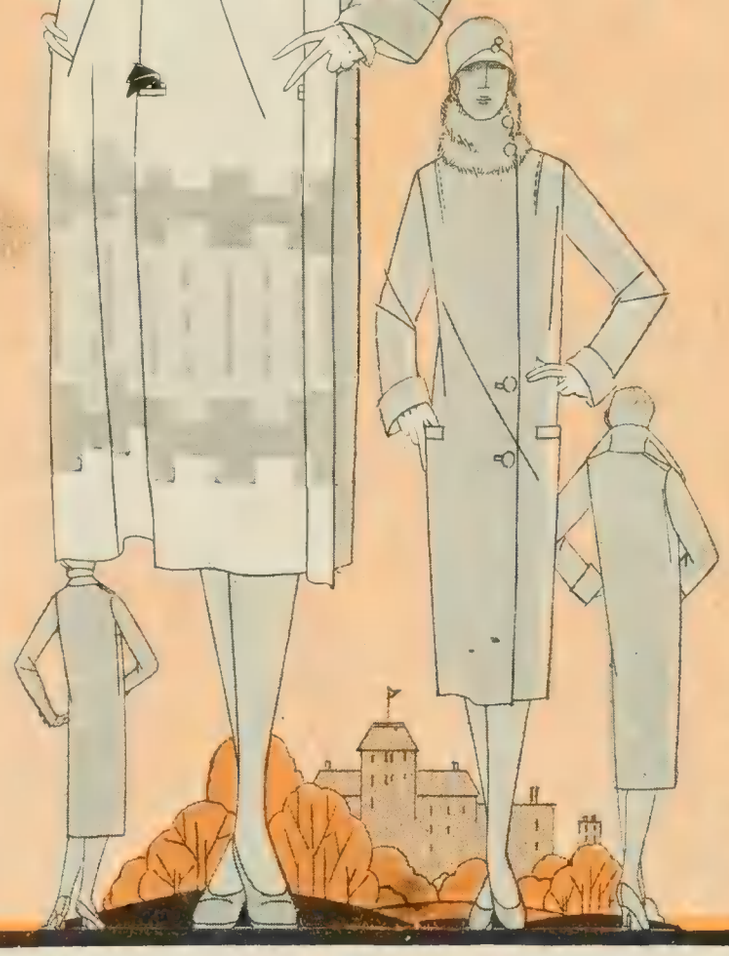


Dress 6255
Hat 6359



Coat 6372
Dress 6342

Coat 6370—Dress 6241



Coat 6369—Dress 6279

Coat 6368—Dress 6336

6371—6364—The straight-line coat with a softly box-plaited flare attached at each side makes a smart ensemble with a slip-over one-piece dress with a straight lower edge. Use short-nap coatings, kasha duvetyn, kasha, smooth-faced plain coatings, etc., for coat. Lower edge of coat 53 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 50-inch velvet for coat.

The coat and dress are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses 16 to 18 years.

6370—6241—For chic put this straight-line coat with a frock that inserts a cluster of plaits at each side front. The coat pocket may be on the outside or on the lining. Use tweeds, cashmere cheviots, etc. Lower edge of coat 47 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 54-inch wool plaid for coat.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses 16 to 18 years; the dress for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6255—6359—A small French hat with a six-gored crown is correct for this one-piece dress with a cluster of plaits at the left side and a two-seam sleeve. Use worsteds, cashmere, kasha, camel's-hair twills, or wool crêpe, etc., for dress. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 51½ inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch soft twill for dress.

The dress is for ladies 34 to 48 bust; hat for ladies and misses.

6369—6279—A flatterer is the collar of this straight line coat. The slip-over one-piece dress matches its bordered flannel lining. The coat may be made without an underarm seam in wide materials for certain figures. The lower edges are straight. Lower edge of coat 45½ inches.

36 bust takes 2⅜ yards 54-inch kasha for coat.

Both are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses 16 to 18 years.

6372—6342—With a deep armhole and sleeve in one with the shoulder-yoke, this coat slips easily over a one-piece slip-over frock with an inserted section at each side front and back. In wide materials no underarm seam is needed for this coat for certain figures. Lower edge of coat 45 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch short-nap coating.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses 16 to 18 years; the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6368—6336—This smart ensemble consists of a shawl-collared straight-line coat and a slip-over dress with a unique lower part. The coat pocket may be a patch-pocket on the lining or set in outside. Lower edge of coat 47 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch short-nap coating.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 52 bust, also misses 16 to 18 years; dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 100.



6340 6334 6314



Dress 6314
Embroidery
design 10104

Coat-
dress
6318



6318 6338 6336



Dress
6340

Dress 6334
Hat 6359



Dress 6338

Dress
6336

6314—10104—Elephants are *à la mode*. Work this one in color. Use wool jersey tubing, etc., for this slip-over one-piece frock with a straight lower edge. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6318—This tailored one-piece coat frock has a straight lower edge and inserted plaits at the sides. Lower edge with plaits out 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch kasha.

The coat-dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6340—Tall godets are inserted at the front of a one-piece dress, close fitting at the hipline. The vestee is separate. Use satin Canton, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe satin with reverse side for godets, etc., and ¾ yard 35-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The dress is for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

6334—6359—A six-gored-crown hat is chic with this one-piece slip-over dress with circular flares at the sides. It fits closely at the hipline.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (circular flare cut crosswise) and ½ yard 35-inch Georgette. Lower edge 43½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6338—Worsted, cashmere, wool crêpe, kasha, etc., are smart for a slip-over frock with a one-piece back and a circular flare attached across the front. The vestee and cuffs may be detachable.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch twill. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6336—An inverted plait at front, back and sides of the attached lower part of this slip-over dress gives it width. The pointed outline is unusual. Use twills, worsteds, cashmere, camel's-hair twills, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch kasha for upper part and 1½ yard 54-inch contrasting kasha. Lower edge with plaits out 2¼ yds.

The dress is charming for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

M. S. WALLE

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TO FLARE, TO PLAIT, OR TO FLY LOOSE PANELS IS PARIS' ADVICE TO FROCKS



6344—Loose panels, Georgette lined, are all of a flutter at the least movement. Make this one-piece dress of crêpe satin, satin Canton, satin faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or heavy crêpe de Chine with tie ends, cuffs, etc., of contrasting. The frock slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch flat crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

6342—The color that hides under the plaits comes out boldly for the vestee, collar and cuffs. This tailored one-piece slip-over frock has an inserted section at each side front and back. Use worsteds, cashmere, light-weight kasha, camel's-hair twills, wool crêpe or serge with contrasting, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch twill and ½ yard 54-inch contrasting.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Dress 6355

Dress 6353

Dress 6351

6355—This frock has an unusual one-piece back, for it is flanked by godet fulness. A circular flare ripples across the front. Crêpe satin or satin Canton with the reverse side and with a vestee of contrasting crêpe de Chine is smart for this slip-over frock. Or use soft satin, crêpe satin or satin Canton with contrasting.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin with reverse side for trimming (circular flare cut crosswise to avoid piecing). Lower edge 2¼ yards.

The dress is becoming to ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6353—Crêpe satin, satin Canton or soft satin is used to make this dress in redingote effect. Matching or contrasting silk crêpe or the same material in a lighter tone makes the undersection and cuffs. A circular flare is attached across the sides in a pointed outline. Lower edge, plait drawn out, 2⅜ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe, with ⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting.

The dress is good style for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6351—A little piece of good lace is the touch that makes a frock elegant. The one-piece upper part of this slip-over dress is lengthened by a lower part that has a circular flare across the front. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, or satin faille with lace edging jabot; or use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6363—10189—A gathered flounce that is straight prefers to take a diagonal direction. The embroidery is interesting. Work in contrast. This one-piece dress fits closely at the hipline and slips on over the head. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, satin faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or heavy crêpe de Chine with Georgette, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1¼ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is charming for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Dress 6344 Dress 6342 | 6344 6342 6355 6353 6351 6363 Dress 6363 Embroidery design 10189

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HALLOWE'EN FOLK, FROM A GOOD LITTLE BROWNIE TO A BIG BAD DEVIL



4006—The "funny man" wears a stiff ruff of tarlatan with a white paper muslin, silesia or sateen suit to which are sewed squares of black. Or make pompons and use instead of the squares.

This clown suit and cap are for men and boys 22 to 44 breast.

5369—The little brownie has another cap—a round one. Brown flannel, paper muslin, silesia, sateen or cambric with yellow bands make this costume. Dark green or deep purple with white, red with brown, etc., are other popular combinations.

The brownie costume is for boys 4 to 12 years.

4308—The artist goes to the ball in smock and tam-o'-shanter. Use linen-finished cottons, chambray, chintz, sateen, pongee, washable satin or crêpe de Chine for the smock. The tam-o'-shanter may be made of sateen, velvet or washable satin.

This costume is for 32 to 44 bust or breast.

3847—"Poor Butterfly" wears fans in her hair. This is a typical Japanese kimono or dress and makes a very artistic costume. It may be made of crêpe de Chine, China silk, Oriental silks or cotton crêpe. Lower edge 58½ inches.

This costume is for ladies, misses or girls 24 to 44 bust.

6366—The domino figure is the most mysterious one, the most difficult to recognize. Make this simple costume of sateen, poplin, satin, linen or linen-finished cottons. It may be made with a cape. Lower edge 2 yards.

It is for ladies, men and children 28 to 48 bust or breast.

4809—At Hallowe'en one may turn time back and once more become a little girl. Make this one-piece fancy-dress romper, with its inside pocket, of check gingham or chambray, with collar, cuffs and sash of organdy.

This romper is for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 38 bust.

5625—The gay Spanish dancer wears satin with spangled net on the right shoulder and shawl drapery of flat silk crêpe. Or use sateen with cotton net and soft cotton crêpe shawl. The flounce may be plaited or gathered.

The costume is for ladies, misses and girls, 26 to 38 bust.

5510—The suave and wicked devil who is making himself charming to the Spanish girl wears a costume consisting of a jacket, trunks, cape and hood. Use sateen, mercerized fabrics or lining satin with velveteen bands; or use paper muslin, etc.

The costume is for men and boys 28 to 40 breast.

3555—The coquettish little Pierrette or ballet dancer makes her costume of paper muslin, taffeta, gold tissue or pineapple cloth. Or use tarlatan with a waist of sateen, etc. The ruche is made of tarlatan or net. Lower edge 3 yards.

The costume is for ladies, misses or girls 24 to 38 bust.

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SMALL CHIC HATS, AND NEW GARMENTS FOR THE UP-STAIRS REGIONS



Hat 6327

6327—In the opinion of small ladies of eight, the buckle and the stitched brim are the high lights of this six-gored-crown hat. Make it of satin or taffeta with grosgrain ribbon, faille silk with satin ribbon, etc.

8 years or 20½ inches head measure requires ½ yard 39-inch silk, or ⅝ yard 27-inch velveteen, or ½ yard 35-inch duvetyn.

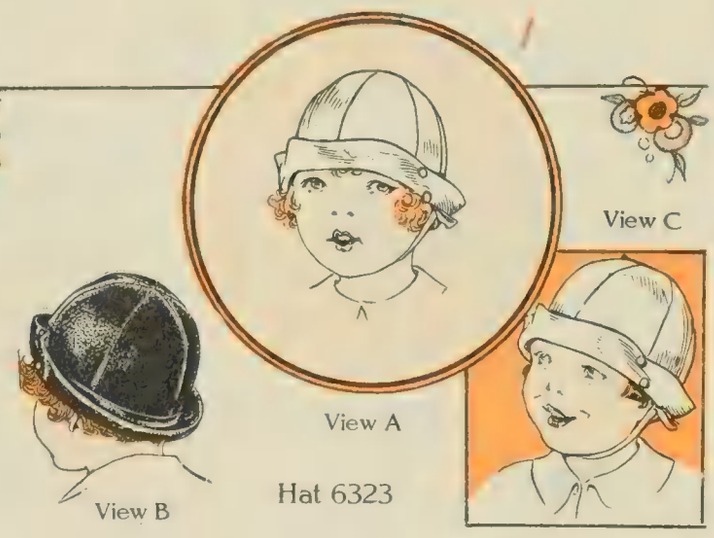
The hat is for girls 2 to 12 years.



Hat 6359

6359—Satin with grosgrain or velvet ribbon, faille silk with satin, etc., make this six-gored-crown hat.

22 inches head measure requires ⅜ yard 39-inch silk, or ⅝ yard 27-inch velvet, or ½ yard 35-inch duvetyn. This hat is for ladies and misses.



View C

View A

View B

Hat 6323

6323—Little brothers and sisters wear smart six-gored-crown hats made of satin, faille silk, taffeta, duvetyn, velveteen, flannel or wool jersey, etc.

4 years or 19½ inches head measure requires ⅝ yard 27-inch velveteen or flannel, or ½ yard 35-inch silk for views A and C; and ½ yard 27 to 35 inch material for view B.

This hat is for little girls and tiny boys 2 to 8 years.

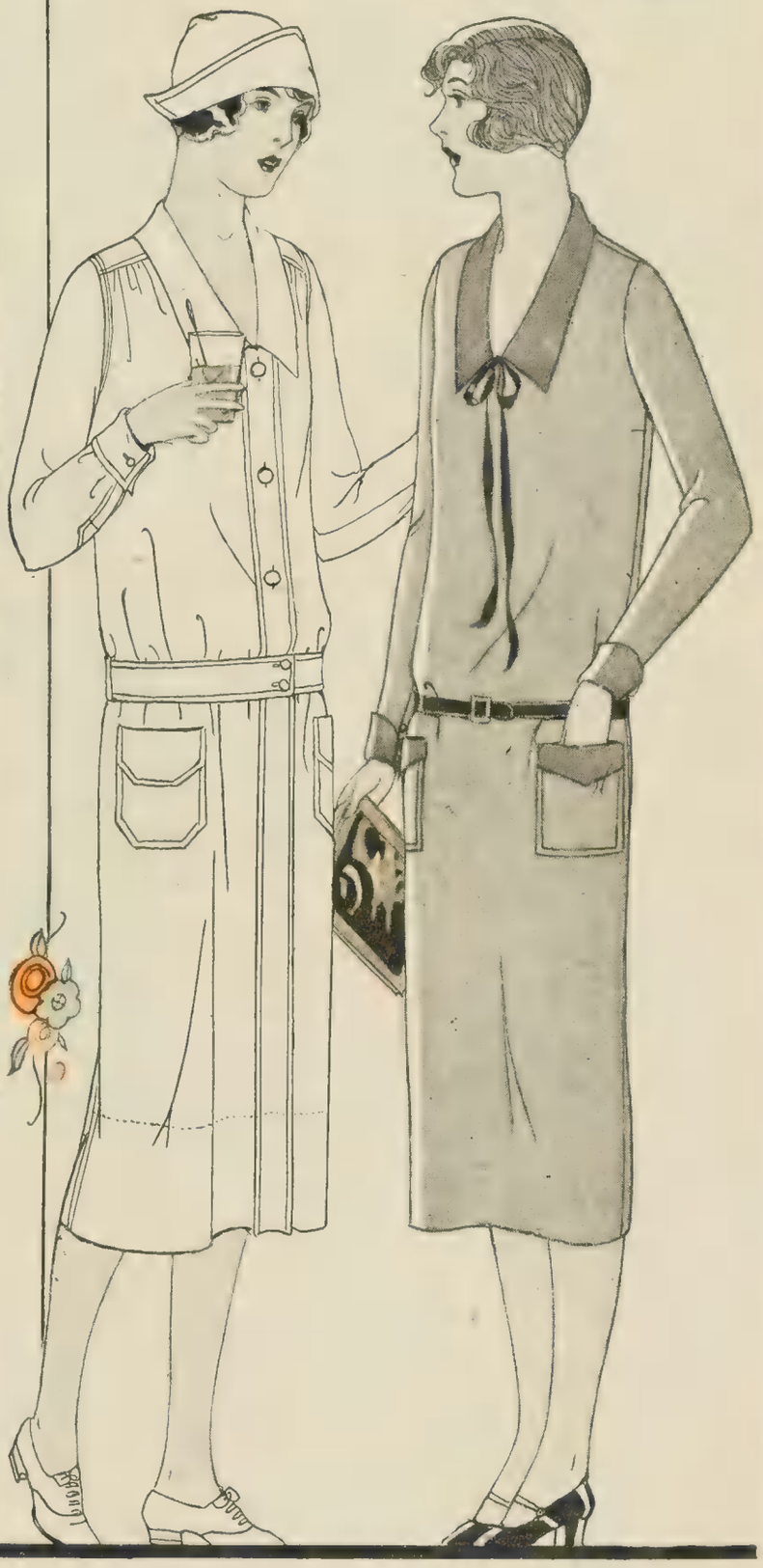


Negligée 6367

Bathrobe 6365



Nightgown 6272



Dress 6277

Dress 6346

6367—On those chilly October nights and mornings when one looks in the closet for a warm negligée it is nice to find hanging there one that is beautiful as well as warm. This negligée may be made of albatross or corduroy, all of one material; or of challis or flannel with contrasting, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch flannel. Lower edge 46½ ins.

The charming negligée is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

6365—Bare shoulders and arms slip gratefully into the cozy warmth of this bathrobe. It is very smart made of robe cloth, or corduroy, eider-down or flannel with or without cord trimming, or use terry cloth without the cord trimming. The sleeve has two seams. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 2 yards 72-inch blanket robing.

The bathrobe is for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

6272—An original neck line and closing set this slip-over nightgown apart from the more usual ones. It may have a short sleeve if preferred. Make it of outing flannel, flannelet, cotton crêpe, muslin, long-cloth, nainsook or heavy crêpe de Chine. Lower edge with plait drawn out 2 yards.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 35-inch outing flannel.

The nightgown is practical for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

6277—The immaculately dressed nurse and the efficient housewife both find this one-piece dress and cap practical. For a nurse's uniform use nurses' linen, poplin, broadcloth, oxford cloth, cambric, chambray, sheeting, etc. For a house dress there are linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton broadcloth, etc. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch nurses' linen.

It is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6346—A simple one-piece dress with the smart close sleeve and a straight lower edge is made of flannel with contrasting or with crêpe de Chine in contrast, or of heavy crêpe de Chine, silk pongee, etc. It slips on over the head and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

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The Tomato Soup people expect you to serve!

There are some few products—a very few—which are so well made that the public, consciously or unconsciously, takes it for granted they will always be used in homes where "only the best" is accepted.

People are so familiar with Campbell's Tomato Soup, they like it so much, they serve it so regularly themselves that whenever they lift a spoonful of tomato soup to their lips they expect it to be Campbell's. Anything less is a disappointment.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**



We're living high, we're feeling spry,
To Campbell's we are grateful.
It makes us step with vim and pep,
There's joy in every plateful!







Third Installment of the

LIFE *and* LETTERS *of* IVORY SOAP

EXCERPTS *from the true story of* IVORY'S *adventures with the* U. S. ARMY *and* NAVY *its encounters with* WILD ANIMALS *and its contribution to* ROMANCE

"ON a certain dog-watch one night far out at sea we were gathered around the good old java pot swapping yarns. There were the bosun, and the bosun's mate, and a seaman bold, and me. The seaman bold, unfolding to stretch his legs, delivered himself of the following chant:

'A boy stood on the burning deck,
The flames about did roar;
He took a cake of Ivory Soap
And washed himself—ashore.'"

The original author of the chant is unknown, but the "me" of the story is Byron T. Mills, of San Francisco, who was in the Navy during the war and for a period after the Armistice. He tells the following story, also:

"My ship was sent to Hamburg on a special commission. When we found that there wasn't a decent cake of soap in the whole port, we almost wished we had shifted our coal for a cargo of Ivory. We took our ship's supply into the town, and they almost mobbed us. Cakes that had cost us seven cents brought a dollar. I hired a big luxurious limousine for a whole afternoon for one cake of Ivory. I met a Hungarian countess who wanted me to marry her and take over her castle in Budapest—I couldn't see it, but I gave her a cake of Ivory and she seemed just as happy as if I'd accepted her proposal. If I ever lease myself out for another war, I'll pay high for the Ivory Soap concession."

IVORY *buys laces and a* MEXICAN *welcome*

"IN February, 1924," writes a member of the U. S. Naval Reserve Force, "the U. S. Destroyer 'Sumner,' off the west coast of Mexico, got orders by radio to put into Salina Cruz—that tiny agglomeration of huts and tents on a slope of sand which was then in the center of the revolutionary area. The U. S. landing



party arrived on the heels of the Revolutionary Army which had raided the townsfolk six times. Noth-

ing usable was left except, as we soon discovered, some exquisite native laces which had been successfully hidden from the marauders.

"The customary haggling began forthwith. But money was worthless to the natives—they couldn't buy anything with it. They were ragged, and they were dirty—great Scott, how dirty they were!

"Then occurred one of the anomalies of history—they called for Ivory Soap! For Ivory they would sell anything. Some of the finest laces ever brought into the United States were bought for a few cakes of Ivory. And some of the officers and men found special welcome in the homes of local dignitaries by the tactful presentation, to the daughters of the house, of a cake of Ivory Soap."

Our correspondent adds: "Ivory Soap has been with the Navy so long that it is regarded as a standard canteen article. The Naval man knows that Ivory is recommended by his doctors and surgeons because he finds it in almost exclusive use in the 'sick-bay.' Of several popular soaps, Ivory is in demand by perhaps more than three-fourths of the crew."

The ex-Army adds its IVORY *story of the war*

THE Army refuses to take second place in the war-story of Ivory. A former lieutenant sends in this lively item:

"There were fifteen inches of mud from a three days' drizzle in that slithering lizard's paradise known technically as a rifle-pit. A floating object touched my leg. I got hold of it, washed it off, and found myself gazing at a half-used cake of Ivory Soap. Visions of a clean-up party and a shave at the old iron tub back of the hill!

"Curses! It slipped. But presently I saw it poking a white corner up through the black soup. Before it could escape again, I carried it in both hands back to the tub, stripped, took a shower in the rain, shaved with Ivory lather, washed my teeth with Ivory foam, and then turned over the precious cake to Happy Zeke, who repeated my performance. And as he stood there in his shivering nakedness, Ivory-lathered from head to toe, he grinned, 'Well, old duck, 99 44/100 % pure again!'

"I carried that same cake of Ivory to Belgium with me after the Big Show blew up and finally gave what was left of it to a little Belgian '*femme de chocolat*,' who said, 'Ah, savon Américain pour souvenir?'"



Apparently Ivory is as good as money almost anywhere in the world—to buy laces and limousine rides and ladies' smiles, and *eggs*—

A lieutenant of the Rainbow Division and his top sergeant traded a cake of Ivory to a French peasant woman for two dozen fresh "oofs."

"Look," said the Lieutenant, "this is lucky savon. As long as it floats you can be sure les Américains will win. If it ever sinks—like this, see?—you'd better pack up and leave la belle France, toot-sweet!"

They left her watching Ivory confidently afloat. Ivory still floats and the old woman is still safe in *la belle France!*

You CAN'T *fool a chipmunk, either!*



APPARENTLY Ivory, when available, plays an important part even in the life of discriminating chipmunks. In fact, it seems to be the prime winter delicacy of the chipmunk race, as witness two letters:

Our little friend Francis Throw, of Kimball, Neb., went camping with his parents in the mountains last summer. On the washstand behind the cabin were two cakes of soap, one pink, and one Ivory.

"One afternoon," writes Francis, "the Ivory Soap disappeared. Where had it gone? The next morning we missed another Ivory cake. Then we found where it had gone. The chipmunks had taken it! I was quite worried about them until I remembered Ivory was 99 44/100 % Pure."

"Safety first!" cry Nebraska chipmunks. And the chipmunks in New York State echo, "Safety first!"—

"Last year," writes Mrs. D——, "when we closed our camp on Goodyear Lake for the winter, we left two cakes of Ivory and two cakes of cheap perfumed soap in the bathroom. During the winter chipmunks got in and ate the Ivory, but would not touch the other. So I guess your advertisements must be true—99 44/100 % Pure."

Elephants and a poem with a MORAL

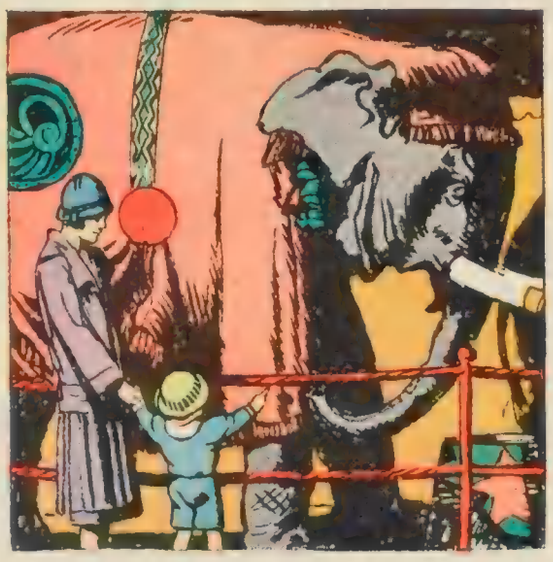
SPEAKING of wild animals, here is another story, from a railroad official:

His four-year-old grandson was watching a circus parade with his mother. Along came the elephants. Little Dicky pointed to the curved weapons carried east and west of the leading pachyderm's trunk, and asked what they were.

"Those," replied his mother, "are his tusks—they are ivory."

"Oh!" exclaimed small Dick excitedly, "then he has his soap with him, hasn't he?"

Now for our poem! It came to the Ivory biographer's desk not long ago, without a name, written on an old memorandum. Notice the quaint Quaker sound of it—can it be that some good Quaker lad, disillusioned as to the superficial values of pure



romance, finally identified cleanliness as the one all-symbolic value of life, and then penned this pæan of exultation? We leave the answer to you:

Do not wed for money, Friend,
For money hath a sting,
Do not wed a pretty face;
'Tis but a foolish thing.
Do not wed for place or fame;
'Twill disappoint thy hope.
But when thee marry, choose the girl
Who uses Ivory Soap.

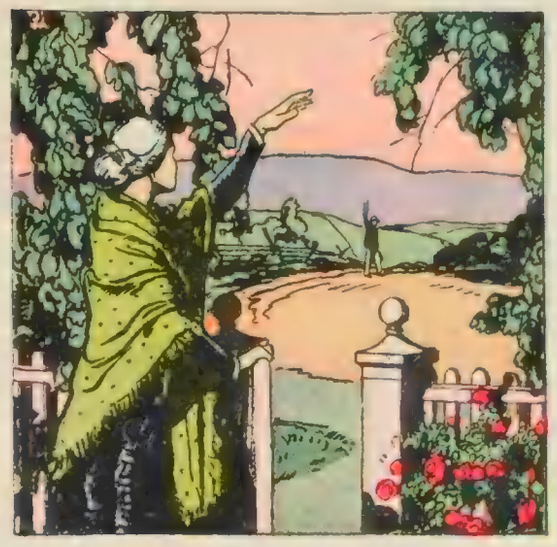
HIS MOTHER'S *last gift*

THE following story comes from the mountain country of Virginia, and it is about an ancient storekeeper.

Many years ago, when Ernest Adams, a tried-and-true Ivory Soap salesman, was making trips through his territory in a piano-box buggy, he sold this old storekeeper an order. As he was about to leave, his customer said to him:

"Some time, Mr. Adams, after I've got better acquainted with you, I want to tell you a story."

Years passed. At every visit Mr. Adams asked for that story, but the old fellow refused, until one fine



day when the rhododendrons were in bloom and memories lingered in spring fragrance.

"Come with me," said the storekeeper mysteriously, leading the way to a dimly lighted room behind the store. From a cobwebbed corner he drew forth a battered leather trunk whose musty contents finally yielded an oblong object wrapped in an old piece of white silk.

"I treasure this more than anything I own or have owned," said he. "It was the last thing my mother gave me more than forty years ago when I left home to seek my fortune."

And with that he handed Mr. Adams what is probably the oldest cake of Ivory Soap in existence.

This Ivory is, as you see, a true cosmopolite, and has a share in the lives of all sorts of people the world over.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Copyright, 1925, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

Guest IVORY

The dainty new cake of Ivory, made especially for the face and hands, just fits feminine fingers and the toilet soap holder. It costs 5 cents.



Bath IVORY

For the bath, most people prefer the medium-size cake of Ivory. "It floats," of course, so you never have to hunt soap on the tub-bottom.

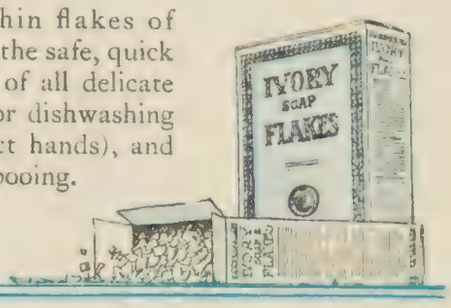


Laundry IVORY

This economical cake is for general laundry and household use—it costs very little more than harsh soaps and protects both hands and clothes.



Tissue-thin flakes of Ivory for the safe, quick cleansing of all delicate fabrics, for dishwashing (to protect hands), and for shampooing.



My five favorite apple desserts



THIS Fall I have been making some old and new desserts with apples, and they are so delicious I want to share them with everyone.

In searching for different ways to use apples I read and studied over 160 recipes. I tested those which interested me most—15 in all. From these 15 I selected as my favorites the 5 on this page. When you make them, if you follow the recipes as I have given them to you, using Crisco for shortening I am sure you will find them as delicious as I have.

I use Crisco for every kind of cooking that requires a fat. It makes my pastry crisp, tender and flaky, my cakes light and dainty, with a fine even texture; and for deep or pan frying I have found it unequaled for it fries everything to a crisp, golden brown—and without smoke. There is no waste either, for Crisco, when properly used, doesn't soak into the food or carry the taste of one food to another. After one fry, just strain Crisco back into the can and it is ready for the next. It is a clean sweet shortening which stays fresh for months and is the only shortening you need ever use.

W. S. C.









Apple Delights

(illustrated above)

2 cups pastry flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup Crisco
1 cup milk
1 egg
6 soft ripe apples

Sift flour, salt, baking powder together. Cut Crisco in with two knives. Stir in milk. Last add beaten egg. Drop tablespoons of batter into well-Criscoed muffin tins. Peel and cut apples in half, taking out cores, which will leave a little round hole. Put on top of batter, pressing it down a little. Fill the hole with sugar. Add cinnamon if you like. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) for 25 minutes, or until apples are tender. Serve hot with sweetened whip cream dusted with cinnamon. This makes 12 delights.

Brown Betty

2 cups soft bread crumbs
4 cups tart apples, chopped or cut small
1½ cups sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
cinnamon
2 tablespoons Crisco

Put a layer of apples in a well-Criscoed pudding dish, sprinkle a little of the sugar and salt over them. Dust with cinnamon. Then put a layer of bread crumbs and dot with bits of the Crisco, and continue adding alternate layers of apples, spices, bread crumbs, etc., until all are used up, having the top layer of bread crumbs. Dot with the Crisco over the top. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about one hour. Take cover off last fifteen minutes to brown it. Serve with hard sauce. This will serve six people.

Apple Cobbler

(illustrated above)

1¼ cups sifted pastry flour
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons Crisco (melted)
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Beat egg until light. Add sugar gradually beating until creamy. Sift flour, baking powder and salt and add to mixture alternately with milk. Beat until batter is smooth, then add Crisco.

4 medium sized tart apples ½ cup sugar cinnamon

Peel, core and slice apples. Put a layer in bottom of well-Criscoed pudding dish. Sprinkle a little sugar and cinnamon over them. Continue with layers of apples, sugar and cinnamon until apples are all used. Pour batter over them. Bake in hot oven (375° F.) about ½ hour. Serve with sweetened whipped cream and dust with cinnamon. Or use hard or hot sauce.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. *Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.*

Grandmother's Apple Crow's Nest

(illustrated above)

1 cup pastry flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
4 medium sized tart apples
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup milk
3 tablespoons Crisco

Slice apples into Criscoed pie plate and dot with bits of Crisco. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Sift dry ingredients together twice. Cut in Crisco with a knife. Add milk to make a soft dough. Spread over apples. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes (or until the apples are tender). Turn upside down on plate with apples up. Mix together one-half cup sugar and one teaspoon cinnamon. Stir into apples with fork. Serve hot with whipped cream. Dust over top a little cinnamon and a few finely chopped nuts.

Apple Roly Poly

2½ cups pastry flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons Crisco
1 egg, well beaten
½ to ¾ cup sweet milk
4 tart apples

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut in the Crisco with a knife. Add the beaten egg and milk enough to make a rather soft dough. Roll to a thickness of about ½ inch. Spread surface with Crisco, then cover with coarsely chopped apples. Roll up, handling it lightly. Place in center of a well-Criscoed baking pan. Brush over top and sides of the roll with melted Crisco. Put in hot oven (450° F.) and when it begins to brown, reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and finish baking, about 45 minutes. Serve with hard sauce.



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4 new tricks for better pies

1. To keep the juices in.

Take a strip of cloth about 3 inches wide, wet it in cold water and put around the edge of plate as in picture. Put pieces of macaroni into 2 or 3 of the slits. The juices will bubble up into these and return to the pie as it cools. (Diagram at left)

2. To prevent soaking the bottom crust.

Brush it over with melted Crisco, dust a little flour over that, then add the filling prepared according to the recipe you are using.

3. To measure the Crisco.

To measure, for example, ¾ of a cup of Crisco I take a measuring cup, put in ¼ cup of cold water, then add enough Crisco to bring the water to the top of the cup, pour it off and I have an exact ¾ cup of Crisco.

4. To make a nice brown.

Before you put your pie in the oven moisten the top with milk. If you prefer a rich brown glaze moisten with an egg yolk mixed with a teaspoon of cold water.



Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable by The Procter & Gamble Co. Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

Free! "Miss Olive S. Allen's 200 Tested Recipes"

Miss Olive S. Allen, a real home cook of many years' experience, gathered and tested hundreds of recipes from all over the world, from famous foreign chefs; from old fashioned home cooks; from luxurious hotels and little inns; even from trappers and hunters. From these many hundreds she selected the best two hundred and put them in this little cook book. To secure it free simply send your name and address to Section F-10, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O. (A post-card will do.)



THE FASHIONABLE WOOL SWEATER

SWEATERS are smart again. October will see the college campus, the close-to-town golf green, the country road and city park spotted with them in the bright frost-bitten colors of Autumn. The sweaters illustrated here—the blouse sweater, the slip-on, the turtle-neck sweater and the knitted coat—are the types most fashionable.

Directions for knitting can be obtained by sending ten cents to the Embroidery Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*

1. The smart blouse sweater is one of the first favorites. This one was made of peacock-blue Shetland floss worked in stocking-stitch with the chic collar, buttoned tab and band of plain knitting. The collar, being convertible, may lie open or close up snugly.

2. Dead-leaf brown is an appropriate October color for a warm slip-on sweater whose neckline retires beneath the collar of the underneath blouse. Two strands of Iceland wool knit together in stocking-stitch are the means to this charming end.

3. If the sweater is crimson, who cares whether or not the sky is gray, and if it has a turtle neck to snuggle into, what of chill winds? This is the same sweater described above, but, with the addition of the popular turtle neck, it is changed into one decidedly more on the sports type.

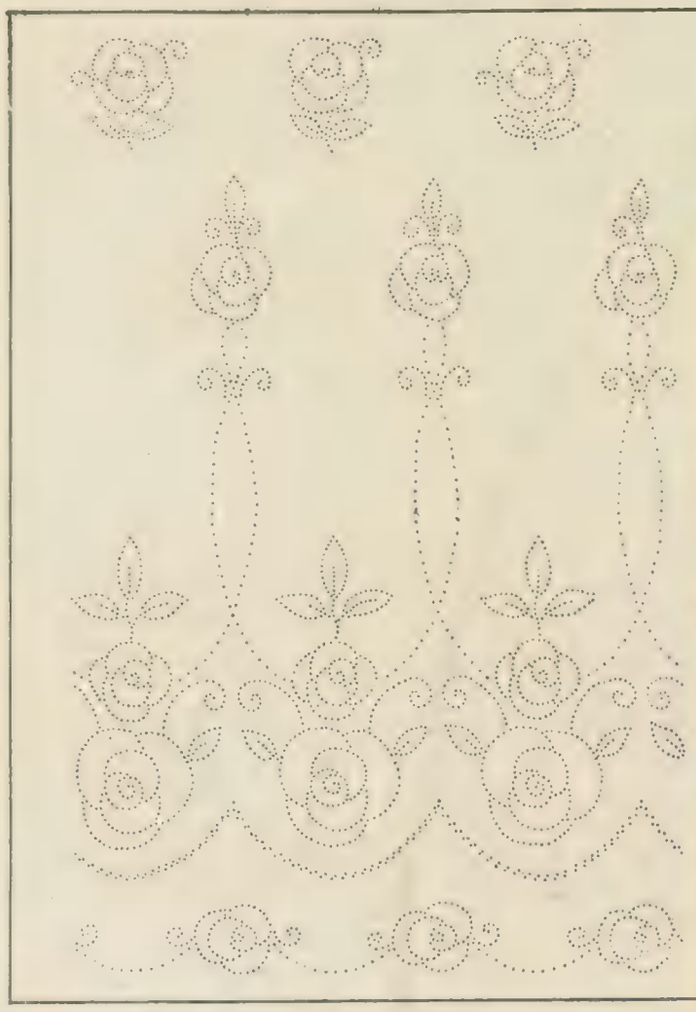
4. Camel's-hair wool in stocking-stitch with crosswise stripes of Shetland floss in orange, brown and green makes this very smart knitted coat and scarf which the sportswoman finds as practical as it is charming. The sleeve is made of the camel's-hair without stripes, and the bands, cuffs, pockets and wide scarf ends are of green.

5. The little girl's outdoor sweater is of the knitted-coat variety. Pussy heads (embroidery design 10934) embroidered on the patch-pockets endear it to the hearts of small wearers. Use brown Shetland floss in stocking-stitch with plain knitting for the collar and bands. The cats' heads are of camel's-hair wool with orange bows.

6. Blue and white awning stripes make an adorable little sweater with the fashionable Chanel neck. The dark stripes are worked with a double strand of blue Iceland wool and the light stripes are made with one strand of white and one of blue knit together. Knit in stocking-stitch, with plain knitting for collar and bands and ribbed cuffs of blue.

7. Autumn or Winter, cold has no terror for this turtle-neck sweater made warm by heavy wool and interesting by bands of cameo knitting. Knit it with an eight-fold Germantown yarn. The one illustrated was made in navy blue and brightened by tan and henna in the bands.

OCTOBER EMBROIDERY HAS PICKED ITS DESIGNS FROM SUMMER GARDENS

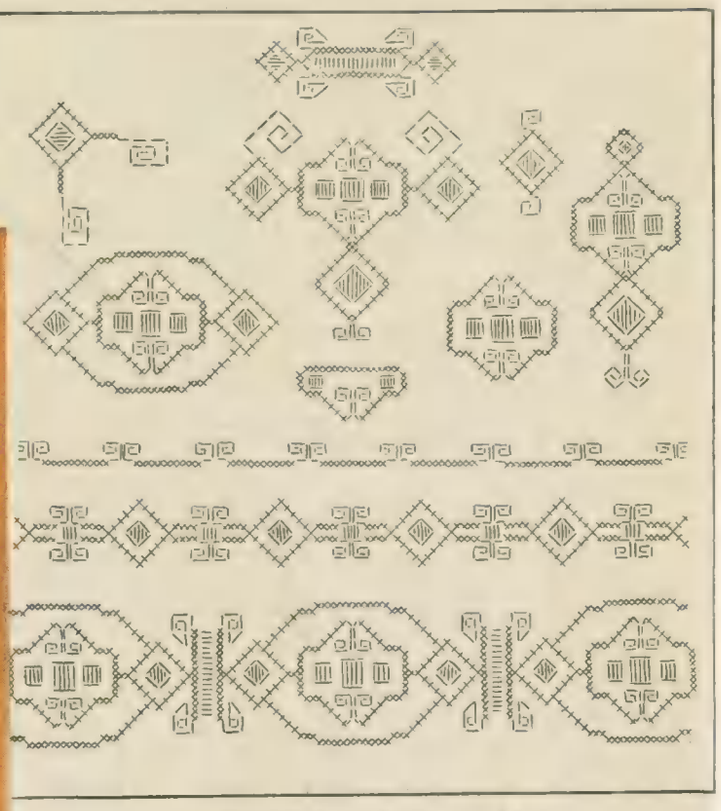


Embroidery design 10378

10378—Embroidered flowers bloom all the year 'round. Worked in beads or French knots this is a lovely design for dresses, blouses, scarfs, coats, etc. The design can be adapted to 2⅜ yards each of banding 28 inches and 2¼ inches wide.



10380—There is little work on a design that centers a bouquet of flowers and draws a border around them—yet it seems to cover the whole bedspread. Work in candle-wicking or French knots. This design can be adapted to one oval motif and banding for a single, double or three-quarter bed.



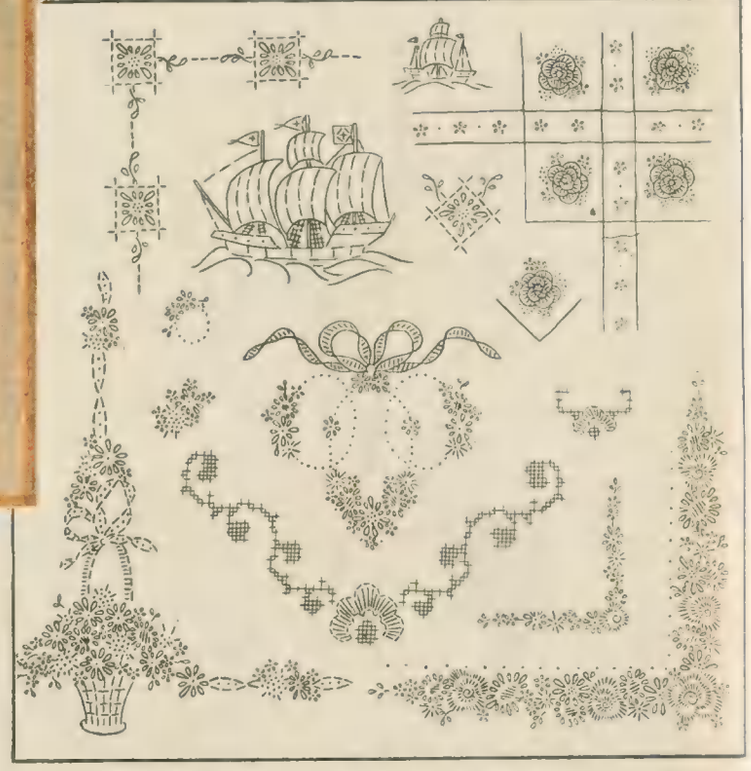
Embroidery design 10379

10379—This design for dresses, blouses, hats, scarfs, etc., is worked in a combination of one-stitch and cross-stitch and can be adapted to 3½ yards each of banding 3¾ inches and 1½ inch wide, 3⅜ yards ⅝-inch banding and 26 assorted motifs.



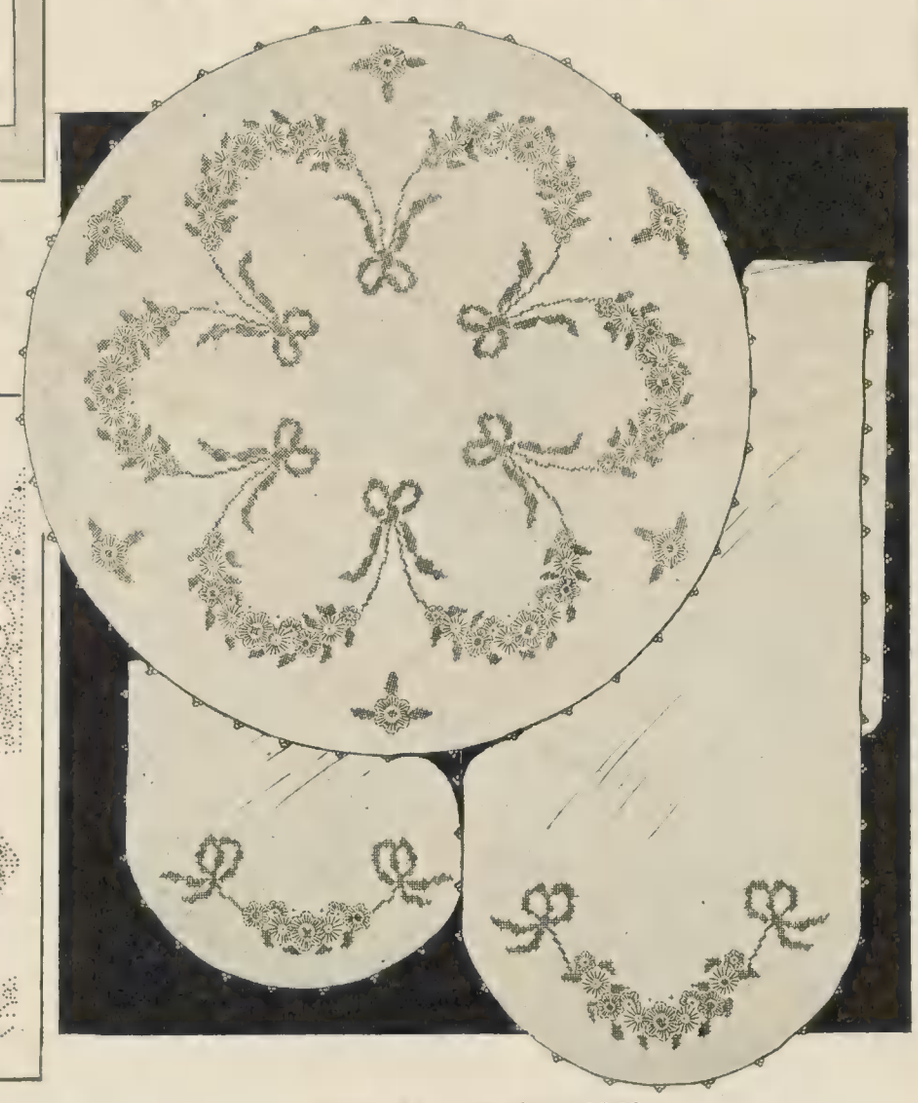
Embroidery design 10384

10384—This vanity set and scarf are worked in a combination of outline stitch, one-stitch, lazy-daisy and French-knot embroidery. The design can be adapted to two doilies for the sides of a dresser, three motifs for the center of dresser and ends of scarfs.



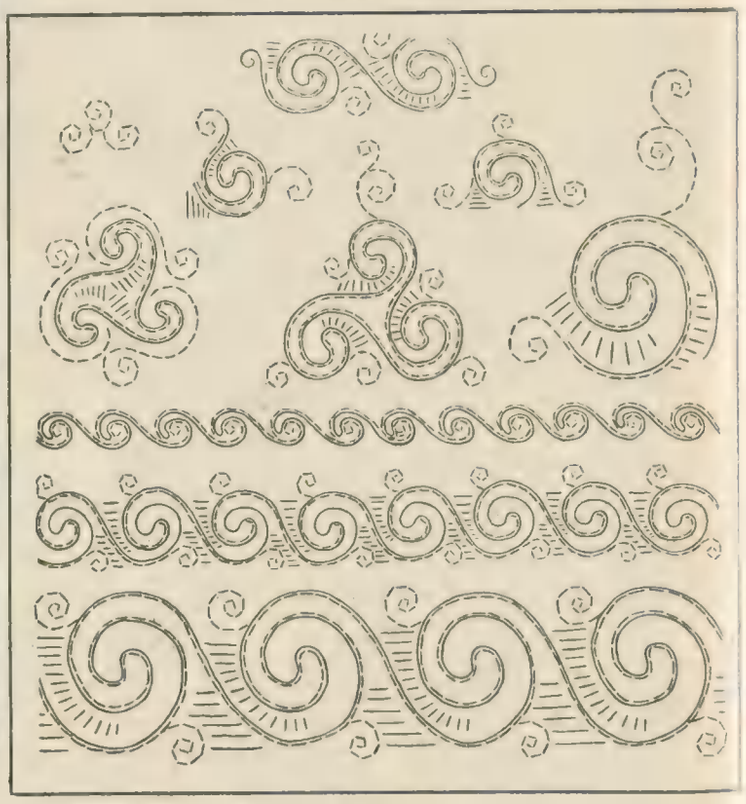
Embroidery design 10385

10385—These corners and motifs make charming tea-cloths and napkins, etc. Work in a combination of outlining, one-stitch, lazy-daisy, French knots and cross-stitch. The design can be adapted to 16 corners in four assorted designs and sizes and 32 assorted motifs.



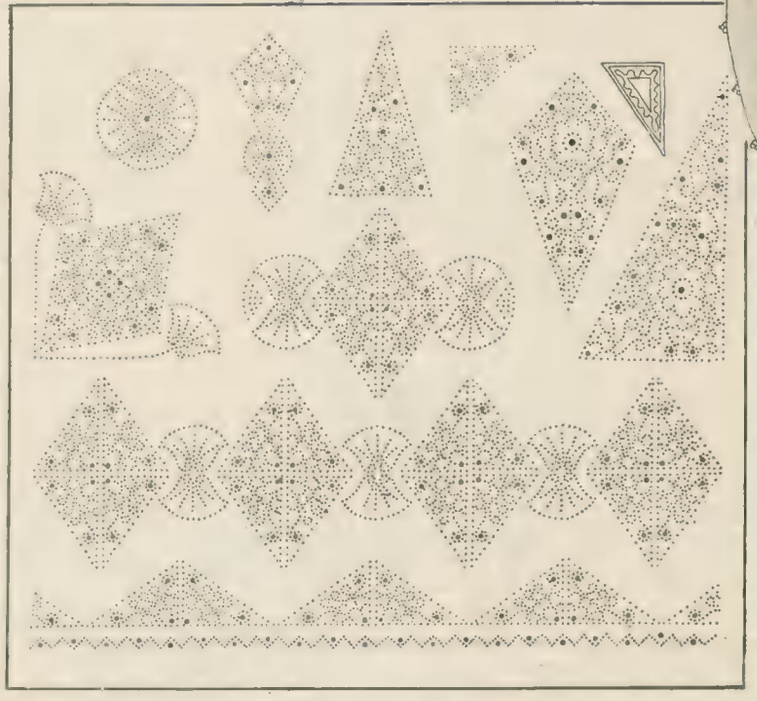
Embroidery design 10382

10382—Buff-colored linen with yellow bow-knots and garlands of flowers in brown, orange and yellow makes a warm centerpiece and scarf for an October dining-room. Work in a combination of cross-stitch, one-stitch and French-knot embroidery. It can be adapted to one 36-inch centerpiece, three motifs 2 by 17 inches and three motifs 2 by 14½ inches.



Embroidery design 10383

10383—Braiding with one-stitch embroidery makes a smart trimming for Autumn frocks, blouses, hats, scarfs or coats. Or work it in one-stitch and outline couching or chain-stitch. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards each of banding 5 inches and 3 inches wide, 4⅜ yards of banding 1¼ inch wide, 33 motifs, 6 corners.



Embroidery design 10381

10381—A design reminiscent of old-world stained-glass windows is a lovely trimming for dresses, blouses, coats, hats, etc. It may be worked in beading, French knots or outline and satin stitch and is adapted to 1⅝ yard of 6-inch banding, 3⅜ yards of ½-inch banding, 3 yards of 2¼-inch banding and 62 assorted motifs.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 100.



"About eighteen months ago I was a complete wreck: could not eat or sleep, was anemic and my color had faded to a sickly green. My friends began to exchange pitying glances, and one day, an old lady insisted on giving me her seat. That was the crowning humiliation.

I decided to give yeast a trial. I started eating three cakes daily. In about six weeks found I could eat a real meal once more; in two months my natural color began to return. I kept on, and now, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a well woman."

Mrs. F. R. Conner, Florence, Ky.



"I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast to overcome constipation. My improvement was steady and permanent. To make a long story short: I am fighting fit in every way. Overwork does not bother me. My endurance is there. I eat and sleep like a he-man. The remarkable improvement in my health is a matter of record based on a physician's examination. Constipation? Banished forever. Fresh air, exercise and a few cakes of yeast a day did it."

Walt Marsh, Belleville, Ill.



A Story Told by Thousands

How they corrected their ills—regained the vitality of youth—through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. C-21, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

†

LEFT

"Scratches festered, pin pricks turned to boils—I was a rival for Job's 'laurels.' My nerves were chaotic; I developed a morbid, craven terror of pain. A neighbor suggested yeast and, though cynically doubting the remarkable cures narrated, I took 4 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily between meals for one month. The incredible happened. A boil just starting dried away painlessly, minor blemishes on my back, which I had had in series for years, totally disappeared; I grew steadily stronger, and life reassumed normal perspective. Finally I, who had dragged to my housework, half fainting from the least exertion, had *surplus energy and wiped dishes dancing to phonograph records!*" Mrs. R. G. Booth, Port Washington, N. Y.

This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals.



"This spring, desperate from years of constipation and unavailing attempts to cure its resultant evils, I read this definition by a physician: 'Yeast is an antiseptic and is effective in all diseases in which there is threatened putridity.' I began taking one cake in warm water before breakfast and at bedtime. My looks a month later demonstrated a release from cathartics. Continuing the treatment, I gained daily in vigor. Years of intestinal poisoning take their toll of youth; so I shall continue to drink my yeast."

Mrs. Carrie M. Crema, Philadelphia, Pa.



"This spring, just recovering from a serious illness, I asked my physician if Yeast would do me any good. He said that it was very good, so I began eating it. I am no longer troubled with indigestion, headaches, or stomach troubles of any kind, nor do I any longer wish to hide my face on account of the pimples. Instead of the pale sallow look, I have a good rosy complexion. And now I can eat a hearty meal, and enjoy it. Fleischmann's Yeast has wrought this wonderful change, for at present I use no other remedies."

Miss Jenny Chartrand, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

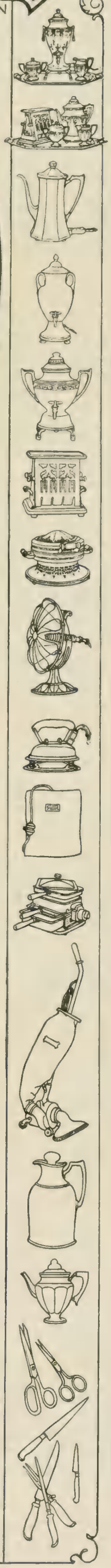


THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS FRARY & CLARK. NEW BRITAIN. CONN





ONCE you have realized the superiority and convenience of Resistain Steel Cutlery making unnecessary the tedious task of scouring and polishing, you will be content with no other.

This innovation is of the utmost importance to housekeepers everywhere as it will not rust, stain or tarnish and soap and water are only necessary to keep it clean and bright.



Knife and Fork Set
No. V75004 $15.00 per set
No. V7500 Knives only
$15.00 per dozen
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Special Introductory Offer

To give everyone an opportunity of realizing the merits of this most important discovery in the manufacture of high grade cutlery, we will mail upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps to cover postage and handling charge one 25 cent Resistain Steel Paring Knife.

Write Dept. No. 115

UNIVERSAL Table and Kitchen Cutlery for all purposes can now be had in Resistain Steel.

Insist upon this Trade Mark

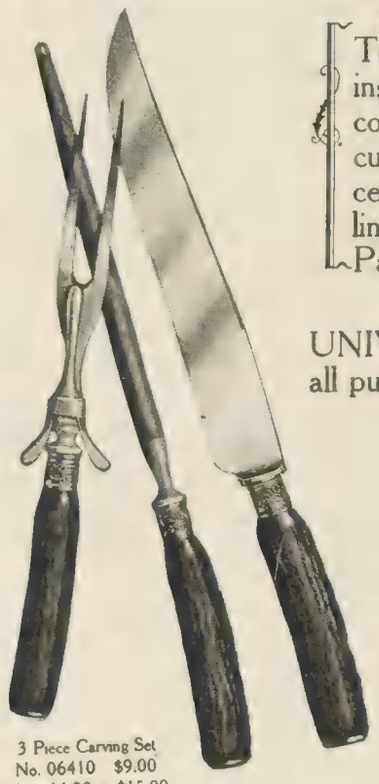
STAINLESS

UNIVERSAL

RESISTAIN STEEL

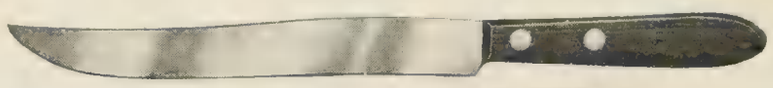
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Border shows many other UNIVERSAL Household Helps Sold by all Good Dealers

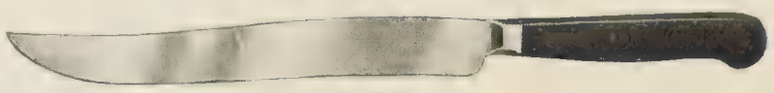


3 Piece Carving Set
No. 06410 $9.00
Others $6.00 to $15.00
Ivoroy and Stag Handles

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
Manufacturers of the Famous
"Universal" Home Needs for over Half a Century



Household Slicer
No. 2540 $1.00 Each



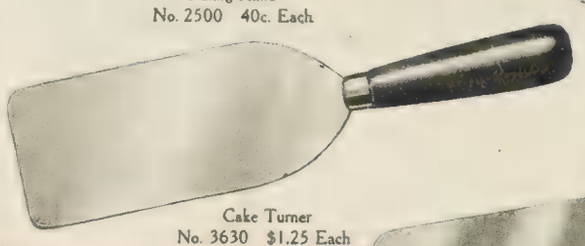
Household Slicer
No. 3340 $1.25 Each



Paring Knife
No. 2500 40c. Each



Grape Fruit Knife
Serrated Edge
No. 2570 75c. Each



Cake Turner
No. 3630 $1.25 Each



Spatulas 6 in.
No. 21030 75c. Each

MENUS FOR OCTOBER

By Jessie A. Boys

These menus were planned to provide correct nutritional food values and at the same time to meet the expenditures of the householder with an average income. They were edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

"UM-YUM"

That's what you will hear when dad marches briskly into the dining-room and when the children romp in with appetites sharpened by the keen Autumn air.

Shepherd's Pie, Chambéry Potatoes, Piccalilli Salad, Peach Sherbet—who wouldn't greet them with delight? Try these menus on your family. If you want to know how to make the unfamiliar dishes which we have starred, just ask the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage.*

"OCTOBER'S bright-blue weather" lures one out for many meals and the cooler weather makes the camp-fire a necessity for comfort as well as cooking. The menu given for Saturday night is planned as a camp supper. Order a tender steak, cut as thick as the finger rolls. This is to be broiled over the fire on a grill or on a broiler, then cut into slices, which are at once placed in the buttered finger rolls, sandwich fashion. Corn is boiled in a large kettle and coffee made in a regular picnic pot or container of suitable size and material. The tomato-and-lettuce salad can be served as such to be eaten with a fork or made into salad sandwiches with the whole-wheat bread. This picnic menu may be shortened, but as it stands every dietetic requirement is supplied and satisfaction is the usual verdict.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced Peaches and Cream
Corn Flakes
**Eggplant Supreme*
Graham Muffins
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Whole-Wheat Bread and Cheese Sandwiches
Pineapple-and-Green-Pepper Salad
Hot Chocolate

DINNER

Roast Pork *Sweet Potatoes*
String-Beans
Chinese Cabbage Salad *Hot Rolls*
Cantaloup à la Mode
Coffee

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapes
Rolled Oats with Top Milk
Toast *Jam*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Rice Croquettes *Cheese Sauce*
Corn Pudding
Endive-and-Tomato Salad
Whole-Wheat Bread
Chocolate Junket *Hot Tea*

DINNER

Roast Beef *Brown Gravy*
Franconia Potatoes
Eggplant-and-Tomato Casserole
Lettuce **Pepper Dressing*
Mixed Pickles *Bread*
**Peach Sherbet* *Rolled Wafers*
Coffee

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Baked Apples
Poached Eggs on Milk Toast
Marmalade
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Cream-of-Celery Soup
Croutons
**Grilled Potatoes*
Cucumber-and-Tomato Salad with Thousand Island Dressing
Bread *Washington Pie*
Milk or Tea

DINNER

Meat Croquettes *Mushroom Sauce*
Mashed Potatoes *Swiss Chard Greens*
Jelly *Whole-Wheat Bread*
Jellied Prunes *Pound-Cake*
Coffee

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Honey-Dew Melon
Whole-Wheat Cereal *Top Milk*
Hash Omelet *Bran Muffins*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

**Shepherd's Pie*
Buttered Beets
Celery Relish *Rolls*
Chocolate Blanc-Mange
Hot Cocoa

DINNER

Baked Lima Beans *Baked Potatoes*
Cabbage-and-Green-Pepper Salad
Apple Jelly *Brown Bread*
Fruit Whip *Custard Sauce*
Coffee

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Prunes
Corn-Meal Muffins *Crisp Bacon*
Jelly
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

**Cream-of-Vegetable Soup*
Macaroni and Cheese
Cabbage-and-Apple Salad *Nut Bread*
Apple Dumplings
Milk or Tea

DINNER

Chicken Fricassee
Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Kohlrabi *Baked Squash*
Spiced Pears *Raisin Bread*
Peach Cobbler *Cream Sauce*
Coffee

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Cantaloup
Soft-Cooked Eggs
Whole-Wheat Toast *Marmalade*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Creamed Potatoes *Broiled Sardines*
Stuffed Prune Salad *Nut-Bread Sandwiches*
Angel Cake
Milk or Tea

DINNER

Broiled Spanish Mackerel
**Chambéry Potatoes*
Mashed Summer Squash
**Piccalilli Salad* *Raspberry Jam Rusks*
Lemon-Meringue Pie
Coffee

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Fresh Pears
Ready Cooked Cereal *Top Milk*
Jelly Omelet *Wheat Muffins*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Fish-and-Potatoe Cakes *Succotash*
Tomato-and-Onion Salad *Graham Bread*
Peach Shortcake
Milk or Tea

CAMP SUPPER

Broiled Steak *Finger Rolls*
Corn on Cob
Tomato-and-Lettuce Salad
Whole-Wheat Bread
Fruit *Coffee* *Cookies*

Why Mrs. William E. Borah believes in this care for her skin

The wife of the distinguished Senator from Idaho speaks from a unique experience

"THE WOMAN who cares about the dignity of her appearance—in the political life of Washington, on the plains of Idaho—looks to the smoothness, the firmness of her skin.

"The Pond's method keeps the skin in the pink of condition, rejuvenating it from the strain of official entertaining and the fatigue of welfare work. Just as surely, too, do Pond's Two Creams protect the complexions of women who ride the sage-brush-covered prairies of our great West. For these two excellent Creams, in which I firmly believe, are made to serve women of all pursuits, in all climates, everywhere."

Mary McConnell Borah



MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH, *wife of the Senator from Idaho who is Chairman-elect of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee of the next Congress, is a prominent leader in Washington Society*

DAUGHTER of a former Governor of Idaho and wife of its present Senator to the United States Congress, Mary McConnell Borah was destined from the first for public life. Her father, the late William J. McConnell, prominent in the development of the western frontier during the 'eighties and 'nineties, was one of Idaho's first governors and its first United States Senator after it became a state.

Mary McConnell rode her own ponies over the sage-brush plains. The young man who was her father's private secretary and who often accompanied her on these rides fell in love with this golden-haired slip of a girl who rode so fearlessly and well. Not long after they were married the Senatorial toga fell upon this young man's shoulders. And then came the test of formal officialdom at Washington!

Mrs. Borah met it with complete success. Her dignity, her graciousness, the girlish freshness of her appearance made her at once a favorite. Ever since, she has responded unceasingly to the countless official and social demands of Washington life.

NO woman is busier, yet Mrs. Borah finds time to work for sick Veterans of the World War cared for in three great Government hospitals in Washington. She visits them every week, writes their letters home, takes them cigarettes, magazines and, always, cheer!

Mrs. Borah believes in a rounded life, in a woman's looking after the details of her appearance. During a visit with her not long ago in her Washington apartment I asked her what she believed to be the best way of caring for the skin. "A good cream," she answered, "for cleansing and keeping it firm and fine. And another for protecting it." Then she told me how the women who live on the great western plains of our country must protect their skin as they ride or drive over the prairies. "The alkaline dust of the desert ruins their complexions unless they guard them carefully. This is just where Pond's Creams are such a help. They keep the skin from becoming parched and lifeless in this dry atmosphere."



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

FEW women have had experience as wide as Mrs. Borah's. But women of important place and social prominence everywhere are pursuing this same balanced care for their skin in which Mrs. Borah so firmly believes. They are depending upon Pond's Two delicate Creams which you should daily use as follows:

Every single day cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Always at night, and always, too, on returning from an outing, with your finger tips pat this purest, lightest, creamiest of creams over the skin of your face, throat, arms, hands—and its delicious fragrant touch will never fail to please you. Let it stay on long enough for its pure oils to seep down into the pores. They will bring to the surface every trace of the dust and dirt which clog them. Wipe off all the cream—and the dirt that comes too—and repeat the process, finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with a bit of ice.

Over your newly cleansed skin, before you powder, smooth the thinnest possible veil of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Light as thistle-down, soft and fluffy, you won't wonder a bit that it makes your skin look lovely. Its surface has a positively damask smoothness now and you will find that over it your powder goes on beautifully and stays smoothly and ever so long. Moreover, this thin veil of Vanishing Cream acts as a protection, guarding your skin against the rigors of any weather, against drying, chapping and burning from sun and wind. So if you want to follow this method, to secure the best results always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out.

WHEN you buy Pond's Creams—as you'll surely want to right away—ask for the new big generous jar of the Cold Cream. The Vanishing Cream comes in smaller jars since you do not use it up as rapidly.

* * *

Among other women of distinguished position who have expressed enthusiasm for the Pond's Method are

Her Majesty, Marie, Queen of Roumania
Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont
The Vicomtesse de Frise
The Duchesse de Richelieu Mrs. Marshall Field Sr.
The Princesse Matchabelli
The Lady Diana Manners Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop
Mrs. Livingston Fairbank
The Princesse Marie de Bourbon

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these Two Creams and an attractive little folder telling you how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. K,
149 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



Warning:
The Health Officer will not guard us against this mounting peril . . . as he does against contagious diseases. We must protect ourselves.

The most wonderful machine in the world

IT RUNS for forty or fifty or sixty years—sometimes for a hundred years—without stopping!

The only repairs ever made on it are made while it is functioning.

It is more efficient and more durable than any machine of tempered steel—yet the material which composes it has only a small fraction of the strength of steel.

The most wonderful machine in the world—the human heart!

The heart is so good we take it for granted. If it performs perfectly, we seldom think of it. But if it "acts up," we begin to think, and think hard. The proper course, *then*, is immediate and frequent consultation with the family physician.

Our common attitude of indifference toward our hearts—as long as they serve us faithfully—would be ideal, if it had worked out well. But it hasn't. It has resulted in heart disease becoming the greatest single cause of death.

It is possible that all heart disease is preventable; it is certain that much of it is preventable. Prevention, in this case, is not what the health officer does for us, but what we do for ourselves.

A well-known authority on the heart and its treatment lists "poisoning by caffein" among the major causes of heart disease.

Caffein is an artificial stimulant which "speeds up" the heart. And as the only time which the heart has for rest is the time between beats, this "speeding up" not only means a greater load of work, but less time to recuperate.

Eliminate caffein from your diet! You can do this without sacrificing the benefit and enjoyment of a hot drink at mealtime. Change to Postum!

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. This is a drink you can enjoy every meal of the day, with no fear of the nervousness, sleeplessness, headache and indigestion which are so often only the first and minor effects of caffein.

You are the operator of the most wonderful machine in the world. To a large extent, the care you give it now determines how well it will run, and how long it will run. We suggest an easy step in the right direction. Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to start you on your test with one week's free supply, and my personal directions for preparing it—both in the usual way, for yourself, and with hot milk, for children.

"Or, if you wish to begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"For the one week's free supply, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you want Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot milk), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

D. & D. 10-25

POSTUM CEREAL CO., INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . ☐ *Check which*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . ☐ *you prefer*

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ont.

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Postum is made by the Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich., also makers of Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Grape-Nuts. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

CITRON—THE GAMBLER'S GAME

By Mary Hamilton Carter

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

HIGH STAKES

You may win clear, chewy citron for your fruit-cakes, spicy pickled citron and a golden blend of jam with pineapple or berries—if you gamble with this tricky fruit. It won't be tricky, however, if you follow the expert advice in this article and send for the directions we have in a new leaflet.

The leaflet tells you how to cut citron and prepare it, and gives you recipes for delicious preserves and jams. Just a two-cent stamp to cover postage to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., will bring it to you.*



Cutting up citron is a gambler's game. Your thumb is the stake

LAST Fall a neighbor called me on the phone, asked what I was doing, and to my reply, "Doing up citron," exclaimed, "I pity you. Isn't it the trickiest, most tantalizing stuff? It's all a gamble what you get out of it. I do mine exactly the same every time, as far as I know, and it never comes out twice alike."

I had lived through my own troubles with citron and thought them unique until that moment, but when I came to ask around among my neighbors, every woman repeated the indictment in almost the exact words.

It's a gambler's game, citron, with the gambler's eternal hope that the next bet wins—that's part of the lure. "You fail, and you don't know why," say the women. Yet when you do produce a perfect batch, it gives you more satisfaction than anything else coming out of the preserving-kettle. Transparent, buttercup gold, lumps of solidified sunshine that seem to glow with their own light.

The two prime objectives in preserving citron are to get lumps of that color and to have those lumps—cubes, dominoes, prisms—keep the shapes into which you cut them from the raw melon; and the first and the commonest "meanness and trickery" you meet is finding those clean-cut forms crumbling in the kettle. Corners drop off, long blocks break in two, edges get a bitten look; and sometimes the crumbling continues until there is nothing left but a granular mush. The cause of this is the age of the melon; though it may look exactly the same in November, December or January as when it came off the vine in September, it has subtly ripened. The moral is: Do up your citron as soon as it comes from the vine, and don't wait a month or two or three until it has gone mealy. And just remember this one point also: No matter what any recipe tells you to do in the matter of parboiling—parboiling in plain water makes any vegetable and fruit fabric tender.

Trickiness of coloring, though, is more of a problem than trickiness of fabric. The "ambering"—the production of a range of yellows from pale honey to deep amber which no other fruit exhibits—depends to a certain extent upon the juices in the melon, and melons differ greatly in this particular, some showing the color an hour earlier than others, or two hours later. I find that a dash of lemon-juice hastens the ambering.

After cutting the citron-rind into cubes or any other fancy shapes, take as a general rule weight for weight of cut rind and sugar, a little less sugar than this when the melons are fresh early in the season. a little more late in the season, when they have ripened longer. Increasing the sugar tightens up the fabric.

Next, layer the cubes with sugar in the preserving-kettle or a crock and stand aside overnight. In the morning the citron will be swimming in its own juice. Remove all the pieces, put the juice on the fire and skim as soon as it comes to a boil. For each pint of juice allow half a lemon and a piece of ginger the size of a kidney bean, sliced or cracked into small bits. Also, for each pint add an amount of powdered alum that would make in size a large rice grain. This last is not for clearing purposes but for mold proofing, and a trace is sufficient. Without this trace of alum, citron is probably the worst molder on the list. See to it that the alum is completely dissolved, the lemon-juice strained, and the juice boiling when the citron is put in. Boil until the pieces become clear and translucent, for which I always allow an hour and a quarter at a gentle simmer, and continue boiling until the desired color comes.



Bring the citron to a boil in an open saucepan, then pour into a double boiler

Ambering is the result of time-heat, and with sufficient time-heat every fruit can be made to amber. While no exact time-table can be given for ambering citron—that's part

Concluded on page 50



Residence of L. Martineau, Vandreuil, P. Q., Canada. Celotex was decorated and used on all walls and ceilings as insulation, sound deadener and interior finish. This home is warm in winter



Residence of Spencer Lainhart, West Palm Beach, Fla. Harvey & Clark, Architects. Celotex was used on all walls and ceilings as insulation and sound deadener with plaster applied directly to its surface. This home is cool in summer

Warm in January *yet Cool* in August

{ *Enjoy* all-year comfort in your home with Celotex Insulating Lumber }

THE day of the old-style, heat-leaking house is past. Home builders no longer put up with houses that are chilly and draughty in winter (in spite of big fuel bills) and hot and stuffy during the summer.

They don't have to! Modern homes are insulated with Celotex Insulating Lumber, *at no extra building cost.*

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Tests show that one-third of the heat generated to warm the old style, uninsulated house is *wasted.* It passes right through the walls and roof—just as radio waves do.

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Other Celotex benefits

Celotex homes are more healthful. There is no danger to children from draughts and cold floors when Celotex is used. Because Celotex is an effective sound-deadener, a restful, nerve-relaxing quiet will pervade this Celotex home of yours. In it, you and your family will lead better, happier, more healthful lives.

And Celotex construction makes your home modern, as well as stronger. It insures the future resale value of that home.

Why Celotex comfort costs no more

You can have this Celotex comfort at no more than the cost of ordinary construction, because Celotex is not an extra. Wherever used—as sheathing, or inside the house, where plaster is applied directly to its surface—Celotex takes the place of wood lumber or some other material *and* any form of insulation. Celotex is the only insulating material that is not an extra.

In addition, Celotex construction saves from ¼ to ⅓ of your fuel bill and permits the use of a smaller, less expensive heating plant and fewer radiators, with fewer ashes and less stoking.

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Ask about Celotex before you build or buy a home. Celotex insulation will insure the future sales value of any house in which it is used.

If you are going to build, use Celotex. It is available everywhere. Your architect, contractor, or lumber dealer will explain its uses fully—ask him to tell you about Celotex.

If you are going to buy a completed home, insist upon one built with Celotex.

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Send coupon below for our free building book, fully illustrated in color. It contains information every home owner should have.

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Celotex is applied directly to studding in place of wood sheathing. A wall so sheathed is many times stronger than one sheathed with wood lumber

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88%

of these Teachers of Domestic Science in the higher institutions say—

"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is Best"



Contains no alum. Leaves no bitter taste

TEACHERS of domestic science in universities and technical schools have wide opportunities to test foods.

These women were asked—"What kind of baking powder do you prefer—and why?"

88% of those replying said unhesitatingly, "Cream of Tartar." "Good results"—"No bitter taste"—"More dependable"—were the points they stressed.

FOR half a century Royal—in which are perfectly blended pure cream of tartar and soda—has been the most familiar package in millions of kitchen cupboards, the first ingredient set out when fine cakes or biscuits are being made.

An experienced cook knows she can always depend on the unvarying quality of Royal. Inexperienced cooks have better luck with it.

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It is false economy to use anything but the best when 2c worth of Royal is all it takes to make a gorgeous layer cake you'll want to show your neighbors.



FEATHER COCOANUT CAKE—An easy method is to sift dry ingredients in one bowl, mix the liquids in another, then combine.

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Send me free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book—over 350 delicious, tested recipes for all kinds of foods.

Name .....

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CITRON—THE GAMBLER'S GAME

Concluded from page 48

of the gamble with it—a table of reasonable expectations reads as follows:

During the first hour, citron will clear and slightly darken, and it will be a finished preserve in all other particulars at the end of an hour and a quarter. During the second hour the color changes from light honey to dark. During the third, from dark honey to good amber. During the fourth, to rich, deep amber. Buttercup gold may be expected in about two hours and a half. But if it has not appeared, don't be discouraged. Patience and boiling is the price of a perfect color. I have boiled citron for six, eight and even ten consecutive hours to get it.

Ambering should be carried on in a tight-lid agate pot at constant volume to prevent evaporation as far as possible; otherwise the fabric will be injured by the condensation of the sirup. For this purpose I always use a double boiler. Though it takes a little longer, it saves watching and prevents burning. By putting on the double boiler sometime in advance, and bringing the citron to a boil in an open kettle, then pouring it into the double boiler, I lose very little time at the start, and the boiler can then be left to simmer for hours with only an occasional stirring. As a general rule one may say that the longer the simmering the richer the coloring; in practise, however, the coloring will be complete in five hours; after that the change is scarcely perceptible to the eye.



Citron may be colored by the addition of grape-juice

If you wish to *avoid* ambering—which you must do if you are after pure pinks, reds, crimsons, purples or amethysts—time-heat must be reduced to the lowest quantity that will clear and cook the fruit; the preserving process must be carried out as rapidly as possible, and a double boiler should not be used. Boiled with a small quantity of red, purple or black grape-juice, or the juice of red-fleshed plums, citron can be dyed in exquisite shades of pink, rose, clover and amethyst. These shades, however, will often disappear mysteriously while you are getting your jars ready. The disappearance is due to ambering; the dyed shade is swamped in yellow, and to some extent bleached out by the lemon-juice which you put in. To retain these shades in their pristine beauty the citron must be taken from the fire as soon as clear and the lemon put in after boiling has ceased or, better still, omitted altogether, using spices instead, as a certain amount of bleaching is bound to occur in the jars if left standing for several months.

For coloring citron, either with fruit-juices or with artificial dyes such as are used for ice-creams and frostings, the best results will be obtained by cutting the slices about half an inch in thickness. These will be a finished preserve in less than an hour—that is, fifteen or twenty minutes ahead of noticeable ambering. The ordinary inch-thick cubes seldom color through or clear until ambering has set in. By keeping these two elements in mind—time, and the effect of acid in hastening the ambering—the coloring processes can be almost perfectly controlled, the only "gamble" being the acid content of the melon itself, or some peculiarity of the juices of an occasional melon that will vitiate the results. And here is another little point: In making a grape-juice dye use only the skins and extract the juice with dry sugar by mixing two packed measures of skins with one of sugar, allowing them to stand in a crock or pitcher for about thirty hours. Stir several times at intervals of a few hours and when every particle of the sugar has dissolved wring out the mass in a jelly-bag as dry as you can get it. A safe working rule for quantity is to add a cupful of juice to a quart of the preserving sirup and keep on deepening the color little by little until you have it about four shades darker than you want the citron to be.

Plain dry citron suitable for mincemeat, plum puddings or cake can be readily made by continued boiling down and subsequent drying on plates. The simplest way to get a pound of citron for mincemeat is to take the next-to-end slices of raw melon, which are usually seedless, pare and quarter them, put them through the regular preserving process with the rest, and leave them behind with the surplus sirup to go on boiling down until they become tough. Remove and rinse them with cold water, dry with a paper napkin and finish drying on plates in a slow oven.

"WE HAD SO MUCH FUN!"

Her guests always say that and mean it. Her parties are remembered with delighted little chuckles. Yet she doesn't spend much money or time getting ready. What is her secret?

She is THE DELINEATOR *reader who uses Margaret Campion's cheerful and practical party service. There are thousands of her. Are you one of them?*

If you are planning an entertainment of any kind, Miss Campion will help you. She has leaflets on parties, showers, dances, games and club affairs of every description.

Start right in and let her help you with your Hallowe'en party. Any of these leaflets will be sent for just a two-cent stamp to cover postage:

POE PARTY—A spooky and altogether delightful affair with mystery, romance and thrills.

MAKING MONEY AT HALLOWE'EN—A gay entertainment that will swell your club or church treasury.

SCARE-CROW PARTY—The kind of party that carries you to ridiculous heights. The songs and games are funny enough to make the most blasé party-goer giggle like a sixteen-year-old.

A NEW BARN PARTY—Here's a rollicking dance and party that you can give in any hall or gymnasium, your basement or your barn.

THE TREASURE HUNT'S THE THING—Everywhere you go they're talking about the Treasure Hunt fad, started by the Prince of Wales. If you have a car, better turn its nose toward the secret treasure. Miss Campion's leaflet tells you how to give a Hunt.

A CONTEST TOURNAMENT—Come on, all you good "guessers" and sharpen your wits on this!

Send for a complete list of DELINEATOR *parties. Address your letters to Miss Margaret Campion,* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*



Corner of Gold Medal Kitchen — where Miss Betty Crocker and her staff Kitchen-test samples from each batch of Gold Medal Flour.

Kitchen-tested recipes
with kitchen-tested flour

How 2,000,000 women have learned to make perfectly delicious small breads and pastries every time they bake

For Porch Lunches

Fragrant Orange Bread — original — exquisite — nourishing — a triumph!

One of the new delightful recipes created by Miss Betty Crocker in the Gold Medal Kitchen. New ones all the time. Kitchen-tested recipes with Kitchen-tested Flour—perfect results every time you bake! Send for the Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Box. Read Miss Crocker's unusual offer.

ALMOST every woman knows those heart-breaking days, when—in spite of everything—her biscuits or cookies or pastries insist on turning out wrong. You blame yourself perhaps. Yet only too often it is the flour!

The Gold Medal Kitchen-test on every batch of flour guarantees you uniform results—in all your baking

At least one-half of all baking failures can be traced directly to the flour!

For often the same brand of flour may not always act in the same way. It may never vary chemically. And yet it may act differently almost every time you bake. Hence so many baking failures.

So the only way a miller can be sure his flour will act the same way in your oven every time—is to *Kitchen-test* a sample of each batch—by actually baking with it before he allows it to enter your home.

That is why every batch of Gold Medal Flour receives this *Kitchen-test*. To save *you* from costly experimenting when you bake.

Tested in a Kitchen Just Like Yours

First the Gold Medal millers with their 60 years of experience carefully select the choicest wheat. Before they mill it they wash every grain in clear running water. Then samples of each batch of flour are sent daily to the Gold Medal kitchen.

In this cheerful kitchen, Miss Betty Crocker and her staff bake from these samples. They bake all kinds of small breads and pastries.

And each batch of Gold Medal Flour must stand up under this strict baking test and prove its absolute uniformity. Each sack must bake right for you before it leaves our mills.

The Gold Medal Unqualified Guarantee to You—

Order a sack of Gold Medal Flour from your grocer. Try it out as much as you please.

If it is not the best flour that you have ever tried and if it does not produce the most uniformly good results, you may at any time return the unused portion of your sack of flour to your grocer. He will pay you back your full purchase price. We will repay him.

Eventually — every woman will use only *Kitchen-tested* flour. It is the one way you can be sure that every sack will always act the same way in your oven. *Why not now?*



Why Not Now?

My Special Offer of Kitchen-tested Recipes

AS we test the flour in our kitchen, we are also creating and testing delightful new recipes. We have printed all these *Kitchen-tested* recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. A quick ready index of recipes and cooking suggestions.

These Gold Medal Home Service boxes cost us exactly 70c each. We will send you one for that price. *And as fast as we create new recipes we mail them to you free.* Just think—new *Kitchen-tested* recipes constantly!

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, just send us 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Check the coupon for whichever you desire—the sample recipes or the complete Gold Medal Home Service box.



Betty Crocker

Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you.

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☐ Enclosed find 70c for your Gold Medal Home Service box of Kitchen-tested recipes. (It is understood I receive *free* all new recipes as they are printed.)

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Tune in on Gold Medal Radio Station (WCCO—416.4 meters), St. Paul-Minneapolis. Interesting programs daily. Also WCCO Gold Medal Station 416.4M cooking talks for women, 10:45 each morning. By Miss Crocker, Home Service Department.

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Have YOU a PINEAPPLE RECIPE worth $50?



We want to buy 100 of them~

the very best recipes that the women of America have discovered for serving HAWAII'S "KING OF FRUITS"

You may have one that we want

Twenty-five years ago canned Hawaiian Pineapple was unknown. Today it is one of America's most popular fruits—and the recipes for serving it are legion.

For years this Association has been collecting recipes for serving Hawaiian Pineapple in every possible menu connection. Famous chefs and cooking authorities have contributed their favorite Pineapple fruit-cups, cocktails, salads, ices, desserts, pies, sauces and punches. We have searched the pages of cook-books and magazines. And, last but not least, we have collected the many original Pineapple recipes cherished by the people of its native land. The best of these we have published in our advertisements and in our recipe books.

At times it seems that every possible variety of Pineapple service must have been developed. And yet, just as we begin to think so, some enthusiastic woman sends in a new and delightful recipe that proves how limited our imagination has been and makes us realize that in the millions of homes where Hawaiian Pineapple is served, there must yet be many unique and original recipes which have never appeared in print.

We want to know what they are and we shall be glad to pay well for them. We want to publish a new recipe book that will contain the greatest variety of original ways for serving this delicious tropical fruit. And to prepare such a book, we know that we must draw upon the collective experience of all the good, practical cooks in the country.

How You Can Help

As a user of Hawaiian Pineapple, you may be serving it in some simple, yet distinctive, combination which wins the praise of everyone who eats it. This may be your own discovery. It may be so novel that only your immediate friends have ever tasted it. If so, that is exactly the type of recipe we want and we will gladly pay you $50 for it if it meets our needs.

The recipes we buy must be original. They must be new and tempting and yet so practical and economical that there is a place for them in the regular menu of the average American home.

We do not want ultra-fancy or extravagant dishes that only the few can afford. Nor can we accept recipes which closely duplicate the ones we already have. To avoid such duplication you should have our present book entitled, "99 Tempting Pineapple Treats". Send the coupon below for a free copy. Then check over your own favorite pineapple uses and see if you have anything new to offer.

Note the manner in which these recipes are prepared, and in sending us your own, be guided by the specific instructions in the lower left-hand corner of this page.

How New Recipes Will Be Selected

All new recipes submitted will be passed upon by a committee of nationally-known domestic science experts. After the judges have made their selection, checks will be mailed immediately to all whose recipes are purchased, and all other contributors will later receive a free copy of the pineapple recipe book.

This new book will receive the widest possible free distribution. The names and addresses of all contributors will be published and they will unquestionably represent the best practical cooks of America. To be included in this list will be an honor in itself. But to make it entirely worth your while, we are paying a much higher price for each recipe accepted than even the professional food authority gets.

To every woman who is proud of her cooking, we appeal for assistance in making this new book the most original and practical one ever offered for the service of Hawaiian Pineapple. Won't you help us? During the next few weeks try out your good pineapple recipes—get the opinion of your family and your guests of the best ones to contribute. And then send them along to us as promptly as possible. We will greatly appreciate your co-operation, and you may have exactly the type of recipe we are anxious to buy.

Conditions to be Observed in submitting Recipes

Please remember that Hawaiian Pineapple is canned in two ways for different culinary uses—*Sliced* for instant service right from the can, quick desserts and salads where the slices are to be kept whole; and *Crushed*, for ready use in sundaes, ices, pies, cakes, salads, desserts and all those other delicious made-up dishes where the crushed form is preferable. Both Sliced and Crushed are of exactly the same quality. They are simply packed in these two forms for your convenience.

Send as many recipes as you wish for the use of either *Sliced* or *Crushed* Pineapple, stating clearly which form is called for in each. Write each recipe on a separate sheet of paper and put your name and address in the upper right hand corner of each sheet.

The recipes will be selected by the following committee of nationally-known food experts: Miss Alice Bradley, Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery; Mrs. Mildred Maddocks Bentley, former director Good Housekeeping Institute; and Miss Sarah Field Splint, Director Food Department, McCall's Magazine.

All recipes will be judged: 1st, for *originality;* 2nd, for *tastiness;* 3rd, for *ease and economy of preparation;* 4th, for *appeal to the eye,* and 5th, for *suitability for frequent service.*

From five to twenty recipes are needed under each of the following classifications: (1) Fruit-cups and Cocktails; (2) Salads; (3) Cold Desserts; (4) Hot Desserts; (5) Frozen Desserts; (6) Pies and Tarts; (7) Cakes, Cake Fillings, Frostings and Sauces; (8) Miscellaneous; (9) Punches and Drinks.

All contributions must be received by November 15th. Address them to *Recipe Editor, Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, 451 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif.*

This Coupon will bring you a free copy of our present Recipe Book

Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, Dept. 141, 451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book "99 Tempting Pineapple Treats"!

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HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

CANNED 2 WAYS

Sliced—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

Crushed—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.

SELECTING YOUR BEDCOVERS

By Beulah Blackmore

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

HOW LONG ARE YOUR SHEETS?

Do you know the right sizes, or must you accept the guess of the clerk? Do you know how many sheets and blankets and pillow-cases you should have for each bed? Do you know how to select good blankets and comforters?

All these questions are answered in our leaflet on "Bedcoverings," which you can secure from the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, for just a two-cent stamp to cover postage. The list is a practical shopping guide which will be welcomed by every housewife, and the Autumn bride will find it invaluable.*

When you furnish the bedroom, write to the House-Decoration Department and ask for the helpful bedroom leaflets it has prepared. Just a two-cent stamp for return postage will bring you the leaflet on "Adults' Bedrooms" or the one on "Boys', Girls' and Guests' Bedrooms."

THE secret of successful bedcoverings is that they should be fresh, pleasant to feel and warm without weight. This may be brought about not by heavy, compactly woven or quilted bedding, but rather by several layers of bedding light in weight and of such a texture that small chambers of still air are held imprisoned. These tiny chambers of still air are non-conductors of heat so that all the warmth of the body is retained.



Sheets should be long enough to turn back over the blanket

The points to remember in selecting bedlinens are warmth without weight, ease in handling and laundering, and appearance on the bed.

In a house with a number of bedrooms it is not necessary to multiply the list required for one bed by the number of rooms, as the emergency linens would very infrequently be needed all at one time, but when one is fortunate enough to have a house so planned that there is comfortable storage space, then it may be economical to take advantage of January white sales to lay in a reserve supply.

THE most essential points to give consideration to in making or buying sheets and pillow-cases are the suitabilty of the quality to the use, the size of the sheet and the method of finishing the sheet. There are many grades of cotton sheeting, from heavy coarse unbleached muslin to the finest quality of bleached muslin sheeting called percale. Sheeting should feel firm, smooth and rather leathery. The yarns of the cloth in both directions should be strong, evenly and smoothly spun and woven close together. When possible, the most practical test for sheeting is to wash a sample thoroughly and then examine it closely. Ravel out both warp and filling yarns and break them. The strongest yarns make the strongest cloth. When comparing similar materials, observe the twist of the yarn, as the strength of similar yarns is proportional to the twist.

When purchasing ready-made sheets or when purchasing sheeting without testing a sample, rub the sheeting vigorously between the thumb and first finger of each hand. If a white deposit is left on the thumb, the material is sized or starched too much and the material will be sleazy after washing. Sizing or starch may often be observed if the material is held to the light. A limited amount of starch is legitimate, as it is necessary to give the material a good commercial appearance, but more than a modest amount of sizing is used to make a poor piece of material look better than it really is. Unbleached muslin sheets give excellent wear, but are difficult to wash while new.

Percale sheets are woven and finished in such a way that there is practically no fuzz on the surface. This gives percale sheets a more linen-like appearance and prevents them from soiling as quickly as other cotton sheets. They are to be desired beyond all other sheets when beauty of texture is wanted.

A sheet should be from twelve to eighteen inches wider on each side and longer at each end than the mattress. The top sheet will then be long enough to turn back for the protection of the blankets and comforts. One hundred and eight inches is a desirable length for sheets for the average full-length bed. The width depends upon the width of the bed. Large sheets have the one disadvantage of being difficult to launder.

It is always desirable to buy both sheets and pillow-cases that are advertised as being "torn." This means that the sheet or case was torn before hemming and, consequently, it will be much straighter along the hems after it has been laundered.

Linen sheets wrinkle easily, and are very expensive, but are beautiful and feel very cool when in contact with the body.

Most persons prefer pillow-cases made of tubing, as they are less cumbersome, and if they become worn along the edge the seam at the end may be ripped, the position of the edges changed and resewed, thus lengthening the life of the case.

Sheets and pillow-cases come either hemmed, hemstitched or scalloped. The hemmed sheet is the most practical, as many launderings will whip off a hemstitched hem and will tear the sheet between the scallops of a scalloped edge.

BEAUTIFUL all-wool blankets are a luxury in these days, but a very desirable one. No other type of bedcovering, unless it is a down puff, will give the same degree of warmth without weight as will fluffy all-wool blankets. It is the nature of the wool fiber to be very elastic; therefore in the weaving and spinning of wool each fiber springs back from its neighbor, causing a tiny air-chamber to be formed between fibers. It is these tiny chambers of still air which make the blanket or any other wool material comparatively light in weight and warm. If these little chambers of still air are forced out of a blanket, as when a blanket mats or packs down in laundering, then the blankets will feel heavy and will have lost warmth. In selecting a blanket, therefore, choose one that feels rather spongy, slightly wiry, light in weight and has a deep fuzz or napped surface. Look carefully to see that a heavy nap does not cover weakly constructed cloth. Pull the blanket between the hands; if the foundation yarns have a tendency to separate, the blanket will not give satisfactory wear, as too many fibers have been pulled up from the foundation yarns to make the nap.

It is a question whether the commercial all-wool (ninety-eight per cent. wool) blankets are as satisfactory as those in which there is about twenty per cent. cotton. In the first place the yarns of a blanket seem to be somewhat strengthened with a small percentage of cotton added, and secondly, a very small percentage of cotton assists in keeping the wool fibers from matting when laundered.

Blankets are usually sold double, but they are much more easily handled if cut apart and bound. The most satisfactory blanket binding is a fine quality of sateen, though many prefer binding blankets, especially

Concluded on page 54

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

It isn't work that steals away youth—or takes the bloom from pretty cheeks. It's the work you do needlessly.

Do you want **extra** help with the wash?

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

Do you want a "lift" with the cleaning about the house?

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

Are you tempted to try new things for washing and cleaning?

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

Nothing can, for splendid soap and dirt-loosening naptha, working together in Fels-Naptha, give you *extra* washing and cleaning help that you cannot get in any other form! Safe, thorough, wholesome cleaning!

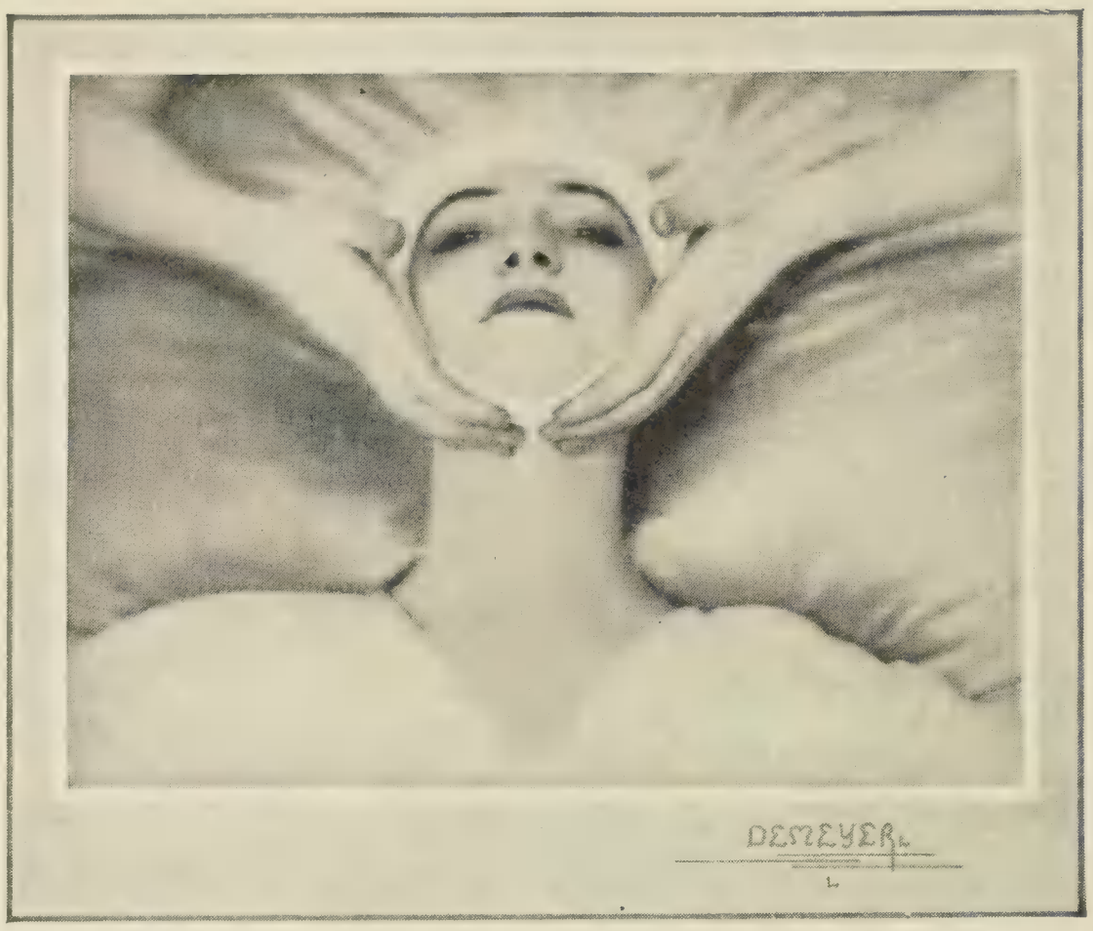
Isn't this *extra* help worth a penny more a week? Cheaper in the end, anyway! Buy a Golden Bar today at your grocer's.



Smell the naptha in Fels-Naptha!

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AN ELIZABETH ARDEN TREATMENT *Photographed in Paris by Baron DeMeyer*

Has a summer of neglect left your skin coarse, your contour relaxed?

You can tone the skin and firm the contour only by a scientific method which stimulates circulation and nourishes and quickens the tissues into natural health. This is the method of Elizabeth Arden.

YOU CANNOT wipe away sunburn—or the coarseness and sallow color which follow sunburn—with a single cream. No toilet preparations are magical. Elizabeth Arden has proved that the only really effective method of skin treatment is that which aids and stimulates the natural activities of the skin.

Summer has relaxed the tissues of your beauty. Tone and stimulate the cells, and your coarse-textured skin will grow fine in grain. Brace and firm the muscles, and your contour will grow smooth and firm. Waken the lazy circulation and new cells will soon replace those that are sallow and brown. This is the scientific method of Elizabeth Arden.

An Elizabeth Arden Treatment is based on three fundamental steps—Cleansing, Toning and Nourishing. *Venetian Cleansing Cream* is used to remove dust and impurities from the pores without robbing the skin of its natural oils. Then the toning—with *Ardena Skin Tonic* and *Special Astringent*—closes the pores and invigorates the muscles by arousing swift circulation. Finally, the Nourishing—with *Orange Skin Food* or the delicate *Velva Cream*—supplies the nourishment to strengthen and firm the skin tissues. These three steps should be a part of your every Self Treatment at home. Elizabeth Arden recommends these Preparations for your daily care of the skin:

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Dissolves and dislodges all impurities in the pores, leaves the skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, $2, $3.75, $4.75.

Venetian Orange Skin Food. Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles and lines. $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25.

Venetian Velva Cream. A delicate skin food for sensitive skins; nourishes without fattening. $1, $2, $3, $6.

Venetian Muscle Oil. A rich penetrating oil, restores sunken tissues or flabby muscles. $1, $2.50, $4.

Venetian Special Astringent. Lifts and firms the tissues, tightens the skin. $2.25, $4.

Venetian Pore Cream. Closes open pores, corrects their inactivity. $1, $2.50.

Venetian Bleachine Cream. A bleaching and nourishing cream, made of fresh lemons. Softens and whitens the skin, removes tan and redness. $1.25.

Venetian Amoretta Cream. An exquisite protective cream, gives a soft, smooth, natural bloom to the skin. An excellent powder foundation. $1, $2.

Poudre d'Illusion. Exquisite powder, fine, pure. *Illusion* (a peach blend), *Rachel*, *Ocre*, *White*, and a new becoming shade called *Minerva*, $3.

Write for a copy of "The Quest of The Beautiful," Elizabeth Arden's book describing the correct care of your skin according to her famous method.

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SELECTING YOUR BEDCOVERS

Concluded from page 53

when new, with satin ribbon. Regular mohair blanket binding may be purchased at a notion counter. It is easy to use and makes a satisfactory, durable finish.

Woolen blankets should be long enough and wide enough to tuck in a number of inches. A double blanket should be folded so that one piece is longer than the other, thus allowing a generous length of at least one thickness about the shoulders. If blankets are folded in this way, it is economical of laundering and more sanitary to place a little washable cotton case about twelve or fourteen inches deep over the end of the blanket which will come next to the face. This case then takes up the soil and the blanket is protected. Sheets which are long enough to turn back over the blanket will save it greatly. Frequent airing of blankets and allowing the wind to blow through them will keep blankets fluffy.

Blankets must be laundered carefully to keep them from matting. The main causes of shrinking are changes in temperature of water, too vigorous rubbing, using soap that contains a strong alkali, and drying where the blanket steams.

COTTON blankets are usually woven in the same manner as wool blankets, also in pairs. Cotton blankets, even when new, are not a satisfactory substitute for wool blankets, as the number of cotton blankets to keep one warm would make an unbearable weight. Their best use is as a substitute for sheets in the coldest weather and as Summer blankets.





Pull the blanket between the hands; the foundation yarns should not separate

Comforters are made from cotton wadding, wool wadding or down covered first with cheese-cloth; then a second cover is made from a more decorative material. Cotton wadding in comforters will by the very nature of the cotton fiber make a heavier and less warm padding than wool. It packs rather quickly and launders with great difficulty.

Wool wadding makes a light and very warm comforter which may be laundered successfully.

Because of the weight of Winter bedding, down puffs are most to be desired. They are extremely light and very warm. In selecting a down puff be reasonably sure that the blanket is filled with down instead of feathers and that the covering is down-proof—that is, that the down is first encased in a down-proof material. The puff should be quilted only enough to keep the down from shifting to the sides or ends. The usual coverings for down puffs are satin, China silk or a very fine quality of sateen. Down puffs launder successfully. The initial cost of down puffs is far beyond that of cotton or wool filled comforters.

If you wish to make your own spreads, there are many materials from which to choose, such as cretonne, chintz, heavy crocheted or knitted lace, combined with heavy round-thread linen, crapes, unbleached muslin tufted with candle wicking and fringed with twine fringe, or unbleached muslin simply decorated with bands of contrasting material. Unbleached muslin is of course a very simple and inexpensive material, so to be most artistic it must be handled or decorated in an extremely simple craftsmanlike manner.

If spreads are purchased ready-made, the selection is practically limited to three general types: the dimity, or seersucker, in one of its many modifications, the crocheted or honeycomb, and the Marseilles. Each of these may be secured in various qualities.

To test the quality of sheeting before you buy it, rub it vigorously between the fingers

The dimity, or seersucker, spread is highly recommended because of its lightness and ease in laundering. It wrinkles easily, but if pulled taut it makes a bed appear very fresh and agreeable. These spreads are inexpensive, may be secured in all white, cream or white combined with delicate colors and in almost any size desired.

The Marseilles spread is the most expensive and durable of all types, and will last a lifetime if purchased in one of the fine, closely woven qualities. It is very heavy to launder, but at the same time its satiny surface with raised or puffed figures stays clean much longer than any other spread.

AS IN mattresses, the filling for pillows varies. Hair, kapok, feathers and down are the fillings most often used. In case of sickness, as in fever, or in the Summer, hair pillows are often used. They are unyielding, cool, but rather unpleasant to use. Hair pillows are often used as second or bolster pillows on a bed.

Kapok-filled pillows are soft and inexpensive, but are not suitable for a bedpillow, as the kapok is inclined to mat and powder. It is not unfrequently used for decorative couch pillows.

Feathers are the most satisfactory filling for pillows. Feathers may be secured in a number of qualities. Chicken feathers are the poorest as they are heavy and lack elasticity. Duck feathers are the second quality, and goose feathers are third and best. Goose feathers are the best investment, as the feathers make a fluffy light pillow and can be successfully renovated. These feathers should be taken from the live bird in the Spring. A little saving in money may be made in choosing a gray instead of a white feather.

Down may be combined with goose feathers fairly successfully. Used by itself it mats too easily-

Split feathers are those from which the largest part of the quill has been removed. This makes a very desirable pillow, but it is very expensive, on account of the handling necessary to prepare the feathers for the trade.

MARY PICKFORD · *and the costume that could not be duplicated*



TINY, clinging hands—oh! so dirty—soiled the soft, silken folds of "Our Mary's" gorgeous gown. It could not be replaced . . . the scenes must all be retaken at a cost of thousands of dollars. Consternation reigned. Then someone . . . but read Miss Pickford's own story of how this seemingly tragic situation turned out to be only an amusing incident!

"BEFORE making 'Little Annie Rooney,' my latest picture, I did two costume plays, and the silks and satins I wore were a continuous source of care.

"However, I knew from experience with my own gowns, that there is a remedy when accidents happen—that Lux dissolved in hot water will restore dainty fabrics to their original state of spotlessness.

"When a costume is made of the only piece of silk of its kind in Los Angeles and a dozen scenes have been made showing that costume, an accident to it brings a difficult and often costly situation. Such an occasion came to my attention recently.

"A costume had been used in a very expensive picture, when a child rubbed a dirty little hand on my dress. Consternation reigned. The director saw visions of retakes costing thousands of dollars if the costume could not be duplicated.

"A lady who was standing nearby approached and said: 'I'm so very, very sorry! Let me take the dress and see what can be done about it.' She took the gown and in the course of time returned it as good as new.

"She explained that Lux had accomplished the result. 'But why were you so sorry?' she was asked. 'Why, you see it was my little girl that soiled it,' she explained."

Mary Pickford





From a photograph by Strauss-Peyton Studios, Kansas City

MISS PICKFORD as "Little Annie Rooney"

In her newest picture, "Little Annie Rooney," which has just been released, Miss Pickford achieves one of the finest screen characterizations of her career.

All of Monday's Laundry treated like fine fabrics now



Your hands, too, deserve the utmost kindness

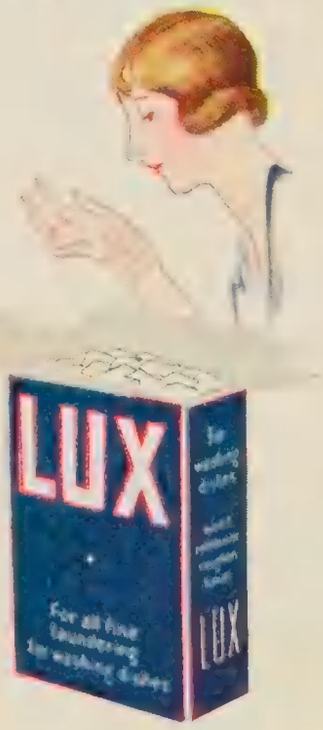
ONE day "Why not Lux for the hardest job of all—Monday's laundry?" you said. "All my things are so nice and cost so much nowadays—they simply cannot stand the wear and tear of strong soap." Joyfully you call on Lux to work its wonders. And it does!

Your becoming little housedresses, the children's cheery ginghams, your nice house linens—*all* come out of its cleansing suds fresher looking than ever before, colors unfaded, whites snowy clean. Everything lasts longer, too.

There's nothing in Lux to injure the delicate fibres—just the same bubbling suds you've always trusted your fine things to—gentle, magically cleansing. And Lux is such a relief to your hands after harsh laundry soap! Really, they don't mind Monday any more. Such a little Lux does the whole laundry, too.

Gone! those in-the-dishpan HANDS

Now dishwashing has lost its old terrors. Three times a day you plunge your hands into the dishwater and Lux leaves them soft and white. No tell-tale in-the-dishpan look. Just one teaspoonful of Lux is enough! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Now the Big New Package, too

A little Lux goes so far it's an economy to use it

You Do It *with* Quick Quaker!

Here are the rich oats you need, in charming new array to tempt the wayward appetite . . . just try one of these unique delights today!



Apples Made Wonderful

You'll never know how wonderful a baked apple can be till you've tried one in this way, its fruity tartness contrasted with the smooth deliciousness of creamed oatmeal . . . an almost *perfectly* balanced dish.

2 cups Quick Quaker	½ cup sugar	6 tart cooking apples
4 cups boiling water	1 teaspoon salt	

Cook Quick Quaker in usual way. Place washed, cored apples in greased baking dish. Pour oats in and around apples. Sprinkle with sugar. Cover and bake in moderate oven for 35 minutes. Then uncover and cook 10 minutes longer. Serve warm with milk for breakfast, or cold for lunch or supper.



Oatmeal Cream Pudding

To the delicate enticement of quickly-prepared gelatine is added the creamy lusciousness and essential food quality of oatmeal to make the gayest and daintiest of all puddings.

2 cups Quick Quaker	1½ tablespoons gelatine
½ cup sugar	1 cup milk
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind	1 cup cream or evaporated milk

Soak gelatine in cold milk for five to ten minutes. Add sugar. Stir soaked gelatine and the sugar into hot oatmeal. Rub through strainer. Fold in whipped cream or evaporated milk, flavor with lemon rind. Chill in mold.



Scotch Oat Cakes

Real Scotch oat cakes are an adventure to the American palate . . . rich food in the form of tid-bits to prove the Scotch are canny in more ways than one.

1½ cups Quick Quaker, ground		1	teaspoon baking powder
		½	teaspoon salt
⅓ cup Quaker flour		1	tablespoon sugar
⅓ cup milk		3	tablespoons shortening

Grind oats and mix with flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Rub in fat, turn out on board and make a well in center. Add milk slowly with spoon or hand. Roll into thin cakes on board sprinkled with oats and flour. Bake brown in moderate oven.

Plus The World's Fastest Cooked Hot Breakfast

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7:45 A.M. *You go into the kitchen*



7:47 *Breakfast on the stove*



7:51 *On the table*







MAKE TIMBALES OF LEFT-OVERS

By Freda Winn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the New York College of Home Economics at Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

ONE of the easiest as well as one of the most unique and attractive methods of combining and utilizing small quantities of left-over meat, fish or vegetables or combinations of meat is the timbale.

The simplest kind of timbale is made with a custard foundation. If one remembers to use one egg to each half cup of liquid and as much seasoned chopped meat, fish, or vegetable as liquid, no other recipe is required in order to achieve great variety.

In cooking custard timbales, the first precaution is to grease the mold well in order to facilitate the process of unmolding; the next is to set the molds in a pan of hot water; and the third is to cook the timbales in a slow oven, about 300 degrees Fahrenheit, until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean. The time of cooking varies with the size of the timbale. A timbale cooked in an ordinary custard-cup requires thirty to forty minutes. Overcooking or too hot an oven will cause the timbale to whey just as it does a custard or a bread pudding.

SALMON TIMBALES

2 eggs
1 cup milk
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup flaked salmon, well drained
1 pimiento, cut up very fine

Beat the eggs just enough to mix the yolk and the white; add the milk and the seasoning, then the salmon and pimiento. Mix well, turn into well-greased molds and bake as directed. Serve with tomato or green-pea or caper sauce.

CHICKEN-GIBLET TIMBALES

1 tablespoon fat
1 cup chicken, or chicken giblets, cut very fine or put through the food-chopper
2 stalks celery, minced
2 slices onion, minced
1 cup stock
2 tablespoons green pepper, minced
1 small cooked carrot, diced
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 eggs

Melt the fat. Add the chicken, celery, onion and green pepper to the fat and cook for five minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat up the egg just enough to mix the yolk and white. Add the stock and browned meat and vegetables and seasonings. Mix well. Pour the mixture into well-greased custard-cups or timbale-molds and cook. Serve with bechamel sauce.

Ham or other cooked meat may be substituted for the chicken. In this latter case, serve with tomato sauce.

Custard timbales may be made from any kind of vegetable as well as from meat.

GREEN-PEA TIMBALES

2 eggs
1 cup milk
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 cup of well-drained cooked or canned peas
1 tablespoon minced onion (may be omitted)

Prepare as for salmon timbales and serve with tomato sauce.

Timbales may also be made from left-over or canned asparagus, spinach, from cauliflower or greens—in fact, from any vegetable or combination of vegetables.

CODFISH TIMBALES

2 cups scalded milk
2 tablespoons butter
½ to 1 cup of soft bread-crums
1 onion, minced
1 pimiento, minced
½ teaspoon pepper
2 cups flaked fish
2 eggs, slightly beaten

Mix the ingredients in the order given, turn into well-greased custard-cups and cook. Unmold on individual plates or on a platter. Serve with tomato sauce and garnish with watercress.

CANNED-SOUP TIMBALES

2 eggs
1 can of asparagus, pea or tomato soup
¼ cup cream or 2 tablespoons melted butter
1 pimiento, finely minced
1 small onion, finely minced
½ green pepper, finely minced
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
A dash of Cayenne

Prepare as for salmon timbales. This may also be baked in a large casserole.

A pleasing variation to this dish is made by adding a cup of hot tomato purée and covering the whole with a cup of grated cheese. It is then returned to the oven just long enough to melt the cheese and is then served at once.

MACARONI TIMBALES

For this timbale, macaroni is boiled whole. This can be done by first putting the ends of the macaroni in water. As the macaroni becomes soft, it will bend and can gradually be fitted into the kettle without breaking. When the macaroni is done, it should be well rinsed in cold water and laid straight out on a towel so that it will not twist during the draining process. It is then ready to form the lining of the timbale-mold. The mold is well greased and, beginning at the bottom, the macaroni is coiled around the inside of the mold so that it will form a complete covering to the timbale when it is unmolded. When the macaroni is in place, the center may be filled with any timbale mixture. These timbales are very attractive, but require time and care in their preparation.

Another attractive timbale is made by placing a pimiento in each mold and filling with the timbale mixture. When it is unmolded, the timbale has a gay red coat which is very effective.

TIMBALES may be served on individual plates or from a platter. Unless very highly seasoned or accompanied by a creamed vegetable, they should be served with a sauce. There are a number of sauces which not only improve the flavor but also enhance the appearance. In selecting a sauce for any particular timbale care should be taken that the sauce chosen shall not only blend and harmonize with the timbale but with the other food served on the same plate as well.

Additional recipes for timbales and for sauces to serve with them will be sent in return for a stamped envelope addressed to THE DELINEATOR'S *Home-Makers' Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*



1. Owners of Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges Like to Bake.



2. Because the Red Wheel Makes Baking a Pleasure.



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Never a Baking Failure!

NEVER a baking-failure! What fairy could make this come true for you—every day of the year? And yet, perpetual cooking-success can be made a fact, for YOU, not by fairies, but by the magic of a certain RED WHEEL that you'll find on the most modern makes of gas ranges.

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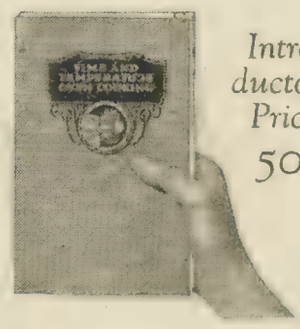
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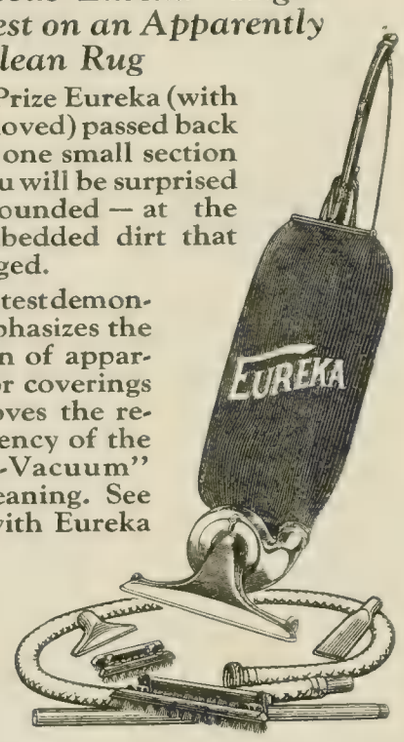
Don't delay in accepting this amazing special offer, made to acquaint you with the wonderful efficiency that has made the Grand Prize Eureka so sensationally popular—the choice last year of over 27% of all purchasers of electric cleaners of all makes. Act now, and escape hateful housecleaning drudgery.

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(223)

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper, and address your letters to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)*

SAVE IN CLEANING THE FLOOR-MOP

MY ELECTRIC sweeper saves me from the dirtiest and most exasperating task in my home; that is the task of keeping clean the floor-mop. Shaking it is not really effectual; to wash it is repulsive. After each mopping I start my electric-cleaner, tip it back from the floor to a convenient angle, and run my mop back and forth across the vacuum opening. The suction disposes of the lint, and if your sweeper has a revolving brush three or four strokes of the tips will help to make the mop almost unbelievably clean. The secret is in moving the *mop* across the *cleaner*, rather than the *cleaner* across the *mop*. This method is even more successful and quicker than using the vacuum attachments.—MRS. J. R. MCW., Tulsa, Okla.



Lint and dust are drawn out of the mop by your electric cleaner

SAVE TIME IN ACCIDENTS

With six children running in with hurts and cuts I instituted our first-aid box. In a box the size of a cigar-box I placed an antiseptic wash, a roll of sterilized gauze, adhesive tape, liquid courtplaster, a box of absorbent cotton, a pair of small scissors and a paper of needles for splinters, and a jar of good salve. When any one was hurt he came bringing the "first-aid" box, saving me steps and time. The best result was that soon the children were doctoring their own hurts and learning how it ought to be done. The training in self-reliance and first-aid knowledge was worth more than several lectures.—MRS. C. P. K., Bristol, Tenn.

SAVE GRIMY WINDOWS IN WINTER

Why have dirty, unsightly windows during the Winter months just because the water would freeze on them if we were to attempt to wash them? Give them an alcohol rub and they will be clean and shiny with very little effort on your part. The alcohol also tends to prevent the windows from steaming over.—MRS. J. R. F., Columbus, Ohio.

SAVE ON PUMPKINS FOR JACK-O'-LANTERNS

One pumpkin may serve for two lanterns when the Hallowe'en decorations are being planned, or one-half of each pumpkin may be used for pie, using the other half for the lantern. Cut the pumpkin through the center and substitute a piece of cardboard as a back in place of the other half of the pumpkin. Cut the face in the pumpkin. A flash-light may be used instead of a candle if there is danger of fire, or an old radio battery may be attached to a test tube on the inside of the pumpkin and the battery pasted on the back of the cardboard with adhesive tape.—MRS. M. C. F., Pottsville, Pa.

SAVE ON CHOCOLATE

In making cookies which call for chocolate and nuts, you find that there is still a considerable quantity of chocolate that can not be removed from the saucepan with the spatula or knife. But if you pour the chopped nuts into the saucepan and stir them around well, the remainder of the chocolate is salvaged and the pan left almost clean.—F. T. E., Concord, Mass.

SAVE CLOTH AND LACES FROM TURNING YELLOW

It has been found from experience that if these precious bits are wrapped carefully in bright or dark blue tissue-paper they are less likely to turn yellow. Crush pieces of tissue and place between folds so that no parts rest heavily on each other. Wrap all in another piece of blue paper, tie and label. Place all in a suit-box before storing away.—A. D., Ithaca, N. Y.

SAVE A LOOSE MOP-HANDLE

If the wooden handle of the floor-mop becomes loose and can not be screwed into the mop, instead of attempting to make it tight by winding cloth around it, try soaking this end of the mop-stick in a bucket of warm water for approximately an hour. The handle will screw tightly and will remain tight for some time.—MISS F. B., Riverside, Calif.

SAVE SEARCHING FOR STOCKINGS

For years I always searched through my supply of stockings to find just the pair I needed. Now I have a way of keeping them in perfect order and it is possible to find any pair quickly. I made a bag resembling a shoe-bag, but with one large pocket across the top and several smaller pockets below. In the large pocket I keep the stockings that I wear around the house. The next row of stockings are for my street hosiery, and the bottom row for the very best.—MRS. A. J. J., Minneapolis, Minn.

SAVE LEMON-PEEL BY SOFTENING IT

I found in making fruit-cake that my supplies of dried lemon, orange peel and citron were hard as a rock, and that I was unable to put a knife through them. I have found as a time and patience-saver that if I put them in the oven for a few moments they became as soft as fresh orange or lemon rind.—MRS. B. M. P., Akron, Ohio.

SAVE TIME IN USING BINDING

I have found a very easy as well as satisfactory way of sewing silk-binding braid on dresses. I fold the braid almost in the center, then press with an iron, folding and pressing at the same time, then I baste the folded braid over the edge I wish to bind. It is possible to stitch both sides at the same time.—B. O. MCF., Tiffin, Ohio.

SAVE BUYING AN ASBESTOS PAD

All housewives who even occasionally use a tablecloth on their polished dining-room table need an asbestos pad to protect the table-top from hot dishes. They are rather expensive; but I made mine at a cost of a little more than a dollar. Buy a square piece of wall-board the size of the diameter of the table. Then with a piece of string tied to a pencil draw a circle on the wall-board the size of the top of the table. Draw a line cutting the circle in half. Divide this line into three equal parts, and draw lines through these points perpendicular to the diameter. With a pair of tinner's shears or a saw cut the board on each of these lines. There are now six pieces. Cut a piece of Canton flannel the size of the table-top; next cut the flannel into half-circles. Fit the three pieces of wall-board closely together. Cover them with a half-circle of Canton flannel, the cloth and three pieces of board being exactly the same size. Cover the backs of the wall board with blue, and fit them on the flannel. Proceed in the same way with the other three sections of wall-board and the half-circle of flannel. The flannel side of course goes next to the table-top.—E. A. A., Leadville, Col.

And now–Puffed Sun-Maids a seeded raisin that isn't sticky!

With all *the nectar of the Muscat grape to flavor your* RAISIN COOKERY··



TO THE millions of women who have learned how immeasurably raisins add to the enjoyment of simple everyday foods, this message is particularly addressed.

For here we offer a new delight in Raisin Cookery—a new convenience and a new measure of goodness.

So different from the old kind

Always for certain foods you have known the special value of seeded raisins. You remember how your mother even seeded them herself to get their winey flavor into her holiday fruit cakes.

So you have used them in spite of their bothersome way of sticking together. And yet, as you have sat at your kitchen cabinet, with floured fingers, picking them apart, no doubt you have wished *someone* would make *seeded* raisins really convenient to use.

Now Sun-Maid has done it—in an entirely new and better form of seeded raisin called Puffed Sun-Maids.

Now you get the full flavor

From our finest Muscat grapes they come—large white grapes, so tender skinned, so bursting full of sweetness that they must be left clustered in the vineyards till the sun has cured them into raisins.

By a patented Sun-Maid process the seeds are extracted without crushing the raisins or causing the juice to run, as in ordinary seeded raisins.

Hence, Puffed Sun-Maids are larger, plumper. And they are more savory because they retain more of the natural fruit sugar. You will notice the difference in the very first dish you make with Puffed Sun-Maids—a richer flavor, a fuller fragrance.

Use them right from the package

And it's so easy to use Puffed Sun-Maids. They are not sticky to handle, but separate easily as they come out of the package. You can whisk them right into your batter!

Or if you choose to cut them for your fluffy white cakes, you can do it in a jiffy—with scissors!

Whole raisins, untorn, they "stay up" in the batter far better than ordinary seeded raisins and make more tempting the dishes you serve.

They cost no more.

Ask your grocer for a package of Puffed Sun-Maids today. They cost no more. For pies and cakes and puddings; for breads and sauces and candies, you will find Puffed Sun-Maids the best and most convenient *seeded* raisins you ever used.

Also from Sun-Maid come the finest SEEDLESS *raisins*

Just as the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California now offer you the perfect seeded raisins so do they supply the finest *seedless* raisins, clean, uniform, full-flavored.

From the culture of the vineyards to the final packaging of the raisins, everything is done to make Sun-Maids your favorite brand.

In buying Sun-Maids—Puffed in the blue carton, Seedless in the red carton—you get the product of these 17,000 cooperating California growers who for years have set the raisin quality standard of the world.



EASIER, QUICKER THIS WAY

If you want to cut PUFFED SUN-MAIDS *for your pound cakes, do it in half the time—with scissors!*

$2,400.00 cash prizes

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"Famous Cooks' Recipes for Raisin Cookery"—sent free

Just how such noted cooks as Miss Sarah Field Splint, Mrs. Caroline B. King, Miss Alice Bradley and Mrs. Belle De Graf combine Sun-Maids with the simplest of ingredients to make new food treats is told in a 32-page booklet recently published.

We'll gladly mail you a copy free—just send us the coupon below. Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California, Fresno, California.

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PUFFED [SEEDED] *in the blue carton*

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Please send me details of the Raisin Cookery Competition. Also free copy of the new recipe booklet, "Famous Cooks' Recipes for Raisin Cookery."

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FRYING - - - - - SHORTENING - - - - - SALADS

If you have ever fried anything in Wesson Oil you think of it as the ideal fat for all frying. It is.

If you have ever made cake, biscuit or pie crust with Wesson Oil you think of it as an excellent shortening. It is.

If you have ever made French dressing or mayonnaise with it you think of Wesson Oil as a choice salad oil. It is.

FEED THEM WELL

By Flora Rose

Director, New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

No—not the bridge or tennis or golf score, but how does your family rank in the food game? Are your meals well-balanced, nutritious, energy-giving and muscle building? A DELINEATOR *Score-Card will help you check up on your diet. You need the card and the Food Value Chart to balance your foods correctly. Just a two-cent stamp for return postage will bring you both of them, if you write the Home-Making Department of* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*

"JOHN now eats more than his father, and I know Mary eats at least as much as I. I can't understand it." Thus speaks many a mother who, as family purveyor, is faced with the problem of keeping the children fed and fit. She has long known the inroads on food a healthy child can make, but it nevertheless comes to her as a surprize when her active boy or girl, just now in the neighborhood of twelve years of age, begins to eat as much or more than father or mother. It looks to her as if something may have gone wrong with the child and she wonders if there is anything she should be doing about it. It is not uncommon to hear her perplexity take the form of a remark such as I heard recently when a mother said of her active, perpetually hungry son, "John eats so much I'm sure it keeps him thin to carry it." The truth of the matter was that in this case John was eating neither enough food nor the right kind of food.

Some of the facts the mothers should know are these: All through childhood children need and should eat an amount of food which is much larger in proportion to their weight and size than the adult needs or should eat. The child's body is making big demands on food, first to keep it in condition and to feed its activities, and secondly, to supply materials for storing in the new tissues and for building up the reserves that are a part of normal growth.

Further, when healthy, vigorous, active boys and girls reach the teens, and in many cases as much as two or three years ahead of this age, some stimulus from within causes an increase in their need for food that makes it reach a point where it often equals or exceeds that of the grown-ups in the family. In adjusting themselves to this phenomenon, trying to keep hungry youth satisfied, parents get the idea that their children are like bottomless pits into which food is being poured with little to show in the way of results.

For the peace of mind of these parents it may be said that if most abundant growth and health and vigor are their objectives, only two limitations need be set on the amount of food given to the average normal, active, hard-playing child: the first of these is that the child shall eat each day the prescribed amounts of those foods that are vital to its protection and growth; the second is that the kind and amount of food shall not exceed the child's powers of digestion. Having carefully observed these precautions, the parent may under normal conditions allow the child to eat to repletion.

There is growing evidence that there are numbers of children in our midst whose growth and development could be greatly improved if their food supply was modified and increased. Instead of wondering whether the child eats too much, the effort should be placed upon providing conditions which will encourage eating on the part of the average child. We should see to it that he plays and exercises out-of-doors; that he spends time in the sunshine; that he sleeps long hours in well-ventilated rooms; that his diet encourages appetite. When all this is done, we should supply him with the abundance of food that is needed to satisfy a lusty appetite. If we are working to give him the best that food can supply, we shall see that his daily dietary always yields the following: A quart of milk; an egg; a piece of meat; an orange or half a grapefruit or some lemon-juice or tomato; at least one serving of some other fruit; a green vegetable; a serving of one other vegetable besides potato; one or more servings of potato; all the bread and butter and breakfast-food he needs to fill in the corners; a simple dessert at least once a day. These foods should be his daily background if possible. We may not be able to do all of this for our children, but at least this is the ideal we should seek to follow if we wish to feed rightly and abundantly these boys and girls whose future efficiency is being determined by us now.

ASK US

Ask us anything you want to know about housekeeping and we will answer it personally. From our recent correspondence we publish the following questions and answers as being of general interest to all home-makers

QUESTION—What is the best way for me to clean a rusty stove top?

Answer—When the stove is cold, brush it well with kerosense and let it stand half an hour. Then rub well and wipe off with soft paper. Give a second application of kerosene, let stand and then rub thoroughly with steel wool until the rust is removed. Clean it thoroughly with soft paper and old cloth. Repeat this treatment for several days or until the surface of the stove improves in smoothness.

Question—I have been told that something called viscogen will help in whipping cream. How can I get this and how is it used?

Answer—Cream to whip well should be thick. Good whipping cream should contain from twenty-five to forty per cent. of butter-fat, should be from twelve to twenty-four hours old and should be cold (35 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit are the best temperatures). If cream is too fresh or too warm, it will be thin. Thin cream is thickened and whips more easily if one teaspoon of viscogen is used to each two cups of cream.

Viscogen is a harmless solution of lime. All milk contains lime. It is made by mixing thoroughly three-tenths of a cup of milk of lime, half a cup of sugar and five cups of water. Put in bottles or jars and allow to stand twenty-four hours before using. It will keep indefinitely.

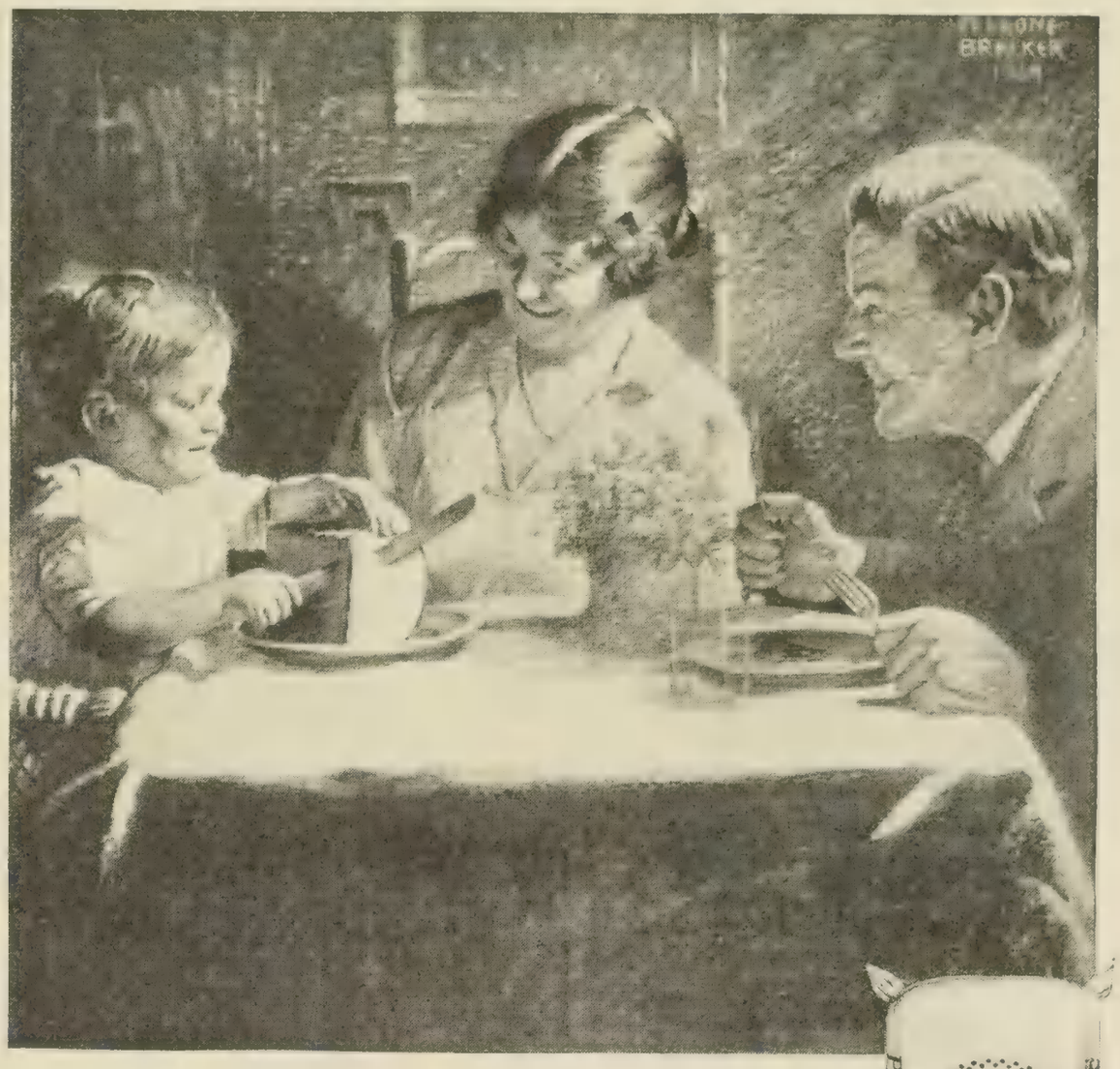
Question—How can I renovate my window-shades?

Answer—Holland-cloth shades may be laid flat on a table and washed with a damp (not wet) cloth, using lukewarm water and mild soap. Care should be taken not to let water soak into the shade. Wipe with a dry cloth. Other shades may be cleaned by rubbing with art gum, corn-meal or dried bread, taking care not to scratch the surface.

Removing the shade from the roller and turning it upside down, nailing the bottom edge to the pole and finishing the top edge like the bottom, will help to give the effect of a new shade. Painting with a thin coat of a good oil-paint in the desired color gives fairly satisfactory results.

Question—Will you tell me how to renovate velvet that has been packed a long time and is badly matted and creased?

Answer—Stand a hot iron on end and cover the bottom of it with a wet cloth. Over this pass the velvet, holding the wrong side next to the damp cloth. The steam from a teakettle may be used for large and heavy work. This is especially easy with a spreading device put into the spout of the kettle. Have very little water in the kettle so that it will not sputter out with steam. There should be some one to assist with this work, because the velvet should be shaken dry and not allowed to crease while damp.





Baby's Bread

IN babyhood days bread starts its task of building sturdy bodies. Romping children, healthy grown-ups, depend on it for their daily diet. All through life good bread nourishes and sustains.

Pillsbury's Best Flour is proud of its responsibility. The soul of the wheat, rich in gluten, yields its protein to give strength and stamina. Its milling process numbers 180 separate selections. Actual milling tests every hour assure its positive uniformity. For over 50 years its integrity has endured.

The Pillsbury Basic Recipe Method

A newer, better way of baking is delighting thousands of women. The Pillsbury Basic Recipe Method is a happy idea to put fresh interest in baking. This simple short-cut makes novel menus an easy matter because you can quickly prepare 100 delicious foods from 4 basic recipes. And it's proof positive that Pillsbury's is best for all sorts of baking—bread, cakes, pies and cookies.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour
Pancake Flour
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Wheat Cereal
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The whole story, an absorbing booklet of recipes, is yours for the asking. Hundreds of women tell us it's a cook book they prize. Why not send for it today? Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Best Flour

One of the family



A Special Message to Diabetics

ARE you tired of having the same prescribed foods day after day? Of never having the good things you like?

Do you long for something different?

Knox Sparkling Gelatine will vary your diet amazingly. It makes diabetic dishes that are appetizing and delightful. Moreover, your physician will tell you that a plain unflavored gelatine, because of its protective colloidal action, increases the digestibility of the prescribed foods and is thus a most important dietetic factor.

Grape Juice Jelly—One Serving

⅔ teaspoon Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 teaspoons cold water
5 tablespoons boiling water
8 drops, or scant ½ teaspoon, lemon juice
2 tablespoons grape juice
⅛ grain saccharin

Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water. Add saccharin, lemon juice and grape juice. Pour into molds and chill. This furnishes about 7 grains of carbohydrates, the fat and protein are negligible. If a high fat requirement is to be met, a tablespoon of cream, whipped, served on top adds approximately five grains of fat.

Another variation, when the mixture is partially set, beat it until frothy, then mold, making grape sponge.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

Important Health Books

Write for the Knox booklet of gelatine dishes physicians recommend in cases of Diabetes, Gastritis, Nephritis, Tuberculosis, Obesity and Stomach Disorders.

Health Department
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.



WHAT SHOULD WE SPEND FOR FOOD?

Continued from page 21

CHART I

Minimum Cost for Safe Food

The family wishing to reduce the cost of food to the lowest amount which will maintain a good standard of health will need to choose their diet from the following list or its equivalent:

	Your weekly food bill for each member of your family when prices are low		Your weekly food bill for each member of your family when prices are moderate	
Amount of food for each person each week	*Cost per unit*	*Cost per week*	*Cost per unit*	*Cost per week*
Milk				
1 pt. for adults a day—7 pts. 1 qt. for children a day—7 qts.	$0.13 qt.	$0.46—$0.91	$0.15 qt.	$0.53—$1.05
Potatoes				
10 servings a week, 5 lbs.	1.50 bu.	.13	2.00 bu.	.17
Other Vegetables				
Cabbage—2 servings a week, ½ lb.	.05 lb.	.02½	.07 lb.	.03½
Onions, carrots, beets, turnips, 1 serving of each a week, 1½ lbs.	.05 lb.	.07½	.07 lb.	.10½
Spinach, canned—1 serving a week, ¼ can	.20 can	.05	.30 can	.07½
Fruits				
Orange—1 medium, a week	.04 ea.	.04	.05 ea.	.05
Tomatoes—2 servings a week, ¼ can	.20 can	.05	.20 can	.05
Apples—3 medium, a week	2.25 bu.	.04½	3.00 bu.	.06
Dried fruit—3 servings a week, ⅓ lb.	.30 lb.	.10	.40 lb.	.13
Eggs				
4 eggs a week or fewer	.50 doz.	.16½	.60 doz.	.20
Meat or Fish				
6 servings a week, 1½ lbs.	.30 lb.	.45	.40 lb.	.60
Cheese				
2 servings a week—2 oz.	.40 lb.	.05	.40 lb.	.05
Beans				
3 servings a week—4 oz.	.12 lb.	.03	.12 lb.	.03
Bread				
6 slices a day—3½ lbs. a week	.08 lb.	.28	.08 lb.	.28
Cereals (whole)				
1 serving a day—½ lb. a week	.14 lb.	.07	.14 lb.	.07
Flour				
1 lb. (4 cups) a week	.07 lb.	.07	.07 lb.	.07
Sugar or other sweet				
3 tbs. a day—12 oz. a week	.08 lb.	.06	.08 lb.	.06
Fat				
4 tbs. a day—14 oz. a week	.40 lb.	.35	.50 lb.	.43
Miscellaneous (Coffee, cocoa, etc.)		.15		.20
Total minimum cost a person a week	$2.65—$3.10		$3.19½—$3.71½	
Total minimum cost a person a day	$0.38—$0.44		$0.46 —$0.53	

CHART II

Minimum Cost for Food That Is Safe and Desirable

When somewhat more money is available for food, a greater margin of safety is possible and a greater variety may be secured.

	Your weekly food bill for each member of your family when prices are low		Your weekly food bill for each member of your family when prices are moderate	
Amount of food for each person each week	*Cost per unit*	*Cost per week*	*Cost per unit*	*Cost per week*
Milk				
1 pt. for adults a day—7 pts. 1 qt. for children a day—7 qts.	$0.13 qt.	$0.46—$0.91	$0.15 qt.	$0.53—$1.05
Potatoes				
7 servings a week	1.50 bu.	.09	2.00 bu.	.12
Other Vegetables				
Cabbage—2 servings a week, ½ lb.	.05 lb.	.02½	.07 lb.	.03½
Celery, carrots, beets, turnips, onions, squash, peas, string-beans, lettuce, spinach, cauliflower, asparagus—12 times a week—average of	.10 lb.	.42	.13 lb.	.52

Concluded on page 64



Delights That Grow on Trees

FRESH Fruit! Grapes, apples, oranges, pears, peaches—what a wealth of health they give us—especially the children. Eat more fruit, fresh or canned. Increase its natural benefit and make it go further by combining it with Knox Sparkling Gelatine in a different dessert or salad every day.

Take the apple, for instance, one of the most wholesome of all our fruits. Make an Apple Charlotte, and revel in the most fascinating dish you ever tasted. Here is the recipe:

Apple Charlotte—Six Servings

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup boiling water
1 cup sugar
Lady fingers or stale cake
1 cup apple or peach pulp
¼ cup cold water
Whites of three eggs
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add peach or apple pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen beat, using a wire whisk, until light; then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers or stale cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs.

Knox Gelatine recipes are not only so easy to make but they are economical as well—each package makes four different desserts or salads—each sufficient for six persons.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

Solving Your Dessert Problem

"Dainty Desserts" is an invaluable book giving over 150 original recipes for desserts, salads and candies, etc.—prized by millions of women. Sent free for your grocer's name and 4c in stamps.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.



Just how should dates be eaten?

plain dates, stuffed dates, cooked dates—



Which way do you prefer this interesting food?

Dates come to you just as they leave the trees—they are golden ripe from the sunshine—a nourishing fruit—good to taste.

The woman who has tried dates stuffed, as a confection, or *cooked,* knows that dates have a flavor that blends unusually well with other foods. And if she is a woman who thinks of the *values* of foods (and most women do) she knows that dates are as good *for* her as they are good to taste.

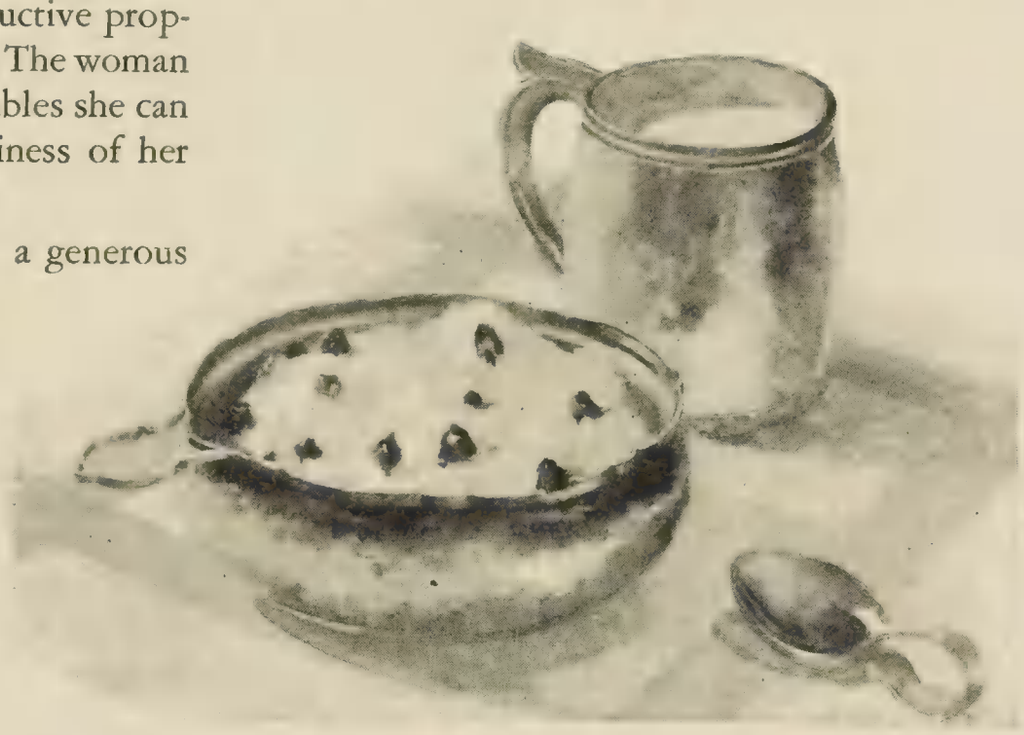
She knows that *natural* foods are best—the



fruit of the soil and the trees—untouched by the modern refinements that so often rob us of essential nourishment.

Natural foods retain the constructive properties on which our bodies depend. The woman who serves all the fruit and vegetables she can is guarding the health and happiness of her family.

Dates are a natural food, with a generous content of mineral salts. Calcium, one of the important minerals, is the essential food for bone and teeth—iron, as you know, is nature's finest tonic. The date contains *natural* sugar which is immediately absorbed by the body as energy. This digestible date-sugar is developed by the sun. For dates are a sun-food, reflecting the color of imprisoned sunlight.



And with all their nutritive value, dates have a delicate flavor. They are good to eat. And they are a cooking ingredient as well as a hearty fruit or tempting between-meal snack. This page tells you some of the best ways and some of the best times for serving them.

. . . . . .

Dates are delicious in so many ways

Luscious pies, sweet with the rich fruitiness of dates and cranberry; salads gently spiced with the goodness of dates; cereals and sandwiches—see how transformed they become when you add this simple ingredient.

Luscious dates stuffed for tea to tempt your appetite

Rare flavors and appetizing delicacies are appropriate for tea. The date suggests itself as a confection instead of cake—or as filling for dainty sandwiches. Take some pitted dates and stuff them with pimento-filled olives, or cream cheese. Stuff the dates till they are plump and large and luscious. For sandwich filling, mix *sliced* dates with one of the ingredients mentioned for stuffing.

Dates with grapefruit— a marvelous salad combination

Make this salad by adding Dromedary canned grapefruit to the lettuce, four slices to a serving, garnished with pitted dates and a dainty pattern of mayonnaise. Salads depend upon just such pleasant combinations. Dates belong in all fruit salads, for they are one of nature's most nourishing gifts. For another salad delicacy, combine a slice of Hawaiian pineapple with three dates, stuffed with cream cheese.

Serve dates in or on your cereals

Allow four sliced dates to a serving. When your cereal is just ready to come off the stove, mix the dates right in it. Stir, making sure the dates become heated—then serve. Remember also that uncooked cereals are perfectly delicious if sliced dates are placed on top before adding the cream. Perhaps the best reason for using dates with cereal is that no sugar is necessary. This is a much more healthful way to eat cereal—and children like it. And you can combine dates with rice, just as with cereals.



A new flavor—date and cranberry pie

Blend 1½ tablespoons of flour with two tablespoons of water. Stir this into 3 cups of hot cranberry sauce. Cook for three minutes. Add 1 cup of pitted and sliced dates. After cooling, pour into pie-dish, which has been lined with crust. A lattice top-crust is most appropriate for this delicious pie. Bake for 35 minutes, with hot oven for first ten, then reducing temperature. Another delicious pie is made by adding sliced dates to the usual custard-pie ingredients.



THE HILLS BROTHERS CO.
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I should like a copy of the new recipe book, "Foods from Sunny Lands," which contains a hundred delights made with Dromedary dates, cocoanut, grapefruit, and figs.

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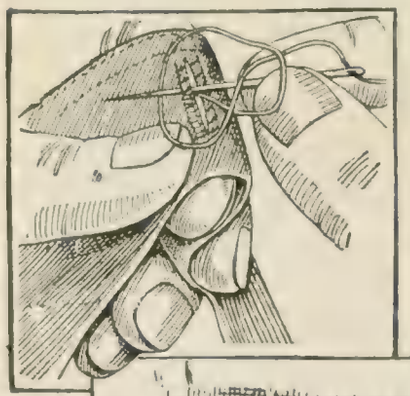
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Dromedary Dates—THE FRUIT-CONFECTION-FOOD



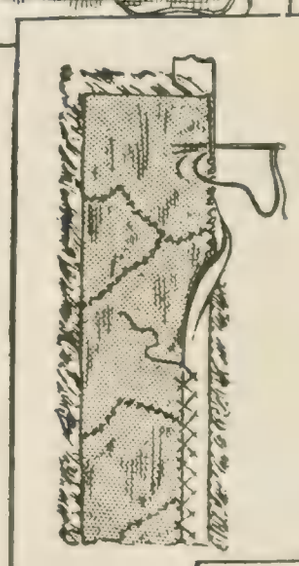
Make this Resolution



[1]



[2]



[3]

To save money by making, mending and cleaning your own clothes. And any information you need, you will find in *The New Dressmaker.*

[1] ***What Sort of Buttonholes Do You Make?***

Few women know the right way to hold the goods, and how to round the ends in making a buttonhole. *The New Dressmaker* takes up all possible difficulties.

[2] ***Trim Your Own Clothes***

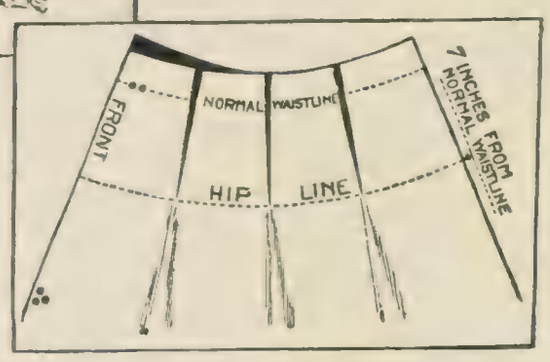
The New Dressmaker tells you all about the various trimming stitches and the illustrations show you exactly how to make them.

[3] ***One of the Hardest Jobs—Sewing on Fur***

But by following the simple instructions given in *The New Dressmaker* you will be able to have fur-trimmed clothes that rival the garments in the smartest shops.

[4] ***When You Adjust a Pattern to Fit You***

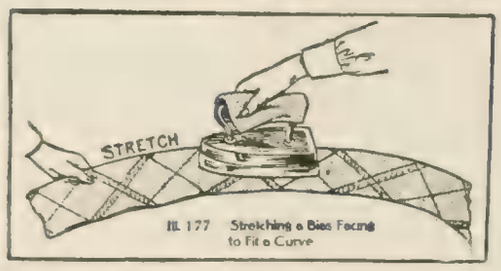
The New Dressmaker will tell you in words and pictures how to measure a pattern, how to increase the waistline, how to allow for prominent hips—in fact everything you need to know.



[4]

[5] ***Can You Face the Edge Properly?***

A poorly finished edge always stamps a dress as home-made. *The New Dressmaker* shows you how to stretch a bias facing, how to sew on extension facing—how to do all kinds of facings.



[5]

There are more than 350 illustrations like these in the great woman's book—

THE NEW DRESSMAKER

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Butterick Building, New York

Please send me a copy of *The New Dressmaker* for which I will pay the postman $1.15 ($1.00 for the book—15c for the postage) when it is delivered to me. My understanding is that I may return this book after 5 days and have my money refunded if I am not fully satisfied.

Name .....

Street and No. .....

City ..... State .....

WHAT SHOULD WE SPEND FOR FOOD?

Concluded from page 62

CHART II—Concluded

Amount of food for each person each week	*Cost per unit*	*Cost per week*	*Cost per unit*	*Cost per week*
Fruits				
Oranges—3 a week	$0.04 ea.	$0.12	$0.05 ea.	$0.15
Tomatoes—2 servings a week	.20 can	.05	.25 can	.06
Apples—3 medium a week	2.25 bu.	.04½	3.00 bu.	.06
Bananas—1 a week	.30 doz.	.02½	.35 doz.	.03
Pineapple—1 serving a week	.30 can	.05	.35 can	.06
Canned fruit—1 serving a week	.20 can	.04	.25 can	.05
Dried fruit—3 servings a week	.30 lb.	.10	.35 lb.	.12
Eggs				
7 eggs a week or fewer	.50 doz	.30	.60 doz.	.35
Meat or Fish				
2 lbs. a week	.30 lb.	.60	.40 lb.	.80
Cheese				
2 oz. a week	.40 lb.	.05	.40 lb.	.05
Beans				
1 serving a week	.12 lb.	.01	.12 lb.	.01
Bread (whole grain)				
5 slices a day	.08 lb.	.24	.10 lb.	.30
Cereals (whole)				
1 serving a day, ½ lb. a week	.14 lb.	.07	.20 lb.	.10
Flour				
¾ lb. (3 cups) a week	.07 lb.	.05	.07 lb.	.05
Sugar or other sweet				
3 tbs. a day—12 oz. a week	.08 lb.	.06	.08 lb.	.06
Fat				
1 lb. a week	.40 lb.	.40	.50 lb.	.50
Miscellaneous				
(Coffee, cocoa, etc.)		.20		.30
Total good average cost a person a week		$3.38½—$3.83½		$4.25½—$4.77½
Total good average cost a person a day		$0.48 —$0.55		$0.61 —$0.68

WHEN PICTURES PUZZLE

Concluded from page 23

Except for oil-paintings, most pictures look well either with or without mats. Dark pictures or photographs with dark backgrounds are less likely to need mats or margins than lighter-colored pictures. However, in framing etchings and engravings, one must remember to leave margins on. It seriously detracts from their value if the margins have to be cut off and replaced by mats.

In the matter of hanging pictures correctly, the most important rule is to hang them so that the center of the picture will be about on a level with the average eye.

Give large pictures large wall-spaces and medium-size pictures medium-size wall-spaces. Never hang a long, narrow picture in a short, broad wall-space or panel, or an oblong picture in a long, narrow wall-space; rather, fit all pictures to suitable wall-spaces. Few things are more annoying than to gaze constantly on a picture which has been placed in a wall-space or panel too small for its size. Such an arrangement gives a cramped feeling which becomes very irritating. Picture-frames should never touch wall-panel moldings.

A picture or mirror of any considerable size may be placed over a piece of furniture, such as a cabinet, console or chair. Mirrors have a distinct decorative value in a room, for by their reflections they create charming vistas and open up greater spaces.

In the room of ordinary height, the picture molding is usually just below the ceiling, so placed that a picture-hook can just slip over it. If the ceiling is high and the room not a formal one, the effect of livableness is increased by lowering the picture molding to a line eighteen inches down the side wall.

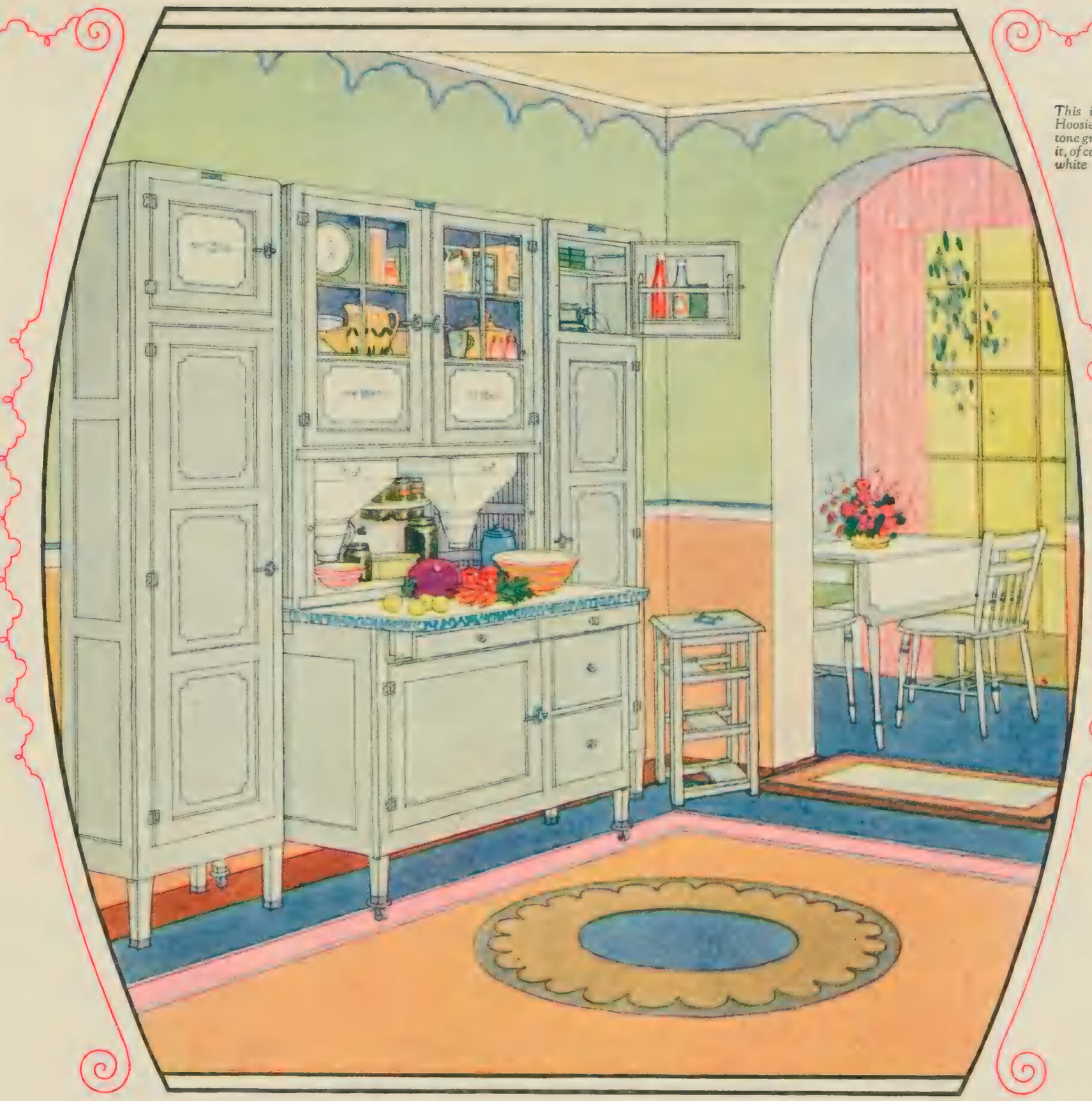
When hanging pictures, be sure they stay flat and close to the wall. They should not tip forward at the top. This can be avoided by inserting two screw-eyes in the back of the frame near the top of the picture. Then if they are to be hung by wire to picture-hooks in the molding, pass a long strand of wire through both screw-eyes, measure off the desired length, make a loop in the wire at both ends and slip these loops over two hooks in the molding, which should have been placed the width of the picture apart. If two or more pictures are to hang over each other, the wire from the second and third pictures may be hung over the same hooks that were used for the top picture.

Sometimes silk cord is used instead of wire, and the loops at the top of the molding are finished with tassels or medallions. In the case of small pictures, it is possible to hang them invisibly by inserting into the wall a small nail with a hook attached. These come in a variety of sizes to hold a variety of weights. They make scarcely a tack hole in the wall-paper.

When choosing a place for pictures, be careful to consider a good light. The varnish of oil-paintings and the glass over other types of pictures reflect light in such a way that if wrongly placed the subjects of the picture can not be seen.

Light should come largely from one direction to make the subject distinctly seen and appreciated. In general, it is wise to avoid placing a picture between two large windows or in a place where light falls on it from two directions at once.

For twenty-five cents Mrs. Sanders will gladly send you her helpful booklet, "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," containing additional information on this subject. Address her at THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York.*



This is the newly designed Hoosier suite in beautiful, two-tone grey. You can always get it, of course, in the old favorite white enamel or golden oak

Beauty makes its autumn début *in the kitchen!*

—with this artistic new Hoosier suite in lovely two-tone grey

It's just plain "human" to feel better, think better, work better where things are orderly and beautiful. And here's new beauty, now, for a room too often neglected heretofore. *The kitchen!*

In the newly designed Hoosier suite, there's beauty hitherto undreamed of for this old work room! Until you see it you can't imagine how really artistic kitchen furniture can be.

The color scheme is a perfectly charming idea in two-tone grey. You know the soothing, restful effect of grey. And where would you need it and enjoy it more than in a busy kitchen?

The body color is soft, rich Hoosier grey. Then for trimming contrast there are panels of satiny Dove grey. These panels are outlined with a narrow band of bright rich blue and ornamented with conventional flowers of the same live blue.

It's so dainty and feminine and so easy to keep looking spic and span! Spots and stains don't seem to crop out so vividly on a soft grey background.

But beauty is not the only motif of this new Hoosier suite. It is as practical as it is beautiful.

Hoosier Kitchen Furniture has always embodied the latest labor saving ideas science could devise. Domestic science authorities recognize Hoosier as distinctive in design and fittings.

Imagine *your* kitchen completely furnished with the Hoosier suite! What an inviting place you could make it and how comfortable and efficient to work in—with this Hoosier equipment:

Hoosier Highboy. The most perfectly planned and constructed working center that the modern kitchen knows. Scientifically designed in every detail of storage space, drawer and shelf arrangement and working accessories.

Hoosier Shelf Unit. A new constructive aid to save steps and strength. Ample storage space right where you need it—for dishes, utensils and supplies.

Hoosier Broom Closet. A handy, roomy place for all the cleaning things—brooms, mops, vac, etc. Specially fitted with racks and holders.

Hoosier Breakfast Set. And here's the finishing touch for a handy, cozy kitchen! You'll never see a breakfast set with more charm of line and loveliness of finish than this one. The table is drop leaf; the chairs have a dainty grace yet are sturdily built.

Just $5 Down
That's all you need to pay now

And here's the best news of all! Just $5 down will put any Hoosier Cabinet in your kitchen and you can finish paying in weekly payments so small you will never miss the money! And you can have any other piece of Hoosier equipment on equally easy terms.

FREE! An interesting book on beautiful kitchens

We have published a book on kitchen planning and beauty in the kitchen, which we want every woman interested to have. It is beautifully illustrated in color and is free—won't you write your name and address in the coupon below so we may send it to you?

The new Hoosier suite is on display this week at the Hoosier store in your town. Be sure to see it and the other favorite models in white enamel and golden oak. They will explain the new Hoosier Easy Payment Plan. Or we will gladly give you details when we send your copy of the Hoosier book.

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Please send me, free, your new booklet, "Your Kitchen and You".

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In a Bathroom Five Feet Square.

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BULGARIAN BET

Continued from page 7

love for the child. You see, the experience of child-bearing develops certain latent instincts in the most inefficient——"

"Doctor Whalen!"

The doctor hushed at once.

"That is a positive insult—coming from Peggy. If I can't take care of a baby, it's the first thing in life I couldn't do better than Peggy Harkaway. I'll show her."

"And you, too!" her tone implied. Then she picked up the undesired blue bundle.

"I am glad that you have decided to accept the responsibility after all," said the doctor. "And for fear that you might become confused, I had directions typewritten and put into the basket of the baby's clothing which a messenger is taking to your apartment."

"Very well."

"And don't forget to call me every day for a while."

"Very well."

Still he stood grinning at the predicament of Elizabeth Harkaway.

"One thing you have forgotten already. You haven't asked the baby's name."

"I didn't suppose she had one—yet."

"Oh, yes. Her mother would like her to be called Elizabeth."

"What?"

"Yes. Elizabeth Whalen."

"Wh-a-a-t?"

"I hope you don't mind. I took the association as a compliment."

"It sounds exactly like Peggy Harkaway!"

With which uninterpreted fling, Elizabeth fairly ran from the scene.

SHE was still seething when she reached her studio. She carried the still marvelously sleeping baby into her little bedchamber, laid it gingerly crosswise on her narrow bed and returned to her Jacobean reception-room, where she slumped weakly on a bench.

The baby cried. She was hungry. A glance at the clock and at the neat schedule prepared by Doctor Whalen, which with the baby's wardrobe had reached home ahead of Elizabeth, told the new guardian that much. There was even one bottle of food in the baby's basket. The baby consumed it, released the surplus with further suggestions of sour cheese, and went back to sleep. But, my stars, in another three hours Elizabeth must secure from the specified dairy enough Bulgarian buttermilk for five more feedings to carry over twenty-four hours. She must negotiate for corn-sirup from the grocery store and bottles from the drug-store.

Later, having five bottles filled with thick white stuff in a row on a shelf in the kitchenette, Elizabeth went in to look at her baby. At the bedroom door she caught her breath. One little hand had again made its way out of the blanket, but, instead of being a feebly-moving pink flipper, it was a human hand, unbelievably small, waxen white and motionless. And when Elizabeth in a spasm of terror snatched back the blanket to find that the baby had simply gone to sleep in a queer position and the blood had run out of the one upraised arm, her hands closed upon a little body and the last drop of her reserve courage forsook her. She groped for the bedside telephone. And called the hospital.

"Doctor Whalen," she gasped, when she heard his calm voice at the other end of the wire, "it's the baby! No, nothing's wrong—really—but I'm frightened to death——!"

"Oh, could you? Thank you!"

For a large body he reached her apartment very quickly. And he didn't laugh at her this time. He sat holding one of Elizabeth's slim strong hands between his two broad ones and patiently, even respectfully, explained to her the extent of peril and the margin of safety in handling infants.

Though Elizabeth felt lighter in spirit for his visit, for the rest of that day she circulated among four points—thermostat, bathroom, kitchenette and baby. And in the evening, when she was making the infant comfortable for the night and the little body lay on her lap looking more like fresh squab than anything human, her knees shook again.

"Bulgarian Bet," she pleaded, "have a heart!"

BULGARIAN BET, as it happened, turned out to be a rather good baby. She displayed at first an equable temperament and a predilection for sleep that was amazing if you considered her parents. If Bet hadn't been good, Elizabeth would have gone raving crazy. In those three months she came to understand how women, when they became mothers, lost the love of their husbands. Certain personal niceties which had been as casual and essential to every day as food and sleep were eliminated at once without time for argument. The half-hour or more which she spent on relaxing and toning up her hair and complexion each afternoon went now for washing out inevitable extras in the bath-tub. The apartment reeked of buttermilk. Already social callers at the studio were dropping off. Nobody now came regularly except Doctor Whalen—and Elizabeth suspected him of being soft on Peggy.

Then there was the effect of the child on Elizabeth's professional standing. On one of his early calls the doctor, speaking of Peggy, advised (since the mother's symptoms had been of incipient tuberculosis) that the baby be given as much outdoors as possible. He said that the crib on the fire-escape balcony was not enough. He specified a perambulator. Thereafter for a half-hour every morning and a whole hour every afternoon Elizabeth pushed a baby-carriage up and down Patton Boulevard. As a publicity stunt the parade was a success, and emphatically something to look at. All the literati, intelligentsia, and members of allied groups found reasons for coming or came without reason those days to Patton Boulevard. Their taunts and giggles she swallowed with sufficient difficulty—the thrusts which began with purrs of sympathy she would not down.

"You poor dear!" said a woman whom Elizabeth especially disliked. She was the wife of a photographer so entrenched in public favor that both he and his wife had been absolutely genial to all others of their profession up to the rise of Elizabeth Harkaway. "You poor dear!" said his wife to Elizabeth with the perambulator. "How queer it seems for you to have a baby!"

"It would be queer under the circumstances," said Elizabeth, "if I really had one. This is my married sister's. I'm just borrowing it."

"Dear me! I didn't mean *that!* Did I sound like *that?* I meant—we all never dreamed that you would endure such interference with your work."

"Babies don't interfere with your work. That is, they needn't. I'm doing splendidly this Spring. Did you see the pictures of the Haynes-Burford wedding in Sunday's paper? Precious Bet, is there a fly on oor nose?"

"Yes, we were talking of the Haynes-Burford pictures at dinner last night. They were good, but we wondered if they didn't seem a trifle hurried—that is, neglected, for you. But then, they were splendid, of course! I suppose you'll be entering something very fine in the competition at the national convention in June?"

"Yes, oh yes, I'll enter," said Elizabeth and cut two laps off her morning walk because right then she found herself at the door of her apartment.

ALL the way up on the automatic elevator she sputtered because she had risen to the bait of a woman ten years married, who bred Persian cats out of deference to her husband's artistic temperament. By the time she had settled Bet on the fire-escape and changed into a fresh studio frock to be ready for an appointment, some of the inflammation had gone out of her feelings. Coldly critical now, she realized that the quality of her recent work did trouble her. It had always dissatisfied her because she was ambitious. She still labored conscientiously, often stealing precious hours out of her broken night to finish a folio of prints which must look like so many crayon portraits etched by a gifted hand, that the lay world should not guess her weariness, her distraction. And the lay world did not guess, had not so far. Even the dig of that morning had been only a masked cry of envy. The Haynes-Burford pictures had meant a big check, went far toward covering nursery and sanitarium charges for that month. It was just what Elizabeth alone knew that troubled her. She had gone to take the bride pictures, protesting to herself and Doctor Whalen (as she arranged for a temporary

Continued on page 68

Prevent this



Too tired to dance

It really doesn't seem possible, does it, that happiness can depend on the teeth? But ask your dentist or your physician. You will learn that not only happiness but often health and good looks are lost when teeth start to decay.

Bad Teeth May Take The Joy Out of Life

Poisons of Tooth Decay Sap Bodily Strength and Destroy Good Looks.

Use Colgate's

It removes causes of tooth decay

PEOPLE who care how they look are concerned first of all with their teeth—for the mouth is the front door of personality. Not only are good teeth important to beauty; they are essential to health, to happiness, and sometimes even to life itself.

Modern dentists are urging preventive dentistry. Its aim is to combat disease by preventing tooth troubles—to fight tooth decay before it starts.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream always has been in the forefront of this scientific move for better teeth and health.

Colgate's is Safe and Effective

Colgate's is a modern dentifrice—widely recommended by modern dentists. It "washes" your teeth thoroughly clean—does not scratch or scour them. Causes of tooth decay thus are safely and effectively removed by Colgate's. It is safe to use for a lifetime.

Brush your teeth after each meal. No matter what kind of tooth brush you like, use Colgate's with it. The taste of Colgate's is pleasant. It is made sensibly, advertised sensibly, and sold at a sensible price—25c for a large size tube.

Consult your dentist twice a year. It pays.

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Good Teeth—
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Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

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In Canada, 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.

Restful Sleep at Night *and buoyant days*





A new way now to banish wakeful nerves and sleepless nights and keep your youthful looks and spirit

Over 20,000 leading doctors recommend this simple way. See what 3 days will do. Make this test.

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up! Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your morning logy, your energies drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a *natural* means to overcome this: A way to restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new woman. You are fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. Youthful in looks and spirit. And you have the energy to carry you right through the day and the evening's social activities.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Luxurious Sleep That Restores

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound restful sleep, quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building up food-essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has *more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.*



Second Ovaltine has the power actually *to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods* which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

There is quick restoration for your tired mind and body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Restful sleep comes.

In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being for a new day. You are alive with energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.



When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Ovaltine brings sound restful sleep quickly, naturally.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. It has been used in Switzerland for 30 years and is now in universal use in England and its colonies. During the great war Ovaltine was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today it is used in hundreds of hospitals. More than 20,000 doctors know and recommend it not only as a restorative but also for nursing mothers, convalescents, invalids, backward children and the aged.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick-up" drink.

A 3-day Test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send in the coupon with 10 cents in stamps.

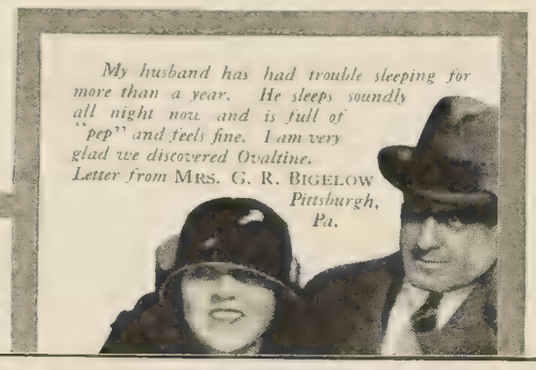


Energy to meet the evening's social demands.

OVALTINE

Builds Brain, Nerves and Body

My husband has had trouble sleeping for more than a year. He sleeps soundly all night now and is full of "pep" and feels fine. I am very glad we discovered Ovaltine.
Letter from MRS. G. R. BIGELOW
Pittsburgh, Pa.



"Ovaltine" certainly works wonders. I can vouch for it and I take great pleasure in spreading the "good word." It has given me my first restful night's sleep in three years.
Letter from
MRS. S. T. PRESCOTT
Chicago, Ill.



THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 210,
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

(One package to a person)

Send for 3-Day Test



BULGARIAN BET

Continued from page 67

nurse) that she was dead sick of making hard-boiled flappers look like Madonna lilies in tulle veils. And any artist admits to himself, if to no others, that success can not be built on work which one's heart has forsaken.

But, oh, what a let-down for Elizabeth! She remembered well how she had felt that day two months back, just before Peggy's descent, when she had heard of the prize award to be made at the June convention for the most strikingly individual and artistic portrait studies made by professional photographers of the nation. Elizabeth had sung and chattered and beamed inside and out over an audacious notion that possessed her then. She had made her mark locally, but here the gods had given the chance to show the world that she was something of what she meant to be.

THE very appointment for which she now dressed concerned this ambition. The model was a girl, the lovely, fragile daughter of an old, old family. She was to pose in period costumes, for she was delicately formed enough to manage the belts of any of her grandmothers. Elizabeth had counted on piquancy and dainty charm in these pictures—but the sitting went wretchedly. Elizabeth had always known the girl was a little stupid, but she had been able before to inspire a semblance of personality. To-day the best she could capture was the girl's prettiness. Prettiness wasn't enough for prize-winning pictures. And, before the hour was over, Bet began to cry.

"Mercy, what was that?" said the girl, feigning to be startled.

"Sounds like a baby," said Elizabeth, crossly.

"Here?"

"On the fire-escape."

"Why, the idea! I didn't know you had a baby."

"I haven't. It's my sister's."

"Visiting?"

"Yes."

"Oh! Hadn't somebody better see what's the matter? It's crying dreadfully."

"Nothing's the matter."

"My! Then why should it cry so?"

"Babies," pronounced Elizabeth, "cry chiefly for two reasons—perversity and exercise."

"Exercise? How funny!"

"Yes." Elizabeth made an involuntary pass with her hand over her forehead.

"Does your head ache, Miss Harkaway? I've a new bromide that's really awfully good."

"Thanks. I don't take bromides."

"Don't you really? I know they're not supposed to be good for you. But I never could be a martyr."

"No, I don't suppose you could."

"Miss Harkaway, would you mind telling me if you have some especial purpose in taking these pictures? I mean, were you going to use them for some public exhibit? You see, I happen to be engaged. It isn't announced yet, but it will be next week. Peter Roderick. And Peter's an awfully good sort himself, but his family's very stiff. Mother said I ought to find out why you wanted these pictures. The Rodericks wouldn't like me hung at a world's fair or something. So I thought I'd better tell you before you started."

Elizabeth had ruined twelve plates.

"For cat's sake!" she said, "is this your idea of telling me before I started?"

THE girl left in great offense. But by that time Bulgarian Bet was screaming at such a rate that nothing else mattered much. Again Elizabeth repudiated her blood kin.

"Bet," she said sternly, laying hold of the crib on the fire-escape, "you're a living disgrace! If you must holler like that and ruin my business, come inside and at least keep it in the family."

The baby went on howling, though Elizabeth could find no external excuse for the noise and knew that she couldn't be hungry for another hour.

"I wish you could see yourself," said Elizabeth. "I do wish you could see yourself in one of those purple spasms, though you wouldn't appreciate it. You haven't sense enough. You haven't any sense. I doubt if you ever will have—but, if you should develop, I wonder how you'll feel about this dirty trick you've played me. I've got a good notion to take your picture so and keep it for evidence. By hookey, that's what I will do—I'll take your living image this minute."

With angry bangs and pushes she placed her camera and fired off a few rounds at the screaming child—and when the noise still persisted after that, Elizabeth vented her despair in some tears of her own. It was a rare scene.

"No," said a voice in the door, "the bell is not out of order. It can't be heard above the uproar. What is this—a contest? Do you need a referee?"

Doctor Whalen with characteristic disregard of formality had entered the apartment. He was hatless and carried a steaming pail that smelled Spanish.

"Don't try to be funny," sniffed Elizabeth. "Any funnier than you are."

"Do you find me funny?" with a wistful lifting of heavy brows.

In spite of herself Elizabeth sputtered into a species of hysterical mirth.

"Only fair," commented Doctor Whalen. "Now, what's the matter with—hello! She's going to laugh, too."

"She'd better laugh—now," threatened Elizabeth. "What do you think possessed her?"

"Temperament. She's going to be an artist-photographer when she grows up."

"God pity her, then."

"Oh, she'll do right well, I expect, if somebody doesn't thrust a baby upon her. In which case she's apt to sort of smash things. You know, forget to eat properly and—which brings me to my excuse for appearing thus. Have you ever tasted my chilli mac?" continued Doctor Whalen.

"No, of course not."

"Yet here I am, the best dresser of macaroni on this continent and feeding my delicacies to a lot of saintly sisters, when right in the block is a lovely young lady so occupied with bottling buttermilk that she's starving. And so I——"

Elizabeth's mouth shaping a rebuke suddenly lost its mobility.

"Hold it!" she cried imperiously. "Don't you blink or move until I say so."

THERE he stood, an eminent doctor, pursued continuously by telephone and telegram, immense in his way, impressive for all his absurdity, dominating and yet pudding-soft in his kindliness, a mountain of a man personally and physically with a silly steaming granite kettle at the end of his bared arm—and so Elizabeth took his picture. And felt poise and power flow back into her.

"There are dishes in the kitchen cupboard, " she instructed the model after that, "and a bottle for Bet in the ice-chest. Would you mind serving lunch while I try to capture that air of heavenly grace which Bet is trying to put over on us right now? I'm collecting evidence on her. Personally, I think she's going to be Peggy all over again."

It was a pleasant lunch. The baby cooed and the doctor's eyes were less tired than Elizabeth had ever seen them.

"You are a nice person," she said impulsively when it was past time for him to go, "for a baby doctor."

"Thank you." He smiled at her almost shyly. Over Elizabeth swept a wave of tenderness.

"I can see why you are a doctor. But why did it have to be babies? The most exhausting things in the world. They take up all your waking hours and call you up in the nights besides. You haven't a minute to call your own. You're a slave to those babies. Didn't you know how it would be—or were you just sentimental that way?"

Doctor Whalen completely obscured a chair which usually served Elizabeth as a good background. But there he sat, and smiled with increasing shyness.

"I knew," he said gently, "and I was just sentimental. You see, I was an orphan and I had a tough time of it. Anyhow I thought it was a tough time until I saw what others had to endure. There it was. The babies come into the world. They must come if the race is to go on. Helpless, unwilling, they come under conditions and in places which I cannot describe and which I pray God you may never know from your own

Continued on page 71

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BULGARIAN BET

Continued from page 68

seeing. Poor little mites, crushed under a weight of sin and heartlessness, even cruelty—oh, I can't speak of it. To give them a fairer start, to lighten the suffering that attends their coming—it seemed to me——"

"Hold it!" cried Elizabeth.

The teacup in her hand crashed on the floor—the baby yelped in fright—and Elizabeth dived under the black pall of her camera. She took the doctor's picture, yes and quickly, for the glory of God fades quickly from His mortal images—but she lingered unduly under her curtain to wipe her eyes.

THE photographic convention met the first week in June. The awards in the prize competition were to be made the first day from exhibits hung in the Rose Room of the old Buckingham Hotel. Shortly before the date, Elizabeth walked the floor of her studio in an agony of indecision. The wife of her rival in business had spread the report that she was to compete. There was no self-respectful possibility of withdrawal. But Elizabeth had nothing to offer. This called for something better than she had ever shown her little world, something striking in workmanship and character. In all "that mess" there was only one set of portraits which she could be proud to exhibit and she was ashamed to be proud of those. They were bound into one old black folder.

"Well, why don't you?" said Elizabeth's professional opinion. "Nonsense!" said Elizabeth. "Just because the whole thing's been on your mind and nerves day in and night out for three months? They're not really good pictures. They're just your private experience." And she paced some more.

But in the end she combed her hair, put on a hat, snatched up the folio and some posterboard and set out. This was the eve of the exhibit. She returned to her apartment, head up, cheeks burning and the light of combat in her eyes.

Bet was sleeping peacefully in her crib watched over by a sad-eyed woman who crocheted endless lengths of lace. She was an emergency nurse recommended by St. Mary's, a Hungarian widow from the charity ward who had lost her baby.

"Be here early to-morrow," said Elizabeth. "Seven o'clock. I expect to be out all day and I want to be sure you understand everything to do for the baby."

AT EIGHT the following morning Elizabeth left her studio, but she did not appear at the Buckingham until eight-thirty that evening. She knew she looked well, that the jade green of her gown brought out the freshness of her skin and the brightness of her perfectly dressed hair, that everything about her was just right from the tight band of pearls at her throat to the new brocaded slippers on her feet. But she also knew that her best beauty would not explain the murmur that arose when she entered the assembly. Out of the murmur a dozen voices cried tidings to her.

"Elizabeth Harkaway, where have you been? We've been combing the town for you, almost called for detectives. Haven't you heard? You've won first place. Yes, you have, over everybody. Such darling pictures! Perfectly splendid! So, that's what you've been doing, staying at home so tight! We thought you'd fallen in love or had a skin disease or something! And you look absolutely stunning! Come and see!"

Trembling, Elizabeth let herself be led into the Rose Room, where the group of six portraits which she had reluctantly submitted the night before had now been separated and the individual numbers thrust out in various conspicuous places. There was Bulgarian Bet, three phases of her, and these not commonplace idealizations of infancy or the conventional revelations with which mothers are known to embarrass their grown young. They were perfect likenesses, finished with Elizabeth's pet trick of crayon etching—but each was a ludicrous embodiment of human character in a primitive stage—the puny, impotent, screaming rage, the materialistic, kicking content over a well-filled bottle, and the cherub sweetness borrowed from the angels. There was the sad-eyed Hungarian nurse, her lap inadequately occupied by her roll of crochet, her hands not twitching only because they were busy with a needle. A Niobe dumb in her bereavement. There were the two of Doctor Whalen.

"Marvelous! Irresistible! Full of appeal! Masterly in technique!"

Elizabeth had to know that the work was good. Her head turned a bit dizzy. So she couldn't credit her eyes when they presented to her a vision of the doctor himself, moving through the crowded room—the doctor buttoned into immaculate, formal evening dress, his face almost as fresh as her own, his hair cut within an inch of totally eclipsing his personality.

"Why," she said, "how did you get here?"

Then she blushed.

"I beg your pardon. You can go anywhere, of course. You're always making me forget what a personage you are."

She blushed again—distressingly. They stood before the smiling image with the steaming kettle.

"Are you angry?" she wanted to know.

"Angry? No. Why in the world—oh, you mean the pictures. I'm proud. Prouder than I was when I got my diploma."

ELIZABETH turned away and held herself in a sort of tight anticipation. She had a feeling that in another minute she might be hugged. She wasn't. In that other minute she recalled that such a thing couldn't happen—there—and felt oddly forlorn.

"See how I used you and Bet!" she faltered.

"We owed you at least that much, Aunt Elizabeth. And we're decidedly taken with your looks to-night, I must say. Triumph becomes you. It's done you good to hobnob with your old friends again for a whole day."

Elizabeth laughed.

"I've spent the day in a beauty parlor," she confessed.

"Good for you. It was worth the expenditure—of time."

"And money. You see, I didn't dream that this would happen. I was rather desperate last night. I couldn't see a chance for an award. I couldn't cut the whole thing, and I was bound no one should look at me and say, 'Poor Elizabeth.' But you're rather fine yourself now. You haven't come directly from the hospital this time."

"Haven't been there since early morning."

"What?"

"No, I haven't. Walked out and left my first assistant in full charge. I spent to-day in a Turkish bath."

Even Elizabeth's sympathetic indignation wouldn't keep her from laughing.

"Of course, in a way I deserved it," snorted the doctor. "On occasion, you yourself have mentioned absurdity, diet, exercise."

"It's the pictures," said Elizabeth. "They do offend you. But I didn't take them because you were absurd—or overweight. I thought you splendid. And see what you've done for me against my will. Remember how I fought against keeping Bet? And do you know what I'm planning to do now?"

"Yes. You'll hire a secretary to write your waiting-lists of mothers of beautiful offspring, fat men who want to be idealized, and disillusioned women who want to look at their own sorrow. You'll photograph the world, if you will."

"But I will not. I am going to take Bet under my arm and Sophie Ahrens by the hand—to help with the housework—and hunt a pleasant cottage in the country and spend three months being a perfect aunt to that infant to make up for the three which I have spent in abusing her."

"No."

"Yes. And you can come down for a holiday once in a while if you like."

"I'm strong for that and everything else about the plan except the baby. You deserve a real vacation—without a care. You have done your part well and your release is past due."

"But I don't want to be released—now. I don't want to be released any more than I wanted to be bound in the beginning."

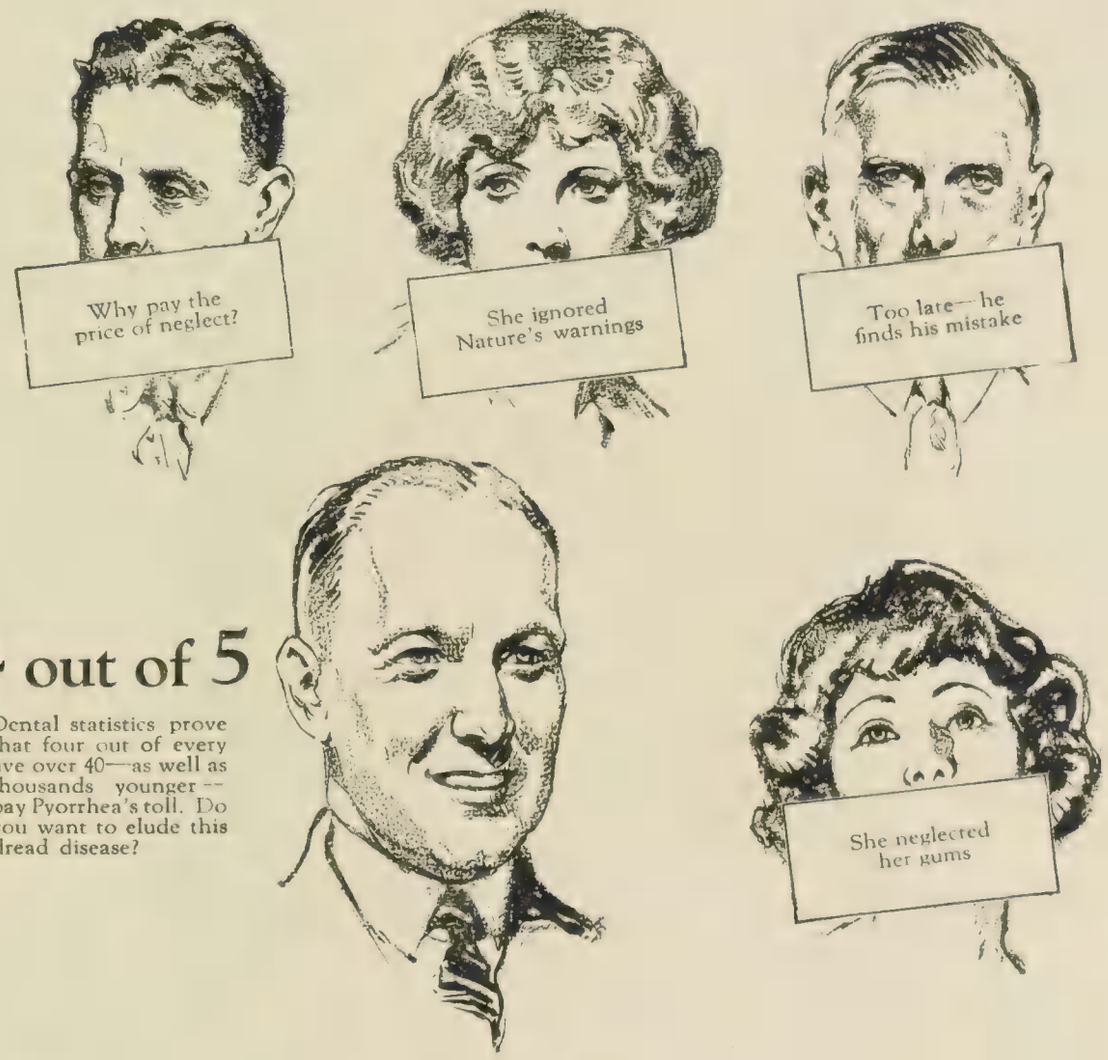
Doctor Whalen shifted his neck in his collar, a sign of uneasiness.

"And again you aren't master of your fate," he said.

"Why? Is Peggy well—all of a sudden?"

"No, she'll have to stay where she is a little while longer. It's the father. I heard from him last night."

Continued on page 72



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BULGARIAN BET

Continued from page 71

"No!"

"Yes. He's a very contrite and lonesome person. He was quite desperate over quarreling with your sister and he didn't know about the baby. Now, of course, he's willing to take her."

"Willing? Well, he can't have her."

Of all the emotions that she'd been forced to experience in the past three months Elizabeth now felt the climax.

"Do you think, after what we've been through together, that I'm going to surrender that poor, mistreated child to a trombone-player with sideburns?"

"Sh! Consider that he is her father."

"He is not."

"Didn't you tell me that your sister married a Francis Quesnay?"

"I don't care about that. I was the one who saw that Bet got here safely. I kept her alive when she would have died for want of any care he provided. She is mine. He isn't fit to care for her. What does he know about babies?"

"Now, my dear! He plans to set up a studio in the city near the mother's sanitarium and provide a trained nurse until his wife can come home. It's only a matter of time, anyhow, when she would want the child."

"I know about these studios. Doctor Whalen, excuse me, please. I'm going home."

"Elizabeth, don't——"

"I'm going home to Bet."

The doctor fairly held her by her arm while a taxi was summoned. In it, Elizabeth turned to him with a sob in her voice.

"If he really comes for her, I'll have to give her up, won't I? The law will say she is his?"

"Yes. I'm so sorry. I never dreamed that you would feel like this."

"How did you think I would feel?"

"Well, I could only go by what you've always said. About the interference to your career. Truly I was sorry for you. So I went to a great deal of trouble to hunt up this father and remind him of his duty."

"Doctor Whalen!"

And that was the last word she spoke to him until they stood at the door of her apartment.

"You said the other day the baby must have a change of diet beginning to-morrow. Could you give me the instructions now? It will save me troubling you again."

"Elizabeth!"

But he took a memorandum book and wrote a schedule including sweet milk, orange-juice and cereals.

"I didn't dress up to write a diet sheet," he said as he handed over the paper.

"It doesn't matter to me how you dress," said Elizabeth.

"No," said Doctor Whalen and turned away.

Elizabeth went in, to dismiss the nurse and order a taxi to call in half an hour.

EXACTLY two weeks later, when the hush of sleep lay over most of the city and heavily over peaceful Patton Boulevard, Elizabeth Harkaway rang the night-bell beside the main door of St. Mary's. She was wrapped in a long dark cape and on one arm under its folds she held the bundled form of a baby. While she waited for her summons to be answered, she turned back a veil from the baby's face and put down her own as if seeking reassurance, then raised it in anguished prayer to the moonlit turrets of the building. Soft shoes slip-slipped over the tiled floor of the hall and a Sister in voluminous skirt, tight basque and medieval bonnet peered out for a moment at Elizabeth before she unfastened the heavy chain and opened the doors of St. Mary's to another call of need.

However, when she saw Elizabeth in the hall, the Sister looked surprised, even a bit put out. In the dark a cape is a cape—but even a night-light will tell the difference between silk crape and shoddy. This apparently was one of the hospital's wealthy neurotics.

"I want Doctor Whalen at once," said Elizabeth.

"I'm afraid you can't see Doctor Whalen."

"Don't tell me that. Isn't he here?"

"Yes. He had a difficult operation at eleven-thirty and has just now gone to bed. I can't call him out except in a matter of life and death. If you will tell me your trouble or his assistant——"

"This is life—or death, Sister. Tell him that Elizabeth Harkaway is here and the baby is dreadfully sick. Please call him."

She actually looked as if she might crumple, but there was no need. The Sister drew back another step.

"Oh!" she said, knowingly. "You are Miss Harkaway. Wait here, then, while I telephone to his room. Will you sit in the parlor?"

But Elizabeth paced the corridor, her head bowed over the infant. So, when the doctor came down the steps a bit later, there was not a great deal of difference between the looks of the living woman in her somber rôle and the painted marble Madonna who guarded the door to the reception-room. Had Elizabeth realized his expression as he contemplated the hovering posture of the two women, she would not have troubled at his first stern word.

"Well?"

Elizabeth actually cowered as if a lash had been laid over her shoulders. Then she drew herself together and raised her head, turning resolutely to face her accuser, whose trousers folded ominously loose about his ankles and nestled in the tops of his enormous slippers. He had girt about him otherwise a brown bathrobe, so worn and disreputable as to be famous in hospital annals, tempting every woman patient of sufficient means to offer him a futile parting gift of a new one. His eyes were heavy and, she thought, cold.

"I don't care what you do to me," she said. "You can put me in jail if you must—afterward. Now it's the baby. I think I've killed her."

Still coldly, but with the old capability that thrilled her now, he took the baby from her. He uncovered the face, touched the cheek, pushed up one eyelid.

"Feverish," he said. "It may be that she has had some impure milk——"

Elizabeth moaned.

"Or it may be measles. Sister Angelica! Will you please take this baby to the third floor to Miss McCarthy and ask her to bathe the child and put her into bed. I'll be up presently."

"Don't be so casual!" cried Elizabeth. "She may die."

"Ultimately she will. Not to-night."

THE hall was empty, save for the marble Madonna, the physician and Elizabeth Harkaway, artist-photographer.

"Where have you been, Miss Harkaway? You've had me in a fine stew."

"Down the river, hiding."

"Why did you do such a thing?"

"I don't exactly know. I thought—I must. I'd got so used to the baby or something. I couldn't give her up to a temperamental father who wanted her only in a spell of emotion and might later neglect her. I thought he wasn't fit to have her."

"And your career?"

"I don't know. I just wanted to save the baby. And now see!"

"I see. Of course we will keep the child here now until the father comes for her."

"Yes." Humbly.

"Elizabeth Harkaway, there is a severe penalty for kidnaping!"

"I suppose so. I don't care. You can reach me at the apartment."

Doctor Whalen smiled at her back.

"No, you don't," he said. "Stay right here until we settle this. If I live to be a hundred—which I won't—I'll not get over the fright I had when I thought you'd closed a door on me for the last time. Elizabeth Harkaway, a week ago I boiled myself and put on all the fine linen I could find excuse for, to propose to you in decent style. To-night I feel—and I must look—like the devil's combings. But my sentiments remain the same. Now I know your sentiments perfectly. You long ago chose never to marry—but, Elizabeth, will you do me the honor of refusing my hand, too?"

"What?" In amazement Elizabeth looked back. The turning was as fatal as that of Lot's wife in the Bible. For the doctor smiled and held out his capacious arms.

"Elizabeth, honey, you're the doggondest, sweetest, contrariest, prettiest, all-round

Concluded on page 75

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½ BLACK AND ½ LIGHT BLUE

½ MEDIUM GREEN AND ½ YELLOW

½ LIGHT RED AND ½ YELLOW

½ BROWN AND ½ VERMILION

½ MEDIUM GREEN AND ½ WHITE

½ GRAY AND ½ LIGHT BLUE

½ VERMILION AND ½ WHITE

½ VERMILION AND ½ YELLOW

½ GRAY AND ½ IVORY

16

17

½ GRAY AND ½ DEEP BLUE

½ GRAY AND ½ BROWN

½ BROWN AND ½ IVORY

½ MEDIUM BLUE AND ½ IVORY

½ IVORY AND ½ DEEP GREEN

½ DEEP RED AND ½ LIGHT BLUE

½ LIGHT RED AND ½ WHITE

½ LIGHT BLUE AND ½ DEEP GREEN

½ BLACK AND ½ MEDIUM GREEN

½ MED. GREEN AND ½ DEEP GREEN

½ BLACK AND ½ YELLOW

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BULGARIAN BET

Concluded from page 72

woman that I ever saw. You're the only woman I ever wanted to marry, but I do want you. And you can trample on me for the rest of my life if you'll only consider me."

Elizabeth went all to pieces. After the freshet, she rubbed her head over that awful bathrobe, lifted that head, looked at that bathrobe and sighed.

"You're going to live to regret this," she warned. "Nothing's going to be the same ever—for either of us. First thing, you're going to burn this."

"That's all right, my Bet. If I'm not mistaken, we'll both have rubbish to burn."

"Bulgarian Bet burned a lot of mine before this," said Elizabeth.

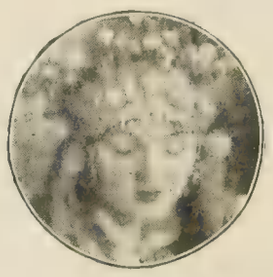
"God bless her! I'll bet you wouldn't have looked at me except for Bet."

"No. Would you have looked at me?—But I wouldn't have touched you."

"Now, what about that career?"

"Well, I won't take as many pictures—but they'll be worth taking now."

In the dimness the saints on the walls smiled at the situation.



ONE DAY TO LIVE

Continued from page 12

the Princess and the stranger youth. A broad window let in a gentle light above their heads.

"Love is the key to joy, Lo Chun," the Emperor murmured. "See these two. They sit in the timeless Valley of Happiness. Death is an avalanche unseen upon the distant mountain-top of To-morrow.

"He kisses her hands. How tenderly! No custom of ours—but sweet. Zephyr could not meet flower more gently. She bends over his bowed head and her loosened hair enfolds them. Like a tent. A tent our beautiful Lady of the Moon might have pitched to shield her love.

"She is very like her mother."

And Yeng Ti suddenly pushed the sphere from him and light flooded back into the Council Tower.

"Lo Chun," he cried, "I shall give my daughter happiness. This being her last day, she shall spend it as her heart urges. I shall wed her to the Foreigner."

And then, without waiting for a word from Lo Chun, he called sharply for his chief eunuch. And the chief eunuch hurried up.

"The Princess Budding Moon will be wedded within the hour in the Green Mound Pavilion," the Emperor informed him. "You will prepare all things needful, and tell the Princess this is my favor."

WHEN the chief eunuch had retired, the Emperor went to the window of the Council Tower. Up to his ear floated the unceasing plea of the multitude: "Mercy for the Princess and the Foreigner. They love."

He espied the Greatest Noble circulating through the crowd. And he observed that wherever his servant stood the agitation was intense. He smiled. He smiled still when Lo Chun renewed his warning.

"Take heed!" said the sorcerer. "I see the hand of Heaven reaching against you who assume its power."

"Let Heaven take heed!" exclaimed the Emperor defiantly. "It is my fancy to do as I do. None shall stay me. No man nor any Heaven."

And the Emperor called for servants to bring wedding robes for himself and for Lo Chun. And after donning these they waited, the Emperor scornfully aloof, until the chief eunuch returned.

"The pavilion is prepared, O Son of Heaven. The Princess and the Foreigner rest in it. All await you. Even now the musicians play upon harps of cassia wood."

So the Emperor descended to the foot of the Council Tower. And Lo Chun followed, after he had lingered behind to fling his arms high, as though in prayer.

After the formal rites, the stranger youth performed a curious service. From a little pouch he drew a gold circlet, very worn and old. This he placed upon the third finger of the left hand of the Princess. Then, reverently, he uttered six words in his own tongue. When all was over, the Princess shyly touched her lips to the Emperor's hands. And the stranger youth bowed before him. At one side a handmaiden with a face like a Spring flower wept softly and unceasingly.

"You are like a god, O Emperor!" exclaimed the stranger youth. "You have accorded us Heaven to-day. Even that other Heaven will not make room for us until to-morrow."

"I am a god!" the Emperor cried triumphantly. "With one hand I give you death, but with the other I give joy incomparable. And no law halts or urges me. I am myself the law and the judge."

The ceremony over, Lo Chun, the sorcerer, departed, his face white under the frosty pinch of anger. The Emperor followed, but stood in the curtained portals of the pavilion for a long moment. He saw the stranger youth stoop slowly and cup the Princess's slender face in gentle hands. Humbly the youth bent to her waiting lips.

Night, falling gently, darkened the path of the Emperor and Lo Chun.

"Stay with me through this night, Lo Chun," the Emperor commanded.

And they went to the Council Tower where Yeng Ti dropped upon a divan and fell into profound sleep. Confused fancies pressed his mind. The Princess Budding Moon fled before the army of Wu T'ang. Lo Chun slew the giant Li Kong Ho. Once the mother of Budding Moon appeared and she was sad. But no matter what other pictures grew, the splendid banner of his own creation floated ever. "*Yeng Ti and God!*" It danced in his sleep like a flame. And then a bright sun rose below it. The bright sun advanced. It seemed to threaten, and thereupon the Emperor Yeng Ti leaped to his feet. And he observed with relief that the bright sun was only the true sun of Heaven shining into the tower. Day had come.

LO CHUN was gone and, again vaguely disturbed, the Emperor called imperiously. His own voice gave him courage and he called again arrogantly. And this time his voice had scarcely lifted when the sorcerer hurried in. Faintly from below came the still uttered prayer of a multitude: "Mercy for the Princess and the Foreigner."

The Emperor was bursting with speech.

"All night long they have been crying," he exulted. "And now I will make them marvel at my greatness and magnanimity. I will forgive my daughter and the Foreigner. Will I not then be hailed as a god?"

"O impious man!" warned Lo Chun. "You have planned thus to exalt your person in the eyes of your empire. But what plans has Heaven made?"

The Emperor drew up audaciously.

"Heaven will make no plans on earth which conflict with mine. I go now to take the welcome news to my daughter."

And he hurried down to his palanquin. Lo Chun followed.

"Humble yourself," rebuked the sorcerer, "and you yet may be spared. I warn you again that the hand of Heaven is raised vengefully against your head."

But the Emperor gave no heed and, climbing into his palanquin, he was carried to the Palace of Delight. Lo Chun followed hastily.

At the top of the Green Mound's spiraling stairway the Emperor bade the guard announce him. Lo Chun arrived as the guard came back.

"I have knocked," the man said, "but I receive no answer. Yet I saw the Princess and the Foreigner not two hours ago, watching the dawn upon the balcony."

The vague fears of his awakening returned to the Emperor, although he could not say why, save that the eyes of Lo Chun, the sorcerer, seemed full of omen.

"Open the door!" he cried.

And to rout his own terrors he rushed at the barrier and hammered upon it. The echo of his blows rolled back, the only answer.

"Open me this door!" he commanded a spearsman.

Concluded on page 76



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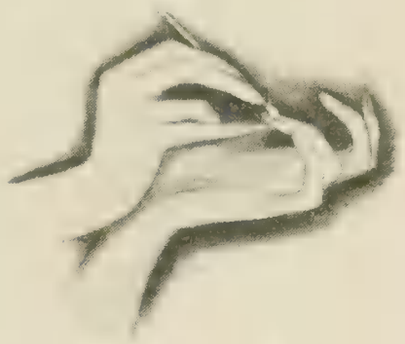
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THEN there is also the long tailored coat worn as a suit or over a simple crêpe de Chine frock. And the ensemble idea is stronger than ever; entire daytime wardrobes are often built on shades of one color. Circular effects, godets, aprons, two-piece jumper styles, coat dresses in tailored effects—all these styles are shown in the Butterick *Quarterly* for Autumn.

Fall Colors

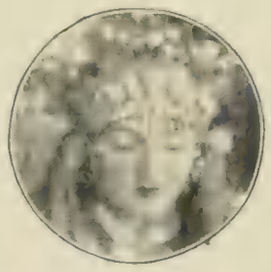
Mauve and heliotrope are used for day clothes. Copper-tan, gray, black, blue, beige, dark red—the Butterick *Quarterly* for Autumn tells you all about the uses of these colors and illustrates them in 16 color pages.

General Style Notes

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The
BUTTERICK QUARTERLY
For Autumn—Containing more than 600 styles

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ONE DAY TO LIVE

Concluded from page 75

And when the door had been forced he leaped through into a lifeless void. He hurried into an inner chamber and was still.

When he came back, his face was buried in his hands. His fingers tore at his eyes as though to blot out a sight of horror.

"Lo Chun," he stammered. "Lo Chun!"

They reentered together. Upon a divan lay the Princess and the stranger youth. They held each other loosely. The silken draperies of the Princess did not quite conceal the handle of a double-bladed dagger. And the blades were buried in the breasts of the two who were coldly immobile.

"In your vainglorious planning," Lo Chun rebuked, "you never reflected that these two, believing your mock death sentence, would not await your headsmen. Yet I warned you Heaven's plans would not match yours. This is your punishment. You, who would have divided Heaven's power, are stripped of the one being you love."

THE overbearing pride of the Emperor Yeng Ti was shorn away. He shivered in the bleak wind that brought him understanding. In that moment he knew how deeply he loved the Princess, his daughter. And he knew that his empire meant nothing without her.

"This is my punishment," he whispered. And then, because he could no longer endure the sight of his handiwork, he groped a blind way out of the pavilion.

A soldier leaped from a lathering house at the foot of the Green Mound and rushed to Yeng Ti's side.

"I herald the victory of your general Wu T'ang," he gasped. "Your enemy is slain. His army is in flight. His leaders are in chains."

"Now, indeed," murmured Lo Chun, the sorcerer, "it is 'Yeng Ti and God.'"

The Emperor shuddered. To a spearsman he cried:

"Go. Have my new banners brought."

And when they had come he went with his own hands and made a pyre of them. As the flames rose, he bowed his head in supplication.

"Heaven stands alone," he affirmed.

LO CHUN, the sorcerer, nodded as though he had been waiting for these words a long time. He seemed evanescently to rise up and up in his slender height until his head vanished in the sky. But this could have been no more than the fantastic swaying of his mysterious figure as he took the Emperor's hand.

And he led the sorrow-laden Emperor back to the Princess and the stranger youth. He bent over the recumbent pair and pulled gently at the double-bladed dagger. It left their breasts, leaving no mark upon the two who now stirred faintly. Under the eyes of Lo Chun, the sorcerer, they sat up and brushed their eyes, as though aroused from sleep.

The Emperor Yeng Ti fell upon his knees. Without understanding, without asking, he clasped his hands in joy. His eyes lifted humbly to Heaven. He prayed.

The Princess Budding Moon smiled a welcome at him and then turned in a flash to the arms of the stranger youth.

Above these three, Lo Chun, the sorcerer, stood erect and reverent. And as he looked through the little window of the pavilion down upon a people who would be happier now with a more humble ruler, he smiled.

His face was filled with that content which spells the end of a mission.



VALIANT - FOR - TRUTH

Concluded from page 2

Gardens, there came a rippling hush over the people and word was sent along: "The Pope is passing." Teedy, reared in a Protestant home, whispered his disapproval of popes to the child nearest him.

Then, by one of those inexplicable happenings of this world, the crowd parted and there appeared before the astonished eyes of the children a page from an old story-book. There was a colorful procession of sumptuously dressed men bearing among them a saintly, white-haired and fragile old man, reposing in a sedan chair. His Holiness saw the eager little children stretching their necks to see the wonderful pageant and, smiling, he extended his hand in blessing. Instantly Teedy, the bristling Protestant, the fierce democrat, dropped on his knees and kissed the gentle hand that blessed him. For an instant after it rested upon his tousled head and then Pope Nono passed on. I like to think that this fine sensitiveness toward spiritual beauty was the direct result of the teaching of his father.

Not that one would leave the mother out of this picture. Her part was not negligible. She had a rare sense of humor, that blessed sense of proportion that so often saves us in time of crisis. She was a Southerner, her family was fighting with the Confederate armies, and her heart must often have been torn during those terrible years. Teedy, with the keen insight of youth, discovered that his mother had a certain sympathy for the South, and with the unknowing cruelty of the very young used his knowledge.

One evening as he knelt at his mother's knee he remembered that she had disciplined him during the day for some childish breach of discipline and decided to do a little disciplining on his own account. At the top of his mighty lungs he prayed long and earnestly for the victory of the Northern army and asked God to grind the Southern forces into powder. His mother, as he well knew, would not interrupt his petition to Heaven and he made the most of it. When he had finished, she told him gravely not to repeat the performance, but she used to laugh heartily at the recollection.

Along with her sense of fun there was a sympathetic understanding of childhood in Teedy's mother, a willing unselfishness to give joy to children which richly blessed her son. It was the custom of the family to make each birthday as it came along a high day set apart for the enjoyment of the child. When Teedy was eleven, he asked that for his treat the family dine in state and that his father and mother attend in full dress. To please the child they arrayed themselves in the ceremonial clothes they had recently worn at court and behaved with becoming dignity.

Donning court dress was not the most trying thing they had to do. Teedy's great interest was in nature, especially in the animals. If you will remember how many live things a little boy with but an ordinary interest in animals will bring into the house, and then multiply that about ten times and increase the span of interest into years, you will have some idea of what the family endured for Teedy's sake.

He carried frogs and snakes and eggs and beetles and turtles in his pockets. Anything that came his way on the earth or under was promptly bagged and faithfully carried home.

AND so Teedy grew up into Teddy, the beloved, adored President, a man every inch of him, a man proudly American, a leader, brave and honorable and true as steel. Behind him was the spirit of his great father, his example, his teaching, his inspiration. If you would raise a great son, or daughter, be the sort of father or mother from whom such children could spring.

It is true that a Teddy Roosevelt comes but once in a generation; but it is true, too, that he came of a fine family, fine in the sense of what we call character. Money and position helped him on his way, but they do not account for the splendid character of the man; they do not account for the qualities that made the whole nation say "Amen" to Senator Lodge when he said, "Valiant-for-Truth crossed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." For that we know was the mark of his father upon him and it was his hand that helped him up the bank on the far side.


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WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH TEACHING?

Concluded from page 6

IF I have assumed the rôle of a Jeremiah, I have indeed left out of the account many true and encouraging things which might have been said. But I have not invented or exaggerated the dark spots. As are the teachers, so are the schools. That is the one fundamental and unalterable principle of sound pedagogy. But when we take stock of the work of the schools, when we criticize and undertake reforms, we are willing and anxious to tinker with everything else. We are not willing to ask just what keeps out of the occupation of teaching mature, rich, free, independent personalities.

I should look upon the present situation with more equanimity, if there were more disposition to drop our preoccupation with the mechanics and externals of efficiency, and concentrate upon one question. What can be done to liberate teachers, to free their personalities and minds from all the petty economic, social and administrative restrictions which so frequently hem them in and repress them?



TEARS AND LAUGHTER

Continued from page 9

decided to make a trip to Italy the following year. I had barely enou h money for the trip, but I started anyhow, with my "game" little mother and a dear friend, Miss Kathrine Head. I had written to people in New York to whom I had letters, and to some of the critics who had been kindest, that I would be at the old St. Denis Hotel upon a certain date. A number of the art critics came. among them Mr. Rupert Hughes—also Mr. Daniel Chester French, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder and dear William Dean Howells, bringing me letters of introduction to people in Italy.

Among Mr. Howells's letters was one recommending me to his brother-in-law, Mr. Larkin J. Mead, a sculptor who had lived in Italy for many years. Because it expresses better than I can the ideal I was striving for in my statuettes, I am going to quote it here. He wrote in part:

> I think she has put new life into your old dry bones of an art. Her work, while it is as Greek as the Tanagra figurines, is as utterly and inalienably American as you are, and perfectly modern. It is simply a joy to me, for it gets into sculpture the thing I am striving to get into fiction.

During the weeks abroad we two inquisitive American girls enjoyed Florence to the full, meeting Tomasso Salvini, the actor, Alma Tadema and his lovely daughters and a host of artists who frequented the formal *salon* of Mme. Steffani. While in London later I enjoyed the thrill of being given a big reception by Alma Tadema in his gorgeous palace of a home, to adorn which he had brought marbles from all over the world.

On my return to Chicago I was able to exhibit my work in marble and bronze. This was a big step, and again reviews commenced to appear in magazines and newspapers all over the country. "Her figurines take a place in sculpture that miniatures do in painting," "She has feminine quality; yet strength," "Her babies are among her triumphs," "Few sculptors have ever been able to model babyland, childhood, girlhood and womanhood with so exquisite a feeling for sentiment, grace and character"; so ran the comments.

All this was very cheering to a young sculptor just back from Europe with the bottom of her purse showing through the pennies. And it was encouraging to learn that the little plaster statuettes were selling briskly in Philadelphia and New York; inspiring to be made a member of the National Sculpture Society; and overwhelming to secure an order to do a heroic bust of Major-General S. W. Crawford for the Smith Memorial at Fairmont Park, Philadelphia, for which I was to receive eighteen hundred dollars.

THIS last bit of good fortune was decisive. I determined to burn my bridges behind me and move to New York City.

The work on the Crawford bust had just begun when to my great joy another fascinating order came to me. I was asked to do a life-size figure of Maude Adams, to be known as "The American Girl"; this was to be cast in solid gold and sent to the Paris Exposition of 1900.

To complicate things, on the 10th of May I became engaged to Mr. Robert W. Vonnoh, the painter—this betrothal being the culmination of a warm friendship we had carried on since the day when we had first met in Mr. Taft's studio in Chicago during preparations for the Fair.

"We can be engaged," I consented. And then thinking of the Maude Adams figure and the big bust, I added: "But we can't get married. Not now! I don't know when!"

Out of the lovers' discussion which followed came this modification of my former statement: I would marry him when the Crawford bust and the Maude Adams figure were done.

So I flung myself at my task with renewed vigor. So furiously did I work that Mr. Vonnoh became anxious and persuaded mother and me to leave the stifling city and go up to a country estate he owned at Rockland Lake, New York.

We had hardly arrived there when lovely, lovable Maude Adams arrived—surely the most piquant of guests. She had consented to remain with us until the figure was completed; and she did so, in spite of having to make frequent trips to New York for play rehearsals in the worst heat of the Summer. She was far from well, on the verge of a breakdown in fact. And the ordeal of giving me twenty-five sittings in that hot barn was terrific. But her whimsical fun never deserted her. She would tell us how she had wept coming up on the train, while the conductor sympathized, calling her "little girl" and imploring her to tell him all about it. Her tears had been those of utter physical weariness. Some of them would be shining in her eyes as she pictured the scene for us. And yet she would be rocking with laughter.

All the charm and winsomeness of her stage appearance, all the saucy impudence, all the exquisite pathos, we found were genuine, a part of her elfish self. She was like no one I have ever known, unless it be Eugene Field. And she resembled him in temperament only. Her work habits would have shamed his and those of most artists. She was an indefatigable worker, seldom wasting a moment. But her most notable characteristic was simplicity. It was almost a fault. She would buy an expensive hat on Fifth Avenue, pull the trimming off of it until it was nearly bare, and then wear it, no matter how it looked.

The day after the Crawford and Adams pieces were finished, Mr. Vonnoh and I were married.

IN 1904 I had the joy of receiving the Julia A. Shaw prize for "Enthroned." I was elected a member of the Society of American Artists. And the Cincinnati Museum purchased two of my bronzes.

But the outstanding event of the year for me was the Universal Exposition at St. Louis, where Mr. Vonnoh was to serve on the jury for paintings. I was asked to substitute as a juror, and was the only woman on the great jury composed of artists from all over the world. We sat there in a circle, voting prizes.

It was a delightful experience, crammed with funny little happenings. The men, being mere men as well as artists, were perpetually hungry. And I being just a substitute, and a woman, would be delegated to slip out and bring in things to eat. They passed on the pictures; I passed the sandwiches. Next to me sat Mr. Joseph Pennell, who smoked continuously yet was never able to find a match. One day when his hands were full he begged me, like a big boy:

"Won't you please find a match for me in my pocket?"

I tried to, diving my hand deep down in his coat pocket. But the pocket was gone;

Continued on page 80



"My second child is much stronger than my first"

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of a Nation. No. 10

THERE is a young mother in Pittsburgh whose ideal of success is to rear healthy children.

She believes, and many will agree with her, that the greatest success she can attain is to bring up her children perfectly fitted physically and mentally to cope with the problems of the world. She was blessed with unusual energy, with a wholesome and cheerful disposition, and a husband who returned her great love.

Yet, their first child was weak and puny. The physician often would shake his head discouragingly when he examined it.

"You must have been in a run down condition before it was born," he said. "There is a cause for everything."

"But I've never been sick a day in my life," she replied.

"Perhaps not. But I imagine your nerves were on edge, and that you worried."

"Well, my feet seemed to hurt me worse in those days. And I tired easily. I supposed that was customary." Then she continued: "I still find it tiresome to go clear through the day. By night I'm dreadfully worn out, I suppose I'll get over it, though."

He advised her to wear the Arch Preserver Shoe. She has worn it the past three years. Recently she wrote a friend: My second child is much stronger than the first!"

It may appear to be an extravagant claim that the shoes of the mother have much to do with children. But the mother who is active, comfortable and vigorous, will usually have strong, robust children. The Arch Preserver Shoe has helped a great many mothers, by keeping their feet free from strain, from cramps, from abuse. The young mother, both before and after the birth of her child, must be on her feet a great deal. Just a little strain on her foot arches means touchy nerves, lines in her face, a gloomy view-point — and eventually a "run down" condition.

This shoe, because of a concealed, built-in arch bridge, affords a natural support under the entire foot, just as when the foot rests on the ground. There can be no strain on the ligaments of the arch, no matter how much a woman stands or walks. Even the longest, most trying day does not cause undue fatigue.

Further, because of the flat inner sole, another exclusive feature, there is no pinching of the nerves, blood-vessels and bones of the forepart of the foot. This promotes circulation of the blood, and improves the general health of the foot. In fact, any normal, healthy woman wearing this shoe feels a constant urge to do things, to be active — and she enjoys everything so much more.

It is easy to understand why that Pittsburgh mother could say: "My second child is much stronger than the first." She was a more capable mother, better fitted to be a mother. And last summer this young Pittsburgh mother with her two children and her husband motored across the continent. They had a fine time — even with two small children along.

Sitting in the dining room of a Seattle Hotel, he looked across the table at her. "You're years younger than when we were married. And you're prettier, too."

That statement implied, of course, that her costume was entirely what it should have been. Her Arch Preserver Shoes were to all outward appearances just good-looking high quality shoes, smartly styled.

That's the fine thing about the Arch Preserver Shoe. It gives foot health and vigor and at the same time it affords style. A woman enjoys it doubly. There should be no reason why the young mother — or any other woman — should have to dress plainly just because she wishes to retain her youth and vigor. This explains why the Arch Preserver Shoe has achieved the greatest success in the shoe industry, why thousands and thousands of women demand it and will wear nothing else. And just as it keeps the feet youthful, it also retains its own "new" appearance. So long as you wear an Arch Preserver Shoe you will find that it holds its neat, trim shapeliness.

The modern woman is good-looking. She demands style in her apparel, and rightly so. It is her birthright to look well. But she also is acquiring a new measure of independence and self-reliance.

Therefore she demands good health. It is no longer a mark of distinction for women to be weakly. The fainting woman has passed. In her stead is the active, capable woman of today, who does things well, who enjoys her duties along with her pleasures.

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"Did you notice how gray she is getting?"

IDLE gossip and thoughtlessness of the "younger set," whispered yet audible, has hurt many a woman whose premature graying belies her age. How easily such unfairness may be overcome, such malicious whispering hushed.

Brownatone, first aid to youthfulness, quickly tints away tattle-tale gray, faded or bleached hair.

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GUARANTEED HARMLESS
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TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

SPECIAL OFFER! Trial bottle for testing will be sent anywhere in plain package (no publicity) on receipt of 10c to cover cost of packing and postage.

We recommend NaTone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct, 50c a bottle



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Ceinture Corsette
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BIEN JOLIE

WHOLLY feminine is this lovely one piece garment which confers the grace of smooth unbroken lines without the slightest suggestion of break or bulge. Every waist size up to 40. At all good stores.

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TEARS AND LAUGHTER

Continued from page 78

and everything was caught in the lining of the coat. I began to haul things out, pencils, crayons, cigarets, everything but a match. It was pathetic. Here was a man far from home where his wife couldn't mend his clothes. I made this comment to him, and he turned on me slowly, like an indignant baby:

"Mend my clothes? My wife has something better to do than mend my clothes," he declared. "I wouldn't let her."

Later I told the story to Mrs. Pennell in London; and she expressed great surprise and amusement. She was interested to know his views, especially as she was forever mending his clothes. It was a job she never seemed to finish.

Another interesting experience which came out of serving on the jury at the St. Louis Exposition was becoming acquainted with a cultured gentleman, Prince Iwamura, of Tokio. The prince wanted me to come to Japan to do the Empress. I was unable to comply, but apparently his feelings toward me were still kindly, for a little later he wrote an article about a piece of mine which is in the Tokio Museum. He sent me a copy of the Japanese magazine containing the article; and I had it translated by a Japanese artist. The translation in part read as follows:

> She looks upon it since her early art life that ornamental sculpture is suitable to the condition of present generation, and especially for female sculpture. By this reason she endeavors to figure mother and infant chiefly.
>
> This is her lately works how female observation which male can not obtain is sagacious, and how sculpturous characteristic is so interest seen on this image.

SHORTLY after our return to New York we moved into our present big studio apartment. There I enjoyed domesticity, though doubtless it makes a more sensational appeal to present artists as erratic, like Whistler, with his long delicate canes and his lock of hair tied with ribbon, living disordered lives, not conforming to the rules of society. And just another word about home life and the artist. I owe more to my mother and husband than I can ever repay. My mother's quick judgment, her frankness when I am not doing my best, her unfailing encouragement and her devotion, such as only a mother can give—all these have helped to make my success possible. Nor can I ever be too thankful for the wonderful bond of sympathy and understanding which the love of art creates between my husband and myself. I can always depend upon his helpful criticism in my work; and sometimes I am of the same service to him.

In Lyme, Connecticut, a famous old art colony where Mr. Vonnoh and I had gone for the Summer, we became acquainted with the Woodrow Wilson family. Mr. Wilson was president of Princeton at the time and his wife and daughters were summering at Miss Florence Griswold's boarding-house.

On the heels of that Summer at Lyme there followed several years so packed with stirring human experiences that I shall not attempt to describe them. Several incidents stand out as especially significant, but the experience, of all others, which brings tears of sadness to my eyes, was our visit to Mr. St. Gaudens's home in Cornish, New Hampshire.

It was really a visit to say good-by, for he was dying. We knew he was very ill, but we hoped to be allowed to see him for a brief moment. Up until that time they had been carrying him down-stairs every now and then, so he could direct the people who were going on with his work. But all this had stopped, and we learned when we arrived that no one was ever allowed up-stairs.

I felt heartbroken. I was determined to send him some last message. So I went out on his lawn, hunted till I found a four-leaved clover, and sent it up to him—a little harbinger of good cheer and good luck.

My many travels during these years were filled with delightful and amusing encounters everywhere. I shall never forget, for instance, the dear soul who wanted a portrait of her bald husband. He and she were quite old, although recently married. And he was the baldest-headed man I have ever seen in my life. I undertook the bust, but had barely started when one day she came in, with timid apologies, to ask a favor. "I'm treating Henry's head with vaseline," she said, "and if you'll look very close you'll see the little hairs growing out. I'm sure it's coming. So will you please put the hair on?"

I ARRIVED in New York from one trip to discover awaiting me a commission to do the heroic bust of Vice-President Sherman for the Senate Chamber. So I hurried home to Washington, and here I was given the Vice-President's committee-room in the new Senate Office Building to work in. The palatial empty room reminded me of the song "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," with its great columns and crystal chandelier. Vice-President Sherman, however, dubbed it "The Mud-Hole," from my tub of clay. And here—in the Mud-Hole—he slumbered through the hours of posing.

After this Winter in Washington there followed two years given over to more travel, and then in 1913 the Brooklyn Museum of Art invited me to make an exhibition of my work. I complied. And my exhibit, together with a special exhibition of paintings, was opened with an evening reception which was a very large and formal affair.

In 1920 I won the John J. Agar prize at the exhibition of the Society of Women Sculptors and Painters. Besides, I produced "Bird Fountain," "Adolescence," "Will of the Wisp," "Primavera," "Allegresse," "La Petite," and "Portrait of Aldis Squier."

The year which followed, 1921, brought honors for which I shall always be humbly grateful. First, my bird fountain was purchased and placed in a memorial bird sanctuary at Ormond Beach Park, Florida. "Allegresse" was bought by the Detroit Museum, and I was awarded the Elizabeth N. Watrous gold medal at the National Academy of Design. However, what mattered infinitely more to me—since it was the greatest honor I have ever had—I was elected an Academician. At that time only one woman sculptor and two women painters were members. Mr. Vonnoh had long been a member. So when I was elected it made us the first husband and wife to become members. We are still the only ones.

Our reaction from these years of strain and hard work was such that, for a year or two, we played, and played hard. In 1922 we gave original, elaborate parties for which we were often weeks preparing. Among them was our "Jungle Party" when a howling, unrecognizable horde of jungle creatures packed our studios. One of them was Will Beebe, the famous explorer, and another was Mr. Carl Akeley, the great African explorer and sculptor.

That year our gaiety did not end in May. We carried it to our little country home at Lyme, and all Summer the small house was overflowing with guests. As maids were hard to keep, I dispensed with them entirely and put my guests to work. All must do something. I explained this when they arrived.

"But what can I do?" asked Mr. Akeley.

I considered, then set him to catching moles. Why have a big-game hunter around, and waste him, when we were overrun with moles? I got him a beautiful new trap which cost a dollar, and he began. He would rise at dawn and pursue the policy of watchful waiting, but nothing ever happened. I became sorry for him. We all assured him we understood at last why he was able to get big game—elephants and tigers. They were so big he couldn't possibly miss them. But when it came to the real tactics of hunting, the real finesse, he could not make the grade. At last I suggested kindly, "You might go indoors and swat the flies." So he did.

In 1923 Mr. Vonnoh and I went to France for the first time since the war, and made a long stay at our little house at Grez. We returned on the *Leviathan* with many old friends, among them Mr. Stefansson, the Arctic explorer. I shall never forget Mr. Stefansson's amazing ideas about eating:

"One ought to decide on a well-balanced combination and then eat it at every meal, as a horse eats oats. Why not? In the Arctic they live on blubber," he is in the habit of declaring emphatically to his friends.

I had heard him say this, and I determined, there on the *Leviathan*, to watch him and see if he really lived up to his theory. Incredible as it may seem, he did. Every morning for breakfast he ordered sausage with strawberry jam spread on it, and as long as we were on board ship he never varied this horrible menu.

Concluded on page 82



Around the luxurious private swimming-pool much of the social life of Hollywood centers. Here the stars meet to discuss their work and talk over each other's productions.

THREE HUNDRED *and* FIFTY-TWO STARS *at* HOLLYWOOD *tell why they are using this soap for their skin*

HOW do the stars at Hollywood take care of their skin? How do they keep it smooth, soft, exquisite, in spite of the constant use of make-up and the cruel exposure to high-power artificial light?

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Three hundred and fifty-two, or nearly three-fourths of the entire number of women interviewed, said they were using Woodbury's Facial Soap. The largest number using any other one soap was 26.

"Woodbury's lathers so easily and plentifully and makes the skin so soft and smooth! It agrees with my skin better than any other."

"No other soap is so mild and yet so beneficial to the skin."

"Dainty, cleansing, harmless—splendid after removing grease paint."

"My skin is extremely sensitive on account of using make-up continually. I find Woodbury's Soap the least irritating of all."

"I find it best for my skin. It keeps the skin free from blackheads, enlarged pores, etc., and keeps it firm and smooth."

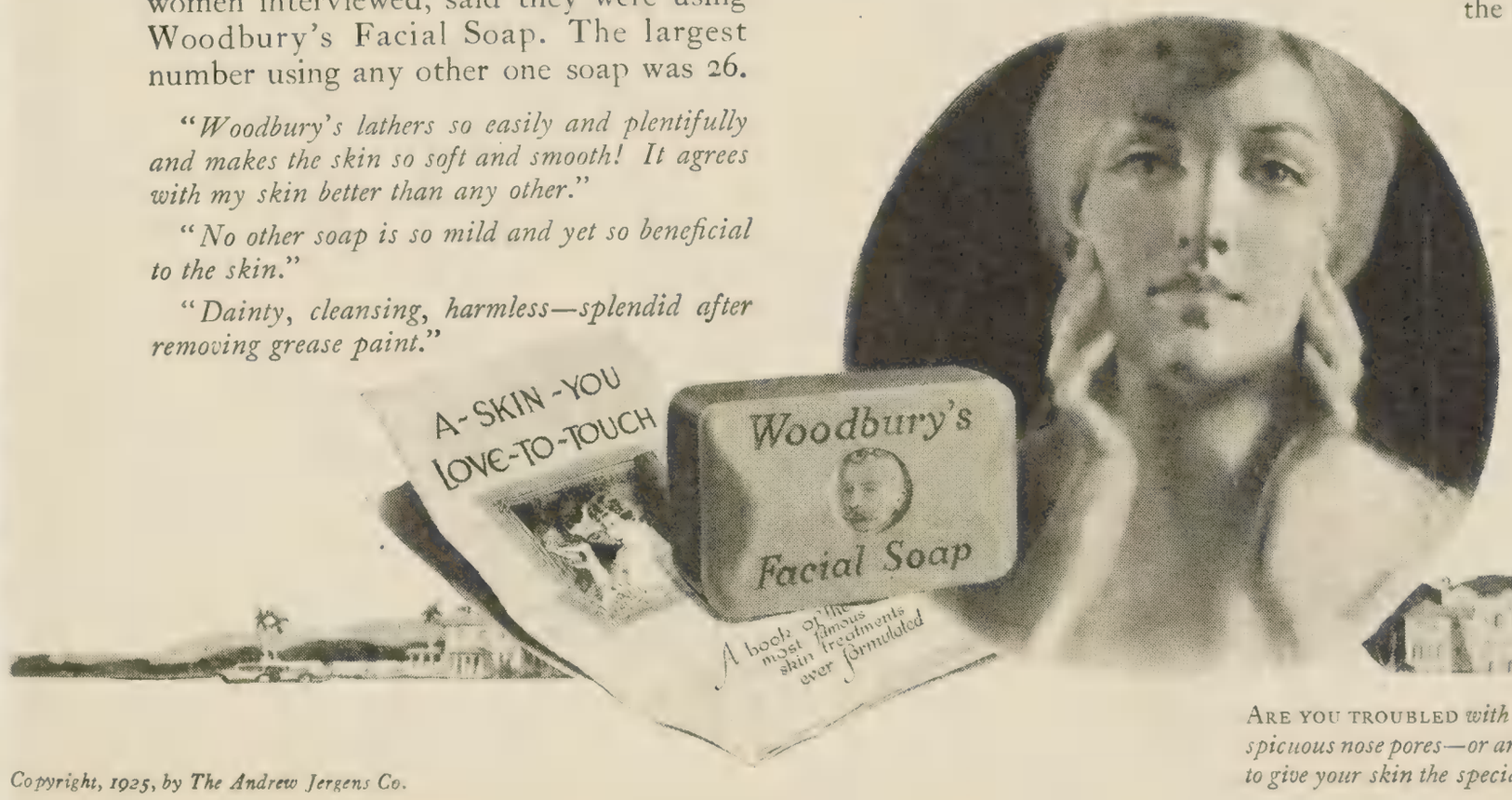
These were some of the comments volunteered by the Hollywood stars.

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Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion.

Get your Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!



***FREE**—A guest-size set, containing the new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Cut out the coupon and send for it to-day!*

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Please send me FREE

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Harmless to the most delicate wood finish and—

"It Cleans as it Polishes"



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TEARS AND LAUGHTER

Concluded from page 80

Senator Owen, another old friend also on board, told me something about the famous Indian, ex-Governor Allen Wright, who had long ago suggested to my mother as a musical middle name for me the Indian word "Onahotema," meaning: "She gives with an open hand." The name appealed to my mother, so Bessie Onahotema Potter I became or "Bessie O What-A-Name Potter," as Mr. Hamlin Garland used to insist on calling it.

IMMEDIATELY on arriving in New York I received word that I had been chosen to do the Roosevelt Memorial—a bird fountain in memory of our beloved ex-President, to be placed at the entrance of the Roosevelt Memorial Bird Sanctuary at Oyster Bay. The tract of land for this sanctuary was a gift to the Audubon Society from Mr. Emlin Roosevelt, and it adjoins the little cemetery in which Theodore Roosevelt is buried.

The fountain, I was advised, must not only serve as a memorial, but must also be of practical use, refreshing the hosts of little winged travelers who will pause in the sanctuary for rest and refuge on their long flights between north and south. With these brief instructions I was bidden to work out a theme, although it would be impossible to decide definitely on anything until the return of Mrs. Roosevelt, who was then away on a trip around the world.

I returned home and began earnestly to develop an idea. Anything formal or pretentious, I knew, would be out of place. Roosevelt was simple. He loved flowers, birds, the out-of-doors. And this fountain for birds was to commemorate his love for such things—especially for the winged folk whom he did so much to protect. It was along these lines I began to plan, and gradually it came to me that I must use children on the fountain, for the same reason that we put flowers on a grave. Children are like flowers.

Also, I must get into my concept all the joyousness of the woods and fields—birds, animals, growing things. So I graded the theme upward, from the earth to animal life, to physical life, and finally to the spiritual, to the ideal of service. When my sketch was made in clay, I summoned the people on the committee.

"Not what we want," they said.

So I made ten other sketches, each different. And they selected one of a young girl with her hand up, holding a bird. I liked it the least. I didn't want to do it. So I put it away for the time, and went ahead with my original theme. When the large model was ready, I again submitted it. Again the committee hesitated. So there was nothing to do but settle down to wait for Mrs. Roosevelt's return.

She came directly to my New York studio from the boat, accompanied by her daughter and two of her sons and their wives. I was impressed with her quiet dignity and simplicity. She was so genuine, so real. I trembled a little. Of course she had understood Roosevelt as no one else ever had. She would *know*. Would my fountain stand the test? Before showing it to her I determined to make it easy for her to reject it in case it didn't please her. For I could not bear the thought that, being lovely and considerate, she might take the piece for fear of hurting me. So I showed her a letter from Mrs. Bacon, widow of our former Ambassador to France, in which Mrs. Bacon said she had seen photographs of the fountain, and that in case it should not be accepted as the Roosevelt Memorial she wanted it for the bird sanctuary near the Children's Library which she was erecting in memory of Colonel Bacon.

"So please," I begged, "feel perfectly free to refuse it."

Mrs. Roosevelt nodded quietly, graciously. And I led the way to the studio where the fountain stood. As we came before the piece, the young people made a suggestion or two about the basin.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Roosevelt, "that is symbolical of the offering."

Then she fell silent. For a long moment she stood before the memorial, apparently too moved to speak. At last she turned to me, with a smile I shall never forget.

"Tell Mrs. Bacon to let you make something else for her," she entreated.

I consented, overjoyed to think I had pleased her.

ONE day, a little later, she came to the sanctuary to meet me, so we could go over the grounds together. Again she was a lesson in simplicity. It was a mile and a half from her home to the sanctuary, and apparently she had walked it briskly. She is known at Oyster Bay as a great walker, and can be seen almost any day, a cane or a gray Italian umbrella in her hand and her little dog following her, moving along the road which leads past her husband's grave to her daughter's home just beyond. On this day when she came to meet me we looked first for the spot at the entrance to the sanctuary where the fountain could stand.

"I think it ought to be right on the road, where every one will see it," she urged. And she added after a moment: "I know you'll receive many letters about it."

It was my desire that the fountain should be placed back a little way, hidden from the road, but accessible by a foot-path. She agreed that this would be lovelier, but in that case a guard would be needed to protect the fountain and the shrubbery around it.

And when I assured her that the American public would consider it a privilege, an opportunity, to provide such a guard, she seemed troubled lest this might prove a burden.

LEAVING the sanctuary, we strolled over to the simple grave, marked only by its headstone and iron fence. Here, on an ordinary day, fifteen hundred people come to pay their respects, five thousand or more visiting it on Sunday. It is impossible to keep flowers about. Roosevelt lovers take them away. From where we stood we could look out to the beach where Roosevelt used to picnic with his children, making fires and cooking suppers on the big boulders. I suggested as we stood there, that we take one of these boulders, inscribe on it the facts about the Bird Sanctuary, and place it at the entrance to the sanctuary. She nodded agreement. But her thoughts were far away. Presently she began to speak to me about her husband.

"We were always so busy living," she said quietly, "that we never gave much thought to just where we were to be buried."

I was silent. And she added after a moment, a little sadly:

"But of course I knew what he wanted—what he would have preferred. When we were younger, we used to say we were going to be buried where only the other one would know. That was our ideal, the dream of our earlier years. But when he died—of course I knew that was out of the question."

We stood quietly there for a long moment, then walked down to the road. Here she said good-by, and I watched her swing away, a vigorous, solitary figure, the umbrella in her hand, the little dog at her heels.

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Now, as the haze of Indian Summer rests on the horizon, isn't there some one in your family who tinkers speculatively with spark plugs and carbureter and grease cups?

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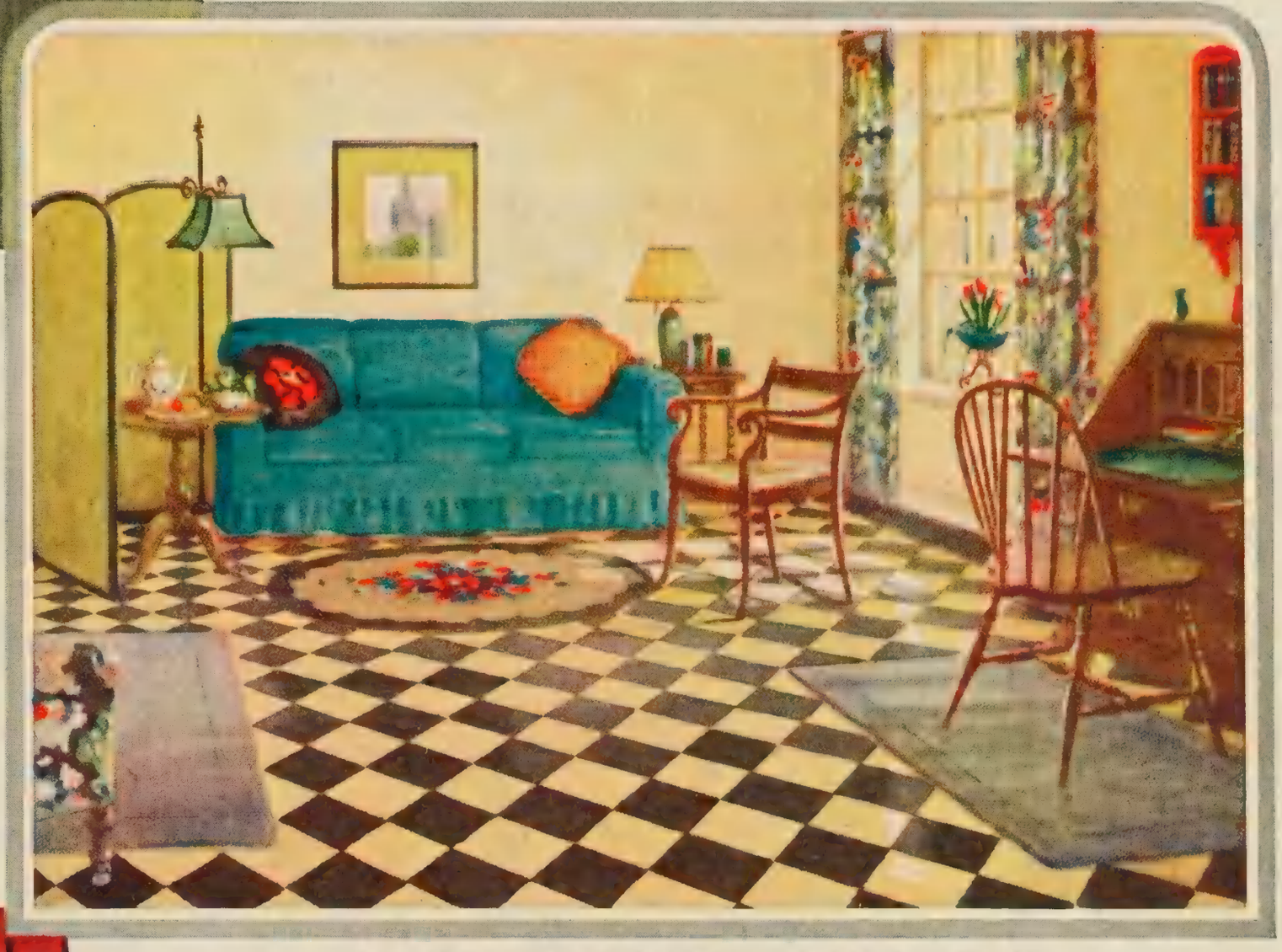
A few colors and designs are shown on this page. These and a host of other designs in Armstrong's Linoleum Floors are now on display at good furniture and department stores.

These new floors of color will brighten your home as they lighten your housework. They can be laid quickly right over your old floors without bother or muss. First a lining of builders' deadening felt is pasted over the footworn boards. Then the linoleum is firmly cemented in place, its seams and edges tightly sealed with waterproof cement.

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Laid this permanent way, all your linoleum floor needs to keep it bright and new-looking is an occasional waxing (not more than once or twice a year) and a daily dusting with a dry mop. It never has to be scrubbed. It never needs refinishing.

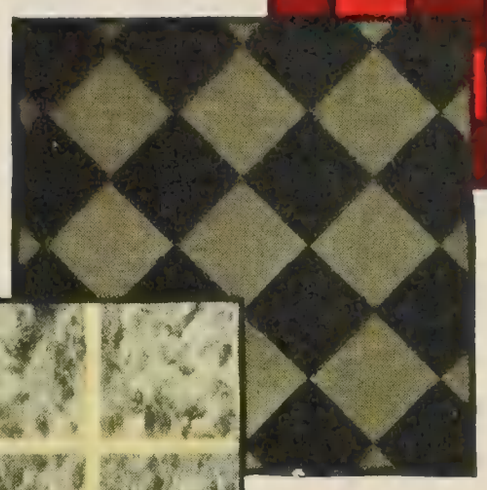
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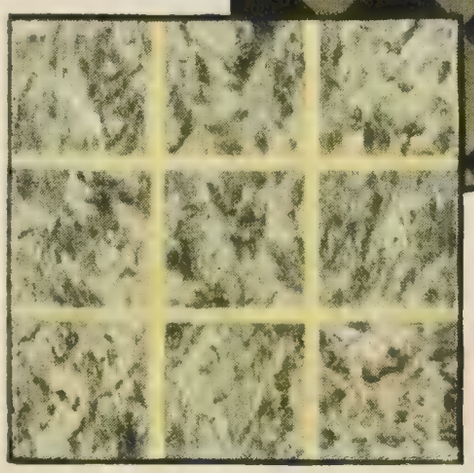


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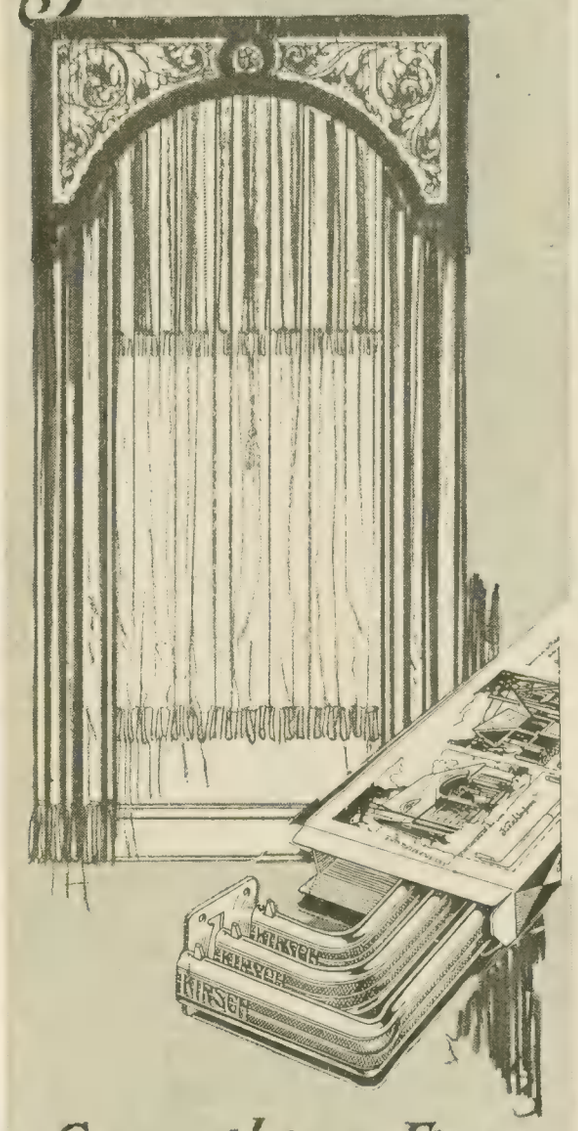
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ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 14

again for a pencil. There was no letter from Andrew, she cried, but there was a registered letter for which she had to sign. "Didn't I say my walk was going to bring me luck!"

He laughed, and then stated the hope that it had reached the country soon enough and that gave her the excuse (he afterward remembered) for making a mystery of it and refusing to tell him what the letter was. Her fun now was in setting him to guess and at every guess declaring it to be much, much more marvelous than that; and off and on she kept this up, her glee at its highest, until in the afternoon they went over to tea at the Englands'.

She did the walk handsomely; Sim admitted that to her; but during tea, glancing at her, he thought she was looking a little fagged—and rain coming on settled the question, there could be no idea of walking back. The Englands' car was out of action. Sim telephoned the situation to Staverton Park, but learned that none of the cars there would be back from a house-party excursion until ten or eleven that night; immediately a car was in, it should be sent over. This meant staying on for dinner. But dinner and the late coming of the car meant staying also for the family prayers. Dinner came, the family prayers came (Sim gave Linda no warning of them), the car came. On the drive back Linda's comment was a single word.

She said nothing at all for two miles or more, nor did he; he was wondering what she would say and a little dreading it. Then suddenly she asked abruptly: "Did you know they were going to have family prayers, Sim?"

"Yes, I knew that. What about it, Linda?"

"Rum," said Linda.

But on the morrow she referred again to the subject. It was at Staverton Park. Sim had taken her up there to tea; he himself was staying only half an hour because he had promised old Yeoman to help in the great event of carting the fourth seat to the fourth hill. Tables were set for cards as he was going and he went across to Linda's four as he was leaving and told her that he was off. The hand had just been played. It appeared that Linda had not played her cards as she might and her table, debating the hand, was telling her so. A woman at another table caught the remarks. "You can't expect poor Linda to be in her best form," she called across the room. "You know where the car went for her last night—at those Englands. They say family prayers there with the servants every night, all down on their benders with their arms round one another's necks. Enough to put any one off their form."

There was laughter—and the speaker, encouraged, went on: "Yes, rather. Linda, do tell us, did you go down on your benders and do the holy holy, too?"

Linda turned about in her chair, quick, as one stung.

"Yes, I did. Do you mind?"

Her tone caused the lady slightly to flush. "Not a bit, if you don't. I'd love to have seen you. Do they all pray in turn? Did you have to speak?"

Linda put her hand on the back of her chair the better to face toward her questioner. "No, but I'll speak now, to you," she cried. Her face was white, her voice passionate. "And it is like a fishwife I am going to speak to you. Shut your mouth, I'm going to say. Shut your mouth, because what you're saying with it ought to make you and any of us sick and ashamed that we couldn't do what you are sneering at if we tried. If I had kids (which, thank God for their sakes, I haven't), I wish to God I might be capable (which I never could be) of bringing them up just like that. But if I can't do it and even if I don't want to do it, I don't laugh at it—and if you want to laugh at it go into some sink of your own and laugh—not where I am."

She stopped and she remained glaring, breathing hard, and the silence was embarrassing.

Lady Millicent broke it. "Oh, let's get on with the games. What *are* you two jabbering about?"

No reference was made by Linda to the scene when she came back in the evening. But Sim all day had had it in his mind—another revelation of this lovely, lightsome creature.

IN THE days that followed her quietness continued and, contrasted with the gaiety of the beginning of her stay, was strange, he thought.

But something further happened to worry Sim, just two days before the tremendous occasion of Linda's return to Andrew who now, deprived of her so long, was writing hungry letters to her daily. Riding abroad that afternoon Sim had been near Chesney Towers and had met Stupendity guests, also riding. Lardy Quinnet was the only one known to him and in introducing the others, one (but Sim had recognized him at once) was presented as Sir Toridd Lesson.

"Your first time in this part of the world?" Sim asked him, exchanging courtesies.

"My first," agreed Sir Toridd, "*right* here, as they taught me to say in the States. I know the neighborhood. I was over at Shifney a fortnight ago."

He was a very big man, heavy faced, massively built.

"Ah, staying with people?" Sim asked.

"No, only the night at the local pub. I was driving my car and she broke down. Linda Paris still with you?"

Entirely unexpected, the question gave Sim a start and sharp annoyance.

"My sister-in-law, Mrs. Paris, is with me, yes," he said coldly.

It was one of Sir Toridd Lesson's chief assets on the road of success that he not only never felt a snub, but that he did not recognize one when he heard it.

"Ah, I'll likely look in and pay my respects while I'm here," he said jovially.

SIM nudged his horse with his knees and turned away.

Linda was lying down on the couch before the fire in the sitting-room when he returned. The 'Orrid Lesson was hotly in his mind when he entered the room and he would have voiced his annoyance immediately but for Linda's position, lying there. She said drowsily, "Hullo, old boy."

Drowsily? No, wearily. He went beside her. "Linda, you sound ill, you look ill."

Her eyes were closed. She opened those most lovely eyes of hers and smiled at him.

"I'm all right, old boy," she said.

She closed her eyes again.

"Linda, you are not. You have been looking rotten these last days. Nothing up with you, is there, old girl?"

She murmured. "Quite all right, dear old Sim."

"It's not, Linda. You have been frightfully listless a long time."

Still with her eyes shut she stretched up a hand to him. "Quite all right, Sim."

But her touch—that soft white hand—worsened his uneasiness.

"Linda, your hand is very hot."

The murmur: "Just the fire, Sim."

He touched her lovely face. "It's not the fire. Linda, you're feverish."

He adjusted the cushions beneath her golden head. "Linda, I think I will get the doctor."

Her murmur: "There's not the least reason, old boy. Fit as a fiddle to-morrow."

He did not like it. To rally her, he said brightly: "By Jove, you will have to be. The day after, you are going to Andrew, remember—you have got to be your best for that."

It did rally her. She opened her eyes wide and she almost smiled the radiant smile. "Oh, haven't I, and oh, won't I be! Sim, when Andrew sees me again——"

But still he did not like it. He stood perturbed.

She would not hear of the doctor—she would eat no dinner.

He asked her once, "Pain, old girl?" She said she felt a little sick, and appendicitis was in his mind.

"Only my back, Sim. My back hurts."

The meal was cleared. He tried to read. She seemed to doze.

"Lovely!" she murmured.

He asked her, "Eh, Linda?"

But she seemed to be talking in her sleep—and presently again: "Lovely—aren't I—Andrew?"

Continued on page 86



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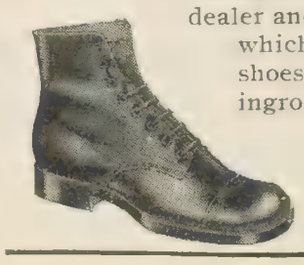
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ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 85

And then: "Andrew—Andrew——"

And then: "Am I not lovely—Andrew?"

About ten she suddenly sat up. "I'm going up-stairs a minute, old boy."

She was a long time away. When she appeared again, she came to the couch and sat down rather suddenly.

"Sim, I've been sick."

"Sick!"

She nodded. "Oh, sick as a dog!"

She shuddered.

Sim said: "It frightens me horribly. Sure the tummy's all right?"

"It's only my back, Sim—my back and my head."

She lay down. "Don't fuss me, old boy."

The next thing was that she would go to bed. Sim went to her room when he knew she was in bed. She was lying in a face-down attitude, her lovely head a golden, gleaming thing upon the pillow beneath the candle that he held.

"I'm better now. I'm thinking of Andrew and when he sees me."

The next thing was that in the night he awoke to hear her calling him: "Sim—Sim!"

A most piteous and a most dreadful sound, filling him with fear: "Sim—Sim—oh, Sim!"

He struck a light and immediately was with her. The shocking disorder of a fevered sleeper's bed was here—and on the bed, one by a fever terribly consumed.

"Linda!"

"Oh, Sim, I'm ghastly ill."

She was lying on her back. Only her night-dress covered her.

"My poor, poor girl."

"Oh, Sim!"

He stooped above her and as the candle's light came full upon her face he had a new and terrible dismay.

"Linda!"

An awful thought was in his mind—his tone expressed his fear.

"Oh, Sim—what's happened to me, Sim?"

Her night-dress, open at the throat, slightly revealed her breast. He put his hand to it and drew it farther down. Spottings in angry scarlet flush were there—among them small deep-purple spots.

"Linda! Good God!"

Dumbed by his shock, his cry was scarcely uttered.

"Oh, Sim, what has happened to me?"

He dare not say. He set down the candle. "I think I'd best go straight for the doctor."

His heart made prayer.

SOON he was outside and making for the doctor.

He knew the doctor well and liked him; and the doctor's voice, immediately on his recognition of Sim, changed from the short and irritated. "Well? What is it? Who's there?" to "What, Paris? What's up, old man? What's wrong?"

"It's my sister-in-law, doctor," Sim said. "She's in a frightful fever. She looks to me mighty bad. She's——"

"I'll let you in," the doctor said, and disappeared.

When they were together, Sim told him. The doctor made no comment, but his manner did. "Come into the office while I get a thing or two."

Sim watched him at his shelves, then spoke. "Do you think from what I've told you that it is—smallpox?"

The doctor said: "From what you've told me I should say there isn't a doubt about it."

Sim smote his right fist three times softly and very slowly into his other palm, "God, God!"

The doctor, ready now, observed the slow, expressive action, almost could hear the silent invocation. "Bit of a tragedy," he said sympathetically.

Sim said: "It is the whole of a tragedy—an unspeakable one."

As they walked he asked, hesitatingly, fearing the answer: "Does—it mark much—always?"

"Oh, not necessarily, not necessarily always. It's been only a mild type down here you know. I've seen cases where there scarcely a— She's been vaccinated, of course?"

Clearly Sim saw the radiant, lovely picture, clearly heard the radiant, laughing voice: "My dear little Sim boy, if you saw me in one of my evening frocks you'd know there isn't an inch——"

"I believe she hasn't been," he said.

"Um," said the doctor, and said no more.

When they were come to the house and were outside Linda's door, "Shall I come in with you?" Sim inquired.

"No reason why you shouldn't," the doctor said, "you have been with her all the time. But best wait a moment while I have a look."

He went in.

Through the closed door Sim heard the murmur of his voice, questioning, commenting. Replies he could not hear. Then silence, then the doctor's tone, then with a dreadful clearness a most dreadful cry:

"Oh, not that, not that! Oh, no, no, no, not that!"

His heart was wrung.

He went in. Her hands covered her face to shield it from the thing she had been told.

"Linda!"

"Oh, Sim, have you heard? Oh, Sim, Sim!"

He could have wept.

The doctor left to telephone from his house to the isolation hospital for the ambulance. It would be here in less than an hour. Sim stayed with Linda. He tried to talk with her. She just lay mute, arms locked upon her face.

"Pain, dear old girl? The back—that poor old head?"

Muffled beneath her hands: "How can I think of pain, Sim?"

WHEN she was gone—that sunbeam to that prison—it was not of the dreadful pain that she must suffer that he thought, not of the dreadful possibility of death; his thought was only of what she must suffer if she came out marred, for that return which was to be her happy ravishment of Andrew.

Oh, piteous! Andrew, who only loved the picture!

Sim's heart was wrung. Where, where in pity's name, could she have caught this? True, it was in the countryside, but contact was essential.

He and the Yeomans had to be quarantined in the cottage for sixteen days. Sim occupied himself the first morning going through Linda's things; and while he did so (oh, pitiable handling of her fineries and fripperies!) this with a mounting angry baffle-ment became the occupation of his mind—where had she made the contact?

Wait!

He stood upright, caught in a sudden thought. There was the day she had been going to lunch at Staverton Park, had gone to do so and, as he found when calling for her, had not. That was the day she came

Continued on page 88

"A FAITH THAT WOULD SATISFY"

Sim Paris, the hero of A. S. M. Hutchinson's momentous new novel running serially in THE DELINEATOR, *found such a faith—says Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams. This great English publisher, managing director of the house of Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., writes of this book which the reading public of the world is restlessly awaiting:*

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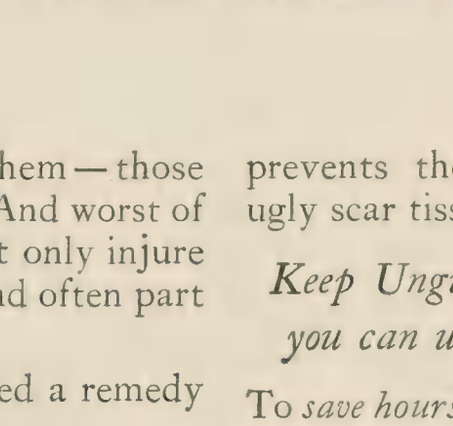
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ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 86

in not till late for tea and dripping wet—yes, and had sat in her wet clothes, refusing to change till she had fed; yes, and had shivered and not till then gone off to change; yes, and had told of taking shelter, when already wet, in some cottage somewhere. It must have been just about a fortnight ago.

"About a fortnight ago?" What rung familiar in that phrase? Who was it had used those words to him just recently?

He remembered.

It was yesterday—it was Sir Toridd Lesson.

His hand on the corner of Linda's writing-desk at which he was standing began to tense.

Lesson! Lesson had been at Linda's house that very day when she had told him of her debts; had been the very name Linda had mentioned immediately after she had told him she had ways of raising the money she must have. "Out Shifney way," Linda had admitted her tramp had taken her. Was it that, building on the happiness of her reunion with Andrew, she had built up also into her scheme the plan of ridding herself of those debts whose discovery inevitably would shatter the new-found happiness? With whose purse but by Lesson's?

Sim's teeth were clenched. Then, suddenly, among Linda's scattered papers which he had set himself to sort, like a flash he saw the hateful name—and without smallest scruple read the unfolded letter bearing the signature:

DEAR MRS. PARIS:
I hope you got back safely and before that rain came on. Immediately I was back here I looked into things and I write this line just to tell you that the position is as I assured you it should be. I can let you have the money—in notes—directly you get back to town. Remember, please, that you will be under no obligations to me in the matter. If when that business I mentioned to you comes up you can give me an idea about it I shall regard the money merely as a—very good investment! If not—a good investment on some "future!"

Sincerely yours,
TORIDD LESSON.

"Only let me get my fingers to him!" was Sim's cry. He tore the letter with a fury into particles as if it had been the writer's form between his hands and turned and left the room.

HE DESCENDED the stairs that led down to the sitting-room and he came into it and he saw him.

The outer door stood open. The letter's writer stood beside the door.

Sir Toridd hailed, beamed, entered.

Sim at the foot of the stairway stood as a pillar stands.

Sir Toridd, breeched, spurred, topbooted, and looking all the bulkier for the dress, had ridden over. He had a heavy hunting-crop in his hand and with it genially again saluted. "Hello, Paris, I've just come over. Linda Paris about?"

Sim said: "My sister-in-law is not"—to the extent only of those four words he controlled himself. Then came the thought, "This is the man responsible!" and a rush of passion hurled him from his balance.

"Who in hell"—it came from him like flame—"who in hell are you Linda-ing?"

Sir Toridd stood like a man amazed.

"Paris!" he exclaimed. "Man alive, are you drunk?"

Sim came two steps forward, his hands clenched.

"You hear the question? Who are you calling Linda?"

Sir Toridd paled a shade. "I thought you were drunk. I heard the question, yes, a bit more politely this time."

"Answer it, damn you!"

Sir Toridd put his right hand to the end of his crop. "By God, Paris, I don't take that talk from any man, drunk or not. What is the matter with you?"

Sim's rigid, strangled voice: "I'll tell you—it's this. My sister-in-law is not here. She's been taken away. She's got smallpox."

Sir Toridd started. "Smallpox!"

With a ring came the voice. "Smallpox. You are in a smallpox house. We are in quarantine here. Are you frightened?"

The man was not frightened. "If that's the case," he said, "if really she's got smallpox, I'm sorry. It's dreadful news. How did she get it?"

Sim came nearer. "By God, she got it through you."

Sir Toridd changed his note. His knuckles whitened on the fist that held the crop. "Paris, don't you let your madness go too far. Got it through me—what the devil are you talking about?"

"A fortnight ago, the day you came to Shifney, you made an appointment to meet my brother's wife."

He blanched a trifle, that large man realizing that this insolent young dog had knowledge that it was to buy the brother's mind that he had met the wife. He said: "We lunched for an hour together at the Trust House. She caught nothing there."

"She sheltered in a cottage coming home—that's where she caught it."

Sir Toridd gave an exclamation. "Paris, I tell you I'm sorry. But does that give me the blame?"

"It gives you what is coming to you."

The hate and rage in Sim, bursting to be free, caused him to make a threatening gesture. "It gives you what is coming to you," he cried again. "Lesson you call yourself. I've a lesson for you, damn you. Take what's coming to you—that!"

Sir Toridd raised his crop as Sim's hand came. The open palm slapped stinging on his cheek. He swung the heavy butt and crashed it.

Sim's right arm fended off the crop's hard smash—his left crashed home on Lesson's face. Sir Toridd sprang away. The crop was up and down again and only half averted, crashed and drew blood upon Sim's tawny head. A flush hit came to Lesson's mouth, reeling him back, cutting his lips and smashing a tooth in. The crop went from his hand. He spun back to a chair and crashing on it threw it over and went his length. He was up, maddened and murderous; he was down, stunningly down, unstomached, and stayed down.

Then he got up very slowly.

Sim, looking straight upon him, had a glad, exultant picture of poor and lovely Linda in his mind.

Sir Toridd collected his cap, his crop, his senses. He went to the door. "By God, Paris, I'll kill you for this," he said.

"I'll take care not to stand with my back toward you," Sim said.

But when he was left he stood a moment, swaying a little upon his feet, and dropped heavily into a chair and put his elbows on his knees, his hands upon his bruised face, and sat there heavy with his thoughts.

Linda in crisis and with what before her?—Andrew to tell—himself for sixteen days in quarantine here. Charles?—his instinct that all was not well with Charles. Elizabeth?—there with Miss Andiron now dying. Himself?—himself—his certain feeling that his Purpose now was close upon him and all ending here— What now?

CHARLES was packing!

The statement is purposely written thus because in a line by itself and with an exclamation-point to itself it has a rather perky air, and that was the air—extraordinary, almost grotesque on the care-worn, fretful face of Charles—with which he first announced to Alice the project that, when established, would bring packing in its train.

"Do you know what I am going to do with that five hundred pounds of old Gand's left after Jule has his thousand?"

This was about a week after Sim's departure from that visit for the funeral in which he had noticed at the reading of the will the sudden absorbed air of Charles when the small legacy announced.

Alice now saw this expression, too—a quite amazing alteration of Charles's face—sunshine and mischief, twenty years younger, a youth again.

"Do you know what I am going to do with it?"

She stared at him.

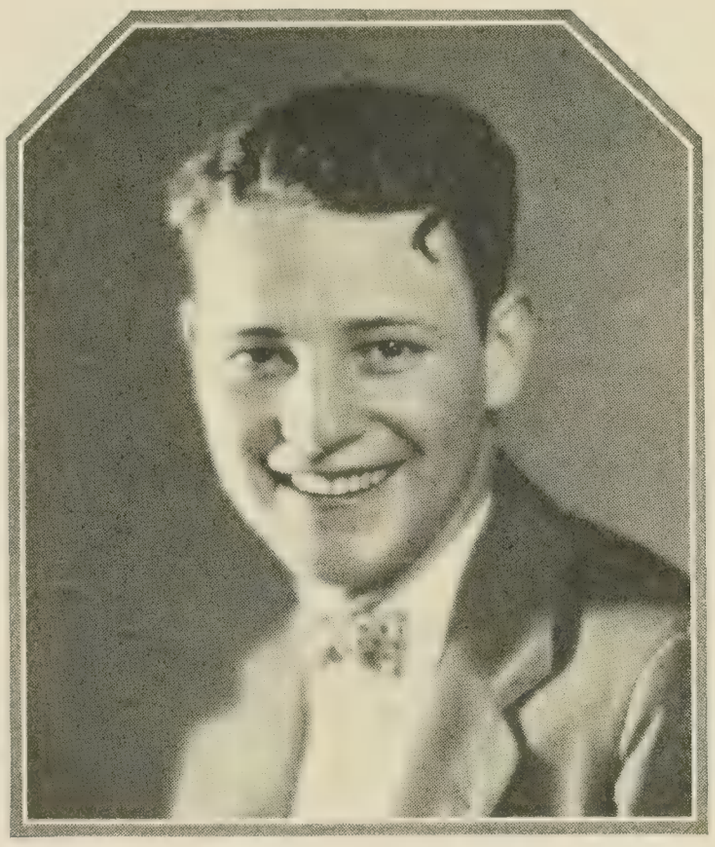
"No, Charles, what?"

He grinned. "I'm going to buy a country cottage!"

That was Charles when the thing was in prospect. It now was here in fact. He had found at last and bought the cottage. It was for departure on a first visit to it that he now was packing.

Yes, Charles literally was packing to be

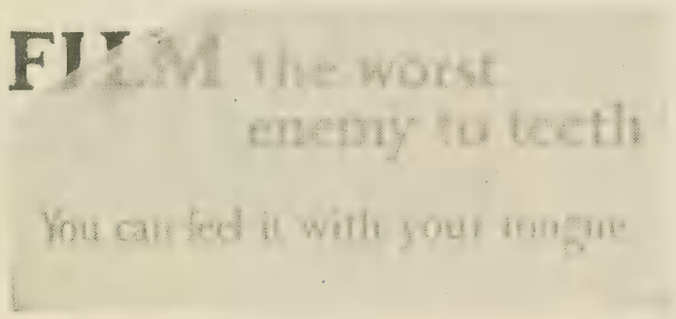
Continued on page 90



FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.



Gleaming, Glorious Teeth

Gums like coral to contrast them

Do you seriously seek the charm they bring? Then please accept this remarkable dental test. See the marked difference 10 days will make. It's simply a stubborn film on your teeth which ordinary ways fail to remove, and which this NEW way overcomes *safely*—scientifically.

DULL teeth, "off-color" teeth; gums that are softening, lacking firmness—modern science has made important, new discoveries in overcoming them.

Now, in as little as ten days, you can work a transformation in your mouth, can add immeasurably to your appearance and attractiveness.

This offers you a test without charge . . . the most remarkable, according to dental authorities, of all dental tests. In fairness to yourself, send the coupon.

FILM—your enemy. How it invites tooth and gum troubles

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles, directly or indirectly, to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

You can't see it with your eyes, but run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

You can't have pretty teeth, unless you combat it. Highest authorities all tell you this.

Brushing won't end it

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to it. Tooth and gum troubles hence are on the decline.

It removes that film. And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Why cling to old methods when world's authorities urge a better way?

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.



Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 908, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

Send to:

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family. 1852





If father did the washing just once ...and if mother saw the factory

What a *revelation* it would be to every hard-worked housewife if she could enter a really modern and well managed factory!

In every first rate workroom, nowadays, all the difficult, backbreaking and tedious lifting and cleaning are done by electricity.

A revelation? Say rather, a *revolution!*

This monogram is the symbol of the General Electric Company, an organization of 80,000 men and women who invent and produce and consistently improve the tools by which electricity can do the hard work in your home.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

$100 a month for Your Church



The Church Benefit Division is always ready to help your church meet its extra-money problems by a pleasant, easy and dignified plan.

There is no expense involved, as we supply everything. Experience is not at all essential, and there is no limit as to the profits your church can earn. Hundreds of churches have adopted the plan successfully and are now receiving their share of the Thousands of Dollars we are distributing this year.

Just fill in the coupon — mail it to-day, and we will tell you how your church may get a share of this easy money.

BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO.,
Box 6022, Church Benefit Division,
Butterick Building, New York City

Please tell me how my church may earn $100 or more every month, by adopting your plan.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

New Way to Make Money at Home



Do you need money? National organization, Fireside Industries needs new members. Wonderful, easy way to earn money right at home. Fascinating, pleasant work. No experience needed. We teach you everything.

BEAUTIFUL FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

to become a member, how you earn money in spare time at home decorating Art Novelties, how you get complete outfit without one penny of extra cost. Write today, enclosing 2c stamp.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 2910, Adrian, Mich.





ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 88

off into the world that he had never known—of freedom, of peace, of restful and silent places—the world whose four good walls were walls of the cottage of his dreams—whose surroundings were tranquil, open, spreading, hilled, wooded, meadowed, by-pathed, green-laned countryside.

The adjectives are his. His mind teemed with them, piling them one on the other until his senses, hypnotized, would swim.

He frequently would crash then.

In the midst of his giddy trance of expectation, like a drunken man suddenly shocked into sobriety, he would come to earth, realize that the thing had not yet happened; that he was not a fit man such as he visioned footing it tirelessly among those peaceful, lovely places, but a gone-soft and nerve-wracked man, trembling here (for no conceivable reason) where still he stood. He would be filled to the brim with ardent exaltation of spirit and suddenly the whole thing would pour away out of him and he be left drained as by a severed artery.

To a dispassionate observer cause for alarm might have appeared in symptoms such as these—in these setbacks, sudden and devastating from highest pitch to lowest depth. But none dispassionate was there to see them. Charles himself was in no way alarmed. Alice, accustomed to see him nervous and dejected, found only his periods of high elation strange, and at these had concern solely in remorse at the way in which he turned to her (frantic with thoughts of her approaching elopement with Conrad Bryne) to share and help his plans.

These plans of his gave her new remorse at the wrong done him by the lie told to secure Swiss Jule's silence, and gave new impetus to the final step of leaving her husband. Daily he would be finding in the advertisements of his newspaper the cottage of his dreams. He would write for particulars; he would be convinced that this *was* the very cottage for him; he would plan it out to her by the hour; draw plans from the description given and show them to her; search out the situation on the map and pore over the surrounding district and ecstatically describe it to her; feverishly wait upon the past and at last receive the answer and with fingers that shook open it before her—and always the price was much beyond him, always, by some malignant fate, it was in the region of that precise sum of fifteen hundred pounds which would have been his but for the vile dishonor of her lie to save herself.

She would watch his face, ashine and atremble with excitement, as, opening the letter, eagerly his eyes devoured the entrancing details of the cottage, eagerly his voice in thrilled half-sentences delivered them to her: "It's got a sun-dial on the lawn—It's sixteenth century— It's one of those half-timbered, black and white ones— It's got a little orchard and a south wall with fruit trees—" and then she would see his face cloud, twist, disfigure; moisture come to his eyes; weariness, catch and break in his voice: "It's no good. It's twelve hundred."

"Oh! Oh, Alice, cruel—sixteen-fifty he wants for it— It's no good. Too much again. 'Fifteen hundred for immediate sale.'"

Through her heart a sword would go.

HOW wait and suffer this? She *must* leave him quickly. Worse even were the days when, almost crazy over some cottage seen in the morning paper, "very moderate," "sacrifice for quick offer," and situated admirably for surroundings and easy access, nothing would rest him but he must dash off there and then "and secure it." It never was "and see it"; it always was "and secure it"; and certain, all his disappointments notwithstanding, that secure it he would, away from an untouched breakfast he would go, wild with excitement, so eagerly sharing with her in these days as even to snatch a kiss before he left, turning and waving from the gate, a thing not done since first they married; and always, left alone, she knew how it would be, and always it was so—return at night fagged utterly out, down to the very crypt of disappointment and depression, dropping into a chair and sitting there all the evening staringly heavily before him. "It was wonderful. It was just a dream. Oh, my God, Alice, when I first saw it I just could have gone down on my knees and worshiped it. Fifteen hundred."

Like a sword!

He never in all that time, not in the blackest of these despondencies, uttered the word of a sentiment approaching to any thought of not doing his duty, or of by any degree paring down his duty in the matter of the thousand pounds to be paid when probate was declared to Jule. For this his lifetime's dream he had available no resources other than his legacy and he regarded his legacy as the fixed, flat sum of five hundred pounds, capable of expansion by not a penny.

"Oh, Alice, when I saw it, my heart just leaped right out to it. Fourteen-fifty."

Why wait? Always, since the very beginning, she had been driven as by whips to this fate which (still she told herself) "had come upon her." Now as by scorpions she was driven. Why wait?

A DAY came bringing her relief, for which, when Charles burst the news upon her, she could have gone (and that night did go) upon her knees and thanked God. In the morning he had dashed off after one of his advertisement-column discoveries; in the evening he returned beside himself with transports. He had found it! Ideal! Within his means! Five hundred!

Relief unspeakable to her; but now upon her from a new quarter new swords, new thrusts, new pains. Hitherto her sufferings had been in his disappointments, and she the cause of them; now they were in his triumphs, in his plans and preparations with the question, coming to her at every turn, "God, am I going to leave him, Charles, my husband—I?"

He was uncommonly glad now that he had not been able to buy any of the other cottages he had seen. This that miraculously he had secured had a feature, expressed in a phrase of the advertiser's, which, had he taken one of the others and then heard of it, would have filled him, he declared, with regret and longing and dissatisfaction. The advertisement had opened with it: "In a Fold of the Downs. Artist's Cottage"—and from the very moment of his eye lighting upon the words they had sprung in his mind with the roots and with the strength of a climbing plant. "In a fold of the downs." It was the articulate and visible expression of all the yearnings for peace, solitude, tranquillity which all his life he had been able to utter and to imagine only vaguely, in a dream, in a cloud. "In a fold of the downs." He would go about the house repeating it to himself. On any book or paper in his hand he would sketch it; at dinner he would mash up his potatoes and plan out with his knife the fold in which actually the cottage stood.

She could have laughed—but she could have wept.

It was in Sussex, on the South Downs. It was six miles from the railway station. It stood with hillside before and all about you as you stood in the doorway, absolutely alone, not another habitation anywhere near it.

Hearing this the first, and then perhaps the hundredth, time, "Won't it be lonely?" she said.

"Ah! Lonely! Don't you understand that loneliness is the very thing about it that I want? Don't you realize that to be right alone where there isn't another soul or sound or sight except just space and solitude is the one thing I want? Don't you understand that? Surely to goodness you realize that by now!"

Irritation such as this, amounting often to savage exasperation, was symptomatic of the state of mind which alternated with his raptures.

IF ONE obsession of Charles's mind in these days was "in a fold of the downs," another, equally rooted, equally raging, was that something would interfere to stop him, to wreck the transaction or his enjoyment of it. The owner would change his mind; the executors would find that he was not entitled to the legacy, or that the legacy was not forthcoming from the estate; the cottage would be burned down—all manner of the most absurd fancies filled his mind.

To what degree he carried this fear was

Continued on page 92

How this easier way of cleaning helps to keep your family well

A new discovery on the habits of germs and what it teaches about family health

THOUSANDS of women all over the country are adopting this new way of easier, better cleaning. Not satisfied with what mere soap-and-water can do, they add to all their cleaning water a few magic drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant. These wonderful drops make housework easier, and make it a hundred times more sure.

Germs—those tiny invisible menaces we once so feared because we could not know where they were—science now tells us have a *definite resting place.* They do not linger very long in the air; they settle on *all surfaces.* Microscopic examination would reveal them on the door-knobs, on chair arms, on banisters and tables, hiding in the nap of rugs, and in the cracks and crevices along the floor.

Germs a constant danger to your family

THESE germs are a constant danger to your family. They seize upon moments of physical weakness or fatigue to enter the human system. In order to protect your family's health all the time, you must keep your home germ-free. It can now be accomplished in a very easy way.



Soap-and-water alone are powerless to destroy germs. They can provide merely surface cleanliness for your home. But simply adding a few drops of "Lysol" to the water, makes cleaning easier and purifies your home of germs.



"Microscopic examination would reveal germs in your home . . . . *hiding in the nap of rugs, in the cracks along the floors, on chair arms, on the door-knobs, on banisters and tables . . .* Here they are a constant source of danger to your family."

Easy to purify your home with "Lysol"

"LYSOL'S" soapy nature is the greatest help in keeping things shining and clean. You should use it regularly because of its three invaluable properties:

1. **It deodorizes—your home is fresh and sweet, free from staleness.**
2. **It purifies—the health of your family is protected against germs.**
3. **It helps to clean as it disinfects.**

"LYSOL" is three times as powerful as carbolic acid, yet so skilfully blended that it makes a solution less irritating than fine toilet soap. It will not hurt the most sensitive hands.

Cleaning with its added help is very easy. Simply put the magic drops (a tablespoon to a quart of water) into your cleaning water every time you clean. Then dip your broom, your mop, or your dust cloth into this solution, and perform your work in the ordinary way.

You will be surprised to find how "Lysol" helps in cleaning white woodwork. Finger-spots vanish like lightning, white tiles sparkle, plumbing shines. And every spot this cleansing solution touches is left pure and *safe,* to protect the health of your family.

If you have never used "Lysol" for general house cleaning, buy a bottle of your druggist today. It comes in three sizes, 3, 7 and the economical 16-ounce bottle. Manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., 635 Greenwich Street, New York City. Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC., New York. Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto.

Send coupon for the "Lysol" Health Library to:
LEHN & FINK, INC.
Dept. J-28, 635 Greenwich St., New York City
(Print name and address in ink)

J-28

Name _____

Street _____

City & State _____

A fascinating little "Health Library" free to you

YOU will enjoy this interesting pocket-edition "Lysol" Health Library with its practical hints on daily cleaning, on protecting well members of your family against the contagion of an ill member, and on the modern trend towards longer, healthier life.

There is a volume of especial interest to every woman, and another volume on babies, their development and care. Let us send you a full set without charge. Mail the coupon today.

Lysol
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Disinfectant





To Avoid Colds This Winter

Do as your Doctor says—

Keep your body warm. No matter what outer clothing you wear, it is essential that you wear warm, well fitting underwear—underwear that will not only absorb perspiration, but will keep your body from being chilled.

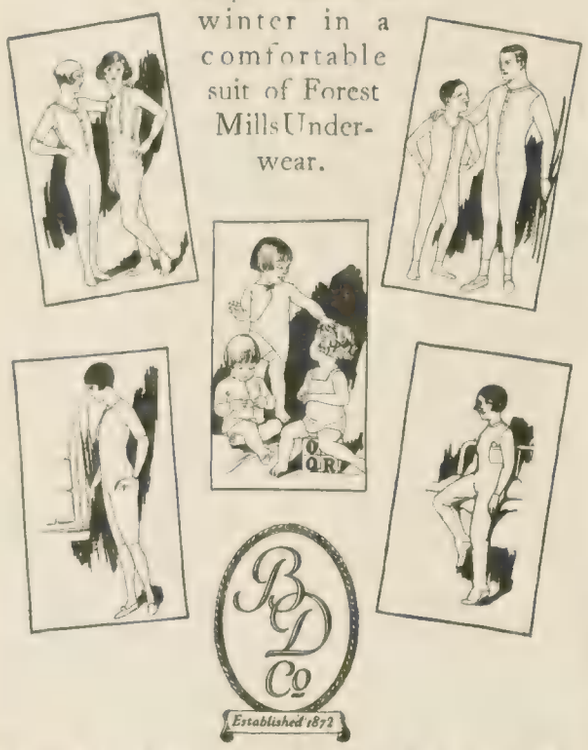
It is no longer necessary to shiver through the long winter months in order to be stylishly dressed.

Styles have changed in underwear as well as in outer wear, and today, underwear is made to conform to the styles of the outer garments.

Forest Mills
UNDERWEAR

FOREST MILLS UNDERWEAR is made to meet every requirement in a wide variety of styles and weights. The popular sleeveless style with the built-up shoulders or the bodice top with the narrow tape shoulders, insures a neat tailored appearance and yet gives warmth and comfort. For those who desire additional warmth there is the long or short sleeves, with the knee or ankle length.

Every member of the family can keep warm this winter in a comfortable suit of Forest Mills Underwear.



BROWN DURRELL COMPANY
Gordon Hosiery - Forest Mills Underwear
New York *Gordon Underwear* Boston



ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 90

illustrated by his reception of the news, telephoned by Andrew, that Linda had taken smallpox. Alice, too beset by her own concerns to feel quite all that she might have felt, yet was sympathetic, shocked. Charles would discuss with her no aspect of that side of the case. The aspect to which his mind immediately sprung was that this was going to imperil his first week-end at his cottage.

"Smallpox! The one disease on the face of the earth, the absolute only disease that ever happens in England that could get in my way at a moment like this! It is unbelievable. Who could have dreamt of such a thing? There's a fate on me!"

She was dismayed at him. "Charles, how can poor Linda possibly stop you?"

He threw up his arms, exasperated. "How can it? How can't it? It is certain to. Don't you see? You don't seem to see anything. They hunt down these cases like tigers—these health authorities do. Any one anyway connected with a case is hunted down, quarantined, shoved somewhere. That is what is going to happen to me—I know it!"

"Charles, how can you possibly be connected with it, hundreds of miles away?"

"Well, see that we aren't, see that we aren't! If a letter comes from Sim, if he in quarantine is mad fool enough to write a letter to tell us all about it (just the insane, mad-headed thing he is likely to do), it is not to be opened—you perfectly understand that? It is not to be opened. It is to be burned at once, the very instant it comes into the place. And this isn't to be talked about, not to a soul, mind—not a soul is to know."

"Charles, of course——"

But he was gone from the room. "Of all the incredible, of all the unlikely—there's a fate on me—" and he was gone.

BUT the fortnight safely sped. Nothing happened. In the last few days his forebodings alike of smallpox and of every other possible contingency fell away from him—he now was only in ecstasy of anticipation, in thrill of preparation, packing. He was buying the cottage unfurnished, but it suited the owner to leave all his belongings there for a month from the date of Charles's occupancy and this Charles had agreed to. He talked a great deal about the furniture. Every piece of it had been selected by the owner, an artist, to be in keeping with the lovely old-fashioned place it filled, and Charles would stare about at the "hideous Victorian monstrosities" (as he called them) of their own house and declare that nothing here but would outrage and ruin the cottage if taken down. What he would do when the perfect stuff now there was removed he could not imagine. He would rather camp out in the place empty than desecrate it with "abortions" from here or with gimcrack imitation stuff such as he could afford to buy. It was remarkable, and it was newly distressing to Alice, that now, in these gloomy speculations, he did for the first time mention and pathetically regret the thousand pounds which must be paid to Jule.

"That thousand," he would say, "I am always thinking of that thousand now. By Jove, it does seem hard luck——"

He never actively complained, he never suggested trying to avoid his duty. That was the pathos of it to Alice. More and more she felt she could not wait—but must elope with Conrad quickly.

"That thousand," he would say, "I've been working it out. It does seem rather bad luck. The chap will sell the whole of his furniture and fittings just as they stand, and you know they are just *part* of the place, as much part of it as is the fold of the downs it is tucked into, for three hundred pounds. I could do that with the thousand. And then I've thought a car—I could get a car and I could pretty well live there, run in and out to the station every day— Oh, imagine it—by Jove, it is hard, it is a bit hard——"

Why wait?

The last days came. He was always coming in now with special purchases for his trip. Over them and over his schoolboy glee in them she could have wept. ("God, am I going to run away from him, from Charles, my husband?")

One day it was a suitcase. "I've nothing but that appalling old Gladstone bag, you know. No one uses a Gladstone nowadays. Do you know, though, it's not remarkable that that is all I have got. I believe I haven't had a holiday pretty well since Gladstone died. Think of that! But look at my new one. Alice—isn't it a beauty? Will I get everything in, do you think? Come and help me to try now, just a practise packing!"

Another day it was a belt. "Must wear a belt down in the country. Everybody does. Do you know, I believe I've never worn a belt since I was at school? Watch me stick it on. Just hold up my coat at the back."

And on another: "Alice, Alice, come here—just come here and see what I have got!" It was a brown-paper parcel at which excitedly he was fumbling. "Just look—imagine this for me—there—look! Took my shoes, you see, and had special thick soles put on them and these absolutely clinking golf nails shoved in! Aren't they fine! Absolutely must have nails for ranging about on the downs, you know. I'll shove them on, I absolutely must, and try them out in the garden. Come on out with me and see. Alice, do you know it is absolutely the first time in my life I have ever worn spikes! Come on out with me and see me in them."

"I will come in a moment."

She hardly could speak. She had somehow to get from him to wipe her eyes, to steady herself. "In one moment I will come."

Why wait? How—*how* wait, with tortures such as these?

IT WAS the last night. The suitcase was packed, every bit of it with her own hands, he fussing gleefully about her—every bit of it a stab in her heart—she would go when he was gone, her mind was made up now to that.

It was the last hours. He talked unceasingly, waiting no response.

"And over the chimneypiece in the sitting-room are—whatever do you think—*pike-rests*. Imagine it! Not gun-rests—they are too far apart for that. The chap says there is not the slightest doubt that the people who lived there in Elizabethan times when the place was built kept their pikes there—pikes, you know, a sort of spear. And the doorway is made very narrow so that only one man could come in at a time, and a pike just the thing of course to keep an enemy out with. Imagine it! Imagine me—*me*—living in a place like that and touching the things those Elizabethan people touched!"

Lucky he did not wait responses from her. She could not respond. Her heart, her throat, were charged to point of pain.

"The chap says—now just imagine this—that when he first got the place and was pulling it about to restore it (it was practically in ruins, you know), down in a crack in one of the window-frames he found an Elizabethan shilling! Just imagine that where I'm going to stand some one four hundred years ago stood and dropped a shilling and perhaps got a knife and tried to wangle it out and couldn't and left it there—for me! It's in the house now. By Jove, I shall just stand by that window and think of it. Wonderful, eh? And me, me there, the place mine! Can you believe it? Wonderful, eh?"

She affects: "Charles, wonderful!"

"The chap says I ought to try to pick up an old flintlock gun or two and wangle those pike-rests to carry them. He says they would look fine. He's had a peg put nearer in to one of the pike-rests where he kept his own gun, a modern one. He potted rabbits with it. He's taking it with him. I wish he wouldn't. But he's got an old horse pistol, too, that he used for scaring birds, and he's leaving that and says I can have pots with it if I like. I shall, too, you bet."

Her murmur: "Ah, be careful, Charles."

"The chap says— The chap says— "He is at it all the evening. He wakes in the night and calls to her and tells her more.

It is the last morning. The cab has come for him. He is crazy with excitement. He kisses her jovially, affectionately. She goes to the gate with him. He kisses her again. Will she faint while he holds her thus? His hat falls off and actually he dives for it. He is in, that wonderful new suitcase by his side, his arm upon it. He leans from the window and waves to her—has off his hat and waves, waves, waves it.

He is gone.

Concluded in the November DELINEATOR

May Breath FREE

Send the coupon



A New Solution

of the "bad breath" problem that millions are adopting

—now carry a sweet breath with you wherever you go

HERE is a new way to breath sweetness, to quick protection against a grave social offense.

May Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form. Dissolve one in your mouth—that is all. Instantly your breath is purified, made fresh and sweet as the Maytime.

Not a perfume to cry out an effort at concealment; but a newly found scientific method that millions are adopting.

It combats all odors, whether coming from the mouth or stomach, *from any cause whatever.*

* * *

May Breath comes in thin metal boxes that fit into one's purse or a pocket. You have them with you always.

That is most important. Many offend with bad breath simply because corrective measures are not handy. One never knows when a sweet breath will be needed—*urgently.*

* * *

Bad breath comes from so many sources that scarcely one person in fifty avoids thus offending.

Food particles between the teeth can cause it. Smoking is a constant offender. Stomach disorders are an other. Certain foods and drinks are chief causes.

May Breath offers true protection in the simplest manner known.

Never risk close contact with others, never go to a theatre or pay a social call without taking the precaution of a May Breath tablet.

A box free

Let us give you a box. Tear out the coupon before you forget.

May Breath is now on sale in Canada

May-Breath FREE

15c box sent—just mail this

MAY-BREATH CO., (M-184)
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Your Name.....

Address.....

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Only one box to a family
Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto



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First—Artistry in Silk

then the vividness of Paris Colors

NOTHING has done so much to accentuate beautiful gowns as the present color mode in hosiery. No wonder Paris is depending more and more upon its tones to complete the color scheme!

But in this profusion of color it has been too easy to center madame's attention on the shade and hasten her inspection of the fabric.

The flawless texture of filmy silks gives to Holeproof the style atmosphere which exquisite hosiery must have. No shadows, no uneven threads or knots can escape detection in our process of inspection.

Shall we forward September's Paris fashion letter to you?

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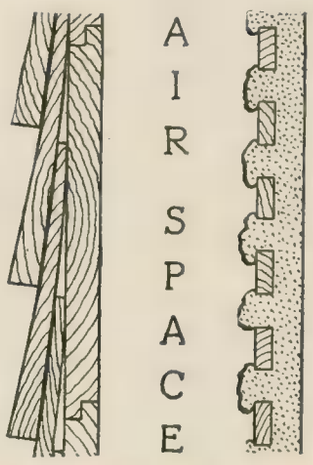
3rd—Esmond Blankets are beautiful. They are made in unusual patterns and color combinations. Designs and color schemes fit any room. 4th—They will withstand long and hard wear because they are "2-in-1," double weave and of the finest selected curly cotton. 5th—They are moth-proof. 6th—They are fade-proof and 7th—they are economical, being priced from $4 to $7 for you and from $1 to $4 for baby. Think that over, buy Esmonds and sleep under clean blankets. *Made in America.*

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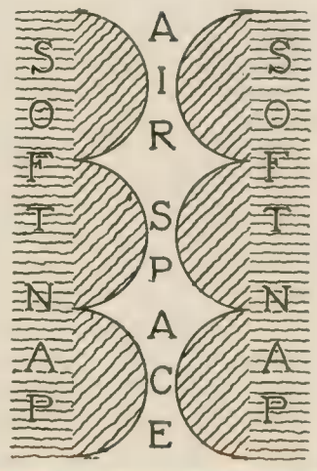
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Through the centuries it has been proven that the double walled house is the only warm house—that an air space is necessary between the outer wall and the inner wall to retain the warmth in the house and keep the cold out. All good houses are insulated with an air space between the outer and inner walls. This is also the Esmond process of Blanket manufacture.





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REVENGE

Continued from page 15

His reply came the following morning:

"Run along now Honey-bud and be a good child and do not try to threaten your father, who has no fear. Felix Honeywell."

Bud shredded the yellow half-page to bits, stamped on the bits, and went out to a barber-shop and had her long, intensely brown hair bobbed.

She left Chicago three days later with excess baggage amounting to three new, well-filled trunks, a heart overflowing with accumulated rage, and a blackly wicked determination.

"MY DEAR," said Aunt Violet Honeywell, a tall lady with a cane, a waistline and a big, brazenly unpowdered nose.

"My dear," said Aunt Lucy Honeywell, a replica of Aunt Violet, nose and all except the cane.

"Well, I'm right down pleased to meet up with you," said Bud.

"We trust," said an aunt, "that you had a pleasant and not too fatiguing journey."

"I'll tell the world," said Bud.

"Indeed," said an aunt.

"How sweet," said Bud, which is a perfectly proper flapper remark to make in Washington about anything from the President to the Potomac River. But Bud was looking at Uncle Joe, the negro coachman, in his plum-colored livery.

"He sure is grand, isn't he—ain't he?" said Bud, as she stepped into the carriage—the Honeywell sisters had not, as yet, conceded motor-cars. "I'm cuckoo about purple! I bought me an orchid party dress in little old Chi that sure is a knockout."

"And your dear father?" said an aunt hurriedly. "He is well? He will miss you sadly, we fear."

"Yes," Bud answered, "Fe has his health. No, I guess he won't miss me so much. He wants me to get married, you see. That's what I came back East for—to get married. Husband, home and children. Everything like that"

"My dear Mary-Martha," Aunt Violet leaned forward a trifle and put a tightly gloved hand on Bud's knee, "though dreams of homes and children to bless those homes are most natural, most laudable, indeed—our young girls here (I say this with no spirit of fault-finding, nor of unkind criticism) do not speak so unrestrainedly of them."

"Yes, I know," said Bud. "But you see that's what I came back East for."

"Dear child," Aunt Lucy admonished, "sweetly innocent as your frankness is to us, you must not be equally frank to others. Those girlish hopes of yours may be cherished, but must be hidden deep in your own bosom."

"A hope chest," said Bud, and giggled.

Neither of the aunts giggled.

But, a few afternoons later, during a tea which her aunts had described to her as merely a little informal affair, a major-general giggled. That is to say, he pounded the arm of his chair and roared, "Ho-ho!" and, "Ha-ha-ha!" and wiped his eyes, and reached over and patted Bud's shoulder. If it had not been at one of the Misses Honeywell's teas, people would have supposed that the major-general was really having a good time. A passing colonel turned and stopped. An admiral deserted a princess who was wearing false teeth. An ambassador, who had sneaked away for a cigaret, appeared. You have seen crowds gather where food samples are being given away? It was like that.

From behind their ancient silver teapots the Misses Honeywell beamed, and in their faces was the satisfied expression of fulfilled prediction.

A little way back, peeking over the wall of shoulders made by the ambassador and the others, stood a young captain named Gideon Beebe—smallish and tidy and bashful. Many women, meeting him for the first time, had thought, "What a beautiful baby this boy must have been!" Consequently, since he was devoid of vanity, he dwelt in bewilderment and deep confusion.

"Big?" Bud was saying when he came to the group. "The Washington Monument? Poo! The Ruby Mountains could pick their teeth with that thing any morning after breakfast."

Every one laughed except Captain Beebe, who stood unsmiling and regarded her with worried, round brown eyes.

Bud looked up and over into the brown eyes. Poor Bud! She thought, "What an adorable baby that boy must have been!"

"Not," she continued, "that they would. They are mannerly mountains." It was the first emendation she had made that afternoon. The brown eyes remained worried.

"Say, listen," she said to the major-general, "who is that brown-eyed fellow standing up back there, right straight ahead of us?"

"Ah-ha," chortled the major-general. "I suppose you mean young Captain Beebe. Ladies often—er—that is—notice his boyish beauty, as it were."

"No," said Bud. "It is because he is neat and clean and cool-looking, without any trouble."

Bud yawned widely, and closed her jaws with that odd crunching sound that yawns sometimes induce. "I'm sleepy," she said. "I wish I could take a nap."

A second's pause, and then the laughter. Bud turned to the nearest dignitary and whispered, "Say, listen. Are they laughing at me, or what?"

"Indeed they are not laughing at you," returned the dignitary softly, "but from sheer joy because of you."

"Poo!" said Bud. "I'll bet you are trying to—to—to kid me."

WHEN the last guest had taken his departure—the last guest had been Captain Beebe—Bud saw that something shining had crept into the four bland, gray eyes that belonged to her aunts and that spots of color nearly as pink as their noses had come into their cheeks.

"My dear," said Aunt Violet, "you are a success."

"Indeed," said Aunt Lucy, "it would scarcely be superlative to say that you are a triumph."

"Do you mean," faltered Bud, "that you weren't ashamed of me?"

"We are," said the aunts, "very proud of our niece."

"Though, perhaps," said Aunt Violet, with a warning glance for Aunt Lucy, "you did allow young Captain Beebe rather to monopolize your society during the last half-hour."

"However," Aunt Lucy repudiated the warning glance, "Captain Beebe is of excellent family—and, though I naturally hesitate to mention it, he has, we have understood, a suitable income, a most suitable income, to supplement the modest stipend he receives from his country."

"Captain Beebe," said Bud, "is most distasteful to me. I disliked him exceedingly. I—" she paused. "I mean," she continued, "that that guy sure didn't make any hit with me. These fast workers give me a pain. Sheik stuff. Poo!"

She turned then and ran up-stairs to her room, and looked at herself in the big mirror with the gilt frame above the marble mantel. She was wearing one of the many frocks she had chosen with infinite care in Chicago. The saleswoman had called it "a snappy little imported model." A supreme impertinence in yellow, with grace notes of scarlet, may give a clearer impression to the lay mind.

Two fat tears gathered in her blue eyes and dribbled down her cheeks. Ten minutes later she was looking for a dry handkerchief and calling herself what all sensible women call themselves when they waste good, wet tears in private. "A fool—a darn fool!"

That evening the aunts wrote a letter to Felix. Eleven days later down one wide, white page Felix was proud of Mary-Martha, congratulatory toward her, and at the bottom of the page he had the cheek to say that, as he had thought, he had known his little daughter better than she had known herself.

Bud, though she never kept letters, folded this one and put it with her gloves and went down-stairs to one of her aunts' quiet, informal dinners where she told a senator that, thanks just the same, she wouldn't give a whoop for a card to the gallery; but that if he could get her a ticket to see him and the other senators some time when they were being shipped underground on that funny little scenic railway of theirs, it sure would be the comicalest experience she would be apt to have in Washington.

"More comical," questioned Captain

Continued on page 96



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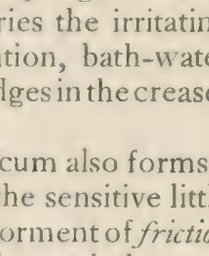
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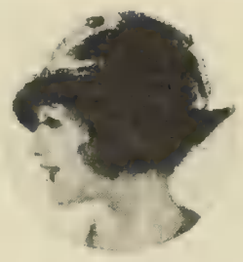
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REVENGE

Concluded from page 95

Beebe, who was sitting beside her on a divan with a tiny cup filled with black coffee in his hand, "than the experience you had this morning riding in the park?"

The park that October morning had been color victorious—color clear and compelling as a bugle call. And Bud had gone daft with the beauty of it, and Captain Beebe had lost his head. But here, in the ponderous, dimly lighted drawing-room, he found it again.

"I'm sorry," he went on, "awfully sorry. I began at the wrong place. You see—I've never before asked any girl to marry me and, as you know, I bungled it all up and made an ass of myself. What I was trying to say was that I love you very dearly, Mary-Martha, as you know, and that I want you to be my wife."

"Miss Honeywell," came down a colonel's voice from above her left shoulder, "regarding that interesting fraternal order of which you were telling me, the one to which your father belongs——"

"The Ancient Order of Hoo-hoo Owls, do you mean?" questioned Bud.

"Mary-Martha?" pleaded Captain Beebe.

"Oh," said Mary-Martha pettishly, almost shrewishly, "do stop pestering me. Please go away and let me alone."

Captain Beebe, because he was humble, rose and bowed and went away, carrying carefully the tiny coffee-cup in his hand.

He stayed away. There were other flowers, other bonbons, other callers. But it so happened that there was only one Captain Beebe. His absence left a hole in things.

AT THE beginning of the new week Bud suddenly produced an object, blond and tall and Greek-godish, to fill the hole that Captain Beebe had left.

Until he appeared in the drawing-room one afternoon neither of the aunts had been aware of his existence in Washington or in the world. After Bud had presented him to them they seemed even less aware of his existence than they had been before.

"Who, pray," said an aunt, as soon as the object had departed, "is that creature, Mary-Martha?"

"His name is Mr. Vernon Povill. It seems so cozy to have a mere mister around, don't you think?"

"And what is his profession? By what right is he a guest in our home?"

"He is a baker. Just now he is out of a job at baking, so he drives a truck and delivers the bread and cakes, you know. I met him down in the kitchen and invited him to call some time. He reminds me of all the wide, open places in the West. I'm going to a show with him to-morrow night."

It was, the aunts seemed to think, an impossible arrangement. They said a great deal about it and finished by asserting that they did not receive baker boys.

"Nor actresses," said Bud, and the blue eyes squinted unbecomingly. (Bud's mother had been an actress.)

A few minutes later, in her room, Bud said, "At last!" which might mean anything or nothing. In a moving-picture theater the following evening she sat in the dark beside Vernon Povill.

The weeks following after that were horrid in the extreme. Bud, so the aunts said, behaved like a madcap and a wanton. At any rate, her astonishing popularity began to wane. The troglodytes may welcome into their close caves a bit of humanity as fresh and restful as a breeze off the sea—provided, of course, it blows from exactly the same sea over which the *Mayflower* came sailing—but a traditionless baker, blond and bulky, is a different matter.

Long night-letters, guardedly worded, but delirious in all other respects, were sent flying west by the aunts to Felix, and they disturbed not at all that peace of his.

"She is bluffing, but send her home if it seems best," was the answer to their fifth telegram, the sixty-three carefully counted and well-considered words that they had sent the evening before.

"Yes, I know," said Bud, when they told her that Felix felt that her visit should be curtailed. "Yes—I know. But what about my coming-out party—my formal day-boo, as you call it. It is only ten days away now, isn't it?"

"So many people," murmured an aunt, "are sending regrets."

"We have checked the lists," said the other aunt. "You may see for yourself."

Acrossby was unchecked; so were Arnold and Atwood. But there was a check beside Banefield, and another beside Beebe.

On her knee Bud smoothed the paper out neatly, smoothed and smoothed and smoothed it.

"When am I to leave?" Bud questioned, and smoothed the paper again.

Susie, it seemed, was packing. Harkins was attending to the ticket and drawing-room reservations. Uncle Joe would drive them to the Union Station day-after-to-morrow afternoon.

"Hardly a thing at all left for me to do," said Bud, as if she meant it, and sighed, as if she had not meant it. "Oh, well, anyway I've a date with Vernon for to-morrow night."

"WE'LL stop in Childs' for a snack," said Vernon when to-morrow night had come and had nearly gone, and the long, dreary musical comedy had released its victims.

"No," said Bud.

"Thought you said you didn't want to get home till way late to-night."

"Well, then," said Bud.

They walked rapidly under the pallid, mistily beautiful globes that half light Washington at night. At the corner they heard a man's voice that managed to be a din, all by itself, shouting numbers.

"Come on, hurry," Vernon urged, "the show at Poli's is coming out, and there'll be a crush."

"A Poli's audience coming here?" questioned Bud, as she looked past the man baking pancakes behind the plate-glass front into the glaring white-tiled place beyond.

"Sure. Everybody comes to Childs' around midnight in Washington."

It was true. Vanity-case was there, and brass knuckles—chewing-gum, and lorgnette—fountain pen, and hypodermic needle—all there, making the place as cosmopolitan as the Judgment Day will be.

"There's a guy at that other table," Vernon said to Bud, "that's been rubberin' at you ever since we came in. If he don't cut it out, I'll step over and knock his block off."

"I don't pay you," Bud reminded him, "to knock guys' blocks off."

"Say, lay off on that pay stuff, can't you? You ain't the first lady who's been willin' to pay for me escortin' her out, now and again——"

"I know, I know," said Bud wearily. "You have told me about them all, I think."

"Oh, I have, have I? Well, I'll tell the world that any bird who ever tried to get fresh with any lady friend of mine got more than he was lookin' for."

"He isn't trying to get fresh," said Bud. "He is a friend—an acquaintance of mine."

"Can that. I wasn't born yesterday. Say, if you like that guy's looks better'n mine, just say so. See?"

"You have been drinking," said Bud. "When I engaged your services, you told me, you may remember, that you never drank. Shall we go now?"

"I'll go," said Vernon, "when I'm damn good and ready to go. See? You've high-toned me as much as I'm goin' to stand for. See? Sure I had a few drinks between acts. Whatcha goin' to do about it? You make me sick, you do. Payin' me to run around with you, 'cause you can't get a guy to take you out without payin' him, and then pullin' the high and mighty line. Wha's five dollars a night and expenses? Zat worth——"

He continued. Bud scarcely heard him and did not answer. She sat and thought what a long way it was to the red brick house on N Street. Once she had shot a mad coyote at too close range; and once she had pounded flat, with a club, the head of a coiled rattlesnake, and neither time had she been afraid. But now she had no gun, and she had no club, and she was afraid.

Then they went out, leaving behind all the people and the pancakes and the bright, white light and the fresh guy who had been Captain Beebe.

She hoped Mr. Povill would not think of a taxicab—he rarely did—but she was afraid that he might think of it if she suggested a street-car. So she made no suggestion,

Concluded on page 98



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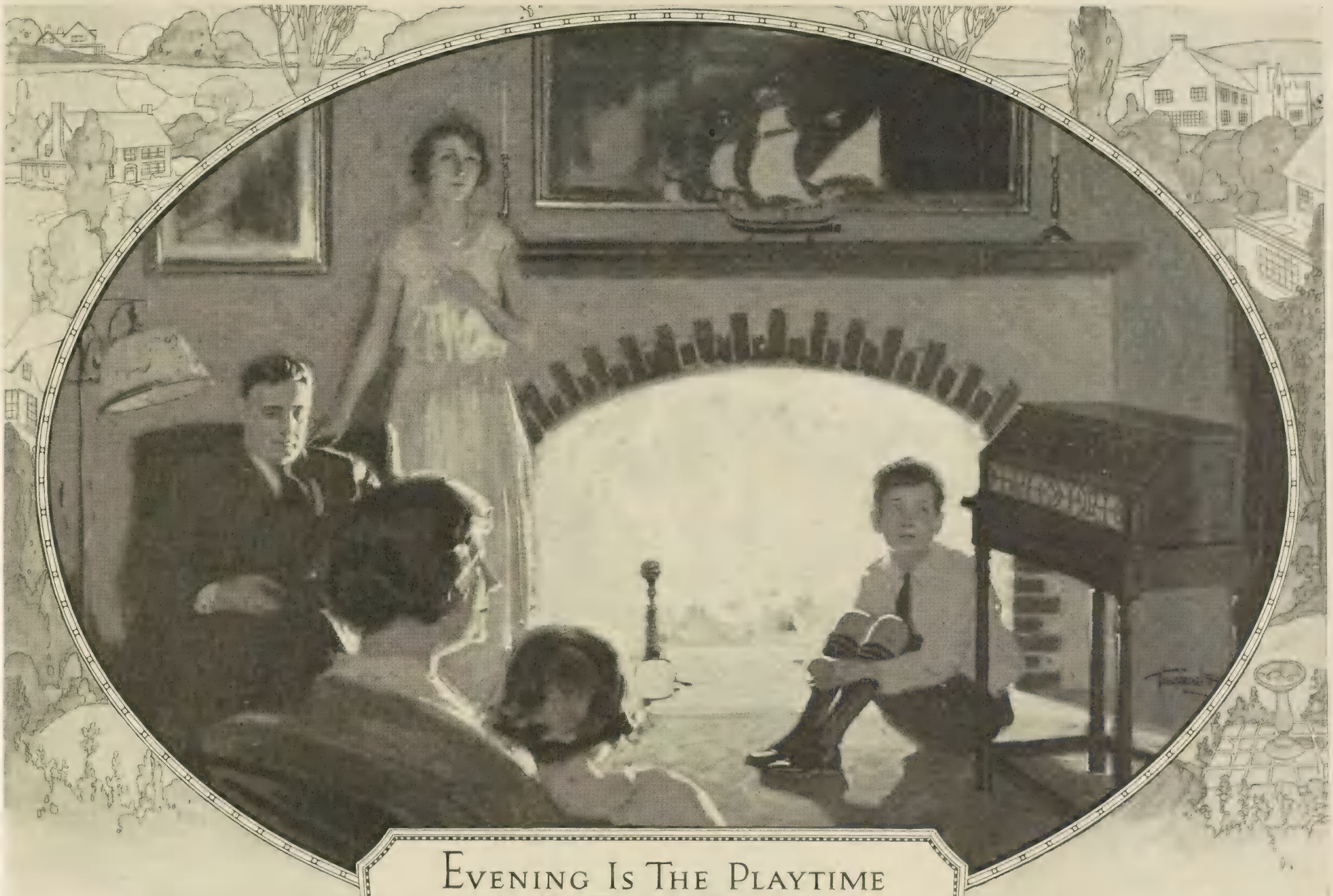
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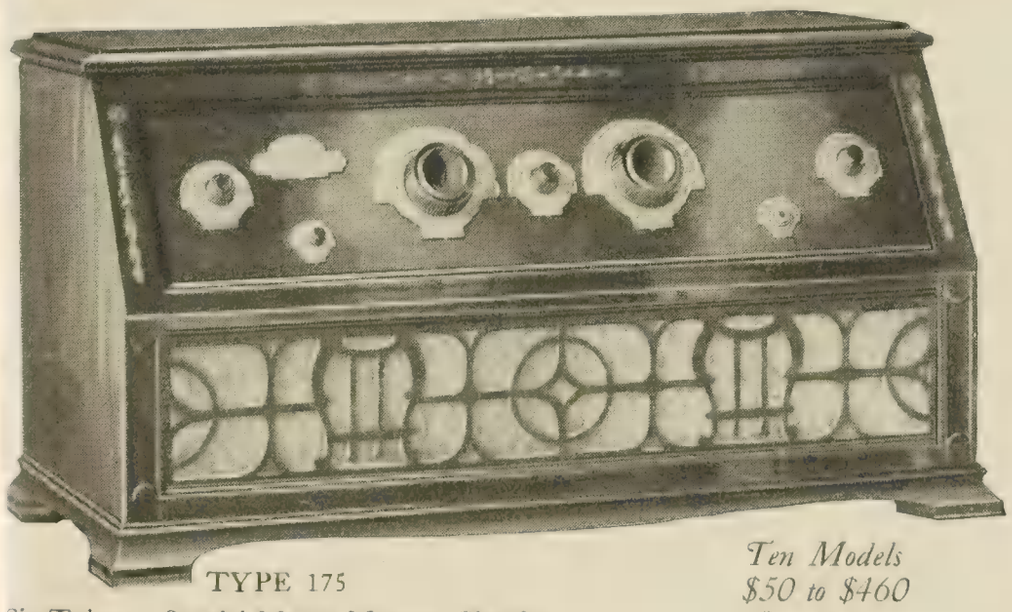


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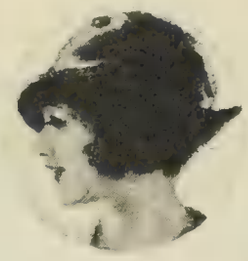
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REVENGE

Concluded from page 96

but walked along beside his lurching steps.

They came to Lafayette Park, the winning little park that Bud had loved better, perhaps, than anything else in lovely Washington, because of the pink babies and the gray squirrels. But to-night the place was as solitary as a bad dream. Bud was afraid.

As they went from Pennsylvania Avenue into the park Vernon grasped her elbow: "Help you along," he explained. "Sorry I got rough. 'Smy heart. Got a weak heart. But any lady out with Vern Povill is as safe as in her mother's arms. Yes'ir. Safe as mother's arms."

He stopped and stood still, holding her elbow firmly. "Tha's the idea," he exclaimed. "Tha's the idea. You ain't much for looks, nor manners, but I hold no grudge. Goin' away. Should tell you good-by. Come to my safe arms——"

"Don't be so silly," commanded Bud. "Let go of my arm and come right along now——"

"You got me wrong," interrupted Vernon, "this's what I mean. You're goin' away. Clear across continent. Gotta tell you good-by. Wha's the use of a park for, tha's what I wanta know——"

AT THAT moment Captain Beebe stepped up—he had been stepping right along behind them ever since they had left the restaurant—and said: "Miss Honeywell, I might, perhaps——"

One of Vernon's huge arms swung upward and the fist landed near the tip of Captain Beebe's finely pointed chin. Captain Beebe went backward and down, quickly, quietly and flat. Vernon Povill turned and ran away.

It is a pity that it had to happen so. By all the conventions for rescuing heroes and pestering villains Captain Beebe should have knocked down Vernon Povill. But Captain Beebe had not been on his guard, nor suspicious. So he keeled over and Bud ran to him, and knelt beside him, lifted his head and shoulders in her arms, and said: "Captain Beebe! Captain Beebe!" And, when he did not answer that, she said, "Oh, my dear! My dear!" And, when he did not answer that, she was as frightened as if Lafayette Park had been the huge yawn that is the entrance to eternity and she could see the lips of life closing slowly down around it. Her hot, salty tears fell wet on his face, and she cried: "But I love you so much. I love you so much——"

"Hum-um," said Captain Beebe. "Hum-um," clearing his throat. He wagged his head against Bud's soft shoulder. He felt of his chin. "Who loves me?" questioned Captain Beebe.

"Oh—I do," said Bud. "Oh—I do!"

"Mary-Martha Honeywell," said Captain Beebe, and the way he said it made it sound a little better than a poem.

He stood up then, she brushed him off. And, as that Vernon Povill had said, "what are parks for, anyway?"

They found a taxicab.

"The trouble is—" began Bud, when they were in the taxicab, and the door was closed.

"There is no trouble," said Captain Beebe, "anywhere in the world, and there never shall be. I love you more than I know how to love you."

"—that I've been acting a part ever since I came to Washington. I was so angry because I had to come, and I was determined to be revenged, and to make them all ashamed of me, and——"

"Bad little actor," interrupted Captain Beebe.

"Me, you mean?" questioned Bud.

"You forgot your lines so often, you know," he apologized.

"Why, I did not," said Bud.

"And balled them all up, and your voice didn't match—like trying to sing jazz to one of Chopin's nocturnes."

"Well, you see," explained Bud, "I got most of my words from a Chicago garment worker on the train. And I wasn't with her very long, and so many situations arose——"

"I see," said Captain Beebe, and laughed.

"But you don't seem to see," argued Bud. "You fell in love with one sort of person, and I'm not at all that sort of person. I'm not tough, nor flip, nor rude, nor bad-mannered, nor—anything you want your wife to be. Besides, I read Greek."

"That settles it," said Captain Beebe, and laughed. "That Greek settles it," he said again, and laughed, and laughed again.

"And so," said Bud, with much dignity, "I can't possibly marry you——"

"Oh, if that's what you mean," said Captain Beebe airily, "you'll have to." He kissed her.

"But my revenge," murmured Bud. "I'll be doing just what they wanted me to, and my lovely, dastardly revenge——"

"Revenge is—" began Captain Beebe, and stopped to kiss her again.

"Sweet," said Bud.

"Sweet," agreed Captain Beebe, and they went riding on in the taxicab, a white taxicab, with a little black on it, like a wedding invitation.



PLANT YOUR SPRING GARDEN NOW

Concluded from page 24

Irises too are under the ban. This means the lovely dwarf and very early iris *reticulata*, and *pumila*, and *sibirica*. These, however, are not such a hardship, for they may be more easily grown here than the bulbs. And the lilies we have been importing from France—they also may come no more.

Wherefore the gardener who cares for daffodils must hasten, lest she be in the same difficulty as the Foolish Virgins in the matter of the oil.

Now as to where to plant. Daffodils are charming beside a walk—brick, or flagged, or gravel. Lavender-blue hyacinths may be introduced beside them with delightful effect; just this planting and no more beside a flagged walk makes the close of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie very lovely. Narcissus is very beautiful naturalized in the grass; it is an adorable companion for the crimson peach, and very beautiful planted beneath lilac bushes. Aside from the old "*poeticus*" and the double narcissus beloved by our grandmothers, be sure to have some of the narcissus "orange phœnix." Mrs. King uses this with the tulip *couleur cardinal*.

Beside paths, in front of shrubbery, sheltered by shrubs so they may bloom at their earliest convenience—there are preferred places for bulbs, and here they will be in their happiest rather than in the more usual isolated groups on the lawn. Planted in the border or at the edge of the border, naturalized under trees, the bulb in its "off season" is unnoticed, for other plants crowd past, occupying the center of the stage; hence the bulb can mature its foliage in peace, make ready for next year's blooming.

As to the "How" of planting: four times the depth of the bulb is the rule. Any good soil will serve, though sand and leaf-mold in good proportions is preferred. Bulbs dislike manure. If you are planting but a small quantity, it is safest to put about a tablespoonful of sand in the hole for the bulb to set upon. Plant tulips six inches deep and five or six inches apart; daffodils and narcissi, four or five inches deep and the same distance apart; the little bulbs—scilla, chionodoxa, crocus and the like—three inches deep.

If you are a city dweller and have no garden, plant bulbs in any tiny plot in front of the house or glorify your rooms inside with a box of gay tulips or narcissi. Mrs. Duncan has prepared a leaflet that tells you all about planting indoor bulbs and we will gladly send it to you for just a two-cent stamp to cover postage. Send your request to the Garden Department, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*



Sh-h-h!

YOU'D think at first it was a real baby. It sleeps and cries. With its cute, flat little nose, and cunning rosebud mouth, the Bye-Lo Baby captures the heart of every little girl.

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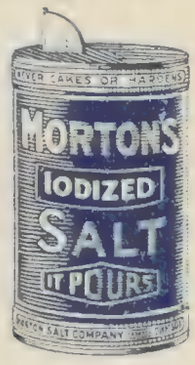
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6133	30	6192	30	6251	40	6311	35	6371	45
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6146	50	6205	45	6264	35	6324	45	10358	30
6147	45	6206	35	6265	45	6325	30	10359	30
6148	45	6207	45	6266	35	6326	45	10360	25
6149	30	6208	35	6267	45	6327	25	10361	40
6150	45	6209	45	6268	35	6328	45	10362	30
6151	50	6210	35	6269	45	6329	35	10363	40
6152	45	6211	45	6270	35	6330	45	10364	50
6153	40	6212	35	6271	50	6331	35	10365	30
6154	45	6213	45	6272	35	6332	45	10366	30
6155	35	6214	35	6273	45	6333	35	10367	30
6156	40	6215	45	6274	30	6334	45	10368	30
6157	45	6216	40	6275	45	6335	35	10369	50
6158	45	6217	45	6276	50	6336	45	10371	40
6159	45	6218	45	6277	40	6337	35	10372	30
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6161	40	6220	35	6279	45	6339	35	10374	30
6162	45	6221	45	6280	30	6340	45	10375	30
6163	40	6222	35	6281	45	6341	35	10376	30
6164	40	6223	45	6282	35	6342	45	10377	30
6165	35	6224	45	6283	40	6343	30	10378	50
6166	45	6225	45	6284	35	6344	45	10379	30
6167	35	6226	30	6285	45	6345	35	10380	50
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LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 20

"Mr. Fitzgerald," she said brokenly, "how wonderful it is!"

"We will go in when you are rested," he said. "If you don't mind, I would like to have my servants meet you. They have waited almost as anxiously as I for Kingsley's coming."

Mishmer followed them into the house, his toes pecking dully after them on the hardwood floors. Mr. Fitzgerald took Meg from room to room slowly, his hand beneath her arm. When they reached the kitchen, Mrs. Becker in a starchy dress and Becker in fresh linen were waiting.

"My cook and butler," Mr. Fitzgerald introduced with his usual brevity, and Meg, with that same smile that had bound Mrs. Becker to Texas in the circus, offered a hand to each of them with utter simplicity.

"I'm glad to know you," she said. "What a beautiful place you have to live in!"

It is an odd thing that to be one with the greatest you must first be able to be at home with the least. It was Meg's grace in accepting the introduction to his cook which told Mr. Fitzgerald in one second that King had married some one of whom Fitzgerald Mansion need never be ashamed.

On through the magnificent rooms to that up-stairs fairyland of white and rose where the doll, the tiny furniture, the piles of exquisite filmy clothes were waiting—where Meg cried a little, then smiled through her tears as she saw that Mr. Fitzgerald was crying a little too, and at last to the room where the steady gray eyes of King's picture looked out at it all.

Mr. Fitzgerald didn't tell Meg it was there. He opened the curtains and let her go in alone—then went to find her half an hour ater. She was sitting in his leather chair, her face against the painted canvas.

"This is King's home," he said, after he, too, had sat looking at the picture. "Texas doesn't understand that her place is here. Will you write her? Will you tell her I have done everything I can for her? Will you ask her to come to me?"

Mr. Fitzgerald rose to face Meg, his hands behind his back, Mishmer pecking at a stone in the ring on his finger.

"No, Mr. Fitzgerald," Meg answered quietly. "I will never ask Texas to come to you. I never want her to know what wonders are here for her. I never want her to see this house, or know its beauty, until she has made up her mind she wants to come because she'll be coming—to *you*."

Mr. Fitzgerald stood perfectly still for a minute—then he held out both hands to this girl his son had left to him.

"Meg, you're a queen," he said. "I want you very much, too. Won't you stay?"

But Meg shook her head.

"Not now," she said. "Let Texas come first."

They crossed the lawn arm in arm to where the car was waiting. On the lake a new little boat was lapping along the shore, "Texas" painted on it in gay letters.

"Oh, how lovely!" Meg breathed. "It doesn't seem true that you have done all this for my little girl."

Mr. Fitzgerald smiled as he lifted her into the car.

"But you see," he reminded her, "she is *my* little girl, too."

TEXAS was very happy as the late Summer days went along. Her mother Meg was getting better. Their bank account was growing for a cozy Winter somewhere—and then, this very first day of September, in Montgomery, Alabama, came along an important looking contract for the new season—at a plump raise in salary. With it was a note from Papa Saunders. It said:

MY DEAR CHILD:
We are all very proud of you, and want you, of course, in the star spot for next season. I am enclosing a contract for which we have your mother's consent, and now want just your name. Ask some one to show you where to sign it. With a fat kiss to my little Texas,

PAPA SAUNDERS.

Texas read it over and over—the letter and the really-truly contract. Such a wonderful thing! She put it deep down in her pocket with a happy little sigh. She was taking care of her mother. What a wonderful thing!

Papa Saunders's letter came to her just after dinner-time. When she had quite finished it, she took a little journey into the menagerie after Jim's monkey, who fairly burst the bars when he saw her, and the two of them went for a walk together, out along a tiny creek where they sat down on the stony bank and watched the baby fish shimmering through the shallow water, the monkey turning stones to see the crayfish wriggle away.

Texas told him all about the contract, and he twisted his cold little fingers in her hair and told her a lot in return that no doubt he considered quite as worth listening to.

The dog boy was in the creek in boots washing the brown dancing poodles. Of course it was her immediate duty to become barefoot and splash in to help him—the monkey talking swift African from her shoulder.

It was a bespattered little star who returned to the dressing-tent just as a pale moon came up over the big top. Second bugle had blown and from the pad-room out of the shadows came the spangled horses and plumed riders, the moonlight making their spears and helmets and satin like dripping silver. The camel train, hung with silken robes, padded up out of the darkness, like a vision of a desert caravan. Then the whistle blew, and the whole tournament—like a fantom thing of Cairo, India, Eden and all the ages gone—wound up out of the darkness into the light.

Texas watched it, after which, with a hop and skip, she went to get dressed for the act, reaching up to undo her buttons on the way.

Aunt Mary called her as she passed the wardrobe table. A letter had come for her—rich paper, wide masculine hand.

"I suppose it's from your wealthy grandpa," she offered. "Laws sakes, ain't it funny—all the frettin' folks waste on things that never happen! Would you mind telling me what he's got to say?"

Texas climbed up on the table and lay flat on her back under the gaslight. She drew out the scrawled pages as Aunt Mary leaned across the table, chin in hands. She read slowly:

MY DEAR GRANDDAUGHTER:
As it is September, I write to ask if you will plan to say good-by to the circus when it closes, and come to me to stay?

Texas looked up at Aunt Mary.

"Go on," that good woman said crisply. "The circus doesn't close till October last. He's speakin' up good and early!"

Your mother tells me you have planned she shall join you in the South at the close of your engagement and remain there until time for the season to open—then continue your work. I am asking you, my dear child, to change your plans, come here when your show is done, and arrange not to return. If at any time you need anything, let me know.
Your affectionate grandfather,

KINGSLEY FITZGERALD.

"Well my land, what a document!" Aunt Mary sputtered. "Who's the man think he's writin' to? There ain't another twelve-year-old kid in the world could understand that—let alone havin' the level head to *answer* it!"

Texas put the bulky letter back in the envelope.

"Aunt Mary, have I time to go to the doctor's tent a minute?" she asked.

There was a sudden laugh and scramble and tinkle of spangles outside the door and a sudden rush of girls coming in from the tournament. Aunt Mary brushed Texas off the long table with one sweep of her arm.

"Well, you've got to go *some* place mighty quick!" she said abruptly. "Here comes all my entry clothes to pack. You've got an hour and a half before your turn. That's time enough for anything."

Texas squirmed past the sparkling figures who were coming in and ran across the dewy grass to the doctor's tent. He was sitting on his little porch reading the evening paper.

"Hello there, Dumplin'," he greeted.

"Doctor Mifflin," Texas said directly, "will Mama Meg be well enough to come back to the circus next year?"

"No reason why she can't," he smiled. "She's up and around now, and the Winter months will put her right on her toes! By Spring Mama Meg can do just about anything she wants to!"

Texas tumbled joyously into the doctor's lap.

"Oh, goody, goody, *goody!*" she squealed.

Continued on page 102

One woman's experience suggested this contest for other women

THE EXPERIENCE of one woman who has used Premier Salad Dressing for six years suggested this competition for other women. She wrote to us, "I find Premier really different from other Salad Dressings because it has so many *legitimate uses*—just let me tell you the different ways I actually used one bottle of Premier Salad Dressing."

These are the ways she used it

She used Premier in a vegetable salad

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In case of ties, each winner will be given the full amount of the prize tied for. Contest closes December 1st, 1925.

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LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 100

Then in his big arms she grew thoughtful. After a moment she slipped to the ground and drew two envelopes from her pocket—the contract and the other one. She spread them out as children spread toys—looked at one, and the other, her head on one side, the doctor watching her. After a long time she smiled up at him and came over against his knee, holding out the envelope addressed in Papa Saunders's hand.

"Doctor Mifflin, would you show me, please, where to put my name on this paper?"

Doctor Mifflin looked down tenderly at this young, sweet, oddly wise little girl—then he spread the contract on his knee and brought his fountain pen from his pocket.

"Right on the dotted line," he told her and held his knee steady, while she carefully signed on the dotted line—"*Kingsley Fitzgerald.*"

TEXAS laughed the next day because the show was going to Yazoo City, Mississippi. She said it over and over, and laughed every time she said it.

"It sounds like I'm sneezing, Josephine," she bubbled as they tumbled out of bed when the train finally drew them into town. "It's such fun to say it I think I'll ask mother if we can't stay here all Winter!"

The train was quite out of town—just close to the lot. Josephine, looking across the track, saw the poles up, the cook-house flag flying, canvas spread on the ground—then she suddenly realized how quiet it was. No sound of stakes pounding. Working men sitting idly on hay bales and pole wagons.

"Texas," she cried, alarm in her voice, "something's wrong! Something's happened!"

She saw performers swinging down from the steps of the cars ahead and gathering together anxiously.

Josephine and Texas hurried into their clothes and ran outside.

Nobody knew much about it—but Papa Saunders had sent word that there would be no performance, that the show was to close.

"To *close!*" Josephine echoed. "Why, it *can't* close! I haven't a cent! I sent my last dollar to my little sister last night!"

Captain Gordon came up the track swinging Miss Tiny in a basket.

"Well," he said, "is it true?"

Nobody knew, but from all sides the performers came in serious little groups. Tommy the Clown Kid came down the middle of the road from the lot with the gray goose under his arm. He joined them soberly.

"Folks," he said, "the cook-tent is up, but there isn't any breakfast. Something's happened all right!"

It was just one big family waiting to hear what Papa Saunders had to say. A thousand men and women, stars and working men bound together with brother love—and circumstance.

They listened so quietly that Mr. Saunders hardly spoke above his ordinary tone of voice.

The *circus* was *closed!* This morning the lawyer had called in behalf of the heirs of George Melbourne, who had died, to say that, since their deceased relative had been entirely alone in his attachment for and understanding of the circus, his heirs at law had decided immediately to dispose of every part of it—especially the risk and responsibility of continuing it.

"Friends," Mr. Saunders said, his voice husky, "this has come to us like a cloud in a clear sky. It is hard to believe it—when for so many years we have lived and worked together. But it has come, and there is nothing for us to do but bid each other good-by and know the future will care for us all."

As he finished, many crowded around him. Texas somehow had come to be with Joe.

"But Joe," she said wistfully, "we don't know what to do, do we? There isn't going to be any circus to-day, Joe—nor any day! I don't know how I can perform when there isn't any *circus!* And Mama Meg has to have money. Where will Jim's monkey go and—" in sudden alarm—"where will poor *Torchy* go?"

"Jim's got plenty of money," Joe said, "the monkey'll get along all right. All the folks ain't busted, Texas," and then he added thoughtfully, "but none of them can afford to sit down and stop working and us fellers that has only been doin' the common jobs, we ain't got fifty dollars among a hundred of us, I guess. It's funny how quick things happen!"

Aunt Mary bustled up behind them, her peach bonnet in her hand, a starchy shirt-waist and her Sunday gloves on.

"Laws sakes, child!" she exclaimed, giving Texas a little scolding shake. "I've been traipsing over five square miles a-huntin' you down! Didn't you promise me once if a cyclone ever struck, you'd come straight to your Aunt Mary? And if this ain't a cyclone, I never ate pancakes! Well, you ain't very clean—but get up and come along. We're going out in Yazoo City and look for a job!"

Texas hastily stood up and wriggled her frock straight.

"Oh, how nice, Aunt Mary," she exclaimed, "that we're going to have a job! What's the job going to be?"

"Heaven only knows," Mary Johnson replied, arranging her bonnet firmly, "but if we don't hurry it'll be *nothing!* Because inside of an hour and a quarter every job there ever was in this town is goin' to be filled and finished—from assistin' the mayor to sweepin' the streets! It ain't goin' to take Yazoo City long to find out it's been increased by one thousand population—fifteen hundred, in fact, countin' horses, lions and bears. Well, come on! Comin', Joe?"

Joe shook his head.

"No, thanks, Aunt Mary," he said. "Guess I'll start hoofin' it home to Chicago this afternoon, if you're goin' to look after the little one."

He looked up at that little one, and held out his hand.

"Texas," he said, "good-by."

Texas stared at him a minute—then simply flew into his arms, catching him like a vise.

"Why, *Joe!*" she sobbed, the thing coming suddenly home to her, "I *forgot* that everybody will have to go *away* themselves, Joe! And I won't have any ropes and things! Joe, I'll just have to cry and cry and cry, if there isn't any cloud-swing, Joe! Maybe I'd better hoof it *with* you. Maybe we'd find another circus somewhere, where I could have another cloud-swing, Joe."

"Now, young man, why didn't you keep still!" Aunt Mary sputtered. "There's trouble enough to-day without *your* starting up any!"

Joe patted the little shoulder and kissed the golden hair and bit his lip and looked away, to uphold his own dignity before both Aunt Mary and Texas. But it was Gipsy Jean who really straightened things out, hurrying past them.

"Come on, girls," she called back over her shoulder to a forlorn little bunch, "we're going to town and look for a job."

Texas sat up instantly and brushed her hand across her tearful face.

"Don't hoof it until we come back, Joe," she said in a shaky little voice. "Aunt Mary and I have to hurry and look for a job."

AND they *did* look for a job—and so did a thousand other people! By early afternoon the citizens of Yazoo City, Mississippi, were so completely supplied with cooks and waiters, with dry-goods-store clerks and children's nurse-maids that the town had much more help of all kinds than it had population who needed help. But Aunt Mary Johnson and Texas were not among the fortunate. Through a weary round of applications and refusals the two had gone from one shop to another, one house to another, till it seemed there wasn't a person in all Yazoo City they hadn't spoken to.

At five o'clock in the afternoon they met Tommy the Clown Kid in new overalls, spearing scrap papers out of the city park—the gray goose solemnly waddling after him. Aunt Mary's hat was on one side, the starch gone from her shirt-waist. Texas's dress was limp and her hair tangled gold. Tommy sauntered up to them as Aunt Mary dropped on a park bench.

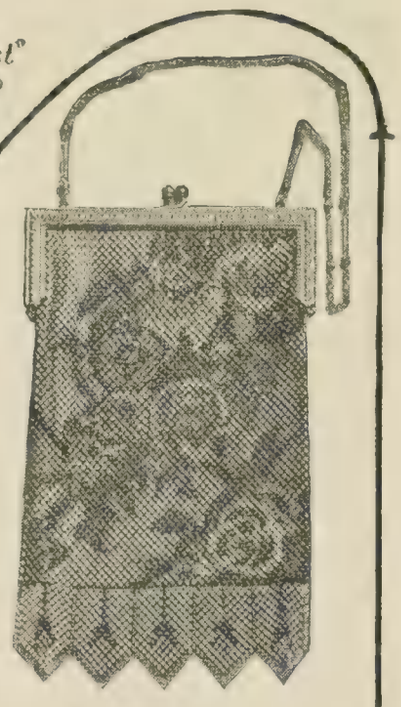
"Aunt Mary, we couldn't spend just a *nickel* to feed the squirrels, could we?" Texas wondered.

"No, indeed!" Aunt Mary informed her emphatically. "A nickel's going to look just the size of a loaf of bread from now on!"

Tommy grinned.

Continued on page 103

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LITTLE TEXAS

Continued from page 102

"Well, Aunt Mary," he remarked, "in fifteen years I never saw you beat before!"

Aunt Mary straightened her bonnet promptly. "Beat! *Who's* beat!" she wanted to know. "Can't a lady rest in the town park? Now that there's such elegant help to keep it going, a customer once a day shouldn't be such a novelty!"

"Lookin' for a job?" Tommy inquired.

"No," Aunt Mary snapped, "we're lookin' for a picture show! Here, Texas, run get a dime's worth of peanuts for the squirrels and some peppermints for yourself."

Texas frolicked away with the money and when she returned Bum Casey was sitting on the bench beside Aunt Mary, Tommy leaning over, listening attentively.

"Well, Texas," Aunt Mary called as the little girl came back around the fountain with the peanuts, "hurry up with your squirrels. We've got to get back and pack up to go to Jackson."

"To *Jackson!*" the little girl exclaimed. "Is the circus going to Jackson?"

"One circus is," Aunt Mary announced. "The Museum of the Metropolis is going to Jackson." She turned to Bum. "*There*—I named it on the instant!" she said. "That sounds *grand*, doesn't it? How big is your tent? We'll put up a trapeze for Texas and I'll sell the tickets and——"

"*Oh*, are we going to have a *show* of our own?" Texas interrupted rapturously. "Just Bum and me and Aunt Mary and Albert?"

Tommy had been listening to all of it.

"Why don't you take Miss Tiny," he suggested. "She doesn't eat much, and the captain went to work for a furniture-mover to-day, so she's the lonesomest thing in town. She could sell picture post-cards."

"That's a bright idea," Aunt Mary agreed, "isn't it, Bum? Come on, Texas. Now, Bum, you get right along down to the cars to be fitted."

A train left that night for Jackson at eleven-thirty, just across the track from the show cars. It was a forlorn picture they left behind them—the cars with their dim lights, their lonely, disheartened occupants.

Aunt Mary didn't try to say good-by—and wisely she kept Texas from trying to say it. Bum had gone on alone with the tent and Albert the elephant—so it was just Aunt Mary and Texas in their Sunday clothes with Miss Tiny between them crying softly against the side of her basket who all alone and very quietly left the beloved circus train, crossed the tracks and boarded the half-past-eleven for Jackson. Aunt Mary with great care held beneath her arm a highly colored sign which one of the show boys had just made for her.

"*The Great Museum of the Metropolis*," it said, in bright green diamond-dusted letters. "*Albert—the dancing, singing elephant with the intelligence of a college professor! Little Texas—the world's child marvel of the air! Miss Tiny—the smallest human being who ever lived! All for one quarter—the sum of twenty-five cents takes you in!*"

Their train pulled slowly out of the station; then, at the edge of the town, it stopped.

"Held up for some elephants," the brakeman said.

Texas cupped her hands around her face against the window. Out in the darkness a procession of elephants was moving along against the night sky—huge, silent things, long swinging steps, just a faint sound down the road of the *pad-pad-pad* of their heavy feet. Trunk to tail, a man and a dim lantern swaying steadily on the head of each, they, too, were leaving the circus behind them.

WHEN The Great Museum of the Metropolis ended its fourth day, Aunt Mary had ninety-nine dollars in her hand-bag and the corporation was elated.

The vacant lot Bum had found was close to town and across from a schoolhouse, which caused much excitement for Texas and the scholars. The second day at recess she was timidly invited across the street and introduced to her first game of pom-pom-pullaway, introduced also to her first experience of having child playmates. At first it was with a little reserve that she joined them in romping and tagging each other, then after one day of it she began to sit by the ticket-stand of The Great Museum of the Metropolis at nine in the morning to count minutes till it was time for the recess—which was of course an advertisement for the show that money couldn't have bought. In the first four days every child in school appeared at some time or another with twenty-five cents each, collected from one to twenty relatives!

Texas longed to take Tiny to play, but Aunt Mary insisted it would be using no "business head" at all. She did, however, allow Albert to be taken across the street to the awe and admiration of the entire student body.

Bum had made a strong little trapeze for Texas—it was by no means a cloud-swing, but she was so graceful and lovely on it as to excite the interest of entire Jackson.

They commenced the show at five. The tent had a board floor and a piano—to operate which Aunt Mary had secured Julia, the young woman next door, at a salary of five tickets a night.

The entire company roomed and boarded with Julia's mother. The "entire company" meant of course the people, plus Albert, to whom, at first, there had been some objection, but who had proved himself such a peaceful occupant of the landlady's empty barn that she was rather beginning to enjoy the novel sensation of looking out of her kitchen windows upon an elephant. Albert had made himself entirely at home in the back-yard, eating bread chummily from the kitchen window-sill and washing it down at the rain-barrel.

TEXAS did not waken the fifth morning of their stay in Jackson until Julia knocked several times at her door.

"It's too bad to wake the child when she's still sleepy," she said, "but it's half-past ten, and I promised to have her up and fed by noon."

Texas was startled from sound sleep by the knock on her door, and Julia found her very warm and rumpled, sitting in the middle of the bed.

"Hello!" Julia greeted her. "You're the sleepiest kid I ever saw! Your school is out for recess already!"

"Oh *is* it?" Texas yawned. "I must hurry!"

"Yes, do," Julia answered. "Get dressed and come down to breakfast. Everybody's through long ago. Here, I'll do your hair."

Texas stood in her nightgown while Julia washed her face and did the curls, and then she promised to hurry—and *did* hurry, too, for in ten minutes Julia's mother heard the hop-hop-skipping of her feet on the stairs.

Her place was set alone at the table. It was very quiet—so quiet the ticking of the clock seemed like little sticks slapping together.

Tiny's basket was always kept on the dining-room window. It was gone.

"Has Aunt Mary taken Tiny somewhere?" the little girl asked.

Julia's mother in the kitchen went on cutting cookies.

"Eat your breakfast, like a good little girl. I'm too busy to talk," she said.

But the quiet, the emptiness of the house gave Texas a queer feeling—a sort of alarm.

Texas left her orange and went into the kitchen.

"Where *is* everybody, Mrs. Stedman?" she asked.

Mrs. Stedman buttoned Texas's dress and handed her a fresh cookie.

"There," she said. "Run along to the front porch and play."

The kitchen window faced the old barn. Texas suddenly saw that the door was standing open. Albert was gone.

She ran to the door. Across the fence was the lot of The Great Museum of the Metropolis. The lot was empty. Just a scar on the grass was left where it had been the day before.

Texas looked up at Mrs. Stedman helplessly—then ran through the dining-room, up the dark narrow stairs to Aunt Mary's room. It was empty. The clothes were gone. The trunk was gone. Every little thing taken from the dresser and table.

Bum's room was next and as empty as Aunt Mary's. Tiny's room next to Texas's was empty, too.

Texas stood in the hall, entirely bewildered—so frightened she couldn't think.

"They've gone and *left* me—gone and *left*

Concluded on page 104



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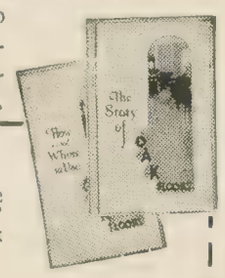
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LITTLE TEXAS

Concluded from page 103

me—gone and *left* me," she said chokingly.

Then she heard Julia coming to her.

"Don't be scared, Lambie," the girl whispered and kissed her. "Somebody down on the front porch has been waiting for you a long while."

JULIA led her down-stairs and pushed open the front door. Mr. Fitzgerald was sitting in the porch chair—a long shining limousine and chauffeur at the door. He stood up to greet her.

"It's a lovely morning to ride, Texas," he said. "We should have started earlier."

"Why, where are we going?" she asked faintly. Everything was so strange—so puzzling.

"I have something to show you," he said.

"But nobody's *here*," she faltered. "Where have they *gone?*"

"If you want to find them," he smiled, "we'll just start out and travel till we do."

So Texas, very tiny in the far corner of the big seat of the limousine—her hands in her lap, her eyes wide and wondering—rode through miles and miles of country—by the hill roads and rivers of Mississippi, past sunny farms and sleepy cotton-fields, through little towns and past low, lovely mansions—with that tall old man who watched her so searchingly.

They stopped at a wayside vine-covered inn for lunch, where they ate on a porch at a little round table and aroused the attention and curiosity of every one—this distinguished-looking old man and the flowerlike child.

Then they rode all afternoon until, when the sun was turning into long shadows, they came into a town that Texas vaguely seemed to have seen before.

Her grandfather smiled quietly as she sat straighter in her seat, looked out of the windows and watched everything eagerly.

"Why, isn't this the *sneezy* town, Mr. Fitzgerald?" she said after ten minutes driving through it, "isn't this Yazoo City, Mississippi? Why—why, *listen*—there's a calliope!"

She was standing up now, clinging to the open window, her curls flying out in the wind.

"Why—the *circus* is up. It's the *circus*. It's *here!*" she cried. "The tents are all *up*, and the band's *playing!* Why, *look!*"

She could hardly say the words—she was laughing—crying—talking all at once. They could hear the matinée crowd cheering the closing Roman races. The limousine made its way around the big top to the back door—and the first thing Texas saw were Bum and Albert, lounging in the shade—Aunt Mary, shaking out a red coat, hanging it on a guy line in the sun.

The car had scarcely stopped before every one knew little Texas was there—and such a spilling out there was, from dressing-tent and pad-room. She hadn't time to get to the ground before she was completely surrounded. It was the turn of the *others* for tears and laughter then—for words that almost couldn't be said. Mr. Fitzgerald stood watching. Jim's monkey, from Jim's arms, unconventionally walked over the heads and shoulders of everybody and settled down in Texas's arms. Torchy, his crooked little face turned adoringly to hers, took her hand and kissed her fingers.

"But what *happened?*" she managed to ask at last. "How can we come *back* again when they took everything to pieces?"

Then somehow the attention of all the little crowd turned from Texas to the tall old gentleman behind her—and they seemed to look for her answer from him.

Texas, too, looked questioningly up at him—waiting for something—she didn't know what.

"The circus was for sale—so I bought it," he told her, smiling a little stiffly. "That's all. The Great Melbourne Circus belongs to Kingsley Fitzgerald."

"To you!" the child exclaimed.

"No," he smiled. "To *you*. Perhaps you forget that *you* are Kingsley Fitzgerald."

Mrs. Becker was making white cake with pink candy.

Becker was busy dressing the table with smilax!

John had made every corner a bower of flowers. Joy breathing in old walls that had so long known only somberness and silence made the hour and the day and the world very close to Heaven. The little heiress of Fitzgerald Mansion was coming home.

Her mother, glad and young and sweet, was roaming from room to room—too anxious to sit still—too happy.

In the rose-and-white room everything was ready—the doll, the poodle, an exquisite filmy frock, Miss Kent—and below the window the little boat was rocking gently on the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Fobes sat together on the veranda, starting at every sound that might be wheels on the drive. Mr. Fitzgerald only—wasn't there.

He had said he wanted Texas to see her *mother* first—that she might better feel it was *their* home, *not his*, for he knew that to her he still was a stranger.

Texas had finished the season with the circus, but lately she too had begun counting weeks and days and hours for this—and at last to count minutes—ten, five, three, one. St. Louis! The waiting porter. The waiting car. People watching and whispering that this was Kingsley Fitzgerald's grandchild—the heiress to the Mansion.

And at last came the moment when little Texas rolled up that linden drive—when she held her breath with the beauty of it all, and the sight of her mother running across the lawn, arms outstretched to meet her. Mrs. Sunny—Mr. Fobes. Smiling Miss Kent—the room for a princess—a happy cuddling of the beautiful doll. Ecstasies over the poodle—the lake—the boat.

A bath, fresh curls, a great soft hair bow, the filmy dress, a beautiful tiny string of pearls——

Meg sat smilingly by and watched Miss Kent dress her little girl—a little heiress now.

"Sugarplum," she said, "do you know Mr. Fobes just makes gray hairs for himself wondering what that special reason was you found for picking him out to sit by in the boarding-house that morning? I wish you'd tell him."

Texas was thoughtful.

"Well, mother, if you think I *ought* to," she said.

"Yes," Meg told her, "whatever it is, I think he really ought to know."

When they went down-stairs, there was first a long silent moment before her father's picture—then the kitchen, Mrs. Becker's apple-cheeks shining with tears—and then the radiant little girl remembered Mr. Fitzgerald.

"He's on the lawn," her mother told her. "He wants you to come out when you're ready."

Texas stopped for a minute on the porch where Mr. and Mrs. Fobes were still sitting hand in hand.

"Mr. Fobes," she said, "mother wanted me to tell you the reason I felt such friends with you even before I really *knew* you, Mr. Fobes. You know, I was so lonesome for my friends that day—and when I saw you, you reminded me just exactly of Jim's big monkey—and he almost was the very friendliest friend I ever had—so when I saw you I wasn't lonesome at all, Mr. Fobes, and I wish there were a hundred people instead of just two, like you and Jim's monkey."

FIVE minutes later, in the warm fragrant sunshine, Mr. Fitzgerald saw her coming across the lawn—the gauzy dress blowing softly about her, Mishmer strutting beside, her hand stroking his neck, his tail spreading proudly.

Then Texas saw Mr. Fitzgerald, too—tall and straight—waiting for her. She saw a little bucket of something in his hand, and then—like the comedy mask on the velvet curtain of drama—her eager eyes discovered beside the conservatory on the sweep of velvet lawn, with the background of silver lake and snow-white swans, a dozen Plymouth Rock chickens sedately pecking the food he had thrown them. And bright as the scarlet wattles of the solemn old rooster, Texas saw underneath Mr. Fitzgerald's solemn chin—a red necktie.

"Oh," she said faintly, "oh, *dear!*"

Then with a wild rush she pelted into his arms. "Grandad, you old scamp," she quavered, "give Texas a kiss."

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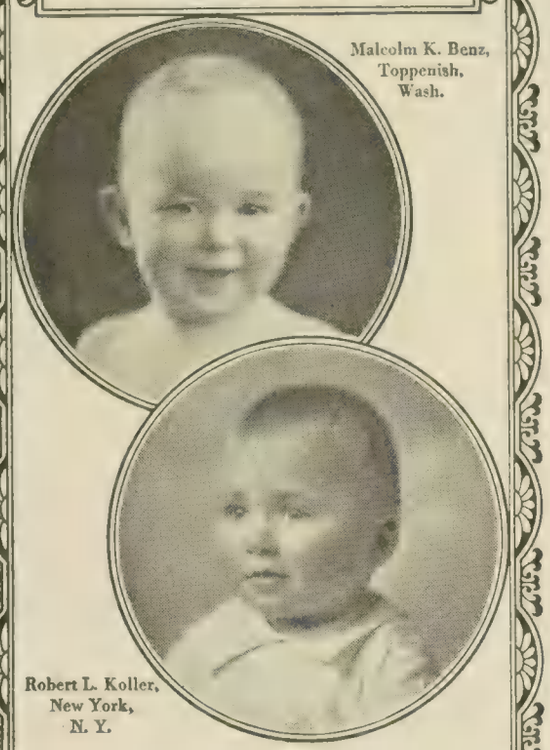
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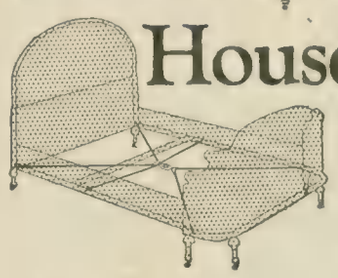
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ACCEPTED BY THE LIGHT

Concluded from page 22

not to rub, just a little circular working-in motion; leave it on for ten or twenty minutes, wipe off with a tissue whatever is not absorbed and you are like velvet.

Then you can use that cream we have talked about before. It is all made of eggs and orange-juice and lemon and more mysterious things than those; it looks like orange filling for a cake, and every baby tries to eat it on sight. Cleanse as always, wipe off the cream, and spread on the "orange filling." Now, if you like, you can take your hot, relaxing bath, twenty minutes or half an hour; then wipe off, pat with absorbent pad of cold tonic or run ice swiftly over the face.

A RATHER more strenuous and very effective treatment is one in which you spread on, always after cleansing, a circulation ointment, one of those dark, pungent creams that sting "like a white-hot brand" when you put it on, that keeps on stinging until the blood rises into your face redder than any blush of shame ever was. Then put on more cleansing-cream right on top of the ointment so that it will come off easily; wipe off, put on a good skin food, climb into your tub for the relaxing bath. Run ice swiftly over the face, and after the bath wipe off the food. You must take this treatment a good half-hour before going out, as the redness does not leave the face at once. Give it time to ebb before you make up. This is a specially good treatment for daytime emergency needs, as it extracts the yellow undertone and leaves the skin pinker. It tightens and firms tissues and revivifies color.

Then, there's a jolly, good-smelling mask, not so messy as most masks. You make a paste of it, with water, spread it on, up and out. Let it dry, take it off with cold water and a face-cloth, put on a skin food, wipe this off, and run ice over the face. A much firmer, cleaner, newer look results.

The hot bath can be taken when you use any of the creams, but for the masks it is better just to lie down, chin up, corners of mouth uptilted, eyes released by happy, comforting thoughts. Then take your bath afterward with the skin food on your face. There is an emergency treatment for eyes that is beautifully comforting. It's in the form of little packs of herbs which you dip in hot water and lay across the eyes, repeating this again and again. Then rest a bit of ice on the eyes for a moment. And pat under them with a special astringent for eyes.

THE only really good emergency treatment for hair that we could find comes with a little green cap on its head. It takes out the oil and rejuvenates the hair and is better than a powder shampoo. But it is better to use it two or three hours before the occasion when you want your hair to look its very best. This treatment consists of a cleansing-tonic that you put on with a bit of cotton until the hair is quite wet all over the scalp. Then take your bath, and when you get out rub the hair with a towel as if you had washed it. Brush. An hour or two later it is almost as fluffy and glad-to-be alive as if it had had a shampoo.

To be utterly accepted from all sides by the light should be one of the dreams of every Eve of us. It doesn't come all in a moment—few dreams come true all at once. But next in value to the capacity to dream and the courage to follow that dream and try to make it come true is the ability to pick yourself up after a fall, to get up again when you've been knocked down and go on. Most things lose a little of beauty as they merge out of dreams into form and actuality—whether it's a statue or a new government or a perfect make-up or love—but never mind, dream again. And again. And higher and more daringly. And then some day you will get there, and dreams will come true in all their perfection, and not only you yourself but life will be accepted by the light from all sides.

Reduce Your Weight *this new scientific way!*

Don't starve yourself to be slim! Don't torture yourself with hard, tiring exercises. Don't ruin your stomach with dangerous drugs. Here is the simple and pleasant new way to reduce 20, 30, 40 pounds, or more

Weight control now made easy! 2 things necessary —ask for them!

DON'T starve yourself and tire yourself with strenuous exercises in order to reduce weight. Don't poison yourself with internal drugs which ruin your stomach if they do not injure you more seriously.

A new scientific System of Weight Control teaches you how to take off 20, 30, 40 pounds, or more, so easily and pleasantly that you'll be surprised and delighted.

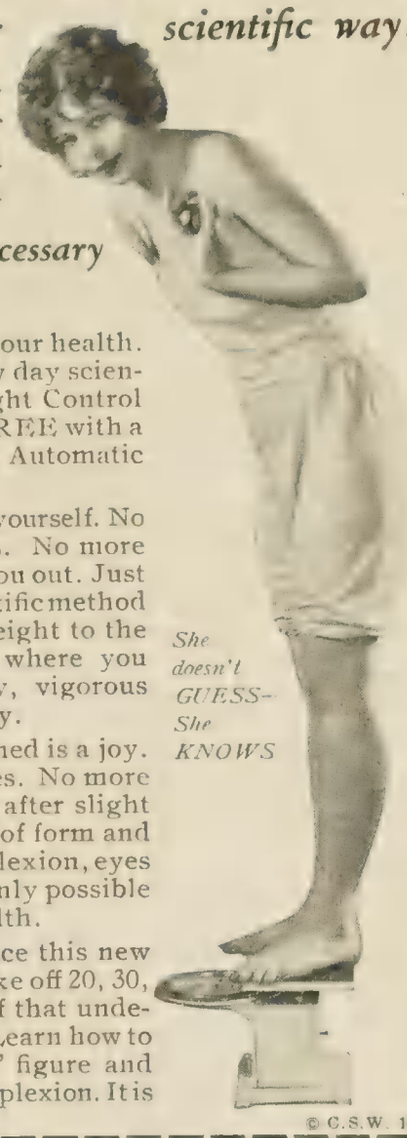
One important secret of weight control is know your weight. A HEALTH-O-METER Automatic Bathroom Scale is the greatest aid in reducing and in keeping slim. Casually weighing yourself on unreliable public scales isn't enough. *You must know your weight*—your real weight, not the weight you guess at by guessing how much your clothing weighs and how much the scale may be incorrect. A HEALTH-O-METER scale in your bathroom, where you can weigh yourself every day, without clothing, gives you accurate, reliable, positive *knowledge* about your weight.

Your weight is not only important to your appearance, but vitally important to your health. So we offer you a new day scientific System of Weight Control which we give you FREE with a HEALTH-O-METER Automatic Bathroom Scales.

No more drugging yourself. No more starvation diets. No more exercises that wear you out. Just an easy, simple, scientific method for reducing your weight to the desirable condition where you are normal, healthy, vigorous and physically lovely.

Slenderness regained is a joy. No more tight clothes. No more puffing and panting after slight exertion. But grace of form and beauty of skin, complexion, eyes and hair which are only possible when in perfect health.

Learn how to reduce this new easy way. How to take off 20, 30, 40 pounds or more of that undesirable overweight. Learn how to regain that "boyish" figure and that "schoolgirl" complexion. It is easy to be happy and beautiful this new way.



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

6349—The French air of this slip-over frock comes partly from the pointed outline in which the skirt is attached and partly from the circular cut of this two-piece skirt. Use satin Canton, etc. Lower edge 2½ yards.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (skirt cut crosswise to avoid piecing).

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6268—**6337**—The slip-over jumper or blouse of silk broadcloth, etc., and the two-piece skirt of twills, worsteds, etc., make a smart ensemble with a coat to match the skirt. The skirt is attached to an outside belt or to a camisole body. Lower edge 44 inches.

34 bust and 17 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse and 1 yard 54-inch novelty weave for skirt.

The blouse is for 32 to 44 bust; skirt for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6308—A colorful dress that is nice for school or college is made of light-weight plaid or striped flannel and worn with white linen collar and cuffs. Or use light-weight wool jersey, etc., for this one-piece slip-over frock with straight lower edge. Lower edge 45 ins.

16 years requires 2 yards 54-inch wool plaid.

It is for misses 15 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust.

6328—These loose panels are trimmed with triangles of silver ribbon and attached at the hipline of a one-piece slip-over dress made of Georgette, crêpe Roma or crêpe de Chine. Or use crêpe satin, Canton crêpe or satin faille, etc. The lower edge is straight.

17 years requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6324—The mannish-style coat is used in Paris with a matching skirt and a silk blouse, or with a matching silk dress, for a new ensemble costume called the redingote. The coat may be made of tweeds or mannish suitings.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards 48-inch novelty weave. Lower edge 51½ inches.

The coat is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

6245—**6359**—A soft frock is this with its pretty jabot. The two-piece circular skirt is attached at the low waistline. Use Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma, etc., for this slip-over dress, with satin, etc., for the six-gored-crown hat.

16 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine (skirt cut crosswise) and ⅞ yard 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; hat for misses and ladies.

6330—This enchanting frock with a circular flounce may have a day neck and a short sleeve instead of a cut-down armhole. Use Georgette or crêpe de Chine, plain or printed, or crêpe Roma for this one-piece slip-over dress. For day wear use crêpe satin, etc.

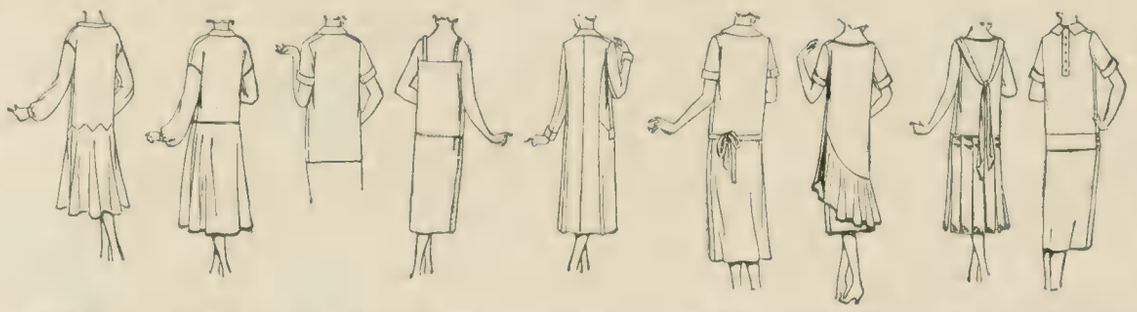
16 years requires 3 yards 40-inch printed Georgette. Lower edge 42½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years.

6281—A practical one-piece slip-over dress with a great deal of style is made in a two-piece effect with an inverted plait set in the center front. It fits closely at the hipline and the lower edge is straight. Use plain flannels, etc. It may have an open-neck collar.

17 years requires 4¼ yards 27-inch plain flannel. Lower edge 50 inches.

It is for misses 15 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust.



6349 6245 6268 6337 6324 6308 6330 6328 6281

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

6306—A new sleeve distinguishes this one-piece dress which fits closely at the hipline. The lower edge is straight and the dress slips on over the head. Use twills, worsteds, cashmere or wool crêpe with plaid silk or contrasting crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, etc.

16 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch twill, ¾ yard 35-inch plaid silk. Lower edge 42 ins.

It is for misses 15 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust.

6302—The flared coat is popular for the new ensemble costume. This one puts its circular flare across the back and keeps the front straight. Use short-nap coatings, cashmere coatings, suède-finished coatings, velours, kasha duvetyn, kasha, broadcloth or smooth-faced plain coatings, etc.

18 years requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch cashmere coating. Lower edge 2 yards.

The coat is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38 to 44 bust.

6303—This straight-line coat with a dress to match its lining makes a very smart general wear ensemble. Use tweeds, cashmere cheviots, novelty weaves or camel's-hair, with plain or plaid twill flannel for lining. The lower edge is straight.

34 bust or 17 years requires 3 yards 54-inch wool plaid. Lower edge 44 inches.

The coat is for misses 16 to 18 years, ladies 33 to 52 bust.

6275—**10342**—A lovely afternoon frock has a circular flounce across the front. The embroidery is decorative. Work in self-color. This one-piece slip-over frock fits closely at the hipline. Lower edge 43½ inches.

35 bust or 18 years requires 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (flounce cut crosswise to avoid piecing) and 1 yard 39-inch chiffon.

It is for misses 33 to 35 bust or 16 to 18 years, also ladies.

6322—The bolero front of this slip-over dress makes it appealingly youthful. The one-piece back has an inverted plait down its center. Use tweeds, worsteds, cashmere, wool crêpe, kasha, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge, plaits out, 56 inches.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch cashmere and ⅞ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6299—The circular flare attached across the back makes this one-piece slip-over frock particularly chic with the new back-flared coat. The front fits closely at the hipline. Make it of crêpe satin, satin Canton, plain satin, satin faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or surah, etc.

18 years requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 43½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also ladies 38 to 44 bust.

6310—With two box plaits in front and one in back this slip-over one-piece dress makes a bid for chic. It has a two-seam long sleeve or a one-seam short sleeve and a straight lower edge. Use twills, worsteds, cashmere, serge, wool crêpe, camel's-hair twills or checks, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 59 ins.

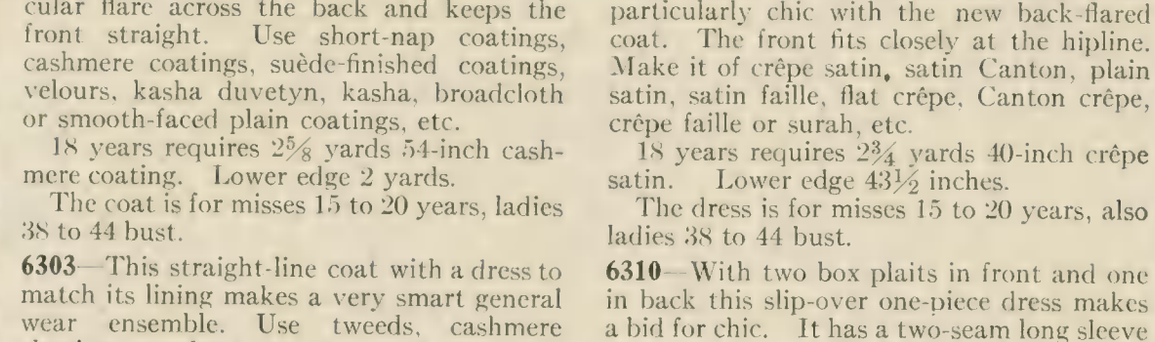
17 years requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch kasha.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6298—The new and graceful coat with a circular flare across the front makes a rather more formal type of ensemble with a front-flared silk dress to match its lining. Use short-nap coatings, cashmere coatings, suède-finished coatings, velours, kasha duvetyn, broadcloth, smooth-faced plain coatings, etc.

18 years requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha.

The coat is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38 to 44 bust.



6306 6322 6303 6310 6275 6298



$100,000
For better face powder

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I will place a $100,000 order with anyone who can produce a face powder better than mine. My scientific advisers to be the deciders.

For years and years I paid $5 per box for my powder. I had it made to my order. We on the stage and in Movieland are careful of our looks. And we are extravagant.

Then I offered my chief beauty helps to all. I placed them with toilet counters everywhere. Multitudes of women adopted them, then they asked me what powders I employed.

I could not tell them. Few women, outside my stage friends, would pay the price I paid. But I finally induced the makers to supply this same powder in quantities. I offered to buy a million boxes if powders like mine could be sold at modest prices.

As a result, my identical powders are now at your command. All toilet counters now supply them in my name. There are two kinds. One is a cold cream powder which clings and stays. I prefer that. But I have the same powders made light and fluffy for women who wish this type. The prices are 50c and $1. Both come in white, flesh and brunette and peach.

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Before retiring, cleanse and pat briskly all over the face and firmly under the chin DOROTHY GRAY'S TISSUE CREAM, $1, $1.75.

In the morning, pat into the skin till absorbed a small amount of DOROTHY GRAY'S RUSSIAN ASTRINGENT CREAM, $3.

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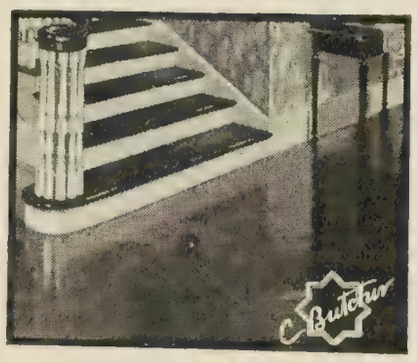
In the morning, pat into the skin till absorbed a small amount of DOROTHY GRAY'S RUSSIAN ASTRINGENT CREAM, $3.

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

6339—6331—A slip-over blouse with original pockets is worn with a two-piece skirt which may be attached to a camisole body or to an outside belt. The top of the belt comes just above the hipbone. Use silk crêpe, crêpe satin, radium, etc., with a skirt of men's-wear suitings, twills, worsteds, kasha, camel's-hair twill, etc. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards of 39-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse and 1⅛ yards 54-inch material for skirt.

The blouse is for 32 to 44 bust; skirt for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

6300—This mannish-style coat may be used for the new redingote ensemble when accompanied by a matching shirt and blouse or by a matching silk frock or by both. It is also an excellent style for a separate coat. It is double breasted and has a slightly fitted effect. Make it of tweed or mannish suitings. Lower edge 53 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch tweed.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6316—A smart dress for silks has interesting plaited sections inserted at the sides and side front. There is also an inverted plait at the back. Make this one-piece slip-over dress of crêpe satin, satin Canton or satin faille with contrasting silk crêpe; or use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. The lower edge is straight.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge, plaits out, 2 yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6304—6296—For a sports-type ensemble make this slip-over dress of the plaid that lines this straight-line coat with its plait at each side of its lower front. Use cashmere cheviots, novelty weaves, camel's-hair, etc., with plaid for lining and for dress, or make the dress of flannel, kasha, etc. The one-piece dress fits the hipline closely and has straight lower edge. Lower edge of coat 47 inches; of dress 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch tweed for coat, with 2½ yards 54-inch plaid for lining and 2⅛ yards 54-inch plaid for dress.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; coat for ladies 33 to 52 bust, also misses 16 to 18 years.

6358—A mannish-style coat-dress makes a smart half of a very chic ensemble costume. It may be made without the band trimming and it may have a lining in the upper part and sleeve if desired. Use mannish weaves, mixtures, kasha, camel's-hair twills, novelty weaves or checks with harmonizing velvet collar or all of one material; or use tweeds or homespun, etc. Lower edge 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch novelty wool.

The coat-dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6361—The coat with the dress described above makes a smart ensemble costume. The front is flared. It may be made without the band trimming. Use velours, smooth-faced coatings, broadcloth, kasha, kasha duvetyn, camel's-hair, novelty weaves, suède-finished coatings, cashmere cheviots, short-nap coatings, tweeds, etc., or use satin and line it with kashà or a similar material for warmth.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch novelty wool. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



6331 6339 6300 6316

6304 6296 6358 6361

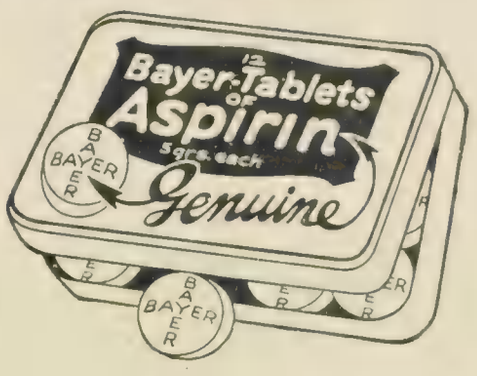
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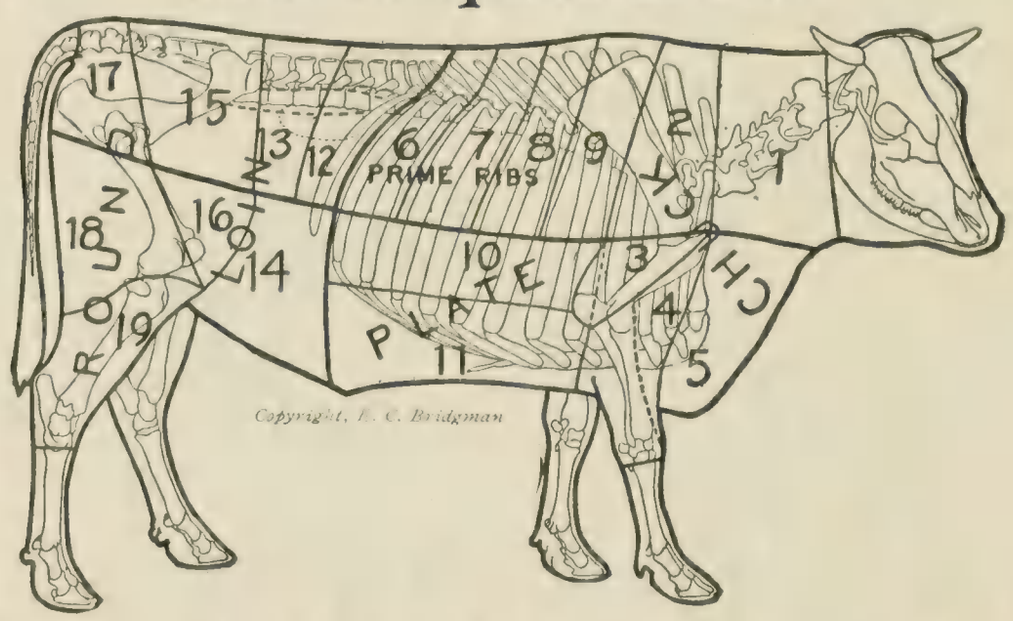
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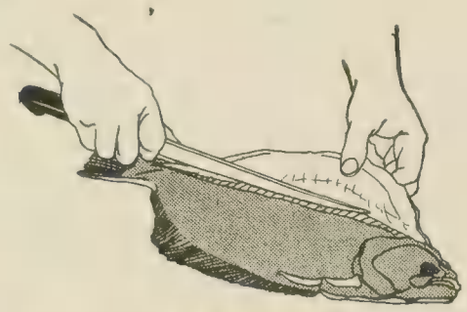
Every Housewife Should Make His Acquaintance



He is sectioned off and numbered so that she can tell at a glance where the nineteen different cuts of beef come from. Beef, lamb, pork—all of them are sectioned off in The New Butterick Cook Book, and the various uses and characteristics of each cut are also given. Do you know, for instance, that a clod of beef makes excellent pot-roast, braised beef and casserole dishes? Or that a shoulder of pork is delicious when stuffed and roasted? You can buy less expensive cuts and have excellent results if you follow The New Butterick Cook Book—the great new kind of cook book that gives you not only delicious menus and recipes, but also tells you all about food, how to buy it, carve it, serve it, etc., etc.

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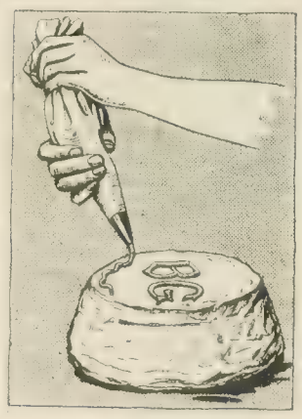


Setting the Table for a Formal Luncheon



Pictures in The New Butterick Cook Book also show you how to set the table for breakfast, a formal dinner party, trays for invalids, iced drinks, etc. You are told how to place dishes, pass food, serve in Russian and in English style.

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

6350—Quite different is a slip-over dress that attaches its front apron in an unusual outline and has plaits at the center and side back. Use crêpe faille, crêpe satin, satin Canton, satin faille, flat crêpe or Canton crêpe with facings of collar and tie ends of grosgrain ribbon, etc. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1⅞ yard.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6302—A new coat puts the circular flare across the back. This coat, with the dress shown at its left for general wear and the frock at its right for more formal use, makes a very complete ensemble suit for any daytime occasion. Make the coat of short-nap coatings, cashmere coatings, kasha duvetyn, kasha broadcloth, smooth-faced plain coatings, etc., or use plain ribbed silk with kasha for lining, etc. Lower edge 2 yards.

19 years or 36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch suède-finished coating.

The coat is for ladies 38 to 44 bust, misses 15 to 20 years.

6332—This slip-over dress makes a lovely second frock for an ensemble suit. It should match the lining of the coat. The circular flounce of deeply curved outline lengthens the one-piece upper part. Use broché crêpe faille or broché crêpe satin with plain to match; crêpe satin, satin Canton, plain satin or satin faille with contrasting silk crêpe; Canton crêpe, flat crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 2¼ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. (Flounce cut crosswise to avoid piecing.)

The dress is charming for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6312—Twills, worsteds, cashmere, wool crêpe, kasha or camel's-hair twills with heavy silk crêpe in a contrasting color makes this one-piece dress with a long vest front. It slips on over the head and has an inverted plait at the back. The lower edge is straight. Serge with satin to harmonize may also be used or satin with a contrasting heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards of 54-inch twill and 1½ yard 35 or 39 inch contrasting material.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6320—The vestee worn with this smart one-piece dress is separate and made on a lining. The dress slips on over the head and there is a plaited section inserted at each side. Use twills or worsteds with contrasting faille silk or silk crêpe; or use cashmere, wool crêpe, light-weight kasha or camel's-hair twill with silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine in contrast; or use crêpe satin, satin Canton, etc. The lower edge is straight and the cuffs are detachable.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch twill and ½ yard 35 or 39 inch contrasting material. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 2¼ yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

6326—The center-front inverted plait makes its first appearance combined with a flare. The lower part of this slip-over dress is attached in a fancy outline and has a plait at the center front and each side back. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, satin faille or heavy crêpe de Chine, all of one material or with the same material in contrast. It may have a body lining. Lower edge with plaits out 2⅜ yards.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.


6350

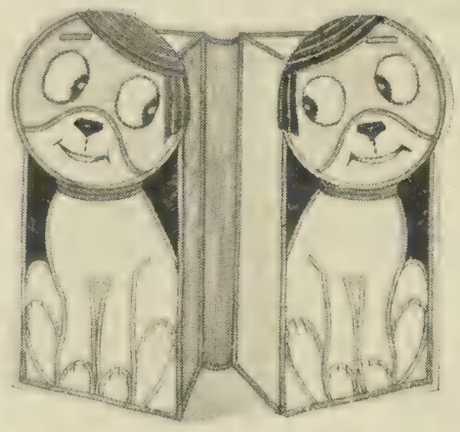

6302


6332


6312


6320


6326



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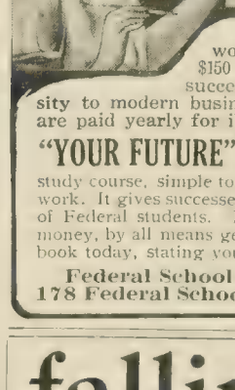
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

6321—6246—A bolero front, a one-piece back and a tucked or gathered vest front make this slip-over frock. Use serge, flannel, etc. The tam-o'-shanter is gored.

12 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch soft twill and ⅞ yard 35-inch plaid silk for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; tam for girls, children, misses, ladies.

6329—6188—A bolero effect is given to this slip-over one-piece dress by bands. The tam-o'-shanter may be plaited or gathered.

7 years and 20-inch head measure require 1½ yard 39-inch wool crêpe for dress, with ⅜ yard 36-inch silk for tam.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years old; tam for girls, children, misses and ladies.

6311—5212—A little smocked slip-over dress has a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. The hat has hand-made rosebuds.

4 years and 19¾-inch head measure require 2¼ yards 32-inch chambray and ½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; hat for girls 2 to 12.

6288—6323—A smart little ensemble costume puts this slip-over dress and separate bloomers with the coat shown beside it. The hat has a six-gored crown.

4 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch lightweight flannel for dress.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; hat for little girls and tiny boys 2 to 8 years.

6335—6327—As an ensemble costume, this coat with its circular flare attached across its back is excellent with the dress shown beside it. The hat has a six-gored crown.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch soft pile fabric for coat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; hat for girls 2 to 12.

6317—6323—A six-gored-crown hat is smart with a single-breasted overcoat. The collar is convertible. Use homespun, tweeds, etc.

2 years and 18¾-inch head measure require 1¼ yards 44-inch wool material for coat; ½ yard 27-inch flannel for hat.

The coat is for little boys 2 to 7 years; hat for little girls and tiny boys 2 to 8.

6280—6188—A raglan-style coat that flares a bit is double breasted. It is shown here as part of a smart ensemble. The gathered tam-o'-shanter may be plaited.

7 years takes 1⅜ yd. 54-in. tweed for coat.

The coat is for little girls 1 to 7 years; tam-o'-shanter for girls, children, misses and ladies.

6307—5557—The long upper part of this slip-over dress has a straight lower edge and is lengthened by a straight band. The hat has a four-gored crown.

8 years requires 1⅛ yard 35-inch crêpe de Chine for dress, with 1 yard 35-inch crêpe de Chine for yoke and bands.

Dress for girls 6 to 10; hat for girls 2 to 12.

6292—6323—Chinchilla, tweed, etc., make a smart little brother-and-sister coat to wear with a six-gored-crown hat. It is shown here as part of a tiny ensemble costume.

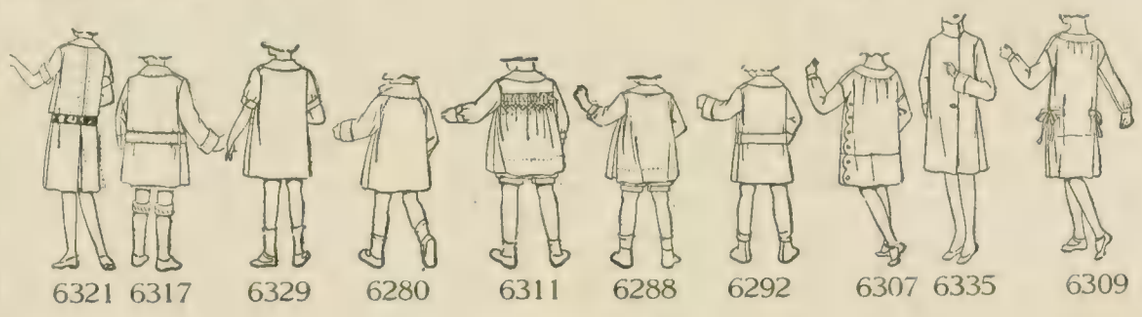
4 years requires 1½ yard 44-inch wool material for coat.

The coat is for girls and small boys 1 to 7 years; hat for little girls and tiny boys 2 to 8.

6309—6327—A straight band lengthens the long upper part of this slip-over dress. With the coat beside it, it makes a smart ensemble costume. The hat has a six-gored crown.

12 years requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch silk crêpe, with ⅝ yard 54-inch cloth for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; hat for girls 2 to 12.



6321 6317 6329 6280 6311 6288 6292 6307 6335 6309

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

6315—A skirt of two circular flounces is very attractive when one is very young. Make this slip-over one-piece dress of Georgette, taffeta or radium with ribbon girdle, etc. The fabric flower is hand made.

13 years requires 3¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

It is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6345—5952—Cashmere cheviots, novelty weaves, camel's-hair or homespun with plaid lining makes this straight-line coat with a plait at the lower part of the front. The hat with a six-gored crown is made of flannel, etc.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch tweed for coat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; hat for girls, misses and ladies.

6341—The circular flare takes a new position on a slip-over dress when it appears across the sides. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, plain taffeta or radium; or use plain or checked soft twills or checked taffeta with plain.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch flat crêpe.

It is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6333—This dress has two slashes—one for a pocket, one to run a tab through. It is of the one-piece type and slips on over the head. Use stripes in twills, wool crêpe, serge, etc.

12 years requires 2⅞ yards 27-inch striped flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6325—An adorable little suit is this one consisting of a waist and straight trousers. Make it of chambray, poplin, linen-finished cottons, madras, piqué or wool jersey; or use cotton rep in two colors, etc.

4 years requires 1¼ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

6347—6246—The schoolgirl will like this smart slip-over dress with two-piece circular skirt attached to a long body, and she finds the gored tam-o'-shanter chic.

12 years requires 2 yards 48-inch soft twill for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; tam for girls, children, misses, ladies.

6319—6327—Soft pile fabrics, cashmere coatings, broadcloth, kasha, camel's-hair twill, velveteen or velours makes this coat. A circular flare is attached across the front. The hat has a six-gored crown.

13 years requires 3⅜ yards 35-inch velveteen for coat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

6343—A sweet little slip-over dress for a sweet little girl! The lower edge is straight and the bloomers are separate. Use check gingham, cotton broadcloth, silk or cotton pongee, chambray, etc.

5 years requires 2¾ yards 32-inch line-check gingham.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

6357—The boy with the jack-o'-lantern wears a suit made up of a slip-over blouse and one-piece trousers. Use wool jersey, serge, silk-and-cotton jersey, poplin, chambray, rep, madras, etc.

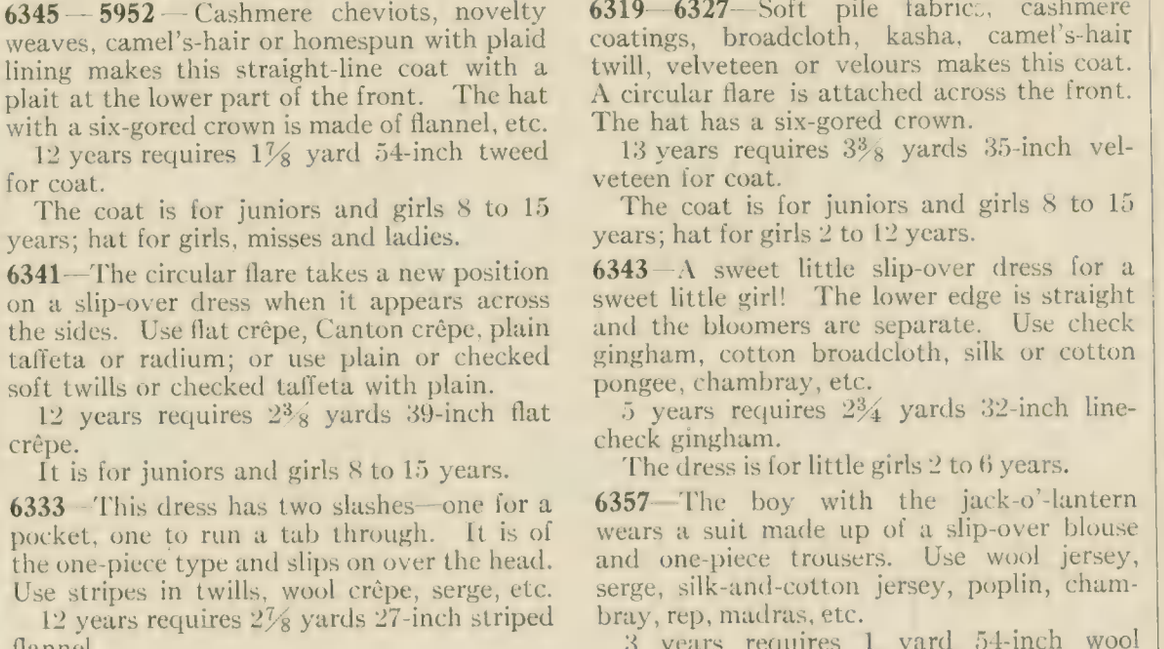
3 years requires 1 yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 7 years.

6313—When one is seven one hopes for a party dress with hand-made roses. Use silk or cotton Georgette, net, etc., for this one-piece slip-over frock with straight lower edge.

7 years requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for girls 4 to 12 years.

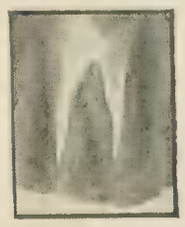


6315 6347 6345 6319 6341 6343 6333 6357 6325 6313



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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

A Welcome To Newcomers

Our experience in former years leads us to expect that the next few weeks, the period just before Winter sets in, will bring us more new readers than for any similar space of time in the course of the year. Our new friends should know THE DELINEATOR is primarily a service magazine. Here and there throughout each issue are offerings of information and equipment to be had from our editorial department heads and their expert advisers. Thousands of letters from grateful women testify to the value of this service; similar satisfaction is yours for the asking.

A letter from an American resident of Vienna, Austria, reminded us of our intention to publish occasional excerpts from readers' comments. This particular correspondent tells us we can't possibly appreciate the value of THE DELINEATOR to an American in a foreign country, where the fashion periodicals are impossible because they picture children dressed as nearly as possible like their elders! "Furthermore," she writes, "patterns for children are unsightly and foolish because they are all made for *skinny* children."

Another letter with a foreign background is worth quoting in full because it is a measure of the extent of the magazine's influence. It comes from Vancouver, B. C. "THE DELINEATOR is a magazine I really love, and though I can not claim as long a friendship with it as many of your readers can, I have been at least a persistent follower since I discovered it. That was in Glasgow some years ago, when I enjoyed its stories, then in France for over two years during the war when my sister used to send it over to me. Later I came to Winnipeg with a girl friend, and though we had rather a struggle at first we usually managed to scrape up enough to get our DELINEATOR every month. We had to make all our own clothes, so to the stories were added the fashions and patterns. Now I am a wife and mother, and there isn't an article I miss in the whole magazine. All the columns pertaining to the house and children have been a wonderful help as well as being very interesting. I do not know of any other magazine that gets just that intimate personal touch which you succeed in getting. All your contributors seem to have it, so that one feels as though one were thanking one person who understood you and was helping you out."—C. G. L.

Here's one from a real old friend in St. Stephens, Alabama:

"You are giving the world one of its finest and best journals. I've been a subscriber off and on ever since its existence when it was a little tan-colored paper-back pamphlet—maybe two dozen leaves. Behold it now! So you see we've grown old together. My daughter, or several of them, have it come in their homes. We all feel everything is due you each one—everything that is good, useful and beautiful—for its editing."—J. B. R.

From Vernonia, Oregon:

"This is almost a personal thank you, for I surely have a very personal feeling for THE DELINEATOR, having read it almost constantly for many years—about thirty or more. Even before I had a home of my own, my mother used to take it, and we feel that we could not get along without it. But my reason for writing this letter is to thank you for the short story in the last (April) issue entitled "Good Sports," so interesting, so human and so wholesome. If we might have such stories and such people, the highly colored and questionable triangle and the shady tragedies would lose their interest and their influence, and people might try harder to solve their real and imaginary problems in such a different and decent way. Again thanking you for the pleasure I get from our DELINEATOR."—MRS. F. R.

From Kingman, Indiana:

"I am writing this to say that THE DELINEATOR has been received regularly in our home since October 1879, first by my mother, now ninety years old, and in later years by myself. We have now the October number 1879—a very different magazine from the one now published."—A. M. H.

From Auburn, Alabama:

"May your stories ever hold their quality and wholesome cleanliness."—MRS. W. G. B.

From Washington, D. C.:

"All good wishes for THE DELINEATOR. For nearly fifty years I have considered it a Beacon Light to Woman."—MRS. I. J. K.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—Join one or more of THE DELINEATOR Happy Child Clubs. Every month Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, Director of The Happy Child Department, writes you a timely letter. He takes your child step by step through the year, tells you what to do each month.

There are four clubs, one for expectant mothers, one for the "new baby," a third for little runabouts, and one for the school child.

Membership in any one is only fifty cents a year. Or you can join all four for one dollar.

Send for one or all of the important Child Health pamphlets. They cost only ten cents each and treat the following subjects: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding," "Diet Problems of Childhood," "Early Childhood," "The Child's Teeth," "The School Child," "The Mental Health of the Child," "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood," "Play, Eyes and Movies," "Correct Posture," "The Development of Personality," "Widespread and Dangerous Diseases," and "Weight, Growth and Health."

Are you getting ready for the new baby? Our Pattern Department has just issued an up-to-date collection of layette patterns. These have been prepared under the direction of several State and municipal maternity and nursing organizations.

The whole group of patterns—a complete outfit for the baby, with the Deltor, containing full directions—can be procured for thirty-five cents from any Butterick pattern dealer or by writing to the Pattern Department of THE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.

Home-Making—This department has a score of leaflets that will help you to systematize, simplify and improve your housekeeping. Write for a list of them, enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home," "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," "How to Know Good Furniture," "Methods of Painting Furniture" and "Slip Covers and How to Make Them," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Beauty—The beauty editor will answer personal questions and send complimentary folders on the care of skin, hands and hair, or lotions and cosmetics. Enclose postage at rate of two cents for two folders.

Etiquette—A new booklet called "Table Hospitality" gives explicit directions for setting the table for formal and informal meals and for entertaining with and without a maid. This is ten cents, and Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send instructive leaflets on phases of etiquette, such as "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women" and "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," on receipt of two-cents postage.

Entertainment—That ghostly tap, tap on the window-pane may be only the October wind, but what a promise of spooky thrills it brings! Write to Miss Margaret Campion at THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage, and ask for her leaflets, "A Poe Hallowe'en" or "A Money-Making Hallowe'en Entertainment," for your church or club.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

NEWS to make countless thousands mourn comes from the little province of *Bologna, Italy*, which attained world-wide fame through its major industry, the production of Bologna sausage. The industry is threatened with extinction because of high import tariffs and the scarcity of hogs ◈◈◈ Another alarming news item from abroad is the opinion of a *National Institute of Medical Research* savant (*London*) to the effect that girls are rapidly becoming more healthy than boys because low-cut frocks, short skirts and rolled stockings permit stimulating ultra-violet rays to enter the body ◈◈◈ Some of our readers will find compensation for this threat in the opinion of another eminent Britisher, *Sir William Arbuthnot Lane*, who says that "woman is much more simian than man, and by natural instinct imitative." He deplores the use of health-destroying rubber reducing devices worn by women who imitate their slenderer sisters. His ideal woman, from a health point of view, is the negress who eats coarse food and carries weights on her head ◈◈◈ It is a pleasure to report that the cause of equal rights for the never-sufficiently-praised sex is being admirably served in some of our law courts ◈◈◈ For instance, a *Brooklyn, New York*, girl sued her employer for $10,000 on the ground that he had stolen a kiss. The jury heard the evidence, compared the young lady's six feet of stature and hundred and sixty pounds of weight with the five-foot defendant's scant one hundred pounds and awarded the lady eighteen cents as balm for her outraged feelings ◈◈◈ Another litigant, a *Boston, Mass.*, lady, sued a street railway company for $25,000 damages because of injuries sustained in an accident. The jury awarded her $1,500 on the theory that, as she was eighty-two years old, she could not reasonably expect to live long enough to enjoy the full amount of her claim ◈◈◈ *H. B. McDermott*, a bed-ridden invalid in a *St. Paul, Minnesota*, hospital, won first place in a fancy needlework contest in which his competitors were a thousand women ◈◈◈ A student of journalism at the *University of Illinois* conducted an inquiry to find out what women in small towns talk about. The conversations of eighty-two rural women were recorded at social gatherings. Local and general crime news was the topic of the largest number of discussions. Next in importance came bobbed hair, visitors, crops and athletics. Then followed, in order, new residents, illness, radio, school-teachers, persons who moved away, poverty and the high cost of living, household conveniences and inventions, work and worry, shopping, household hints and recipes, politics, styles and poultry ◈◈◈ At a recent congress of German hotel porters held in *Berlin*, the delegates advocated abolition of brass buttons, which they felt were not in keeping with the serious importance of their calling. As a substitute they suggested a plain frock coat suitable for afternoon wear ◈◈◈ From *Colorado Springs* comes the story of an inspector of schools who was visiting a class of high-school girls. He wrote on the blackboard LXXX, and turning to a bright-looking miss, said: "Young lady, I'd like to have you tell me what that means." "Love and kisses," was the prompt reply ◈◈◈ After the city council of *Kemsett, Arizona*, passed an ordinance prohibiting singing, whistling or otherwise expressing the song, "'Tain't Gonna Rain No More," the long-continued drought and heat wave was broken by showers and the temperature dropped nearly forty degrees ◈◈◈ The *United Restaurant Owners' Association* recently took a poll of 180,000 patrons to determine their favorite dish. Corned Beef and Cabbage led easily, with Vegetable Dinner, Veal Cutlet, Long Island Duck, Filet Mignon and Roast Beef trailing ◈◈◈ The manager of a large insurance office has almost invariably been able to distinguish married men from single when applicants for positions called on him. He has finally divulged his secret: the married men wipe their feet on the mat; the single ones don't ◈◈◈ A famous Spanish portrait painter who has been visiting here says that Spanish women have the most beautiful knees in the world because they spend so much time praying ◈◈◈ Our fair pewholders might emulate their example, provided they don't encroach on the time set aside for answering advertisements in THE DELINEATOR ◈◈◈

CONGOLEUM
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH
DAMP CLOTH
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$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.



Above is shown Pattern No. 532

An attractive rug that's play-proof!

Their very own room! A place where they can play any game they like—and no one ever says, "Don't do that, you'll ruin the rug!" For this rug is Congoleum—so sturdy that it stands the scuffing of tireless little feet without a sign of wear.

Sanitary—Waterproof

Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are sanitary—and that's another important point for rooms where children spend much of their time. The surface is smooth, waterproof, and seamless—no place for crumbs or germs to lurk.

Dust can't sift under the edges of these rugs for they hug the floor yet require neither tacks nor cement to hold them in place. And a few strokes of a damp mop make them spotless.

Then, cheerful beauty! All children love color. And the designs in Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are marvels of artistic color combinations.

Big in Value—Low in Price

Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are very inexpensive. When you buy a Congoleum Rug you have secured the utmost floor-covering value that your money can buy anywhere!

You must see these rugs to appreciate them fully. Just visit your dealer's and look over the many patterns. There are sizes for every room—from small mats to large room-sized rugs.

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Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco Minneapolis
Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
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Pattern No. 538

Pattern No. 386

CONGOLEUM
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

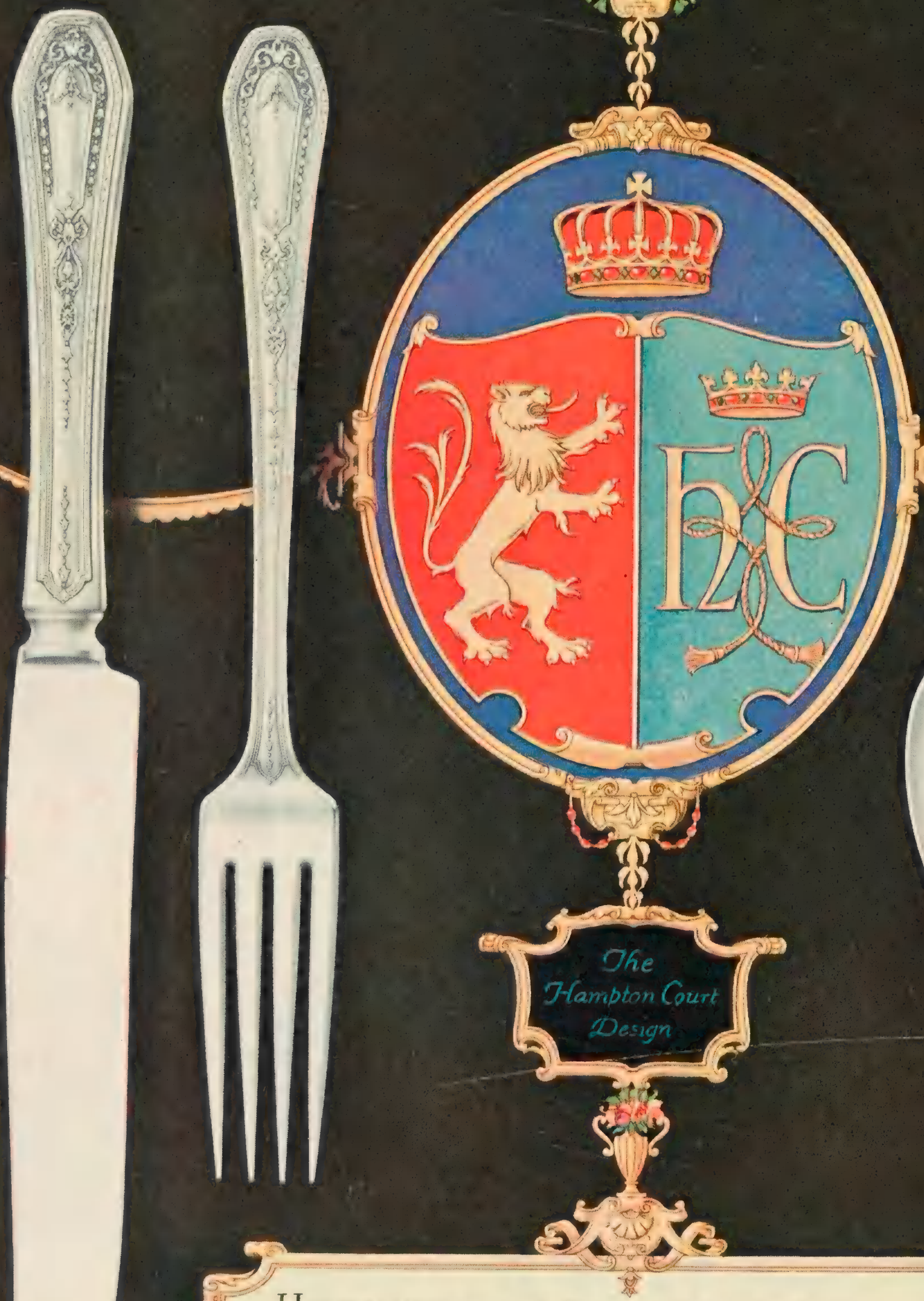


Pattern No. 518

Pattern No. 379

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

COMMUNITY PLATE



HENRY VIII, at stately Hampton Court, dined among jewelled embroideries and fine wrought silver. The wondrous beauty of this gorgeous silverware has been recreated by Community silversmiths in the magnificent new Hampton Court Design. Guaranteed for a lifetime.

Now on Display at Your Jeweler's *Six Teaspoons* $3.60

THE DELINEATOR

NOVEMBER 1925



FROM A PAINTING BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

Beginning "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" *by* Kathleen Norris

THE FIRST FASHIONS OF WINTER

TWENTY CENTS THE COPY

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

$2 00 A YEAR $2.50 IN CANADA

The BATH SOAP



FAIRY SOAP

Renew Your Vitality!

A BATH is the great natural restorer of vitality which has been reduced by hard work, strenuous sport, or the strain of steady mental effort.

Dr. Edmund C. Gray, noted authority on natural hygiene, says:

> "For quick renewal of vitality, for calling back the forces of youth, for giving that renewed freshness, vivacity and optimism of younger years—nothing can surpass the bath."

The bath removes the causes of that "tired feeling" by increasing blood circulation and stimulating pore action.

Fairy Soap is a delightful adjunct to the bath. It assists nature to throw off harmful waste matter by proper regulation of the pores.

Fairy Soap is a perfectly pure soap made especially for the bath.



SPECIAL OFFER—LUXURY BATH TOWELS

FAIRY SOAP DIVISION, Dept. 20, 239 West 30th St., New York City

I enclose 3 Fairy Soap carton fronts and.....c. for which please send me, postage paid, the bath towel which I have marked below with an X in the square.

Luxury Bath Towel, 20 x 38, thick, soft and absorbent.
35c with 3 Fairy Soap fronts. **Worth 65c.** Choice of ☐ blue border ☐ pink border

Luxury Bath Towel for the guest room, 25 x 45;
Super quality. 65c with 3 Fairy Soap fronts.
Worth $1.25. Choice of ☐ all white ☐ blue border ☐ pink border

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Street Address.....

Town..... *State*.....

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY



THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director



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OUR GUARANTEE: We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. *If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in* THE DELINEATOR, *we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will.* G. W. WILDER, *President of The Butterick Publishing Company.*

FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

COURAGE

ARMISTICE DAY and Thanksgiving, two of our great national days which some divine chance has put in the same month. To most of us the first Armistice Day meant simply peace, a sudden silencing of the guns, an end to struggle and heart-break. Now most of us know better. We know that for the courageous souls who fight the battles of the world there is never any peace. For the scientist who risks his life to win victories over disease there is no peace. For the educator in his ceaseless battle with ignorance there is no peace. For millions of men and women struggling every day to give their children better opportunities than they have known there is no peace. For the hosts of brave unsung spirits who never accept half-way ideals even in the smallest events of daily living there is no peace.

But though we realize there is no peace, the thought need not depress us. We have something far greater to be thankful for. We have *courage.*

Courage is the virtue that made the first Armistice Day possible. Without it other virtues amount to nothing. By this we mean, of course, not simply physical courage, but mental and moral courage. It is the backbone of character, the upright quality that keeps us pointing to the stars, the bright banner in the forefront of any victory, personal or national. Let us, on this Armistice Day, be thankful for courage.

NATIONAL EDUCATION WEEK

BETTER education, an increase in sobriety, and an advanced standard of living have resulted in a tremendous decrease of crime in England in the last fifty years, according to a recent statement by Sir William Joynson-Hicks, British Home Secretary.

Could there be any more direct proof that education and good citizenship go together?

This month will see National Education week celebrated all over the United States. It is designed to remind us of exactly that fact which England has so convincingly demonstrated. Education is preparation for life, and since crime is failure to adjust oneself to life as it is, better education naturally means less crime.

Better education depends largely on better teaching. A school is not the bricks and mortar in which it is housed; it is the soul and vision of the men and women in it. Because THE DELINEATOR feels this so strongly, and believes that the teaching profession—surely one of the noblest in the world—is not attracting to itself as many able men and women as it ought; because, in fact, one hundred thousand teachers deserted the profession last year, we decided to carry this matter directly to the people most concerned—parents and teachers—and ask them to tell us "What is the matter with teaching?"

Dr. John Dewey, one of the foremost educators in the country, told us in last month's magazine what he thought was the matter. Other well-known people who have this problem at heart will discuss the question in later issues. In addition we are urging our readers to give us their opinions. For details of our prize contest, read the box on this page.

THE END OF PROGRESS—OR THE BEGINNING?

A GREAT spiritual leader of another country recently expressed her conviction that only by cultivating her soul could America escape the fate of other great civilizations that have gone before. We must not let our national spirit, she declared, grow fat and slothful with prosperity.

I think that danger, if it exists at all, is a long way off. In our response to two great opportunities for service, this month, we will give spontaneous proof.

To fight leprosy in our island possessions, General Wood, Governor General of the Philippines, is asking the people of the United States for one million dollars. There, where over five thousand afflicted ones have been segregated in the leper colony of Culion, we Americans have an opportunity to carry on scientific investigations which may bring back to happiness thousands of miserable people. Ultimately, perhaps we may wipe leprosy from the earth.

Even here in the United States we have a sizable leper colony. That this scourge may not be brought closer to home, the disease must be stamped out at its source.

Until very recently leprosy was regarded as incurable. The method of treating those who developed it was simple: The burial service was read over them and they were driven outside the city limits. Legally, they were dead. Actually, they lived on through years of misery, feared and hated and spreading infection which could not be thus legislated out of existence.

Western nations, going into tropical countries, have endeavored to meet the problem by segregating the leper, and Western scientists have searched for a cure. A few years ago their patience was rewarded, and the world thrilled to hear that a cure had been found. Several lepers had been healed by treatment with chaulmoogra oil. This brought help, however, to only a few of the thousands of sufferers, since the treatment was comparatively expensive, required a long time, and had other serious drawbacks. Many of these drawbacks science has now overcome, but lack of money is still the great obstacle.

The Philippine Government now appropriates each year for the fight against leprosy over $600,000, nearly two per cent. of its entire revenue. This is about all that it can do. So General Wood has come directly to the American people for help. Checks—any amount is welcome—may be sent directly to the War Department in Washington. Your letters should be addressed to General Frank McIntyre, Chief, Insular Bureau War Department, Washington, D. C.

THE second way in which we will show that America's soul is not "fat and slothful with prosperity" will be in our answer to the Annual Red Cross drive for membership this month.

I wish I could make all of you realize just what the Red Cross means to you—to every home in the country. The peaceful little towns in Illinois, Indiana and Missouri probably were not giving much thought to the Red Cross just before the cyclone swept over them last March. But now they know about it. They found out ten hours after the whirling destruction hit them.

Mr. Henry M. Baker, director of disaster relief, who happened to be in St. Louis at the time, sent eighty nurses at once to the stricken area.

Alexandria County Chapter of Cairo, Illinois, only one of many, sent an emergency unit on a special train with doctors, nurses, cots, food, drugs, bandages and two thousand blankets. The Red Cross First Aid Railroad Car fortunately was at Indianapolis. It was rushed to the scene with a staff of a medical chief, nurses and surgeons.

Special hospital equipment such as portable X-ray machines and surgical appliances were also brought into the area for use in fracture cases. Airplanes were used to rush anti-tetanus serum to the points where it was most needed.

But the Red Cross does not stop with binding the wounds of the injured. It always tries, in case of disaster, to restore families as nearly as possible to normal living conditions. In the cyclone district ruin threatened the farmers because the devastation came within two weeks of crop-planting time. One of the first things needed was to clear the fields for immediate plowing. Two Red Cross rural clean-up caravans of about fifty men each started to sweep through the worst-hit counties, and not only cleared away the wreckage, but wherever possible set up temporary pasture fences and helped in other ways.

But fights like these against mankind's great scourges, that are being waged by so many organizations and scientists and great leaders, are not the signs of degeneracy and decline!

We are healing the wounds of centuries of war and disease. We are making many mistakes, it is true, but so long as stirring activities are undertaken every day, so long as the whole nation keeps an open heart and an open mind, our civilization is not endangered. We have not reached a peak from which we will sink to disgrace and oblivion. We are just beginning to climb!

$2,000 IN PRIZES!

"What is the matter with the teaching profession and how may its evils be cured?"

For the best answers to this question THE DELINEATOR is offering $2,000 in prizes, as follows:

To Teachers: A first prize of $500, a second of $300, and a third of $200.

To Parents (and others not teachers, but interested in education): First prize, $500; a second prize, $300; a third prize, $200.

This contest was fully discussed on the editorial page of the October issue. You do not have to be an experienced writer to take part in it. We simply want you to search your own mind and experience, and tell us, quite simply, one or more reasons why, in your opinion, over 110,000 teachers deserted the teaching profession last year, and why every year a smaller percentage of college graduates are choosing teaching as a life work. If you are one of those who have deserted it, give your own experience; if not, give the experience of your friends.

The following are some of the well-known men and women who will act as judges in this contest:

David Starr Jordan, President Emeritus, Leland-Stanford University.

Ada Comstock, President of Radcliffe College.

Livingston Farrand, President of Cornell University.

William McAndrew, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago.

Katharine Lee Bates, Professor of English Literature, Wellesley College; author of "America the Beautiful."

Angelo Patri, Principal of Public School Number 45, New York City; author of "A Schoolmaster in a Great City," etc.

Mrs. A. H. Reeve, President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

Mary McSkimmon, President of the National Education Association.

Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Editor of THE DELINEATOR.

RULES FOR THE CONTEST

Before starting to write, read carefully the following rules, for if your paper does not conform to them it can not be considered for a prize:

1. Manuscripts must not be over one thousand words in length, must be *typewritten,* and must be *on only one side of the paper.* They will not be judged on literary merit, but on their sincerity, insight, the conviction they carry, and their constructive suggestions.

2. Manuscripts must bear the name and address of the sender *and the statement as to whether or not the sender is a teacher.* In case of a tie for any of the prizes each contestant who ties will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.

3. No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

4. Manuscripts must be addressed to "Prize Contest Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.," and must be received by us *on or before January 7, 1926.*

5. Prizes will be announced in THE DELINEATOR for June, 1926.

6. Prize-winning papers are the property of THE DELINEATOR. The magazine also reserves the right to purchase, at its regular rates, and to publish any manuscripts submitted in this contest which are not prize-winners.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 108

Big lessons *from* little Houses

The story of the 1925 Better Homes Campaign

By BLANCHE BRACE

GRANTED that home's the best thing that life has to offer, is the average American home honestly the best place that effort and wisdom and love can make it?

Most readers of THE DELINEATOR already know the details of the successful effort that thousands of citizens in every part of the United States are making to answer "Yes." Banded together as local units of the national organization known as Better Homes in America, men and women, boys and girls, in cities and towns and little villages and lonely rural districts from Mexico to Alaska have dedicated themselves to the task of proving that home's best by making homes better. Why they're doing it, and how, and where, is the story of one of our most promising American adventures in happiness.



TO THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS OF PORT HURON, MICHIGAN, WENT A SPECIAL PRIZE FOR THIS SCHOOL PRACTISE HOUSE

This adventure, known as the Better Homes in America Movement, had a small beginning—a chance sentence spoken by the late President Harding in 1921, when he was inspecting a model kitchen open to the public as part of a home-economics demonstration in Toledo, Ohio.



THE WELL-BUDGETED FURNISHING OF THIS HOUSE IN AURORA HILLS, VIRGINIA, WON HONORABLE MENTION

"I'd like to see this sort of thing done in every city in the United States," he said.

"Yes, but why stop with improving just the kitchen?" replied the editor of THE DELINEATOR. "Government reports show that our country is short this year one million homes. Why not start a national campaign to make those homes, when they are built, models of comfort, beauty and convenience—better homes, from which may grow a better home life?" To this idea President Harding gave his hearty support, and the result was the immediate inauguration by Mrs. Meloney of the Better Homes Movement, with the enthusiastic support of the President, Secretary Hoover, the governors of forty-six States, and the principal women's organizations. The first National Better Homes Campaign, with its public demonstration of model homes, gave overwhelming proof that this was a subject close to the heart of the nation; and in two years the movement had spread so amazingly that it was decided, in 1924, to incorporate it as a permanent national educational organization with Herbert Hoover as president, Dr. James Ford as executive director, and President Coolidge as chairman of the advisory council. This advisory council, made up of government officials and representatives of the leading national organizations of women's clubs, welfare and health organizations, and farm and home bureaus of the United States, was a glowing testimony to the fact that "home's best," in the opinion of some of the busiest and most important men and women and civic-minded groups of the nation.



BIRMINGHAM WAS AWARDED A PRIZE BECAUSE OF THE ARCHITECTURAL MERITS OF ITS DEMONSTRATION HOUSE

That's the part of the account that very likely you already know. Now comes the thrilling new chapter that has been added recently to this inspiring human serial of home betterment, the chapter of the 1925 Better Homes Campaign, as a result of which nearly two thousand communities organized demonstrations during National Better Homes Week in May.

PERHAPS the logical place to begin the story of the 1925 Better Homes Campaign is with those two proud and happy communities which tied for the first prize, Atlanta and Santa Barbara.

"We'll hold a demonstration that will aid our citizens of every class, type and color," resolved Atlanta. "And one which will prove that better homes are within the reach of small incomes," added the chairman, Mrs. Newton C. Wing. "And one in which the young people, the home-makers of to-morrow, will take an active part."

This high threefold idea was accomplished in a memorable manner. Atlanta threw open five demonstration centers to the public—



EXCELLENCE OF FURNISHING AND ARCHITECTURE HELPED TO WIN A PRIZE FOR SANTA BARBARA



BREAKFAST-NOOK AND KITCHEN IN AN ATLANTA PRIZE HOUSE PLANNED BY A NEGRO COMMITTEE

a home planned and built by the committee for a negro family, an apartment in the foreign section of the city to aid new Americans in raising their standards of home-making, a school practise apartment in the new girls' high school, and a school practise apartment for negro girls in Spelman College, redecorated and furnished especially for Better Homes Week.

Santa Barbara chose a different key-note for its equally

Continued on page 82



ARE *you always proud to show your teeth? Are they free from decay?*

Behind your gleaming teeth ' ' *no Decay*

SAFE ' ' *when the salivary glands flow freely*

DECAY often hides behind the whitest teeth—behind the most charming smile. And not all the polishing in the world can stop its deadly progress.

It is only recently that dentists and physicians have found a way to fight decay successfully—with nature's own method.

Remedy lies in your own mouth

Nature intended to counteract the acids of decay by the constant flow of your alkaline saliva. But modern, soft, sweet foods do not give your salivary glands enough exercise. Gradually they slow down and leave your teeth unprotected.

The greatest dental authority of modern times says, in "The Prevention of Dental Caries and Oral Sepsis," "A salivary stimulant should be used in order to promote and educate the activity of the salivary glands."

Pebeco is a safe, neutral salivary stimulant. Its effect is accomplished by gently promoting the flow of your natural, alkaline saliva.



FOR *your appearance and your health use the toothpaste that increases the protective saliva*

As soon as Pebeco enters your mouth the salivary glands flow more freely. Your mouth feels fresher.

With regular daily use Pebeco entirely restores the normal, protective flow of your glands. Their alkaline fluids bathe your teeth day and night and prevent the formation of bacterial plaques or film. *The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.* Every day your teeth grow cleaner and stronger.

PEBECO does its polishing carefully without using any gritty substance. It keeps your teeth beautifully white, your gums clean and soothed, your whole mouth normal and healthy.

Do not let your teeth deteriorate. Learn to keep them strong and really safe with the toothpaste that restores the protective function of your salivary glands.

' ' '

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How Beauty baffled the Marquis

"Fair lady, surely *this* will gain thy pleasure," said the Marquis, in a very pleading tone, as he presented his soap treasure, "for it brings the perfumes and colors of Oriental gardens. It is rich with the magic medicaments and nourishing oils of the ancients."

"How very sweet of you, Marquis," replied Beatrice. "And will it keep me beautiful?"

"Forever and ever!"

"I shall use it, then. Thank you. Return ten years from today, at this hour, and if I am still as beautiful as I am this moment, I *may* marry you."

But when Beatrice learned the truth —that, with all its perfumes and colors and oils and medicaments, his beguiling soap had none of the magic powers he had claimed for it—she grew very doubtful of the Marquis's reliability. So she married the nice young man who offered her a cottage by the sea and unlimited supplies of honest Ivory.

WHAT can a soap truthfully promise you? Magic? Of course not. Take Ivory. If you paid a dollar a cake, you could get no better soap. But if Ivory, with all its excellence, should agree to transform your skin, or cure it, or "nourish" it with oils, that moment it would lay itself open to suspicion, would it not?

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"CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH HATH NO WIFE, YOUR MAJESTY!" CRIED OUT POCAHONTAS

THANK YOU POCAHONTAS

The immortal love story behind our Country's first Thanksgiving

By
HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

IT WAS moon-lit, that night of January sixth, 1617. But Pocahontas, sitting in the stern of the barge, observed that there was a ring around the moon. Unless the moon of England differed from that of Virginia, there would be a storm before many hours. With a sigh she wrapped her fur cloak closer about her. The huge Thames river barge, with its canopy and its rugs and cushions, swinging sedately over the wintry waters of this English stream, was vastly more attractive to Pocahontas than her skin-lined canoe on the James River. She told herself that she hoped never again to see either the canoe or the muddy James. Then she sighed once more.

Lady Delaware, sitting opposite the Virginian and watching her with interest, wondered a little about those sighs. Pocahontas seemed superlatively happy over her invitation to visit King James and Queen Anne at the Twelfth-night revels, and she was not a creature of moods. Then why the sighing?

The sophisticated English woman was finding her position as social mentor of the Virginian decidedly the most refreshing that she had held for many years. Moonlight and the yellow rays that fell from the lanthorns etched Pocahontas's young face in outlines of startling beauty. She was dark, yes, but no darker than the wife of the Spanish grandee who was at court that Winter, and far, far lovelier. Her features were of Roman regularity: the same large eyes, with heavily modeled lids, the same full mouth, richly curved, the same round chin and ample throat. And in Pocahontas's face was a tragic sweetness utterly lacking in the Spanish grand dame's haughty features.

Suddenly Lady Delaware leaned forward. "Art sighing for home, princess?"

Pocahontas's dark eyes turned to the keen blue ones opposite. "Nay, Lady Delaware! Indeed I am not! Could I be so unmannerly, with all the kindness shown me here?"

"Sighing for Virginia!" exclaimed a man's hearty voice from behind Lady Delaware, "with husband and babe at hand, and faithful friends! How could that be?"

Lady Delaware, without turning her head, beckoned over her shoulder. "Prithee come forward, Captain Smith, where I may see thee."

A powerfully built man of about thirty-eight moved round to seat himself beside Pocahontas. His gray-blue eyes twinkled in the lanthorn light, and he smoothed his carefully trimmed brown beard with a well-gloved hand.

"You see an adventurer transformed into a courtier, my lady, and all for the sake of our Virginia princess here!"

"She hath done the work not ill, then, hath she, my lord?" cried Lady Delaware to her husband, who sat beside her: a silent man, with gracious, tired lines about his eyes.

"She doth nothing ill, our Pocahontas," replied Lord Delaware. "'Tis a shame that Master Rolfe was too unwell to come to-night. I hear that the king is fast in bed with gout, so he and Master Rolfe must be content to permit their consorts to meet, without their presence."

Pocahontas looked from one to the other. She had acquired English speech and manner with almost unbelievable completeness, and had taken an intense pleasure in doing so. But to-night she found the polite utterances of her companions utterly distasteful to her. She went back to Lady Delaware's question and suddenly resolved to speak truth.

"I long for home," she said, "but not for Virginia nor the muddy James. I sicken with longing for England. My husband hath told me—this afternoon it was—that in March we sail for the New World. And I told him"—Pocahontas leaned forward so that her fathomless black

eyes looked full into Lady Delaware's—"I told him that, as for me, I'd remain in England forever."

"And what said Master Rolfe?" cried Lady Delaware.

"He did not deign a reply," replied Pocahontas.

"Mayhap he feared to reply!" exclaimed Lord Delaware with a smile. "Husbands sometimes are afraid! Prithee, tell us why you have so great a love for England?"

"Land ho!" cried Captain Smith suddenly. "Yonder are the lights of Lambeth Palace! In a moment we shall sight Whitehall."

"You are not on shipboard, Captain Smith!" said Lady Delaware icily. "You have interrupted the princess with strange lack of grace."

Smith turned quickly to Pocahontas. "I crave your pardon, princess! None knows better than you that my life hath not been such as makes for courtly manners."

Pocahontas looked up into his grave face wistfully. "I have no fault to find with your manners, dear captain."

"We are turning to the Whitehall Landing," said Lord Delaware quietly.

The barge was coming up slowly to a pier on which stood two men holding torches. A third man caught the rope tossed him by the steersman and in a moment the four passengers, muffled in their cloaks against the bitter night air, were following one of the linkmen toward the brightly lighted doorway of Whitehall Palace. They passed an armored guard at either doorpost and were received by a group of bowing lackeys in satin liveries. One of these who seemed to Pocahontas to be the tallest man she had seen in England informed the newly arrived guests that Lord and Lady Delaware were to come at once to the queen, but that the Princess Pocahontas and Captain Smith were to wait in a little retiring-room at one side of the great hall.

THUS, unexpectedly, Pocahontas achieved her heart's desire. She was alone with John Smith.

In the tiny room they cast aside their cloaks and for a moment stood staring. Pocahontas wore a dress of red velvet shot with gold. Above the low-cut bodice rose an exquisite ruff of point lace, and her skirt, distended by a huge farthingale, was draped with gold tissue.

"Thou art more splendid than the queen herself!" cried John.

"And thou wilt outshine the king!" Pocahontas retorted with a little laugh.

The captain was indeed a splendid figure. Tall, well built, supple in every line, he looked younger than his thirty-eight years. His doublet and short breeches were of white satin, his trunk hose of pink silk and his short cape of pink velvet, held by a jeweled brooch.

Pocahontas's eyes, as she stared, suddenly filled with tears. "John, John!" she cried with a great sob. "Don't let them send me away from thee! Let me abide in London!"

The young man tossed his plumed cap to the table and flung out his hands with a despairing gesture. "How can I prevent it, sweetheart? Thou'rt not my wife!"

Pocahontas ran to him and clasped both his brown hands against her heart. "Why did you sail away from Jamestown, ten long years ago, and never return to marry me? You promised me?"

John looked down pitifully into the tragic eyes so close to his. "But, sweet, half a hundred times I've answered that, since thou reached England."

"Nay, always the answer hath put me off! Tell me the truth now, John."

"Truth, then!" ejaculated the captain. "How could I know thou wouldst grow into a great princess? I left thee a naked child of twelve, turning handsprings with the lads in the public square of Jamestown. Thou wert but a wild maid, though a very sweet and gentle one."

"But thou always said," urged Pocahontas, "that thy life was mine, because that I had saved it from Powhatan, and that thou wouldst come back and marry me!"

"But as one may always speak to a pretty maid—and thou wert a dear pretty maid, as wild and as gentle as a doe. O Pocahontas, why did I not foresee this?" John's voice broke. He pressed his lips against Pocahontas's hand, then suddenly lifted his head. "But thou didst not wait for me!"

"They told me thou wast dead!" exclaimed Pocahontas. "They have told me many lies. This was the worst. Let me stay with thee, John!"

Captain Smith had faced all the terrible mischances of an explorer's life without fear. But he gazed at the beautiful Virginian aghast.

Pocahontas caught his look and wrung her hands. "But thou lovest me, John, dost thou not?"

"God help me!" ejaculated the captain. "But He knows I do love thee with all my heart. When I saw thee last Summer, for the first time in ten years, all that great love I'd had for the child Pocahontas blossomed full-blown into the love of a man for a woman. God help us both, dear Pocahontas!"

"Kiss me!" she whispered, lifting her face to his. John swept her into his arms and pressed his lips to hers.

In the meantime, Lady Delaware was being catechized by Queen Anne. The two women were almost as isolated on the dais at the end of the crowded banqueting hall as were the lovers in the anteroom, for none dared to approach within earshot, and the beautiful room itself was so huge that, though it was thronged with Twelfth-night revelers who had come to see Ben Jonson present his Christmas mask, the sounds of revelry heard from the dais were remote and unimportant.

The queen, seated in a huge gilt chair, was a handsome, brown-eyed woman, splendid in green velvet and many jewels.

"But prithee," she said impatiently to Lady Delaware, after she had received Lord Delaware's greetings and had sent him to dance with a pretty lady-in-waiting, "prithee, why am I to be pestered by this Indian princess and this madman adventurer, Smith?"

"Your Majesty hath read Captain Smith's letter?"

Continued on page 94



IT WAS SNOWING WHEN THE TWO LEFT WHITEHALL PALACE. LINKBOYS LED THE LITTLE GROUP DOWN THE LONG PIER TO THE BARGE



"I SOLD MY SOUL TO THE DEVIL WHEN I WAS A KID, JANEY," CAPTAIN RALEIGH LAUGHED, "AND THERE'S NO SECRETS OF HIS I DON'T KNOW"

Beginning a novel of restless youth

BEAUTY and the BEAST

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Mother," "Rose of the World," etc.

The story of a girl who could buy what she wanted

"IT'S not at all bad, you know, really," the Englishman's voice conceded amusedly. "I say—" he added, as Janey Davenport emerged from her cabin, as fresh and bright and sparkling as the fresh, bright, sparkling March morning itself. "We're sayin' that it's not half bad, eh what?" he repeated. A jerk of his big tweed shoulder indicated the dreaming green sweetness of the shore and the old city asleep in the sunshine between the sharp teeth of the mountains.

Janey, with a laughing nod that extended a morning greeting to the three young men who had been standing together on the shining deck, went to the rail, hung there for a brief moment staring straight ahead of her, and turned again to them, beaming.

"It's—divine!" she said in a hushed voice. "But then, I knew Sicily would be," Janey added enthusiastically. "Gordon," she said with childish pleasantness to the young captain of the trim yacht *Dixie Belle*, "you're smart, do you know it? A few days ago we were in all the darkness and smokiness of Southampton—last night we all thought we were going to the bottom—and now look at us. Off the coast of Sicily. I don't know how you do it."

"I sold my soul to the devil when I was a kid, Janey," the captain laughed, "and there's no secrets of his I don't know."

The Englishman chuckled appreciatively. He and the American stood shoulder to shoulder, both tall, well-built men, the family tie that laughed at a mere hundred and fifty years was constantly to be seen between them, although Thomas Richard Arthur Macarthur, Lord Rountrey, was a strictly English product, and Gordon Raleigh's ancestors had come to America with the little group of English aristocrats who settled in the South in the seventeenth century. Lord Rountrey was large-boned, muscular, his blue eyes blazing in a weather-bronzed, long-cheeked face, his teeth big and white, his tawny hair receding a little at the temples, though he was but two or three and thirty. He had the Englishman's charming voice, he played the piano, talked books, golf, bridge, opera, dogs and horses with equal enthusiasm, he had been everywhere, and wore a decoration and a scar from the great war. Janey hardly knew whether to be annoyed or impressed with his easy authority upon such subjects as interested him and his complete indifference to those that did not.

His knowledge of ships and the sea was, at all events, satisfying. A navy man, he loved to talk of harbors and voyages, storms and wrecks, ship secrets and sea mysteries. Gordon Raleigh, whose love for the green trackless water lay like some hidden passion under his casual and cheerful life, Janey noted, had quite taken Lord Rountrey to his heart.

CAPTAIN RALEIGH, master of Janey's beautiful yacht, the *Dixie Belle*, was exactly two years her senior—and so in his twenty-ninth year. They had been friends as children. Their mothers, their grandmothers had been friends, back beyond the days of the World War, the Spanish War, the Civil War, the Revolution. And, when Janey and Gordon had been small children, sometimes their mothers, watching them play together, had dreamed of still another tie among all the many that knitted the two houses.

"Johnnie-Belle, they certainly do think the world and all of each other."

"Wouldn't it be just too lovely, Hattie-Lou?"

But that was over twelve years ago. Twelve years ago when the girl was fourteen Janey's mother had died, and an old uncle of her dead father had grudgingly put Janey in a convent school, grudgingly paid for uniforms and music lessons. Three years later, when he died, Janey had suddenly found herself an heiress. The old man had lived on less than a thousand a year. Janey's income was more than that every week.

So Gordon did not think any more about Janey except as an inaccessible and beautiful person, never to be his, but always to be guarded and watched faithfully as by a brother. And presently, when Janey wanted a yacht of her own, and her uncle and guardian, a retired navy man, had approved, Gordon had helped design the little schooner, her picturesque sails augmented by a prosaic auxiliary engine, and had found himself spending less and less time in a languishing law business and more and more in the shipyards. Janey's final plea— "Ah, Gordy—come on, we're going to China and Norway and Hawaii and everywhere on her—come on, be a sport. Be her captain just for a year, Gordy, and then you can turn her over to somebody else!"—had found him strangely weak. He had been but twenty-seven after all, and deep down in his heart he believed that he loved her.

Janey had believed it, too. The daughter of a long line of flirts and beauties, she had liked the situation. Gordy, stunning in his white uniform and vizored cap, would see her adored, supreme, beseiged by earls and counts, wearing the most ravishing clothes——

And so, with Aunt Nell and Uncle Joe Stanley and Kitty Winship, who was, after Janey, the prettiest girl in the South, and Robbie Wilson, they had sailed through the blue waters of the Canal, and up to San Francisco harbor, and down to Honolulu's beaches, and to China, where they had picked up Major William Quentin George Fox Macarthur, and where Robbie had left them, to rush home.

Everywhere there had been men, excitement, laughter, dancing—it had all been a thousand times nicer than the dream. But when they had reached London, Kitty had quite stubbornly and suddenly married Major William Quentin George Fox Macarthur, and they were already settled down in Surrey—"exactly like a Wells novel," Janey said. Lord Rountrey was Major Macarthur's older brother.

THE marriage had sobered Janey Davenport a little. Kitty was but twenty-four, Janey two years older. Kitty was pretty and she had had a neat little fortune of her own, but she had had nothing like Janey's bellehood. Janey had been sobered by Kitty's sweetness over her love-affair, her devotion to her young, rosy-faced husband, her content in settling down.

"I begin to be afraid I'll never feel it—the real thing, Kit," Janey had said gravely a few weeks after the wedding.

The young wife, wrapped in a glamour of radiance and bewilderment, had conceded her only an absent-minded smile.

"Of course you will, Janey." The father- and mother-in-law were coming in to dine with them to-night. Kitty would wear the daffodil tulle, with the big appliqué pansies——

Janey had reminded herself a little discontentedly that she still had the yacht—they were going down to Sicily. And wasn't it fun that Lord Rountrey and Comte Lebretagne were coming, too? The latter, indeed, had some business reason for going. They would have, said Janey for the thousandth time on this trip, "the time of their lives."

Yet she had felt oddly flat saying it. Kitty, left to her Billy and to the inspection of her Billy's imposing parents, Lord and Lady Bankbrooks, seemed oddly fortunate to Janey.

Somebody cared what frock Kitty wore now. Kitty was never alone now. Kitty was of supreme importance, and not only to herself!

Janey had experienced a time of panic. She, Janey, was twenty-six, and although almost all the men she met who were comparatively free made love to her, somehow they didn't strike answering sparks. Hitherto she had felt that this was entirely the fault of her admirers—let him win her who might!

But now misgivings seized her for the first time in ten years, and she began nervously to analyze her feelings toward various men who stood high in her friendship, and especially to the three who were her shipmates: Gordon Raleigh, Lord Rountrey, and Elie, Comte Lebretagne.

Lebretagne, between the two larger men who outmeasured him by half a head apiece, was nevertheless by far the best looking of the three. His was the Latin beauty of olive skin, fine black eyes, sleek black hair swept straight back from a sensitive brow. If Janey felt that back of Lord Rountrey lay a thousand years of gentle blood, she knew that Elie Lebretagne could claim something more—a thousand years of actual nobility.

Behind the Paris world of shops and fashions and amusements, Elie's family still lived unchanged their dim and dreaming life, a life supremely dignified, supremely satisfying. Janey had caught only tantalizing glimpses of that life. Respectful, a little awed, she had been taken by Elie to have tea with his aunt—and again with his mother. Old mirrors, old servants, old odorous carpets, old jangling bells, had environed the tea-parties. Eyes, all gentle, all friendly, had inspected her.

Later she had driven down through the apple-greenness of Spring to spend an afternoon with his married sister, in the country near Fontainebleau. The little vicomtesse had been expecting her fifth child. The vicomte, interested in turkeys and fertilizers, had limped on a wooden leg. The château had been sadly shabby. Marrying Elie—and Elie must marry a rich woman, must marry an American (*"pauvr' enfant!"*) as one of his aunts had said quite frankly—marrying Elie, Janey would live in just such a château, and have her Paris apartment, too. And when she went back to America for a visit with her children she would be "the Countess."

"It would be lots of fun to fix up the old château!" Janey, musing on these things, said to Gordon Raleigh.

"Don't you ever think of anything but fun, Janey?" Gordon had asked curiously. And Janey, although she had returned joyfully, "No, and I never mean to!" had felt a little afraid. Was it true, didn't she ever think of anything but fun? And if she didn't, was that a fault?

Well, anyway, here they were this glorious March morning off Palermo, and all thoughts of a serious nature were immediately banished by the delicious prospect of new sensations, explorations, adventures, by the heavenly sunshine that was streaming over the bay and the mountains and the city, warming the travelers on the *Dixie Belle* to the marrow of their storm-chilled bones.

They had anchored a short half-mile from shore. The city lay to the southeast, and before them, bright and beautiful in the sunshine, the rising towers and wide porches of the famous hotel, the beautiful Villa Igiea.

"I suppose we're waiting for something, Gordon?" Janey asked. "Have we run up the Jolly Roger, or whatever it is that makes them come out and admit that we haven't leprosy on board?"

"Reluctantly," added Lord Rountrey, with his short appreciative bark of laughter.

THEY hung on the rail together sociably, all four of them, gazing fascinated at the irregular line of the long water-front, the busy trafficking on the water, the corresponding movement on shore.

Behind it all rose the sharp silhouette of the volcanic mountains, with tiny orchards and vineyards catching a foothold on their slopes, and the long walls of villa sites, with mellowed roofs breaking through the low foliage. Church bells, ringing for the midday angelus, laced the sweet, sunshiny air with exquisite gay discords, the shadows lay deeply blue on the whiteness and beauty of the *Dixie Belle*.

"Tell Bates we'll have lunch on board, darn it," Janey said then tragically. "It'll be dark before we go ashore at this rate! And you might ask—" she was adding to the deckhand who was about to depart with her commission when a middle-aged man and woman, impeccable in white clothes, came out from the cabin and she interrupted herself, "Ah, here they are. No matter," she said, going toward them with a greeting. "Good morning—*ecco Palermo!*" she said gaily, with kisses for them both.

"Janey, it just *isn't* noon already," the woman said, in a sort of good-natured wail. Stout, handsome at sixty, Mrs. Stanley appealed to the smiling circle of young men.

"But we didn't go to bed until after three, Aunt Nell!" Janey reminded her. "We all slept late! And considering that at this time yesterday we all honestly thought we'd sleep our last, long sleep before morning, I think we've done well to get up at all."

"What time did the storm blow herself out really?" old Captain Stanley asked the captain of the *Dixie Belle*. Young Raleigh laughed.

"She was just about done when you-all turned in, sir. I wasn't up half an hour after that. But she rode it all like a gull!" Gordon Raleigh, with a lover's glance upward and about his ship, said quietly.

"One wasn't quite ashamed of her, jolly old girl," the Englishman murmured in confirmation. And Janey laid her bright head against a stanchion and touched her soft cheek to the white wood.

"Ah, she's a darling, the *Dixie Belle!*" she said lovingly.

SHE looked a darling herself, so standing, in all the brightness of Spring and sunshine and whitened decks and blue water. Young and firm and sweet, brown-eyed, buttoned trimly into the smartest of little loose sports frocks, and with a rosetted white hat drawn down over bright chestnut hair, white-shod, her slim ankles visible through the faint mesh of white silk stockings, her whole being radiated the happiness that was making life for her a long, enchanting game.

The five others laughed at her affectionately, and Janey, looking at the three young men, felt a quite unexpected little twist at her heart. Since Kitty's marriage a month ago everything had seemed different, somehow. Was it Kitty's happiness? Or was it the addition of Lord Rountrey to the party? Or had it been meeting Comte Lebretagne in Paris and annexing him, too? Or was it just Spring and Palermo and being twenty-six, when, if ever, one should think seriously of marriage?

Certainly it wasn't Gordon Raleigh. Janey was beginning to suspect that he didn't even like her. He no longer was easy, confidential, big-brotherly with her in the old way.

He liked Lord Rountrey, they had even begun to call each other "Tom" and "Gordon"—it wasn't that. And if he didn't like Elie Lebretagne—well, then why had he been so eager to

CHRISTMAS GIFTS WE HAVE FOR YOU

THE DELINEATOR will come to you next month filled to the brim with holiday treasures. "No fair peeping" is the old-time household rule while preparations for the great day are in progress. But we know how strong is the urge to catch a glimpse of the good things in store for you. So we are creating a new Christmas custom—a peep-hole into our forthcoming holiday issue. Here is just a hint of the presents we are preparing for your pleasure, and the rich suggestions for your giving pleasure to others that will make everything this year on your Christmas list easy and original and welcome.

CHRISTMAS FICTION:

Ellis Parker Butler, never-forgotten author of "Pigs Is Pigs," has written something else that will be as long remembered. The fate of the illegitimate child has captured his heart—and from his heart he gives us a great Christmas story entitled "Where Is My Father?"

Zona Gale writes another Christmas story, but in madder holiday mood. In it elopements are brewing and the dead coming to life again!

Dixie Willson, of "Little Texas" fame, has a gorgeous Christmas present for DELINEATOR readers—"Moon-Rose," a royal love-story, telling of Madlon, an innkeeper's daughter, and her strange part in the destiny of the Mad King of Bavaria and immortal Richard Wagner.

Kathleen Norris also continues to captivate—while her heroine Janey Davenport has capture and a thousand other dangers in store for her in the wild mountains of Sicily.

CHRISTMAS ARTICLES:

"High Days and Holidays with Kate Douglas Wiggin" is the title of a December article by *Roderick Stebbins*, who is an old friend of this beloved American author. He will take you straight to Sunnybrook Farm (and where could be a better place to spend Christmas, we ask you?) with this gay and friendly woman who actually lived as joyously as the books with which she cheered the world.

"The Miracle Play Comes Back." The greatest authority on pageantry in this country, *Constance D'Arcy MacKay*, will tell you every practical detail in reviving this beautiful custom in your community.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS:

Gifts for the house and gifts for everybody in the house. Trust *Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders* to provide ideas a-plenty and the ways and means of making them, besides.

Something new in Christmas cards—silhouettes—of you or your children or your dog or your house. Novel and personal. They may be made at home at small cost. THE DELINEATOR tells you how next month.

CHRISTMAS FEASTS:

"The Irresistible Three—Dinner—Dickens—Christmas"—has menus to make Mr. Pickwick himself expand. Here are suggestions for a jovial dinner-party that will be remembered for all time.

CHRISTMAS BEAUTY:

"Follow the Star"—Celia Caroline Cole points the way to lasting loveliness.



PUNCTUALLY WITH THE TEA-THINGS APPEARED THE YOUNG ITALIAN NOBLEMEN. DOLLY SATERLEE PRESENTED THEM TO JANEY WITH AN AIR OF PROPRIETORSHIP THAT SECRETLY AMUSED HER

make this Sicilian trip? Elie had been the reason for their coming to Sicily; he had some small business there. And it had been Gordon, who—hearing of this at a wild, happy luncheon when Kitty and her new husband and Lord Rountrey and Elie and Janey and Aunt Nell and Uncle Stan had all met in Paris at the Café de Paris—Gordon, who had said: "Why not take the *Dixie Belle* down there?"

Janey told herself that she didn't care a rap what Gordon Raleigh thought about her. Nobody was going to marry Gordon Raleigh, anyway!

"Oh, dear! I want to go on shore!" she murmured perversely, childishly, lingering at the rail when the summons to luncheon had come. "I have a funny feeling about Sicily, Lord Rountrey," Janey added as he and she, slowly following the others to the cabin, were somewhat separated from them, "a feeling that something—something strange is going to happen here. Do you ever have those feelings?"

"I—I don't imagine I'm much of a chap at that sort of thing, no," the man answered.

"You wouldn't let it make you—nervous?" demanded Janey.

"Oh, jolly well rather not," he ejaculated simply.

"I feel—curiously—that I've come to a turning of the ways," the girl pursued seriously. "I think my uncle and aunt would like awfully to have me marry," she added, looking straight into his eyes, and quite without embarrassment, "and I feel as if, in a way, I ought to marry. Kitty's marrying, maybe, was what made me consider it first. Anyway, I've been thinking a lot about it."

"I should suppose—being so pretty and sweet and all that—you'd have been thinkin' of nothing else for years!" the Englishman suggested bluntly. "My sister Madge, now, and my older sister, who lives in India, they jolly well had it on their minds, if you ask me, from the time they put their hair up."

"Well, perhaps I have, too," Janey admitted, "and am just realizing it."

"I wish awfully—one feels a fool saying it, and of course there's a lot about the money and all that—" Lord Rountrey began fumblingly. He screwed in the monocle he wore so easily, cleared his throat. "There's no use assumin' that there aren't bills, and repairs, and what not," he said. "I shall have to live down there—in a way I belong to the place as much as it belongs to me—Bankbrook, I mean, and King's Easy, and that sort of thing——

"The war came along before I was out of Oxford," he resumed after a pause. "That was all right, of course, although it wasn't quite the sort of a tea-party that puts a fellow on his legs. The governor was quite wiped out—taxes, assessments, and all, seventeen shillin' to the pound—all right, that's all in the day's work, too. The mater was keen for me to marry Vi Parsons—a dear little thing, Red Cross apron and all that—their property touches ours on two sides; Vi'll have it. It would have been quite all right for me to say to Vi, 'Look here, old dear, I'm broke, d'you see? I've got to stick to the governor, he's all done for, I've got to hold the family and the name together. You've got enough for two—what about it?'

"What I'm trying to say," he added, more easily than he had yet spoken, as Janey continued to regard him with serious brown eyes in a flushed and unsmiling young face, "is that I could say it to Vi, she's a neighbor—she's one of us, and she understands. But I quite can't say it to you, Janey."

"On account of my money?" Janey at the cabin door said very low.

"On account of your money. Dash it, I like it," Lord Rountrey said frankly, "one's got to have some of it, anyway, unless one wants to go in for soap or pork. But you've got too bally much."

Janey laughed. Sixteen seconds later she was attacking chicken with apparent gusto. But she was shaken.

He was nice, Tom. She already called him Tom in her heart. She and darling Kitty Winship would be sisters-in-law—it might be "fun!" Some day she would be Lady Bankbrooks, and her oldest boy would be Lord Rountrey. Kitty's children, of course, wouldn't have titles, unless she, Janey, didn't have a son.

THERE was something extremely annoying about that imperative necessity to bear sons. Pauline Rossiter, who had gone to school with Janey, had married an Englishman of title, and had born six girls in a row before the indispensable son had come. The new boy was about a month old now. Janey had had a peep at him and the exhausted Pauline before she had left London. Agatha, Audrey, Charlotte, Dolly, Christine and Marjorie—nice little straight-haired blonde girls in smocks. And now Geoffrey George Peter, whose coming meant that they had a home over their little heads. Pauline had seven children at twenty-eight.

It was silly! Suppose a girl married Lord Rountrey, for example, how flat she would feel, bearing a daughter! How inadequate, bearing a second daughter!

In France it was different. Titles were not so jealously watched there. In the first place, money was all-important; and in the second, as the government completely denied the claims of the old nobility, it really didn't matter anyway. Comtes, vicomtes and marquises flourished on every branch of every family tree, and the directories held pages and pages upon which every other name was a title. No titled Frenchman felt any shame in his open desire for a profitable marriage; balanced alliances were the custom of the country, and Comte Lebretagne had made them laugh with his frank allusion to his own poverty and the need of a rich wife.

"I can not open hotels or hat shops," he had said,

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MORAL LAXITY OR MORAL LAW?

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THIS message for Thanksgiving Day is being written on the Maine coast. Here at Popham Beach, an inviting stretch of sand pounded by rollers from the open ocean and backed by evergreen woods, some merchant adventurers from England long ago dared an enterprise of which most Americans have never heard.

In 1607, thirteen years before the *Mayflower* sailed, they came to make a settlement. On one of these neighboring islands they held the first Protestant service of worship in the Americas north of Jamestown, Virginia. And here, where Summer cottages now abound, they built a fort, fifty houses, a church and a storehouse. The first Winter was terrific. Death took their leader. Depleted and discouraged, when Spring came they threw up the fight against inclemency and loneliness. "They all ymbarqued," says the record, ". . . And this was the end of that northerne colony upon the river Sachadeboc."

Popham Beach helps to throw light on Plymouth Rock and Massachusetts Bay. It was after such perils, sufferings, hair-breadth escapes as this strip of sand once witnessed that the Pilgrims and Puritans came to try again the inhospitable wilderness. As one sits here where brave men once were beaten by the rigors of a New England Winter and the loneliness of an untamed wilderness, one estimates afresh the courage and self-discipline which dared the impossible once more and carried it through to victory.

What is the characteristic difference in moral tone between those rugged conquerors of a continent and ourselves? Differences of ethical code are to be taken for granted, for times change and "new occasions teach new duties"; but a difference in moral tone is fundamentally important. Moral tone is to a man or a generation what temper is to steel, and the quality must have been excellent in those men and women who on the first Thanksgiving Day lifted their psalms to wintry skies.

Self-discipline versus self-expression—is not that the contrast which at once suggests itself as we step from their days into ours? The statement is not altogether fair, either to them or to ourselves, for they also expressed themselves in creativeness and joy, and we are too close to the World War to doubt the capacities for self-discipline in modern character. But the two words do suggest a significant contrast in moral tone between the hardy adventurers who made America and the new generation that to-day inhabits it.

SELF-EXPRESSION is a catchword of the present day. Dean Hawkes of Columbia University, after reviewing the characteristic attitudes of the newer generation, says: "So far as I can see, all of these facts have their root in the desire of the individual of to-day to express himself." In wide areas of our education processes are afoot which a university president recently characterized as appealing to an infant that he give expression to himself. And portions of our moral life glaringly exhibit the new doctrine that the chief end of man is to let himself go.

Probably this phase of thought and experience is inevitable. Human life, like the climate, is seasonal. Winter comes, when institutions, creeds, manners and morals congeal into stiff and rigid patterns. Then a thaw is due when these frozen forms of life lose their rigidity, become plastic, pliable, fluid, until Spring freshets tear down through the river beds and mud clogs up the roads. In such a springtime thaw of mental and moral life we now find ourselves. Behind us was the mid-Victorian era when poetry was written in perfect rhythm, when manners were precise and regular, when morals were well defined and settled. After such a congealing of life a springtime thaw was inevitable. It is on us now. The mood of this generation is not restraint but release. We are in rebellion against conventionality, conformity, authority. We want to get ourselves expressed. We are all for letting ourselves go. As a result, in poetry we have free verse, in music jazz, in art cubism, in morals "Do as you please."

Not by any means is this all deplorable. It may turn out to be creative, exploring new areas of life that a stiff formalism never could have found. In particular, we well may be thankful for the candor, the independence,



the self-reliance, the freedom from cant and hypocrisy, the adventurousness and daring that characterize the best of the new generation. Nevertheless, on Thanksgiving Day it is worth our while to chasten the faulty extravagance of an unbalanced self-expression by the complementary ideal of self-discipline for which our forefathers so memorably stood.

The basic fact under the whole matter is that the interior world which we call moral is just as law-abiding as the external world that we call physical. The lesson of an orderly world where the only road to achievement lies in learning the laws and fulfilling the conditions has been fairly well mastered with regard to the outer universe. No scientist expects to arrive anywhere by traveling loosely down a broad and lawless road. No scientist expects to achieve anything by letting himself go.

In 1878, in New York University, Professor John Draper, one of the leading physicists of that day, amused his class by exploding Leyden jars. Said he: "This new force of electricity is very interesting. Many ingenious experiments can be performed with it, but it has no future; it never will be commercially profitable." To-day, however, harnesssed electricity has us habitually on tiptoe wondering what new thing will be done with it tomorrow. Only, lawlessness has not accomplished that. Nothing except learning the laws and fulfilling the conditions achieves such results.

This lesson, well mastered with regard to the world without, has been but poorly learned with reference to the world within. Yet it is just as true there, and the recognition of this fact is one of the outstanding needs as it is already one of the most profound influences in the present generation.

RELIGION must take more account of this fact than it has ever done. Many of us were trained in a religion of magic, where we were taught to trust God in general to see us through somehow or other. But we would not trust God to give us electric lights without fulfilling the conditions. No more can we trust God to give us a radiant, triumphant inner life unless we learn the laws of the spiritual world and observe them. There is no magic in true religion. Prayer is not magic; it is fulfilling conditions of spiritual communion and getting results. The forgiveness of sin and the building of a fine character are not magic. Fellowship with God is as law-abiding as tuning in on the radio. It is personal, not mechanical, and therefore not to be formulated in mathematics, but the conditions are there to be fulfilled.

Education must take this lesson increasingly into account. In revolt against the old dogmatic pedagogy, where little children were made the mere recipients of authoritative teaching, many parents have swung to the opposite extreme. They are letting their children go. They are so worried about teaching them dogmatically that they teach them nothing—not even manners, not even controlled temper, not even ordinary honesty, much less the fine attitude of reverence or the fine art of prayer. Such looseness is not simply immoral; it is unscientific. Nobody in any other realm expects to arrive anywhere by such haphazard, slipshod methods. The way out is not back into the old dogmatism; the way out is forward into a clearer grasp of the laws of a child's development, and a careful, obedient, controlled observance of them.

That this basic fact—the law-abiding nature of the inner world—affects the modern doctrine of letting oneself go in the realm of morals is obvious. On every side inviting voices summon the new generation to moral looseness. It is part of the temper of the time. "Let yourself go!" the voices say. "Snap your fingers at the white-haired traditions called moral. They are bogies to scare children with; they are fetishes which the superstitious worship. Unharness from yourself the restraints which prudishness has fastened on you. Assert your liberty. Let yourself go!"

Multitudes are thinking that. Multitudes are living that in circles where a little while ago it would have seemed incredible. And, because we desire intellectual backing for the conduct of our lives, we bring to our support the new psycho-analytical psychology and say: "We must not repress vital instincts; it is dangerous to do that; we may have complexes if we do."

THE trouble with this attitude is not simply moral, but factual. Life is not built on the basis which this attitude presupposes. Tradition or no tradition, letting oneself go is no law of life in any realm. Applied constantly to sex, this loose and lawless idea of the proper use of primitive instincts is revealed for what it is when it is applied to an instinct like fear. We all have that. It is part of the primitive equipment of mankind. The sudden flush of fright, the ability to run with supernormal speed, were necessary to the preservation of the race. Suppose, now, a man in the front-line trenches, when the bombardment starts and the primitive fear instinct becomes energetically self-assertive—if he deserts his post and runs, how will he explain the matter to the court-martial? Will he say, "I am a disciple of the new psychology; it is dangerous to repress vital instincts; complexes follow that; I dared not restrain my fear and so I ran?" No such excuse will save him from his penalty.

The instinct of pugnacity also is in us all. It has been necessary to the existence of the race. The capacity for swift anger, the power to strike with stimulated strength, are born with us. If, now, in a subway rush, mauled, stepped on, walked all over, our pugnacious instinct becomes vehemently active and we do what we feel like doing, how shall we explain the matter to the judge? Obviously it will not be to plead the new psychology. It will not do to assure his Honor that vital instincts are given us to express and not restrain.

Indeed, not only is this loose view of life in terms of self-expression not good morals nor good law, it is not good psychology. It is only a caricature of the new psychology, which some men use who are looking desperately for an excuse. What the new psychology really teaches is that primitive instincts, difficult and dangerous as they are to handle, can be sublimated, harnessed, organized around high aims, and human personality be unified, satisfied, purposeful and happy.

What does this new generation want? It wants freedom. It hates the lock-step of compelled uniformity. In that we should all support it. But there is one thing from

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LEAP FROG

And James Appleton Martin, Junior, saw to it that he did

By WALTER TRUMBULL

THERE was as yet in the bright lexicon of James Appleton Martin no such word as "vocabulary." Had there been he would have asserted that as applied to grown persons it contained but two words. One of them was "Don't." The other "Stop."

Apple—thus familiarly known to distinguish him from his father, who was also James Appleton Martin—would have told you that in the nine years of his life he had heard them a million times. His conservatism as to count was, of course, influenced by the fact that a million was the largest number he knew. This very Sunday morning had added considerably to the total. For example, there was the matter of the goldfish. The goldfish were enclosed in a bowl where they spent most of their time either hiding under some tangled green stuff or sticking their noses against the glass and working their mouths in a manner that corresponded to making faces. Apple knew that this in itself was reprehensible. Many a time he had been told to stop making faces. Giving the matter his attention it gradually developed that the bowl could be turned into a very fair race-course—about two thousand laps to the mile—and, with the aid of a war relic in the shape of a knitting-needle, the fish could be induced to proceed around it at exciting speed. Unfortunately, just as one contestant seemed on the point of turning the sprint into a steeplechase by hurdling some green sprigs, the reform party arrived in the person of Apple's mother.

"Appleton! Stop!" she said. "Stop that this minute."

The use of the unabbreviated name, as well as the tone, indicated the subject was closed to debate. "Don't ever do that again. Mother is surprised that her son should be cruel to poor, dumb, little goldfish."

Apple, too, was surprised. He wasn't being cruel to anything. As a matter of justice it may be said that he had been careful not to prod the fish with the point of the needle. He merely had flipped them slightly when they showed signs of pulling up. But they undoubtedly were dumb. That was a word he knew. They were the dumbest fish he had ever encountered. And they were lazy. Needing exercise as they did, what could be better for them than a brisk morning work-out? Their whole day would be brighter for it. But it was useless to argue. The track was closed permanently.



CRASH WENT THE CITRONELLA FROM APPLE'S EAGER HANDS. NO MOSQUITO BORN OF LARVA WOULD HAVE BEEN BOLD ENOUGH TO ANNOY AUNT ETTA THEN

FROM a corner of the couch Apple gave himself over to reflection. Since coming to this house in the country, Sunday had usually been a most enjoyable day. On other days his father left early for the city and returned, tired, just in time for dinner. Sundays he was home and, moreover, was willing to take walks or read aloud or play games. Things were cheery. But this Sunday, although outside the sun beat down glitteringly, was wrapped in an atmosphere of gloom. Apple thought that he knew why. Aunt Etta was coming.

A visit from Aunt Etta never was a blithe occasion. Somehow it had conveyed to Apple that it was his duty to love his aunt. He did not see how anybody could possibly find it a pleasure. Could he have remolded the scheme of things, Aunt Etta would have been left out—or, at least, no relation. Then he could have thought of her in any way he liked without a sense of guilt. Darned if he could see why the family made such a fuss over her. They always were crabby enough just before she came. Instead of showing any desire to entertain, there sat his father reading a newspaper. Apple rose to stand behind him.

There didn't appear to be anything interesting on that page of the paper, not even a picture. Placing his hands on the back of the chair Apple gently rocked back and forth.

"Don't do that," said Mr. Martin sharply.

THINGS certainly were not going right this morning. Returning to the couch Apple glanced toward his mother. Seated at a desk she seemed to be adding a column of figures. Certainly it was queer that any one should spend such a day doing arithmetic—a thing sure to bring discomfort to whoever attempted it. No wonder his mother's face had a troubled look!

Having spent one full minute in absolute repose, Apple turned sideways and extended a leg. There was a book on the couch and after considerable effort he worked the toe of his shoe under it. Aimlessly he raised the book and lowered it. This was a queer world of little understanding. Withdrawing his support from the book he pushed it from him with a flirt of his ankle. There was no animus behind the push. It was merely a gesture of protest against things in general, but the couch was covered with chintz, a slippery and unreliable material. Thus even a gentle push was adequate to achieve results. The book slid far enough to come into contact with a small uncovered work-basket.

In the nature of inanimate objects such as pies, cakes, ash-receivers or any container filled with small articles, there is a quirk which prevents them, when attracted by gravity, from falling right side up. The basket was no exception. With deliberation it performed a half-circle in the air and deposited upon the floor thimble, scissors, pins, needles and various spools which rolled hastily in all directions. Of the three persons in the room only one remained seated. The others rose so rapidly that it might almost be said that they jumped from their chairs. They spoke in chorus: "Appleton!"

The way they said it was in the nature of an accusation. Apple evidently took it as such, for he was quick in defense.



Drawings by Charles R. Chickering

FIRST HE FITTED THE FROG WITH THREAD SUSPENDERS. THROUGH THESE HE PASSED ANOTHER THREAD, LONG AND DOUBLED—AND THE ESCAPING PRISONER WAS READY!

"I never touched the old basket."

This, of course, was no falsehood. Not a finger, or even a toe, had he laid upon the basket. And circumstantial evidence was all in his favor. There he was sitting virtuously upon one end of the couch. Plainly the basket had been far beyond his reach. There was a forced verdict in favor of the defendant, although a shadow of a doubt clouded the minds of the jury.

"Were you bouncing up and down?" inquired his father.

"I wasn't doing a thing. I was just sittin' here," replied Apple with righteous indignation. He rose and joined in the hunt for the errant spools.

"It seems as if I simply couldn't keep this house picked up," complained Mrs. Martin.

Pausing in his search Apple looked at her in honest amazement. Picked up, indeed! Since the letter announcing Aunt Etta's visit he felt that the picking up process had passed all limits. A fellow got into trouble if he laid anything down for a minute. A beetle, so large as to be a rare specimen, had been thrown out ruthlessly just because he had left the box containing it in the living-room. Yes, Aunt Etta undoubtedly was responsible for this picking up, although with the telegram stating that Uncle George also was on the way to visit them it was intensified.

Here was an unknown menace. Apple had never seen his Uncle George. But when a swimmer is out over his head the actual depth of the water makes little difference. Uncle George couldn't add much to Aunt Etta. To be exact, he was a great-uncle, just as Aunt Etta was a great-aunt—relationships were involved as fractions!

Spools restored, the basket was covered and placed on the table out of harm's way. Once more the Martin family seated itself and there was no sound aside from an occasional rustle as Mr. Martin turned the pages of his paper.

CAUTIOUSLY Apple explored the contents of a pocket. He took therefrom a knife, the stub of a pencil, two wire nails, a white stone, a folding rule, a small magnet, a cork and a soiled and crumpled handkerchief. He looked at each article as he removed it. None furnished immediate inspiration. Again exploring, his fingers retrieved a rubber band. This was better. Returning the other things to their original resting-place, Apple took one end of the band in his teeth and, having thus anchored it, stretched and snapped it, at varying tensions, producing a satisfactory harmony.

"Stop that!" said Mr. Martin.

Mrs. Martin looked up from her labor at the desk: "Apple do go out and play."

"There's nothin' to play."

"Well, get a book and read. Do you want mother to find you a book?"

"I've read all the books."

This roused Mr. Martin. Turning in his chair to face his son he spoke severely: "Apple, stop whining. I'm tired of listening to you. It's nonsense to say you've read all the books. The house is full of books."

Apple forsook the couch. It seemed best to get into another atmosphere.

"I guess I'll go play."

Being careful not to hit any of the furniture on the way out, he went into the hall where he paused for a moment. Against the door lay a spool of heavy thread which had evaded the recent search-party. Gathering it up with the intention of returning it to the basket, Apple decided against that course and added it to the collection in his pocket. Then he made his way to the porch and sat down on the steps. It was one of the first hot, still days of the season and through the open windows of the living-room came the sound of voices. Apple craned an ear.

"Apple just must behave this time," he heard his mother say. "I don't know what's the matter. Every time Aunt Etta comes he seems possessed."

"He'll behave or I'll know the reason why," asserted Mr. Martin.

"You remember last time, Jim, when he spilled the ink on her, she threatened to leave."

Apple felt that this was bitterly unjust. Even grown people must realize that unavoidable accidents sometimes happened.

"She's always threatening to leave or to change her will. Amy," his father continued in a voice that was somewhat halting, "you mustn't think that I don't appreciate what your aunt does for us. I do—but I always wish I could make enough so it didn't matter. I'd like to give you everything in the world. I work as hard as I know how."

His father's tone made Apple feel queer inside. Maybe it made his mother feel that way, too, for she answered quickly: "Oh, Jim, don't you see that's just it. I have all I want, but I can't bear to have you work so hard and come home looking tired and worn. And there's Apple."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Martin, "there's Apple."

THERE was an instant of silence. So that was it! Aunt Etta was good to his mother and mysteriously had it in her power to keep his father from working so hard, and he had almost ruined everything. He never had meant to, but that didn't seem to make any difference. Apple's heart was like lead. Nevertheless, he listened when the conversation was resumed.

"It wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for your Uncle George. Why in the world," almost wailed Mrs. Martin, "did they have to pick the same time to visit us?"

"I couldn't help it," said Mr. Martin defensively. "He had a row with my grandfather and left home before I was born—but, after all, I'm the only near relative he has left. I couldn't wire him not to come."

"Of course you couldn't. But you know Aunt Etta. And goodness knows what your Uncle George is like!"

"I'm sure I don't. I never saw him. He used to write father once in a coon's age from the West somewhere. Looks as if he'd been forty years making enough to pay his fare back. We sure had trouble enough without adding some old chap who likely wears a cowboy hat and hair pants. He and your Aunt Etta will mix like alcohol and Mr. Volstead."

"That's just it, it's what I'm afraid of."

"Well, even if they are coming on the same train, there's one thing I'll say for your Aunt Etta—she won't start fighting before they are introduced."

"You're not much of a comfort, Jim."

"I'm likely to need a lot of first-aid myself before this is over," asserted Mr. Martin gloomily. "Besides, I may be wrong. They may get along like bread and butter."

A renewed rustling indicated that he had resumed the reading of his paper. Apple had heard much of interest. What made the most vivid impression was

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ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

"The Man with the Lamp"

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Author of "If Winter Comes" and "This Freedom"

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

CHARLES is come to his Sussex cottage in a fold in the downs.

Night now had fallen, he had been there since early afternoon, and he was standing now in the middle of the living-room—and had been standing just like that for quite a considerable time.

Everything had been splendid during the daylight. He now was experiencing the darkness, and he felt a sense solely of the enormous silence all about him. He could feel it as if it were an atmosphere. He could hear it as if it were immensely distant music, half-caught, sounding in his ears. He just stood there, feeling it and listening to it.

All the time right up till now (it now was ten o'clock) he had been actively busy—unpacking, arranging, exploring, examining; much too occupied and excited to eat, and he had eaten nothing all day long. He could not touch any breakfast at home, or any lunch in town, nor as much as think of preparing himself a meal down here; and now, the happy fussing done, he had no desire for nor thought of food or of other creature or material thing; just stood bound all about by this enormous, this sentient and articulate silence.

He had arrived. He had paid and dismissed the car, then he had found the key where the owner had arranged to leave it, under the blue tile (which was loose and lifted up) of the crazy-paving just by the rain-water butt. What thrill in that alone! His own blue tile, its secret his alone—his own crazy-paving, gloriously sunwarmed where he stooped and touched it—his own rain-water butt, three parts full, and he stood on a wooden block beside it and reached down his fingers to the water to salute it. He would touch, he told himself, each single thing in and about the house and then he would go up on to the fold of the downs (his own fold!) and place his hands down flat upon the lovely, springy turf.

He put the key in the door and turned it and entered and had a gust of emotion almost to the point of tears. Cottage of his dreams! And his own! "Mine, Mine!" he whispered, and his arms made a motion of extending to embrace it. The door opened directly into the living-room, a long, narrow room with every piece of furniture looking as if it were as much an essential piece of the room as the windows or the beams; with the hearth capacious as a small vestibule; with the great baking-oven built in the solid wall; with that very old desk standing immediately opposite the door, and the old horse-pistol kept somewhere in it with which he was to have pots at birds. He rummaged in the drawers for it and found it and noted how neatly the artist from whom he had bought the place had had it adapted to take small shot-cartridges and that a box of cartridges was here beside it. He pointed it about the room and imagined himself potting with it—fun!

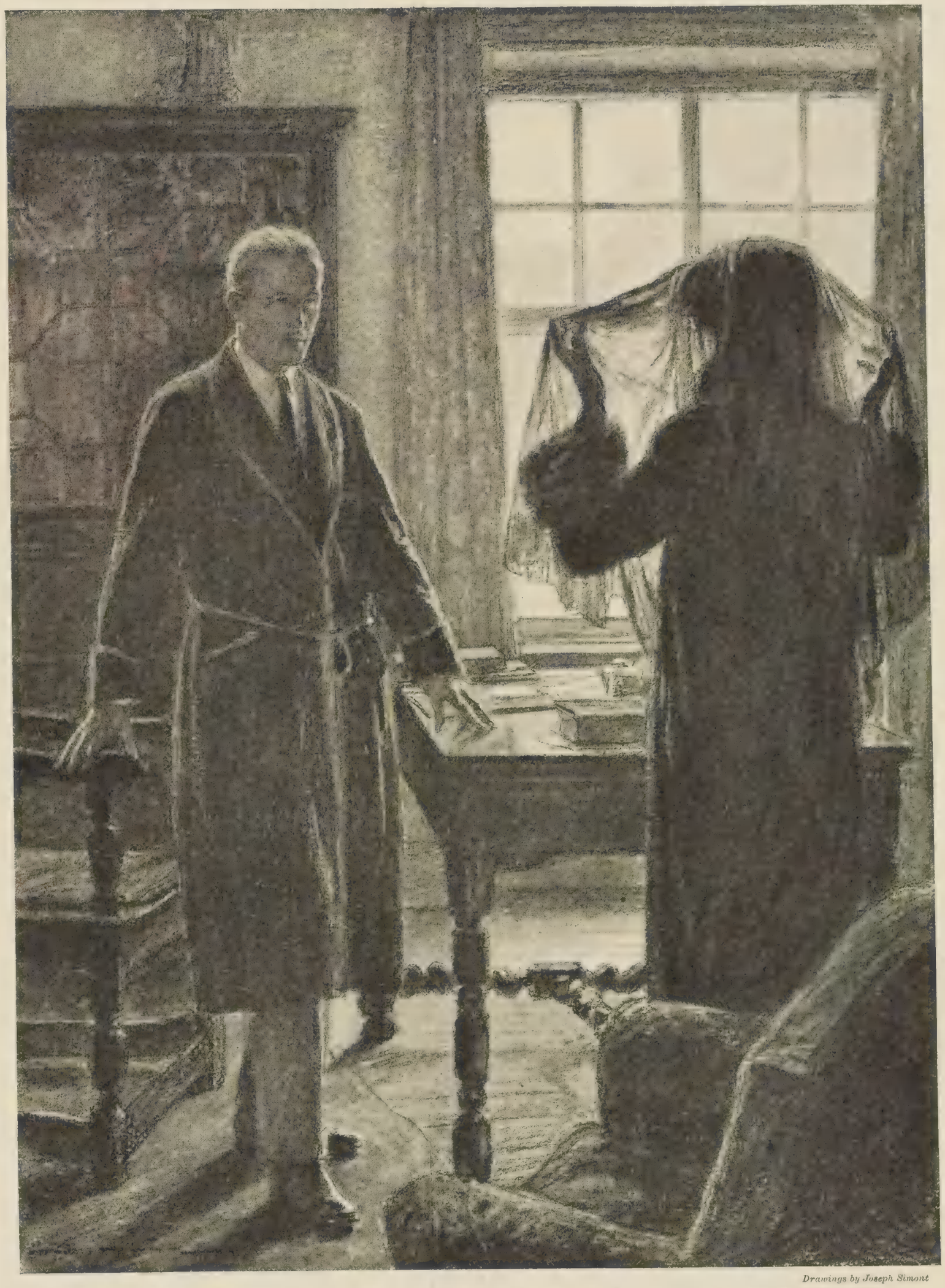
HE WENT up the old stairway to the two bedrooms above and selected his bed and got out sheets and pillow-cases and prepared it for the night. He unpacked. He went through all the little library of books, treasures that all his life he had meant to read and never had. Jove, the evenings he would spend, in that chair there, books and the lamp and his tobacco and a glass on that little table there! Happy, happy! He could have gone on his knees and poured out the riot of joyousness that surged within his heart.

He put on the famous shoes with their glorious spikes, girt about him that famous belt and took up his stick and went out and climbed the downs, lay flat upon his back and gazed up, up into cloudless perfect blue until he seemed to himself to be rising, to be floating there.

He had started out late. Evening was drawing about the downs and he had all the garden and its outbuildings, the well, the ruins where another cottage once had stood, to explore while yet the light sufficed him. He trod eagerly back, unconscious of fatigue, though all the day body and mind alike had been drawn upon as not in his life before had he taxed them. It was almost night before he was again indoors.

New thrills here. All the place and each and every object in the place to be seen now by lamplight, and he lit the lamps and for hours still was busy as before.

And then, quite suddenly, he was returned to himself.



Drawings by Joseph Simont

LINDA PUT HER HANDS TO HER VEIL AND RAISED IT. "LOOK, SIM," SHE SAID—NOTHING MORE

Quite suddenly, standing in the middle of the room, he realized that he had done everything. What was he to do now? He had no idea. Everything, quite suddenly, seemed to have—stopped.

And with the sense of all things stopped—his occupations, his very heart, time, life, the world itself, all stopped; his mind, his head, encompassed as with bands; all, all of him fastened, tied tight—with these he just stood there, a long time, in the middle of the room.

The silence! There is a phrase, said of one gazing over an enchanting prospect, of being intoxicated with beauty. Charles was as it were gazing out over illimitable vistas of silence and he was intoxicated with stillness.

The silence! He produced an effort and moved and went softly across the room and stood upon the threshold of his outer door and gazed before him. The moon was

"One Increasing Purpose," copyright, 1925, by A. S. M. Hutchinson.

full, the fold of the downs was a fold of lustrous silver, there was no breath of breeze, there was no movement. The silence! More heavily intoxicated by it, he felt himself possessed now of the impulse which, seizing some mentalities when looking down a great height, causes the desire to impel themselves headlong down. He was seized uncontrollably with the desire to hurl himself into this silence, to become a part of it and to be absorbed in it forever.

Enormously remote there came the faint beating of a motor engine—once, tiny as a pin-point, the sound of its horn. Gone, and deeper and more tingling the silence. He must pitch into it. He could not endure again the scenes he had endured. His whole unhappy life seemed to be swaying him out and into the silence that stood there. The silence! Remote but sharply clear came now the sound of a motor-cycle speeding on some distant road. *Tutta-tut-tut-tut. Tutta-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut.* Like pistol shots. Pistol?

He turned and took four steps to where the desk stood behind him.

AT A DESK, as Charles turned, also was occupied another. Alice in the Blackheath house was sitting at correspondence. She had a letter to write and a telegram. She had written the letter. It was to Charles. She now was about to write the telegram, to Sim, to be sent off to-morrow.

Thus was Alice making final preparations to leave her husband and elope with Conrad Bryne. She had written in the letter: "But I grew, I cannot ever to myself discover how, to love Conrad."

How had it happened? There was a time when, sensing danger, holding on to good, she had begged Sim take up his residence with them, feeling that in his presence would be the support she felt that she would need. Looking back upon herself in those fire-playing days she saw the self that she was then, simple, conventional, faithful, chaste, starting to burn at that fire by being in Conrad's arms. And now she was literally into the fire's blazing glow, consumed in flame—waiting the sign and word and place from Conrad—now, at this moment, waiting to join him and to go with him to-morrow.

How had it happened?

The answer, long pursued, suddenly came to Alice seated there. As if in a vision, she heard, very quietly:

"Alice, it was your desire to bring romance again into your life that lured you through all that, and that has brought you here to this. You found romance and now you are its victim. You can not escape it and you do not wish to escape it. You are bound to it. You would not leave it if you could. But you entered into it deliberately. You had had romance once in your life, when by the summer-house Charles clasped his arms about you, and dull monotonous years had come, and Conrad presented himself and looked at you, and you had suddenly the thought of rekindling romance anew. He looked at you and you at him—and, lo! there stirred in you the thought, 'A new interest! Alluring, rather nice, intriguing!' Restraint came between you, and your thought of that restraint was, 'This is fun!' and deliberately you pushed on to exploit that fun. 'Romance again! Romance rekindled! A lover!' You were only playing with fire then, deliberately, to amuse yourself, and you thought, if at that time you ever gave the matter any thought, that when you wished you could come back out of it, put it away, return to Charles. But you could not."

She knew now; and knowing it, sat and pondered it.

She moved. She had been sitting a long time. She was cold. She must go to bed. She wiped her eyes. The telegram to Sim was yet to write and she took up her pencil again and wrote it. To-morrow was the vital day for it to go and for her to go. To-morrow expired Sim's term of quarantine. If she delayed her flight, Sim, released from confinement and with business perhaps to do, might come up to town and see her and she did not dare to see Sim. As it was, receiving the telegram to-morrow, he would be able to go at once to Charles and her letter to Charles she would post so that it should reach him while Sim was with him.

She drew the pad toward her and wrote her message: "*Charles is at* (she gave the address). *Please go to him at once without moment's delay. This is the promise that you gave me some months ago to go to him when I should tell you the time had come, and the time has come now. Please go to him immediately. Charles wants you, Sim.*"



HE HELD HER IN HIS ARMS: "ELIZABETH, ELIZABETH!"—"SIM, SIM!"

But Charles did not want Sim. Charles on the threshold of the cottage of his dreams lay dead, the pistol in his rigid hand.

IN AN aftertime—looking forward for a moment to view perspectively matters too poignant for direst narrative—B. C. D., putting a preface to a completed document, wrote—

" . . . If here and there this book of mine slips, despite me, into the story form it is because the novel is my trade and the trick of it hard to shake off. But I have tried, as I have said, to avoid it. My intention has been to set down the plain facts as I have received them from intimate sources—from Mrs. Charles Paris, from Conrad Bryne, from Linda Paris, from Elizabeth Glade—lastly, and coloring them all, from the man Simon Paris himself. For my own part I have this comforting thought—that though in my life I have done no more than earn a little notoriety, to be shoveled back to me with the earth and left there with me when they cover me in, one small but glorious share I have had in a mighty thing: it was I who gave Sim Paris that famous yellow caravan of his!

"It once was mine—I left it bogged in a wood and I had it hauled out and gave it to him when his Purpose came to him. And that and no other is the caravan which he has taken through length and breadth of England as a lamp—no, the other way about—which has taken him through length and breadth of England as a lamp carried through a dark house. That is the caravan from which he gave his Purpose to the world—that is the caravan from which he gave to happy hands—to all sorts and conditions of men and women—the tiny spot of purple ribbon you see now in the buttonholes of half, of two-thirds of all the folk you meet. It is in Lardy Quinnet's, it is in mine—I scarcely can say more to show how wide it flies. I have seen it on the lapel of a prince, I have seen it on the bosom of a famous musical-comedy dancer, I have seen it on a member of the Cabinet, I have seen it in the button of a burly working man as he came spinning out chucked from an East-end pub—the tiny spot of ribbon, the symbol that means—well, all the world knows what it means. Soon, I believe, all will be wearing it."

Here also is an extract from B. C. D.'s book of the life of Simon Paris: " . . . This was the day, remember, when first I saw him with what I called the light upon him—the day on which, come out from standing beside his dead brother, he first showed that light, then newly within him, to others. He came to break the news of Charles to Alice. He found her, a cab outside the door, just off apparently on a journey.

"Alice, are you just leaving for a visit somewhere?"

"Yes, Sim. My wire—did you not get it?—to go to Charles?"

"Yes, I went. Old girl, I have something to tell you."

His face, his tone, forewarned her.

"Something has happened?—an accident?"

"Yes, an accident, Alice. Sit down, old girl. It is a little bad. Comfy? Alice, old Charles——"

His mouth was working.

"Sim! Charles is not dead?"

"Yes, dead, old girl."

"Sim, Sim, Sim!"

She lay back in her chair. She wore a flower on her breast. While he stood and watched her, her hands went slowly groping up and drew the flower out and dropped it down beside her.

He took her from the chair, he thought that she had fainted, and lifted her upon the sofa. She had not fainted. She clung to him—"Sim, Sim!"—no other word. There was something about that man that day (and ever after) that made him like a rock in tide of trouble.

When presently he had told her everything, she, distraught, told him about herself—she was running away, had been upon the point of starting, with Conrad Bryne.

It startled him, you may suppose. But all he said, smoothing back her hair upon her forehead, was, "Old girl, that is all right now. Charles never knew that. Charles loved you and you loved Charles—that is all old Charles knows now. Old girl, that love that you and old Charles had when first you loved is fresh forever in the mind of God. God hands it back to old Charles now."

"Sim, Sim!"

"Nothing of what you have told me matters now, old girl. All that is all right now."

"Sim, Sim, Sim!"

He got the trunks off the cab, that man; and he went around to Conrad Bryne.

Continued on page 86

Gifts that never stay at Home

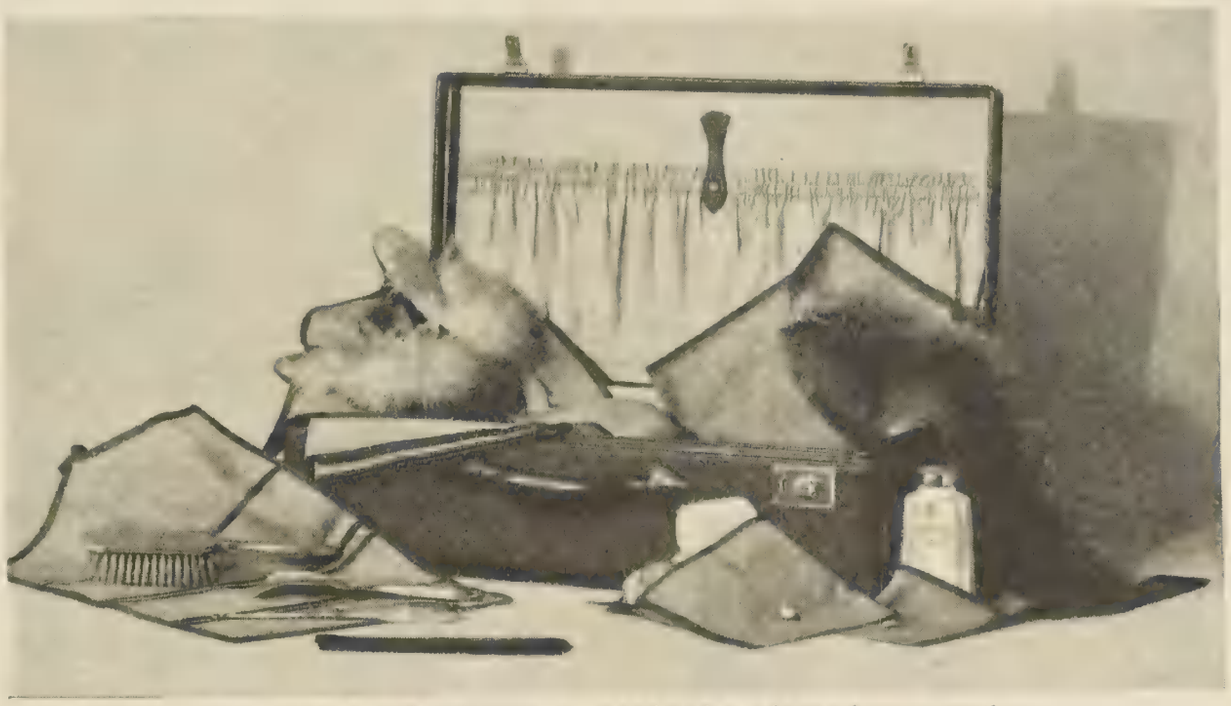
Novel ideas for pleasing the traveler

IT'S NEVER TOO SOON!

Start making your Christmas gifts now, and you won't need to join the mad scramble at the last minute. Here are some thoughtful gifts for the friend who is planning a trip soon or for any one who travels frequently. Mrs. Sanders will gladly tell you how to make them if you write her at the House Decoration Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*



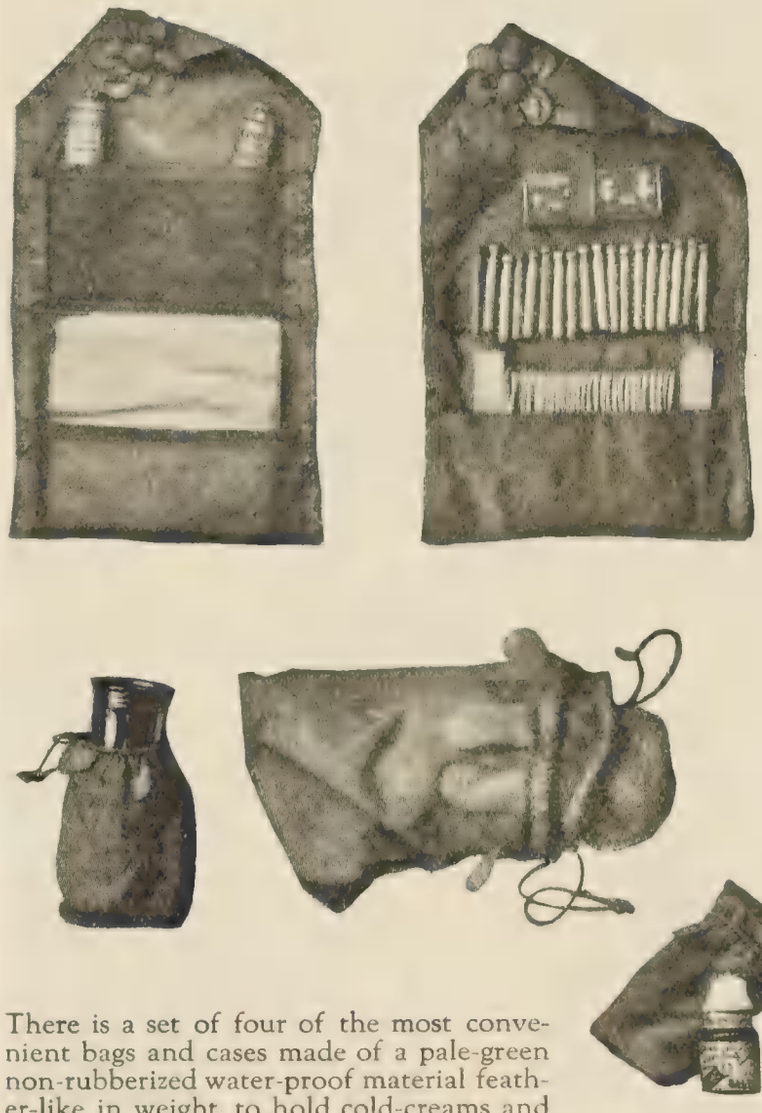
This collapsible hat-box can be folded in a small flat package when not in use. Made of two circles of chocolate-brown oilcloth and lined with a rose-colored chintz. The seams are bound with black bias seam binding. In the center of the outer circle three large initials taken from a transfer pattern are painted on with black oil-paint. Black snap-fasteners make a neat closing along the seams just under the narrow strap handle



A six-piece set for the accessories that lose themselves so easily



A new combination cushion and bag which will hold a multitude of small traveling comforts. To make: Two pieces of chintz, sixteen by twenty-eight inches, are stitched up each side and then through the middle. This will hold two flat down cushions. The sides of each cushion are then joined and two handles consisting of a strap one and a half inches wide and eight inches long and a ruffle are inserted in the open ends of each cushion



There is a set of four of the most convenient bags and cases made of a pale-green non-rubberized water-proof material feather-like in weight, to hold cold-creams and cleansing-tissues, small clothes-pins and line, smelling-salts and a drinking-cup. The material is cut and seamed as any other would be. And because it comes in a great variety of colors it is possible to match the lining of any fitted suitcase or small trunk. At the upper left, a piece of fabric, nineteen inches long and eight inches wide, is bound with a narrow peach-colored strip. One end is turned over to a depth of three and one-half inches. This forms a pocket for the tissues. An extra piece four inches long stitched through the middle holds the cold creams. When folded, this case is no larger than a large-size paper envelope and corresponds in color to the other pieces of the set. Both the sponge-bag and the smelling-salts-bag were made double, to prevent any possible leakage or moisture getting to the garments in the suitcase





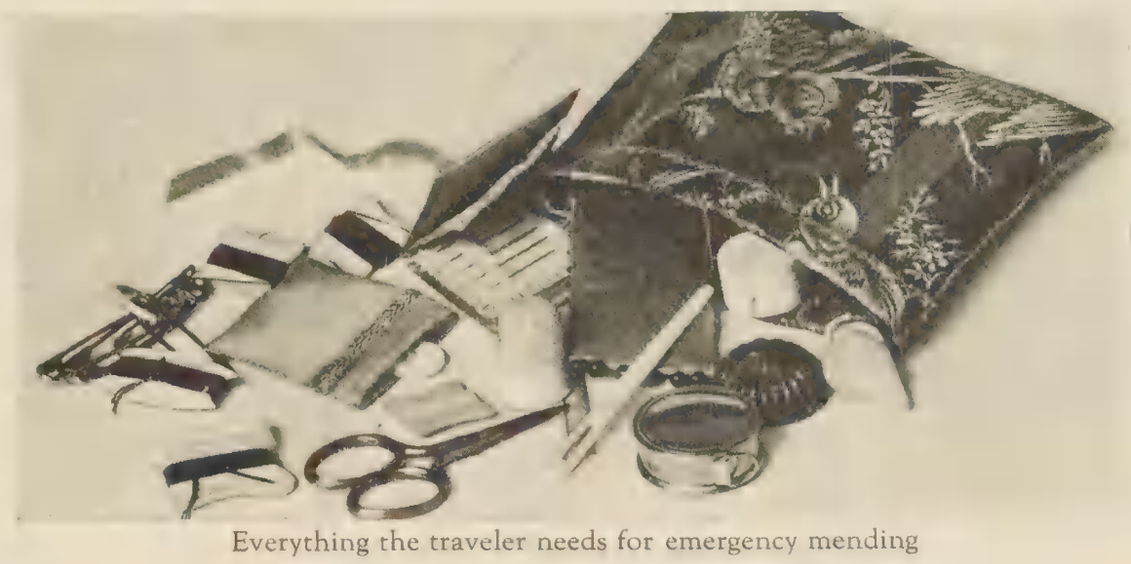


Just one yard of material makes a comfy elbow pillow and a convenient case for the hot-water bag. At the left, a practical carry-all bag of gay-flowered water-proof fabric is ideal for wash-cloths, tooth-brushes and other damp objects

At the left—Milady finds most convenient a plum-colored suède writing-case, which is just large enough for post-cards, stamps and writing-paper



Above, the collar-bag of red and black checkered chintz needs but half a yard of material, cotton tape, a piece of buckram and some cardboard to make. Cut two circles of cardboard seven inches in diameter. Cover separately on one side with cretonne and whip together. Then a strip of buckram four inches wide and twenty-three inches long is covered on one side with a narrow strip of cretonne, and on the other with a strip fourteen inches wide, which is seamed and bound with tape to make the bag. Collars placed carefully around the circle will leave room for a small jewelry-bag of the same material



Everything the traveler needs for emergency mending

Scarlet Fever



"The world is mine"

A treacherous disease now yielding to science

By MATTHIAS NICOLL, Jr., M.D.,
New York State Commissioner of Health

The Happy Child Department

Directed by DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

SCARLET fever is a definite and distinct disease, although not recognized as such and frequently confused with other diseases until an English physician, Sydenham, in 1675 accurately fixed its status. For how many centuries previously it had existed it is not possible to state. Scarlet fever prevails with seasonal variations throughout the temperate zone, but in warm climates usually in a very mild form and without complications. The largest number of cases occur in the late Winter and early Spring, while the Summer months are practically free from the disease. School attendance and close personal contact incidental to indoor life during the cold months may well account for this variation.

There has been noted a definite but irregular decrease in the number of cases of scarlet fever during the past quarter of a century, while the decrease in the number of deaths caused by it during the same period is nothing less than remarkable. Thus in New York State in 1908 there were reported nearly 1,700 deaths, and in 1924 approximately 250, a decrease of 85 per cent. In that part of the United States from which statistical reports are available, the so-called registration area, in fifteen years (1908-1922) over 61,000 persons died of scarlet fever. A very conservative estimate of the actual number who succumbed to this disease in the United States as a whole during that period would be 80,000.

The conclusions to be drawn from the figures cited are that scarlet fever has become decidedly less prevalent and markedly less virulent. That the number of cases has not decreased proportionately to the number of deaths is logically accounted for by the fact that mild types of the disease frequently fail to be recognized and quarantine measures instituted, and therefore become a focus of infection in communities in which they occur. But deaths from scarlet fever do not by any means tell the whole story, since few diseases leave in their wake a greater number of crippling complications. To scarlet fever must be attributed thousands of cases of hearing impaired to almost total deafness; permanent damage to the kidneys, which sooner or later is certain to affect the child's general health; and varying degrees of affections of the heart. Scarlet fever is justly dreaded by parents and physicians, for it is most treacherous and no one can accurately forecast the outcome until the disease has run its course. While the disease rarely occurs under six months of age and not often under one year, no age is exempt, but nearly half of the cases occur before five years of age and at least three-quarters before the tenth year.

HOW IT SPREADS

SCARLET fever is infectious, but much less readily spread from the sick to the well than most other common communicable diseases, requiring as a rule close and intimate contact. It is spread by the infective discharges from the nose, throat, running ears and abscesses, and not infrequently by contaminated articles of clothing, towels, handkerchiefs, eating utensils, toys and books. The infectious material when dried on such articles and especially when kept free from sunlight may probably set up the disease even after many months. A very common source of outbreaks of scarlet fever is a milk supply which has been contaminated by a milker or person otherwise engaged in the handling of milk who is either suffering from scarlet fever or convalescent from it. The vast majority of cases, however, are caused by direct contact between the sick and well. It is also not infrequently caused by the hands of attendants or friends which have not been properly cleansed and disinfected after contact with the patient. It was formerly believed, and indeed the theory is difficult to down, that the scales (peeled-off skin) were responsible for the spread of scarlet fever. This we know to be a fallacy, except that skin is shed from the fingers which have been placed in the mouth or nose, especially by little children suffering from scarlet fever, may, when brought into contact with the nose and throat of susceptible persons, cause the disease.

CAUSE OF SCARLET FEVER

SEARCH for the cause of scarlet fever has been carried on for many years in laboratories and hospitals throughout the civilized world, but not until 1923 was it definitely established, largely as the result of the work of Dr. George H. Dick and his wife, Dr. Gladys Dick, of Evanston, Illinois. Innumerable experiments by research workers on different varieties of the lower animals inoculated with the blood and discharges from scarlet fever patients had failed to produce a true picture of the disease.

After painstaking study it was finally established beyond reasonable doubt that the germ which causes scarlet fever belongs to a special group of organisms known as *streptococci*, so frequently associated with severe local inflammatory processes and so-called blood poisoning. Furthermore, it was demonstrated that this organism or this group of organisms in the course of growth produces a poison or toxin which by itself is the immediate cause of the high fever, and that by injecting such toxin into a horse in small and increasing doses an antitoxin is produced which is proving of remarkable value in the treatment of the disease. Again, this toxin, greatly diluted, when injected into the skin in minute quantities will produce after a few hours a small local area of redness at the site of infection in those persons who when exposed to scarlet fever will be very likely to contract it, but not in those who by reason of a previous attack of the disease, or possibly by reason of a natural resistance, are immune to scarlet fever. This procedure, known as the "Dick Test," is wholly analagous to the so-called Schick test for determining susceptibility or immunity to diphtheria, but up to the present time it is not as clean-cut or readily interpreted as the latter, and requires still further study to demonstrate an equal value.

Just as the dilute diphtheria toxin is used to produce immunity, so the greatly diluted toxin of scarlet fever injected in minute quantities and in three doses at weekly intervals has been very successfully used to immunize selected cases, especially those exposed to or likely to be exposed to the disease. Unfortunately, it is probable that such immunity is not of a very long duration, probably not more than six months to a year.

While many laboratory workers in this country and abroad should be credited with having paved the way, the definite establishment of the cause of scarlet fever and the practical utilization of the fact by a method of diagnosis, protection, and, most important of all, a specific treatment for the disease, are due to the brilliant work of the Doctors Dick and Dochez, a discovery which should be classed as one of the great achievements of medical science in the twentieth century and a triumph for American research.

PERIOD OF INCUBATION OF SCARLET FEVER

THE time elapsing between exposure to the germs of the disease and the development of first symptoms is from forty-eight hours to one week. Very rarely it develops a little earlier or later than these periods. In most instances symptoms develop on the fourth day, and if the person known to have been directly exposed to scarlet fever shows no signs of the disease after a week it may be confidently expected that he will escape.

HOW TO RECOGNIZE SCARLET FEVER

THE three classic symptoms which usher in scarlet fever are fever, sore throat and sudden vomiting. Headache is often complained of and a chill or convulsion, the latter usually in young children. In older children and adults, vomiting is less constant than in the very young. In a typical case of average severity the temperature rises rapidly and reaches 103 degrees to 105 degrees. The pulse rate is very greatly increased and the patient is quite apt to show more or less mental disturbance or even active delirium. Within twenty-four to forty-eight hours the rash appears at the side of the neck below the ear tips and chin and extends rapidly downward over the body to the hands, legs and feet. It is especially well marked on the upper part of the chest, in front of the armpits and in the groins, and is composed at first of tiny red points which soon coalesce to form a brilliant red coloring over a greater part of the body. The tongue is heavily coated except about the edges. The cheeks are flushed, but the true rash does not usually invade the face. The brilliant red lips are in marked contrast to the pallor of the skin about them. If the throat is examined in a good light, the tonsils and the hard and soft palate will be found to be reddened and more or less swollen. There may be white spots on the tonsils or even a membrane resembling diphtheria.

If everything goes well, the rash gradually fades from above downward, leaving the skin rough and dry. The fever falls a little day by day until at the end of a week or ten days, provided there are no complications, it has reached normal. The pulse rate is apt to increase out of proportion to the temperature, and usually remains somewhat elevated even after the latter has reached normal. The tongue after the fourth or fifth day loses its thick coating and usually becomes a brilliant red with little swollen dots scattered over its surface, the so-called "strawberry" or "cat's" tongue, which is very characteristic of the disease. In the second or third week the skin begins to peel, most noticeably about the edges of the finger-nails, and soon comes off in smaller or larger flakes, very frequently helped by the patient, until the finger-tips, heels and soles become glazed, red and soft.

This is a brief picture of a well-marked case of uncomplicated scarlet fever, but anywhere in the course of the disease, or even in convalescence, complications may change it. The temperature, instead of gradually falling, may continue above normal day after day, due to a very severe throat condition with enlarged and infected glands in the neck; or after becoming nearly or quite normal it may suddenly rise, due to infection of the middle ear, not infrequently followed by mastoid disease, or again because the germs of the disease have invaded the blood stream and caused general infection.

Even in convalescence, in the second or third week, the patient is not fully "out of the woods." At this time a sudden rise of temperature generally indicates that the

Concluded on page 80

WHEN THE SIGN COMES DOWN

Every one is happy when little Billy gets out of quarantine. But such a weak, pale little Billy!

No matter what his disease you must feed him carefully for months after he recovers. If you want help in doing this, we have a leaflet which gives you foods, menus and recipes for a convalescent diet and will gladly send it for just a two-cent stamp to cover the cost of postage.

Ask for "FOOD STRENGTH FOR WEAK TOTS."

AFTER OCTOBER 1, 1925

The Happy Baby Clubs are a year old now.

This year has seen many members enrolled. Since an increase in numbers always means a decrease in costs, we are happy to announce that the clubs will be continued at twenty-five cents for a year's membership—instead of fifty cents. After October 1st you may join any one of these clubs at that rate.

There are four clubs—one for the Expectant Mother, a second for Mothers of the New Baby, another for Mothers of the Runabout, and a fourth for Mothers of the School Child. In each one you get a monthly letter from Doctor Shaw on timely topics of child care and training—for just the cost of postage on the letters, if you ordered them separately.

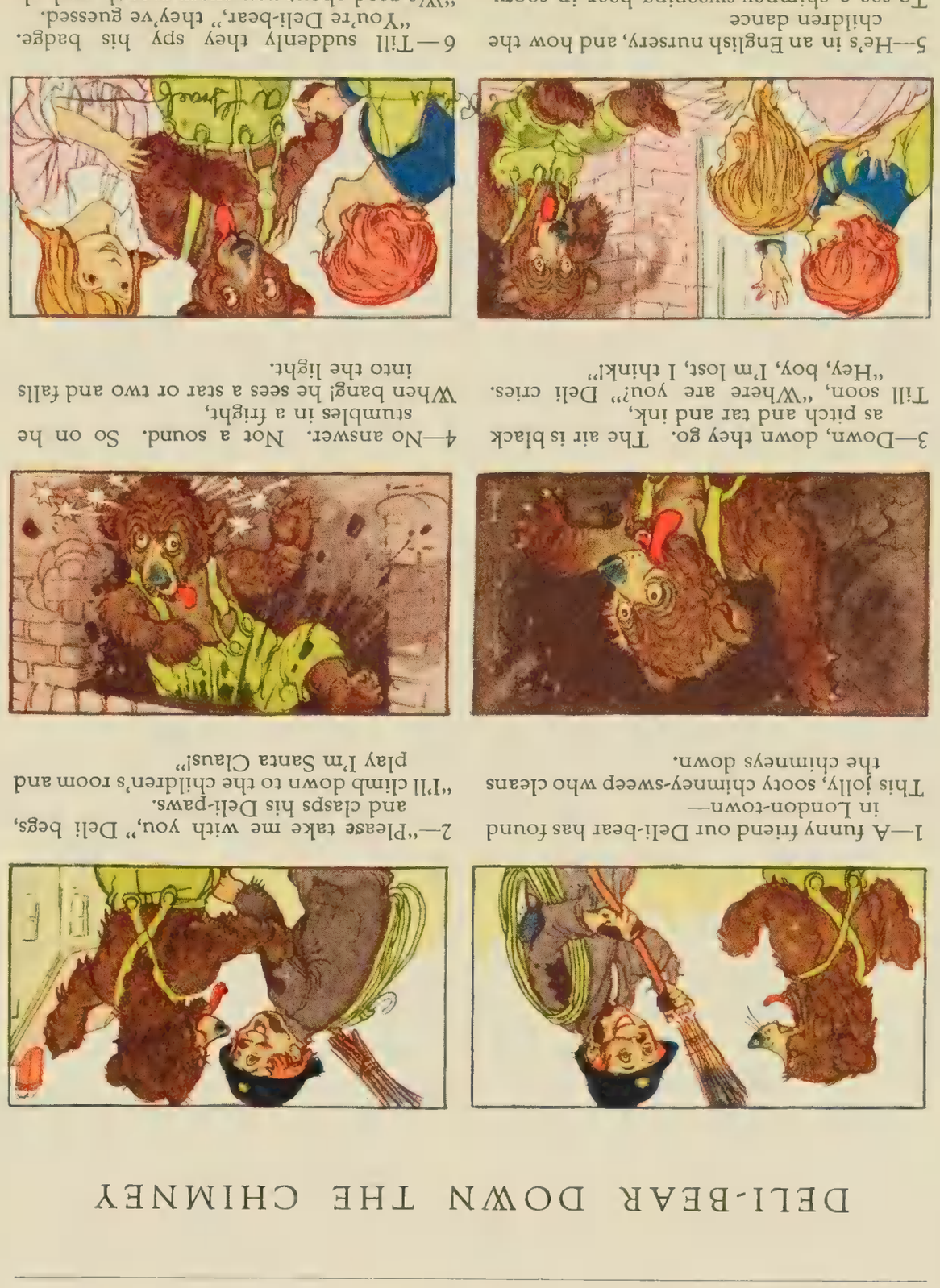
Address your letter to The Happy Child Department, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

NOVEMBER 1925
ENGLISH NUMBER
EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER
PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



THE PETER PAN STATUE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS, WHERE LONDON CHILDREN PLAY



CHEERIO, CHILDREN!

(That's the greeting you hear oftenest in England.) Here I am in the quaintest little fishing village called Clovelly, living in a pretty white cottage on a steep hill leading to the sea, eating my meals, especially the clotted cream for which this part of England is so famous, in an old inn six hundred years old, named The Red Lion, that was once swept over by a tidal wave. The boats here tie up to iron posts said to be guns from the Spanish Armada. Cobbled little High Street is so steep that many lady visitors in their high heels have to ride up and down on small donkeys; no wagons or automobiles can run, and coal and groceries and such are carried on a sort of sledge with runners, even in Summertime!

Almost all English cottages have door-knockers, so for your prize this month, I bought a brass knocker from Clovelly, with High Street for the back, and a boy with a sledge for the knocker part. You may use it on the door of your own room or give it to mother at Christmas. So try for the prize.

Cheerio! Guess where Deli-bear and I shall be next. Your loving editor-in-England, HARRIET IDE EAGER



WIN A CLOVELLY DOOR-KNOCKER

After your editor comes home, we'll have an American Number. What pictures and stories and places do you think should be in it? What kind of cover shall we have? What would make a good prize? The most helpful letter, giving the most interesting ideas for an American Number of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, will win this brass door-knocker from Clovelly, England. Second prize—a big picture by Mr. Graef, like this month's Peter Pan cover, framed. Contest closes November 20th. Address November Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for an answer from your editor, telling you more about "Treasure Island—The Children's Paradise."

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DELI-BEAR DOWN THE CHIMNEY



1—A funny friend our Deli-bear has found in London-town—
This jolly, sooty chimney-sweep who cleans the chimneys down.

2—"Please take me with you," Deli begs, and clasps his Deli-paws.
"I'll climb down to the children's room and play I'm Santa Claus!"

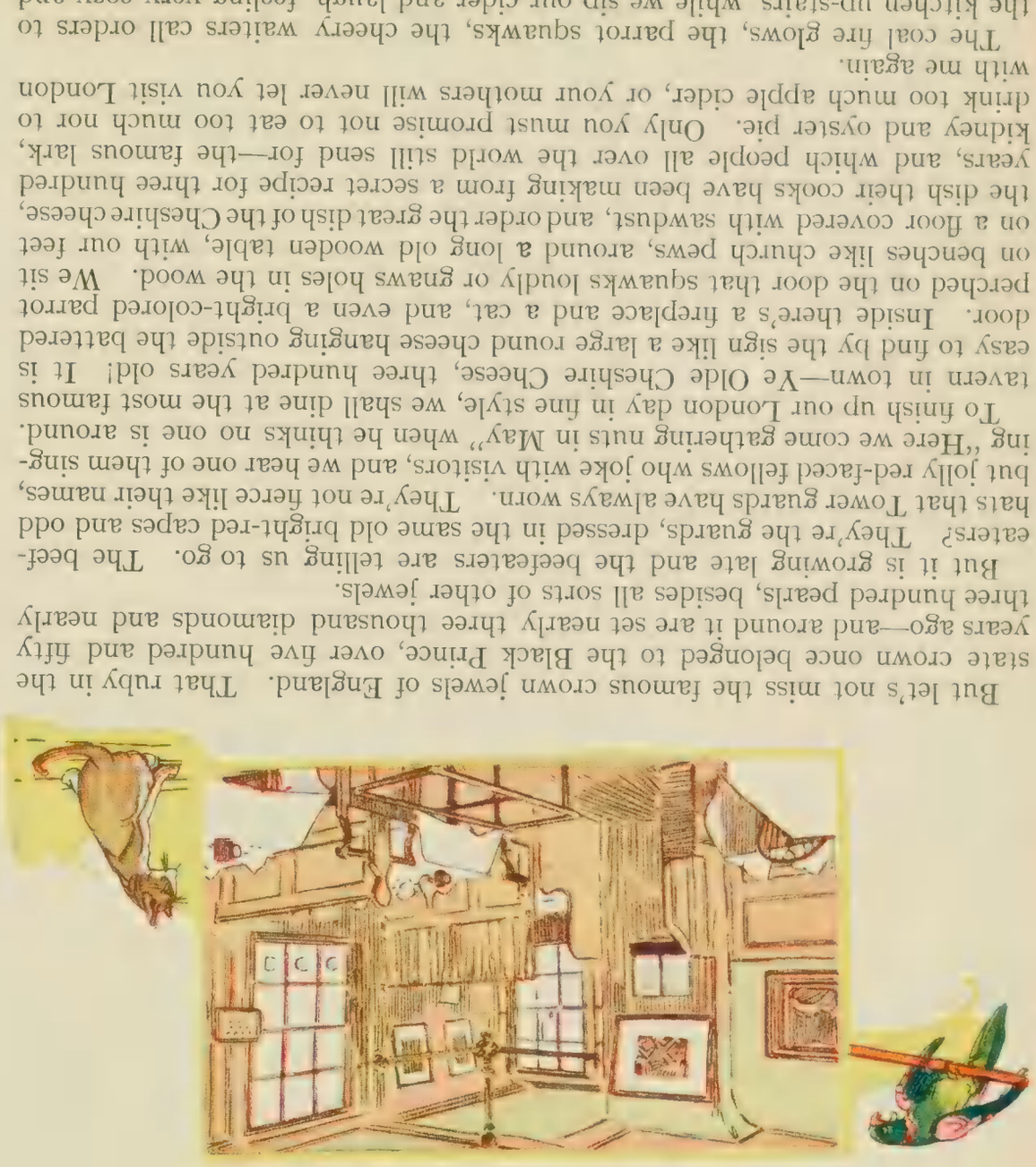
3—Down, down they go. The air is black as pitch and tar and ink,
Till soon, "Where are you?" Deli cries. "Hey, boy, I'm lost, I think!"

4—No answer. Not a sound. So on he stumbles in a fright,
When bang! he sees a star or two and falls into the light.



5—He's in an English nursery, and how the children dance
To see a chimney-sweeping bear in sooty, yellow pants!

6—Till suddenly they spy his badge. "You're Deli-bear," they've guessed. "We read about you every month and always like you best!"



But let's not miss the famous crown jewels of England. That ruby in the state crown once belonged to the Black Prince, over five hundred and fifty years ago—and around it are set nearly three thousand diamonds and nearly three hundred pearls, besides all sorts of other jewels.

But it is growing late and the beefeaters are telling us to go. The beefeaters? They're the guards, dressed in the same old bright-red capes and odd hats that Tower guards have always worn. They're not fierce like their names, but jolly red-faced fellows who joke with visitors, and we hear one of them singing "Here we come gathering nuts in May" when he thinks no one is around.

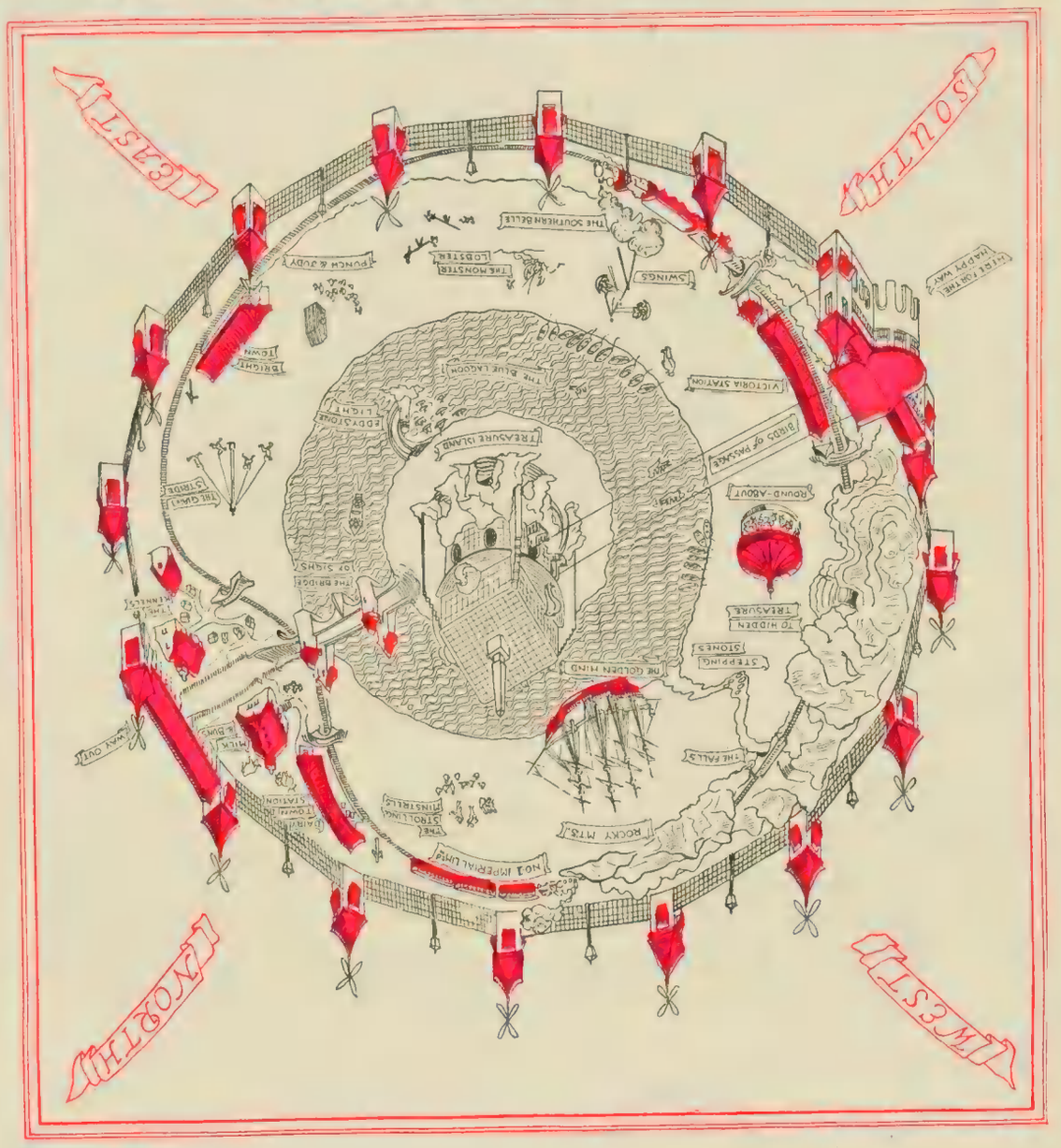
To finish up our London day in fine style, we shall dine at the most famous tavern in town—Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, three hundred years old! It is easy to find by the sign like a large round cheese hanging outside the battered door. Inside there's a fireplace and a cat, and even a bright-colored parrot perched on the door that squawks loudly or gnaws holes in the wood. We sit on benches like church pews, around a long old wooden table, with our feet on a floor covered with sawdust, and order the great dish of the Cheshire cheese, the dish their cooks have been making from a secret recipe for three hundred years, and which people all over the world still send for—the famous lark, kidney and oyster pie. Only you must promise not to eat too much nor to drink too much apple cider, or your mothers will never let you visit London with me again.

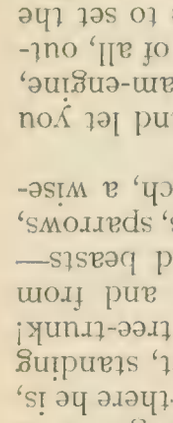
The coal fire glows, the parrot squawks, the cheery waiters call orders to the kitchen up-stairs, while we sip our cider and laugh, feeling very cozy and happy—but sorry that our day in old London town is over.



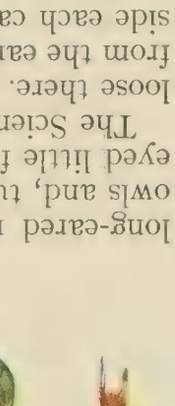
TREASURE ISLAND—THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE

ALL English children nowadays are teasing their fathers and mothers for a visit to the big exposition at Wembley, near London, to see the palaces and wonders from India and Bermuda and Guiana and all the far-away places of the British empire. But most of all they flock to "Treasure Island," that happy playground where no grown-up may come without a child, no matter how many sixpence admissions he pays. All around a lake called "The





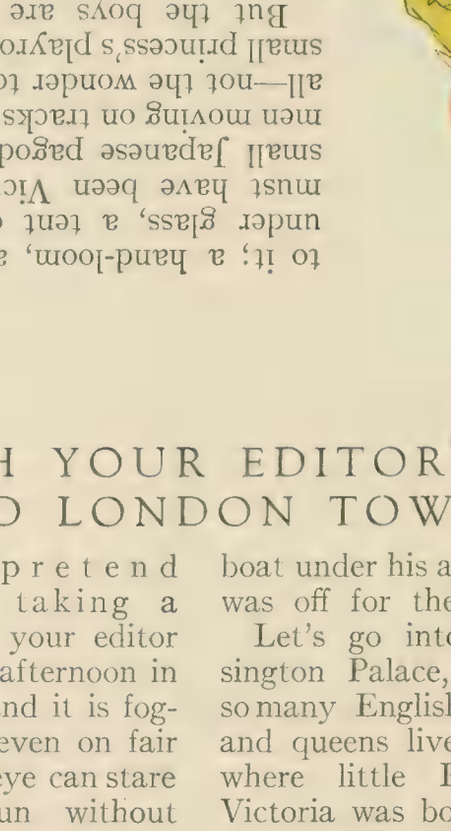
WITH YOUR EDITOR IN OLD LONDON TOWN



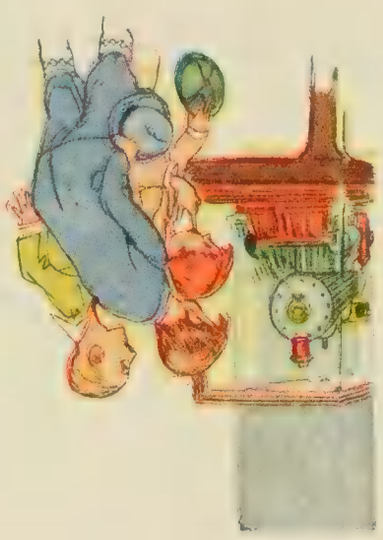
LET'S pretend you're taking a walk with your editor this foggy afternoon in London—and it is foggy—why, even on fair days your eye can stare at the sun without squinting. And then there's the smoke pouring from thousands of London chimney-pots, for the English, you know, burn open coal fires in every room.

Now for Kensington Gardens, the park where Peter Pan lived, and the Round Pond, where he played. Small boys and grown men are sailing boats there—and it's a real sport to set the boat's sails to the wind, so that the small craft will reach the other side safely. In a funny play I saw here, a gray-haired business man asked his boss for the afternoon off to "go yachting"—and he put on a yachting cap, tucked a toy boat under his arm and was off for the Pond!

Let's go into Kensington Palace, where so many English kings and queens lived, and where little Princess Victoria was born. It was here, in this very bedroom, that she was waked at five o'clock one morning to be told that her uncle the king was dead, and she was now Queen of England.



Here is her nursery, and her doll-house—just a big, plain living-room and a big old-fashioned kitchen, with a few dingy dolls still standing about. Under glass cases we see other toys—a wax doll with a broken arm, in a white muslin dress and little pantalets; a bed and a coach; a shabby shop-counter with bits of toys glued to it; a hand-loom, an old music-box, a bird under glass, a tent of striped silk and what must have been Victoria's finest treasure—a small Japanese pagoda, with little mechanical men moving on tracks from side to side. That's all—not the wonder toys you would expect in a small princess's playroom, are they?



But the boys are growing bored, so let's hurry to the Science Museum. On the way, we'll ask that giant red-faced Bobby ("Bobbies" are London policemen) to show us the Peter Pan Statue. Of course, in the little grove off the road where all the children stop—there he is, a bronze Peter in a bronze night-shirt, standing on a bronze tree-trunk—but what a tree-trunk! Bronze fairies peep out around it, and from every crack spring bronze birds and beasts—long-eared rabbits with noses shiny from children's kisses, squirrels, sparrows, owls and, tucked away in a corner where the tiniest baby may reach, a wise-eyed little family of field-mice.

The Science Museum—oh, very well boys, let's hop into a cab and let you loose there. Here in glass cases are perfect small models of the steam-engine, from the earliest comical grandfathers to our giant expresses. Best of all, out-side each case, there's a button you may press as often as you like to set the machinery going—airplane engines too and electric motors of all sorts. Upstairs you'll find tiny ship models from the Viking days to our ocean liners. Do you wonder that many a London boy spends all his Saturday afternoons in the Science Museum?

But Big Ben is striking four in his beautiful deep voice, and it's time for tea—for of course everybody in England, even the prime minister and the busiest business man, stops for a cup of afternoon tea. Here's a tea-room, and how good that red coal fire feels to our shivery bones after the chill and the smoke outside. Just this once, your mother won't mind if you drink a cup of very weak tea, with plenty of cream and sugar, and hot toasted English muffins with orange marmalade, and a bit of raisin cake to top off—for it's hungry work, this sightseeing.

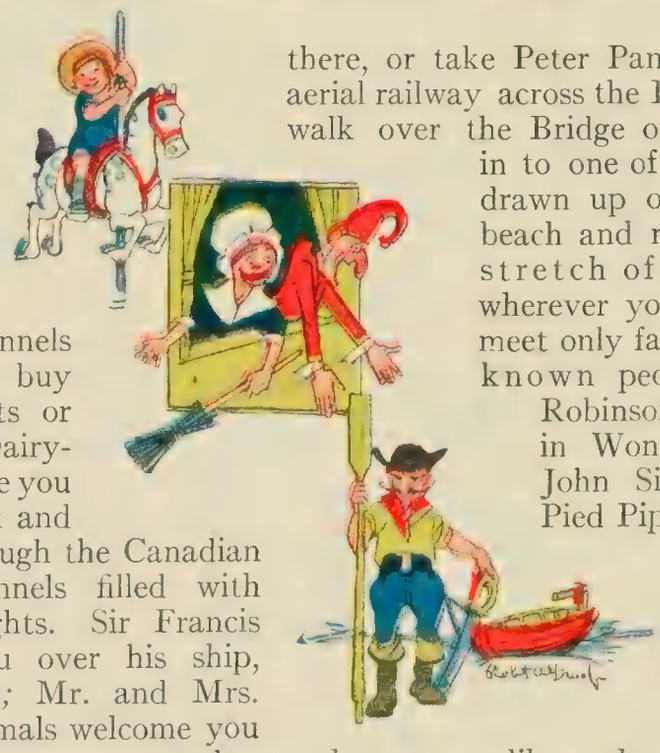
Now, if you're not too tired, take a last bite of cake, and off we'll go to the Tower of London.

The Tower, you know, is really a fortress with seven towers, which William the Conqueror began building nearly nine hundred years ago. Other kings added to it, lived in it and used it as a storehouse





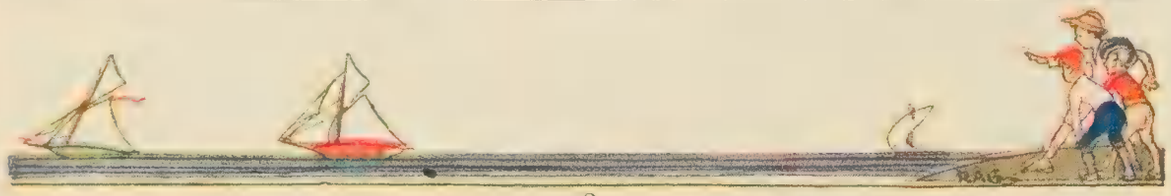
Blue Lagoon" lies a real beach, with tons and tons of real sand, and around the beach runs a little railway, past the Punch and Judy show, past the kennels where you may buy puppies or rabbits or kittens, past the Dairytown Station where you may stop for milk and buns, and on through the Canadian Rockies into tunnels filled with many strange sights. Sir Francis Drake shows you over his ship, *The Golden Hind;* Mr. and Mrs. Noah and the animals welcome you to the Ark. When you want to hunt for hidden treasure in Aladdin's Cave on the Island, you may ask old Captain Hook, the pirate, to row you there, or take Peter Pan and Wendy's aerial railway across the Blue Lagoon, or walk over the Bridge of Sighs, or get in to one of the tiny boats drawn up on the curving beach and row across the stretch of water. But wherever you go, you will meet only famous and well-known people, such as Robinson Crusoe, Alice in Wonderland, Long John Silver and the Pied Piper of Hamelin.



Here is a real map of this Treasure Island, where you may wander as long as you like under the mountains or in Aladdin's Cave or over the Blue Lagoon—and without paying sixpence, either!

THE DELI-CLUB

New readers, if you want to join the Deli-Club, send two cents for your D. C. badge (it has a head of Deli-bear on it). Old and new members, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your November Club-Secret Letter, telling how to have a special Thanksgiving meeting. Address Deli-Club, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.



Keeping him Interested

By ERMA E. HOLLEN

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

TURN MISTAKES INTO KNOWLEDGE

The lessons the young housekeeper learns during the first months of her married life will stand her in good stead all the remaining days of her housekeeping. This is the time when the new experiences in planning, buying, arranging and running the house should be so organized and systematized that, like the shifting of gears, they may finally become automatic, and hence it will pay her to give herself generously to mastering the lessons to be learned in this apprenticeship period.

Martha Van Rensselaer

Home-making Department

Directed by MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the New York State College of Home Economics, Cornell University

Enough ham will be bought to supply a hot meat for the day and a made-over meat dish for the following day. Provision is made to use in an omelet on the third day any that may be left over.

A large enough head of cabbage is bought to give a generous serving the first day, to provide cold slaw the second day and to make a cabbage-and-apple salad for the third day. Enough potatoes will be prepared that day to use next day with the ham in scalloped ham and potatoes.

Apples will give apple sauce for lunch and for apple whip, for baked apples and for apple-and-cabbage salad. Prunes and apricots enough for at least two meals each, one meal with the two combined, prunes enough for a soufflé and apricots for a shortcake, may be bought and cooked ahead. Enough biscuit dough will be made for the shortcake to serve hot biscuits the following morning.

A can of tomatoes will be ample for both soup and salad. If any remains, it may be made into gravy for the veal-chop.

In planning the meals, note that the lunch for the first day is one which may be quickly prepared after the morning's marketing.

DOES HE SUSPECT YOU?

When yesterday's baked ham appears in to-day's hash, does your husband see through the disguise?

You can save money by using left-overs, but don't tire the family with repetition.

"What to Do with Left-Overs," our new leaflet, tells you how something new and delicious may be evolved from the meats, fish, vegetables, bread and fruit that are usually thrown away. You can be a gay deceiver with its assistance, but your deceit will be appreciated when the bills show the saving. Send a two-cent stamp for postage to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and the leaflet will go forward to you immediately.

THE first problem in keeping house for two may be in not knowing how to cook. If that is so, the beginning housekeeper had better buy a cook-book and apprentice herself to it. The recipes in the average cook-book are planned to serve six persons. In dividing the recipes by three, however, remember that a third of a cup of liquid evaporates more rapidly in proportion to amount than a cup when treated in the same-size pan. There must therefore be on hand either small pans for small portions or a little more liquid must be added.

With some background of knowledge of how to cook, the difficulties in getting meals for two will consist largely in knowing how much of a given food to buy at any one time, how much money one may reasonably allow for food each month and where this amount may be spent to greatest advantage.

How much should be spent each month for food for two people? It has been determined by families of two, living in sections of the country where the cost of food is high, that the food bill for a month need not exceed twenty-five dollars or thirty dollars if the housewife is skilful in marketing, economical and intelligent. This means the standard good dietary. For two, that will be: a quart of whole milk and occasionally some extra cream, two vegetables besides potatoes, potatoes once a day, meat once, bacon or egg or cheese once, bread, cereals as needed, sweets, butter and other fats in reasonable amounts, and ice-cream occasionally.

The best results in buying food may be obtained if the housewife is willing to do her own marketing. In doing this, she should take a basket, so that at least a few perishable products may be carried home immediately, and advantage may be taken of possibly lower prices and fresher products at cash-and-carry stores and markets.

More economical buying is always possible when one has planned meals carefully for several days or a week ahead and buys according to that plan. This enables the shopper to cut down the number of journeys to market, and it helps to decrease the actual amount of cooking necessary, because foods may be bought with an eye to to-day's needs and to-morrow's as well. A roast and spinach for Sunday may, with a little foresight, be seen as cold meat and salad for Monday, and, skipping a day, even as baked hash and cream soup for Wednesday.

A plan for three days' menus illustrates this point.



THE ECONOMICAL BRIDE DOES HER OWN MARKETING, AND DOES NOT SCORN TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF CASH-AND-CARRY PRICES



IN COOKING FOR TWO, IT IS ECONOMICAL TO USE SMALL COOKING UTENSILS, WHICH ARE EASIER TO CARE FOR AND TAKE UP LESS SPACE

TO-DAY'S MEALS

LUNCH
Cream-of-Tomato Soup
Whole-Wheat Bread and Butter
Hot Apple Sauce
Cookies and Milk

DINNER
Slices of Ham Baked in Milk
Cabbage *Baked Potatoes*
Bread and Butter
Baked Apples and Cream
Milk or Coffee

TO-MORROW'S MEALS

BREAKFAST
Stewed Prunes
Cereal *Top Milk*
Toast and Poached Egg
Coffee or Milk

LUNCH
Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
Tomato Jelly Salad on Lettuce with Russian Dressing
Cookies and Milk

DINNER
Scalloped Ham and Potatoes
Cold Slaw *Boiled Onions*
Bread and Butter *Apricot Shortcake*
Milk or Coffee

THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW

BREAKFAST
Stewed Prunes and Apricots
Crisp Bacon
Hot Biscuits *Honey*
Coffee or Milk

LUNCH
Ham Omelet
Lettuce, Cabbage-and-Apple Salad with Crystallized Ginger
Bread and Butter
Cookies and Milk

DINNER
Veal or Mutton Chops
Creamed Potatoes *Buttered Carrots*
Bread and Butter
Prune or Apricot Soufflé or Apple Whip with Whipped Cream
Milk or Coffee

So far as possible, the housewife should always plan to have at least one fresh vegetable a day. In Summer both vegetables should be fresh, though in Winter one vegetable may be canned.

In general a safe rule is to allow a half-pound of the green vegetables and cabbage and a pound of other fresh vegetables to furnish a medium-sized serving for each of two persons. When using vegetables of which the family is particularly fond, it may be necessary to increase this allowance. Select only those vegetables which are distinctly fresh, firm, crisp, suitable in size and

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Attic Floors and Cellarettes

Can be glorified by ingenuity and color

By MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS

Director, Department of House Decoration and Home Building



A GLORIFIED ATTIC SPACE WITH STAIRS—ONCE AN OLD LADDER—LEADING TO A LOVELY AIRY ROOF-GARDEN

WHETHER you blame it on lack of servants, high cost of building or what, apartment homes are multiplying to-day almost as fast as rabbits multiplied in Australia.

That few of them have the hominess and charm so often found in small houses may be because they never seem permanent enough to fuss over, or because it is usually considered the height of folly to improve the landlord's property.

To make one room and bath interesting, even for a short period, does certainly require interest and enthusiasm, but the resulting comfort and cheerfulness are ample compensation. First, the utmost care must be exercised in the choosing of a wall color or decoration; as apartment rooms are generally not large, and frequently open into each other, it is wisest to carry the same color scheme throughout. As a note of variation, draperies for each room may be different, though they should harmoniously blend or contrast with other curtain fabrics and the wall decoration.

It is best, in the case of very small apartments, to have walls, woodwork, floors, floor-coverings, draperies and glass-curtain materials alike. This helps to create the idea of space, and does not cut into small units an apartment already smaller than it should be.

The eye and the mind will find it far more restful to gaze upon materials of the same color and design than upon an assortment of these. It can be easily understood why amateurs select the ivories or grays for their wall colors. They are perfectly safe background colors for furniture of every type and fabrics of every color and description, but when one considers the thousands of apartment interiors with neutral-colored walls, it is readily understood why such homes never acquire the atmosphere and individuality of a small house. Realizing that most apartments are leased for a year or longer, and that the owner does it over for a good tenant, why not work out an individual color scheme and furniture arrangement?

TO THE FLAT-DWELLER!

If you face the problem of converting four bleak walls—an attic or a basement apartment—into a cozy home, consult our House Decoration Department. Send a sketch of your floor-plan, with a few details as to walls, woodwork, and so forth, and Mrs. Sanders will suggest ways of furnishing. She has also a descriptive list of built-in features, furniture that folds away, and all sorts of attractive devices.

Enclose a two-cent stamp for postage, and send your request to the House Decoration Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York.*



THE TRANSFORMATION OF A FORMER BASEMENT KITCHEN AND LAUNDRY



A TOP-FLOOR HALL SPACE INGENIOUSLY DEVELOPED INTO A DINING-ROOM



FIREPLACE AND MANTELSHELF HAVE REPLACED A BARE WALL AND STOVEPIPE HOLE TO THE COMFORT AND JOY OF THE OCCUPANTS

IN DARK, cheerless apartments, the Spanish pinks, sun-color yellows and pumpkin will help to bring warmth and cheer, while soft greens, blue-gray and lilac will subdue the sunnier flats. All these colors may be obtained in paints, tints, and even wall-papers. The striped and small all-over designs in wall-paper are less likely to fill small rooms. Woodwork and the little necessary built-in features may be painted the same, or oil-stained a shade slightly darker than that used on the wall and then waxed. Such a wood finish is very individual. If the floor-boards are rough, black paint or a dark-colored wood-stain, the same as the woodwork, makes a good background for small rugs. Plain carpets by the yard which, since the perfection of the vacuum cleaner, are being more and more indulged in, can be used to cover the entire floor, giving a dignity and especially an air of "hominess" to apartments. This type of floor-covering, however, comes too expensive to some, who feel the urge of covering worn boards. Linoleum in plain colors or simple patterns can be used with most pleasing results, and most interesting color schemes can be built from it as a floor background. Over this, rugs are all that is necessary.

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Don't accept Infirmity!

Exercise will cure many bodily defects

By
FIELDING H. YOST
Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

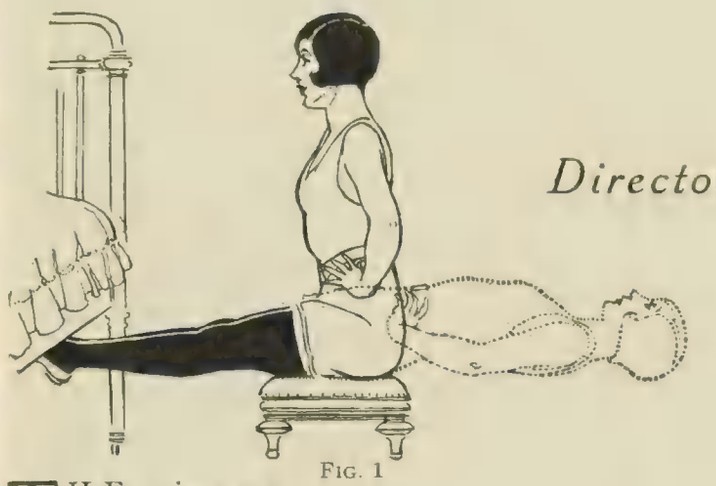


FIG. 1

THE circus caused a friend of mine some embarrassing moments recently. It involved him in a ticklish theological discussion. He had taken his little boy to see it, and the youngster was greatly disturbed by the three-legged man. He talked about him in his high, childish treble all the way home, for the three-legged man had upset what the little boy had considered a well-ordered universe. "But, daddy, you said that God made everything perfect. Then why did he make the three-legged man that way?"

By the time we have grown up most of us realize that nobody is physically perfect, and we manage to keep our religious beliefs in spite of that knowledge. What we don't so readily realize is that for many of our physical imperfections we have only ourselves to blame. If our bodies are not straight and strong and supple, it's often because we are eating improperly, or living unhygienically, or taking the wrong kind of exercise—or no exercise at all.



FIG. 3

In my article in the September DELINEATOR I showed why it was especially necessary for the home-making women between the ages of seventeen and thirty-two—a group in which the death rate has been steadily rising—to have regular physical examinations which will reveal to them any defects they may have—defects which may be remedied if taken in time, but may grow to be very serious if neglected. Some of these defects call for medical treatment, some demand changed living conditions; but others, the ones with which I am particularly concerned, may be cured, or at least greatly improved, by proper exercise and attention to the cardinal rules of hygiene. All one needs is a little time, a little knowledge of what to do and a little strength of mind to do it. I am counting on *you* to find the time and supply the strength of mind; here is some of the knowledge.



FIG. 4

ONE of the most frequent defects of women in the seventeen-to-thirty-two group is faulty elimination. Unless the waste material that passes through the body is completely eliminated at regular intervals, the entire system is poisoned and weakened. Many of the disorders of which women frequently complain can be traced directly to this cause.

Modern habits of living and eating are largely responsible for the great prevalence of constipation. Lack of vigorous outdoor exercise, insufficient drinking of water, eating of soft cooked foods, a concentrated meat diet, lack of cellulose or waste material in the diet and neglect of the bowel function are the chief causes. In most cases, therefore, it is a preventable condition. There are but few cases that can not be greatly benefitted by the proper diet and exercise. Warm or hot water, taken freely on an empty stomach some time before eating, is very helpful, especially if followed by a few moments of vigorous exercise. These exercises should involve activity of the abdominal muscles, such as trunk bending and twisting from a standing position (Fig. 7), or leg raising from a supine position (Fig. 2).

In very obstinate cases of faulty elimination, or those complicated by other diseases, competent medical advice should be sought.

Many times each day the average individual is asked, "How do you do?" An apt corollary might well be, "How do you stand?" For how you stand has a great deal to do with "how you do." Good posture means better appearance and bearing, and the condition and attitude of being wide-awake. It also means conservation of energy and provides for a proper growth and development of the vital organs.

Posture training is especially pertinent in the present day, when there seems to be a marked tendency to "slouch" or "slump." Rounded shoulders and relaxed abdominal walls are often associated with serious nervous maladies. Prolapse, "falling" of the stomach, abdominal organs or pelvic organs, and constipation frequently accompany faulty posture.

One stands correctly when the "support" line of the body (a line drawn from the ankle bone to the ear and passing through the middle of the knee joint, the hip bone and the point of the shoulder) is straight. This line should incline very slightly forward from the perpendicular to throw the weight of the body on the balls of the feet. Posture is affected by all parts of the body, and any defect or lack of development is apt to throw the body out of line. Consequently posture is improved by eliminating any specific defect that may be present or by building up those muscles that are underdeveloped.

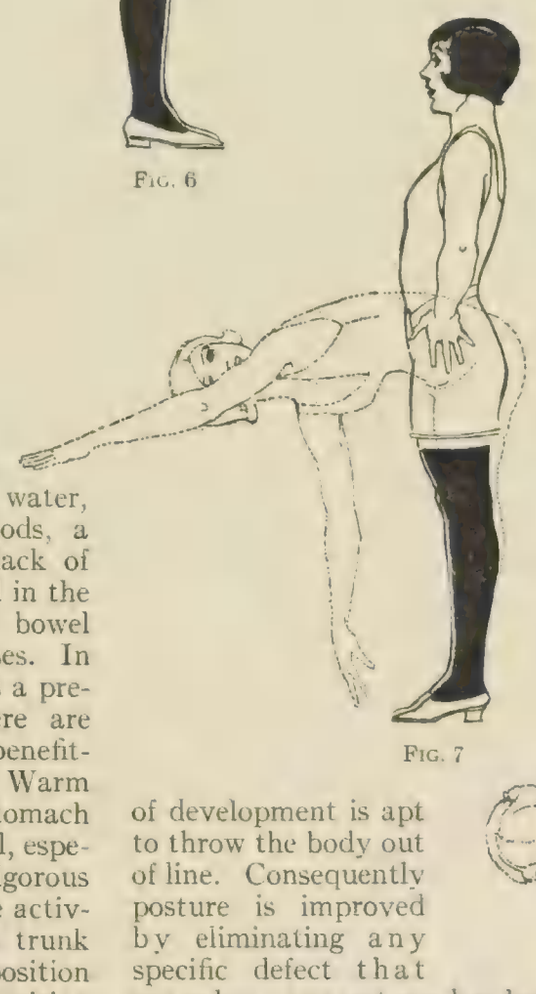


FIG. 7

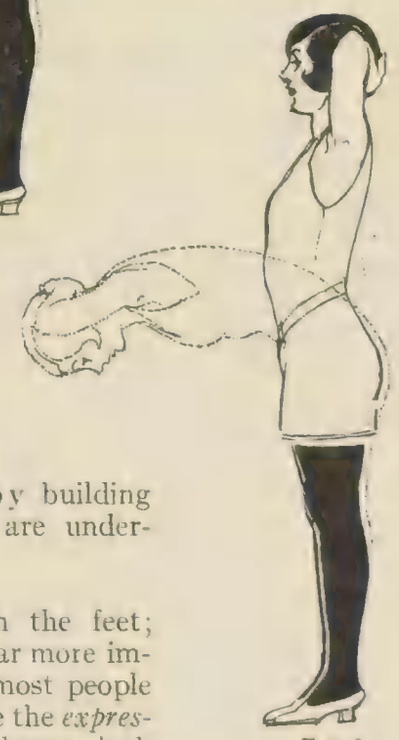


FIG. 8

POSTURE begins with the feet; and foot hygiene is far more important to health than most people realize. Flat foot may be the *expression* of muscular weakness, lack of exercise, improper foot-gear or faulty walking or standing. It may also be the *cause* of nervous disturbance, backache, fatigue, or joint pains in hip and knee as well as foot.

Flat foot is not primarily due, as many suppose, to weakness originating in the arch of the foot, but to weakness and poor development of the muscles in the fore part

Continued on page 78

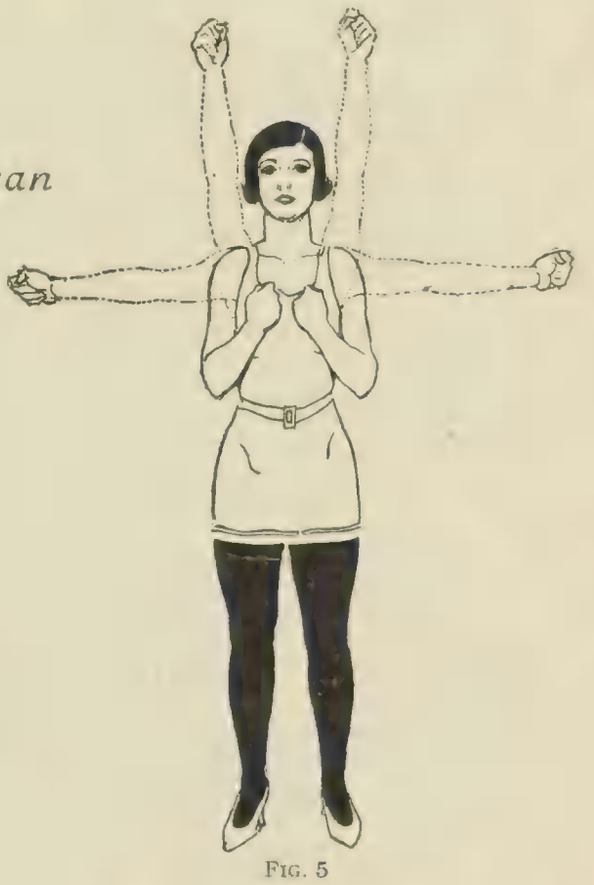


FIG. 5



FIG. 6

THEY CALL IT "PEP"

When the football eleven trots briskly on to the field, when they rise again and again from a struggling heap and "at 'em" once more, don't you envy their unfailing vigor?

"Hurry-up" Yost has helped scores of football stars to acquire that perfect health which is the source of their "pep," and he says that one of the chief reasons for lack of "pep" in men and women is faulty elimination. Doctors and nutrition experts, too, warn us of the bad complexions, the tired feeling, headaches, and all kinds of ills caused by chronic constipation.

Take the first step toward "pep" by removing this cause. Our leaflet "Overcoming Constipation" gives you exercises that help to correct the ailment, and diet suggestions with a group of healthful menus. A letter to the Health Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., with a two-cent stamp for return postage, will bring it to you at once.*

Hair that was *never* Invited

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

"I WISH I KNEW YOU"

one reader writes to Celia Caroline Cole. But you do know her—all of you who read her message to you each month!

She is just as enthusiastic and inspiring and just as glad to help you as she sounds in her articles. So don't hesitate to write her. If you want to know what to use for superfluous hair, for a sallow complexion, or any other beauty ill, C. C. C. will help you.

Just a note to the Beauty Editor, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, with a two-cent stamp for return postage will bring you her answer.*

THERE is an inside to magazines that readers seldom think about. They see only pages and words marching along in an orderly fashion and inviting or exciting or enlightening pictures. But oh, there's something much more serious than those! Rooms with desks in them, and at the desks men and women who make the busy bee look like a dilettante and any earnest ruler of a nation as unresponsible as a humming-bird singing on a rose.

Editors. Trying to give all they can, tell all they know in an allotted space and tell it in a way you will want to read.



THE LETTERS ON THE LEFT FILLED US WITH DESPAIR

Now and then the beauty department discusses among itself, "I wonder what kind of picture would be nicest at the top of this article?" And then one picture always comes and stands before our mind—a distracted female with a flaming torch in each hand, and one torch is acne and the other is superfluous hair; and the distracted female is the beauty department.

And we nod our head and look at the huge pile of letters on the right and the still huger pile on the left, and while none of the neat piles of letters ranged in between bother us at all, the ones at the extreme ends fill us with despair. The huge pile on the right wants to be cured of acne, and the huger on the left, of superfluous hair.

And there is no general hundred per cent. cure for either.

Then we read some of the letters over again and have lumps in our throat at the humiliation and despair and fear of life in them, life that one naturally and rightly expects to find shining and joyous and deep—if not to-day, then to-morrow—but which turns out for some of us all wrong and dark because the only face one has to turn to it is spotted and scarred with acne or disfigured with hair.

Troubled by these letters, we decided a few weeks ago that while we couldn't develop acne and try out personally all the cures for that, we could, if we wanted to be really valuable as a beauty guide, take whatever fuzz we had and seek out superfluous hair places and see what they could do!

We knew that doctors approve, generally speaking, of electrolysis. But we found that one needs practically to have second sight to discern which electrolician knows his work well enough to get down to the very root and take out and not just break off. It takes a very good operator never to make a scar, and for fuzz it is not much good since there must be a separate operation for every single hair.

Other electric devices that we examined we found sometimes destroyed the tissues and left a brown lax skin in the effort to destroy the hair. In fact, in all the field of electricity there was only the reputable electrolician with a skilled needle that we would trust to separate us from whatever fuzz nature had overlooked. X-ray is dangerous and not to be used in connection with superfluous hair.

WHEN a hair is broken off, or you tweeze it out, two hairs are likely to come in its place. Superfluous hairs are like weeds in a garden, you have to break their spirit. You pull them out by the roots, and when they come back, you pull them out again, and even then they come back; but they are further apart and some of the weaker ones gone altogether. You pull them out again and again, and finally they decide to give up the ghost and disappear except a bold, stray one now and then. But they *can* be banished. What if you do have to repeat the process every five or six weeks? You remember what Billy Sunday said when somebody asked him if his conversions were permanent? "No. Neither is a bath." If it takes four weeks the first time to come back, it will take longer the next, and longer—and thinner—the next.



THEY NEARLY ALL HAVE FUZZ ON THEIR LEGS



Drawings by Gustaf Tenggren

YOU HAVE TO BREAK THEIR SPIRIT

Superfluous hair comes just because it does, like your nose or your eyes. You may be born that way; or you may inherit it; or it may come when it never did before at that most sensitive time in the lives of girls and women, the time of puberty and menopause; or it comes because nature sends it to protect the skin against unwonted heat or cold; English or American women who go to hot countries to live find that they have to fight superfluous hair, and those beautiful husky children of to-day walking around in midwinter with socks on and their pink little legs not seeming to care a whoop nearly all have fuzz on their legs. Nature, not so modern and *chic* as their mothers, has rushed to their rescue and given them a little fuzz to keep them warm.

There are all sorts of depilatories (hair removers) on the market, powders, lotions, many of them good, some not so good. A good depilatory is an excellent temporary relief. The time of the return varies with the individual; with some the hair will show slightly in a week, with others not for two weeks or more. Depilatories do not claim to remove permanently, but one can keep perfectly clean of superfluous hair by the regular application of a good powder or lotion. They are inexpensive and easily applied. The lotions may be applied with a brush or dampened absorbent cotton; if using the powder, pour a tablespoonful into a saucer, mix with water to form a paste, and spread the mixture on with a wooden spatula, which is generally supplied with the powder.

And then there is wax. We knew, of course, about waxes, but we don't like pain, anybody's, and the thought of people having large areas of hair jerked out by the roots always had made us squeeze our eyes tight shut and hurry past the places where they did such things. But if there really were two terrible torches burning the joy out of women's lives, and we could prove that one needn't burn, then we must.

So we went. We picked out the best known of all the waxes, and one bright, fearless morning, we took our face (on which we thought there was no fuzz) and our arms and our legs and under our arms and the back of our neck where the barber clips and leaves a shadow and sat ourself down in that House of Wax and said, "do everything that ought to be done, in one sitting. We wish to know the worst." (You see, we thought if we died of pain, at least we died for the Cause; and if we didn't die, we'd be entirely beautiful!)

A delightful woman came and ministered unto us. We talked philosophy, plays, books, music and life, while she deftly spread on the melted wax in neat little gardens like flower-beds with narrow paths in between; the paths were in order that she could get hold of the beds and lift them up and off.

A DELIGHTFUL WOMAN CAME AND MINISTERED UNTO US

Concluded on page 75

SOULIÉ'S ORIGINAL DESIGNS SENT FROM THE BUTTERICK PARIS ESTABLISHMENT SHOW, BRIEFLY, THE FLARED AND STRAIGHT SILHOUETTES



Flying squirrel used after the new trimming fashion of long lines and small patches is employed by Soulié on a coat of black satin. It has one of the new higher collars and retains the straight silhouette



Paris puts the flare in its proper place—which may be before, behind, at the sides or all around. Soulié places it at the sides of a coat of gray cloth embroidered in self-color and trimmed with vison. With the new width the skirt must be short or the effect would be heavy and mature



A coat that suggests the new princess silhouette which is being used for both coats and frocks is designed by Soulié for rust-colored velvet embroidered with rust-colored silk and trimmed with gray fur



The flared silhouette is used mostly for the silks and Georgettes, the straight line for wool frocks, sports clothes and borders and for very elegant materials that should not be broken by seams. Soulié uses it for a frock of green velvet girdled with oxidized steel cords



(Above-right of center) Godets, flares, princess lines and the circular cut of skirts that bell out, flower-fashion, at the hem; the tie ends of collars, loose panels and light draperies that fly and flutter as one walks, convey the sense of motion and animation so characteristic of the new styles. Soulié uses godets of brown chiffon velvet in a delightful crêpe frock of the same color

A flared flounce that begins where the long body ends is used by Soulié on a frock of black velvet and white crêpe embroidered with white beads which give the new much seamed effect. Sleeves are almost always long, while necks are frequently higher with new and interesting collars

FASHION FINDS NEW WAYS TO FLARE, NEW LINES FOR NECKS, NEW SLEEVES, AND AN ENTIRELY NEW FROCK IN BOLERO STYLE



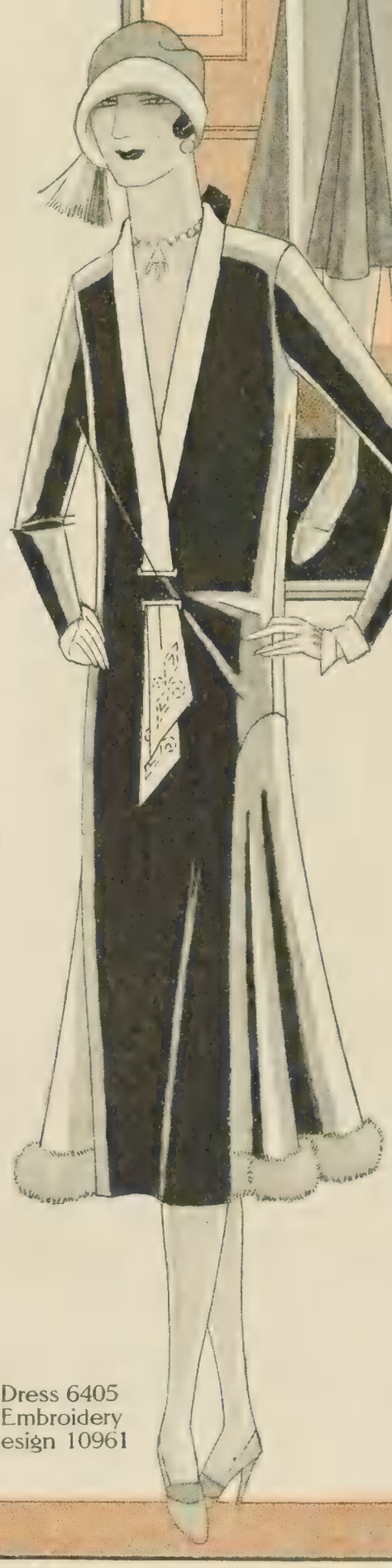
6413 6405 6354 6399 6403



Dress 6354 Dress and bolero 6399 Dress 6403



Dress 6413
Embroidery
design 10342



Dress 6405
Embroidery
design 10961

6354—When bordered wide Canton crêpe, etc., centers its design, the plain strip at the bottom invites the insertion of the fashionable godet in matching material. Or make this one-piece slip-over frock of satin Canton, flat crêpe, crêpe faille, satin faille, soft satin, etc. It fits closely at the hipline. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

36 bust requires 1¼ yard 54-inch bordered crêpe satin, with 1¼ yard 54-inch matching crêpe satin (using shiny side for sleeves, dull side for collar, tie and godets).

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6403—Here is one of the most attractive of the new versions of the circular flare. Attached across the back, it is brought around to each side front where it dips slightly. For this one-piece slip-over frock use crêpe satin, satin Canton, satin faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, etc., with flesh-colored Georgette or lace edging vestee. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch silk brocade.

The dress is charming for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

6399—Its youthfulness obtains for this separate bolero an immediate entrée into Fashion. The slip-over dress with its straight gathered skirt attached at a low waistline is a lovely style for lace, or for Georgette, crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with lace edging; or crêpe satin with vestee of tucked contrasting Georgette, etc. It may have a drop skirt. Lower edge of skirt 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 3 yards 28-inch lace flouncing and 2⅞ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6413—10342—For Georgette one looks for something softly gathered. The gathered section attached across the back and sides of this frock is straight. The dress has a one-piece front. It slips on over the head and fits closely at the hipline. Crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or soft satin of one material with matching fringe, is also smart for this frock. The embroidery is charming. Work in one-stitch. Lower edge 61½ inches.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 36-inch soft satin.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6405—10961—When a flare goes back on a frock, the one-piece front remains straight and slender. The scalloped outline in which this circular flare is attached across the back and sides makes an attractive joining. Make this slip-over frock of crêpe satin, satin Canton, satin faille, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc., with contrasting crêpe de Chine, etc. It fits closely at the hipline. The touch of embroidery is attractive. Work in contrast. Lower edge 2¼ yards.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch flat crêpe (flare cut crosswise).

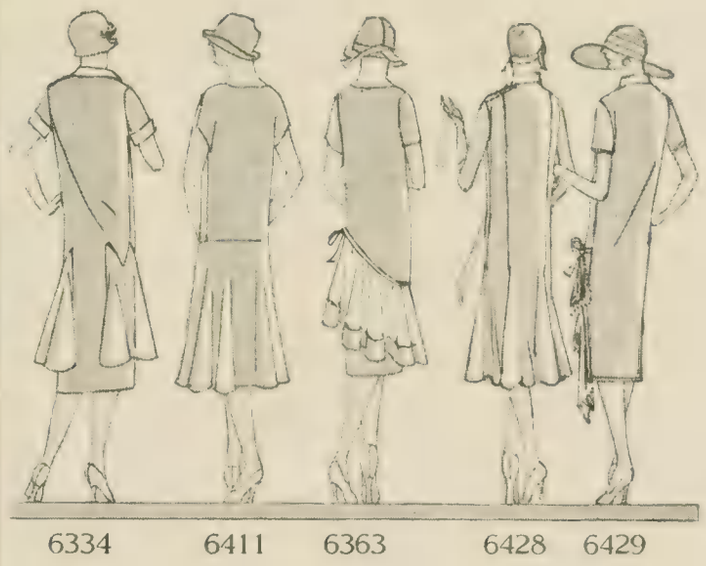
The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

SAFETY FIRST!

The princess style is a new and charming and very smart one. But a frock is only as smart as its fit is perfect, and perfect fit depends first upon true size.

While this is so of every garment, it is particularly true of the new and lovely princess fashions. Their great beauty of line and cut may be lost if the wrong size is purchased and needless alterations made. For this style—as, indeed, for all—the importance of being measured can not be too strongly emphasized.

Are you *sure* you take a 36? It's safer to be measured!



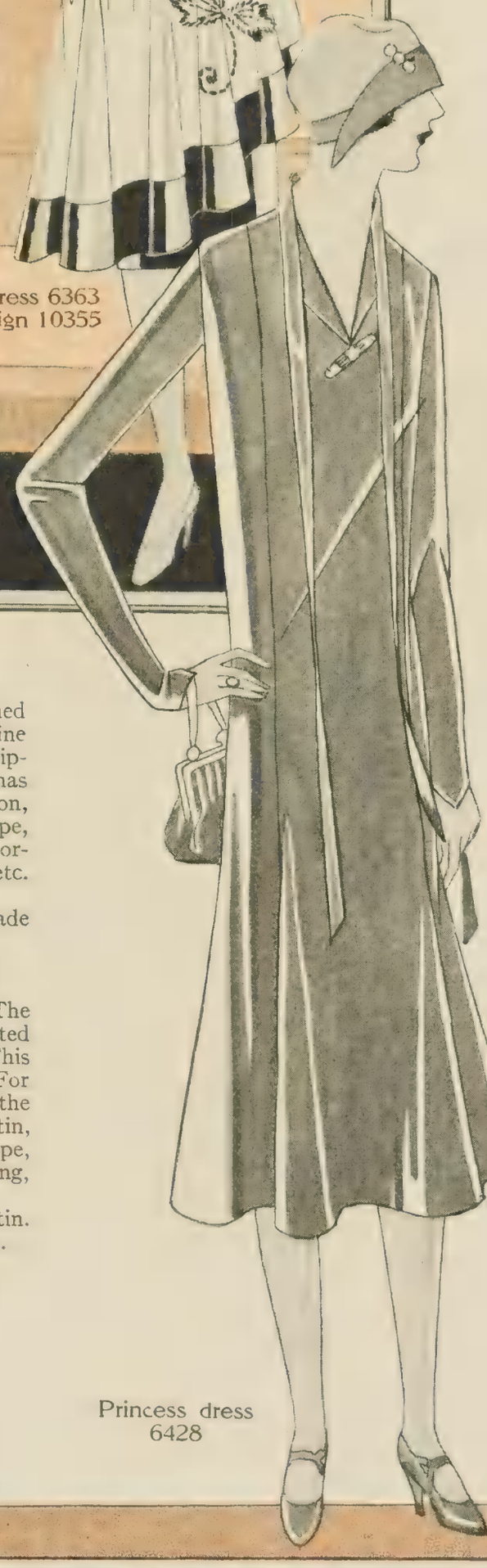
6334 6411 6363 6428 6429



Dress 6334
Embroidery design 10321

Dress 6411

Dress 6363
Embroidery design 10355



Princess dress
6428



Dress 6429

6334—10321—Side circular flares attached in pointed outline are new. The embroidery on the smart long sleeve is effective. Work in one-stitch. This one-piece slip-over dress fits closely at the hipline. Use satin Canton, satin faille, etc., with contrasting crêpe de Chine or Georgette; broché crêpe faille or broché crêpe satin with harmonizing Georgette or crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 43½ inches.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch crêpe satin and ½ yard 35-inch contrasting.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6363—10355—The attractive straight gathered flounce climbs to hip height. For this slip-over one-piece dress, close fitting at the hipline, use crêpe satin, satin faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, etc.. The embroidery is attractive. Work in contrast. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch satin Canton and 1¼ yard 39-inch Georgette for the flounce, etc.

The dress is excellent style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6411—The droop of the circular flare attached across back and sides and the soft shoulder-line of the smart close sleeve give grace to this slip-over dress. It fits closely at the hipline and has a one-piece front. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, satin faille, soft satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma, Georgette, broché crêpe satin, broché crêpe faille, etc. Lower edge 2⅝ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch silk brocade (circular flare cut crosswise).

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6428—Fashion presents a new silhouette! The princess line, flaring below, is very slightly fitted above to suggest the line of the figure. This slip-over dress may have a round neck. For evening wear the armhole is cut down and the neck cut lower. Use satin Canton, plain satin, satin faille, crêpe faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc., with collar facing, etc., of ribbon. Lower edge 2¼ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The princess dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6429—The tie-around dress, draped and shirred at the closing, is a new arrival from Paris. The long close sleeve that comes down on the hand is extremely smart. The dress is one-piece in type and may have a body lining. Use heavy crêpe de Chine, broché crêpe satin, etc., with harmonizing Georgette; or chiffon velvet with matching Georgette. It may be made with a short sleeve.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe satin, with 1¼ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is charming for ladies 36 to 48 bust.

Princess Dress 6424

Dress 6423
(center of group)

Dress 6407

Dress 6415
Embroidery
design 10268

Blouse 6182
Skirt 6337

Coat
6324

Dress
6417
Embroidery
design
10277

Coat 6369
Dress 6379

Coat 6369

Dress 6364

Coat 6371

Other views and descriptions are on page 104

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Dress 6330

Dress 6328

Dress 6383

Dress 6397
Embroidery
design 10984

Dress 6349

Dress 6385

Dress 6381

Dress 6391

Other views and descriptions are on page 104

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Blouse 6398
Costume slip 6402
Embroidery design 10155

Dress 6409

Dress 6351

Blouse 6396
Costume slip 6408

Dress 6344
Hat 6359

Dress 6342

WHEN the days arrive that are frosty in the morning and summer-like at noon, the wool or velvet frock appears on the street and at restaurants without the burdensome accompaniment of a coat. With a small hat, smart gloves and shoes, a scarf or fox fur, it has very great style. One of the newest of these costumes is the two-piece type—a long slender blouse and a matching slip. It may be straight, tailored and made of wool, or rather more formal in cut and made of silk. A wool one of novelty woven fabric is smart for sports and general wear; a silk or velvet one with a flared slip is better style for afternoons.

Wool frocks pin their faith mainly to plaits for chic, but silk frocks take naturally to flares. There is one silk dress that renounces both and turns instead to flying loose panels.

SMART Autumn fabrics include such wool materials as the always popular twill, worsteds, cashmere, light-weight kasha, camel's-hair twill, wool crêpe, tweeds, etc. For silk frocks there are the various satins—plain satin, crêpe satin, broché crêpe satin, satin Canton and satin faille—and all the crêpes including flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, silk crêpe, etc.

Other views and descriptions are on page 105

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Dress 6387

Dress 6362

Dress 6377
Embroidery design 10204

THE evening mode flies and flutters. At the slightest movement soft, down-drooping draperies lift in quivering flight, a plaited godet opens out fanlike but to close again, flares ripple forward outspread and swing back in retreat, now advancing, now receding, now appearing, now lost to sight!

THE evening frock that is correct for the theater, dinners or small dances is characterized by a youthful simplicity. It trims itself with its own material with perhaps a bit of metallic ribbon at its waistline and a flower on its shoulder. Its lightness and animation are best expressed by the most delicate fabrics—chiffon, chiffon voile, Georgette, crêpe de Chine and crêpe Roma. But for formal evening wear Paris is advocating frocks of greater elegance, greater dignity and using gorgeous materials, rich embroideries and rare laces. Brocades of various kinds are favored, especially velvet brocades on a sheer ground such as chiffon or Georgette, also the satin and metallic brocades. Bordered chenile brocade on Georgette or voile is new. Velvet, crêpe satin, satin, embroidered or beaded Georgette, wide lace flouncing, crêpe Roma, crêpe de Chine, etc., are also fashionable.

Other views and descriptions are on page 106

Dress 6375

Dress 6360

Dress 6389

MEWALLE

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Dress 6313

Dress and Bloomers 6343 Hat 6323

Coat 6380 Hat 6323

Dress 6315

Dress 6390

Dress 6378

Coat 6376 Tam-o'-shanter 6188

Dress 6382 Tam-o'-shanter 6188

Dress 6384 Embroidery design 10104 Hat 6327

Other views and descriptions are on page 107

Coat 6374 Hat 6327

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Dress and bloomers 6414

Dress 6329 Hat 5904

Dress and bloomers 6406 Embroidery design 10131

6418

Dress 6418

Dress 6333

Dress 6392 Embroidery design 10232

6392

Dress 6341 Embroidery design 10321

6341

6416

Dress 6416

THE SMART AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF YOUTHFUL DRESS, FROM BABY FROCK TO PARTY CLOTHES



6414

6418—Very French is the slip-over dress with a yoke and an inverted plait at each side front and back. Use twills, etc., with white linen or rep for the collar and cuffs, which may be detachable; or wool crêpe, etc.

12 years requires 2 yards 54-inch serge.

It is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.



6333

6414—It's lots of fun to make a little slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers! Use silk or cotton Georgette, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, etc.

5 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine (all of one material).

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6.

6333—Twills, flannels, wool crêpe, serge, etc., striped with plain to match or plain with contrasting will make this charming one-piece dress that slips on over the head and runs its tab through a slash.

12 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch wool check.

It is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6329—5904—The bolero effect by band trimming is new for a little slip-over one-piece frock. Use serge, etc. The hat has a four-gored crown.

8 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch twill for dress.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

6392—10232—An adorable little frock for a baby boy or baby girl! The lower edge is straight. Fine embroidery trims it. Work in eyelets. Use lawn, nainsook, etc., with Val. lace.

1 year requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste.

The dress is for little girls and tiny boys ½ to 3 years.

6341—10321—Embroidery is a lovely trimming for this slip-over frock. Work in contrast. The circular flare across each side gives a graceful line. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, etc.

13 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

It is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

6416—A very smart frock has a quaint basque effect. The Georgette flowers are easily made. For this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge use radium, etc.

13 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



6329



6406

6406—10131—An embroidered morning-glory blooms on this simple slip-over dress. Work in color. The bloomers are separate.

5 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch velvet for dress and 1 yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for bloomers, etc.

It is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

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STYLE IS WRITTEN IN TWO LINES—FLARED AND STRAIGHT

6401—Good style, good taste and good tailoring meet in this one-piece slip-over dress. It fits closely at the hipline and a plait is inserted at each side front and back. Use worsteds, cashmere, serge, wool crêpe, kasha, camel's-hair twills, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 2 yards.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch twill and ⅝ yard 54-inch contrasting.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6395—Smarter than ever is the Chanel neck for slip-over frocks. This one-piece dress is particularly nice for borders in twills, serge, wool crêpe, flannel or wool taffeta, or half-and-half wools with plain to match, etc. It fits closely at hipline and has a straight lower edge.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch bordered wool. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

6425—The cape-back coat-frock, buttoning all the way down the front, is smart for street wear, for traveling, etc. The circular cape may be detachable. Use tweeds, mixtures, homespun, twills, worsteds, cashmere, serge, wool crêpe, kasha, camel's-hair twill, checks, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 24-inch mannish weave and ¾ yard 40-inch contrast. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The coat dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

6373—10272—For ease as well as for chic a plait is inserted at the front of this slip-over one-piece dress. Embroidery makes it even more attractive. Work in color. Use flannel, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, etc. The lower edge is straight.

Lower edge, plait out, 54 inches.

19 years or 36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch light-weight wool jersey.

It is for ladies 38 40 bust, also misses 15 to 20 yrs.

6435—Flares are attached in many outlines, but none of them is more attractive than the scalloped one. The circular skirt of this slip-over dress is cut in two pieces. The dress fits closely at the hipline and is made of crêpe satin, satin Canton, satin faille, flat crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (circular skirt cut crosswise to avoid piecin). Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6348—The back flare is a boon to the figure that curves in the rear. This slip-over dress has a straight one-piece front and a circular flare attached across the back. Use satin with silk crêpe, ribbed silks or heavy silk crêpe with satin—in self or harmonizing color; or twills, worsteds, etc. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch novelty silk.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



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THE ENSEMBLE VOGUE IN PRACTICAL VEIN OR MORE FORMAL MODE



Dress 6379 6370

6370—6379—A smart ensemble costume puts a straight-line coat with pockets on the outside or on the lining over a simple one-piece slip-over frock. For the coat use tweeds, cashmere cheviots, novelty weaves or camel's-hair, etc. The dress and coat lining are of plain or plaid flannel in a harmonizing color. Lower edge of coat 47 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch mannish weave for coat.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses; the dress is for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

6372—6401—The shoulder yoke in one with the sleeve is one interesting style feature of this coat. Another is that, for certain figures, there need be no underarm seams if the material is wide. Use fabric fur, smooth-faced plain coatings or velvet with silk crêpe for lining and for the one-piece dress, etc. Lower edge of coat 45 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch fur cloth for coat.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust. also misses; the dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6426—"Paris" is stamped on this one-piece dress by the smart saddle shoulder, the high neck, the inverted plaits at each side front and back, and the puff sleeve. The dress slips on over the head and may be made of worsteds, cashmere, kasha, camel's-hair twills, serge, wool crêpe, etc., with harmonizing satin; or use crêpe satin, etc.

19 years or 36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch twill and ⅝ yard 35-inch contrasting. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2⅛ yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 38 and 40 bust; misses 15 to 20 years.



6372 Dress 6401

6368—6350—Under the straight lines of this coat there is an aproned slip-over frock quite as smart! For coat use short-nap or novelty coatings, kasha, etc. The pocket may be a patch pocket on the lining.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 50-inch velvet for coat. Lower edge of coat 47 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 52 bust, also misses; dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6434—Bordered wide crêpe satin, Canton crêpe or satin and faille or 54-inch ombré velvet, etc., makes this simple one-piece dress and Georgette makes the soft sleeves. It slips on over the head, fits closely at the hipline and has a straight lower edge. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 54-inch bordered silk and ⅞ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

6361—6358—The flare front coat is made of broadcloth, kasha, kasha duvetyn, camel's-hair, etc. The coat-dress is particularly suited to it and both coat and dress may be made without band trimming.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 54-inch mannish weave. Lower edge of coat 1¾ yard.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 48 bust; dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Coat 6370

Coat 6372

6434

6426

Dress 6426 Coat 6368 Dress 6350 6368 Dress 6434 Coat 6361

6361 Coat-dress 6358

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Princess coat 6439



6431



Coat 6431



Coat-wrap 6430



6430



Coat 6438



Coat 6436

6436

6439

6440



Princess coat, dress 6440

6438

Coat 6437

6437

STRAIGHT, FLARED OR PRINCESS LINES FOR COATS AND A PRINCESS COAT-DRESS

6439—Newest in wraps is the lovely princess coat with its flared underarm gore. There is a pocket on the lining. Use velvet, kasha, smooth-faced plain coatings or coatings in novelty weave; or use ribbed silks, etc., lined with kasha.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch short-nap coating. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The princess coat is for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.

6431—The softness of a crushed collar is universally becoming! It is smart, as well, on this straight-line fabric fur coat. The pocket is on the lining. Velvet, short-nap coatings, smooth faced plain coatings, kasha, novelty coatings or ottoman weaves may also be used; or satin, etc., lined with kasha. Lower edge 47 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 50-inch fur cloth.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.

6438—One button fastens this coat in front in straight-line style—or it may be worn wrapped around and held. The circular flare, attached across the back, dips in an oval outline. The lining has a pocket. Use velvet, kasha, smooth-faced plain coatings, coatings in novelty weaves, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch short-nap coating. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also misses.

6440—Fashion finds a decidedly new line in the princess coat dress. It has a flared underarm gore and fits closely at the hipline. Use worsteds, cashmere, wool poplin, serge, wool crêpe, kasha or camel's-hair twills with contrasting ribbon tie; or heavy satin or heavy silk crêpe with facing on tie of contrasting ribbon. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch twill.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust

6430—Brilliant-colored evening wraps are very smart. Use brocades or, for a practical wrap suitable with any evening dress, use black velvet or heavy satin lined with silver cloth, gray crêpe de Chine or satin. This coat wrap has a deep armhole and may be worn wrapped around or in straight-line style.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 50-inch brocade.

It is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

6436—Coats, also, find charm in the circular flare that is attached across the front in an outline of points. The collar may close up snugly. Use short-nap coatings, kasha, smooth-faced plain coatings, coatings in novelty weaves or fabric fur, etc. The pocket is on the lining. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch velvet.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

6437—There is distinction in the long tuxedo collar of this coat. Use short-nap coatings, kasha, smooth-faced plain coatings, coatings in novelty weaves, fabric fur, with fur or fabric fur collar, etc. It is worn in straight-line style or wrapped around. The pocket is on the lining.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch velvet and ¾ yard 50-inch fabric fur. Lower edge 47 ins.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

6422—10138—Rippling softly, the two-piece circular skirt of this slip-over frock attaches itself at a close-fitting hipline. The embroidery is smart. Work in contrast. Use satin Canton, plain satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, satin faille, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 3 yards.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch crêpe satin and ½ yard 35-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6432—Paris reports an up-in-front tendency after the manner of the outline in which this circular flounce is attached. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, satin faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc., with contrasting crêpe de Chine for this one-piece slip-over dress which fits closely at the hipline. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6427—6359—10356—Lightness and animation are given to this one-piece slip-over frock by shirred godets. Color is supplied by embroidery. Work in contrast. Use crêpe satin or heavy crêpe de Chine; or satin faille, flat crêpe, etc. It fits closely at the hipline. For the smart six-gored-crown hat use satin, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards 39-inch satin Canton.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; hat for ladies and misses.

6340—To be dull is to be interesting when the dull side of satin Canton, satin faille, etc., is lightened by godets of the shiny side inserted in the front of a one-piece dress that fits the hipline closely. The separate vestee of crêpe de Chine, etc., is on a lining.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (dull and shiny sides) and ¾ yard 39-inch contrasting for vestee and cuffs. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The dress is for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

6433—10371—Embroidery creates a jabot effect. Work in one-stitch. The smart circular flounce of this slip-over frock is attached in an outline of deep points. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, plain satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe Roma, satin faille, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon velvet, etc. Lower edge 2¾ yards.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6379—For borders there must be a straight lower edge. This slip-over one-piece dress is smart for bordered light-weight flannel with a harmonizing crêpe de Chine collar, or light-weight wool jersey, etc., with contrasting or with white linen; or flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. The collar and cuffs may be detachable.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 56-inch bordered flannel. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 50 bust.



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OLD ROMANCES, FAIRY TALES AND MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES SEND REPRESENTATIVES TO THE COSTUME BALL

6386—One believes in fairies and believes them to be quite charming when meeting them at parties. A fairy or butterfly costume in white or pastel colors is made of tarlatan or cotton net. Silver-leaf covers the wand, makes wing dots, stars, etc.

The costume is for juniors and girls 2 to 15 years.

5613—10288—This witch wears a slip-over one-piece dress, a circular cape and a tall hat. Use gray sateen or cotton lining material costume with orange moons, black cats, etc. The figures are amusing. Work in patchwork. Lower edge 53 inches.

The costume is for misses, ladies and girls 26 to 40 bust.

4785—Pierrot, pouring out his heart in sentimental serenade, is a fascinating figure in black-and-white satin with a becoming ruff of maline. The costume may also be made of sateen, silesia or paper muslin with a tarlatan ruff.

The Pierrot costume is for men or boys 28 to 44 breast.

5522—A Dutch peasant costume with its becoming bonnet is quaint for fancy dress. Make it of blue checked or striped gingham with white cotton voile kerchief, apron and bonnet; or use Dutch blue sateen, etc.

The costume is for girls, misses and ladies 24 to 38 bust.

3326—A burnt-orange body with brown bands, yellow wings and green, lavender and brown spots makes a lovely butterfly. Although it looks elaborate it is easily made of paper muslin, lining China silk, messaline, etc., with tarlatan, etc., wings.

The costume is for misses, ladies and girls 24 to 38 bust.

5584—Little Tommy Tiptoe wears a colorful suit consisting of a white lawn blouse, green trousers and hat of paper muslin, percale, sateen or cambric, and a yellow cotton print jacket with a bright red lining.

This cunning Tommy Tiptoe suit is for 4 to 12 years.

3555—A ballet dress could turn into a Pierrette costume with very little effort. Make it of paper muslin, taffeta, gold tissue, pineapple cloth, tarlatan or coarse cotton net, with sateen, satin or taffeta waist. For Pierette, add a ruff of tarlatan or net.

This costume is for girls, misses and ladies 24 to 38 bust.

5398—The Pierrette costume may have a slightly shorter leg. Use paper muslin, sateen, cambric or silesia, with tarlatan ruff; or use satin, taffeta, gold tissue or pineapple cloth, with a maline ruff, etc. The wool or silk pompons are easily made.

The costume is for misses, ladies and girls 26 to 38 bust.

6421—When the music starts, a rosebud strays in from the garden. Rose red are her petals, green the bodice and calyx and green the shoes and stockings. Make this charming rose costume of cambric, tarlatan, taffeta or radium.

The rose costume is for girls and misses 24 to 37 bust.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 102.



"How I put beauty into my room —with Valspar" *by Joy Gann*

Five hundred dollars! That's the generous prize Miss Joy Gann won in the Room-Beautifying Contest held recently by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The contest was part of the splendid "Own Your Own Room" movement, sponsored by the Department of Agriculture to help improve living conditions in America. For some time the Department has been actively engaged in organizing Room-Improvement Clubs all over the country and in arranging Club Programs and practical demonstrations.

Miss Gann worked a veritable transformation in her room. Before she began, the walls had been whitewashed, the woodwork was green, the floor and furniture were shabby and worn.

She decided on Ivory and Mahogany as the color scheme she wanted. First she painted the walls a light orange. Then the ceiling was finished in cream, after which she was ready to tackle the floor and furniture.

"After washing the floor," writes Miss Gann, "I gave it a thick coat of Mahogany Valspar Varnish-Stain, and after I finished all the other work in the room, I gave it a final coat of Valspar.

"Although the room has been in almost constant use for two years and it has been necessary to wash the floor any number of times, it is still in splendid condition.

"The single bed and straight chair, upon which I also used Mahogany Valspar, have the same glossy, unscarred finish they had directly after I applied the varnish.

"I am glad to give this information to you and hope that because of my success some other girl may decide to use Valspar in her room."

Clear Valspar-Varnish gives a rich, lustrous finish to woodwork, without changing its color. Valspar may be rubbed down to a dull satin finish if desired.

Valspar Varnish-Stain changes the color of the wood and at the same time brings out the full beauty of the grain, giving natural wood effects in Light or Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry, and Moss Green. May also be rubbed to a satin finish.

Valspar-Enamels cover the surface with solid colors like paint but have a high lustre and gloss. They come in Red—*light and deep*, Blue—*light, medium and deep*, Green—*medium and deep*, Vermilion, Ivory, Bright Yellow, Gray and Brown. Also in Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum, and Flat Black. Any desired shade may be obtained by mixing. Valspar Enamels when rubbed down produce any desired degree of satin or semi-gloss finish.

Send the coupon for samples.



Miss Joy Gann of Crozet, Albemarle County, Va., winner of the five hundred dollar prize in the "Room-Beautifying" contest held by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Many girls will follow Miss Gann's example in beautifying their rooms and securing harmonious color schemes with Valspar and Valspar in colors, for Valspar is so easy to apply that anyone can use it.

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World

VALENTINE'S

VALSPAR

VARNISH-STAIN



The famous Valspar boiling-water test

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)

Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.

Print full mail address plainly.

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Valspar-Stain Choose 1 Color	☐
Clear Valspar	☐
Valspar-Enamel Choose 1 Color	☐
Valspar Book	☐

Del. 11-25

Cheese Balls

1 cup American cheese grated
¼ cup ground bread crumbs
1 egg
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
¼ teaspoon salt

Separate the egg. Mix the bread crumbs with the yolk. Add the cheese, salt and Worcestershire Sauce. Fold in the stiffly beaten white. Shape into balls and roll each in bread crumbs before frying, or simply drop by spoonful into deep hot Crisco (375° F.). Fry until delicately brown. Drain on soft paper and serve hot. This makes 8 cheese balls.

Vegetable Croquettes

with Cheese Sauce

2 cups potatoes, riced or mashed
1 cup cooked green peas, fresh or canned
1 cup diced carrots, cooked
fresh bread crumbs Beaten egg
2 teaspoons cream 1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce

Be sure peas and carrots have been thoroughly drained of all water. Mix potatoes with a fork. Add salt and Worcestershire Sauce; then the cream. Mix thoroughly together with a fork. Shape into croquettes of any size or form you like. Dip in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs. Drop in hot Crisco, 375° to 385° F. (or when a piece of bread browns in 40 seconds). Cook until brown. Drain on soft paper and serve hot with cheese sauce.

Cheese Sauce:

2 tablespoons flour 1 tablespoon Crisco
½ cup grated cheese 1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of Worcestershire Sauce

Blend flour and Crisco together in saucepan over fire. Add milk. Bring to boil over fire, stirring until smooth. Then stir in cheese and salt. Add Worcestershire Sauce.

Sweet Potato Puffs

4 medium sized sweet potatoes
1 egg, well beaten Bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt Dash pepper

Boil potatoes until soft. Peel and put through the ricer. Add salt, pepper and egg. Cool. Drop teaspoonful into grated bread crumbs. Toss with fork or fingers until covered, then drop into hot Crisco, 385° to 395° F. or when a piece of bread browns in 20 seconds, until brown, about two minutes.

This amount will serve 4 to 6 people.



Cheese Balls
(recipe at left)

Crisp, wholesome without

from the deep kettle

I HAVE learned to fry, in the deep kettle, many things which I had never thought of frying before. When the old question, "What shall I have for dinner?" comes up, I often find the answer in the deep kettle.

Naturally when it comes to deep frying the most important ingredient is the fat, and I am going to tell you why I prefer Crisco.

In the first place, Crisco fries the food to perfection before it is hot enough to smoke. So you see there will be no smoke in your kitchen or the rest of the house, and none to smell up your hair and clothes.

Another thing, Crisco instantly forms a crisp brown crust around the outside of the food.

Crisco is odorless too, and it does not carry the taste of one food to another, so the same Crisco may be used over and over again for frying different things.

The old saying "When a fat is used for fish, it must be kept for fish" does not apply to Crisco. When you use Crisco, you need keep only one kettle of fat for frying everything. After frying, simply strain out any possible crumbs and reheat it for whatever you want to fry next time whether it be fish, doughnuts, croquettes, or what not.

All the foods you see on this left-hand page I fried in Crisco, in my deep kettle.

W. S. C.



Fried Carrots

Carrots cooked this way are delicious to serve with roasts and add variety to winter menus. Crisco frying gives them a lovely combination of brown and orange.

Take cold boiled carrots. Cut off small round end and split lengthwise. Cut larger part into quarters. Dip in cold milk. Roll in flour. Drop in hot Crisco, 385° to 395° F. (or when a piece of bread browns in 20 seconds) and fry until brown. Drain on soft paper. Sprinkle with salt and serve hot.



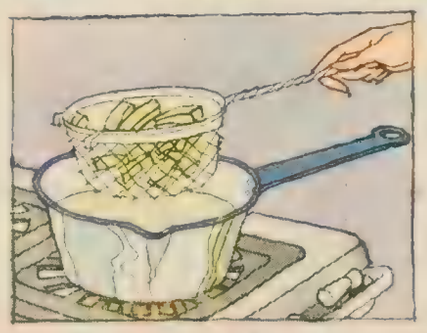
Apple Fritters

2 cups pastry flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon sugar ¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon melted Crisco
3 eggs ½ cup milk 6 ripe apples

Peel and core apples. Cut in quarters.

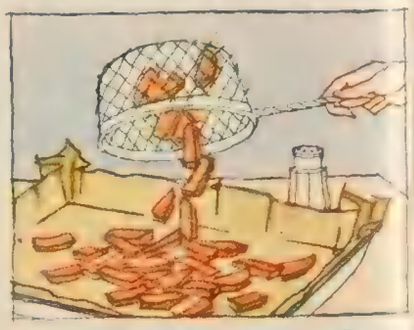
Beat eggs, add Crisco, then milk, then all dry ingredients sifted together. Dip each piece of apple in the batter and fry until soft in deep kettle of Crisco heated to 375° to 385° F. (or when a small piece of bread browns in 40 seconds).

French Fried Potatoes—as quick as broiling a steak



1. All you need to deep fry is an ordinary saucepan, a strainer and a 3 pound can of Crisco. Put your Crisco into a cold pan and heat slowly. When a piece of bread browns in 20 seconds your Crisco is ready for frying potatoes. Don't wait for Crisco to smoke.

2. Fill your strainer half full of potatoes and lower it into the Crisco. Increase the heat as the cold potatoes naturally cool the Crisco a little.



3. When brown lift strainer out of the fat, shake lightly, drain the potatoes on brown paper and sprinkle with salt.

4. When you have finished, strain your Crisco back into the can and set it aside to cool. Then it is ready to use over and over again for anything you want to fry. The taste of one thing will not be carried to another.

Crisco is the trade mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable by The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

Copyright 1925 by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati



Apple Griddle Cakes
(recipe at right)

fried foods smoke or odor

from the frying pan

MANY women, I find, have discontinued pan frying entirely because of the unpleasant results caused by smoking fat. This was my first experience but after I found Crisco, I learned to fry all over again.

By using enough Crisco to partly cover the food and by cooking it slowly, I find that the food will be thoroughly cooked without being scorched. Many people make the mistake of constantly turning the food while it is frying. It should be more than half cooked from the bottom, before it is turned to cook the other side.

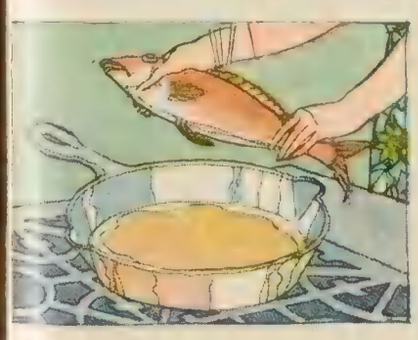
We fry food *in* Crisco, not *with* it. The Crisco fries the outside instantly, forming a crisp brown crust which prevents the fat soaking through. Therefore, when food is fried in plenty of Crisco and turned only once, it is beautifully fried with a crisp brown outside and thoroughly cooked inside.

After finishing one fry with Crisco, we simply strain it back and use it again for anything we want to fry.

The griddle cakes and omelet you see on this page were fried in Crisco by this method. They were perfect and tasted as good as they look. They were photographed in their natural colors just as they came out of my frying pan. If you will save these recipes and try them, with Crisco, I know that you will get results which are just as good looking and just as delicious as mine are.

W. S. C.

How to fry without smoke



1. Put Crisco into cold frying pan. To thoroughly cook the food (for example, a fish) without smoke or scorching, fry slowly, using enough Crisco to partly cover it. It will not require the constant attention frying does when only a little fat is used.

2. Put frying pan over low heat. As soon as Crisco is melted put in a small piece of bread. As soon as bread starts to brown put in the fish.



3. Cook slowly until fish is nearly done, then turn to brown the other side. With plenty of Crisco in the pan the fish is easily turned without breaking, if you wait until it is almost done.

4. Strain the Crisco into an empty can and use it for the next things you want to fry. No one will know you have fried fish in it.

Apple Griddle Cakes

2 cups bread broken in pieces
2 cups hot milk 2 eggs separated
1 cup flour 1 tablespoon Crisco
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon sugar ½ teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped ripe apples

Soak bread and milk together over night or until soft. Then rub to a paste. Add Crisco, sugar and salt; then egg yolks, beaten until light. Add flour and baking powder sifted together. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Stir apples into batter with fork. Drop by spoonfuls on Criscoed griddle. Cook until partly done and then turn and finish cooking. Turn only once.

French Pancakes

2 eggs 1 cup milk 1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt Jelly
1 tablespoon melted Crisco

Beat eggs light. Add Crisco and milk. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Add and beat smooth. Grease griddle with Crisco using about as much as you would to grease a cake pan. When hot, drop spoonfuls of batter on griddle. Cook until nearly done, then turn and finish on the other side.

Put on plate, spread with jelly, roll and dust with powdered sugar. This makes ten pancakes.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL

All recipes on these pages tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Delicious Cakes, Flaky Pastry, Fluffy Biscuits, too

I not only fry in Crisco, but I do all my cooking with it for it delightfully answers every shortening purpose.

I can always depend on Crisco for tender flaky pie crusts, delicious cakes with a fine, tender, even texture, cookies, bread, biscuits, and desserts of every kind. In fact, I use no other shortening, for Crisco gives just the right amount of richness without changing the natural flavor of the food.

Another reason why I like Crisco so much is that it keeps fresh indefinitely without refrigeration.



Tomato Omelet

4 eggs, separated 4 tablespoons water
½ teaspoon salt 1 small can tomatoes
Crisco

Cook tomatoes until thick. Season to taste.

Beat egg yolks light. Add salt and water. Beat whites until stiff and fold into beaten yolks. Put enough Crisco into frying pan to cover bottom, when melted. When it is hot, put in mixture and cook slowly until nearly done. Then place in a slow oven at about 350° F. until omelet is dry on top. Remove, spread the stewed tomatoes over half the omelet, fold over and turn onto a platter. This amount will serve 3 people. (If you prefer, use fresh tomatoes cut in slices and fried until soft.)





Free! **200 Tested Recipes**

A cook book containing 200 recipes gathered by Miss Olive S. Allen from the whole wide world. It contains a great many unusual recipes not to be found in any other cook book. To receive this book, free, simply fill in and mail the coupon to The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. of Home Economics Section F-11, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Street Address _____

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New!
a seeded raisin that isn't sticky

Now try her cake with Puffed Sun-Maids

"So much easier to make, and better with these new raisins," says Belle De Graf

CLIPPED from some magazine and pasted in your cook book among the good things to make with raisins, there is probably a recipe for a wonderful cake by Mrs. Belle De Graf. Perhaps this very one:

* * *

¾ cup boiling water
2 cups seeded raisins
½ cup butter or substitute
1¼ cups sugar
3 eggs
3 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon mace

Pour water over raisins and set aside to cool; drain, saving water.

Cream butter and gradually add sugar until thoroughly creamed. Add eggs well beaten. Sift flour again, with baking powder, salt and spices. Dredge raisins with a portion of flour. Add rest of flour and raisin water alternately to mixture, beating well between each addition. Fold in floured raisins and pour into paper lined pan. Bake 1¼ to 1½ hours in moderate oven (360° F.). If tube pan is used, bake 1 to 1¼ hours.

When cool, cover with a Boiled White Icing made with ¾ cup of seeded raisins, cut, or the following Uncooked Butter Frosting:

Cream 4 tablespoons butter, 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon orange juice. Beat white of one egg. Add ¾ to 1 cup powdered sugar. Combine the two mixtures. Add ¾ cup seeded raisins which have been cut, steamed 10 minutes and cooled. Add powdered sugar until frosting will spread but not run.

* * *

Not too expensive, simple enough—yet perhaps you haven't used it often just because, like many other festive dishes, it calls for *seeded* raisins. And you have never had seeded raisins that were really easy to use! Always there has been the bother of picking them apart.



$2,400.00 IN CASH PRIZES.

Can you make a better Raisin Cake than this? If you can you have a fine chance to win in Sun-Maid's unique Raisin Cookery contest. Send coupon now for complete information.

But just try this cake with Puffed Sun-Maids! "It is so much easier to make now—and better," says Mrs. De Graf.

Never before in seeded raisins such flavor! Such convenience!

For, in Puffed Sun-Maids, a way has been found to keep seeded raisins from sticking together—a way, moreover, which retains all the nectar that Nature stores in the big white Muscat grapes from which these raisins are made.

By an exclusive Sun-Maid process the seeds are extracted without crushing the raisins or causing the juice to run, as in ordinary seeded raisins.

Hence, Puffed Sun-Maids are larger, plumper. And they are more savory because they retain more of the natural fruit sugar.

Being whole raisins, untorn, they "stay up" in the batter far better than ordinary seeded raisins.

And it's so easy to use Puffed Sun-Maids. They are not sticky to handle, but separate easily as they come out of the package. You can whisk them right into your batter!

Puffed Sun-Maids cost no more

Ask your grocer for a package of Puffed Sun-Maids today. They cost no more. For pies and cakes and puddings; for breads and sauces and candies, you will find them the best and most convenient *seeded* raisins you ever used.

Also the finest* seedless *raisins

Just as the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California now offer you the perfect seeded raisins so do they supply the finest *seedless* raisins, clean, uniform, full-flavored.

In buying Sun-Maids—Puffed in the blue carton, Seedless in the red carton—you get the product of these 17,000 co-operating California growers who for years have set the raisin quality standard of the world.

"Famous Cooks' Recipes" —sent free

Just how America's most noted cooking authorities use Sun-Maids to make new food treats is told in a 32-page booklet recently published. We'll gladly mail you a copy free—just send this coupon to Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California, Fresno, California.

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA,
Dept. A-211, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Please send me details of the Raisin Cookery Competition. Also free copy of "Famous Cooks' Recipes for Raisin Cookery."

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Address .....

SUN-MAID

SEEDLESS RAISINS *in the red carton*
PUFFED (SEEDED) *in the blue carton*



A GOWN FOR HOSTESSES, A CAP FOR SONS, A DOLL FOR DAUGHTERS AND THINGS FOR THE FAMILY

EN DISHABILLE



Doll 426

426—The pensive person who is looking for a mother wears very realistic rompers and a sunbonnet. Make them of cotton crêpe of good weight with contrasting; chambray, cotton crêpe, dimity, etc.,

22-inch length requires 1 yard 32-inch gingham and ⅜ yard 32-inch contrasting.

The rompers and sun-bonnet are for girl dolls with large bodies 12 to 26 inches.



Cap 6400
Embroidery design 10939

6400—10939—The cap with a nautical air is for small captains of the Good Ship This or That. The emblem is appropriate. Work in color. The cap is easily made of serge, cheviot, tweeds, etc., and is becoming to almost every boy.

6¼ cap or 20-inch head measure requires ⅜ yard 27 or more inch material.

The cap is smart for boys 6 to 7 cap size.



Bathrobe 6365

6365—Chilly mornings send no shivers through the wearer of this warm bathrobe. Make it of robe cloth, eider down, flannel, etc. The sleeve has two seams.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 35-inch corduroy. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The bathrobe is practical for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

6420—The festive air of this slip leads to the conclusion that it belongs under a dancing-frock. Use nainsook, longcloth, batiste, underwear mull, crêpe de Chine, China silk, etc. with lace insertion, etc. For general wear use cambric, etc.

8 years takes 1 yard 32-inch batiste.

The slip is for juniors and girls 4 to 15.

6408—A slip worn under tunic blouses or dresses attaches a straight lower part, with an inverted plait at each side of the front and back, to a one-piece upper part.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch radium for upper part, with 1⅛ yard 54-inch tweed for lower part cut crosswise. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yd.

The slip is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



426 Slip 6420 Costume slip 6408 Bathrobe 6419 Costume slip 6402



Hostess gown 6393

6393—There is a charming air of ease and elegance about this hostess gown or negligée of brocade or lace insertion with harmonizing Georgette; velvet, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch brocade for panels, with 4⅞ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 45 inches.

It is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6419—This smart bathrobe has a distinctly masculine air. Use plain or striped flannel, or stripes in rayon silk, faille silk, silk broadcloth, éponge, etc.

36 bust requires 6⅝ yards 27-inch striped flannel. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This bathrobe is for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also misses.

6402—A new type of costume slip to wear with tunic blouses or under-frocks has a circular flounce attached to a one-piece upper part. Use crêpe satin, etc. Lower edge 2¼ yards.

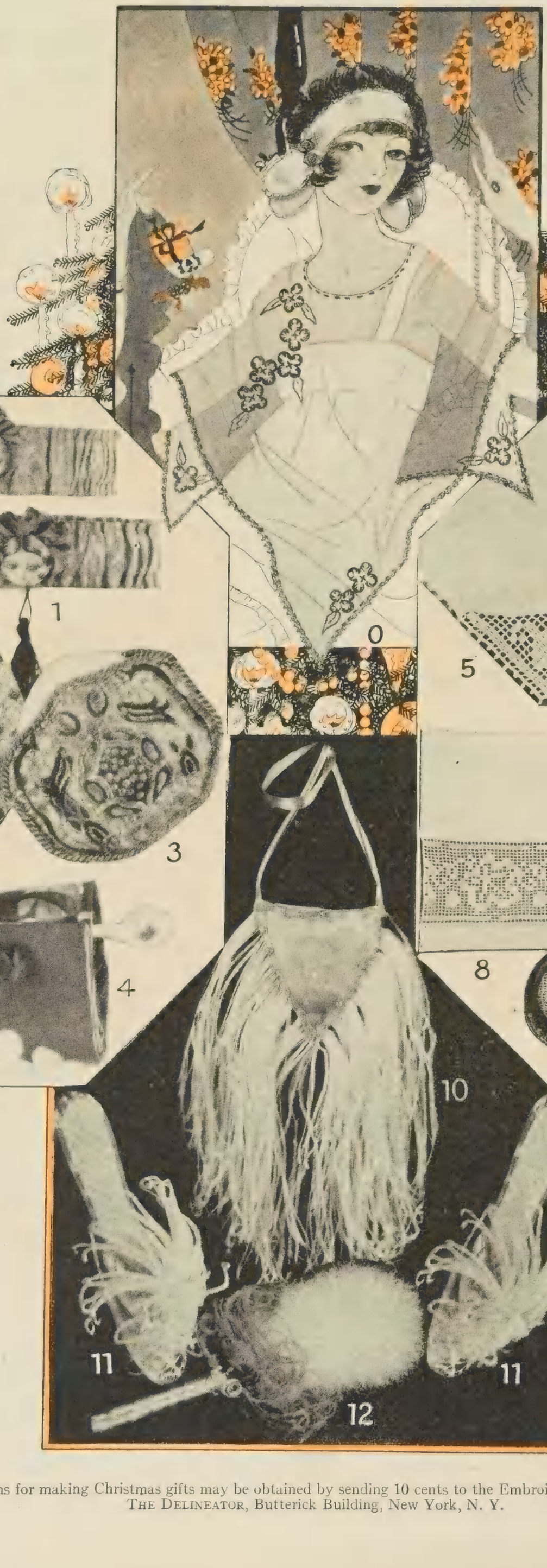
36 bust requires 1¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for upper part and 1 yard 54-inch crêpe satin for flounce.

The slip is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



6365 6408 6420 426 6419 6402 6393

"DO YOUR CHRISTMAS *SEWING* EARLY," SUGGESTS A GROUP OF GIFTS WITH A DISTINCTLY HOLIDAY AIR



0. *Flowers painted in black sealing-wax are new as trimming for an orange Georgette combing-jacket. The locks about to be combed are bound back by a head-dress of blue satin, gold net and rosebuds*

1. *The little round faces peeping out from the shirred background of blue garter are painted on silk-covered button-molds. A blue tassel swings under each chubby chin*

2. *The knitting-bag with a plaited frill along its edge is charming in the small designs of English prints. The colors in this bag are black and tan, pink and blue, and the lining is of plain gingham in burnt-orange*

3. *Gold, taupe and peacock-blue are the colors in this brilliant powder-case, metallic cloth and gold rope the materials used, and a puff, a mirror and compact powder the contents*

4. *A sewing-kit makes a practical gift and cretonne makes a practical gift attractive. Vermilion and blue on black is the color scheme. Sealing-wax in these colors paints the spool-rack ends*

5. *Linen squares with edges in crochet and picot and a triangle of filet crochet set in one corner make dainty napkins for the filet tea-cloth of fine white linen described above (No. 6)*

6. *In its rose-patterned filet corners and its narrow edging of crochet and picot lies the beauty of this tea-cloth. Fine white linen is used for the cloth and napkins*

7. *This "show" towel of linen has a lovely wide edge of filet crochet in a butterfly and open-work design. The other edge is hemstitched and the towel is "guest" size*

8. *A linen towel any woman would like to find among her Christmas packages has above one hem a lovely filet insertion of leaf and vine pattern*

Embroidery design 10119

9. *Gilt picture-framing with a filet medallion under the glass and rose silk under the lace makes an attractive perfume or dresser tray*

10. *Powder and puff go to parties in a bag of silver cloth veiled with blue silk net, edged with rhinestones and fringed with shaded ostrich*

11. *Blue brocade shot with silver and blue satin makes exotic-looking boudoir slippers with blue ostrich and rhinestones trimming their tops*

12. *The large swan's-down puff is for the generous dusting of talcum powder. The satin ribbon winding the handle and the feathers and flowers are rose-colored*

Directions for making Christmas gifts may be obtained by sending 10 cents to the Embroidery Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

All Around You People Know This Secret—



Clear eyes, strong bodies, a new zest in living—all through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. C-22, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"About 15 months ago I was afflicted with sties. I had suffered from constipation for several years. One day I noticed dark spots appearing upon my hands. I consulted a physician. 'You have auto-intoxication,' he said, and explained that the waste matter was forcing itself into the blood. He handed me a pamphlet advertising Fleischmann's Yeast. I began taking yeast that day. I took it for four months. I have never had another sty since I ate the first cake; and I am freed of constipation."

Mrs. Anna Lenert, San Antonio, Texas

BELOW

"I am the owner of a grocery store and recommend Fleischmann's Yeast especially to my customers who mention having indigestion or nervous trouble. Because it was when I had those troubles myself that I started using Fleischmann's Yeast. I had only a half-hearted hope that it might help me. But in two months I was eating and sleeping normally. Today I have better health than I ever had before. In fact, I believe I am in perfect physical condition, and that Fleischmann's Yeast has been a great factor in helping me gain that ideal condition."

Mrs. Robert Carr, Toronto, Ont.



"Before I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast my face and chest were in a terrible condition with pimples. Finally one day a young woman asked me if I had ever tried Fleischmann's Yeast. After all my failures I thought I might just as well experiment some more . . . After taking Fleischmann's Yeast for three or four months my skin began to be softer and better to look at. Soon my friends began remarking about the change. Now I am in a perfectly healthy condition."

Beatrice Cohen, Toronto, Ont.

BELOW

"Having married somewhat late in life, I soon found myself doing daily the thousands of physical tasks it is necessary for a mother of four children to perform, at an age when most women are able to conserve their strength. I looked and felt at least ten years older than other women my age. I did not want to take medicine. To make a long story short, I began to take Fleischmann's Yeast. And when we found that it was toning up my system and re-building what I had unwittingly torn down, the cake of Yeast acted as leaven to the whole lump of happiness at our house."

Mrs. George N. Davis, Macon, Mo.



"Constipation was my deadliest foe. I always had the tired, sluggish feeling characteristic of this ailment. Impaired appetite, a sallow complexion and a pimply skin also contributed to my misery. My mother was employed by a prominent Boston physician who recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I finally condescended to give it a trial. I continued for two months, when I noticed a slight change. At the end of the fifth month I had regained my lost vigor and my appetite had improved wonderfully. All signs of ache had vanished and the tired feeling was gone—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

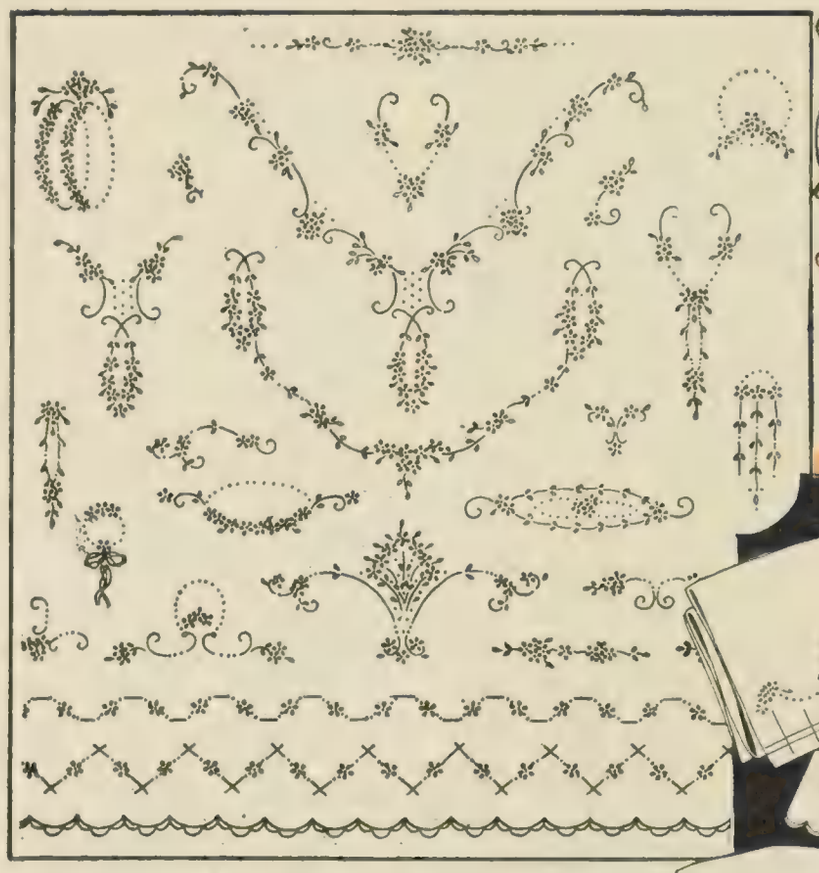
Lawrence A. Perry, Medford, Mass.





This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!

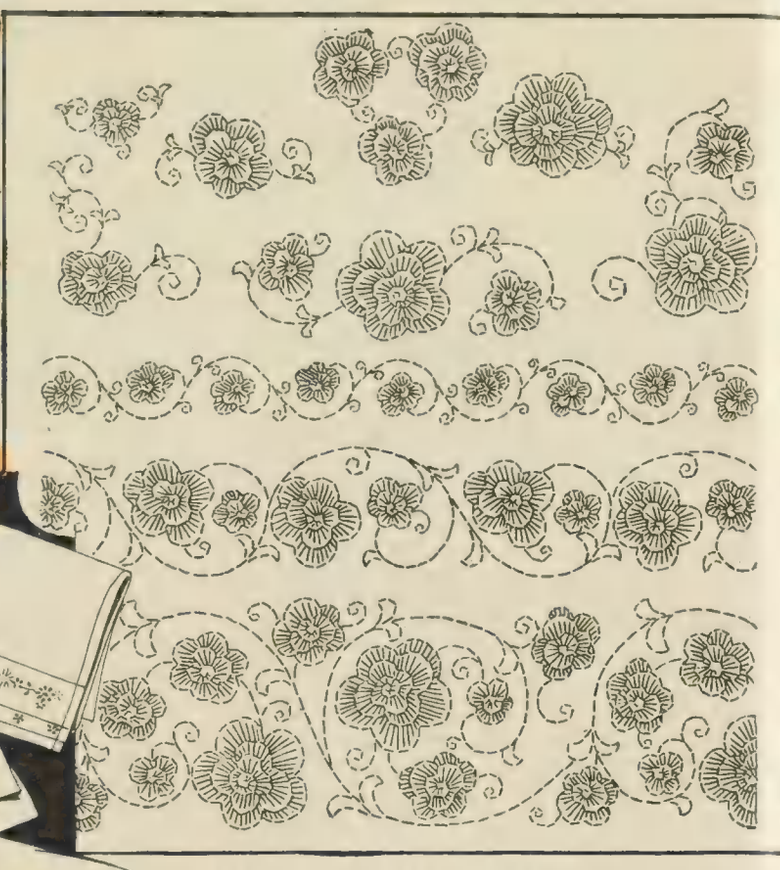
EMBROIDERY OF RARE AND LOVELY DESIGN TO SATISFY THE URGE FOR BEAUTY



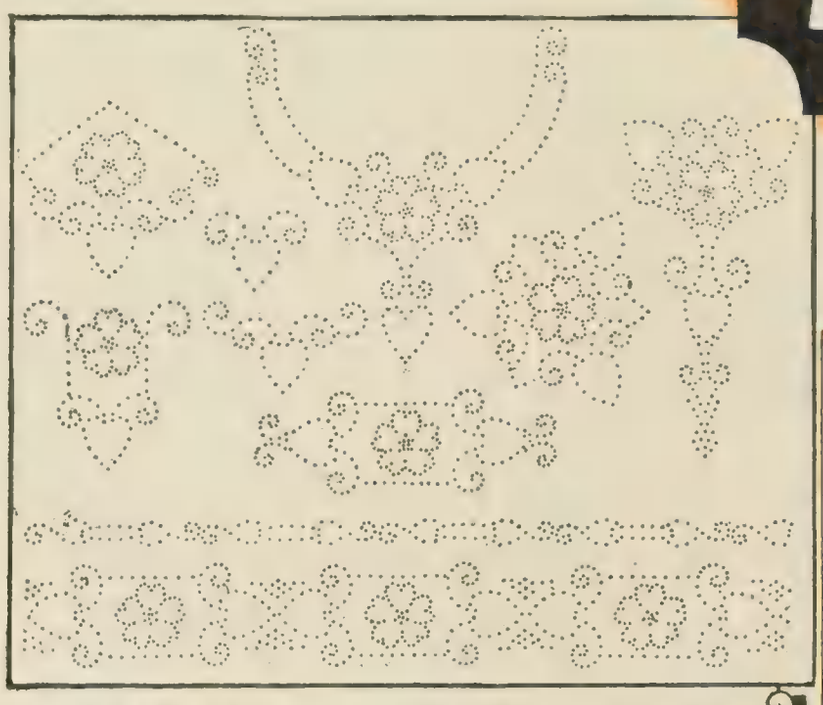
10388—A delicate design for underwear, children's clothes, etc., is worked in satin-stitch, eyelets, etc. It can be adapted to 1⅝ yard scalloping, 1¾ yard each of banding ½ inch and 1¼ inch wide, 2 neck outlines and 95 motifs in 21 styles.



10386—Eyelets, French stemming, satin-stitch, buttonholing, drawn-work, lazy-daisy, outline stitch, one-stitch, French knots, cut-work and cross-stitch are used for a design that can be adapted to 15 towel-ends in 9 assorted styles.



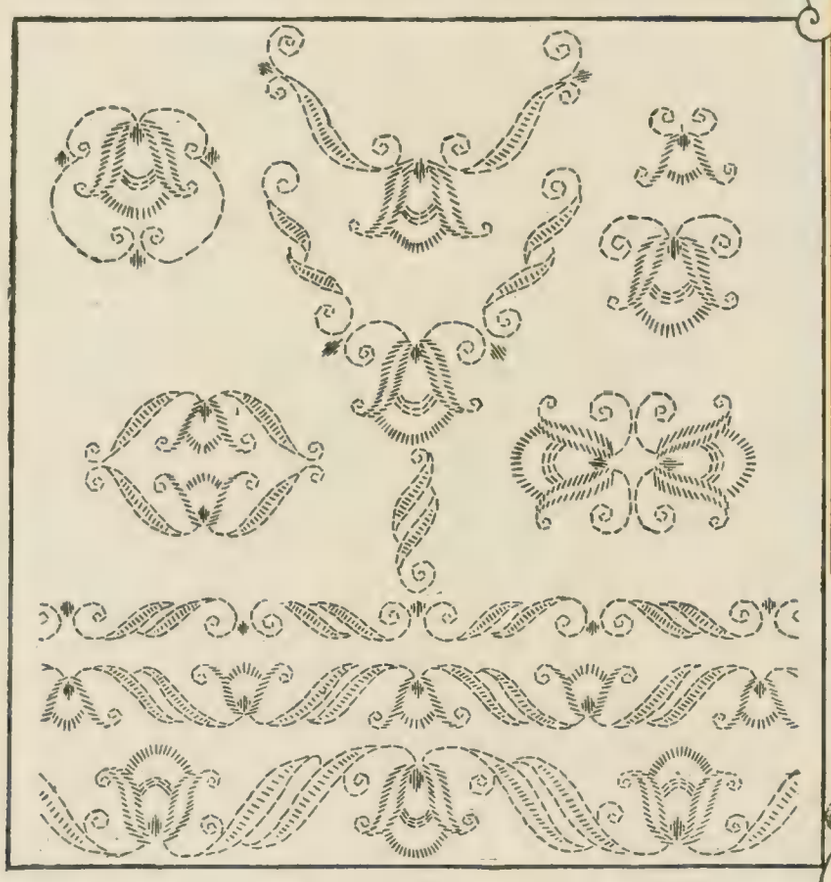
10390—These thickly petaled one-stitch flowers make attractive embroidery for frocks and coats, hats and scarfs, etc. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard each of banding 7 inches, 4 inches and 2 inches wide and 24 assorted motifs in 7 styles.



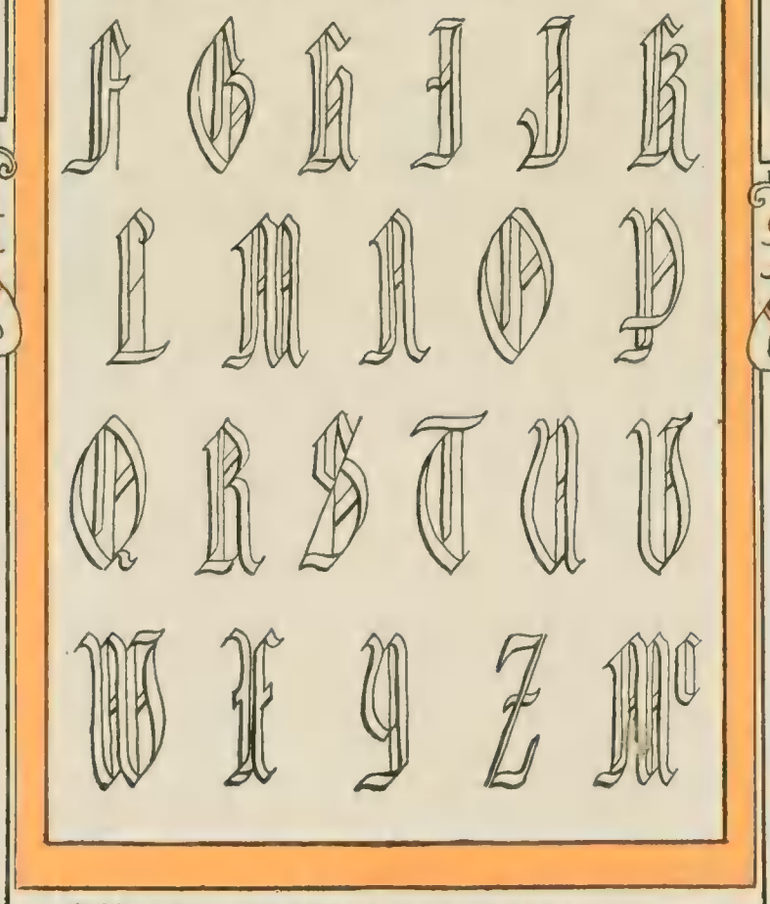
10391—A design that may be brilliant with beads or shine with the softer sheen of French knots is lovely for dresses, blouses, coats, scarfs, even hats. It may be adapted to 3⅜ yards of 3¼-inch banding, 3⅛ yards of ¾-inch banding, 2 neck outlines and 28 assorted motifs.



10392—This leaf design trims dresses, blouses, coats, etc. Work in one-stitch, outline stitch and satin-stitch. It can be adapted to 3⅜ yards of 3-inch banding, 3¼ yards each of banding 1½ inch and ½ inch wide and 26 motifs.



10389—So quickly worked and yet so effective is one-stitch embroidery. This design for dresses, blouses, coats, etc., is worked entirely in one-stitch. It can be adapted to 1¾ yard of 3½-inch banding, 2⅜ yards of 2-inch banding, 3½ yards of 1¼-inch banding, 18 assorted motifs and 4 neck outlines.



10387—The dignity and grace of these clean-cut initials make them popular for dresses, blouses, scarfs, household linens, etc. Work in a combination of satin-stitch and French stemming. The design can be adapted to 6 alphabets in assorted sizes, 4½ inches, 3½ inches, 2¾ inches, 1¾ inch, 1⅜ inch and ¾ inch each.



10393—These flower baskets, the elephant and the horse are for dresses, blouses, hats, scarfs, household linens, etc. Work in one-stitch, lazy-daisy or satin-stitch, outline stitch and French knots. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 6¼ inches wide, 44 baskets in 11 designs, 2 elephants 1¼ inch high and 2 horses 2 inches high.



IN *this portrait of Mrs. Longworth, recently painted in the library of her home in Washington by the distinguished American artist, Wayman Adams, N.A., her vital beauty and the charm of her magnetic personality are strikingly revealed.*

MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
on keeping one's appearance up to the mark

ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH, daughter of the late Theodore Roosevelt, and wife of the Speaker-elect of the United States House of Representatives, is her illustrious father's own child.

Vitality and magnetism, trenchant wit, infectious laughter—these she has straight from him. A gay unconscious toss of her head every now and then recalls that "Princess Alice" who, as the daughter of the President, captured the imagination of America. Brilliance of intellect and a keen grasp of public affairs have drawn about her the most personable of Washington's inner circle. No woman has the same influence in the shaping of political events.

But Mrs. Longworth has a personal, a womanly side. She revels in her baby daughter. Her clothes have individuality, a touch of herself. And she believes in guarding her beauty—a whimsical beauty—because the dignity of her life demands that she keep her appearance up to the mark.

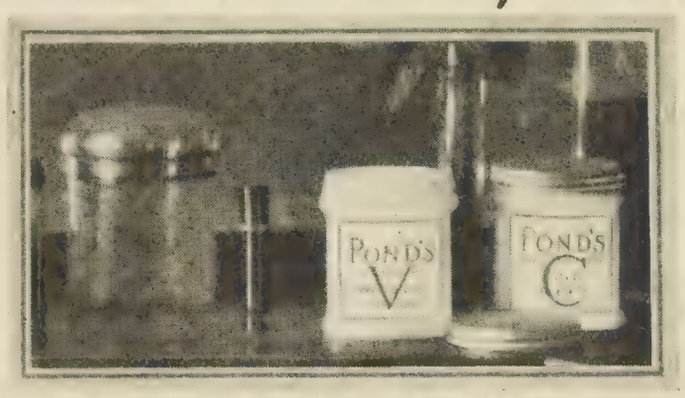
KNOWING the true foundation of attractiveness to be a clear, healthy skin she is interested in effective ways of caring for her own. And like other beautiful women of distinguished position she believes in the cleansing and protection which Pond's Two Creams afford:—

Every day, before retiring and always after exposure to the weather, cleanse your face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream, patting it lavishly over your skin. Let it stay on long enough for its pure oils to seep down into the pores. It will float to the surface the accumulations of dust and powder which have clogged them. Wipe off all the cream and dirt. Repeat the process and finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry leave the cream on all night.

OVER your well-cleansed skin, before you go out and before you powder, with delicate finger tips, brush just a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a velvety surface over which your powder adheres smoothly and long. And it protects your skin against chapping cold, drying winds and hurtful dust and soot. Try both these Creams! They will give you that clear, healthy skin Mrs. Longworth believes every woman may possess.

"IT'S important for the woman who is active in the many-sided life of today to keep her personal appearance up to the mark. Brains, ability and social gifts are none the worse for being supplemented by charm and loveliness. The foundation of both is a clear, healthy skin which any woman may possess. She need only give it the proper care by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Alice Roosevelt Longworth



WOMEN OF DISTINGUISHED POSITION USE THEM

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon for free tubes of these creams and instructions for using them.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L
149 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



flavory-firm-tender

PREPARE for a pleasant surprise when you first taste Foulds' Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles!

The secret is in the wheat! Nothing but Durum wheat, the finest and only genuine macaroni wheat grown, is used in making Foulds' Macaroni Products.

It's this fine wheat that gives Foulds' that unusual creamy color—that appetizing goodness—that tender firmness—that remarkably delicious flavor and taste.

For sheer joy in eating—for genuine enjoyment as well as nourishment and health-building qualities—learn to say "Folds."

Special Offer!

YOU may obtain a FOULDS' MACARONI AND VEGETABLE COOKER, as pictured below, at about ½ actual value! Cooker, colander and self-strainer combined. 6-qt. size. Cooks macaroni, spaghetti, noodles and vegetables without stirring, sticking or burning. Hot water drains off without fear of scalding hands. Made of heavy gauge aluminum. Worth $3.75.

Buy 4 packages of Foulds' Macaroni Products, obtaining from grocer a sales slip showing purchase. Mail sales slip to us with $1.89 (Express, Postal Money Order or personal check) and the Cooker will be sent you all charges prepaid. If your grocer does not handle Foulds' Macaroni Products, send us his name and address, enclosing $2.49 instead of $1.89, and we will send the Cooker and 4 packages of Foulds' Macaroni Products.

Address nearest office

THE FOULDS COMPANY

522 Fifth Avenue, New York — 326 West Madison St., Chicago

MENUS FOR NOVEMBER

By Jessie A. Boys

These menus were planned to provide correct nutritional values within the means of an average household budget. They were edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Director of the New York State College of Home Economics, at Cornell University

ON CRISP, FALL MORNINGS

Breakfast with golden-brown rice griddle-cakes and maple-sirup—well, there's no boy that could resist that! And they are just deliciously right if you follow DELINEATOR *directions. Try them. We'll tell you how to make other dishes too. Ask us for the recipes for Pittsburg Potatoes, Turkey-and-Potato Patties, Cranberry Slum, or any of the others we have starred. We will gladly mail you directions if you send a two-cent stamp for postage to the Home-Making Department of* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York*

THIS month brings us our most characteristic holiday. It is recorded that on that wonderful first Thanksgiving Day the feast was held out-of-doors, for there was no community house to accommodate the gathering.

"And now," said the governor, gazing abroad on
the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered
the meadows o'er.
"'Tis meet that we render praises because of this
yield of grain
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked
for His sun and rain."

And so to-day it is "meet" that we pause and consider the origin of this day, lest we forget the purpose and make of it merely a feast day and nothing more.

That first Thanksgiving Day meant existence and continuation of the colony. Gradually the States observed an annual day of Thanksgiving until by presidential proclamation it was made a national holiday.

It is also "meet" this month, not only that we give thanks for the earth's bounty of fruits and vegetables, but that we begin to use them, in their canned and preserved forms, whenever we can crowd them into the menu, though too much repetition should be avoided.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
**Rice Griddle-Cakes* — *Maple-Sirup*
Buttered Eggs
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Pineapple-and-Cheese Salad
Pimiento-Nut Sandwiches
Cream Cake — *Cocoa*

DINNER

Clear Tomato Soup — *Wafers*
Roast Chicken — *Brown Gravy*
Mashed Potatoes — *Turnips*
Spiced Pears — *Cornbread*
**Floating Island*
Milk or Coffee

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Prunes
Oatmeal with Top Milk
Wheat Muffins — *Crisp Bacon* — *Marmalade*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

**Pittsburg Potatoes*
Cabbage Salad — *Toasted Muffins*
Apple Roly-Poly — *Vanilla Sauce*
Milk or Tea

DINNER

Roast Beef — *Potatoes*
Buttered String-Beans — *Perfection Salad*
Jelly — *Bread*
Lemon Gelatin — *Sweet Wafers*
Milk or Coffee

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Orange-Juice
Corn-Meal Mush with Top Milk
Buttered Toast — *Soft-Cooked Eggs*
Oatmeal Cookies — *Milk or Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Hot Roast-Beef Sandwich
Carrot-and-Celery Salad — *Jelly*
Apple Sauce — *Hot Gingerbread*
Milk or Coffee

DINNER

Mutton Cutlets — *Parsley Potatoes*
Kohlrabi — *Mint Jelly*
**Jellied Tomato Salad* — *Hot Rolls*
Apple-Meringue Pie
Milk or Coffee

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Baked Apples
Ready-Cooked Cereal with Top Milk
Graham Muffins — *Scrambled Eggs*
Marmalade — *Milk or Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

**Green Tomato Soup* — *Wafers*
**Macaroni, Cheese and Green-Pepper Salad*
Graham Bread — *Canned Fruit* — *Tea*

DINNER

**Scalloped Ham and Apple*
Sweet Potatoes — *Buttered Cabbage*
Crisp Celery — *Bread* — *Pickles*
Queen of Puddings
Milk or Coffee

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Buckwheat Cakes — *Sirup* — *Sausage*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Nut-and-Olive Sandwiches
Canned Pineapple — *Fruit-Cake*
Milk or Coffee

DINNER

Blue Points
Curled Celery — *Olives*
Roast Turkey — *Chestnut Stuffing*
Mashed Potatoes — *Cranberry Sauce*
Buttered Squash
Whole-Wheat Bread — *Fruit Salad* — *Wafers*
Pumpkin Pie and Cheese
Nuts — *Table Raisins*
Milk or Coffee

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Apple Sauce
Whole Cereal with Top Milk
Poached Eggs on Toast
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Cream-of-Tomato Soup — *Croutons*
**Turkey-and-Potato Patties*
Squash Biscuit — *Apple Jelly*
Fruit Salad — *Milk or Tea*

DINNER

Salmon Loaf — *Creamed Peas*
Baked Potatoes
Cabbage-and-Pineapple Salad
Mustard Pickles — *Bread*
**Creamed Peaches with Soft Custard*
Nut Cookies
Milk or Coffee

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Canned Cherries
Hominy Grits with Cream — *Bran Muffins*
**Salt Codfish with Hot Cream*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Baked Cheese Sandwiches
Cabbage-and-Carrot Salad — **Cranberry Slum*
Hot Chocolate

DINNER

Ground-Steak Balls — *Tomato Sauce*
Scalloped Onions — *Mashed Potatoes*
**Corn Oysters* — *Hot Biscuit*
Spiced Currants — *Banana Cream Pie*
Milk or Coffee



A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you will try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

Large Tube—25 cents

This young fellow—
doesn't know sore throat

A PERFECT report card on attendance—never any off-days on account of sore throat.

That's because his mother taught him a little secret—gargling with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, the moment he feels that first dry hitch on swallowing.

Sore throat is a nuisance, anyhow. It interferes with work and fun—and so often leads to more serious troubles that come from throat infections.

Listerine puts you on the safe side. Make it a daily habit during sore throat days.

And Listerine has many other uses that are described in the blue circular wrapped around each bottle. Take a moment to read it.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE—*never on speaking terms with sore throat*

Win one of these 147 prizes





Here's all you have to do:

Use your bottle of Premier

THAT'S all there is to this contest. This is perhaps the easiest money you ever made. Use your bottle of Premier Salad Dressing and *experiment* with it.

Just tell us the different and practical food uses you have found in one bottle of Premier. The more ways you have found to use it, the better chance you have to win.

$10 to $250 for a letter from you

Here are different practical ways in which one woman told us she used one bottle of Premier in one week:

Sunday night for supper she made egg and olive sandwich filling mixed with Premier.

For lunch on Monday she made a delicious cherry salad, using Premier for the dressing.

On Tuesday she put Premier in a Waldorf salad and seasoned finely chopped cabbage with salt, pepper and Premier Salad Dressing.

Wednesday she made jellied tomato salad, serving it with Premier.

Thursday she served broiled ham with cream sauce made of Premier.

and write us a simple letter...

Friday she used Premier on scalloped fish and on servings of plain lettuce salad.

Saturday she served four guests at bridge with date and nut sandwiches, the filling of which had been well moistened with Premier.

To make it easy for competent judges who will read all letters, number each separate use (namely, 1, 2, 3, etc.), for the number of different practical uses is the deciding factor.

147 prizes—$2,500 in gold

We are awarding $2,500 in 147 different prizes, from $250 to $10 each, to those who send in lists of the greatest number of practical food uses from one bottle of Premier.

Any woman may send in as many lists as she chooses but only one of her lists can win a prize. This contest is open to those who have used Premier. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for. Contest closes December 1, 1925.

HERE ARE THE 147 PRIZES—

$2,500 in Gold

FIRST PRIZE	$250
For each of the next three . .	100
For each of the next three . .	50
For each of the next forty . .	20
For each of the next one hundred	10

Address FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., NEW YORK



Premier
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Salad DRESSING
A perfect mayonnaise

You can have lots of fun making so many different dishes with Premier Salad Dressing. Sandwiches for teas, salads for bridge parties, cold meats for little Sunday night suppers. It's so easy to make these dishes—you can win and play, too!!

A helpful little booklet will be sent free upon request.

HOW CAN I MAKE MY CHILD LIKE VEGETABLES?

By Mary F. Henry

Edited and approved by the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



Acknowledged leaders in vegetable circles are spinach and string-beans, carrots and peas. They are of first importance in the child's vegetable diet

STRING-BEANS FOR BABY?

Of course—and spinach and carrots and peas. Our leaflet, "Vegetable Water for Babies," tells you how to cook vegetable waters for the very tiny baby, how to prepare vegetable purées and pulps as he grows older, all about his vegetable diet for the first two years.

If your baby acquires a taste for vegetables in the first year, it will be an easy matter to keep on feeding him this healthful food.

Your letter to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., with a two-cent stamp for postage, is all you need send for the leaflet.*

THERE are always two aspects of the vegetables-for-children problem, one that has to do with the choice of the vegetables themselves, and the other with getting the child to eat what has been selected and prepared. Many a mother reports her Waterloo to have been met at the dinner-table over the plate of vegetables. Indeed, many mothers believe that the problem must always be settled on a battle-field, so difficult does it seem. They almost believe there is an instinct against eating vegetables, and the habit has to be forced in the face of this instinct. This is not true, of course. But what we need to remember is that neither is there an innate liking for them. This means that the problem is one not of forcing but of teaching a habit.

The laws of habit formation are simple: first, the earlier a habit is started the more easily it is established; second, it should be repeated very frequently; and third, the carrying out of the act should give pleasure or satisfaction to the one who is forming the habit. Applying these rules then: start early to teach children to eat vegetables. This is in keeping with the nutrition experts' advice, for they would start the baby on vegetable juice at four to six months; be sure the child has some vegetable each day, mild vegetables at first, in small amounts, with only a small variety until the child is thoroughly accustomed to them. Never accept a complete refusal, unless there is a real reason for refusing, such as sickness or badly cooked vegetables that could easily establish a permanent dislike. Do not force too large amounts, though the child should eat at least some of the vegetable so that he will not get the idea that refusal is an easy thing. And last, and very important, be sure the child somehow gets satisfaction from the eating. This means that the vegetable must be palatable. Vegetables are traditionally badly cooked, which in the main means they are cooked too long. The milder vegetables lose their original attractive flavor through long cooking, and the strong-juiced vegetables develop stronger and less pleasant flavors by overcooking. The shortest time possible to cook them so as to remove their hardness but to leave a little of their crispness not letting them become limp, and to retain their original color, is the problem in vegetable cookery.

In addition all vegetables need attention in regard to flavor and seasoning. The strong vegetables need cooking in a good deal of water, to rid them of their strong flavor. This is always true in cooking strong-flavored vegetables, but it is especially true in preparing them for children, for children do not enjoy very strong flavors. On the other hand, some vegetables are very bland and tasteless and need decidedly to be doctored to make them acceptable. They lack, for example, the acid flavor of fruit, or the very pleasant flavor that makes flesh meat so very popular.

Hence, a mild vegetable seasoned with a little meat-juice or broth or additional butter and salt, and perhaps with a bit of lemon-juice or grating from the lemon-rind, may become so glorified that it is taken without a murmur and more is called for. Ingenious, wholesome methods of making vegetables good are all legitimate, for child as well as for grown-up.

Or again, it may be texture and not flavor that is the difficulty. For instance, a dislike for spinach could easily be acquired from the rather slippery, stringy texture of canned spinach. Canned spinach needs to be finely cut up. Any texture known to be unpleasant to a child should not be forced.

ASSUMING that we have revolutionized the situation and that our children are crying for their vegetables, we must know how best to select them. Vegetables are of especial value for the iron they provide, with its insurance of plenty of material for red blood corpuscles. They are high in roughage or cellulose that prevents constipation, and they are particularly valuable for those powerful little substances that are so closely connected with growth and appetite and vitality in general—the vitamins. Not all vegetables are of equal value, as a glance at the chart below will show. It becomes clear why spinach, peas, string-beans and carrots are the first ones to be given to children. The chart shows that cabbage, onions and celery and others are very valuable, and that some of the root vegetables and the last group are not nearly so valuable as the first groups, although they may be used for variety.

Long cooking may destroy a large part of the antiscorbutic vitamin—an important point. You must remember that you are losing a large part of the iron and vitamins from the food if the water in which they are

Concluded on page 53



Here's Variety

The great adventure of a change at breakfast—Fairy grains with the flavor of nutmeats!

TO please the family and delight yourself, *try varying* your breakfast menu. Change for a while from the old dishes of which your palate is tiring.

Quaker Puffed Rice is that *something different* you want. Fairy grains of selected rice, puffed to eight times their normal size, food that entices and allures.

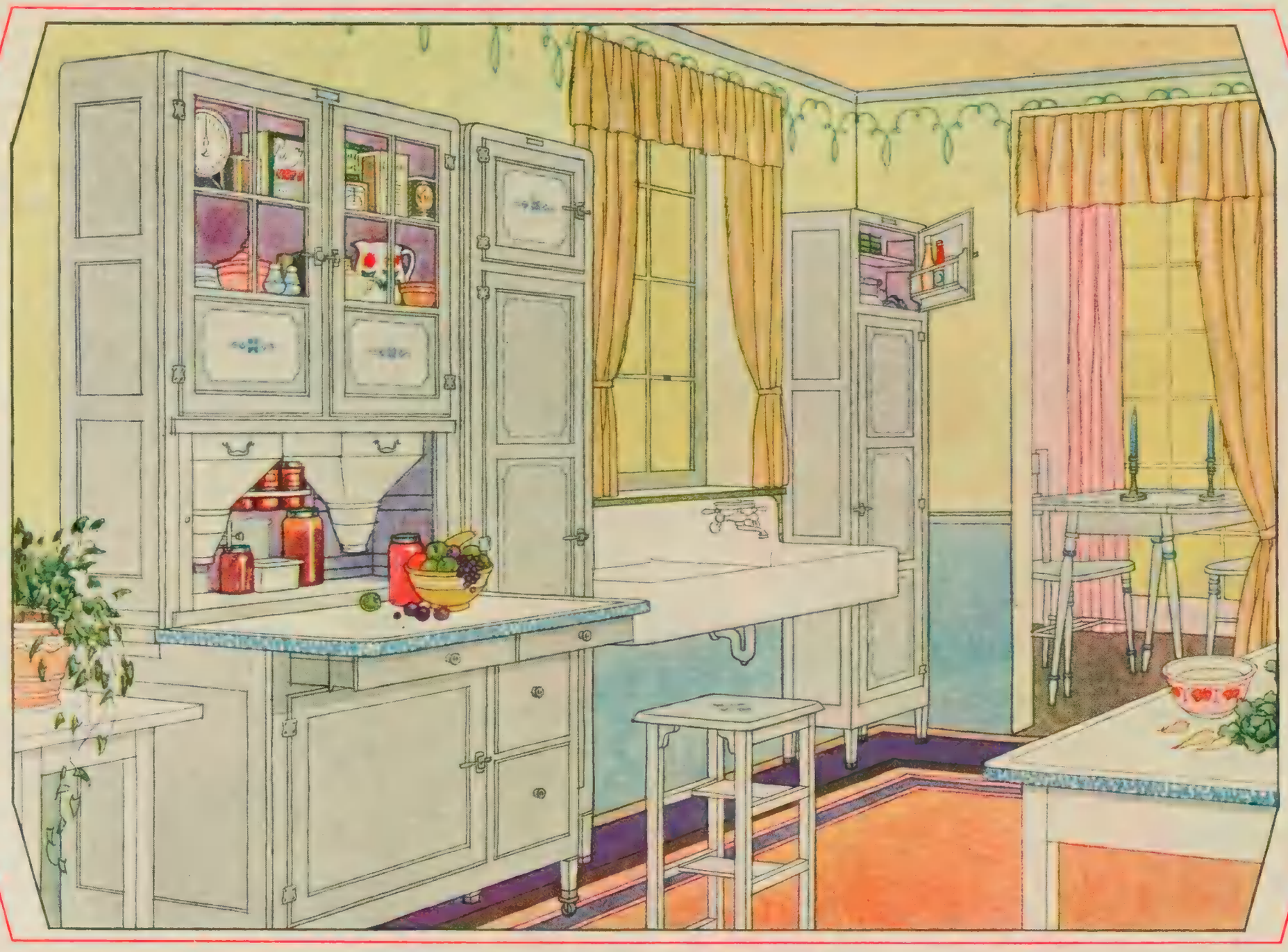
Those grains are crisp and toasty, gay and wonderful. The flavor is like nutmeats, only richer. *Children think they're confections;* you know they're rich grain food.

Just for the joy of it, get a package today. Alternate them with the dishes you've served too often. See what breakfast smiles they'll bring.

Also Puffed Wheat

Ideal as a night time, light supper enticement—the most delicious of all cereal breakfasts

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



Beauty—the new motif in kitchen furnishing!

now fully realized in this artistic Hoosier suite of two-tone grey

There's no doubt about it—we work more happily and therefore more efficiently in surroundings that are cheerful, neat, attractive.

So why not beauty in the room that needs it most—in the kitchen as well as in the living room? Why not lighten the burden of work with beautiful surroundings?

It is for this that Hoosier Kitchen Furniture has been designed with a new motif of beauty. To give the woman in the kitchen a new sense of the dignity of her job and a new enjoyment of it.

You have never seen anything like this new Hoosier suite. So dainty, so artistic! It gives to the kitchen an inviting charm this old workroom has never had before!

The new color scheme of two-tone grey is absolutely original. The body color is soft, rich Hoosier grey. By way of contrast there are panels finished in a satiny Dove grey of lighter tone. A decorative touch is given in an outline band and conventional flowers of a bright, rich blue.

Beautiful, restful it is, and more. It is also very practical. For grey does not show the dirt; it is so easy to keep clean and spotless.

Of course you can get Hoosier Kitchen Furniture in both white enamel and golden oak—finishes always popular and suitable for many kitchens.

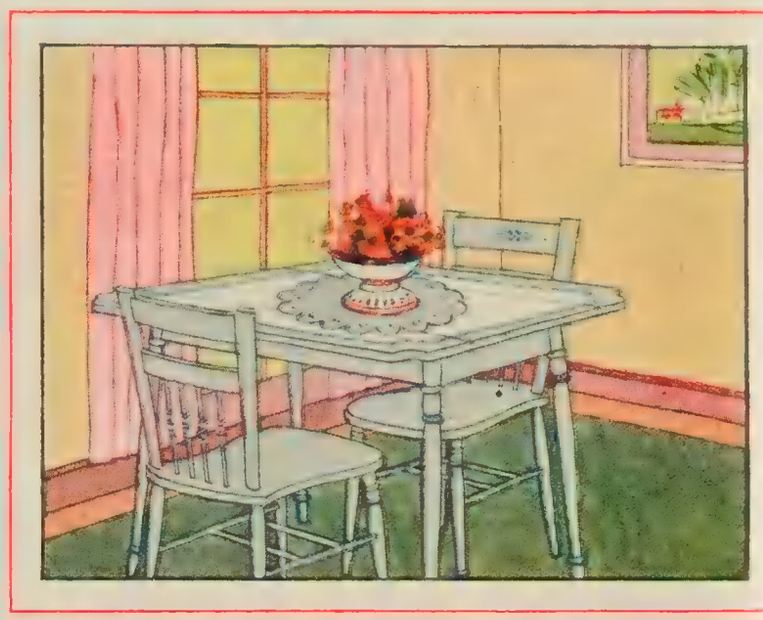
Hoosier Furniture is the last word in scientific design, you know. Every piece is the result of years of painstaking experiment in planning and construction. The Hoosier suite consists of the following:

Hoosier Highboy Cabinet. Domestic Science authorities endorse the Hoosier as an ideal working center. It contributes constructive aid in its arrangement of working and storage space, accessories and fittings.

Hoosier Shelf Unit. Here you can store your dishes, utensils and supplies and have them ready at hand right when you want to use them—instead of in a distant pantry.

Hoosier Broom Closet. At last, a place to keep the brooms, mops, vac, etc. Here these necessities are accessible yet out of sight.

Hoosier Breakfast Set. A daintier, more charmingly designed set for breakfast nook or rest corner you've never seen! The table is drop leaf; the chairs are sturdy yet graceful of line.



There's nothing quite so cozy as a breakfast nook and you can make it a real beauty spot with this charming new Hoosier breakfast set

Send for this new book on beauty in the kitchen

We have published an interesting new book which tells about beauty as a help toward efficiency in the kitchen. It contains much constructive help on kitchen planning and gives suggestions for decorative touches which any kitchen can have. We will gladly send it free.

The Hoosier Manufacturing Company
1125 Delaware St., Newcastle, Indiana



The Hoosier Manufacturing Co.
1125 Delaware St., Newcastle, Indiana
British Address:
Ideal Furniture Equipment
No. 9 Preston St., Liverpool

Please send me, free, your new booklet "Your Kitchen and You".

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Pay only $5 now

If you think of such beautiful furniture in the kitchen as expensive, note this news:

$5 is all you need to pay now! It will put any Hoosier Cabinet in your kitchen today; you can pay the rest in such easy weekly payments you will never be inconvenienced. And you can have any other piece of Hoosier equipment on equally easy terms.

Don't wait to have a kitchen you can be proud of. Go to the Hoosier store in your town and see how easily you can have one *right now!* They will tell you the details of this wonderful Hoosier Easy Payment Plan, or we will gladly explain them.

© 1925, The Hoosier Manufacturing Company



Habits are easily formed during the first year. Baby at four or six months is not too young for vegetable soup

HOW CAN I MAKE MY CHILD LIKE VEGETABLES?

Concluded from page 50

cooked is not used. This is especially true, of course, if the vegetable is cut in small pieces. Peeling also permits losses into the water. In the case of cabbage or onion water, since it is less delicate in flavor, the loss may be justified, but as far as we can we should use the vegetable water—in soups, or boiled down and served with the vegetable. The more tender and mild vegetables, like carrots and spinach, may be cooked in such a small amount of water that it can easily be used in serving the vegetable. If white sauce is made, vegetable water may be used as part of the liquid.

At four months the baby specialists advocate "vegetable soup," by which they mean strained vegetable water in which have been cooked two or more finely cut-up vegetables, such as celery, carrots and spinach. Any of the other mild vegetables which happen to be in the family meals may be used. This is made fresh each day and is combined with the milk, and so provides a little additional iron and vitamins in the baby's diet. At nine months a very little of the vegetable pulp is pushed through the strainer with the water. When the baby is a year old, a little more vegetable pulp is given him without the water; when he is between two and three years old, sifted pulp is given in increasing amounts; at three years the vegetable is unstrained but still mashed or cut up, especially the tougher vegetables, such as cabbage or string-beans. From then on, vegetables are used in increasing variety and appear constantly in the diet.

As soon as the child is old enough to chew his food thoroughly, raw vegetables, such as lettuce, celery and a little finely-chopped cabbage, may be given. They are very valuable for their higher vitamin content.

And now the nutrition experts' rule may be used: "Two vegetables a day other than potatoes." This rule, followed through one's life, insures vitamins and iron and roughage that will go far toward solving the problem of eating for health.

CHART SHOWING THE VALUE OF DIFFERENT VEGETABLES

	Iron	Vitamin A	Vitamin B	Vitamin C	Roughage
Group I. Spinach, chard	Excellent	Good	Good	Good	Good
Group II. String-beans, cabbage, lettuce	Good	Good	Good	Excellent	Good
Group III. Peas	Good	Good	Good	Good	Good
Group IV. Asparagus, Brussels sprouts	Fair				Good
Group V. Onions, cauliflower, celery		Fair	Good	Fair	Good
Group VI. Carrots		Good	Fair	Fair	Good
Group VII. Parsnips, turnips			Good		Good
Group VIII. Pumpkin, Winter squash			Fair		Good

SPILLED MILK

Little diners do *upset their milk or broth once in a while. But they won't ruin your luncheon-set if it is waterproof. You can make a cloth and doilies that are delightfully practical and washable—and yet colorful enough to grace your table even when you entertain. We can tell you how and will send you directions for making other attractive articles of the same fabric.*

For yourself or for Christmas gifts for your friends you can find nothing easier to make or more novel and practical. Ask for our leaflet "New Uses for a Practical Fabric." It tells you how to make bright kitchen curtains, chair and table covers, an apron, some unique cushions and several other articles.

All that is needful is to drop a line (with your stamp covering return postage) to Mrs. Sanders, in the House Decoration Department, The Delineator, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and the leaflet will go to you at once.*



If you could buy health for Baby

—all the money you now have—all the riches you ever dreamed of getting—would be spent freely and gladly.

Doctors say that to keep Baby in glowing health—from the tips of his pink toes to the top of his curly little head—*clean, sweet clothes are vitally important.*

Millions of mothers find that the splendid soap and dirt-loosening naptha in Fels-Naptha give them just the **extra washing help** needed for keeping Baby's things sweet and safely clean.

Also for doing—more easily and more quickly—the whole family wash, and the general cleaning mothers find necessary every day.

Isn't this *extra* help—for Baby's sake and for your own—worth the penny more a week you pay for Fels-Naptha? It's cheaper in the end, too—any way you figure it.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© Fels & Co. Philadelphia



87% of these New York State Club Women say—

"I prefer Cream of Tartar Baking Powder"

WHEN you want an opinion from a group of forward-looking housewives whose homes represent America's best standards and traditions, where better can you go than to the women's clubs?

It is significant that in a recent survey in New York State when club members were asked "What kind of baking powder do you prefer?" 87% of those replying said "Cream of Tartar."

And they told why—"Always uniform results"—"Most healthful"—"Always comes out best"—"More wholesome. Have never used any other since 1889"—"I use Royal Baking Powder in preference to any other; no cake failures when using it."

FOR more than fifty years the Cream of Tartar for Royal Baking Powder has been imported without interruption from the famous vineyard countries of Southern Europe.

No other principal ingredient of baking powder receives the hearty unanimous endorsement which experts give to Cream of Tartar. That is why Royal,

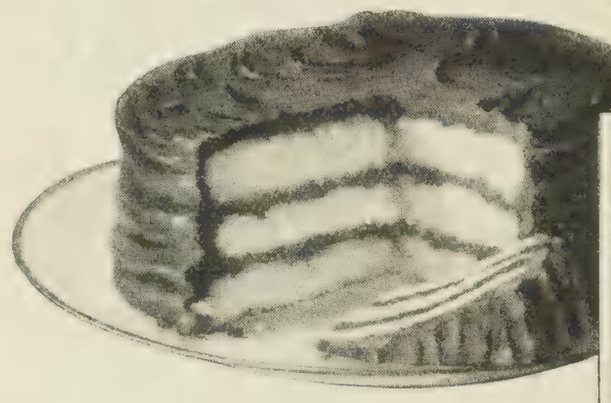


Made of pure Cream of Tartar. Contains no alum. Leaves no bitter taste.

always made of Cream of Tartar, is the standard baking powder—known throughout the world and used wherever requirements are most fastidious and exacting.

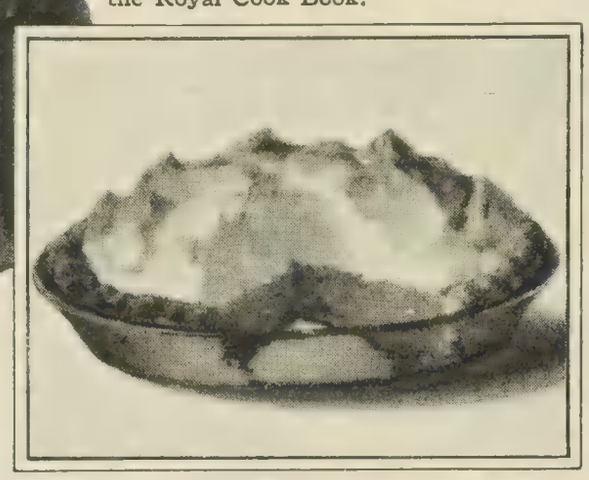
2¢ worth insures success

Only 2c worth of Royal will make a large layer cake as fluffy and sweet flavored as the froth of beaten cream.



ROYAL CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE. This is the economical one-egg Royal Layer Cake put together with delectable, old-fashioned chocolate filling.

ROYAL LEMON MERINGUE PIE. The secret of flaky pie crust and of tender meringue that will not fall is in the Royal Cook Book.



Send for the famous Royal Cook Book—FREE

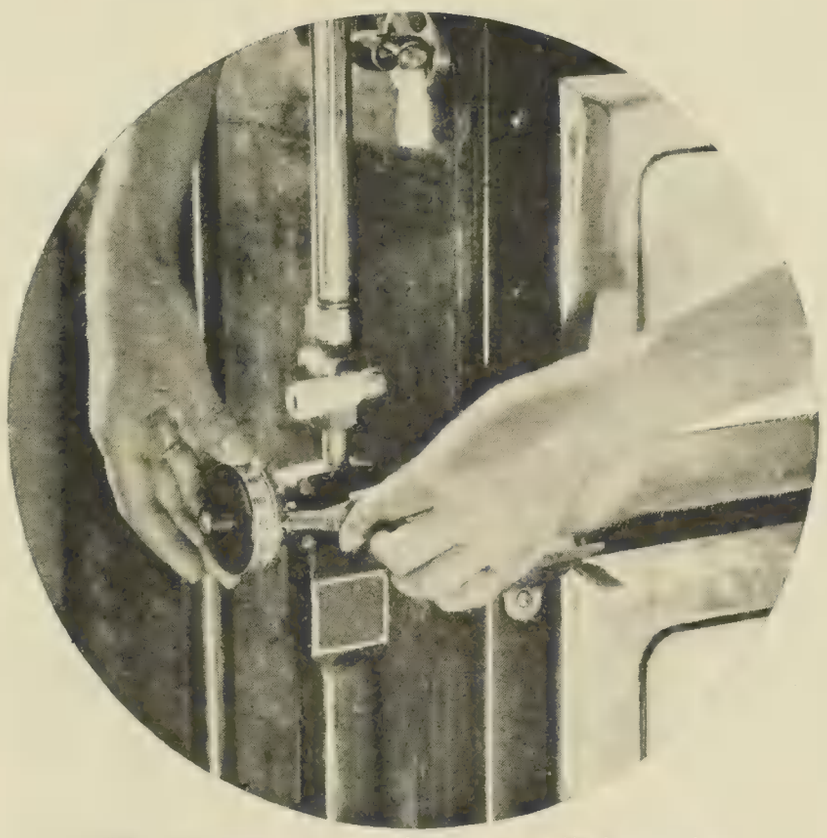
More than 350 simple, accurate recipes for all kinds of delicious foods—including interesting cakes, pies, biscuits, muffins, scones and Sally Lunns. Mail the coupon for your copy of this famous Royal Cook Book. It's free! Send today.

The Royal Baking Powder Co., 120 East 42nd Street, New York

Send me free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book—over 350 delicious, tested recipes for all kinds of foods.

Name.....

Address.....



This thermostat control automatically keeps the temperature of your oven at any desired heat

YOUR OVEN AND ITS CONTROLS

By Ruth Kellogg

Edited and approved by the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

WHAT'S BURNING?

"Thank goodness, I don't have to say that any more," says Mrs. Often-Forgot. With her efficient controls she never has her oven too hot or too slow now. Her cakes are not soggy one day and too crisp on another. She always gets uniform results.

For only a two-cent stamp to cover postage we will send you a list of controls for gas-stoves and electric stoves, of oven thermometers and heat-regulators. And we'll add some recipes that will show you how easy it is to cook with these helps.

Your kitchen should not be without our booklet of temperature charts either. Have you a copy? It costs nothing but the two-cent stamp for postage and gives you the degrees and time required to bake, cook, boil, can and fry every imaginable food.

Just send your letter to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, and ask for the leaflets that interest you.*

NO LONGER do we ascribe success in baking to luck. We know it depends in part upon the equipment with which we work, in part upon our skill in using it and in part upon following certain definite principles which govern cooking.

Along with our changed attitude toward "luck" in cooking has come the realization that to own good equipment is a great saving of time and labor and a great aid in assuring successful results. New devices for measuring and controlling heat and better-built ovens are all now at the disposal of the modern housekeeper.

THE OVEN THERMOMETER

WE LEARNED long ago that it pays to measure accurately the ingredients that go into our bread and pies and cakes. Now we are beginning to sense the fact that it pays equally to measure the heat that does the baking. Reliable thermometers are available for any type of oven, and housekeepers are learning to do their baking by temperature instead of by touch—a touch which, by the way, some of us did not possess and seemed unable to acquire.

Considerable confusion seems to exist in distinguishing between thermometers or heat indicators and oven controls. In this connection it must be remembered that an oven thermometer is in itself merely a heat indicator. It tells no more than the actual story of the heat of the oven. It does not and can not do a thing to regulate or control heat. If, therefore, your stove has a thermometer but not a heat-regulator, it is your task to regulate the heat that goes into the oven by checking dampers or opening doors in a coal or wood stove, by lessening the flow of gas or oil or by shutting off the current of electricity in gas, oil and electric stoves respectively.

Some ovens are equipped with thermometers which are built right into the door. These may or may not be entirely accurate as far as exact temperature is concerned, but may still be reliable, for even when an oven thermometer habitually registers from fifteen to twenty degrees more or less than the correct temperature you soon learn its tempo and are able to make your adjustments accordingly. When a stove is purchased which has no oven thermometer, a separate oven thermometer may be bought that is built so that it rests on a small base and may be stood on the rack or floor of the oven. This type of thermometer is gaining wide popularity, because if it is of good grade it is accurate and it may be used in any standard oven regardless of the source of heat.

HEAT-REGULATORS OR CONTROLS

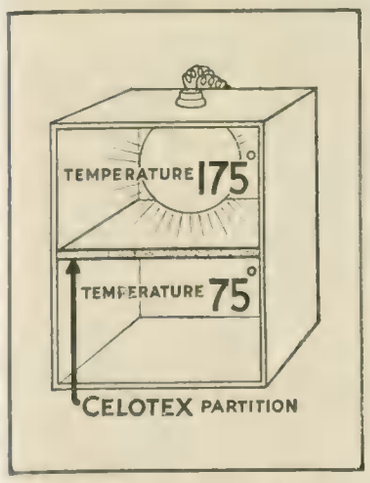
HEAT controls are different from thermometers. To be perfect they should do two things well: First, indicate the temperature of the oven; and, second, control or hold the temperature at the point desired.

One rather inexpensive control sometimes used on gas-stoves does these two things partially but not completely. It works in this way: Suppose the wheel of the indicator is set so that "low heat" is indicated. Through this act the pipe carrying the gas to the oven burner is partly closed so that only a small amount of gas is allowed to enter after the gas-cock has been turned on as far as it will go. This partial closing of the flow of gas remains the same until you readjust the wheel so that some other point such as "high heat" or "medium heat" is indicated. There is nothing automatic about it. If the gas pressure varies, as it often does, the amount of gas coming through will vary, but the control on this type of indicator, not being automatic, can not adjust itself to allow the correct amount of gas to come through to maintain a certain heat. In other words, it has value but also limitations which should be thoroughly understood.

The devices hailed with joy are the automatic thermostat controls that can be used on gas and electric ovens and that meet satisfactorily both requirements mentioned above—namely, indicate temperature and at the same time regulate it. This type of

Concluded on page 56

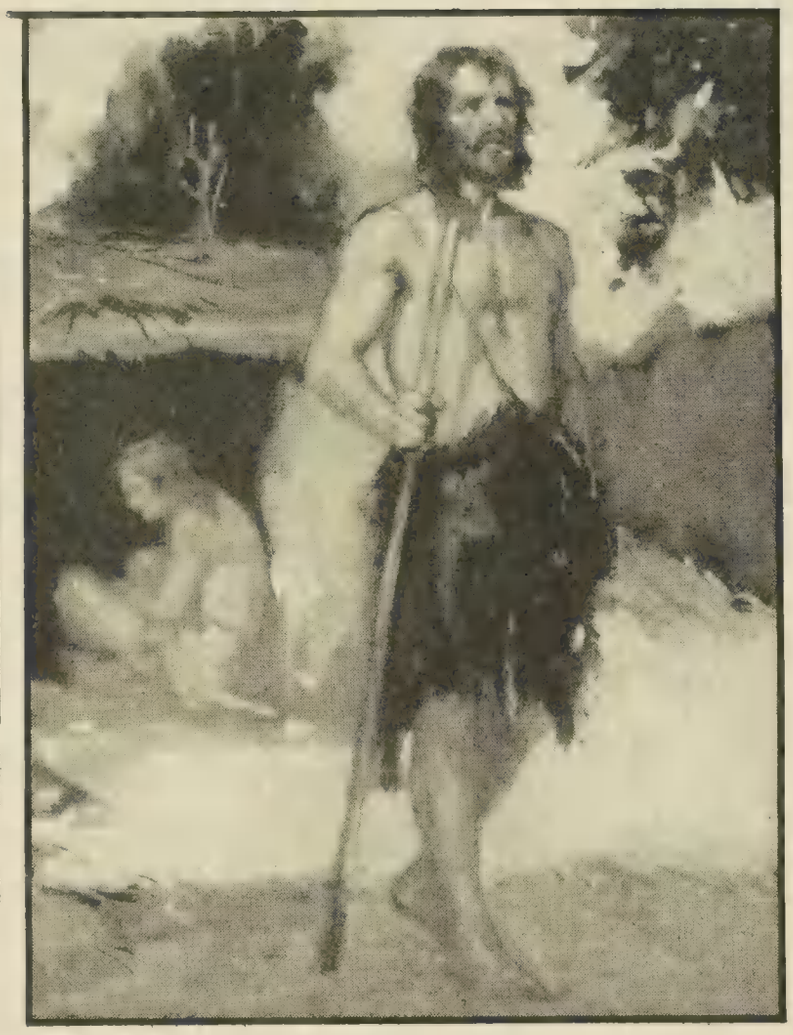
Homes have changed more than people since then



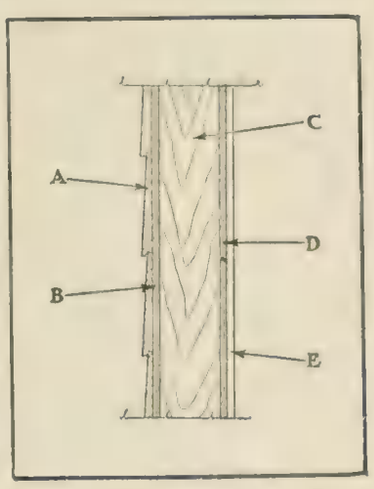
Note this actual test. A Celotex box is divided in half by a layer of Celotex. The upper half is heated by an electric lamp.

The lower half is 100° cooler.

In the roof and walls of a house, Celotex keeps heat *in* during the winter, *out* in summer.







A. Clapboards, brick or stucco
B. Celotex Insulating Lumber
C. Studding, or framework
D. Celotex Insulating Lumber
E. Plaster

Cross-section showing application of Celotex Insulating Lumber: (B) in outside walls as sheathing, where it replaces wood lumber and building paper, and (D) on inside walls, where plaster is applied directly to its surface.

LONG before history, a man came out of his cave and built the first rude hut. He was a leader. He used his brain to get a better place to live.

His neighbors watched from their caves, of course. Some of them grunted; and kept on living in caves. But the ones with most sense were quick to build huts for themselves.

In recent years Celotex Insulating Lumber has made it practical to build homes that really keep out heat and cold.

This improvement has been recognized by leading architects and builders as a great step forward in home building. But some will go on building as before.

Homes have changed far more than people since then.

In nearly every community there have been leaders quick to see and make use of this improvement in home comfort.

Two kinds of people
Two kinds of homes

And everywhere a certain class of neighbors have accepted their discovery.

Over 60,000 families now enjoy a degree of living comfort not to be found in ordinary homes.

They are not all wealthy. Anyone who builds can make use of Celotex Insulating Lumber. Because it adds nothing to building cost.

It is not a matter of money. It is simply that some people see and hear and think. Others do not.

Every home tells the story of its owner.

The new standard of living

Your own home, built with Celotex, will give you a wholly new idea of luxurious home comfort. For this Celotex house will keep snug and warm on the bitterest winter days—refreshingly cool through a sweltering summer.

There, your children's health will be guarded from cold-giving draughts and sudden temperature changes.

Always, this Celotex home will be quiet; restful. Disturbing noises will be subdued. It will be a home whose atmosphere of solid comfort will be the envy of all who enter.

Living in this Celotex home, you will have more money to spend on the luxuries you want—for it will cost much less for upkeep than an ordinary home.

You will have a sounder investment: a house that will be stronger, last longer, have a higher resale value.

Get all the facts

These are living improvements so vital that every progressive person will demand the facts before building or buying a home. They make the ordinary house as out-of-date as one without electricity, modern plumbing or a central heating plant.

Ask your architect or contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. All lumber dealers can supply it. Everywhere, leaders in these lines advise its use.

If you are going to buy a home already built, get Celotex construction, if you possibly can.

And by all means send for the Celotex building book. Even if you are not thinking of building soon, you will be interested in this great advance in building history. Just use the coupon below.

Comfort with fuel-saving at no extra building cost

Celotex is Lumber—the only Insulating Lumber.

A home built with it costs no more than an ordinary house; because Celotex replaces *five* other building materials.

1. It replaces wood lumber as sheathing, giving greater structural strength.

2. Plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex, forming a stronger wall than lath and plaster.

3. Celotex replaces building paper, giving better protection against wind and moisture.

4. It replaces deadening felt, giving a restful quiet.

5. Wherever used, Celotex replaces any extra insulation or heat-stopping material.

A smaller, less expensive furnace, fewer radiators, will be required to heat a Celotex house. Year after year, your fuel bills will be cut by one-third.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

MILLS: NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Branch Sales Offices: (*See telephone books for addresses*)

Boston	Detroit	Miami	New York	San Francisco
Cleveland	Kansas City	Milwaukee	Philadelphia	Seattle
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CELOTEX

INSULATING LUMBER

"THERE IS A USE FOR CELOTEX IN EVERY BUILDING"

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Mail This Coupon Now for FREE Building Book

The Celotex Co., Dept. 752
645 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send your illustrated Building Book, Free.

Name .....

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WE AMERICANS are gaining a new appreciation of the value of health, and a new knowledge of the way toward health.

We are learning the bitter penalties of being "the most nervous nation in the world." We are realizing the foolishness of wasting our energies in a few years of concentrated, feverish effort—followed by longer years spent in self-denial.

We are giving more time to exercise, more thought to the choosing of our food and drink. We know, now, that most of the common ailments originate in "trifling" bad habits—bad habits which have been considered unimportant because they have been so general.

You, too, make this test!

One reliable measure of this new swing toward healthful living is the enormously growing interest in Postum. It is known through their letters that 150,000 people made the thirty-day test described below last year, and many times this number undoubtedly made the test without requesting the week's supply of Postum. The remarkable success of this test in turning an ever-increasing army of men and women from the use of caffein is a good omen for the nation's future health.

In addition to the enthusiasm for Postum prepared in the regular way, there is widespread interest in the new way of preparing Instant Postum with hot milk for children. Thousands of mothers and teachers who have tried it believe that here, at last, is the ideal children's drink.

Just remember this: Caffein has no food value, but is an artificial stimulant which deadens the normal sense of fatigue, and withdraws energy from the body's vital reserve. Postum, on the other hand, contains no trace of any stimulant. It is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. Compare these two in your own mind first.

Then make the comparison where you can really see results—on your dinner table! Try Postum for thirty days. Learn how delicious it is. Experience for thirty days the relief from drug stimulation. Then judge for yourself!

Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, makes this offer to *you!*

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will give you, free, one week's supply, and my personal directions for preparing it.

"Or, if you wish to begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. You will be glad to know that Postum costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"For the one week's free supply, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you want Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot milk), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

D. ■ D. 11-25

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address
CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

©1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

YOUR OVEN AND ITS CONTROLS

Concluded from page 54

device may be set for any one of as wide a range of temperatures as is ever necessary for baking purposes, and it automatically keeps the temperature at the point set. Of course it is not endowed with intelligence and will not shut the heat off if the cake begins to burn, but it stops only just short of it. Automatic thermostat controls are made by several different manufacturers and the product made by each manufacturer may be secured on certain stoves. Such a control must be put on the oven at the stove-manufacturing plant. You can not buy your stove, have it set up in your kitchen and then decide later to have this control attached to it.

It works in this way: Suppose a quick or hot oven is desired. You turn the wheel so that the indicator points to 450 degrees Fahrenheit, then light the gas, turning the gas-cock as far as it will go. When the gas has been burning long enough to bring the oven temperature to 450 degrees or almost there—this varies in different makes of controls—the supply of gas reaching the burner is automatically reduced through the action of the expansion of some metal or material at a certain place within the control. This results in holding the temperature at about 450 degrees. If during the baking process the oven door is opened and thus a considerable amount of heat is lost, the thermostat control automatically operates to allow an increased amount of gas to reach the burner in order to bring the temperature again to 450 degrees. In using such a device it is well to remember that at no time is the position of the gas-cock to be changed after the gas has once been lighted. The oven control does that automatically. Suppose, however, you wish to finish your baking at a lower temperature than 450 degrees Fahrenheit—for example, at 350 degrees. Paying no attention to the stop-cock, you reset the control from 450 degrees to 350 degrees and the control regulates the flow of gas automatically. You can tell immediately from the sound that the flame from the oven burner has been greatly reduced. If you look, you may sometimes see that the flame on the burner itself has gone out completely, but the pilot light connected with the control is still burning. As long as the pilot light is going there is no cause whatever for alarm. As soon as the oven temperature has dropped to 350 degrees, or near that point, the gas will automatically again be admitted to the burner, the pilot will light this gas, and the temperature will be maintained at this point. Do you wonder, therefore, that every woman who has ever had the opportunity to work with such automatic thermostatic oven controls becomes an enthusiastic advocate?

An electric oven may be equipped not only with an automatic thermostat control but also with an automatic clock which provides for both starting and shutting off the heat as well as regulating the temperature. This means that you may put food in the oven, set the heat control for a certain temperature, set one device on the clock so that the electric current will come on at a definite hour, and set another device on this same clock so that the current will be cut off at another definite hour and then go about your day's business secure in the knowledge that the cooking will be done in your absence. What more can you ask from oven controls?



Upper: Automatic clock for an electric oven which starts and shuts off heat and regulates temperature. *Lower:* A thermometer built into the oven door; it indicates temperature but does not regulate it

WILL YOU DISAPPOINT SANTA?

When the time comes to send off gaily wrapped parcels—to give Santa the gifts that he stuffs in sacks and tucks under trees, will you be ready?

Start now to work on those little presents that are so intimate and doubly welcome because you made them yourself. Choose the gifts you want to make and send for these leaflets that tell you how to make them. Ask for any one or all of the leaflets. But don't forget to enclose a two-cent stamp for return postage on each one you order!

How to Make Attractive Lamp-shades. Paper Pretties—*crape-paper novelties.* Christmas Gifts to Make at Home—*little household necessities and also a few gifts that children can make.* A Score of Gifts from a Roll of Paper—*practical and attractive gifts—all made of wall-paper.* Gifts from Odds and Ends—*using bits of odd material around the house.* And Still More Gifts—*all kinds of bags and handkerchiefs.* Holiday Presents that Are Easy to Make—*gifts for your housewife friends.*

Address your letter to the House Decoration Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*





For Jolly Hallowe'en

Cinnamon Roll—a gorgeous surprise for a party

Still another delicious recipe created by Betty Crocker in the Gold Medal Kitchen. New ones constantly. Don't miss these delights. Send for the Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Box. Read Betty Crocker's offer.



Corner of Gold Medal Kitchen—where Miss Betty Crocker and her staff Kitchen-test samples from each batch of Gold Medal Flour.

Half your baking success depends upon the way your flour acts!

And that is why we "Kitchen-test" every batch of Gold Medal Flour before it goes to you. To make *your* baking perfect every time you bake

HERE is something every housewife should know. It may save many bitter moments:

More baking failures are due to *the way flour acts in the oven*—than to everything else combined.

The quality of a flour may be excellent. It may never vary chemically. And yet it may act differently almost every time you bake. Hence so many baking failures.

There is just *one* way a miller can make sure his flour will always act the same in *all your* baking. By baking with it first himself.

We do that with all Gold Medal Flour. We Kitchen-test it! In our own kitchen we bake from samples of every batch. Before any of it is allowed to enter your home.

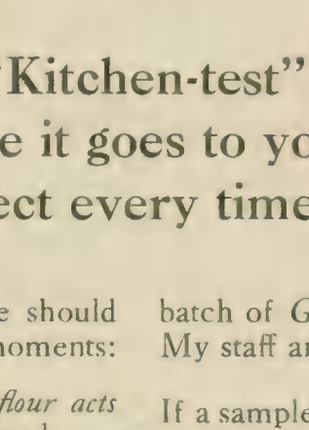
Here is a flour sure to act the *same perfect way* every time you bake!

How this test means your success

We have a kitchen just like yours. Each morning we receive samples of each batch of *Gold Medal Flour* milled the day before. My staff and I bake with them.

If a sample does not bake exactly right—that batch of flour is never allowed to reach you. Each sample must bake in the same perfect way as all the others.

Now you can bake with a light heart. Sure of success! Every sack of this fine flour acts the same perfect way in your oven. And we guarantee it.



Why Not Now?

Our guarantee—make this trial

If at any time Gold Medal Flour does not give you the most uniform good results of any flour you have ever tried—*you may return the unused portion of your sack of flour* to your grocer. He will pay you back your full purchase price. We will repay him.

Eventually—every woman will use only *Kitchen-tested* flour. It is the one way you can be sure every sack will always act the same way in your oven. *Why not now?*

My Special Offer of Kitchen-tested Recipes

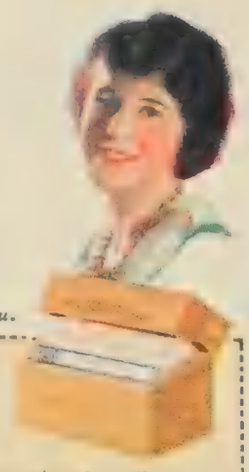
AS we test the flour in our kitchen, we are also creating and testing delightful new recipes. We have printed all these *Kitchen-tested* recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. A quick, ready index of recipes and cooking suggestions.

These Gold Medal Home Service boxes cost us exactly 70c each. We will send you one for that price. *And as fast as we create new recipes we mail them to you free.* Just think—new *Kitchen-tested* recipes constantly!

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, just send us 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Check the coupon for whichever you desire—the sample recipes or the complete Gold Medal Home Service box.

Betty Crocker



Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you.

MISS BETTY CROCKER
Washburn Crosby Company
Dept. 124, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find 70c for your Gold Medal Home Service box of Kitchen-tested recipes. (It is understood I receive *free* all new recipes as they are printed.)

☐ Enclosed find 10c for selected samples of Kitchen-tested recipes.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

© W.C.Co.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR—*Kitchen-tested*

MILLED BY WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., ALSO CREATORS OF WASHBURN'S PANCAKE FLOUR, GOLD MEDAL CAKE FLOUR, WHEATIES AND PURIFIED BRAN

Tune in on Gold Medal Radio Station (WCCO 416.4 meters), St. Paul-Minneapolis. Interesting programs daily Also W-C-C-O GOLD MEDAL STATION 416.4M cooking talks for women, 10:45 each morning. By Betty Crocker, Home Service Department.

"Service to the Northwest"

The years have not robbed her of her beauty



Hers is the Natural Loveliness that comes from protective care. Millions are retaining the charm of youth in this simple way.

The "middle-aged woman" is fast becoming a relic of other days.

Age no longer is the line of demarcation between days of charm and allure and the tasteless complacency of a chaperon's corner.

Women have learned to stay looking young . . . and "looking" young means *being* young.

A GIRL yesterday, a woman today . . . then suddenly, "middle-aged."

You want to avoid it. Every woman does. And you *can* if you wish. Note the scores of women young at 30, charming in the forties that you see everywhere today. That will prove the point to you.

To gain it . . . that priceless gift of youth . . . you must follow natural laws of cleanliness in skin care. Artificial methods have been supplanted in modern beauty culture.

Start with Palmolive, nature's formula to *keep* that schoolgirl complexion. Don't let it slip away from you. You can't regain youth, but you can *keep* it.

DO THIS . . . then note the changes in your skin

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive.

It costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



2961

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

REFRESHMENTS FOR THE HALLOWE'EN HOSTESS

By Nellie Ryder Gates

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

SPOOKY TREATS

Practical things like appetites appear at even the most ghostly of Hallowe'en parties. Try the exciting eats our Home-Making Department has prepared. We'll send you recipes for Black Cat Raisins, Spook Ice-Cream, Witches' Brew and other fascinating dishes. The address is—Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. A two-cent stamp, to cover postage, sent to the Party Department will bring you delightful suggestions for "A Money-Raising Hallowe'en Social"—decorations and games that will make your club affair really a "howling success"*



Put a little fence of witches round the fruit



Cut sandwiches to look like Jack-'o-lanterns

THERE is no other holiday which gives the hostess such wide opportunities to make her refreshments and decorations unusual and interesting as Hallowe'en.

If you wish a fruit cocktail, what more appropriate than to serve it in a miniature Jack-o'-lantern? To make this, cut off the top of as many oranges as there are guests, remove the pulp, and cut a face on one side. If the features are cut clear through the skin, the holes will have to be plugged to keep the juice from running out, and for this you can use candied cherries, to give the effect of a light within. You could cut down a paper drinking-cup and fit it inside the orange if the contents were very juicy, or you needn't cut the face all the way through. Insert a stem in the lid, a piece of a soda straw, a strip of angelica or a geranium stem. Serve on leaves cut from green crape paper if you can not get the real ones.

Another attractive way to serve fruit is to use canned black and yellow cherries stuffed with nut-meats or bits of candied fruit, and seeded white grapes. Put in mounds on the plates and around each put a little fence made of witches or cats cut from black cardboard in the manner of the old-time strings of paper dolls we used to make in our childhood. Simply fold the paper, cut out one figure, unfold, fasten the ends together, and you will have a circle with which to surround the fruit. This could be used around a salad or a dessert also.

Witch Croquettes could be made pointed and served on a round slice of toasted bread with a band of cress or parsley. For "broomsticks" to serve with them cut carrots into strips and dress with melted butter. Or you might make a large *vol-au-vent* of sweetbreads or chicken and mushrooms for your main course at dinner, outlining a black cat on top of it with lines or dashes cut from truffles or fresh mushrooms. Serve with little pumpkins made of mashed potatoes, having stems of green pepper.

For a *Black-and-White Salad* use large prunes. Cook as usual and when cold cut into strips, five or six strips to each prune. Use a slice of canned pineapple for each portion. Put onto a crisp lettuce leaf, make a ball of cream cheese and put into the hole in each slice, and lay the prune strips around the pineapple, radiating from the cheese. Pass mayonnaise with this.

Chestnut Salad. Nuts are particularly appropriate in a Hallowe'en salad. A very unusual salad, and one that once served will prove very popular, calls for chestnuts. Boil, shell and blanch two cups of the large French chestnuts. Chill and cut into small pieces. Add a cup of crisp celery hearts cut into small pieces and two cups of orange cubes. Moisten well with mayonnaise, with whipped cream added to it before using, and serve garnished with bits of candied orange-peel.

For *Witches' Bonnets* bake a simple chocolate cake in a shallow pan and cut it into circles with a doughnut-cutter. Ice thinly with a dark chocolate icing. You could use "store cookies" if you didn't want to bother with baking. When ready to serve, put a cake on each plate, and in the center put a cone of chocolate ice-cream. For a band use colored candies or salted nuts. This is very good for a children's party as well as for "grown-ups."

A clever *sandwich* may be made by cutting brown bread in circles and on half the circles cutting out a Jack-o'-lantern face with a sharp knife. Spread the whole halves with a piquant filling, cover with the "faces," and put pieces of pimientoes into the holes.

A lovely effect for a Hallowe'en table and one quite in the spirit of the day may be had by using brown cambric for the tablecloth. For flowers use oak or maple leaves in Autumn colorings and several spikes of the brilliant orange-red poker plant. Tall orange candles should be placed about the center. To give salads, cakes or desserts a Hallowe'en air, cut tiny cats, bats and witches from black paper and paste two of them together with a toothpick between so they can be stuck into the dish.



Banished!

Those "teen age" morning blues!

—with a good hot breakfast to renew the energy supply

Every age has its problems, but any mother will say the most difficult of all is the "teen age." No longer children; not yet grown-up; a "between" stage hard to handle.

The first hour of the day often seems particularly trying. Young bodies are tired out with rapid growing and strenuous study and play.

Yet they must be up and off to school on time. No wonder spirits are at low ebb or tempers at high pitch!

The first need of growing children

Physicians say the first thing children need in the morning is a breakfast of hot, nourishing food; that children of any age should never be allowed to go to school without a proper breakfast.

The main thing breakfast should supply is the one thing high school girls and boys use in greatest amount—energy!

An energy breakfast, delicious enough to tempt capricious appetites, leisurely eaten! Mothers can supply this quickly and easily in one famous food—Cream of Wheat.

Cream of Wheat is a wonderfully rich energy food. Made of the best hard wheat, it is high in carbohydrate content or energy substance.

But it has another advantage equally valuable. It is in a very simple, easily digested form. It asks no extra work of digestion, robbing the energy supply which the body needs so badly.

Rich energy to last the morning through—easily, quickly available for use! This is what a Cream of Wheat breakfast gives to all the family.

Send for free sample box of Cream of Wheat—enough for four generous cereal servings. We will also send our recipe book which gives 50 tempting dishes made with Cream of Wheat. We have an authoritative book on babies' and children's diet, approved by nutrition authorities, which we will send free.

Send for Free Sample *and* Book of 50 Recipes



© 1925, C. of W. Co.

Cream of Wheat Company
Dept. 131, Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."

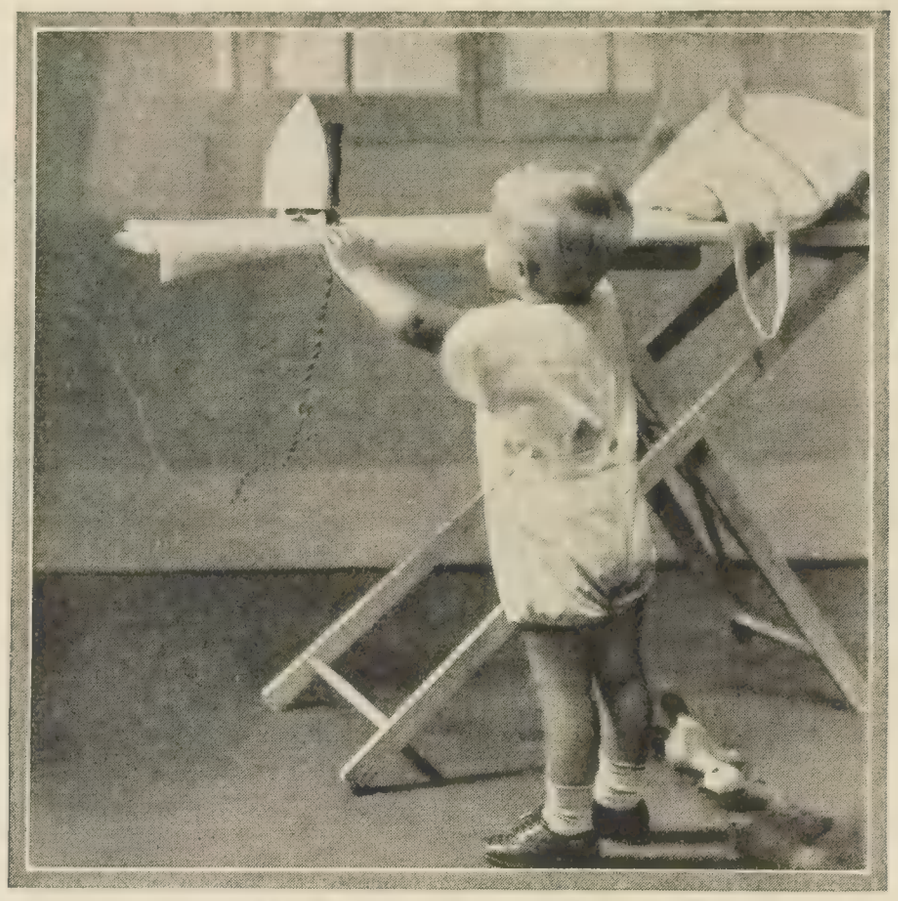
☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

☐ Please send me free trial box of Cream of Wheat.

Name .....

Address .....





"... BILLY *reached for the hot iron.* It burned the whole inside of his hand so that all the skin came off. But the doctor used Unguentine and the pain was relieved immediately. And although it was a bad, deep burn, it healed up without a scar!" J. Watson, New York City.

Stop their pain - prevent disfigurement and infection

with the surgical dressing hospitals use for burns

WHITE, drawn faces . . . clenched teeth . . . children's terrified sobbing—

You can prevent most of the suffering from burns if you have Unguentine ready to use the instant an accident happens. Relief is instant—wonderful.

Unguentine is not merely a salve. It is the surgical dressing that 80% of the hospitals use for all burns.

Physicians everywhere depend on Unguentine to give thorough antiseptic treatment to burns, to bring the quickest possible healing and to prevent scarring wherever this is possible.

Keep Unguentine always in your medicine chest. Just spread it on any burn, and bandage lightly if necessary. Send today for a free trial tube. Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto. At all druggists for 50 cents.



"MY *wife burned her hand* and Unguentine stopped the burning at once. I must say that your Unguentine is the best thing for burns I have ever seen." E. W. Logan, Syracuse, N. Y.



"IN *the . . . Oil Fields*, I frequently have cases of burns of all classes. I just apply Unguentine good and thick and my patient goes away in ease."—From a Physician.

FREE—a generous tube

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. B-11
Norwich, New York

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....



Norwich

—a trusted name on pharmaceutical preparations

COMFORTS FOR THE INVALID

By Elizabeth Nitchie

Would you like to know a number of ingenious and inexpensive gifts that will interest and amuse an invalid? THE DELINEATOR has a new leaflet just brimming over with helpful suggestions which can be had for the asking. Address Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage.



IS THERE some one in your home who is recovering from a long and serious illness?

Without doubt you want to surround your invalid with every comfort that money can buy; but, alas, luxuries are costly things and often out of the question when there are doctor's bills to pay. Money does not run in every family, but wits are a good substitute. Love and devotion can find many ways to shorten the weary hours of illness or convalescence.

We have worked out a number of comforts for the convenience and pleasure of the sick person. Let us tell you of a few of them. Your own ingenuity will suggest others fitted to your particular invalid.

First of all you probably find it difficult to prop up your shut-in. Try a pillow filled with excelsior under the feather pillows. It has more stamina and resistance than a feather one, and more resilience than one of straw.

Is your sick-a-bed thin? Then doubtless her (or his) bones seem to stick through the skin and hurt cruelly. Your doctor may have suggested a rubber ring to relieve the pressure on the end of the spine; but rubber is heating and the cushion is apt to become an annoyance. Cover it with eight or ten layers of cheese-cloth, backed by one layer of strong white cloth. The cheese-cloth, being very porous, allows air to circulate between the rubber and the skin and makes the whole thing cooler.

Then invest in as many tiny down pillows as you feel you can afford. They are invaluable. A healthy person does not realize how hard even good, soft feather pillows can become. Put a down pillow under the tired head and one under each elbow to keep them from getting sore. Make the pillows yourself if you want to have especially small ones. When the knees of the sick-a-bed become very tired, a pillow tucked underneath them rests them and allows them to flex a little.

BED-SPRINGS which can be elevated are made, but, of course, they are too expensive for the average pocketbook. A small pillow placed under the mattress protector, where it will not be heating, is an excellent substitute. It can be easily moved and adjusted.

The backs of the heels are two other spots which are apt to become sore. Make two rings of absorbent cotton and cover them with cheese-cloth. The heel fits into the hole of the "doughnut" and is relieved from pressure on the bed.

While we are on the subject of feet, let us tell you of another scheme. The invalid often complains that the bedclothes weigh heavily on the feet. Two pillows tucked in at the foot of the bed at either side lift the covers a little. But as these are apt to be hot and bulky, we have devised something that costs practically nothing and is perfectly satisfactory. Let us see if we can describe it to you.

We took two cheap black metal book-ends and put one at each side of the foot of the bed on the springs, treating the mattress as if it were a row of books. To the top of each one we fastened by means of picture-wire a smooth board long enough to lift the covers well above the feet. This length would vary, of course, with the thickness of the mattress. Be sure to round off the top corners of each board so that there will be nothing to catch the bedclothes. If the wire is covered with tape, this annoyance will be avoided. The board that we used was very thin and light—so light that we could use a penknife to shape it. Near the top of each board we made a hole. Into these holes we put the ends of an extension brass curtain-rod, the smallest size, screwing the tips of the rod outside of the boards. This device holds up the covers very well and costs only about twenty-five cents.

A SMALL bag which can hang on a hook beside the bed is another very useful article. Made of pretty bright silk, just big enough to hold glasses, a handkerchief, a pencil and a little pad, it is a most welcome and handy comfort for the invalid.

Pay a visit to a notion store and purchase a little megaphone and a small mirror. The sick person will not have to strain herself or himself shouting for you if he has the megaphone. Moreover, you can hear distinctly what is desired and will not have to come running from the other end of the house to find out the order. The mirror suspended on the window-frame or wall may be tipped to show the invalid a glimpse of the street and will stimulate his interest in the world out-of-doors.

A slender stick about eighteen inches long—the kind that comes in a pot of tulips—is another simple but valuable contrivance with which the sick-a-bed can reach and hook many things.

Many other small articles which can be purchased for a small sum can be utilized to amuse the invalid.

To Avoid Colds This Winter

Do as your Doctor says–

Keep your body warm. No matter what outer clothing you wear, it is essential that you wear warm, well fitting underwear—underwear that will not only absorb perspiration, but will keep your body from being chilled.

It is no longer necessary to shiver through the long winter months in order to be stylishly dressed.

Styles have changed in underwear as well as in outer wear, and today, underwear is made to conform to the styles of the outer garments.



Forest Mills
UNDERWEAR







FOREST MILLS UNDERWEAR is made to meet every requirement in a wide variety of styles and weights. The popular sleeveless style with the built-up shoulders or the bodice top with the narrow tape shoulders, insures a neat tailored appearance and yet gives warmth and comfort. For those who desire additional warmth there is the long or short sleeves, with the knee or ankle length.

It is beautifully made from the finest of yarns and the greatest care is exercised in every phase of its manufacture.

Every garment fits snugly without a wrinkle, yet is so pliable that it will give readily with every movement of the body.

Every member of the family can keep warm this winter in a comfortable suit of Forest Mills Underwear.







BROWN DURRELL COMPANY

Gordon Hosiery - Forest Mills Underwear

New York *Gordon Underwear* Boston

B D Co

Established 1872



"We were talking about you the other day"

Marge and Jane were chatting over the tea cups.

"Really, I envy you, Marge," Jane said. "We were talking about you the other day. All the girls agree that you are the best housekeeper in our whole crowd."

"Oh! don't be silly, Jane, you know I'm not. The only thing is, I have to do my own housework, so naturally I spend a little more time studying how to get the best results in the shortest time."

"I know, Marge, but all of us have vacuum cleaners and washing machines, and all those labor saving devices just like you do. But somehow, your house always seems so immaculate.

"Take your floors for instance; in our house the floors are one of my greatest problems. There are places that look as if the whole American Army had marched over them with hob-nailed shoes.

"I had poor Bob down on the floor the other evening going over those places around the doorways, but he couldn't make them look much better, poor boy, so we decided all the downstairs rooms would have to be sandpapered and refinished. It's going to cost at least a hundred dollars!

"Now tell me, Marge, how do you avoid such expenses and still keep your floors so clean and new looking—do you and Tom go around in your stocking feet all the time?"

"Jane, you're the funniest person I ever knew—of course not, foolish! We *wax* our floors."

It is easy to have perfect floors now that you can get Johnson's Liquid Wax. Just apply the liquid lightly with a Lamb's-wool Mop and then go over with a weighted polishing brush. The brush does all the work for you.

A complete outfit consisting of a Lamb's-wool Wax Mop, a weighted polishing brush, a quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax and an instruction book costs but $5.00, and it's *so* simple.

Any dealer displaying this sign can supply you with this outfit.



A 28-page illustrated booklet, "The Proper Treatment of Floors, Woodwork and Furniture" together with a generous sample of Johnson's Liquid Wax will gladly be sent you *free*.

The booklet is full of helpful hints that will show you exactly how to make your home more cheerful and inviting and make your present housework easier.

See how the free sample restores life and luster to your most troublesome floor.

Use the coupon below. Send it now!

$6.65 . . . . . FLOOR POLISHING OUTFIT $5.00

This Outfit Consists of

1 Quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax	$1.40
1 Johnson Lamb's-wool Wax Mop	1.50
1 Johnson Weighted Floor Polishing Brush	3.50
1 Johnson Book on Home Beautifying	.25
	$6.65

A Saving of $1.65!

This offer is good at department, drug, furniture, grocery, hardware and paint stores. It sells in Canada for the same price, $5.00.

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX



S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. B. T. 11, RACINE, WIS.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please send me FREE a generous sample of Johnson's Liquid Wax and your Authoritative Book on Home Beautifying and Wood Finishing.

My Dealer is.....

My Name.....

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City and State.....

FLOWERING BUSHES AND BLOSSOMING TREES

By F. F. Rockwell



What flower-bed has the startling beauty of a blossoming fruit-tree?

LET'S GET DOWN TO EARTH

Whether you want annuals or perennials, shrubs or flowers, you won't have any garden at all unless you consider your soil—now. Is it clayey or too loose? Infected with insects? Does it need fertilizer? What kind? All these questions perplex the home gardener.

We have a leaflet that will answer them for you. Just send a two-cent stamp for postage to the Garden Department, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, and ask for "Autumn Soil Needs."*



Evergreens may be used to make a year-round border for the walk

DO YOU long for a garden or for plants that will make your house feel at home in and yet find yourself unable to devote many hours to the care of it? If so, solve your problem by planting flowering trees, vines and bushes, which give the most in beauty for the least caretaking.

Of the good flowering trees, there is none equal in all-around beauty and usefulness to the dogwood (*cornus florida*). A cloud of white in the early Spring and a glory of crimson in the Autumn, with a horizontally spreading form that blends in with most other growth in a charming contrast, it is one of the easiest of all trees to grow, and one most universally adapted to soils and climates.

The decorative or "flowering" cherries, apples, crabs, almonds and other "fruit" trees are for the most part hardy and extremely beautiful.

The evergreens have two distinct uses in planting even the very small place. First, a few of the tall-growing varieties of hemlock, spruce, fir or cedar, to be placed at some point or points along the outer boundary, especially north or west of the house; and second, the dwarf-growing varieties along the foundation-line of the house, and grouped on either side of the entrance steps, with here and there a taller one, such as a cedar, at the house corners or between windows. *No other single bit of planting can so revolutionize the appearance of a small place as a good foundation planting.* It is a mistake, however, and one not uncommonly made, to use only evergreens in the base planting. A much more pleasing effect can be had by using along with the evergreens some of the *low-growing* flowering shrubs.

The hardier flowering shrubs require less care and attention than any other class of plants which can be counted upon for color the season through. Very little pruning (except to cut out an occasional dead branch) will be needed, and practically no spraying, as few insects or diseases trouble them. To keep them in vigorous growth, the ground should be forked up around them each Spring, and a handful or two of coarse ground bone worked well into the soil.

IN PLANTING shrubs, the first principle is *to avoid straight lines.* The shrubbery groups, or "border," should be placed at the back, to produce a natural effect such as Nature does along the edge of a field. For this purpose plant the shrubs close together—two to four feet apart for the smaller varieties—three to five for the larger. In order to have some color the season through, at least one or two things should be selected from those blooming each month. Except in the few cases where something is said to the contrary, all of these shrubs are hardy without protection as far north as middle New England and the Great Lakes. The blooming dates given are for the latitude of Philadelphia to New York; farther south they bloom earlier; farther north later.

The earliest-blooming shrubs—late March and April—include several quite tall shrubs or small trees, suitable for individual specimens on the lawn, planting against a wall or evergreens or just *outside* of the garden hedge. The average height in feet of the following shrubs is indicated by the figures in parenthesis, just after the name. One of the most striking of these is scarlet thorn (*crataegus coccenia*) (20), which does particularly well in heavy soil. The Judas tree (*cercis canadensis*) (20) is one of the most effective of all early shrubs. Among the smaller early shrubs are: the Japanese quince (5), Thunberg's spirea (4), several varieties of golden bell (*Forsythia*) (8), especially the drooping or trailing forms, and the little Daphne (3) with its delicate lilac flowers.

May brings the greatest wealth of flowering shrubs, such as the lilacs (15-20); the bridal wreath (*spirea prunifolia*) (8), with its gracefully arching branches of small white flowers; and the old-time mock orange (*philadelphus coronarius*) (10), with its scented white blossoms. The mock orange, by the

Concluded on page 64

Dates are a delicious ingredient . . .

nourishing as fruit, confection or food



OUR PROGRESSIVE AGE is teaching every woman something about foods. She understands that in eating there must be a touch of science as well as flavor. She wants to set her table according to a standard of nourishment. And in addition to ordering good foods, good to eat and easy to prepare, she asks carefully about food *values.*

She knows it is important to eat *natural* foods—the fruit of the soil and of the trees—untouched by the modern refinements that so often rob us of essential nourishment.

Natural foods retain the constructive properties on which our bodies depend. The woman who serves all the fruit and vegetables she can is guarding the health and happiness of her family.

Dates, for instance, are a natural food, with a generous content of mineral salts. Calcium, one of the important minerals, is the essential food for bone and teeth—iron, as you know, is nature's finest tonic. The date contains *natural* sugar which is immediately absorbed by the body as energy. This digestible date-sugar is developed by the sun. For dates come to



you just as they leave the trees—their golden ripeness is imprisoned sunlight.

And with all their nutritive value, dates have a delicate flavor. They are good to eat. And they are a simple cooking ingredient as well as a hearty fruit or tempting between-meal snack. This page will tell you some of the best ways and some of the best times for serving them.

. . . . .

DATES IN MUFFINS OR BREADS

Have you ever tried stirring cut-up dates in your ordinary muffin batter, just before placing in the muffin pans? It makes an entirely new flavor! Average two dates to a muffin. Dates in bran flour are a treat to taste—a health combination hard to surpass!

LET THIS PAGE *show you some new ways to fix dates. If you prepare them in this simple way, you will discover a new ingredient for delicious dishes—and for Thanksgiving. As you open a package of golden dates, separate them at once—and save minutes. Take a date between the thumb and forefinger endwise, exactly as the illustration shows. You will need a small, sharp kitchen knife, holding it very near to the end of the blade. Slit the date cleanly from end to end. As you do this, squeeze the ends slightly, and the pit will be free. Then cut the date crosswise (just as you would a lemon) into four or five pieces. Stone and cut enough dates for your recipe—then try them cooked—say in date and cranberry pie.*



DROMEDARY DATES

The FRUIT CONFECTION FOOD

For a very tempting date loaf, put the cut-up dates in the dry ingredients of your bread, just before you moisten. One layer of a package of dates is enough for the average loaf.

DATES DELICIOUSLY STUFFED

Thanksgiving suggests these delicacies. Try them on the table *then* if not before—there is no more tempting sweetmeat, nor one that is so healthful. After the dates are pitted, fill them with a pleasant ingredient like cream cheese, or peanut butter, nuts or fondant. Stuffed dates are good rolled in sugar—or in Dromedary Cocoanut. Try them for tea sometime instead of cake.

A THANKSGIVING PIE!

Blend 1½ tablespoons of flour with two tablespoons of water. Stir this into 3 cups of hot cranberry sauce. Cook for three minutes. Add 1 cup of pitted and sliced dates. After cooling, pour into pie-dish, which has been lined with crust. A lattice top crust is most appropriate for this delicious pie. Bake for 35 minutes, with hot oven for first ten, then gradually reducing temperature. A pie with little crust and cooked fruit is nourishing as well as delicious.





THE HILLS BROTHERS CO.
375-F Washington Street
New York City

I should like a copy of the new recipe book, "Foods from Sunny Lands," which contains a hundred delights made with Dromedary dates, cocoanut, grapefruit and figs.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

No postage enclosure is necessary. Just mail *this coupon.*



How *does she keep her skin flawless—youthfully smooth and clear? Of 250 actresses playing this season in New York, nearly three-fourths use Woodbury's.*

180 *Leading Actresses of the* NEW YORK STAGE *declare that this soap is best for their skin*

SHE must never grow old.

Starry-eyed, laughing-lipped, with cheeks like a rose—she must create an illusion of never-dying youth and joy for the tired, work-a-day world.

An actress cannot neglect her appearance, even for a single day, any more than an athlete can neglect his training. Her success, not only as a woman, but as an artist, depends on a beautiful physical condition.

How does the successful actress of today take care of her skin? What soap does she use to keep it smooth and fine in spite of harsh make-up?

What they said when interviewed

We asked two hundred and fifty leading actresses of the New York stage, playing in 44 of this season's plays, what soap they used for the care of their skin.

One hundred and eighty—or nearly three-fourths of the entire number—said they were using Woodbury's.

"It is a wonderful soap for the skin"—"It doesn't sting as other soaps do"—"It leaves a nice, smooth finish"—"It closes enlarged pores"—"Oily skin was cured by using it"—"I have a perfect skin. I have used Woodbury's for years."



ARE YOU TROUBLED with blackheads, an oily skin, or any other skin defect? If so, learn how to overcome it from the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

These were some of the comments made by the actresses. Every one of the Woodbury users was eager to speak some word of praise for the soothing, non-irritating quality of Woodbury's.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is a booklet of special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs.

***FREE**—A guest-size set, containing the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder.*

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
1911 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me FREE

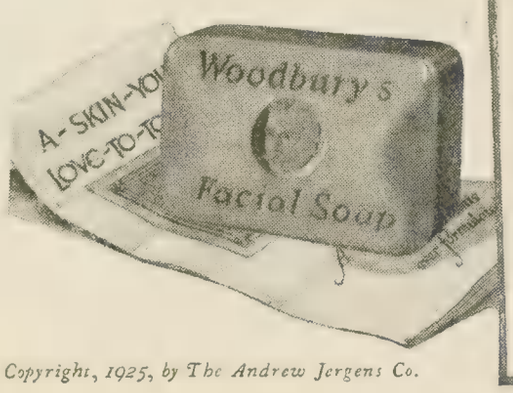
The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet.

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1911 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. English Agents: Quelch & Gambles, Ltd., Blackfriars Road, London, S. E. 1.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



Copyright, 1925, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

FLOWERING BUSHES AND BLOSSOMING TREES

Concluded from page 62

way, is one of the few shrubs requiring pruning; most of the old wood should be cut back to the ground every third or fourth year.

Among the lower-growing May shrubs are several of the hardy azaleas, the most showy of all small shrubs; the Japanese (*mollis*) azaleas; azalea *nudiflora*, our native pinkster, which likes moist locations; and the brilliant-colored flame azalea; these range from three to six feet in height. Then there are the deutzias (6), not quite so hardy as most of the other shrubs mentioned here; *Kerria japonica* (8), distinct with its long sprays of little golden bells, and blooming for a long time; and Van Houtt's spirea (8).

In June there are several more splendid tall shrubs, including the Japanese lilacs (20-25), and the cockspur thorn (*cratægus crus-galli*) (25); and a number of lower-growing ones such as the fragrant azalea (*azalea arborescens*) (4); spirea *callosa* (4); the later-flowering weigelas and deutzias, which average some six feet in height; and hydrangea *arborescens* (8), incidentally one of the best for seaside planting, as it thrives in light, sandy soil and salt air.

Fewer shrubs flower in July and August, but we have the rose of Sharon (12-15), and then there is hydrangea P. G. (*paniculata grandiflora*) (10), with its enormous trusses which remain into the Winter. As July and August are seashore months it is interesting to know that the French tamarix (*tamarix gallica*) (15) with its beautiful feathery foliage and pink flowers, and the groundsell tree (10) both thrive in dry, sandy soil. So also do tamarix *odessana* (6) and the oak-leaved hydrangea (6); the sweet-pepper bush (*clethra alnifolia*) (8-10), a very fragrant native shrub, and the bush arbutus (*abelia grandiflora*) (5), also very fragrant, bloom throughout late Summer. The latter thrives particularly well at the seashore, but is not hardy much farther north than Philadelphia. The crimson spirea, Anthony Waterer (6), and Billord's spirea (8), pink, flower late in the season.

For a formal front hedge which can be kept clipped or trimmed to a smooth even surface, nothing is better than the California privet. This is not wholly hardy in the northern states, where one of the more hardy forms, such as Amur River North or ibota should be used. For a low, informal hedge, Japanese barberry (three to four feet), which flowers prettily in the Spring and carries its red berries through the Winter, is unsurpassed. In the extreme north and northwest, the low-growing cotoneasters are much used. Where a taller hedge, a really dense screen, is wanted, one of the evergreens, such as hemlock or white pine, both of which grow rapidly, may be used. The shrubs and deciduous trees may be set out in the Autumn September — and October. Shrubs or trees set out in the Autumn should be thoroughly mulched with six inches or so of marsh hay, straw or leaves, during the first Winter. In planting, dig the holes sufficiently large to take the ball of roots and soil without any crowding, and deep enough so that rotted manure and bonemeal can be dug into six inches or so of soil in the *bottom* of the hole, upon which the roots will rest. Tamp the soil in *firmly* about the roots with a rounded stick, and when the hole is half-full, pour in water and let it settle slowly. Then fill the balance of the hole with fine, rich soil. If further watering is necessary, make holes down to the roots with a pointed stick, and pour the water into these.



Flowering bushes, properly timed for bloom, make a luxurious planting



Evergreens with their dark beauty will cloak the foundations of your house

How the Society Woman, the Debutante, Meets the Demands of Daily Modern Life



This new way in solving woman's oldest hygienic problem enables one to live each day as it comes—exquisite, immaculate, *confident*, even under the most trying of conditions.

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It is different in material from any other product obtainable for this purpose.

It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture! It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad. And thus assures a true protection.

It is as easily disposed of as a piece of tissue . . . and thus banishes the embarrassing difficulty of disposal . . . *and laundry*.

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AND . . . it is obtainable everywhere, at every drug store, every department store—virtually at every corner—to meet emergencies.

You ask for them by name, and without hesitancy, simply by saying—Kotex.

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HEINZ
Holiday Desserts

PLUM PUDDING

FIG PUDDING

MINCE MEAT



Spiced cranberries are one of the most easily prepared of relishes—and one of the most delicious

CRANBERRIES ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND

By Lucile Brewer

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Director of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

SATISFYING OR A TEASER?

You can make cranberries either way. Piquant and appetite-teasing in a Cape Cod Cocktail or altogether satisfying in a Veal Drumstick Stuffing. Try your hand with the pungent red berry, and if you want more variations we have them. Just a two-cent stamp to cover postage will bring you a delectable group. Send your letter to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*

ALTHOUGH the cranberry is traditionally associated with Thanksgiving and Christmas as an indispensable accessory of the dinner, it is equally delectable and palatable through the entire year. No longer are cranberry sauce and cranberry pie the only staple dishes prepared from this gay red berry. It may hold a more important place in every part of the menu. The juice and flavor may add zest and color to the fruit cocktail. For variety instead of the usual cranberry sauce it may be served with the main course as a frozen punch or an equally delicious frappé. It may also form the most attractive part of the salad, either as the base or as a part of the dressing, or both. Its possibilities in puddings and pies, used alone or combined with other fruits, are unlimited. As a confection in creamy wafers, bonbons or divinity it adds the finishing touch to the most popular dinners of the year.

The use of a small amount of cranberry jelly in brown gravies gives an excellent flavor.

During the season when cranberries are plentiful the sauce may be prepared as usual and sealed in clean, hot jars for later use. The strained cranberry-juice may be canned and used to make a most delicious cold drink. Cranberries combined with apples, pineapples, oranges, lemons and nuts in conserves, jams and marmalade make a colorful contribution to the Winter table. Cranberry-juice and apple-juice make a jelly perfect in color, flavor and texture. Since red and green form an important part of the color of the holiday season, cranberry and apple jelly may be molded in alternate layers with the apple jelly flavored with mint and tinted green. Not only does this add a decorative touch but it is a delicious accompaniment to practically all meats.

Cranberry sauce is usually prepared in two ways: First, the cranberries are carefully picked over, mashed and cooked in about one-half their measure of water. When the skins are tender, the same amount of sugar as of water is added and the cooking continued until the mixture is clear. This sauce will not jelly. Second, the first part of the above procedure is followed and when the berries are tender they are forced through a fine wire sieve to remove the skins. Sugar is added in the proportion of one cup of sugar to one cup of pulp, and this mixture is cooked until it sheets from the spoon. It is then turned into glasses or molds to cool.

Whether the berries are to be strained or not, they should be cooked as rapidly as possible until they are tender, since quick cooking preserves their bright color and flavor. Long, slow cooking tends to detract from both color and flavor.

THE following recipes suggest different ways of using cranberries and also ways of utilizing small quantities of left-over cranberry jelly or sauce.

VEAL DRUMSTICK WITH CRANBERRY STUFFING

1½ pounds veal cutlet
2 cups soft bread-crums
3 tablespoons melted butter
1 beaten egg
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning
⅔ cup cranberry sauce

Mix thoroughly. Wrap a piece of the cutlet around a ball of the stuffing and press into the shape of a drumstick; fasten with toothpicks or small steel skewers. Into the small end insert a piece of uncooked macaroni to represent the bone, brush with melted butter and place the drumsticks in a baking-dish; add boiling water to cover the bottom of the dish. Cover closely and bake one hour in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit). Serve with brown gravy. To vary the stuffing add raisins or one tart apple chopped to the cranberry sauce.

HOT TOASTED CRANBERRY SANDWICH

In a small amount of fat, brown medium-thick slices of cold boiled ham. Lay each piece on a slice of hot buttered toast. Add hot cranberry sauce and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Garnish with parsley and serve at once.

CRANBERRY RABBIT

½ cup milk
1 egg
½ cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon mustard
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup cranberry-pulp

Heat the milk, add the cheese and butter. Beat the egg, add to it the salt and mustard. When the cheese has melted, add the egg mixture and cook until smooth and thick. Add

Concluded on page 69



© "The Next Dance" Painted for Colgate & Co. by Arthur Rackham

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

As far back as the beginning of history, perfume has always been associated with articles of the toilet. Lacking soap, these people of an earlier civilization used fragrant oils for cleansing the skin.

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THE blue eyes, the smile and the sunny hair belong to Kirkham Cornwell, son of Dean Cornwell, dean of American illustrators and artists of note. This portrait, painted by Cornwell pere *was hung "On the Line" at the last exhibition of the National Academy. . . . We have it direct from headquarters that Kirkham eats Post's Bran Flakes regularly because he* likes *them and because his mother believes in rosy cheek insurance.*

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Serve this delicious bran food frequently with milk or cream just as it comes from the package, like Post Toasties or Grape-Nuts. Add it to cooked cereals of all kinds. Bake it into bread and muffins.

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everybody every day

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES
as an ounce of prevention





For a novelty dessert this Autumn, try cranberry sherbet

CRANBERRIES ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND

Concluded from page 66

the cranberry-pulp, and serve on slices of hot toast with crisp bacon curls. The rabbit should be cooked in a double boiler and served at once, as the color changes if it is allowed to stand.

CRANBERRY-COFFEE TART

Any good roll dough mixture may be used for the tarts. After the dough has risen once, roll it about one-fourth of an inch thick. Brush it with melted butter and cut it in medium-sized circles. With a small cutter remove the center of one-half the circles. On each of the uncut circles put one tablespoon cranberry sauce. Cover with the open-center circles, press the outside edges together and put them on a baking-sheet about two inches apart. Let rise and when they are light bake in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty minutes. These tarts should be served hot, but are very good cold, or they may be reheated.

CRANBERRY BREAKFAST BREAD

Use the same kind of dough as in the above recipe. Roll the dough in a rectangular sheet about one-third of an inch thick, brush with melted butter and spread evenly with thick cranberry sauce, leaving an uncovered space at the edges of the dough. Beginning at the side, roll the dough as for cinnamon rolls or jelly rolls. Press edges together. Lift the roll onto a baking-sheet, brush with melted butter, let rise and when it is light bake in a moderately hot oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for thirty minutes. When cold, cut in thin slices.

CRANBERRY SHERBET

1 quart water
2 cups sugar
1 tablespoon gelatin
2 lemons
1 pint cranberry-juice

Boil the water and sugar together for five minutes. Add the gelatin, which, if non-hydrated, has been softened in half a cup of cold water and dissolved over heat, or, if hydrated, has simply been melted in half a cup of hot water. Then add the lemon-juice and cranberry-juice. Strain, cool and freeze.

CRANBERRY JELLY

4 cups cranberries
2 cups sugar
1 cup boiling water

Pick over and wash the cranberries. Place them in a saucepan, pour the boiling water over them and boil for twenty minutes. Press through a sieve, stir in the sugar, return to the fire, and cook for five minutes longer, or until it sheets from the spoon. Turn into fancy molds or individual cups. When cold, unmold and serve. The jelly may be placed in clean, hot jars and sealed for future use.

CRANBERRY BREAD PUDDING

2 cups stale bread-crums
1 quart scalded milk
⅓ cup sugar
2 tablespoons melted butter
4 eggs
½ teaspoon vanilla

Add the butter, sugar and salt to the milk. Add the crums and allow the mixture to stand until the bread has soaked up the milk. Add the slightly beaten eggs, and the salt and vanilla. Pour the mixture into a buttered baking-dish, and bake it from forty-five minutes to one hour at 300 degrees Fahrenheit. While the pudding is still warm, cover with a generous layer of thick cranberry sauce and serve it with whipped cream.

COMBINATION SALAD

1 pint thinly sliced cabbage
¾ cup diced pineapple
Salt
⅓ cup chopped English walnuts or almonds
½ cup cranberry sauce

Mix cabbage, pineapple and cranberry sauce with cranberry mayonnaise. Serve the salad in lettuce cups and sprinkle with the chopped nuts.

FROZEN CRANBERRY CREAM

2 cups sugar
1 cup water
2 egg-yolks
¼ cup lemon-juice
1 cup heavy sour cream
2 cups cranberry-pulp

Boil sugar and water until it threads, beat egg-yolks until light and pour the sirup over them, beating constantly. Cook in a double boiler until the mixture coats a spoon. Remove from fire and chill. Add pulp and lemon-juice, whip cream until firm and fold into the mixture and freeze.

HOLIDAY CONSERVE

3 cups cranberries
1 cup diced apple
Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon
1 cup cooked crushed pineapple
1½ cups water
3 cups sugar

Cook cranberries and apple in the water until tender. Add pineapple, lemon and sugar. Mix well and cook rapidly until thick and clear. Turn into clean, hot glasses and when cold cover with paraffin.

CRANBERRY DIVINITY

1½ cups sugar
2 tablespoons white corn-sirup
½ cup water
1 egg-white
½ cup thick cranberry-pulp or candied cranberries

Cook sugar, sirup and water to firm-ball stage (246 degrees Fahrenheit). Pour slowly over the well-beaten white, beating constantly. Beat until mixture is stiff, add cranberry pulp, mix lightly and drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper. Sprinkle with finely chopped pistachio nuts.

SPICED CRANBERRIES

4 cups cranberries
5 cloves
3 cups sugar
5 allspice
2 sticks cinnamon
2 blades mace

Pick over and wash the berries. Place in a saucepan and cover with cold water. Tie spices in a cheese-cloth bag and drop in with the berries. Cook until the berries burst. Remove spices, add sugar, and cook until the mixture is clear. Chill.

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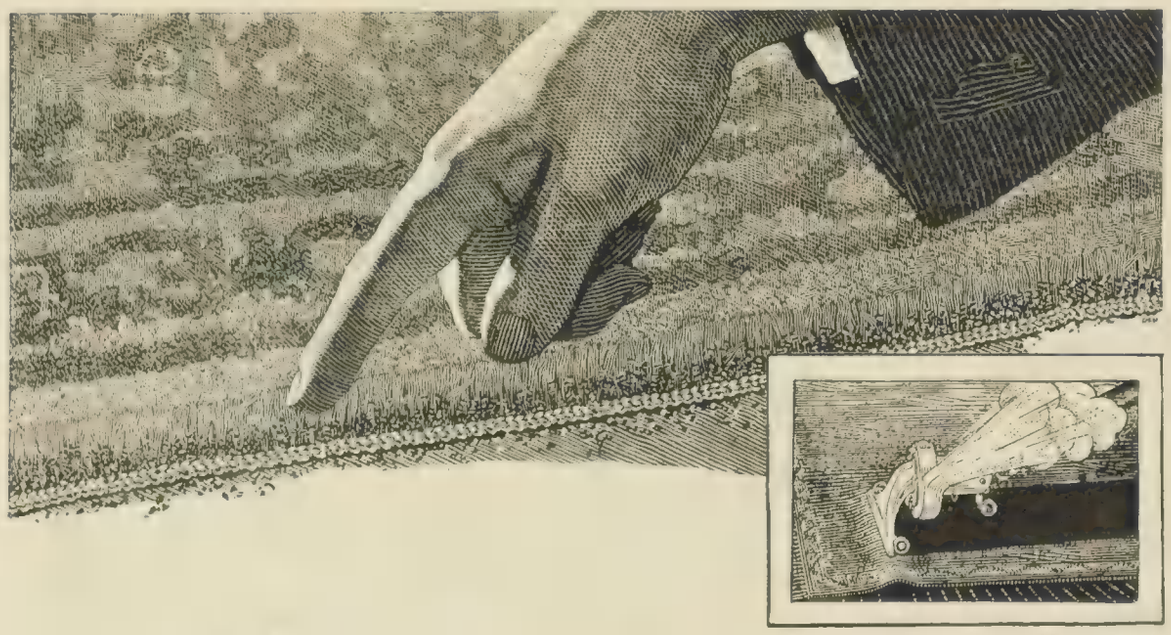
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If you place your sweater on a screen in front of an open window or radiator the air circulates freely and the sweater dries evenly

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper, and address your letters to the "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope)*

SAVE TIME IN DRYING SWEATERS

A SWEATER can be dried quickly by using an ordinary window screen. Cover the screen with some thin cloth to protect the sweater, then lay the garment flat on the cloth and pat it into shape. Place the screen on two chairs near the stove or register, if possible, being sure that there is a free circulation of air around the screen.—M. E. McM., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SAVE BUYING A COAL-SCUTTLE

Roof cement and a little sand mixed together with enough water to give it the consistency of soft putty can be used to mend the coal-hod. When the bottom of the coal container begins to give way, clean the surface, then plaster it well with the cement and sand, using a putty knife. Sprinkle sand over the patch, and next day the coal-scuttle is ready to use.—MRS. E. B. H., Middletown, Conn.

SAVE TIME IN READING THE NEWSPAPER

While I prepare dinner, my thirteen-year-old son reads the headlines of the evening paper and I indicate the articles or news that interest me particularly. He reads them to me and we discuss them. This helps us both to be informed, saves time during the evening and incidentally I am able to discourage any interest he may show in the lurid, sensational news.—MRS. J. H. G., So. Tacoma, Wash.

SAVE LEFT-OVER MEAT AND ADD FLAVOR

If there is no gravy or stock to combine with left-over meat when making hash, use one or two bouillon cubes. Dissolve the cubes in hot water and add to the hash. These cubes give just the needed flavor.—MRS. L. C. F., Peoria, Ill.

SAVE "ADS" FOR SAMPLE STORE

After reading the magazine advertisements I clip out the coupons offering samples and sign them with an indelible pencil. This does not run like ink nor rub off like ordinary pencil. As the little sample packages arrive, they are carefully opened, the contents removed, and then pasted shut again. The children began their "store" with one of Libby's Toy Stores and have added "Cream of Wheat," "Grape Nuts," "Post Toasties," "Soaps," "Coffee," "Tapioca," etc. They use disks of cardboard for money and spend many an hour arranging their goods. They are learning arithmetic, courtesy, brands and trade-marks, as well as prices of standard commodities. The little containers are just like the real ones and no grocer can fool the children when I send for a certain brand.—MRS. R. F. M., San Francisco, Calif.

SAVE DISASTER FROM LEAKS

If the water-pipe suddenly begins to leak, it is possible to mend it in such a way that the plumber is not needed for some time. Wind the pipe well with adhesive tape, then brush the tape with shellac. A second coat may be added. We repaired such a pipe thirteen months ago and it is still in good condition.—MRS. A. P., Worcester, Mass.

SAVE SILK FROM KNITTED TIES

If the men of the family have a supply of knitted and crocheted ties which they have discarded, the ties may be unraveled and wound in balls. The silk, which is usually of excellent quality and color, is a great addition to the work-basket and may be used for fancy-work or any other purpose where heavy silk is required.—C. M. M., New York, N. Y.

SAVE TEMPER WHEN OPENING BUREAU DRAWERS

What housekeeper has not been irritated and delayed by having the drawer of a bureau stick? Unless the sticking is caused by swelling of the wood, it can be overcome by the use of floor-wax, wax or tallow from a candle or even soap. The edges of the drawer and the space above them where the drawer slides into the space should be rubbed with the lubricant. The drawer will then slide very easily.—R. N. B., Greene, N. Y.

SAVE WRINGING HOT CLOTHS

A new use for a potato-ricer is as a substitute for the hands when wringing hot cloths needed in case of sickness. It not only enables one to use very hot water, but saves the hands. This is particularly true if hot applications must be continued for some time.—MRS. W. F., Lake City, Minn.

SAVE THE ELBOWS OF SWEATERS

When the elbow of a sweater shows signs of wear, I change the sleeves about so that the worn places come on the inside of the arm. It is necessary to shrink this part of the sleeve, and I do this by covering it with a wet cloth and pressing with a hot iron. While the sweater will not look as if it were new, it may be made to look very well and its usefulness prolonged.—L. B. J., Seattle, Wash.

SAVE CLEANING PILLOWS

Cover your bed-pillows with a close-fitting white cotton cover. Baste at the end. The pillow-slips will look much whiter than is possible if the colored pillow-ticking shows through, making it look yellow or streaked. The white cotton cover is much simpler to wash than is the pillow itself to clean, and the slip makes the cleaning of the pillow itself unnecessary.—MRS. C. W., Reedsburg, Wis.

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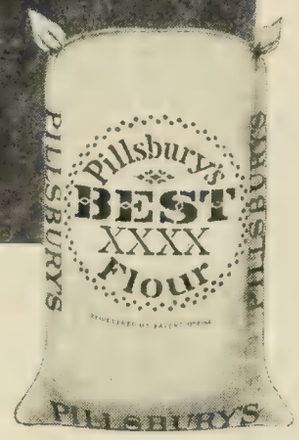
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HOW little eyes light up at the sight of Grandma's cookies! Fully fifty years ago Grandma perfected her art of cookie-making with Pillsbury's Best Flour and they've been firm friends ever since. From the experience of hundreds of baking days Grandma has learned Pillsbury's Best is always uniform and dependable. And she uses it for *all* her baking—for bread and cakes, pies and cookies.

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Pillsbury's Family of Foods

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Pillsbury's Best Flour

One of the family

FOOD LESSON FOR NOVEMBER

A REVOLUTION IN HABITS

By Flora Rose

Director, New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF

Even though your manners are perfect, healthfully speaking you may not be behaving at all when you eat. Are you rude to your digestive system? Are you selfish—withholding from your blood and muscles the nourishment they need?

THE DELINEATOR *Food-Value Chart and Score-Card will show you whether your food habits are correct and how they can be adjusted if they are not. Every family should have a copy of these charts and we will gladly send them to you for only a two-cent stamp to cover postage.*

Just send a note to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*

MY FRIEND Jim's wife is deeply troubled. Recently Jim was operated on for gall-stones and the getting-well process was slow and painful. The doctor, on learning Jim's food habits—his fondness for bread, meat and potatoes, his satisfaction in rich foods, his aversion to vegetables, his lukewarm attitude to fruit, his distaste for milk—told her that they have been largely to blame for Jim's downfall. To give emphasis to his statement he brought in to her an abstract from a recent article in a scientific journal, which read as follows:

> The longer I observe children and people in general, the more I am convinced that many of the ills of middle life—constipation, chronic indigestion . . . gall-stones . . . gastric ulcer and gastric cancer—have their origin away back in that remote period of childhood when all unconsciously the very foods that would have guaranteed long life and good health were excluded from the diet.

This set her to thinking. Where Jim's threatened shipwreck of health was at first her only concern, she soon began to wonder about the three children. Were their food habits such that they too were headed for similar disaster? All of them suffered more or less from constipation and needed rather frequent dosing. Digestive upsets were not uncommon. Little Mary was very meager in outline and John and James were too sallow. Colds were numerous. Yet they were active, vigorous youngsters and she had consoled herself with hoping that time would correct these ills that she had thought of as small, and that the children would, in the current phrase, "outgrow" their difficulties.

She became actively conscious of the fact that little Mary—the apple of Jim's eye—already shared most of her father's food prejudices. John and James, lustier specimens of humanity than Mary, had also some regrettable likes and dislikes. There were very few vegetables they would eat; salads they scorned and fruit they regarded with only mild interest. Milk, fortunately, they still liked and used in abundance.

Mrs. Jim is a courageous woman. She faced her situation squarely and set to work on a program of family reform. Wherein was she at fault for the situation now existing? Was it weakness on her part in choosing the easy way? Were she and Jim setting the right example for the children? Had they met their obligations in this respect?

IT WAS in this frame of mind that Mrs. B. came for help. First, what should Jim eat to hasten his recovery and what did he need to keep him well? Jim, having had a very severe lesson, was ready to reeducate himself in any necessary way. Secondly, what must she do for the children to keep them from repeating their father's sad experience?

In any home where the family has food habits that carry its members to doctor and dietitian there is a two-fold problem to face. Both aspects of the problem are, in the truest sense of the word, concerned with behavior.

Jim with his gall-stone tragedy is an illustration of this. Some part of his body had acquired a habit of bad conduct—so bad in fact that an operation had been necessary to remove the difficulties resulting. In Jim's case faulty diet was a very possible underlying cause. The food which he habitually sent to his tissues had not been of a kind to keep them normally braced and built, and they got to acting wrongly.

Fortunately for Jim, in spite of an acute disaster, the bad habits his tissues had fallen into are not so deep-seated that they will not change once they are reeducated and given the help they need through right food. He is lucky to have got at it early enough to accomplish the changes which must take place before he is safely over his difficulties.

The work to be done with cases like that of the Jim family is much more difficult than just to correct by operation and reeducation tissues that through their bad habits have caused disease. Jim's permanent cure and the future protection of his whole family involve further and more serious problems of behavior. We can no longer evade the fact that our simple every-day habits of eating, of cleanliness, of sleeping, of rest are just as much a part of our conduct as the telling of truth or the way we have in relationship to the rights of others.

The Jim family as a whole has poor food habits. In other words, in this respect the family has poor conduct, is badly behaved. The very first task which Jim and Mrs. Jim have to face, therefore, is to reeducate themselves in terms of their own food habits. They now realize the necessity of furnishing the right example for their children. Jim's disaster has made them both highly conscious of this and desirous of doing it. They must in addition set about the business of redirecting the food habits of their three children. This is not going to be so easy. The children quite naturally have not had the same emotional stimulus as that experienced by the mother and father to make them anxious to change habits of long standing. They are too young to realize this "right about face" of their parents, and it will take appreciable time to make them see the real meaning of it. Both Jim and Mrs. Jim have been made to see the necessity for patience, for courage and for understanding in the necessary reeducation of this part of their children's conduct. The Jim family is on the up-grade and in time they will have once more adapted themselves to normal behavior with regard to food.

Milk, fruits and vegetables as a part of the daily food of each member of the family have come to be recognized by them as essential alike to physical structure and to moral fiber. They realize that conduct may find right or wrong expression in food habits as much as in any other habits which govern human lives. They have gained further an insight into the obligation which parents have to set the right example of good food habits for their children to follow—and to see that they follow them.

WHERE ARE THE FORKS?

When you give a dinner, do you know just where the forks and knives and spoons should be placed? Do you know what dishes and silver to use for a luncheon? How to fill a drinking-glass? How to lay the table for any occasion?

"Table Hospitality" *answers all these questions and many more. It tells you all about table coverings, seating arrangements, laying the table, serving with and without maids. It is a complete guide to correct customs for formal and informal dining.*

The booklet costs only ten cents. We'll send it promptly if you address your note to the THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York.*



You wouldn't go marketing *blindfolded*,

~and yet that's not a bit worse than buying Canned Fruits without knowing what the label stands for~

The label on the can—and the reputation behind it—mean everything. They're your only identification of the quality inside.

That's why it's so important to insist, every time, on DEL MONTE Canned Fruits.

Back of this label stands a far-reaching, responsible organization—pedigreed orchards in the finest fruit-growing sections of the world—the most modern equipment—spotless kitchens—and all those other quality-essentials that alone can guarantee such uniform goodness, year after year.

When you buy DEL MONTE, you buy something more than just "canned fruits." You get assured satisfaction *in advance*—the same delicacy and fine flavor in every variety, no matter when or where you order.

Your grocer can supply you. Why not stock your pantry now for the months ahead? It's the practical, economical way to provide new flavor and new appetite-zest for cold-weather meals.



Be sure you say DEL MONTE

Write for a free copy of "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book"—our newest recipe collection. It contains the favorite suggestions of America's best known cooking authorities. Address Department 28K, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

A Few of the Many Del Monte Varieties You Should Know

Peaches, Melba Halves
Peach Halves, both Yellow Cling and Freestone
Sliced Peaches
Apricots
Royal Anne Cherries
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Pears, Plums
Asparagus, Spinach
and many others

Beautiful Colors like these

Every color in the correct finish as specified on the *Household Painting Guide*

A DINING ROOM *(below)* IN SILVER GRAY AND WHITE:

Ceiling: Caen Stone (S-W Flat-Tone)
Walls: Multi-Color Stipple Effect on Silver Gray Foundation (S-W Flat-Tone)
Woodwork: White (S-W Old Dutch Enamel)
Oak Floor: Mar-Not Varnish
Walnut Furniture: S-W Handcraft System

A LIVING ROOM *(center)* IN OLD IVORY, BLUE AND MULBERRY:

Ceiling: Ivory White tinted with Bright Sage (S-W Flat-Tone)
Walls: Ivory Tan (S-W Flat-Tone)
Floor: Oil Stain Walnut and S-W Mar-Not Varnish
Mantel: Ivory White (Old Dutch Enamel) wiped in glaze color Raw Sienna and Japanese Brown

BREAKFAST ROOM *(below)* IN BLUE AND IVORY TAN:

Ceiling: Ivory White (S-W Flat-Tone)
Walls: Ivory Tan (S-W Flat-Tone)
Oak Floor: Mar-Not Varnish
Furniture: Sky Blue (S-W Enameloid)







HOUSEHOLD PAINTING GUIDE

TRADE MARK TRADE MARK

SURFACE	TO PAINT— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO VARNISH— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO STAIN— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO ENAMEL— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW
AUTOMOBILES	S-W Auto Enamel	S-W Auto Enamel Clear		S-W Auto Enamel
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			Old Dutch Enamel
CEILINGS, Interior	Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain Floorlac	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior	SWP House Paint	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	Floorlac S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES	SWP House Paint Metalastic S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	S-W Inside Floor Paint
Concrete	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			S-W Concrete Floor Finish
Porch	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Indoors	Enameloid	Scar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
Porch	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish		S-W Inside Floor Paint
RADIATORS	Flat-Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint			Enameloid
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metalastic Ebonol		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS	S-W Screen Enamel			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS	S-W Family Paint	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Enameloid
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	Flat-Tone SWP House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
WICKER	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK Interior	SWP House Paint Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid

How to insure fine results

TO get beautiful decorative effects in your home, go to *Paint Headquarters*—the store in your community (perhaps in your neighborhood) where you will find the following:

① A great variety of delightful Sherwin-Williams *Color Suggestions* for any house or any room. Exclusive, original and beautiful—nothing else like them.

② The Household Painting Guide, which *Stops Mistakes in Painting* by showing the best possible finish for each job, as recommended by Sherwin-Williams.

③ Plain and easily followed advice on beautiful home decorating—how to produce plain, blended or multi-color walls—how to enrich furniture, floors, woodwork, etc.

If for any reason you have any difficulty in locating the *Paint Headquarters'* store in your neighborhood write us at once.

The Sherwin-Williams Co., *largest paint and varnish makers in the world*, 657 Canal Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

Free: DECORATIVE SUGGESTIONS

No matter what you wish to decorate—a room or a whole house—we invite you to write to the Sherwin-Williams Dept. of Home Decoration. We will send you special, individual recommendations together with lovely new color combinations in wide variety—beautifully reproduced.

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

ASK US

Ask us anything you want to know about housekeeping and we will answer it personally. From our recent correspondence we publish the following questions and answers as being of general interest to all home-makers

QUESTION—What is the secret of making waffles crisp?

Answer—Use a comparatively thin batter. Select waffle recipe in which fat is used generously. Bake the waffles slowly enough to crisp them through. Select a waffle-iron which will bake a thin instead of a thick waffle. Except when using an electric waffle-iron, grease the iron abundantly.

The following waffle recipe is vouched for by the home-making editor as being superfine:

1 cup sour milk
¼ teaspoon soda
2 egg-yolks
2 tablespoons butter or other fat melted
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 egg-whites beaten stiff but not dry

Mix sour milk, soda, egg-yolks, melted fat and beat until frothy. Add flour mixed and sifted with baking-powder and salt. Fold in the beaten egg-whites.

Question—What shall I do to the white tile floor in my bathroom? I was told to use muriatic acid to whiten it and although it did whiten it at first the floor is now grayer than ever.

Answer—The acid actually removed some of the substance of the tile, leaving it momentarily white and more than ever porous and free to furnish a foothold for dirt.

If the floor is thoroughly cleaned and then dried, the addition of a very thin coating of wax will tend to prevent the soil from getting into the tile itself.

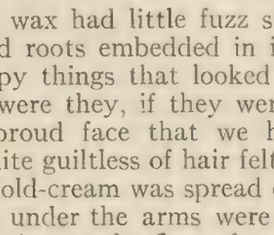
Question—Is there any way to keep an unfinished hardwood floor clean except by scrubbing it?

Answer—I know of no way except to oil the floor, and of course that is in reality a finish. To do this, clean and dry the floor thoroughly. Then rub into it a mixture of equal parts of boiled linseed oil and turpentine, leaving no excess on the surface. Let this stand overnight, and wipe up with cold water. Keep this floor clean by mopping with cold water. Repeat the treatment several times a year. It will darken the floor, but will save much scrubbing.

Question—How can I clean my painted woodwork?

Answer—There are three satisfactory methods:

1. Make light suds of warm water and mild soap. Wet a cloth in the soapy water and wring nearly dry. Rub the paint, and if this does not remove the dirt, use a fine friction powder. Rinse with clear water and wipe dry.
2. Moisten a cloth with kerosene and rub the paint with it until clean. Wipe dry with another cloth. The room will have to be aired afterward, if this method be used.
3. Use one tablespoon of kerosene to one quart of warm water. Wash the woodwork with a cloth wrung out of this solution. Wipe with a dry cloth.



HAIR THAT WAS NEVER INVITED

Concluded from page 22

First she did our face, on which we had thought there was no fuzz. Talcum powder sifted on to soften the blow, then the wax spread on as warm as one can stand it, spread always in the direction the hair grows, with a rough edge at the bottom so that one can get firm and easy hold of it, then left only long enough to be firm and manageable, but never, never long enough to be cold (it's letting it get cold that makes it hurt), then the whole piece caught up and flipped off. We braced ourself when we knew it was coming and told ourself firmly not to wince. But, prrrt, off! And there was not a shred of hurt or pain of any sort!

And the wax had little fuzz standing up from it and roots embedded in it—anyway round, pulpy things that looked like roots; and what were they, if they weren't roots? And our proud face that we had always thought quite guiltless of hair felt as smooth as silk. Cold-cream was spread on and left. Arms, legs, under the arms were done with no interruption to the flow of conversation. In fact we got so thrilled with the process that we asked to do it ourself so that we could talk straight to any of you who, 'way off there somewhere, had to do it all by yourself. You melt it up in a little tin cup over canned heat or a low gas-burner, then when it drips like warm molasses or "hairs" like candy, you spread it on thick with the back of a teaspoon, only always powder the skin with talcum first. Then when it is lukewarm and firm (oh, never, never let any one ice your wax as some places do; it closes the pores and breaks off the hair and *hurts*, and never, never forget to put astringent on immediately afterward to close the pores and guard against infection), catch hold of the rough edge, and don't pull it up or out but sort of roll it back; always take it off *against* the way the hair grows; fold it back swiftly and lift it off. When you do your upper lip, hold the skin with finger and thumb, and then with the finger and thumb of the other hand roll it with a lot of snap back to the center of the lip and then do the other side just the same way. Be sure *always* to put on a soothing cold cream and an astringent immediately afterward.

At the end of the treatment our skin felt like silk all over, and there had been no suffering at all except a bit when they did the back of the neck where the roots were deep and the hair strong. Then we stopped talking philosophy and said "Ouch!" That was all. And it's worth suffering, if the bottom of your bob is not naturally a graceful, lovely line, or your hair is dark and the barber's trimming leaves a shadow and makes you look not quite tidy and clean!

We walked away from that House of Wax on air! And it is six weeks now and we are quite as enthusiastic as ever. The stronger hair has come back, but soft and not so thick; not at all like stubble, and all the soft, fine hair hasn't appeared in the least! Oh, my friends, nobody, not anybody needs to suffer humiliation because of superfluous hair. You can buy enough wax to do the whole body for not much money at all, and you can melt it over and over again many, many times. Of course strong, deep-rooted hair will fight longer, but each time it will grow a little weaker, the hairs farther apart, not so close and strong. And finally, you will have to do it only once in a great while and perhaps not at all.

I can't say that it is a hundred per cent. cure, but I can say, "I believe!" You remember that old nursery song:

Who's afraid!
Every goblin known of old
Perished long ago, I'm told.
Every witch on broomstick ri-iding
Has been burned or is in hiding!
Who's afraid!

Beauty, the kind of beauty that wears, and holds and holds, goes much deeper, we know, than the roots of hairs. But we know, too, from those heart-breaking letters on the left, that that luminous, unfailing beauty that comes from trying to see everybody as a little bit of God-substance shot out from the Source of All, as the earth was shot off from the sun, trying to understand and love that wandering bit of God, and help, if you can, trying to see every "bad" thing that happens to you as something you needed to make you grow and never a cause of despair—even that real beauty is sometimes dimmed by external disfigurement, shaking your confidence in yourself so that you can not shine like the "light on a hill" you were meant to be.

Therefore we write a letter on hair that was never invited, and our last and sincere word to you is, send it away—you can; it was not invited and it spoils the party!

A Message of Beauty to Every Woman



HELENA RUBINSTEIN
Internationally known Scientist of the Complexion

MADAME RUBINSTEIN has spent nearly thirty years in helping to make women happy, and men too, for some man's happiness is always dependent on some woman. The science of complexions is a profession with Helena Rubinstein! She serves her organizations in the capacities of Skin Specialist and Chemist.

All of her famous Valaze Beauty Preparations are made in her own laboratories under her personal direction. The ingredients that go into them are known to her alone. But the underlying principle and the secret of her success, she shares with all women. It is a very simple one:

"MAKE YOUR SKIN WORK"
for the active skin is a beautiful skin

With this simple, yet all embracing principle ever before her, Mme. Rubinstein has created her preparations, among which you will find no heavy, clogging creams, but the elements that your skin needs if it is to function perfectly.

At this time of the year, especially, when the skin needs clearing and whitening after the summer's exposure at the beach or mountains—you will appreciate Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, the marvelous cream which clears up the darkened skin pigment and whitens the skin beautifully.

THE NEEDS OF EVERY SKIN

Cleansing and Nourishing

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—of exquisite velvety texture, cleanses, soothes, nourishes, moulds out the tired lines and revitalizes the skin. The only cleansing cream that for oily, pimpled and acne blemished skins, will be most beneficial.
4 oz. $1.00. ½ lb. $2.00.

Valaze Beauty Grains—an occasional face bath with this gently penetrative soap substitute is necessary to refine the texture, clear the skin of imbedded dust and impart that much to be desired transparency. $1.00, $2.00

Stimulating

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood (clear skin cream)—is embodying the principle of Mme. Rubinstein's success as a scientist of the complexion.

Promotes the renewal of cells, and thus stands for skin health. It encourages the skin's activity. The good complexion acquires longer life, and the faded skin is delightfully rejuvenated. Excellent for sallowness, tan and freckles. $1.00, $2.00

Valaze Skin-toning Lotion—should always follow the use of the Valaze Beautifying Skinfood; it closes the pores, tones and braces the skin, prevents wrinkles, a mild astringent with no drying effects. $1.25, $2.50

For dry skins, Valaze Skin-toning Lotion (Special) $1.25, $2.25, $4.50

The Oily Skin Needs

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste—a soap substitute to remove blackheads and keep the pores small and active. $1.00, $2.00

Valaze Liquidine—corrects oily skin and "shiny nose", mildly astringent, imparts flattering finish. $1.50, $2.75

The Dry Skin Needs

Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros)—richly nourishing for thin faces and necks: corrects and prevents crowsfeet, lines, wrinkles, and hollows. $1.75, $3.50

To Emphasize Your Beauty

In these days of accepted make-up it is the smart woman who exercises care that her choice of cosmetics should emphasize but not exaggerate her type. Mme Rubinstein has created rouges of the most flattering shades and powders of the most exquisite tints that insure protection as well as beauty adorned.

Valaze Red Geranium Rouge (new), the shade created by Mme. Rubinstein on her recent visit to Paris, vivid, sparkling, made to glorify youth. $1.00

Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge, an original Valaze creation, universally becoming to every type. $1.00

Valaze Crushed Rose Leaves—the rouge for the conservative woman—ideal for the woman with silvering hair. $1.00

Valaze Lipsticks in shades to match rouges. .50, $1.00

Valaze Complexion Powder in tints to suit every skin. $1.00, $1.50, $3.00

Valaze Novena Powder in all tints (made especially for the very dry and sensitive skin.) $1.00, $1.50, $3.00

The new edition of "Secrets of Beauty" with full instructions for home treatments for all types of skins may be had for the asking. Mme. Rubinstein wishes every woman to feel free to visit any of her salons for advice and instruction or to write directly to her.

Every Valaze Salon de Beaute has skilled attendants trained by Mme. Rubinstein herself in her Paris or London Salons.

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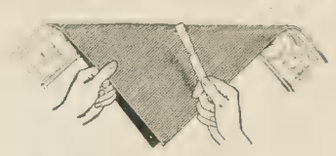
"I bought it without touching my savings!"

"$6.25 DOWN!—that was all I paid to have my Hoover delivered. Each day I put away a few cents. By the end of the month I had more than enough to meet the small payment. And now it's mine—all paid for!" No wonder he's proud of her. In fact, she's just a little proud of herself. And happy, too! For she has found in The Hoover her *complete home-cleaning* servant. It *beats* her rugs—and she's discovered they *need* beating. (You can prove this, too*...) It *sweeps* her rugs, electrically. It *suction-cleans*, and does all her "dusting." It saves a lot of her time and most of her labor. Her rugs wear longer—and how beautiful they are! You'd be proud, too, if you were in her place. When will you be? Your Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver *your* Hoover for *$6.25 down*. And you, too, can buy it without touching your savings.

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

*TO PROVE RUGS NEED BEATING: Turn over a corner of a rug; with the handle of an ordinary table-knife, or something of equal weight, give the under or warp side 15 to 25 sharp *taps* and watch the dirt dance out from the nap depths onto a piece of paper. Feel the destructive character of this grit. This is the dirt your present cleaning methods have missed, *and that beating has dislodged*. Correct use of The Hoover causes this embedded dirt to be *vibrated* to the surface by the rapid, gentle *beating* of the Hoover brush, as powerful suction *lifts* the rug from the floor and draws all the beaten-out, swept-up dirt into the dust-tight bag



THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners • The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

ASK THE DELINEATOR

If you have any questions to ask about your cooking or housekeeping problems, about building or furnishing your home, about your child's care and training, about beauty, or any household or personal question, consult us. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose a two-cent stamp for return postage on a free leaflet, and sufficient stamps or checks whenever an additional amount is fixed to cover the cost of printing and postage

Your Child's Care and Training—Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, Director of The Happy Child Department, answers personal letters and also writes a monthly letter to the members of The Happy Child Clubs. For details about these clubs see The Happy Child Page.

From this department you may also secure a group of valuable pamphlets on child welfare.

Fifteen titles in the Child Health Series form a helpful mothers' library. The price of each is ten cents:

1. *The Expectant Mother and the New Baby.*
2. *The General Care of the Baby.*
3. *The Importance of Correct Posture.*
4. *Maternal Nursing.*
5. *Artificial Feeding in Baby's First Year.*
6. *Early Childhood, Feeding and Other Problems.*
7. *The School Child—Health Education at Home and at School.*
8. *Mental Health of the Child.*
9. *Diet Problems of Childhood.*
10. *The Child's Teeth.*
11. *Three Dread Diseases of Childhood.*
12. *Play, Eyes and Movies.*
13. *The Development of Personality.*
14. *Widespread and Dangerous Diseases.*
15. *Weight, Growth and Health and The Unnecessary Handicap—Constipation.*

You will also find the following free leaflets in this department of decided value: *Medicine Chest Necessities; Hot Weather Health for Children; List of Books on Child Study; Height, Weight and Age Chart, Making Homework Count*, by Angelo Patri; *Baby's Sleep Habits; Food Strength for Weak Tots—Diet for Convalescents.*

Keeping House and Getting Meals—Martha Van Rensselaer and her staff at Cornell University are glad to help you with any cooking or housekeeping problems. Information on planning meals, recipes for all sorts of dishes, housekeeping equipment and its use, nutrition and special diets—all this will be sent you by the Home-Making Department.

Miss Van Rensselaer will mail you a complete list of the leaflets on home-making that have been prepared in her department.

When You Build or Furnish—Write to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of the Department of House Decoration and Home Building. When you ask Mrs. Sanders about furnishing and decorating, give a full description of your rooms—and don't ask more than five questions in one letter—please! Write for pictures of the sixteen houses designed for THE DELINEATOR by Donn Barber. From these pictures you may order (for one dollar) a blue-print of the floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Mrs. Sanders's special bulletins will help you furnish your home tastefully. They cost only twenty-five cents each and are attractively written and illustrated—*Good Floors; Curtains and Draperies; Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings; Furnishing the Home; How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures; How to Know Good Furniture; Methods of Painting Furniture* and *Slip-Covers and How to Make Them.*

Your Skin, Your Hair, Your Weight—Any question of good looks will be cheerfully answered by Celia Caroline Cole, our Beauty Editor. If you weigh more than you should, send twenty-five cents for our booklet, *Reducing in Spots.* This gives you exercises that reduce just the too-plump spots that bother you—the fat ankles or hips or double chin.

The Correct Thing—Ticklish little questions of table etiquette, correct form in introductions, in correspondence, confront one at every turn. If you are not quite sure on any point, write to Mrs. John Cabot Kimberly.

For Successful Parties—Margaret Campion parties are always delightful revels. For Thanksgiving she has an ANCESTOR PARTY that your guests will long remember. If you like stunt parties, there's VAUDEVILLE VELOCITY with some easy amateur stunts. An INDOOR NUTTING PARTY is a gem of clever rimes and contests. Ask her for entertainment suggestions for any age or occasion and she will help you.

ATTIC FLOORS AND CELLARETTES

Concluded from page 20

On account of the existing quantity of smoke and soot, curtain materials should be tubfast or of a material easily dry-cleanable. The sunfasts are always a joy, but for the more informal living-quarters, the new reversible casements and the water-proof chintz are a delight. The little French prints, tissue and plain ginghams, sunfast cretonnes, Russian crash, muslins and linen gauzes make charming window hangings.

UNFORTUNATELY the lack of closet space, built-in features and funds usually go hand-in-hand when establishing an apartment home. To overcome these limitations, every device from buying furniture at auction to turning carpenter and painter must be used. Ornate, glass-fronted bookcases, bureaus, old sideboards and china-closets make surprizingly appropriate and pretty furnishings for apartments when painted or stained to match. The soft reds, terra-cotta, blues, oranges, greens, black and grays are gay colors which, when combined, outlined or stenciled with dainty flowers and fruits, are appropriate colors for the more informal furnishings. Unpainted furniture which is well made and copied from almost every good type of eighteenth-century piece has lightness and grace, and is most interesting and practical for apartment use.

It is just as bad for small apartment furniture to be too small as it is to be too large, and to find the right scale is not always easy. It is wise first to measure for the important pieces before they are purchased. Chairs, tables, beds, etc., should be chosen for comfort and modesty of size. Breakfast-room sets, for example, consisting of hutches and drop-leaf tables are far more suitable than dining-room suites with large extension tables, sideboards, serving tables and china-closets. For those who must combine dining-room and living-room, drop-leaf and gate-leg tables serve well. The new combination living and dining-room table is a welcome innovation indeed, and a graceful well-built piece of furniture. Do not, however, with these types of dining-tables, make the mistake of buying dining-room chairs. Small wooden painted, reed or rush bottom ones will do nicely, and can be used throughout the apartment. The wooden settle, with a round or square table back, is one solution of a disappearing table, and an adjustable table-top which can be folded and put away is another.

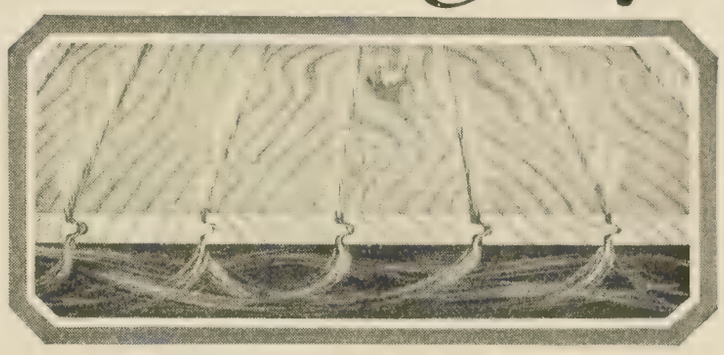
The davenports, which, when open, make a comfortable bed, are just the thing for the unexpected guest or the bachelor girl who must combine her living-room and bedroom. Day beds, box couches, and the new magic table which unfolds into a single or double bed, are other pieces designed unmistakably for small apartment homes.

Built-in features are perhaps the biggest space savers. At either side of and over a fireplace, radiators, in corners, between doors, under and between windows are likely places for book-shelves, whose upper layers may be adorned with bits of brass and pottery. In dining-rooms and kitchens, where cupboard space is not sufficient, hanging shelves and condemned doorways make convenient places for china, pots or pans.

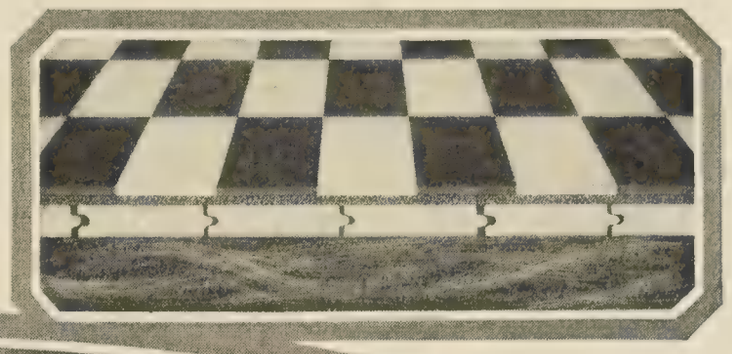
Grippy children and doctors' bills go hand in hand with draughty floors

Why linoleum, cemented over felt, is a warm, health-protecting floor

By C. N. WENRICH, PH. D.
Formerly head of the Dept. of Physics, University of Pittsburgh



The constant expansion and contraction of the best wood floors is bound to create draughty spaces between the boards. The picture to the left is intended to show how the invisible air currents rush through these spaces.



The picture to the right is intended to show how a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum, cemented over builders' felt, prevents the passage of draughts through the boards of the underfloors.

"HOW often one hears an anxious mother exclaim, 'Sonny, don't play on that draughty floor!' And very likely mother is right, too. For the average floor, with its cracks and spaces between boards, allows cold air to rush through like a partially opened window.

"Where the protection of health is considered before all else—in the modern hospital—you will find linoleum floors most commonly used. And why do you suppose this is so? Because linoleum, properly laid, is not only a sanitary, easily cleaned floor, but is a warm, non-draughty floor as well.

"In the first place, linoleum when cemented over deadening felt has absolutely no cracks or crevices for draughts to pour through. But there is another reason why linoleum floors are warmer, healthier. Genuine linoleum is made largely of cork and oxidized linseed oil pressed onto a burlap back. Now, every housewife has daily evidence of the extremely high nonconducting qualities of cork. Take your ice-box, for example: the cork in its walls retards the melting of the ice because the air within the chest is kept cold. The cork also prevents the heated air in the kitchen from entering through the ice-box walls.

"This simple illustration demonstrates how linoleum floors help exclude winter's cold, and how they help to maintain an even temperature by sealing the floor against draughts between the floor boards.

"I have conducted many tests in a scientific attempt to determine just how efficient a nonconductor of heat Armstrong's Linoleum is. Its heat insulating value is exceptionally high. I can say that the modern method of laying linoleum (over a felt lining) makes it a warm floor—warmer even than wood."

C. N. Wenrich



This rich marble tile inlaid pattern of Armstrong's Linoleum (No. 73) is in a San Francisco apartment designed by Lionel H. Pries, architect. Notice how well the fine oriental rug and rich hangings show against this pattern floor. Pattern No. 75 shown in doorway.

The modern method of laying linoleum

Beautiful, fine linoleum, such as Armstrong's, should never be tacked in place. Instead, good stores will first paste a layer of builders' deadening felt to the old underfloor. The linoleum is then cemented down and waterproof cement applied to the seams and edges. Directly after the floor is laid, your furniture and fabric rugs can be replaced—and then what a truly ideal floor you have! Waxed and polished occasionally, it need never feel the scrubbing brush. In fact, your dry mop will remove all dirt and dust from your linoleum floor, because there will be *surface* accumulation only.

Planning interiors with the new linoleum patterns

Write to Mrs. Hazel Dell Brown, the interior decorator in charge of our Bureau of Decoration. She will gladly send you suggestions for drapes, walls, and floors. In the meantime, write for the new book by Agnes Foster Wright on the planning of home decoration. Mrs. Wright, former President of the Interior Decorators' League of New York, has produced a book full of the most helpful suggestions for beautifying the home. It is called "Floors, Furniture, and Color." Sent for 25 cents postpaid (60 cents in Canada). Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division*, 884 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

PLAIN ~ INLAID ~ JASPÉ ~ PRINTED

There is no substitute in woman's beauty for a flawless skin



"And on the liquid mirror glow'd
The clear perfection of her face."
Tennyson.

THOUGH poets and authors in their praise of woman's beauty describe her luxuriant hair, soulful eyes, classic features or perfect mouth, all these lose their loveliness if her complexion is dull or lifeless.

A clear, satin-like skin creates a daintiness of appearance which heightens beauty of feature and is in itself woman's chief charm. Many women fail to possess this charm because they do not know how to care for the skin.

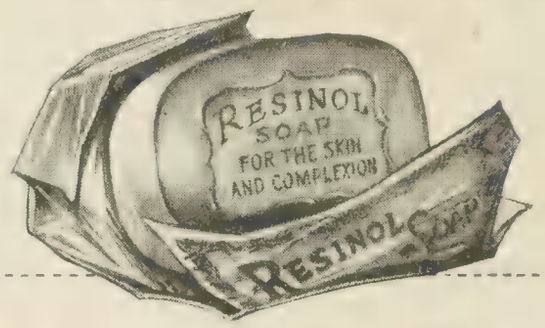
For proper cleansing, soap should be used once a day—but it must be the right kind. RESINOL SOAP is ideal for every skin and will stand any test of purity. Its particular fragrance as well as its rich color is your guarantee for the healthful Resinol properties it contains.

No heavy perfume is required to conceal inferior quality. Buy a cake from your druggist or toilet goods dealer, and bathe your face with it tonight. Note how readily it lathers, how gently but thoroughly it cleanses the pores, how easily it rinses, how soft, velvety and refreshed it leaves your skin.

But don't let your treatment be too harsh! Many a woman ruins her beauty at the start by scrubbing her face with a rough cloth and hot water, when she should use lukewarm water and a soft cloth—or better still—her finger tips. The rinsing should be thorough, and the skin dried carefully by patting lightly with a soft towel.

Where blemishes are already present, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment is also unexcelled for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles, boils, chafings, scratches, etc. Your druggist sells the Resinol products. No home should be without them.

Resinol Soap



Dept. P, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

I have never used Resinol Soap or Ointment, so please send me a free sample of each.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Please Print Plainly



DON'T ACCEPT INFIRMITY

Concluded from page 21

of the leg, which support the arch and flex the foot and the toes on the leg—that is, pull the foot upward toward the leg. Ultimately, of course, the ligaments of the foot and the foot muscles become weakened. Flat foot is due also to faulty posture in walking and standing, especially to the habit of toeing out, and the wearing of improperly shaped shoes or badly fitting shoes. A shoe with a straight inner edge should be worn. Such shoes of various makes can be had from your shoe-dealer if you demand them.

The fundamental difficulty is weakness of the leg and foot muscles, and this should be corrected by systematic, patient exercise. The exercise most highly regarded in the United States Army is as follows:

Stand with feet parallel and somewhat apart, great toes gripping the ground. Without bending the knees or moving the feet, rotate the thighs outward repeatedly. This is chiefly done by strong contraction of the great muscles of the back of the thigh and seat.

Other exercises that are helpful for flat foot follow:

1. Stand with the ball of the foot on the edge of a board or table or similar structure, so that the toes may be freely bent downward. Bend the toes up and down over this edge thirty times twice daily.
2. While standing on the flat surface, lift the toes thirty times.
3. Separate the toes thirty times by use of the foot and toe muscles. This may require some assistance with the hands until the trick is acquired.
4. Stand with the back to the wall, heels on the ground and against the wall. Raise the front of the foot as far as possible, thirty times.
5. Rest on the outer margins of the feet. Curl the toes inward and backward under the feet as far as possible, thirty times.
6. Place marbles about one-half inch in diameter on the floor. Try to pick them up with feet, curling the toes around them.

The effect of exercises to strengthen the arches is to cause the patient to walk with the weight more on the outer border of the foot than the inner border. This is also accomplished by raising the inner side of the sole and heel of the shoes about a quarter of an inch. Any cobbler can do this by inserting leather strips or wedges in the sole, but the work should be inspected by a physician or an experienced shoe-fitter to prevent further injury to the foot through faulty workmanship.

Other common defects found in women, with corrective measures for their elimination or improvement, follow:

FALLEN STOMACH OR RELAXED ABDOMEN

Exercise 1 (Fig. 1)

(For illustrations see page 21)

1. Sit on low stool with feet under the edge of a bed or other support.
2. Place hands on hips or across chest.
3. Lower trunk backward slowly to horizontal position and recover. Repeat five to ten times.

Exercise 2 (Fig. 2)

1. Lie supinely on the floor or bed.
2. Clasp hands behind head.
3. Point toes and raise legs slowly to vertical position and slowly recover. Keep toes pointed and knees straight. Bend only at hips. Repeat ten to twelve times.

FLAT AND NARROW CHEST

Exercise 1 (Fig. 4)

1. Stand erect, feet slightly spread, toes pointing straight ahead, hands at sides.
2. Raise arms slowly sideward to horizontal position and inhale. Fill the lungs to capacity during this count.
3. Circle arms backward in small circle three to five times while holding breath.
4. Lower arms slowly to side and exhale; repeat five times; rest and continue. This may be combined with foot and lower leg exercise by rising on toes as arms are raised and remaining on toes till arms are lowered.

Exercise 2 (Fig. 5)

1. Stand erect with arms at thrust—that is, with elbows at sides, and clenched fists in front of chest.
2. Alternate, thrusting arms sideward and upward over head.

Exercise 3 (Fig. 6)

1. Stand erect, hands clasped behind head.
2. Bend head backward and forward slowly, chin in, against slight pressure of hands.
3. Inhale as head moves backward, and exhale as head moves forward. Repeat fifteen times.

IRREGULAR SHOULDERS

(Fig. 3)

1. Stand erect with feet slightly spread, toes pointing straight ahead.
2. Place arms at thrust.
3. Thrust forcibly upward with one arm (arm on side of lower shoulder) and downward with other. Thrust alternately ten times, then strike with both arms simultaneously ten times.

ROUND SHOULDERS

1. Stand erect with a book or other weight in each hand.
2. Lean forward, extending arms forward with hands in front of waist.
3. Straighten the trunk and at same time swing the arms backward behind the hips. Repeat eight to ten times.

WEAK BACK

Exercise 1 (Fig. 7)

1. Stand erect, feet about eighteen inches apart, toes pointing straight ahead, arms extended horizontally sideward with palms up.
2. Raise right arm and lower left arm about 45 per cent., keeping them stretched out straight and opposite each other.
3. Turn body to left, bringing right arm over in front of face and left arm behind.
4. Continue twisting body, and bend trunk forward until right hand touches the floor at outside of left foot.
5. Reverse; and repeat five to ten times.

Exercise 2 (Fig. 8)

1. Stand with feet together, hands behind neck, finger-tips touching, elbows back.
2. Bend trunk forward and recover. Keep elbows well back all the time, head up and shoulders flat. All bending at the hips. Repeat six to ten times.

Exercise 3

1. Lie supinely on floor or bed.
2. Raise trunk.
3. Reach forward with hands touching toes, six to ten times.

Some cities have special corrective gymnasium classes where these exercises may be taken, but the women who will give a little thought and time to them can take them at home just as well. Some people find it more pleasant to go through the exercises to the rhythm of music. If you are one of these, use the radio or talking machine. But the essential thing is to be systematic and regular about it. Reserve a definite period in your daily schedule for your exercises. Make this as much a part of your regular routine as washing. If you do this you will find that it will pay large dividends in terms of increased vigor and health, better poise and grace and the confidence that comes with feeling fit.

SAFE AND SANE REDUCING

Diet—of course—if you want to lose your surplus pounds. But do not take rash steps that endanger health.

Starving on one meal a day or on one kind of fruit or vegetable may bring you down very quickly. But you gain just as quickly when you go back to "regular" food. And the whole process is contrary to the rules of health.

It's easy to reduce, though—and stay reduced—if you follow a well-balanced diet and exercise. You will be surprised to see how many good things there are in the non-fattening world.

"Don't You Want to Be Thinner?"—a leaflet that we'll send you for just a two-cent stamp to cover postage—gives you menus that tell you just what you should and should not eat. Address the Service Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*



Model 650—A dainty Complete, combined of brocade, satin tricot and elastic. It gives flat lines to the back and diaphragm, and smooth lines to the entire figure. $6.50.

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty within Reach of Every Woman

YOU may find figure garments that equal Gossards in price—possibly in material—but *never in design.* In ability to fit, to wear, to bring fashion and utter comfort, Gossard garments stand out alone—because of their exclusive, careful designing and tailoring.

You may need only a little girdle to keep your figure perfect. Or it may be advisable to wear a Combination, a Step-in, an Elastic Belvadear, a Rubber Reducing Garment, or a Front Lacing Corset. But whatever it is that gives you the correct foundation—*Gossard makes it*—Gossard makes all types of figure garments, sold at the best stores everywhere—the Gossard label in each Gossard garment. That means *value.*



Model 874—A short Clasp-around made from beautiful brocade and hand loomed elastic. Trimmed with dainty lace and French flowers. Two pairs hose supporters. Pink. Sizes 24-34. Price $8.50.

The Slouch is passe!

Paris says with emphasis that the debutante slouch has gone the way of all unattractive fashions—the woman with erect carriage, the slim, firm figure, the quick, springy step today is the woman of fashion and beauty. Proper foundation garments are *absolutely essential to good figure lines.*

The H. W. Gossard Co.
100 E. Ohio Street, Chicago

Offices also in
New York San Francisco London
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* * *

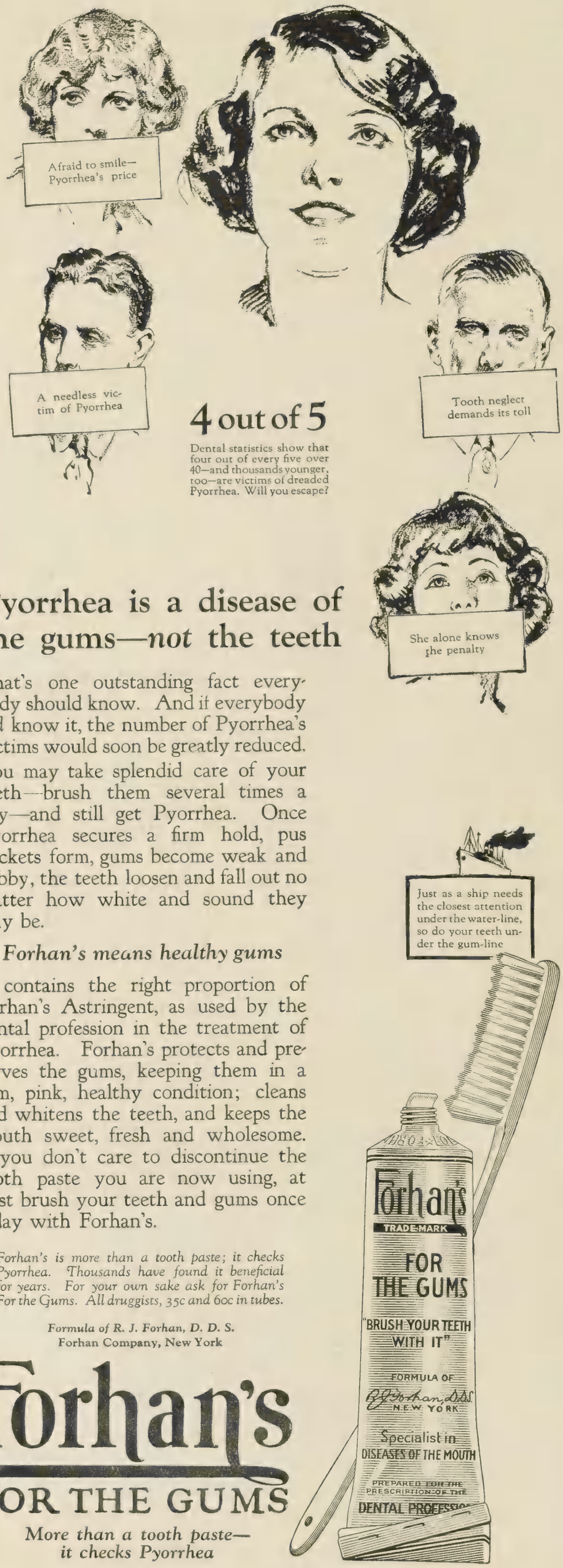
Elastic Belvadears
Girdles *The Complete Combinations*
Brassieres *Step-ins*
Rubber Reducing Garments
Gossard Front Lacing Corsets
Dancelette



Model 3302—This brassiere, for the average figure, is made of heavy lace insertion and bands of Val lace. It fits well down over the top of the corset.



Model 560—A Clasp-around which gives the smooth flat back. It is utterly comfortable, very lightly boned, with insertions of woven elastic. $5.



4 out of 5

Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of dreaded Pyorrhea. Will you escape?

Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums—*not* the teeth

That's one outstanding fact everybody should know. And if everybody *did* know it, the number of Pyorrhea's victims would soon be greatly reduced.

You may take splendid care of your teeth—brush them several times a day—and still get Pyorrhea. Once Pyorrhea secures a firm hold, pus pockets form, gums become weak and flabby, the teeth loosen and fall out no matter how white and sound they may be.

Forhan's means healthy gums

It contains the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent, as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea. Forhan's protects and preserves the gums, keeping them in a firm, pink, healthy condition; cleans and whitens the teeth, and keeps the mouth sweet, fresh and wholesome. If you don't care to discontinue the tooth paste you are now using, at least brush your teeth and gums once a day with Forhan's.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea



SCARLET FEVER

Concluded from page 16

kidneys are affected and that the most skilful and constant medical care is needed to avoid a disaster, and even when the symptoms of kidney disease are recovered from only too frequently the kidneys are left permanently damaged. Another cause for a sudden rise of temperature at this time is so-called *scarlatinal rheumatism*.

BETWEEN the mildest cases and those of the most virulent type scarlet fever exhibits every shade of severity. Fortunately, as already noted, the prevailing type of the disease, at least in this country, is one of comparative mildness. Indeed, many patients with scarlet fever seem to be but little affected, the temperature and pulse rate are but slightly elevated, the throat symptoms mild and the rash scanty and often difficult to make out even by the most careful examination. Nevertheless, even such cases may go wrong and be followed by one of the severe complications already mentioned; furthermore, such cases are fully capable of communicating the disease to others whose resistance may not be as strong and in whom the disease may run a very severe course. Even though the majority of cases of scarlet fever are to-day of a mild or moderately severe type, we continue to see some of extreme severity in which the patient is suddenly struck down by the intensity of the infection, even before the rash has time to fully develop. The temperature and pulse rise with dramatic suddenness and death takes place within forty-eight hours or even less.

WHEN TO SUSPECT PERSONS OF SCARLET FEVER

WHEN a child beyond six months suddenly vomits and seems to be feverish, the temperature should be taken immediately and the throat examined in a good light without delay. The point of entrance of scarlet fever, as already noted, is the throat and nose, and it is in the throat that the first evidence of it is to be found. The throat may not be very red, but if not at all inflamed scarlet fever may be confidently excluded. Just here it should be stated that all parents and others having the care of young children should learn to examine their throats, and to that end a child should be taught to have the throat examined. It is a simple procedure requiring but a few seconds and readily learned, but in the hands of the uninstructed is a bungling and uninformative undertaking. How to examine a throat should be taught in all first-aid classes, to boy and girl scouts and campfire girls, and to all older school children. By this simple and harmless procedure it is often possible to take measures for the prevention of the spread of disease and thereby unnecessary suffering and sometimes death.

CARE AND TREATMENT OF SCARLET FEVER

WHILE it is true that for many years serums for the treatment of scarlet fever have been used, especially in Russia and Germany and to a certain extent in this country, apparently at times with good results, until the exact cause of the disease had been established it was not possible to prepare serums which were truly specific against the disease. Furthermore, they had to be given in huge doses, and disagreeable and sometimes serious effects of crude horse serum followed their use. They were all prepared on the theory that they would kill or prohibit the growth of the scarlet-fever organism within the body. We now know that the symptoms of the disease are caused not directly by the organisms themselves but by the poison which they elaborate, and that by combating these poisons by anti-poison or by antitoxins the symptoms will promptly disappear.

After the so-called *streptococcus* serum had been practically abandoned as a remedy, the use of whole blood and serum from convalescent scarlet-fever patients was employed to a certain extent and with a good deal of success, but the difficulty of securing it and especially of keeping a stock of it on hand prevented its general use. With the discovery of Dick and Dochez leading to the manufacture of scarlet-fever antitoxin the use of convalescent blood serum, which has been shown to be far less potent than the former, will certainly be abandoned, except in instances where antitoxin is not obtainable.

It is almost impossible to be too enthusiastic regarding the effects of scarlet-fever antitoxin on the symptoms of the disease. If the child is seen within forty-eight hours from the onset and given a comparatively small dose of scarlet-fever antitoxin directly into the veins, within twelve to twenty-four hours the temperature may be expected to reach almost a normal point, the rash to disappear or be hardly recognizable, the pulse rate to fall quite as rapidly as the temperature, the inflammatory symptoms in the throat to be markedly ameliorated, and the patient to feel practically well.

When for one reason or another the antitoxin can not be given in the veins and is injected into the muscles, the results are somewhat less striking and more slowly brought about, but nevertheless extremely satisfactory. On the other hand, if patients are not seen until the third or fourth day or longer the poison of scarlet fever may have produced such decided damage to the lymphatic glands and other organs that the antitoxin has decidedly less effect, so that an early diagnosis of this disease is all important in order to obtain the full benefit of this specific treatment.

Because this remedy has not been generally available the list of cases treated is a comparatively small one; but it may be said even at this time that no case of severe or moderately severe scarlet fever when seen within the first four days should be deprived of the benefit of this treatment.



MORAL LAXITY OR MORAL LAW?

Concluded from page 10

which we never can be free—the laws of living. Freedom of thought is not freedom from the laws of thinking. Freedom of life is not freedom from the laws of living.

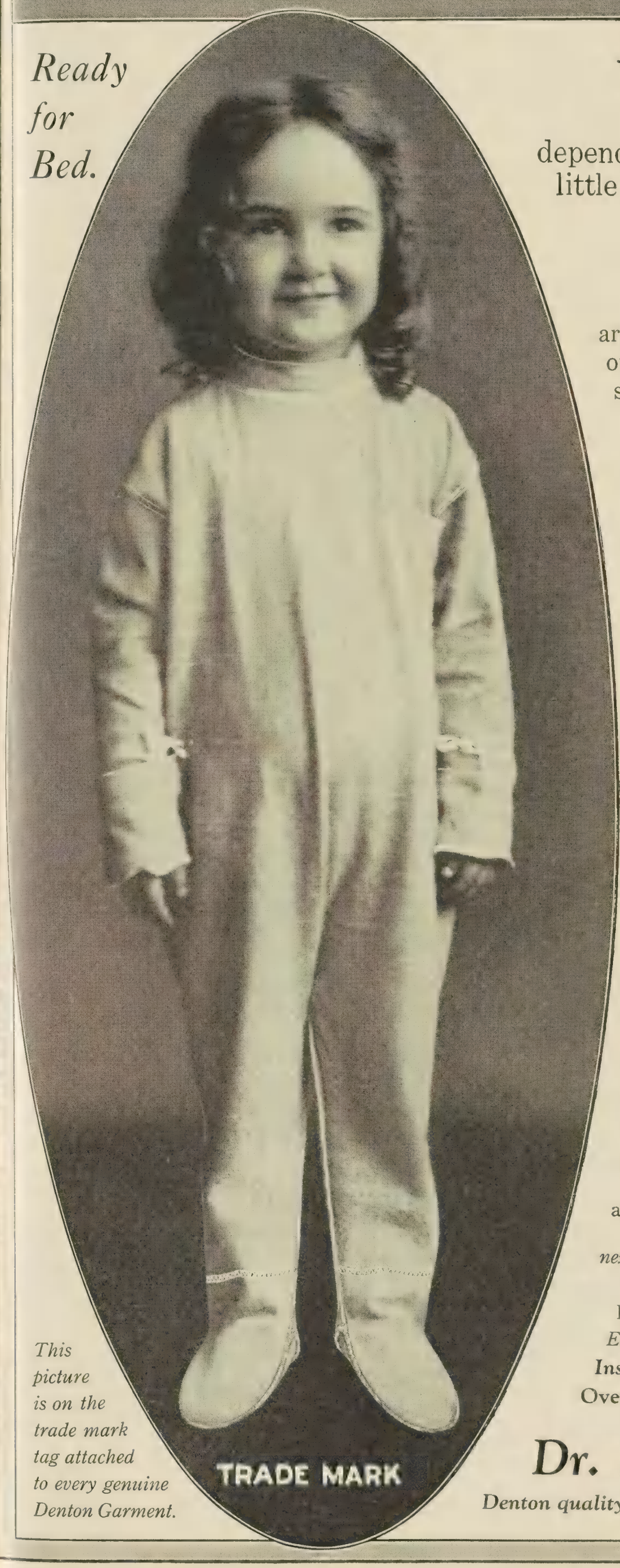
When one starts from that angle and inquires what the law of a great life is, one comes to no feeble formula like letting oneself go. The law of great living is rather to find our loyalty, to discover the cause in which we sacrificially believe, the ideals to which at our best we rightfully belong, and to find liberty and joy in serving them. The law of high living is to give ourselves to the best we know. Psychology and morals are at one here: the basis of a worthy life is the very opposite of loose self-expression; it is devotion.

It was here that our forebears, with all the rigors and deprivations of that first Thanksgiving Day, had the better of some of us. They had found their loyalty. They had discovered their cause. They believed in something enough to suffer for it. They were not straggling through life with a futile sense of indirection. We need not pity them. They were having a glorious time.

Many moderns seem to think that only two things can be done with life: either suppress it or else loosely let it go. Upon the contrary, real life always comes from another method altogether. Give yourself to the highest that you know, and you will have all the thrill of letting yourself go in serviceable adventure, while at the same time you will have the cleanness, the self-respect, the unburdened conscience, the untarnished memory of a controlled life. At any rate, not until this generation quits its straggling, recognizes the existence of law in the interior as in the exterior world, sets itself to learn the laws and fulfil the conditions, will this generation, with all its cleverness, find value in living for itself or make a worth-while contribution to the world's history.

Dentons Now Have
Extra-Heavy Romper Feet

Ready for Bed.



This picture is on the trade mark tag attached to every genuine Denton Garment.

Your Child's Health

depends on the fabric used in the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

Denton *Soft-Knit* Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool, *double carded.*

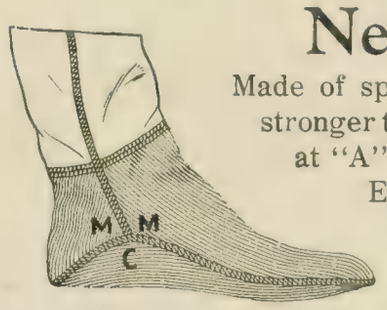
Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling. ***The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.***

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching.* Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape *and elasticity.*

Body, limbs and feet are covered, (also hands in small sizes) protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

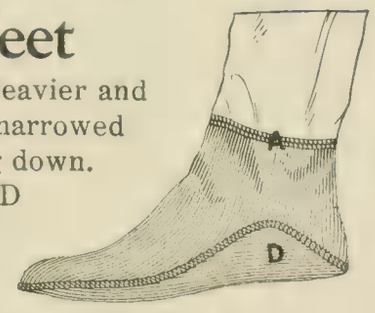
Our patented, extra-full drop seat provides ample room in crotch, and in seat to avoid binding when sleeping with knees drawn up.

New Romper Feet



INSIDE OF FOOT.

Made of special Denton Fabric 40% heavier and stronger than the body fabric. Legs narrowed at "A" to keep feet from slipping down. Extra fabric at M, M, C and D to prevent ripping. (Patented). Die-cut soles and uppers insure shapely feet.



OUTSIDE OF FOOT.

Our Flexible Rubber Buttons

will not break in the wringer. Do not cut threads. Easily buttoned but do not come unbuttoned as readily as hard buttons. No more sewing on buttons after each washing. *A real joy to busy mothers.*

Sizes 0 to 5 have Drop Seat and open down the back. Sizes 6 to 14 *retain the popular Drop Seat* but *also open down the front* enabling older children to button their own garments.

Sizes 0 to 5 have turn-down cuffs; sizes 6 to 14, plain cuffs. Sizes 0, 1 and 2 are extra large at hips to allow for use of diapers.

Dentons are well made. *Strong, elastic outside seams avoid hard threads next to body.* Collars double thickness, strong button holes, facings all stayed.

Ideal for fresh-air sleeping, camping or touring.

Dentons have a mottled, light-gray color not readily showing soil.

Each size amply proportioned. Our prices are always low *in relation to quality.*

Insist on genuine Dentons. If you cannot get them from your dealer, write us.

Over 5,500 Leading Dry Goods and Department Stores Sell Dentons.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills,

Denton quality is rigidly maintained. CENTREVILLE, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



AN ELIZABETH ARDEN TREATMENT *Photographed in Paris by Baron DeMeyer*

An ELIZABETH ARDEN Treatment is based on three fundamental steps:

CLEANSING · TONING · NOURISHING

These same three steps should be a part of your daily care of the skin at home, for they supply every need of your skin to keep it clear and firm and smooth.

THE only really effective method of skin treatment—so Elizabeth Arden has found in her years of study and experience—is that which aids and stimulates the natural activities of the tissues. No cream can transform the skin. No cosmetics successfully conceal its blemishes. But scientific care, which helps to keep the skin healthy, will keep it fresh and lovely, too.

Each step of the Elizabeth Arden Treatment is fundamentally sound and effective, because it answers a definite need of the skin. The Cleansing—with pure soft *Venetian Cleansing Cream*—dissolves and dislodges all the dust and impurities which clog the pores. The Toning—with *Ardena Skin Tonic* and *Special Astringent*—awakens brisk circulation through the skin, closes the pores, and lifts and firms the contours. The Nourishing—with *Venetian Orange Skin Food* or the delicate *Velva Cream*—keeps every skin cell full and firm, and so prevents or corrects the wrinkles and lines of impoverishment.

A single Treatment at the Elizabeth Arden Salon will tone and refresh your skin wonderfully. But if you are too far away to make this possible, you can follow the same method in your care of the skin at home. Elizabeth Arden will be happy to answer your inquiry on the correct use of her Preparations or the use of her method to correct your individual skin faults. Elizabeth Arden recommends these Preparations for your Self Treatments each morning and night:

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Dissolves and dislodges all impurities in the pores, leaves the skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, $2, $3.75, $4.75.

Venetian Orange Skin Food. Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles and lines. $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25.

Venetian Velva Cream. A delicate skin food for sensitive skins; nourishes without fattening. $1, $2, $3, $6.

Venetian Muscle Oil. A rich penetrating oil, restores sunken tissues or flabby muscles. $1, $2.50, $4.

Venetian Special Astringent. Lifts and firms the tissues, tightens the skin. $2.25, $4.

Arden Patter. For applying Skin Tonic and Special Astringent more effectively. (Shown in Treatment pictured above.) $5.

Venetian Pore Cream. Closes open pores, corrects their inactivity, refines the coarsest skin. $1, $2.50.

Venetian Amoretta Cream. An exquisite protective cream, gives a soft, smooth, natural bloom to the skin. An excellent powder foundation. $1, $2.

Poudre d'Illusion. Exquisite powder, fine, pure. *Illusion* (a peach blend), *Rachel*, *Ocre*, *White*, and a new shade called *Minerva*, $3.

Write for a copy of "The Quest of The Beautiful," Elizabeth Arden's book describing the correct care of your skin according to her famous method.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations and Babani Perfumes are on sale at smart shops everywhere

ELIZABETH ARDEN NEW YORK 673 FIFTH AVENUE

LONDON: 25 Old Bond St. BOSTON: 192 Boylston St. WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Ave.
PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix DETROIT: 318 Book Bldg. ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block
LOS ANGELES: 600 W. 7th St. PHILADELPHIA: 133 S. 18th St. SAN FRANCISCO: 233 Grant Ave.
BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta



KEEPING HIM INTERESTED

Concluded from page 19

of a good variety. A supply of lettuce to last several days may be kept fresh and crisp if when it arrives it is separated, washed well, shaken to remove surplus water and put in a loosely covered crock in a cool place.

In buying canned vegetables, one must decide which size of can is best suited to the size of the household. The Number 1 cans, which contain about one pint of material, though costing more in proportion to contents, are often more economical for two.

The same general considerations that hold for buying vegetables apply also to buying fruits. In general a serving of canned fruit should be at least half a cup. The same rule holds true for fresh fruits such as berries and those fruits which are cut in sections or pieces for serving. Cantaloups and grapefruit are well adapted to the household of two, since each makes just two servings.

When buying fruit it is helpful to remember that three or four apples, or three bananas, and three or four peaches make a pound.

As a general rule half a pound of meat or fish will adequately serve two people. Buying the meat for a family of two seems to be a problem which disturbs many housewives. The experience of persons cooking for two indicates that in terms of satisfaction and having just the right quantity it may now and again be desirable to buy meats which are considered rather expensive.

Lamb-chops may be broiled or pan-broiled. Veal-chops may be breaded and sautéd or fried, or they as well as veal-cutlet may be baked or stewed in milk. Pork-chops may be sautéd and then baked with apples.

Sliced ham may be sautéd, or it may be seasoned and baked or covered with milk and baked, or escalloped with potatoes.

Sausage may be sautéd and served with circles of apples, sugared and sautéd in sausage fat. Calves' liver with bacon is food for the gods.

Small steaks may be broiled or pan-broiled. The first cuts of a rib of beef, cut about a quarter to half an inch thick and called minute steaks, are particularly good for two. One minute steak for each, or one for two if economy is the order of the day.

Shell-fish are well adapted to a two-some.

In making pies she will find a small pie-tin much more satisfactory for two, since the pie can then be eaten while fresh and at its best. Several pie-crusts can be made at one time, as they will keep well. The paste itself may be made in fair quantity and may be wrapped in waxed paper and kept in a cold place for a week or more.



BIG LESSONS FROM LITTLE HOUSES

Continued from page 2

notable demonstration: "It's a matter of helping home-makers to think for themselves," determined the committee, headed by Miss Pearl Chase. This was strikingly accomplished in the Santa Barbara demonstration, in which five homes, three furnished and two unfurnished, were opened to eager home-seekers. Careful charts were displayed, showing the exact cost of every item of each of these houses, inside and out. Monthly and yearly budgets, based upon varying incomes in Santa Barbara, completed an impressive object-lesson. Both of these first-prize demonstrations are to be described in detail in a later article.

Did some one say challenge? That's a word that really ought to be saved for the special prize demonstration held by the boys and girls of Miss Elizabeth Carlisle's civics class in the Washington Junior High School of Port Huron, Michigan. With "Better home-makers for better homes" as their slogan, these youngsters planned and supervised the erection of a permanent school practice house. What they did in their campaign, just how they proved that a home of comfort and convenience, utility and beauty can be built for less than $5,000, will be told more fully later.

Not only did two communities tie for the first prize of Better Homes in America in the 1925 campaign, but four others presented such equal excellencies in their demonstrations that choice among them was simply impossible. Birmingham, Alabama; New Rochelle, New York; Greenville, South Carolina; and Cleburne, Texas; join hands, stand forward, please!

One of the palms carried off by Birmingham was the fact that its demonstration home, a gray-painted, green-shuttered colonial structure, possessing the charm of dignity and of simplicity, was adjudged the best small house, architecturally, of any entered in the 1925 campaign. This house was planned and built by Mrs. W. S. Terry. Points that excited especial interest in the throngs of visitors were the dining-room furnished as a library, the breakfast-room between kitchen and dining-room, the girl's room and the boy's room—one furnished by girl scouts of the community, the other by boy scouts—and the carefully worked-out monthly budget for a family of four.

"MAN has a part in home-making, and a large one. His responsibility does not end with paying the bills." This theory was one unusual feature of the New Rochelle demonstration, with J. Albert Mahlstedt as chairman and Mrs. Charles Gregory as assistant. From the boys in the schools, who were taught that home-making is a noun belonging to the masculine as well as to the feminine gender, to the leading men of the community, who held a special meeting given over to man's part in the home, inspired by Secretary Hoover's article in THE DELINEATOR, the "stronger" sex was notably represented in the demonstration.

"The sort of home any citizen can afford." This was the watchword in Greenville, South Carolina, where the Better Homes demonstration was held under the auspices of the Woman's Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce, with Miss Andrea C. Patterson as chairman. Visitors from twelve states, learning that the charming six-room home had been built at a cost of only $3,500, on a $1,200 lot, and delightfully furnished for $1,000, went away with a new gleam of hope in their eyes. Harried home-makers took new heart of grace, when they saw that a kitchen with a double drainboard, built-in broom closets and capacious cupboards, and a living-room attractively designed and tastefully furnished need no longer dance ahead of them as mere will-of-the-wisps through the years. The Greenville demonstration attained its especial distinction because it simultaneously touched the rock-bottom of cost and the top-notch of worth.

Cleburne, Texas, the fourth in this quartet of prize-winners, with its Better Homes demonstrations sponsored by the home economics department of the University of Texas and the women of the Magazine Research Club, under Mrs. F. R. Pettengell as chairman, took its high rank because of the unusual convenience and beauty and general livableness of its demonstration home, as well

Continued on page 85



Ten Models
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Type 300

Five Tubes. New circuit. Connect with standard bell or cabinet type MUSIC MASTER Reproducer, or with specially designed art model reproducer illustrated. Great selectivity, extraordinary volume, wonderful tone quality. Solid mahogany cabinet, beautifully ornamented, brown mahogany art satin finish.

Price, $300

MUSIC MASTER Reproducer. Model XIII. Drum Type. Specially designed art model, illustrated.

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—"Long, Long Ago"

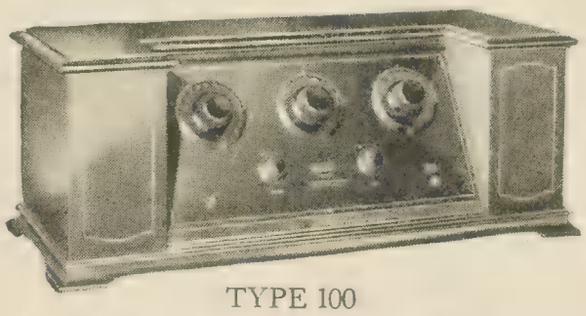
TWILIGHT and alone—the twilight of age when one lives in the past of fond memories. A song—"Long, Long Ago"—some favorite of the past re-created in sweet, clear, rich tones—the thrill of happy moments relived—the happiness of sweet recollection.

Such is part of the mission of MUSIC MASTER: The embodiment of happiness—a veritable companionship that cheers, that laughs, that sings, that *lives*—bringing to you in natural, characteristic lifelike tones the inspiring music, the instructive entertainment, all that is best and most interesting in the adventure world of today's New Era Radio.



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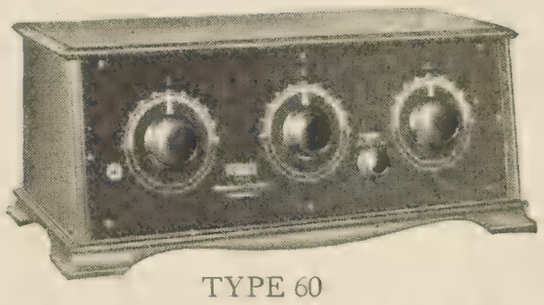
Model VI, 14" Wood Bell $30
Model VII, 21" Wood Bell $35



TYPE 100

Five Tubes. New Music Master Circuit, involving special adaptation to radio frequency. Very selective, good volume and distance. Brown mahogany art satin finish.

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Five Tubes. Two stages of radio frequency, detector and two stages audio frequency. Selective, good volume and distance. Brown mahogany art finish cabinet.

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The Very Styles Paris Is Choosing Now

are ready for you here in Butterick's newest patterns!

PARIS is in a new mood this Winter! "We will carry the freedom, the grace, the *movement* of Summer on into Winter," the couturiers said. And *somehow,* they did it!

First came the new woolens, soft and light as Summer chiffons—well, *almost!*

Anyway, light enough to permit the spoiled Parisienne to carry on into the Winter her new taste for swirling skirts—gathers, circular flares, soft full sleeves—what not!

Then as the manikins slipped by, so graceful in the new *freer* kind of Winter frock—the whole matter was immutably settled.

AND as the very change took place before their watchful eyes, the Butterick experts from Butterick's Paris Headquarters on the Avenue de l'Opéra flashed the news to New York.

News of fabric. News of color. News of trimming. News of line.

The moment it is whispered there, it is heard again in Butterick's, New York; as instantly, the fashioning of the newest patterns is begun.

By the time the new vogue has reached America, the crisp new Butterick Patterns are awaiting you with every single why and wherefore, most especially every *how,* explicitly set down to help you make your own Paris gown.

PARIS SAYS:

The waistline "tie" in front is smart

Scallops vary the hem

Laces are the vogue for evening

The cape back persists and shares honors with the plain straight back

The V neck is good and so is the little upstanding collar

Tells you just how a French dressmaker does it

For Butterick's is not content merely to cut your gown for you, it gives you a unique pattern service—the Deltor. Step by step, in illustration and the printed word, the Deltor gives every detail of the making. The simplest things a beginner wants to know. The newest finishing touches the French houses use.

And when the last stitch is sewed, the swirling flounce or pert bow takes its place just as Paris planned, you can hardly believe you did it yourself!

Every Butterick Pattern has the Deltor folded in with it. Make your next dress by it. Know what a comfort it is to have such complete, such expert advice! Butterick of New York, Paris and London.



The Butterick Pattern with the Deltor is the only pattern which gives you

1. Layout for cutting your size and your view out of your width of material.
2. Complete finishing instructions for the very trimmings shown in the illustrations.
3. The smart fabrics and colors Paris is using for the particular mode.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR



BIG LESSONS FROM LITTLE HOUSES

Continued from page 82

as the general community value of its whole campaign for home betterment. A model kitchen contest revolutionized a large number of old-fashioned back-breaking kitchens of the neighborhood. *All the houses in the neighborhood of the demonstration home were repainted during the course of the campaign. A number of others were remodeled. The better home is being reproduced to the last detail by at least two other citizens.*

THERE is no gladder or more gallant page in the history of the 1925 campaign than the one written into the record by rural communities. Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, was chosen as the first prize-winner of the rural division; Gaithersburg, Maryland, as second, and Bergenfield, New Jersey, as the third.

How great an achievement of the home-betterment campaign was in Roanoke Rapids, which includes Rosemary, with Mrs. F. M. Brown, as chairman, and Miss Bernice Allen, the county home demonstration agent, as assistant, can be realized only when it is understood that Roanoke Rapids is a community without a leisure class.

There was a Better Homes garden contest, with one hundred and fifty contestants, in which one old seventy-six-year-old homemaker got so excited at the thought of actually owning a flower garden at last that she did not wait for her men-folk to return from the mill, but went out and cut down a dead tree, in order to begin work on her garden. There was a model kitchen contest, with one hundred and fourteen entrants, in which the first prize was won by a woman who, for the expenditure of six dollars, and who knows how much loving effort, turned a kitchen that had been no less than an affliction into a household blessing with freshly painted walls, a sink, a new cupboard, a kitchen table raised to the proper height, a wood-box on rollers, and dainty sash curtains. There was a school contest, in which the pupils as a whole not only wrote Better Homes essays and drew Better Homes posters, but cleaned yards, filled up holes where water had stood, made new walks, washed windows and planted gardens; and besides all this a five-room demonstration home that lived up to home-betterment ideas, yet made the strong appeal of having cost only $4,000 to build and $1,311.50 to furnish, was viewed by one thousand and twenty-one visitors out of a population of seven thousand.

Gaithersburg, Maryland, excelled even that record of attendance, for its pretty six-room demonstration home *had eight hundred and fifty-one visitors out of a total population of eight hundred*, proving that its charm drew some callers back again. The demonstrations held under the auspices of the Woman's Club of Gaithersburg with Mrs. G. A. Chadwick as chairman not only demanded and got the interest of the entire community, but secured the cooperation of all the neighboring towns.

But the best of it is that, like John Brown's soul, the Better Homes demonstration in Gaithersburg still goes marching on. It is to be an all-the-year-round affair, with the committee in permanent readiness to be of aid to any ambitious home-maker.

Bergenfield, New Jersey, is a typical melting-pot farm community, so that perhaps a dozen foreign accents were heard among the visitors to the demonstration home—four thousand three hundred of them in a community of nine thousand. But, however many accents, there was just one intonation, which clearly meant, "A better home for us, too." For the Bergenfield home, alluring in appearance inside and out, complete in every detail, even to cedar-lined closets, a clothes chute and a telephone closet, was so moderate in cost that it convinced its wistful visitors that a satisfying home is the outgrowth of forethought and care, rather than of undue expenditure. Much of its furniture had been made in the manual training and domestic arts department of the grade and high schools of the community.

IT WAS decided to make two honorable mention lists, the first to include only communities which had demonstration homes of unusually good architecture or skilful furnishing, open to the public throughout the entire week; which had a wide range of lectures of unusual merit; which had the cooperation of a large number of local agencies, and which reached a considerable portion of the population of their community.

Stockton, California, with Mrs. C. S. Sargent as chairman, demonstrated among the five better homes which it opened to the public a school practice house, well planned, and adequately built by twenty students in the junior department of the high school, furnished with economy and taste, and sold, before Better Homes Week was over, for $300 more than its total cost.

Sacramento, California, under the leadership of D. G. Nunneley, demonstrated nine better homes of types and cost so varied as to appeal to every citizen.

Orlando, in Orange County, Florida, with Mrs. J. T. Fuller as chairman, achieved honorable mention on three distinct counts, its general beautification program, the high worth of its demonstration home for a white family, and the manner in which its $1,600 better home for a negro family has aroused the entire colored population to the fact that an attractive home can be owned on the same terms as rent for an unattractive one. West Palm Beach, with Miss Jean Thurston, the girl scout director, as chairman, takes its high place because of its rejuvenated better home for a negro family, which at a total cost of only three hundred and fifty dollars for house, paint and furnishings, offered a shining example to every colored citizen. Fort Lauderdale, Florida, under the leadership of Mrs. A. J. Beck, won its honorable mention for the remarkable comprehensiveness of its campaign.

AMES, Iowa, offers one more convincing proof that the younger generation, once its interest and attention are turned to home improvement, brings to the task a vigor and a zest that spell success. Under the chairmanship of Miss Anna Henderson of the State Agricultural College, the furnishing and equipment of the borrowed Better Home in Ames was planned and carried out by classes in interior decoration in the applied art department of home economics, Iowa State College.

They do comprehensive things on a comprehensive scale in Mississippi. That's why the Better Homes demonstration at Columbus, with Mrs. James W. Liscomb and Mrs. William Baldwin as chairmen, won honorable mention, since it comprised a clean-up week, put on by the Women's Club; kitchen and bedroom contests, under the supervision of Miss Douglass, the county home demonstration agent; a vigorous home betterment campaign in the schools, and the exhibition of a Better Home loaned by a prospective bride and groom, furnished by the merchants of Columbus, and wired with electricity without cost by the city. And Bay St. Louis equaled this record. Its Better Homes demonstration, too, had two chairmen, Mrs. Carl Marshall, president of the Woman's Study Club, and Miss Mayme J. O'Don, home demonstration agent.

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, with Herbert Atkins as chairman, repeated its last year's record. The city was divided into fourteen districts for home improvement, a contest of best-kept gardens and lawns was held, two demonstration homes of moderate cost were opened, and the Welfare Federation of Wilkes-Barre turned a worthless shack in the poorest locality of Wilkes-Barre into a livable home. Quakertown, Pennsylvania, held an equally successful demonstration along very different lines with Mrs. W. K. Clymer as chairman, turning over the entire furnishing and budgeting of the demonstration home—a new school practice house—to the girls of the high school.

Noteworthy charm and general worth in the two demonstration homes in Salt Lake City, Utah, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Bartlett Wicks, won the demonstration honorable mention. Community interest was left in no doubt by the presence of twelve thousand nine hundred visitors.

The Ensley demonstration, in Alabama, with Miss Dorothy Crim as chairman, took

Concluded on page 86



TRINI, *an interpretative Spanish dancer says: "I first discovered the splendid Cutex preparations in my own country, Spain, where they are well known and widely used."*



DORA STROEVA, *one of Russia's picturesque ballad singers, writes: "In playing the guitar, the appearance of my hands is a first consideration and Cutex Liquid Polish a real friend."*

Hands

THEY PAY TRIBUTE TO

THE world has long paid homage to beautiful hands. Poets have sung of their pink-tipped loveliness, their cool aristocratic shapeliness.

Today the world pays this tribute also to capable everyday hands that engage themselves with a thousand things, yet keep their enchanting loveliness of jewel-like nails.

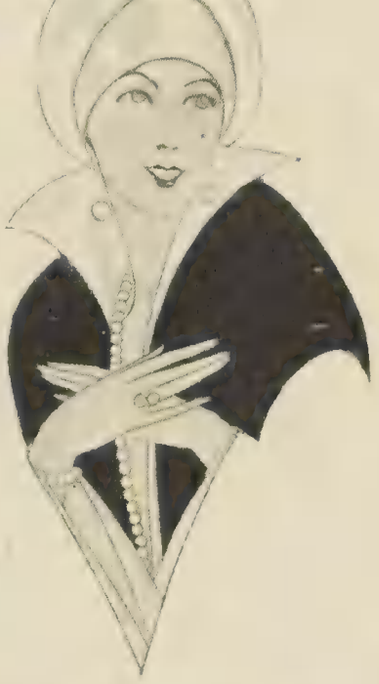
Everywhere women have learned to give their own hands the exquisite care that keeps them beautiful. Not only in America, but in the aristocratic capitals of Europe, they depend upon the Cutex method and Cutex manicure preparations are more widely used than any other kind.

Try this method favored by the smart women of two continents. First wash your hands in warm, soapy water. File the nails, then smooth with an emery board. Dip the orange stick in Cutex. Twist a bit of cotton around the end and dip in the bottle again. Gently loosen the dead, dry skin that clings to the nail base. Pass the wet stick under the nail tips to clean and bleach them. What smooth firm ovals of skin now frame the nails. What clean transparent tips.

A TINY bit of Nail White smoothed under each nail tip. A light buffing with the delicate powder polish. A careful washing to remove particles of powder and paste--and you are ready for the final touch of grooming!

Now, spread a drop of Cutex Liquid Polish smoothly over each nail. You will be proud to show your hands!

Cutex Sets, from 35c to $5.00 wherever toilet goods are sold. Single items are 35c. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. B-11, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada. NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, PARIS, LONDON.



MLLE. SPINELLY, *charming young French actress of international repute says: "In my dressing room at the Theatre Caumartin, I keep always at hand the delightful Cutex preparations. At a moment's notice my maid can correct any roughness of the cuticle with the dainty Cuticle Remover."*



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114 West 17th Street, New York City

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for Introductory Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polish, Cuticle Cream, orange stick, emery board and booklet on care of nails.

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THESE scampering little feet will continue on their happy, carefree way—developing normally and correctly—if Simplex Flexies guard them in their formative years.

For Flexies, with all their smartness, are shaped and built in Nature's way—assuring perfect ankle and instep fit. Not a wrinkle, rough seam or nail-end to mar their inside smoothness. Though the famous Flexies sole is so pliable you can bend it backward with the fingers, yet right design lets the foot rest squarely on the ground. No rocking sidewise to bow the pliant little legs in or out.

Flexies were created by baby foot specialists and are recommended by many physicians because they permit Baby's foot to develop as the Creator intended. Ask your dealer about these dainty, long-wearing little shoes and write for Flexies Twin Books.



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DEPARTMENT C-11 MILWAUKEE, WIS
Creators of Daintier Footwear for Young Feet from 1 to 21.

Send for Free Booklets "The Care of Baby's Feet"—an interesting, instructive booklet for mothers, giving the five fundamental features to look for in a children's shoe; "The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot," a fascinating fairy story for the kiddies. Both are beautifully illustrated in colors.

Simplex Flexies
KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG



A suit of SNOW WHITE FUR *you can knit from this wonderful yarn—*

IMAGINE yarn as fluffy and soft as the softest fur—yarn really *made* of the softest fur—and you have this wonderful new Furida. You can buy it in balls, just as you have always bought wool yarn. You can knit it yourself into the fluffiest, fleeciest of garments—garments for babies and for their older sisters and brothers; sweaters and costume trimmings for grown-ups as well. There are no end of delightful things this wonderful new imported yarn can make. And what colors! It comes in twenty-eight lovely pastel shades.

Furida made a sensation in Paris; in fact in all France and England. Now it has captured this country by storm. Last year New York's leading stores were featuring garments of this wonderful fleecy Furida yarn. And this year you can buy Furida at your own store, and make Furida garments in your own home.

Charming gifts for children

Furida garments make the most adorable gifts for children. Birthday gifts, Christmas gifts, gifts for any time at all. Get out your needles and have some charming little gifts all ready for the proper occasion. Furida garments require but a little time to make. The yarn is knit exactly as you knit any other wool. And it looks even prettier after it is washed.

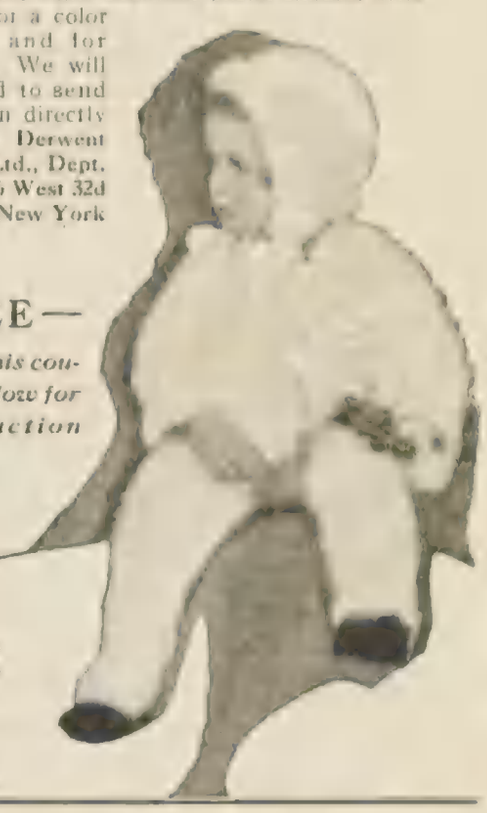
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THE IMPORTED ANGORA FUR THAT KNITS LIKE WOOL—AND WASHES PERFECTLY

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Please send me free instruction sheet for Furida Child's Outfit No. 10A.

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BIG LESSONS FROM LITTLE HOUSES

Concluded from page 85

its high rank especially because of the kitchen in its demonstration home, which approached perfection with its cross ventilation, two windows over the double-drain-board sink, ample cupboard and shelf space, and its easy chair for the mother of the family, who, in such circumstances, would have leisure to enjoy it. The Lauderdale County demonstration, under the leadership of Mrs. R. M. Jones, won distinction with the worth of its six-room demonstration home, built at a cost of only $2,600, and the unusual beauty of the planting of its grounds. As for the Selma demonstration, in which Mrs. J. E. Tate led the community effort toward better homes, it won out because of its general scope, broad enough to include a garden contest, a house and lot contest, a better baby contest, and a guessing contest for housekeepers on the cost of the furnishings of each room.

Mt. Vernon, Arkansas, and Danville, Kentucky, taught a valuable lesson to their respective communities when they proved that homes, remodeled at a very moderate cost, can possess all the Better Homes requirements of comfort, convenience and beauty. Mt. Vernon, a village with two hundred and fifty inhabitants, led all attendance records with *the one thousand one hundred and ten visitors at its demonstration*, which was put on by the Woman's Home Demonstration Club, with Miss Jennie Nolen as chairman. The Danville demonstration home, with Mrs. Allen Hieatt as chairman, won the wondering favor of the public from the fact that $1,000 covered the total cost of the three-room house, exclusive of the lot, and furnishings.

The Washington, D. C., campaign, under the leadership of Miss Edith G. Salisbury, possessed many features of unusual excellence, as, indeed, was only fitting in a demonstration fortunate enough to be within hailing distance of Dr. James Ford, the executive director of Better Homes in America, and to have his administrative assistant, Miss Julia D. Connor, upon its committee. The special feature of the Better Home in Aurora Hills which won it honorable mention was the exact budgeting of every item of its well-planned furnishing, with the careful indication of possible adjustments in price.

A community project in the truest sense was the Better Home demonstration at Bel Air, Maryland, where the campaign was held under the auspices of rural women as a county project, Miss Mary Risteau serving as chairman for Harford County, and Mrs. J. Ford Dorrence for Bel Air. Special features of the demonstration were the labor-saving equipment of its demonstration home, its girls' bedroom furnished by four home economics clubs of the county, its sick-room demonstrations, the dress-making demonstration, and the salad-and cake-making demonstration.

Last of the first honorable-mention list comes Anderson, South Carolina, where the committee, with Mrs. J. O. Saunders as chairman, built and furnished an admirable six-room home, at the cost of $5,634.53 for the house, and $1,500 for the furnishings, and auctioned it off on the closing day of Better Homes week.

THE second list of honorable mentions, which is given below, was granted to communities with or without demonstration homes on the breadth and quality of their programs:

Bessemer, Ala.
Dallas County, Ala.
Lowndesboro, Ala.
Tuscumbia, Ala.
Willcox, Ariz.
Brinkley, Ark.
Fullerton, Calif.
Upland, Calif.
Durango, Colo.
Rehoboth Beach, Del.
Crestview, Fla.
Lawrenceville, Ga.
Vidalia, Ga.
Edwardsville, Ill.
Davenport, Iowa.
Louisville, Ky.
Anne Arundel County, Md.
Caroline County, Md.
Acton, Mass.
Brimfield, Mass.
Medford, Mass.
Grass Lake, Mich.
St. Joseph, Mich.
Good Thunder and Blue Earth County, Minn.
Iron, Minn.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Saginaw, Minn.
St. Paul, Minn.
Tunica, Miss.
Huntsville, Mo.
Highstown, N. J.
Linden, N. J.
Paterson, N. J.
Albuquerque, N. M.
Binghamton, N. Y.
Earlville, N. Y.
Trumansburg, N. Y.
Marshville, N. C.
Spindale, N. C.
Minot, N. D.
Toledo, Ohio.
Corvallis, Ore.
Cottage Grove, Ore.
Darlington, S. C.
McKinney, Tex.
Garland, Utah.
Huntsville, Utah.
Chelsea, Vt.
Arlington County, Va. (including Clarendon and Lee Heights.)
Lawrenceville and Brunswick County, Va.
Lynchburg, Va.
Manassas and Prince William County, Va.
Newport News and Elizabeth City County, Va.
Vienna, Va.
Everett, Wash.
Kohler, Wis.
Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

Home's best? Yes, but the 1925 campaign for Better Homes in America proves this: There's just one thing better than a home—and that's a better home.



ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 14

"Bryne," he said—straight off in that level voice of his—"Bryne, this thing between my sister-in-law and you is off. She is not going, Bryne."

Straight off like that, just as I have written it.

Bryne—a staggering jolt for him, straight into his face as he entered the room and from a man he had not seen more than twice before in his life—Bryne said—what could he say—just "Oh!"

Sim said: "My brother Charles is dead. He shot himself."

There was a paper-knife on the table beside Bryne, a big ivory thing, and Bryne put his hand down to it and took it up, and it broke in two within the pressure of his fingers—*crack*—and he put back the pieces on the table. "My God!" he said. Then, after long pause, again: "Did he know?"

"No, he never knew."

Sim went then to go away, and Bryne stood aside, his head bowed so that his chin was on his chest. Sim stopped. Something much more than human was about that man that day. As he went past Bryne, he stopped and he said to him: "Bryne, my brother Charles was very fond of you."

I had all this, Bryne's view of it, from Bryne himself one day when we were talking of Sim. He told me that the man's pause like that and tone in which he spoke went through him like—well, his expression to me was, "I can't tell you what it was like. All I know, B. C. D., is that when he said like that, 'Bryne, my brother Charles was very fond of you,' I stammered out, 'God help me, Sim—I know he was.'"

Sim said to him: "I believe that Alice did

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not realize what she was doing. Bryne, I think that in a way you did not. Anyway, your wrong to Charles isn't done. It was put away from him and put away from you and Alice too. Good-by, Bryne." And came away.

What gave that man the look he had, the tone he spoke? What made Alice cling to him hard? What made Bryne, what later made Linda, what made Andrew——

But he came to me in my rooms that same day and I myself saw the reason.

"I have hit some trouble," he said. "A heap."

"By Jove," I said, "I am sorry to hear it, Sim— But man, you don't look like it. Man, Sim," I said, "there is a look about you as if—" and I stopped, stuck fast.

There was a light in his face.

But there was much more than that.

As he stood there, I felt that for the first time in my life I was looking upon a man who was in perfect *balance*. I mean physical balance—and holding on his face the perfect apex of it all—a steady, ready, level light, held up in perfect equipoise.

Astounded at it, I said to him: "What has happened to you, Sim? I don't mean your trouble—I mean——"

He told me that he had found something.

"But, Sim," I said, "but what the dickens is it you have found that has put this—dash it—this wonder in your face?"

He said to me: "I have found that for which men have been looking ever since the war—good God, by which, if they had found it before, there would have been no war."

And he told me what it was—his Purpose, the thing for which he had come to believe himself selected, set aside.

I was the first he ever told it to! I!

I have in his own hand the first pages of the first draft he wrote of it. And since writing it was his first intention, and since this my record is a chronology, it is best, I think, that I should insert it a little later at the point of time when it was written.

He talked to me after that about his brother. He was terribly cut up about Charles's death. I remember a thing he said, and it is a thing I think should be preserved.

"B. C. D.," he said, "one thinks of one's dead—I think of the dead, of my mother, and bitterly repine the past—the opportunities neglected, the slights, the hurts—and wish to God I had her here to live the past with her again. What happens? Now my brother dies and I cry out to him the same tempestuous regrets. But, B. C. D., I have the chance again. Not with the dead—they are gone; but with the living. One thinks of the dead; one forgets the living—that is the dreadful error that one makes. B. C. D., we can not have the dead back nor live last year again. But we have the living and we have, for their endearment, this year and all the years that start to-day."

B. C. D. in this record of his has a deal to say here of points at which Sim's life had been touched by his brothers, by Alice and by Linda. Already related, they here may be omitted. He is writing, however, at some considerable time after the events and his note of one small occurrence relating to those events may be extracted:

Reverting [he says] to the situation at Charles's Blackheath house as Sim found it, I may add here a thing touching it which was told me long afterward by Conrad Bryne. We had got somehow on to the subject of whether interest could legally be added to an ordinary debt and Bryne, telling me that he never but once had had to settle a debt and that then he added interest to it ("compound," said he, "and yet without the passing of any coin whatever"), told me that it related very closely to that unhappy time when Sim came around to see him after poor Charles's death. There was a sum of money, a big sum, due apparently to a man called Jule. "I took on the settlement of that," Bryne told me. "I wrote to this Jule and told him to come down and see me about it and I saw him and I paid him, principal *and* interest."

"But how," I asked, "without passing of coin?"

"I paid him," Bryne said, "with my own hand—in stripes."

The recollection appeared to give him uncommon satisfaction.

RESUMED, where pertinent, the record made by B. C. D. continues:

He went straight on from me to see Andrew and to see Elizabeth Glade. To these he had telephoned making appointments from Blackheath. But Elizabeth, attending Miss Andiron, had the doctor meeting a specialist for a consultation at the hour he could have got to her, and Andrew, gone with Lord Staverton to some work in Essex, was not expected back at his house till an hour or so after the time Elizabeth hoped to be free to see him. This was why he had looked in on me first and why he went on from me to Elizabeth, the news of Charles's death to be broken to Andrew after that. He had already, on the telephone, told Elizabeth, and at his arrival she opened the door with the condolences she had already given him anew on her lips. But they were not the first words she spoke. Immediately she saw him she was caught up, as I had been caught up by his appearance, and her first words (she knew, of course, much more than I had known) were: "Sim, you have found your Purpose!"

He smiled at her (I can imagine that smile). "Yes, Elizabeth."

She released herself from Miss Andiron for a snatched half-hour the following day and came to see me, to talk to me about Sim. "Balanced," I told her, relating my reaction to the astonishing look of him—"a man whose every thought and cell and fiber was perfectly in his control, perfectly adjusted." And she agreed: "Yes, yes—that is better than mine," she said. "Tuned" was the word that came to me—I somehow had the feeling of an instrument that would give the perfect note whatever chord of it was touched.

She had it even better in her next words. "In tune with the Infinite," she said.

That phrase took us immediately to the thing that had given him his look—his discovery of that for which the world has been seeking ever since the war—a positive faith that will satisfy. And when we had spoken of the wonder of that, the wonderful simplicity—"What is he going to do?" I asked her. "How is he going to set about it? I mean how is he going to——"

She gave me the right term. "To carry out his Purpose," she said.

Elizabeth then told me that his idea was to return to Old Ballards and write his message, his positive faith that would satisfy, as a book and publish it. That seemed to him, she told me, the clearest way.

B. C. D.'s record may now be set aside—Sim in his direct progress taken up again.

ANDREW, out of town, had not been told on the telephone, as had Elizabeth, of Charles's tragedy. He had been told on his return to his house of the message that Sim was coming to see him, and it was of Linda only (from Sim who had been last to see her) that he was expecting to hear. Expecting it, avidly awaiting it, Andrew had neither eyes nor ears for other things.

Sim came in to him in the study and he turned swiftly round from his desk. Now!

"Niggs, old man, how goes it?" The old greeting. "Oh, pretty good, Sim." The old response. But he had not with it the old quick flashed smile.

"Sim, I have been wanting you like hell. Tell me from the beginning——"

"Old man, I have something else to tell you first. Old Charles——" He told him.

Andrew's face did not change. If it showed anything, while he listened, it showed impatience. More as one rebuffed than as one shaken he turned away when Sim had done and, with no comment, paced the room.

He stopped suddenly in his striding and swung right around upon Sim. "Sim, tell me everything about Linda."

Standing precisely where he had swung around, making no movement, giving no sign, he listened while he was told. Sim said nothing yet of Linda's financial troubles, which in the advantage of the compassion Andrew must have for her plight he had determined sympathetically to place before him. The affair with Toridd Lesson equally he had determined was never for Andrew's hearing.

To all that he heard Andrew listened without question, without comment. He had said that to learn Sim's news he had been wanting to see him "like hell" but his manner of receiving it was that of a judge receiving from counsel the statement of a case, and when it was done it was Sim and not Andrew who spoke again.

"How is she doing, Niggs? I came away to-day before I got the report. Have you had yours?"

Andrew moved then, taking from his table that day's report and handing it to Sim. It had the phrase, "but continuing on the whole to run a normal course," and Sim caught at that and expressed his relief in it. He handed back the paper. "Poor Linda—

Continued on page 88

How to get children to eat without urging

A new food from Switzerland that brings roses to their little cheeks—

And actually whets their appetites for all other foods—



See what 3 days will do
Make this simple test

LISTLESS appetite! How common it is among children. And how dangerous!

It leaves them undernourished. Keeps their nerves awake at night. Saps their strength. Leaves them an easy prey to germs of disease.

But now you can easily correct this condition. In a short time. A cup of Ovaltine at meals and at bedtime will work wonders. For children eagerly drink it—when they won't eat other foods.

Ovaltine itself gives them vital nourishment in its proper form.

But—more important still—Ovaltine will, after a few days use, actually stimulate their appetites for other foods. It will create a *natural hunger* at meal times.

This is why:

How this new way restores appetite —brings restful sleep at night

First—Ovaltine combines in easily digested form, certain vital food-essentials in which the daily fare of so many children is lacking. *One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.*

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually *to digest 4 to 5 times its weight of other foods* which may be in the stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, it is turning itself *and all other foods* into rich, red blood.



In this way Ovaltine clears the digestive tract. It takes the burden from the stomach. For when children refuse to eat, it means their stomach has not rested from previous meals.

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Ovaltine taken at night brings children sound, restful sleep. Morning finds them fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. Ovaltine, taken daily, keeps them in the pink of condition. A tremendous aid to normal growth.

A pure delicious food— 20,000 physicians recommend it

Children *love* Ovaltine. And it is good for them any time of the day. It contains *no* drugs or chemicals. It has been in use in Switzerland for 30 years. And is now in universal use in England and her Colonies.

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Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send in the coupon with 10c in stamps.

OVALTINE



My grandchild is underweight and does not care for milk. With the Ovaltine, however, she loves it and drinks a cup for breakfast and one going to bed at night. She is five years of age. She sleeps better.

(Sgd.) Mrs. ——
Sea View, Wash.

I have now used four of your 17 oz tins and it has done wonders for my boy, now 13 years old. He has always been sickly and fussy about his food, but I am thankful he is much better and able to attend school regularly now.

(Sgd.) Mrs. ——
Rome, N. Y.



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THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 211, 37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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Today get a bottle. Pour a little O-Cedar on a soiled spot, then rub with a well moistened cloth. Off will come the soil and up will arise the original beauty of the wood. Rub then with a dry cloth for a high polish. On clean finishes, just moisten a dry cloth with O-Cedar and apply evenly after which rub dry with a fresh cloth.

Try it on your automobile. Sold everywhere with a money-back guarantee of satisfaction in five convenient sizes priced at 30c to $3. Write for valuable free leaflet of Household Hints.

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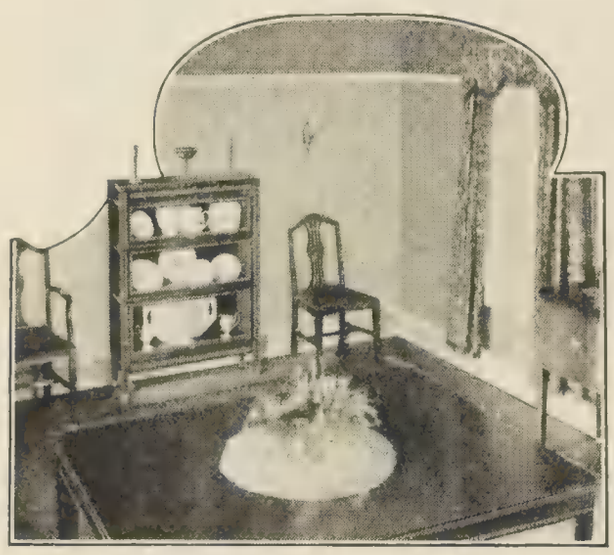
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ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 87

and Niggs, old man, poor you. This is terrible for you, Niggs."

"It is bad," Andrew said.

It was his sole contribution to the debate. He had out his car then and went down to Sussex with Sim to look upon his brother Charles, the body abandoned of its spirit.

There was an inquest, a funeral, a return, the settling by Sim of Alice's affairs, her return as a widow to her mother's house.

The churchyard of the parish in which stood the cottage of Charles's dreams lay also in a fold of the downs, and at Alice's appeal there was laid Charles. "Sim, if you had heard him talk of the fold in the downs! That is where his spirit will love to see him rest."

She put a belt of his in his coffin beside him. She brought back with her—carried in her hands, not wrapped up—a pair of new-soled, brass-spiked shoes.

"IT IS bad—" that sole pronouncement of Andrew's on the case of Linda—hung like the solemn note of a warning bell in all his further reference to her while Sim was in daily touch with him. Reports of her took first an encouraging, then, as the period of the secondary fever passed, an assured note. Days drew on toward the time, if all continued well, of her release; and Sim daily congratulated his brother. Andrew received all with the same judgelike mien that had received Sim's first account. He thought, it was perfectly clear to Sim, of nothing else but Linda—but what he thought only the reverberations of that warning, "It is bad," gave signal. Sim had misgivings, but he put them from him.

Relying on his decision that trouble for Linda might best be assuaged while compassion for her might be its counsel, he opened with Andrew the subject of her debts, representing them as the mere careless accumulation of frivolities that easily could have been settled as they arose, and encouraged by no emotion in Andrew other than the impassive attitude of all these days, proceeded to lay bare in total the figure at which they stood.

"Of course," he said, reaching this point, "it has mounted to a goodish lump, running on in that light-hearted, irresponsible way of hers. You won't mind that, Niggs?"

"I absolutely do not mind," Andrew said.

"Good old Niggs—I knew you would not. It goes up on the three-figure notch—the thousands."

"I absolutely do not mind."

"Eight."

"I absolutely do not mind." But he added this time other words. "It will be merely the closing of an account. When she returns, there will be no more of that."

Sim cried: "I am sure there won't."

Andrew said: "She will be different."

The voice was the solemn warning of that warning bell again.

"A FAITH that would satisfy."

Sim had found it—it had been revealed to him. And his Purpose, disclosed to him at last, was (he knew instinctively and with no shade of doubt) to reveal it to his fellows. This was that for which, while in the world-war millions fell, he, in the heart of it, had been spared; this was that toward which ever since the war, insensibly but surely, he had been advancing. Clearly he could see as he looked back how sure, and yet how unknown to himself, had been his preparation.

Plain as a mountain path, ascended and looked back upon, he saw the way that he had come. Clear as the prospect set before the climber who has gained at last the summit, he saw the truth to which at last he had been brought.

He was writing it.

Back at Old Ballard's, settled down to the delivery of that faith to the world, it was strange to him how, as eagerly he proceeded, constantly there would come between his knowledge and the words in which he sought to put it that warning sound of Andrew's words of Linda: "It is bad"—"She will be different."

News came from her and his troubled thoughts increased. The day of her discharge from the hospital arrived and on its morning he arose to go, though in her letter she had not invited him, to bring her away and, if she should wish, to take her up to Andrew. But he did not go. When he came downstairs there was a letter from her written from Mayfair Street, asking his forgiveness for the small trick she had played upon him. "I told you the wrong day because I knew that you would wish to come to me and after all I have been through I somehow could not bear to see you straight at the door as I came out." She said no word of how she was or felt; no word of pleasure at being home again; no word of Andrew. She ended simply with: "Do not come up just yet, Sim. I do not feel very much like seeing any one just yet. I will write to you."

She did not write.

AND now, curiously, Sim began to have the feeling that, ardently though his knowledge tingled and uplifted him, it was not in this written form that he was called to present it. He was disturbed.

Instead of writing onward, he read back, weighing what he had written, searching for the flaw. He could find no flaw. He had written out of his heart.

But the doubt grew.

He was sitting one day pondering it, his mind between it and between his troubled thoughts of Linda, when there happened that which was to be the lamp to show his doubt in actual form, the light by which he should have grace and courage to resolve it. He had not an idea when it happened that out of it clarity of that kind was to come. What happened was that, sitting before his table deep in thought, he looked up at a sound and saw Linda.

"Sim!"

"Linda!"

She wore a heavy veil—he could not see her face. But she was utterly and dreadfully different. He had known her figure, shaped like a lovely fairy, plumed like a lovely bird; he saw her now in shapeless black. He had heard her voice, piped with the pipes of laughter, tuned with the fork of glee; he heard her now in tones thin, lifeless, having a dry, metallic sound.

"Am I changed, Sim?"

She had been telling him that she was going by road (through the window he could see Andrew's big touring-car outside) to stay with a married sister down in Somerset; she could stay here for ten minutes only, else darkness would have fallen before she made her point. Now she seemed come to end of that, and he, recovering a little from his first shock and grief at what he saw, had said: "But Linda, Linda, before all this there is such heaps I want to hear. This is the first time I have seen you——"

"Am I changed, Sim?"

He tried for the old gay way between them. "Why, not in asking impossibilities, anyway. How on earth can I tell if you are changed? Veiled, muffled, you don't let me see a thing of you and then you ask me——"

She put her hands to her veil and raised it. "Look, Sim," she said—nothing more.

He could have caught his breath, but he repressed himself. But what his eyes told he could not disguise. He was shocked utterly, and he knew that she knew that he was shocked. His heart, as with sudden rush of blood, filled up and felt to burst with pity and with love for her, and he knew that she knew that his heart was filled.

"Oh, my poor Linda!" he said and opened his arms toward her.

She ran into his arms and threw her own about him, and he held her strongly, strongly to him and she sobbed and sobbed.

She was telling him presently all that within the sounding of that warning bell he had felt, all that when she removed her veil and then lay sobbing, clinging, in his arms he had known. "Andrew," was what she told him. It was the first word of her disclosure. It was the only word she need have said if he had needed confirmation of his fears. It is the only word that needs here to be written to publish all she told.

"Andrew——"

She was gone presently. Nothing would prevail on her to stay.

"It is bad—" Andrew had not meant, pityingly, that her plight was bad—it was

the prospect on which he looked that he meant was bad: prospect of revulsion of those senses which had been ravished by her as she used to be. "She will be different—" he had not meant, pityingly, that by suffering her nature would be different now—it was her lovely self which, ravished, he had decked and cherished, that he meant would be different and that he dreaded now to see.

HE TURNED to his writing. He found in it in the days that followed increasing doubts. Was it in this form as he was writing it that he was called upon to present his conviction? What other way, he began to ask himself, could be? By telling it?

Involuntarily he made a strongly negative motion of his head. Not even remotely visioning it as a telling by public preaching, but solely by moving about among and telling to his friends, it was an alternative to writing from which he shrank utterly and with every fiber of his mentality. Why, so utterly he shrank from dealing outwardly with things religious that the very book when it was written he proposed to publish anonymously.

On a day of these new doubts and surmises a voice behind him broke in on him: "Is there an answer, sir?"

He knew the voice for Margaret Yeoman's. He laughed a little ruefully and said: "Why, that is just what I would like to know, Margaret. What is it, a note?" and turned toward her.

"A telegram, sir."

He took it. It was signed "Doctor in attendance." It read: "*Mrs. Andrew Paris lies very gravely ill and is asking for you. Hasten.*"

"Hasten!" O sinister and portentous word!

Through the interminable hours of the long cross-country railway travel to where she lay, "Hasten" in regular and sonorous beat, like solemn tolling of a funeral bell, smote on his mind.

Strange how the sound as of a bell persistently had imaged in his thoughts since last he was in the train, bound then to settle down to accomplishment of his Purpose by writing it as it had come to him. "It is bad"— "She will be different." A bell-buoy swinging as in muffled warning with the tides had overhung his work with fogging doubts. "Hasten!" A church-bell tolling on the note of doom now caused it to be laid aside and took him from it. Strange? There grew upon him, as his journey crawled, the conviction that it was much more than strange—it was significant. Here in the message that he had to tell, but had not told, was that which if Linda, "gravely ill," lay dying, would have been arms about her in the valley of the shadow she must face; here, had Andrew known it, was that which would have opened in him other vision than those cold disfavored eyes which he had set upon her in the pitiable days which she had lived with him. "Hasten!" He might have told. He had shrunk from telling.

IT WAS night, after ten o'clock, when at last he came to her. He had been surprized at the signature of the telegram that had come to him. "Doctor in attendance—" curious that the married sister with whom she was had not sent the message. He found it explained when he arrived. She was not with a married sister nor with any relative. The hiding-place to which she fled was the home of an old nurse of her family's who, as he now was told by the woman, had helped bring her into the world, conducted her childhood, seen her married, now— The woman wiped her eyes. Yes, the doctor was here, had just come down, was in the sitting-room.

"I will tell you this," the doctor said. He was a very big man, clean-shaven, his hair perfectly white, but his face unlined. He held Sim's hand for some moments when he first took it and he spoke throughout as if he were a very old, much concerned friend. "I will tell you this, that when you ask me what is wrong I would tell you, if she were a normal case, that there is very little wrong. She is very far from normal."

"I know that," Sim said. "You know all that she has been through?"

"I know what her body has been through, not her mind."

Sim looked at him: "Terrible things."

The doctor nodded gravely. "It is clear—and because of them she is—" he seemed to pause for a deliberate word and then to find it—"foundering."

Sim said: "Sinking? Do you mean dying?"

The doctor put out a hand and made a slow downward motion with it. "I mean just slipping away—steadily. Except in a consumptive decline, I have never seen the like of it. She took to her bed, they tell me, directly she got here and old Mrs. King—a good body—at last called me in. She had contracted a chill—severe, yes, but to be thrown off in any normal case. She simply has been unable to throw it off. Her power of resistance is gone. She has come to the end."

"Do you tell me," Sim began, and to steady his voice had need to stop. He had a vision of her—utterly lost, nothing for which to live—that shook the words that he would utter. "Do you tell me that she is dying?"

"It was necessary to tell you to hasten."

"Mrs. King tells me my brother, her husband, is arriving by the midnight train. If she is so ill—dying——"

"It was impossible to learn from her before the address of any friends. She would send for no one."

Again, more poignantly yet, he had that vision of her, all lost, desirous only to hide away. "Does she know how ill she is?"

"It was necessary, to get the addresses, to tell her."

Sim had not removed the overcoat in which he had arrived. He took it off.

"I will go to her," he said. "Will you tell me how long you give——"

"I asked myself how long before I sent that telegram," the doctor said, "and then I added 'hasten' to it— She is at the end."

Sim went slowly to the door.

"I shall not come again to-night," the doctor said. "The telephone is by my bed and I am within ten minutes. Early to-morrow morning—" He took Sim's hand and held it.

"You had a consultation here this afternoon, Mrs. King tells me," Sim said. "If there is anything that can be done?"

"I think nothing—but hope. It is not a case for skill."

"What hope, then?"

The doctor regarded him meaningly. "You know more than I do, her husband perhaps more than you, of what her trouble has been." He made again that slow descending motion with his hand. This time he passed his other hand beneath it, checking its descent. "If it should be in your power, in your brother's power, to interpose—what shall I call it—rescue, relief, as I interpose this hand beneath my sinking hand, I would call that hope."

"I will go to her," Sim said.

She was lying in abandonment, utter, profound, retaining scarcely breath itself. A nurse stood by her looking down upon her.

Sim, noiselessly entering through the open door, went forward. The nurse, absorbed, did not hear him. He stopped and stood there. Outside this shadowed room was there a world that teemed and trafficked, warred, feasted, bartered, joyed? It could not be believed. There was; and she had known and loved and led that world and now lay here in utter weariness upon the bed, one that the noisy world had used and crushed and done with and now had flung here, very

Continued on page 90

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT READS HUTCHINSON

Miss Ellen F. Pendleton, President of Wellesley College, found time during the crowded days of Wellesley's recent celebration of its fiftieth anniversary to read in manuscript A. S. M. Hutchinson's DELINEATOR *serial, "One Increasing Purpose."*

She writes about it: "In 'One Increasing Purpose' Mr. Hutchinson has presented convincingly the development of character and purpose of an ex-service man. The affection of his brothers for Simon Paris, the hero, and the confidence as well as affection which he inspires in his two radically different sisters-in-law are strong elements in developing in the reader a belief in the genuineness of his purpose. His sacrifice to carry out this purpose when he is sure that it is 'of God' shows his own sincerity."

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ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Continued from page 89

tired. Lines came to him that B. C. D. had told him—

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew:
In silence her soul reposes. . . .

Her mirth the world required,
She bathed it in smiles of glee;
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let me be.

Could he speak? His throat felt filled.

He went forward and came within the lamplight before the nurse, the bed between them. The nurse looked up and faintly smiled.

He whispered: "Asleep?"

"I think not. She never really sleeps."

"Shall I speak to her?"

The nurse stooped down. "Some one has come to see you."

There was a sigh, scarcely to be heard.

Sim said: "Linda, I have come to see you—Sim. Here is old Sim, Linda."

Again the sigh.

Sim went on one knee. The nurse said: "Perhaps you would like to—" and made motion of going, and Sim nodded, and she said, "You have only to call," and was gone.

"Darling old girl, here is old Sim again."

Her eyelids very slowly lifted and she looked at him and wearily they fell again.

"We seem to be always meeting in some new place. We can't keep apart, can we?"

She murmured: "Little Sim boy."

He turned his head to wipe his eyes.

"Talk to me, Sim."

"I have come down to find out why it is you have popped off to bed again. I'm going to have you out and make you well again."

"I am so tired."

"Darling Linda, I know you are. I think I will not talk—just sit and play at holding hands."

"Talk to me, Sim."

He was there for what seemed to him a very long time, talking very softly in sentences beginning, "Do you remember?" that called up jolly times that they had had together. He could think of no other subject. He wanted very much to tell her that Andrew soon would come. He feared to mention Andrew, and did not. He wanted desperately to speak to her some sacred comfort—all that he might have told her when she came to see him and had not—and knew, and bitterly reproached himself, that he had left that too late, and did not.

She lay, eyes closed, responding nothing. Suddenly she opened her eyes wide.

"Sim!"

"Yes, Linda?"

"Tell me some good stuff, Sim."

"Linda—good stuff?"

Her eyes were drooping down again. "Sim, tell me some good stuff."

Good stuff! His heart was rent. It was the very phrase—airy, irreverent—that in her lovely gay and thoughtless days she would have used for what, when she repeated it, he knew at once she meant. Good stuff—he could have told it her abundantly and, lacking courage, had denied it her; and now with what perhaps should be her closing breath she sought it of him.

"Sim, tell me some good stuff."

What could he tell her now? "Darling Linda, a prayer?"

"Sim . . . Sim."

He said, "Listen, then, darling Linda:

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide."

She sighed.

"Listen then, darling Linda:

"When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me."

Her murmur came: "Hand, Sim."

He took a hand of hers in both of his.

"Hold Thou Thy cross . . . "

His voice shook. He was forced to stop.

"Hand, Sim, hand."

"Darling, I am holding your hand—Sim has your hand. Listen, Linda darling:

"Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies. . . . "

She sighed.

He could not go on. He tried to summon his voice and he began again, "Hold Thou Thy cross . . . " and could not, and at some sound across the room looked up and at the door saw Andrew standing there.

ANDREW put a finger to his lips, and mutely in bitter pain, in bitter grief, the brothers looked one on the other.

There were sounds then upon the stairs and in a moment the nurse came, a cup in hand, toward the bed. Andrew beckoned then to Sim and Sim got up and went to him. Across the passage a door stood open. They went in there and Andrew closed the door.

"Sim, can't you kill me?"

As one that casts away his coat to save a drowning man, Sim cast away his grief to save this brother. He was seen of Andrew then as B. C. D., as Elizabeth had seen him—balanced, a light held up in perfect equipoise upon his face; he was felt, his hands on Andrew's arms, steadying him; he was heard, "Niggs, Niggs, old man!"

"Sim, can't you kill me?"

"Niggs, old man, play the man."

"Sim, I have played the blackest hell. This is my judgment. Sim, will she die?"

"It stands with God, old man."

His brother said between his teeth: "If then God punishes—do you know how I have treated her?"

"I know a bit. Niggs, why did you not come to her while you stood there?"

"How could I dare? Sim, you say you know a bit. Before God, I never thought of death. Before God, now I see death coming to her to take her—I shall kill myself, Sim. I can not live without her."

"How long were you there, Niggs?"

"When she said, 'Tell me some good stuff.' "

He put his hands before his eyes and pressed them there. He cast them down and cried, "Sim, you told her good stuff. Sim, you can pray. For God's sake, pray, Sim."

"Niggs, I am praying."

"Sim, can prayer bring miracles? Pray for a miracle, Sim. Sim, pray—pray Christ to come into that room——"

Sim said: "Niggs, Christ will. Listen to me, Niggs, old man. Love casteth out death. Go in and cast out death with love. You ask for Christ. Niggs, Christ goes in with you when you go in. He does. Christ is in you, Niggs—Niggs, in *you*. Listen, the other day this happened to me. Into my soul the knowledge was given to me that Christ——"

Not as in haste, in stumbling words, he told it then; but as the first pages of his written draft unfold it, the subject of his Purpose now may stand:

THIS is the religious satisfaction that I have found, satisfaction of that hunger for a positive faith that will satisfy which is in all men everywhere to-day, and this is how, suddenly, mysteriously, and at a moment when I was not thinking of such things, it came to me.

I was walking in a wood near my cottage along a grassy drive which since the first day I happened upon it I had always called my mother's walk because it recalled exactly the place in which we walked together one very early Spring and in which she took off her gloves and felt the lovely softness of the first tiny leaves and buds as I found them for her. She and I never forgot that walk and for years after would speak of it, and when I found this place so very like it I named it at once hers, and always when I entered it had the strong feeling, the knowledge, that she was entered with me. So, on this day, it is to be granted that I was attuned to communion with sacred things, because when my mother (in spirit) is with me I know that the spiritual side of me is quick within me, lively and living, and my material side in abeyance, out of action, temporarily dead.

Well, then, I had been thinking of her, but in the moment I now come to I was not actively thinking of her—I was not consciously thinking of anything—my mind was empty—and suddenly in my mind was this extraordinary sentence, these four most strange and most incongruous words, one word and three words so entirely apart that of my own volition never possibly could I have joined them in the same breath. This was the sentence, these the words:

CHRIST THE COMMON DENOMINATOR

Are they meaningless to you? I am sure that if they had come to me normally, if they had been told me by some friend, if I had seen them written on some paper, meaningless they would have been to me. But they did not come normally, they came abnormally. They were told me by no audible voice, they were not seen by me with my eyes. My mind was empty and they suddenly were in my mind; and I suppose it was that, arriving mysteriously in me like that, there arrived with them their interpretation. For between receiving them and understanding what they meant there was no interval. Like a blow, causing me to stop and start, the sentence was into me; and with a rush, causing me, I believe, to take a staggered sideways step or two, tumultuously the meaning was streaming through me and I was overwhelmed and I had to go quickly to a grassy bank just there and sit down to receive it all, which I did with a sense of an extraordinary exhilaration.

Christ the Common Denominator—this is the interpretation—simply, that Jesus Christ, Son of Man and Son of God, is the common denominator, the common principle of every human being—that He is the element which is common to us all. The interpretation is, simply, that just as He once was on earth among men, so He ever since has been and is to-day resident among men, resident in every man—in you, in me, in all. He once, when among men, was visible to them. He is as visible to-day. Every smile, every kind action, every kind thought, seen or felt in those about us, those with whom we live, those whom we only pass and see, is, simply, the Christ who is in them appearing in them.

Christ the Common Denominator—it means that the more there is of love (which is Christ) and the more there is of affinity of spirit (which is the spirit of Christ common to us all) between two persons the greater by that unity becomes that spirit of Christ which is in them both. It means that the love (the affinity of spirit which we call love) between brother and sister, between husband and wife, between parent and child, between lover and lover, between friend and friend, is the increase, by conjunction, of that Common Denominator which is in us all—is the increase, by conjunction, of Christ who dwells in each of us.

It means much more than that. It means that Christ is in each one of us and that by looking for and calling up the Christ in our every neighbor, and by in so doing enlarging the Christ in ourself, it is in the power of each one of us to raise Christ from the dead—*again*. And more than that it means. Christ the Common Denominator—it means that when we all, always, look first and before anything else for the Christ in our neighbor, in our every fellow man, as now we look for (and find it) in those we love, and by looking for it thereby enlarge the Christ who is in ourself—why, it means that when we all, always, do that, such by multiplication will be the increase of Christ among mankind that *the Second Coming will have happened*.

"NIGGS,"—he is telling it now to his brother Andrew, in the little room near Linda's bedchamber—"Niggs, this is not the kind of thing that you and I have ever spoken of and the last thing that any man like you or I ever would. But Niggs, Niggs, old man, this is not—not what you and I would call 'preaching' that I am trying to tell you. Niggs, this is the tremendous and wonderful Purpose behind the scheme of things that I have got hold of—that by a kind of miracle, just as I have told you, has been put into my mind.

"And, Niggs, Niggs,"—his face is a cloudy red, he is stammering; between his nervous diffidence and his most urgent ardor scarcely at moments can he make his words—"And Niggs, old man, what I am telling you is that Christ is here in real and actual presence in each separate and individual one of us. In you, Niggs; Christ His living actual self in you. Niggs, get *that*, old man, and think the power and wonder of it, and call Him up in you and realize and *have* the wonder and the power. And He is in every man and woman whom you meet or see; each time you pass a fellow human being, Niggs, you are passing Christ. Niggs, get *that;* see Christ in every face; and out of every face with which you stop to speak call Him to arise to greet you and to love and help you, Niggs.

"Niggs,"—his words now hesitate, now

Concluded on page 93

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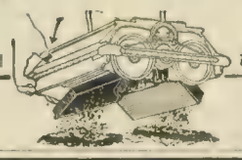
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ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

Concluded from page 90

rush, now tumble—"Niggs, all the old familiar Bible phrases that to so many seem meaningless just mean all this that I am trying to tell you. 'God sent His only begotten son into the world to save mankind.' Niggs, it was for the increase of the divine purpose that it was done. What else, Niggs, but that terrible and supreme event could have attracted the mind of the world to the purpose of God? It was done for the divine increasing purpose *and it succeeded*, Niggs. It succeeded—that is the proof of it. Christ died and the world from that day forward, nearly two thousand years to this day now, knew that God's purpose was and is, 'Christ rose again from the dead and ascended into heaven'; Niggs, it was into man, into the hearts of men—Niggs, into your heart and to mine—that He ascended. Niggs, it was the increase by that supreme advance of the great Purpose that goes advancing ever on and stands to-day with Christ Himself in every man and every woman waiting to be raised again from those dead among us, from those in whom He lives entombed just as in His sepulcher He lay entombed, just as——

"Niggs,"—and that light within his eyes dispels the cloudy redness of his face, levels his voice, commands his words—"Niggs, when I say 'just as' I mean because all to-day is just as all was then. We wish we had the chance of those to whom Christ came, but, Niggs, we *have*. By that increase of the purpose when He died for us, and dying came into us, He is even more among us now than before He was among us; and daily, hourly with each base thought, with each mean act, with every selfish thought, anew He suffers crucifixion at our hands. Niggs, in shocked memory live forever those who mocked the crown of thorns upon His head, who tormented His thirst, who drove the spear into His side; and hourly ourselves we mock, torture, drive the spear anew. Niggs, Christ the Common Denominator, the spirit common in us all, placed there two thousand years ago to advance the great purpose that, Niggs, goes swelling ever on until we raise Him from ourselves, the dead, and the great Purpose is at last fulfilled, His kingdom established here on earth."

HE IS finished—and, as he sees his spoken words, effects, his story here is finished. As Andrew takes his hands and says, "Sim, Sim!" and goes to Linda, his Purpose he knows then is to go out to the world as he had just gone out to Andrew—

> That to the height of his great argument
> He may assert eternal providence
> And justify the ways of God to man.

He is finished, and here upon that great resolve of his runs out his story.

Andrew who had not dared to go to Linda goes in—and strong in love which casteth out death, and strong in knowledge, Christ in himself and Christ in all, casts himself on his knees by her bed and calls "Linda!"

And she, like as the maid to whom, asleep, was called, "Arise!" in wonder murmurs to him, "Andrew!"

He cries, "My Linda, my beautiful!"

"Andrew!"

He puts an arm beneath the pillow and lifts her to him and holds her to his breast. "Stay with me, Linda—Linda, my own, my beautiful, my loveliest of all, stay with me, stay with me, ever and ever and ever, my darling dear, my lovely and beloved dear!"

"Andrew, Andrew!"

The doctor sees her in the morning and finds her sleeping, her hands in her husband's hands—he sees her in the afternoon, awake, her hands both in her husband's hand, his cheek against her own—and he comes down to Sim and has a laugh and makes again that sinking motion with one hand arrested by the other and laughs again: "Well, that's been found," he says.

Sim says, "And I have found as well—" and in a few days has left them.

He makes his plans. He will travel the country, telling his gospel as he goes. And travel how? Riding abroad on Ethelred debating ways and means, he comes upon the caravan of B. C. D. still standing where once he abandoned it. It is the very thing—and B. C. D. declares it is indeed, and has it out and it is painted and equipped, and Andrew gives a horse suited to slow and heavy work like this, and all is ready for the task for which he longs and which he—dreads.

Dreading it, shrinking in all his flesh from facing men and women in a capacity so utterly estranged from all his habitual way of life, he will start, he determines, by night. A market town, and market day, is chosen by him for his opening. He dare not travel in conspicuously by day—morning shall find him planted there.

Elizabeth comes down to speed him on—and between him and Elizabeth has happened that which, greeting him immediately on his return from Linda and his return to put his new-found resolution into being, struck at that resolution with a wound that caused him literally to stand for support against his room wall, hands to his head. Miss Andiron was dead. "Dead," wrote Elizabeth. "I now am free"

"And I am bound," he groaned within himself. "Ah, at the very moment of my knowledge of what I am to do, for this to come at me!"

She was telling him, as on the night of his departure she walked with him beside the horse to the foot of the hill where it was arranged she should leave him, that which when first he went to her she had told him.

"Sim, once again it is just the choice—what we would do, what we know we should do—what self desires, what selflessness demands. Sim, there is only one thing in life that does not matter, and that is self—only one real freedom in life, and that is freedom from self—only one real happiness, the happiness that comes from others' happiness. Twice we have proved it. Now comes the third and best time, Sim."

He had questioned, "The best?"

She was telling him now again why best. "Sim, just a year. Before when there stood between us what we knew was right, it seemed for all time, never to end. Only a year now, Sim. Go, unfettered, with no thoughts except thought of your Purpose, just for one year. You will know then what you have done and you will see then how best to go on doing it; if in the same way and alone—why, happy you will be it was the way you chose; if, with so much then done and learned, all that remains can more easily be done with me to help, why, then——"

He has held her in his arms: "Elizabeth, Elizabeth!"—"Sim, Sim!"

He is climbing the hill, the tail-lamp of the caravan receding steadily, steadily from her as she watches it.

She gives it all her eyes, as all her heart, and sees it fade, fade fade, from smallest point of light to point that now she thinks while she draws breath again must go. Not to be witness of that point of sudden vanishing she closes her eyes—then in a little while opens them again. It has not gone. It hangs above the hilltop, sole point of light upon a dark and starless night. "Sim!" she breathes to it. Then, as unchanging it hangs there and seems to give a light beyond itself, she knows and understands.

It is a star come out.

POSTSCRIPT

ON A DAY of a time a little later Miss Marr, regarding Lardy Quinnet, was caused by what she saw to have a little tinge of color come into her pale cheeks. In a voice very unusual to her, soft, warmly pleased: "Lardy," she said, "Lardy, you are wearing one of Sim Paris's ribbons."

"I am," said Lardy, "and shall. I went to hear him last night. He'd got his caravan on Clapham Common. The Man with the Lamp they call him—and talk about crowds! There must have been hundreds who couldn't have got near enough to hear. I heard. And when he came at the end to handing out those ribbons I took one and stuffed it in right there. You know what it means—it means just 'I went to the church with my mother as a kid—I shall be buried by the church—in between I am dashed if I scoff at the church. I may not be this, that or the other, but I am dashed if I am ashamed to own up to the faith I was born in and look to die in. This shows I'm not ashamed of doing that.'

"Well," continued Lardy, "I am dashed if I am ashamed Wherefore—" and he waved his fingers at his ribbon.

THE END

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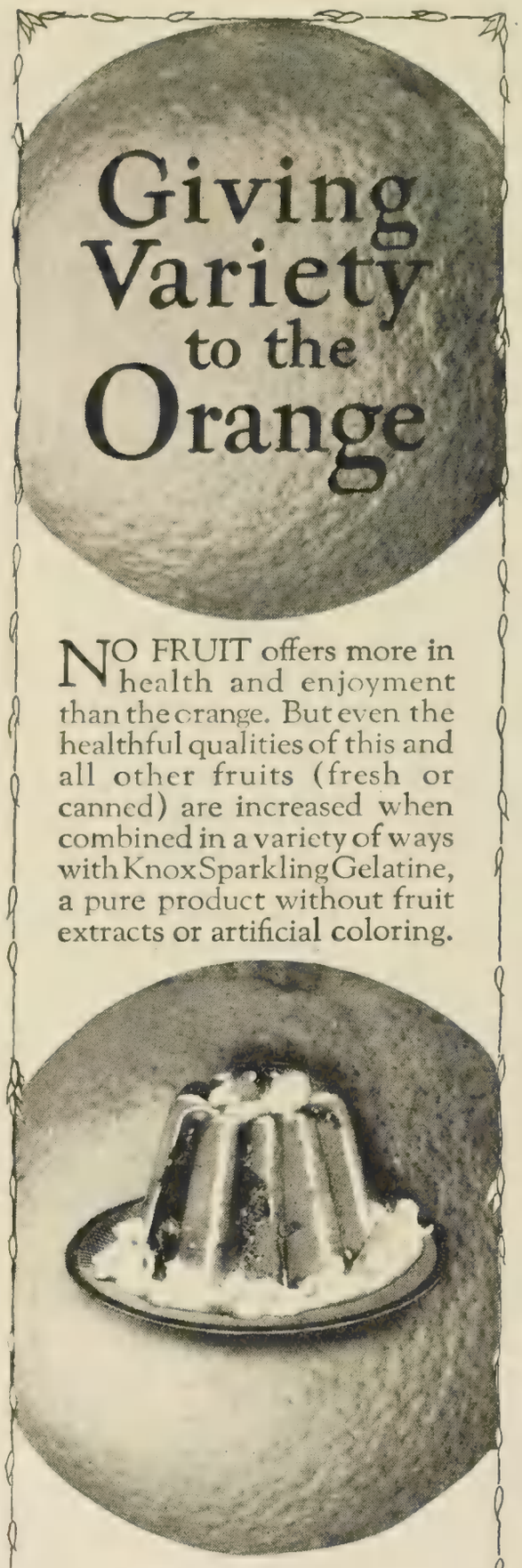


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THANK YOU POCAHONTAS

Continued from page 6

asked Lady Delaware. "He hath told me that all was made clear in that."

"Yes, yes! I have read it. He tells me of his most precious life having been saved by this Pocahontas and, with much verbiage, explained that she beguiled her kingly father to feed our poor settlers in Jamestown rather than to kill them. But doth that mean I must kiss the hand of this aborigine?"

Lady Delaware smiled. "Pocahontas's father, King Powhatan, bade her see the queen and king of our great land that he might judge by their treatment of his daughter how they wished him to treat the English in the Jamestown settlement."

"Ah!" the queen nodded thoughtfully. "Methinks I understand now what the pother is about! And Captain Smith! Why hath he come and not the consort, Rolfe?"

"Master Rolfe is ill of a fever, your Majesty. Captain Smith, who hath a fatherly interest in the princess, volunteered his services."

"Get to the point, my Lady Delaware!" ejaculated the queen.

Lady Delaware shook her head. "I know not the point. I know that he wishes, above all things, to plant colonies on that shore north of the Virginia lands, which he hath called New England, and which he saith the Spanish will also have before another year is out. I know that he hath run through his own small fortune in his endeavor to save the north coast of the New World for your Majesties. But what he hopes to gain by this visit I know not."

"Let them be brought hither," said Queen Anne, "and let Buckingham cease dancing attendance on that pretty wench in blue and come hither while I bespeak him concerning a matter."

THE young Duke of Buckingham (whose extraordinary beauty as mere George Villiers had made him first the king's favorite, then the king's adviser) dropped to one knee and kissed the queen's hand. She looked at him with an expression at once fond and quizzical.

"My good dog, Buckingham," she said, "wilt have an eye as usual to his Majesty's manners at the levee to-morrow?"

"As always, your Majesty," replied the duke, with a smile that showed his fine teeth. "'Tis well the Prince of Wales hath taken his manners from his royal mother."

The quizzical look in the queen's brown eyes deepened as she smiled at this handsome man. "Dost need to flatter me, good George? I am thy true friend, without fawning." Then with sudden hardening of her voice, "This Argonaut from Spain—is he, to-night, attending on the king?"

"Yes, your Majesty, he sits beside the royal bed, not unedified, methinks, when his Majesty speaks."

"'Tis likely; but all his interest, ne'ertheless, is in my baby Charles. Buckingham, Charles is but sixteen! I will not have him bound to the Infanta Maria. He shall marry a blue-eyed, yellow-haired, English-speaking maid who will help him to understand his England as the good James doth not."

"Methinks his Majesty hath gone too far in this matter," said the duke. "He hath asked Spain to sanction the betrothal."

The queen's face, peculiarly mobile in speaking, turned to stone. She stared at James's favorite with eyes in which burned bitter anger. "That shall not be!" she exclaimed in a low voice. "Rather had I see Charles wedded to a blackamoor, or to that Indian princess coming yonder through the doors."

Buckingham followed the queen's gaze. Pocahontas stood in the distant door of the great banqueting room, Captain Smith and Lady Delaware behind her. The Virginian stared with interest at the gay scene. The three huge crosses on the ceiling, the Christmas greens and the wassail bowls marked the Twelfth-night season. The brilliant costumes, the music of hautboy and viol, the laughter, the twinkle of a thousand unshaded candles, the dancing, confused the Virginian, many as were the festivities she had attended in England. For a moment she wondered which of the dancers might be the queen. Then her sweeping gaze fell upon the velvet-hung dais at the distant end of the room.

Pocahontas drew a deep breath. She had been told many times that Queen Anne hated injustice. Surely, Pocahontas told herself for the twentieth time that day, the queen would listen to her appeal.

"Way for the Princess Pocahontas! Way!"

The dancing suddenly ceased and down a lane of bowing folk in satins, velvets, jewels that blazed like forest fires, the Virginian approached the dais and kissed the hand of England's queen.

"Nay! They tell me thou art of royal blood!" smiled Anne, scanning the young princess's tragic face with softening eyes. "Must not kneel to me. Stand here beside me and let us hear together the petition of the adventurer who towers behind thee."

She extended her hand to John, who knelt and pressed his lips upon it.

"I have read your letter, Captain Smith," the queen went on. "Is your tongue perchance as long as your pen?"

"Had I done justice to my subject, your Majesty," replied John, with a smiling glance at Pocahontas, "my letter had been as long and as pretty as one of Ben Jonson's plays."

The queen laughed and turned to Pocahontas. "The king, your royal father, rules what nations, princess?"

"Powhatan rules over seven great tribes of the Algonquin peoples, your Majesty," replied Pocahontas, "who are scattered over a territory methinks must be wider in extent than your gracious land of England."

"Indeed! I knew not that!" ejaculated the queen. "He lives in royal state, then, as becomes his great station."

"He hath great power," replied Pocahontas simply, "but not great state. His people are without the arts of the whites. And yet, they hold him in great awe. He dwells in a wide forest, beside rushing waters, with pleasant sights and smells and sounds forever in his senses. Yet his rule is the rule of blood. I like it not."

"You like it not!" cried the queen, her attention called at once, as Lady Delaware had guessed it would be.

Pocahontas smiled. "I was to learn, while young and soft, of better ways. When I was twelve and Captain Smith was brought prisoner to our court, methought he must be a visitor from another world, a better world. And when, after many days, I clasped his head in my arms to save him from Powhatan's executioners, I told myself, child though I was, that always would I stand between him and his people and my father."

"A noble resolve! Why didst make it, Princess Pocahontas?" pursued the queen.

"Because I loved him," answered the Virginian with her wistful smile.

"As a daughter should love her father, your Majesty," interrupted the captain hastily.

"You speak needlessly, my good adventurer," said the queen impatiently. "Must you apologize for a thing as sweetly refreshing as this?"

Smith bowed his head and the queen returned to Pocahontas. The dancing had begun again, but to the absorbed group on the dais its sounds were vague as though in the forests of Virginia they heard the crash of distant waters.

"And so," said the queen at last, "you married one of Captain Smith's people. Mayhap 'twas to save that little colony from thy father's bloody rule?"

"Mayhap it was, your Majesty," agreed Pocahontas. "Thus I held the little town safe for him after they told me he was dead. And I thought, in heaven he will see how Pocahontas hath kept her vow."

JOHN moved uneasily. The queen gave him an impatient glance. "Though 'tis an old tale to you, good captain, 'tis new to us. Hold! Why should you not present your petition now, then leave the princess to talk alone with me?"

"I had heard, your Majesty," said John obediently, "that it was owing to your kindness that Sir Walter Raleigh was last year released from the Tower and set to fitting a vessel to seek gold on the Orinoco. I have not been in the Tower, most gracious queen, nor do I know where to find gold for the privy purse. It is not gold which England needs. Pirate ships will not bring back the glory of Elizabeth's reign to these ribald days."

Queen Anne's brows were all but touching the jeweled pendant on her forehead. "You speak boldly, sirrah, and"—somewhat contemptuously—"I like it little."

John Smith's straight gaze into the queen's cold eyes did not waver. "I crave your pardon, most gracious queen," he said.

Anne suddenly smiled. "Say on, good captain, and say truth."

Smith squared his broad shoulders. "Our much-loved country is, after all, a tiny island and must hold its own against nations twice and thrice its size. We need more land, your Majesty, to breed more men. And not soft lands where men rot like Summer fruits, but hardy lands where the seasons force men to action and reward that action with health and plenty. All the gold of the Spanish Main will not preserve England's strength. Her strength lies in the hearts and sinews of her young men—and her men, your Majesty, have grown rotten with idleness."

The Duke of Buckingham smiled sardonically. John caught the smile and a look of fury turned his eyes to steel.

"Yes, rotten with idleness, I say!"

The queen, who had seen the glance exchanged by the two young men, smiled shrewdly. "An' how would you entice such young men into such a life, my worthy captain? An' how would they save themselves from starvation?"

Smith's smile was as shrewd as Queen Anne's. "The old spirit lives, though beclouded by wine and women, your most gracious Majesty. Outfit ships and men will fill them."

"And thy petition is what?" asked the queen. "That I catch me nets full of young men, drop them aboard ships and set them ashore in your New England for the Indians to eat?"

"Nay!" exclaimed Pocahontas. "The Indians will not molest these men if they give the Indians just treatment!"

Queen Anne made an impatient gesture. "And think you that such men as Captain Smith describes can be just to any creatures? Know I not that he speaks truth? God help me, I am the mother of sons myself!" Her chin cupped within her hand, Queen Anne gazed for a moment sadly into space.

"You wrote," added the queen at last, "that Spain hath design on the north coast. I had thought she was to be satisfied with the south. She likes not bitter weather."

"Spain desires the north passage to China, and will hold all coasts that lead to it," declared John Smith.

"Hast heard of this, Buckingham?" asked the queen of the royal favorite.

"Yea, your Majesty! One hears, too, of voyages to the moon," smiled the duke.

"I tell thee—" began John furiously.

But Queen Anne raised her hand. "This is not a battlefield, my good dogs! Save thy sneers for a less worthy cause, Buckingham, and you, my captain, reserve your wrath for governing your wife."

"He hath no wife, your Majesty!" cried Pocahontas.

"Nay?" Anne gave the Virginian a keen glance. Then her whole face lightened, as through the private door to the left of the dais stepped a slender boy in white satin. He sprang to the queen's side and, with a little laugh, kissed first her hand and then her cheek.

"Wilt permit me to greet thy guests, gracious mother?" he asked, gazing at Pocahontas with unconcealed interest.

THE dream of all that a prince should be, at that time, was Anne's "Baby Charles," the Prince of Wales.

"I came hither, most of all, to see Captain Smith," he said. "Did you bring the new map, good captain?" He turned to his mother. "Two years ago, at my Lord Delaware's house, I talked with Captain Smith. He was but just come from the New World and he had me place names upon his map where, he said, when I come to the throne, I must extend my reign. New England, we called it. I named one bold promontory Cape Anne, and a river for myself—the Charles. There was a Cape Cod which the captain would call Cape James and— Have you not the map with thee, my good captain?"

"'Tis in the anteroom, with my cloak, sire," replied John, his face kindling to the ardor in the boy's eye and voice. "Have I your Majesty's leave to fetch the map?"



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Prince Charles gave his mother no opportunity to reply. "Aye, fetch it, brave captain, but, prithee, to my own apartments in the palace where we may study it uninterrupted. For look you, dearest mother, when I come to the throne I shall thrust Spain from the New World and plant Englishmen there to grow a true new England."

"'Twill be a pretty task, sweet," replied the queen, "if thy captain's croakings be true. Go, as the prince desires, Captain Smith! I shall ponder on your petition and apprize you later of my decision."

"What may the petition be? Is it ships for the New World?" cried Charles. "Give them, gracious mother! Or rather, force his Majesty to do so. Would that I might go in them, to view those savage lands! Come, captain, and you, Lord and Lady Delaware. You were in Virginia when I was but a lad and have brave tales to tell. And the princess—prithee, come too!"

"Nay!" smiled the queen. "Steal not all my guests, sweet son! The Princess Pocahontas must stay with me while we compare our two kingdoms." Then, as the others followed Charles, she turned to the Duke of Buckingham and said bitterly: "And that is the free, sweet nature his Majesty would sacrifice to the hussy from Spain! 'Fore God, George, Charles was meant for better things. And so wert thou, good George, so wert thou!"

IT WAS not a line of thought Buckingham was eager to pursue and he suggested another at once. "Your Majesty," he said, "I am told that the Spanish throne hath proclaimed all that coast to be its private and imperial territory. They look eagerly to send a new armada against our ships. They will be much offended if his Majesty plants a hardy colony in New England."

"Will they be, indeed?" mused Queen Anne. "An' if there were trouble with Spain at this moment, 'twould end the hope of betrothal between Infanta Maria and Baby Charles."

A light smile crossed Buckingham's lips. His task was to keep his position strong with Queen Anne as well as with his sovereign, James. So far in his meteoric career he had not found the task too difficult.

The queen returned the duke's smile. "Leave me, good George, and discover if our rare Ben Jonson and our still more rare Inigo Jones are at one of their usual quarrels over costumes and stage, thus delaying the mas to this scandalous hour. If it be so, clap their silly crowns together and let the play begin." She turned to Pocahontas.

"Art weary with standing? Seat thyself on that stool and tell me what thou thinkst of my baby, Charles. How doth he appear to thy forest-bred eyes?"

"He appears a prince," answered Pocahontas, "or mayhap an angel. Algonquin boys do not remain as he hath. When they are small, they often are gay and sweet. But at the age of thy son they have tasted blood, and it changes their very natures to wolfishness."

"Methinks, as you say, you like not Indian ways overmuch," exclaimed the queen. "'Tis well you left them off."

"Would God I might never again behold them or Virginia!" cried Pocahontas.

"But that is not in nature," protested Anne, watching closely the sad, dark young face below hers. "Many a heartache did I know for my own old land of Denmark."

Pocahontas looked up into the handsome eyes, and desperately made her plunge.

"Your Majesty, I do not hunger for the forests of Virginia, because here, in England, is my heart of hearts. Had I but known that Captain Smith was not dead, never would I have wed Master Rolfe. And now, now that I am here, in the blessed land that holds him, I can not endure to return to Virginia. O gracious queen," clasping her slender hands, "require me to remain here! Appoint me your most humble lady in waiting! Give a royal command that here must be my home!"

"Did Captain Smith teach you to say this?" demanded Anne sharply.

"Nay, your Majesty, the captain knows that I love him, but not of my prayer to you."

"And doth he return thy love?"

"Most dearly. Yet he saith I must go with my husband, back to the New World."

"And you would remain here, as Smith's paramour? Nay, princess, that were not seemly, in one of your rank."

"Yet," replied Pocahontas simply, "'tis done every day, here, especially among those of high rank."

"Not by my example," replied the queen sharply. "Nay, thy place is in Virginia, where thou mayst keep thy promise to Captain Smith by protecting his people in Jamestown."

"What is Jamestown to me?" cried Pocahontas. "Even Captain Smith deserts it now for that northern shore!"

The two women stared at each other but, curiously enough, without resentment. And suddenly Queen Anne realized that Pocahontas's decision really was of great import. If the feeble colony at Jamestown were wiped out, English popular interest in the New World would drop to nothing. If England's slight hold on the great unexplored western world was broken, Spain would have a free hand there. This, to the mother of the future king, was unthinkable.

"Then," said the queen gently, "thou wouldst not have me grant the captain's petition, but wouldst have him bide here, with thee?"

"Aye, most gracious queen!" exclaimed Pocahontas.

"But, my good princess, mayhap thou dost not apprehend the purport of what thy captain said? He is no mere adventurer, as I had thought—as, indeed, I had been told. He is a man of parts, a thinker, with so big a mind that, as other men think of building houses, he thinks of building kingdoms. His life on wide seas hath given him the high-sailing gull's view of England. He sees how wide our quagmires grow. In Elizabeth's day were such men, Drake and Greville and Gilbert. But methought the last of them would pass with poor Raleigh. And must I say nay to the giant who would build for my son's kingdom, because thou carest naught for the captain's dreams or my son's future?"

"'Tis 'nay' I would have you say, your Majesty, none the less," replied Pocahontas steadily.

"There speaks the aborigine!" exclaimed Anne angrily.

"Aye, the aborigine!" cried Pocahontas, flushing deeply and rising to her feet. "Speak to me thus scornfully, for I was only that Algonquin child who, that long, bitter Winter, after she saved John Smith from Powhatan's executioners, crossed the river each week, with canoes loaded to the edge with corn and deer meat, for your puling colonists—I was that Algonquin maid who became wife to John Rolfe that she might continue to save Jamestown from its own folly in its dealings with Powhatan. Aye, your Majesty, I am an aborigine!"

SHE paused, nostrils dilated, deep eyes outraged.

The queen looked at her with unconcealed pleasure in her beauty. The hautboy piped a solo that rose clean and sweet as a bittern's cry above the silly noises of the rout.

"An' I would that English maids were thus aboriginal!" cried Anne. "Thou hast earned a sweet reward. Would God I might give it thee! Hast no other desire, sweet princess?"

"Only to abide with the man I love is my desire."

"And thy baby son! Hast no love for him?"

"Whether I go or stay, my son is with me, your Majesty," declared Pocahontas with dignity quite as real as that of the queen.

Anne's keen eyes were soft. "Thou lovest thy son, whose father thou dost not love. Aye, that is a sad thing. Methinks thou hadst loved him more had he been John Smith's son."

"Nay!" cried Pocahontas. "My son is my son, and I love him as mine own flesh. He is a stalwart, handsome baby. Already he hath all his two-year teeth."

"Charles teethed early, too. 'Tis a good omen!" The queen nodded. Then her whole mien changed from soft interest to hauteur. "Heed this, Princess Pocahontas! We have heavy tasks, thou and I. Thou, to save that handful of sad adventurers from thy father's bloody hands. Mine, to save my son a kingdom. For his Majesty, in his zeal to make his kingship a thing divine, is alienating this sturdy English people. As to that I can do naught. But I can, by various means, beguile him into allowing me to add power to the throne outside of this island. For that reason, I persuaded him to send old Sir Walter Raleigh once more to sea, and for that reason shall I see that Smith hath ships and men with which to push his bleak New England projects."

Pocahontas, standing before the throne, lifted her chin and returned the queen's look, high stare for high stare.

"An' I return to Virginia, your Majesty, I return to the lodge of Powhatan, no longer a friend, but an enemy of Jamestown."

Concluded on page 96



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THANK YOU POCAHONTAS

Concluded from page 95

The queen beckoned furiously to a lackey. "Lead me the Princess Pocahontas to her retiring-room, and fetch me hither Captain Smith!"

The Virginian, eyes blazing, head up, backed from the queen's presence and, alone within the retiring-room, bowed her head on the velvet coat left by John, and wept.

THE captain, a little breathless, made deep obeisance on the steps of the dais.

"Come closer, captain," said Queen Anne. "I would not shout like one of Ben Jonson's tardy actors. Your princess hath defied me. When I told her I would send you to colonize me Charles's New England, she told me she would return to Virginia an enemy of Jamestown. Methinks you have not managed your love-affair well."

John's face turned a deep mahogany. He flung out his hands despairingly. "How could I dream, your Majesty, she would go thus far?"

"You have wits, have you not?" demanded Anne severely. "You must have recognized that she had a mind far above the ordinary—a mind and a loving loyalty. To do what she hath for Jamestown and for you—to have acquired our ways, our education, so quickly and so well. You have been a blind fool to permit so keen a woman to reach a position of such strength. Why, man, she knows exactly what she doth. She will jeopardize not only Jamestown but our hold on the New World as well. For all we do, know that it will require all *your* reputation to intrigue young men aboard thy ship. Our youths do not look with favor upon such an enterprise, and no ordinary man may hope for success with it. You may have your ship and our support—but only if Pocahontas goes back as Jamestown's guardian angel."

The young explorer stood with head bowed in despairing thought. The queen watched him for a moment in silence before she said softly: "Dost love her, then, so much?"

Smith lifted his head to look squarely into the queen's eyes. "Your Majesty, most deeply do I love her, but I love my dream of a new England more."

"Then tell her so!" said Anne.

"God help me!" ejaculated John.

"Wouldst rather face the Spanish pirates, eh? Is she so savage, then, in love?"

"Savage? Nay, your Majesty! I would she were. None so gentle, so loyal, so self-denying as Pocahontas. 'Twill be like killing a doe."

Queen Anne lifted one white hand in a gesture of sympathy. "I know! Yet that must be her lot, to give thee to the England that bred thee, and to save for thee that—what did she call it—that puling colony which is all of ours that thrusts Spain from Virginia. Go to her, captain, and see that thou breakest her heart kindly. And return to me when thou hast done."

JOHN'S sense of etiquette was not as strong as that of Pocahontas. He bit his nails as he backed from the queen's presence.

Within the anteroom he drew the curtains close, then stood before them, his eyes on the beautiful head still bowed upon his coat.

"Pocahontas! Sweetheart!" he exclaimed.

Pocahontas sprang to her feet, exalted instantly.

"John!"

The captain, cheeks white, lips strained, did not move toward her. The radiance left her face.

"You have seen the queen," she said.

"Aye, sweet one, I have seen the queen. And I must choose between thee and my new England."

Pocahontas's eyes lighted again. "She will keep us both in England if thou dost choose so? Oh, she is good, after all!"

"Nay, she said not so. She asked me which did I love the better—thee, or my dream of a colony on the Charles River."

"And thou saidst——?"

John could scarcely bear it. "I love thee, God He knows how much. Waking and sleeping since I beheld thee last Summer at Brentford have I clasped thee in my heart of hearts, enshrined thee where no other woman has or ever will enter."

Pocahontas waited.

"I love thee with all the passion the red blood of a man could feel toward thy goodness and beauty. And yet so am I made that deep set within my soul is another love—a love for England. And sweet as is my dream of living here with thee in London, I have another that is sweeter still. In it I see England astride the Atlantic, like the Colossus of Rhodes. I hear the sweet English tongue spoken around the world. I see the feeble fires of Jamestown newly kindled on English hearths in the new-found lands that touch perpetual Winter. And I hear God whispering that mine is the task to see the dream well begun before old age hath stole my strength and faith— Love, wilt thou not help me?"

"Help thee?" whispered Pocahontas, brokenly.

"Yea, help me! For as you are no ordinary woman, so is our love no ordinary thing. To smaller natures than yours and mine the need to eat and sleep together, lest love perish. But to such as us, a marriage of the souls that need not bodies. Be my helpmeet, princess of my heart, but not as mistress of my poor home. Help me to plant a nation on that far American shore, a nation that shall be no sickly thing, like Jamestown, but of such stuff as shall endure the buffets of the world, that shall be an older son from whom England shall draw strength in ages yet to come. Help me, Pocahontas, for it seems that thou and I, of all the world, have power and wish to do this thing."

"Thou hast not said—" Pocahontas's voice was very low—"what reply thou gavest the queen."

John drew a deep breath and wiped the sweat from his forehead with an embroidered handkerchief. Then, with a sudden flush of tears to eyes that had looked unmoved on bloody strife, he made his sword-thrust.

"I told her that my dream comes first."

THERE was silence in the retiring-room. Into Pocahontas's brain, that excellent brain which Queen Anne had so correctly evaluated, flashed a picture. She saw a lovely naked child at play in Powhatan's lodge, at play with the silly game of cup and ball, while beside her, competing with her, knelt Powhatan, laughter and love in his eagle face. Aye, love in his terrible black eyes. Into the lodge ran a little slave girl, brushing heedlessly against Pocahontas's cup and breaking it. Instantly Powhatan lifted his tomahawk and brained the slave child, then with a tender murmur gave his own beautiful cup to his little daughter. It was at that moment that horror of her father was born in Pocahontas's brain. But why? she asked herself. The event was of a type ordinary enough in Algonquin life. Was she, even then, being prepared for the life of pity and devotion that was to come?

Never since she had saved him from death had John been absent from her thoughts. Her whole life had been shaped to his service. For love of him she had forsaken the great and terrible love of Powhatan, forsaken it for this other love which now forsook her. To what end? To the end, it seemed, that whatever happiness she was to gain she must continue to give, by sacrifice. All her splendid talents she must go on using, not for her father's people but for the Englishman's who had refused her gifts of mind and body save as he could use them for this mad land of his.

She stared at him. It was the same fine head she had seen as emaciated as a death's head from starvation—the same fine shoulders she had seen naked to the raw Winter winds of Virginia—the same fine eyes that held the whimpering colonists from murder—the same drawn lips that had dealt justice with firmness to white and Indian alike.

Powhatan, Pocahontas knew, was an extraordinarily keen man, but John Smith was more so. All that line of governors who had done their best for the failing colony had been superior men, but John Smith had topped them all. In England she had met some of the kingdom's greatest. Sir Francis Bacon, their wisest man, was sick with desire for place and wealth. Ben Jonson, their poet, was a roisterer. Their king was a slobbering hypocrite. John, she told herself, was a greater man than any of these, as Queen Anne undoubtedly had discovered for herself that very night. And John Smith lived a selfless life. Surely she, Pocahontas, the daughter of a king, could not be less than he.

"Tell me again how thou lovest me!" she said suddenly.

"With all that lives within me," declared John. "Even that part which doth tie me to my dream hath added to my love for thee making of my love something finer than earthly: making of it something that shall endure long after thou and I are dust, so that, in centuries to come, schoolboys, nay lovers shall say, seeking the last comparison, 'As greatly as John Smith loved Pocahontas.' "

"And as greatly as Pocahontas loved John Smith," added the princess, "for from my love shall come not children, but that nation with the English tongue of which thou dreamest."

John took a step toward her. "Sweet heart!" he stammered.

But Pocahontas shook her head. "I dare not," she whispered.

After a moment John made a profound bow before Pocahontas. "Queen Anne would have a final word with us, princess."

"And I with her," agreed Pocahontas.

AT THE approach of the princess and the captain to the dais the group about it melted away. Queen Anne received the two with raised brows.

"And what is the fate of Jamestown to be?" she asked.

"Jamestown is safe, your Majesty," replied John proudly. "The Princess Pocahontas still hath it in her keeping."

Queen Anne scrutinized Pocahontas's face and her brown eyes softened. "Aye, thou art a woman and the decision hath cost thee dearly. I see the price on lip and eye," she murmured. "Princess, I thank thee. Indeed, indeed, I thank thee! Thy decision means—ah, what may it not mean? Mayhap we now may so antagonize Spain that Baby Charles shall be safe from that Spanish hussy. And mayhap England shall plant such a mighty land on that far Atlantic shore that Baby Charles shall one day rule the whole New World. Sweet princess, how shall I pay thee?"

Pocahontas's smile was as steady and as gentle as the queen's. "Mayhap thou shalt toss me a thought, two months from now, when I am crossing the black Atlantic. 'Tis a bitter trip! What if—" pausing with sudden widening of her eyes in premonition—"what if I do not cross in safety—am drowned—what then of Jamestown? Stop! I can send word to Powhatan by three several messengers, one of which must reach him that will stay his hand while he lives."

"Aye, thou art foresighted," agreed the queen. Then very earnestly, "How shall I pay thee?"

"When Captain Smith returns in triumph from his new colonies," answered Pocahontas, "thou wilt say a woman's prayer for another woman in exile. And I would that when I die my dust might lie in English dust."

"An I live," cried Queen Anne, "many a thought and many a prayer thou shalt have, most sweet princess. An' if it lie within my power, or my son's power, some day shalt thou sleep in English soil. But ask me something heavy. These things are naught."

"Nay, there is naught else," replied Pocahontas, "except that thou now permit me to return to my husband and babe. I am weary."

"Aye, poor princess!" murmured Queen Anne. Stooping, she pressed her lips to Pocahontas's brow and motioned to the captain to lead her away. Then she called a lackey. "Tell Master Jonson to begin his play at once. I, too, am weary."

IT WAS snowing when the linkboys led the little group down the long pier to the barge which rocked gently on the tide. The moon with its ring, it seemed, was the same true weather-prophet in England as in Virginia. The hush which the falling flakes imposed on all the world was no deeper than the silence which had come upon the tempest of hope and protest which had brought Pocahontas to Whitehall Palace two hours before.

It seemed to her, as the barge moved through the white night, that her tale was ended. She could not know, fine and unhappy soul, that she and her love had made of her one of the noblest figures that the great New World was to give to history. She sat wrapped in her cloak, the lanthorn rays quivering on her face, in a solitude on which none of the others dared intrude.

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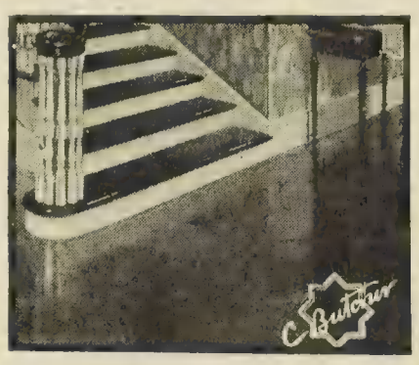
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LEAP FROG

Continued from page 12

his father's speculation as to Uncle George. Think of having a real cowboy right in the family. If his Uncle George didn't get along with Aunt Etta he probably wouldn't actually shoot her, but he might lasso her. A faint smile appeared upon Apple's face, but in a moment he was serious again. If Uncle George lassoed Aunt Etta she would certainly leave. It wouldn't do. There was the sound of a renunciatory sigh. Moreover, Apple must himself be very careful. Like others before him, he wished that he knew a sure recipe for being good.

"Well," said Mr. Martin, "I suppose it's about time to start for the station."

"I guess it is, Jim. Aunt Etta hates to be kept waiting and you might puncture a tire."

"I probably shall. It would only take that to complete the day."

Apple heard his father come through the hall and on to the porch.

"Can I go, too?" he asked.

"There won't be room."

Ordinarily Apple would have entered into detailed explanation as to how he could ride on the running-board, but this was no day for argument. He followed around the house to the car—a small and battered car, but to Apple a vehicle of romance. Watching his father drive away, he felt a bit forlorn and perhaps he looked it, because Mr. Martin turned to wave at him.

APPLE'S spirits rose a little. Now that he actually was out in the yard there were matters to be attended to. Going first to the shed which served as garage he inspected some tin cans of varying sizes, scrupulously covered with shingles or irregularly shaped pieces of glass. The garter snake appeared to be doing well and so did the field-mouse. Apple spent some time over the can containing the angle-worms. It was half full, and when stirred to action the worms wriggled in fascinating and intricate designs. Then, emerging from the shed and half circling it, he came to the main exhibit.

This was a frog, a large and fine specimen of the breed. To Apple his value was increased by the elaborate preparations made for his health and comfort. A plot of ground, perhaps four feet square, had been fenced with wire screening and boards. This barrier rose to a height above a small boy's waist, for the remarkable leaping powers of frogs are known to the most uneducated.

Within the enclosure was everything the heart of a frog could ask. The swimming-pool (an agate-ware wash-basin) was sunk flush with the ground and contained half a brick, intended to serve as easy-chair or diving-platform. At one side a primitive pergola (a section of board sustained by flat stones) furnished a bit of shade, and beyond there stood a more substantial refuge against inclement weather.

In spite of all its advantages the frog seemed morose. True, he was using the swimming-pool, but not in any gay or sprightly manner. Motionless as the brick, the web-footed tenant sprawled on the side of the basin with only solemn eyes under bulging brows and a nose-tip above water. Thus, while the frog could hardly be expected to sense that Aunt Etta was on the way, it was evident that the general depression emanating from the house had cast its shadow afar. Just then he was hailed from a window by his mother.

"If you are going to stay out in that sun, you'd better get your cap," she called. "It's too hot to go around bareheaded."

Apple didn't think it was hot, but here was an idea—perhaps that was the trouble with the frog. Leaning over the pen Apple removed the occupant. Now there were convulsive signs of life, but he did his best to stifle them in wrappings of his handkerchief and tucked the uneasy bundle inside his linen coat. Caution prompted the concealment. Although actuated by humanitarian motives, something told Apple that just at this time the frog might not be welcomed into the home. Luckily there was no one in the kitchen at the moment, nor were any immigration inspectors encountered on the back stairs. Thus in all safety the party penetrated the interior and came to Apple's room.

These were not his regular quarters on the second floor, as those had been requisitioned for Uncle George, but a room on the floor above. The move had been too speedy to admit of the transfer of many valuable and interesting objects, but he had managed to salvage a collection of boxes. In one of the boxes Apple sequestered the frog. A second hazardous but successful expedition yielded a small lump of ice which was placed in a soap-dish. With the peace of spirit of one who closes the door upon a good deed, Apple descended to the living-room. His timing was practically perfect. The visitors were arriving.

USUALLY when Aunt Etta landed, Apple was the rearmost of the reception committee, but now he was there at the foot of the stairs before Mr. Martin had brought the car to a full stop. His aunt, sitting stiffly as was her custom, shared the front seat with his father, but for her Apple had scarcely a glance. The person he desired to see was Uncle George. Large, smooth-faced, gray-haired, Uncle George wore neither a wide brimmed hat nor hair pants. The waist of his light suit was not encircled by a cartridge belt, and there appeared to be no lasso concealed about him.

Apple, feeling not only disappointed but defrauded, was conscious that Aunt Etta was greeting him in her usual cordial manner.

"Well, Appleton," she said, "I hope you have been a good boy."

The tone implied to Apple that she considered the hope remote and shadowy. With inward panic he realized that it was necessary to make some reply.

"Yes, 'um," mumbled Appleton.

A hearty voice sounded as the passenger in the rear seat clambered out briskly.

"Hello, son! I'm your Uncle George. Come here and let's get a look at you."

Apple came forward a little diffidently. Looking up into a pair of blue eyes not unlike his own, he realized that while his uncle didn't carry a pistol or lasso he gave the impression that he could use either should need arise. Apple liked Uncle George.

"Appleton, where are your manners?" broke in Aunt Etta impatiently. "You haven't kissed me."

Uncle George looked sharply at his fellow visitor as Apple with a hasty peck at an offered cheek repaired this omission. Mrs. Martin came hurrying to welcome her guests.

They went into the house. Mrs. Martin showed Aunt Etta to her room and Mr. Martin carried up her belongings. Uncle George set his bag in the hall and, followed by Apple as closely as a tender follows an engine, turned into the living-room.

"Well, old scout," he said, seating himself, "what's on your mind?"

He could not have used a happier expression. There was something on Apple's mind and, thus encouraged, he proceeded to get it off. In his earnestness he leaned against the arm of his uncle's chair. "Were you ever a cowboy?" he inquired.

Uncle George was a man of quick understanding. "Sure, I was a cowboy. The first job I had out yonder was punching cows."

Apple was relieved. In spite of his clothes Uncle George was a real Westerner.

"Does your aunt visit you often?"

"Yes," replied Apple, speaking as he felt, "pretty often." Then, as if an explanation was required, he added in a burst of confidence. "She's good to my mother—and father has to work so hard."

This appeared to be a little involved, but Uncle George asked no further questions. Instead he put his hand into his pocket and drew out something that glittered.

"As I understand it," he said, "uncles are always supposed to bring their nephews presents, so we may as well start in right. See how much you can buy with this."

Apple, finding himself holding a gold piece, was overwhelmed. He didn't know exactly how much it represented, but he knew that it was far more than fifty cents—the largest sum that he had hitherto possessed at one time. "Oh, thank you," he stammered.

At this moment Mrs. Martin and Aunt Etta coming from up-stairs, and Mr. Martin returning from putting the car up, entered together. It was Aunt Etta who spoke.

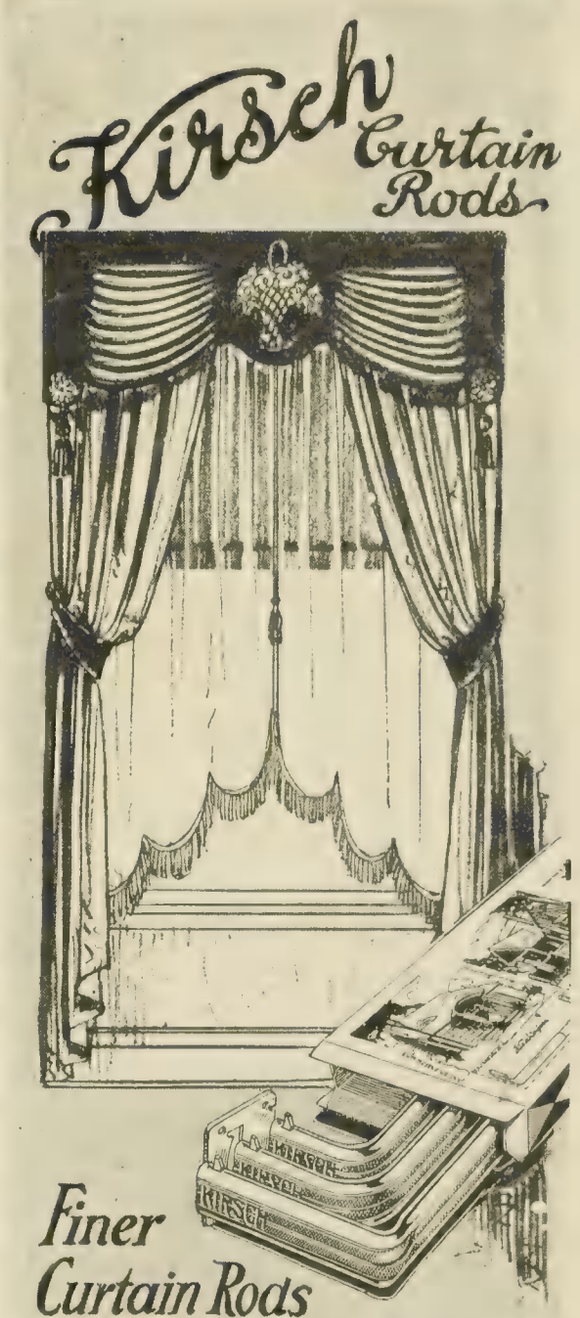
"You'd better not let Appleton play with that. He'll lose it."

"That's his lookout," replied Uncle George somewhat shortly. "It belongs to him."

Aunt Etta's lips drew, if possible, into a straighter line than usual. "That's very

Continued on page 98

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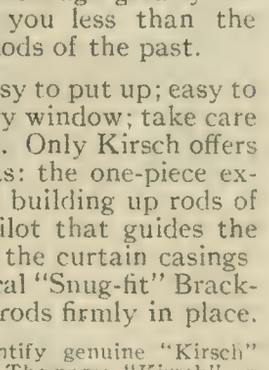
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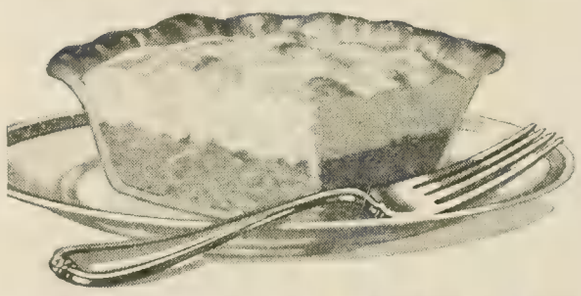


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LEAP FROG

Continued from page 97

generous of you," she announced condescendingly, "but his mother had better put it away for him. What can a child of Appleton's age do with ten dollars?"

Uncle George's voice held the soft chilliness of a sealskin coat in cold storage. "He can spend it, can't he? That was my idea."

Ten dollars! Uncle George had given him a fortune, but by so doing had deeply offended Aunt Etta. Quickly he held out the gold piece to his father.

"It was very kind of you, sir," said Mr. Martin with unexpected heartiness. "Put it in your pocket, Apple." There were limits even to humoring Aunt Etta.

WHAT threatened to be an instant of uncomfortable silence was broken by the announcement of luncheon. Although Mrs. Martin had urged something more formal, Frieda, combined cook and waitress, stuck to her own method. From afar she sounded the mess call.

"I ban ready."

As the meal started conversation was resumed. A journey from Massachusetts was far from comfortable. Several faults might be found with it. Aunt Etta found them all. Inspired by her conversation and the food—for Frieda could cook—she thawed, and when spaghetti appeared was positively cheery.

The spaghetti was served strictly in honor of Aunt Etta. It might be thought strange that one of her aggressively aristocratic bearing should favor a dish seemingly plebian, but the craving dated back to her Italian tour. Although the trip had been brief, Aunt Etta spoke of the goings on of the Borgias with the authority of a neighbor, and her paper on Italian customs had attracted much favorable mention at the Friday Club.

Apple, too, favored spaghetti, but it was hard to get on to your plate. Squirming and wriggling from the spoon it evaded capture. Warmly embarrassed and feeling that all eyes must be focused on his efforts, Apple sought to relieve the situation by offering his first contribution to the conversation.

"It's just like my can of angle-worms."

Shades of Italy! Aunt Etta, who had rolled a streamer of spaghetti and was seeking to get it to her mouth, dropped her fork, turned a gentle shade of green and made queer noises in her throat.

"Appleton! Leave the table," commanded Mr. Martin.

It was a bolt from the blue. What had he done? Realizing only that in some mysterious way he had deeply offended Aunt Etta, angered his father and brought a troubled look to his mother's face, Apple slid from his chair and with bowed head made his way from the room.

HAVING learned from experience that if you kept out of the way of grown persons for a while they were apt to forget any unpleasantness, Apple sought his old refuge on the front steps. Voices from the living-room finally brought the information that luncheon was over, but something in their quality hinted that even now all was not well. No straining of ears was necessary, for the voices were raised—and they were those of Uncle George and Aunt Etta. Aunt Etta's voice was shriller, but Uncle George's was louder. Now and then could be heard fragmentary remarks from the Martins. These, soothing in quality, were more or less like a lullaby sung in the midst of a barrage. Then came Aunt Etta's voice, razor edged. "I do not think, sir, I care to continue this discussion. Amy, I shall go to my room."

Consternation held Apple rigid. He knew that inflection. Not only was Aunt Etta very angry, but she was mad at Uncle George. Apple felt tremendous sympathy for him. If Aunt Etta left, Uncle George would be blamed. It was even possible that Uncle George himself would be sent away. This mustn't be. Something must be done—quickly. But what? Panic gave way to relief. Perhaps he could square Uncle George. While most of the village stores were closed on Sunday, the drug-store would be open.

It was a warm, dusty Apple who returned about a half-hour later to find Mr. Martin and Uncle George sitting on the porch. They had been there ever since he left and, while they had exchanged views on many topics, it might be noted that they never once had referred to the absent ladies. It was Apple who brought them into the conversation.

Glad to find that both his father and uncle eyed him kindly, he hastened to call their attention to a parcel he was carrying.

"It's a present for Aunt Etta," he said. "Wait. I'll show you."

Carefully unwrapping the paper he brought to light a bottle. It was a rather ordinary bottle, but it had a gaudy dress. That was what had caught Apple's eye. Labeled in crimson letters was the promise:

No Mosquito Will Bite You

The men looked at each other. "It's citronella," murmured Uncle George who appeared to have some difficulty with his breathing.

"There was a mosquito in my room just last night," explained Apple eagerly, "but the man says if you rub this on they won't come near you. Of course it was your money," he added gratefully, "and I got mother a pencil, with her name on it." A hint of shyness crept into his voice. "I got some presents for you and father, too."

From a pocket he produced cigars and extended them, one to each of his listeners. They were short, pudgy cigars, a little dusty looking and very black, but Uncle George reached for his enthusiastically.

"Just exactly what I've been wishing for! I certainly do thank you," he said. Then, as he looked into Apple's glowing face. "But didn't you buy anything for yourself?"

"Not yet. Now I'll take Aunt Etta's present to her." Crumpling the paper hurriedly about the bottle he dashed into the house.

"I hope she appreciates it," said his father, adding, as he noticed that his companion had produced a match, "you don't have to smoke that terrible cigar."

"Nothing for himself, eh? I'd smoke it if it killed me," declared Uncle George. Suddenly he threw back his head. "Citronella,"—and he shook with laughter.

It was infectious. As they laughed together there was a loosening of constraint and the younger man felt for the first time the real pull of kinship. "It's a peace offering," he chuckled, "for what he said at the table. But you know," he went on more seriously, "it was pretty bad. Aunt Etta will never eat spaghetti again."

"What of it?" inquired Uncle George. "There are other things she can eat. It's none of my business, Jim, but what's the idea of all this kowtowing to that old woman?"

"Well," began Mr. Martin a little apologetically, "she's always been good to Amy——"

"So I've heard," interrupted Uncle George, "but I haven't noticed her being good to anybody. She's certainly made Apple's life miserable all day. Poor little kid!"

"You don't understand. She's about the only one left of my wife's family—took her in after her mother died—and some day she'll leave her all she has."

"Oh, I see."

Apple's father, who wasn't so very old himself, flushed. "I don't want you to think that it's for myself that I care. We were married pretty young and she opposed it. She never liked me and"—with a sudden burst of candor—"I'm not very fond of her. But, you see, I'll probably never make a lot—just go along working for somebody all the rest of my life. So I feel that I haven't the right to take away from Amy and Apple anything she can give them."

"Why don't you start in for yourself?"

"Because it might be years before I made as much as I am making now. I've never dared take the chance. Amy has to economize too much as it is." He spoke a little bitterly. "Competition is keen here in the East. You need more than a willingness to work to build up a business. You need capital and pull—and I haven't got them."

"I see," said Uncle George again, this time more understandingly. "Couldn't you——"

HERE came an interruption. The sharp tap of heels preceded the appearance of Apple's mother. One glance at her was a guarantee that something had occurred.

Even to a small boy in a hurry a flight of stairs is a fairly stiff grade. Apple had slackened a little as he reached the top, but there he again got under way and made the turn through the door of Aunt Etta's room at a speed startling to the occupants. Mrs. Martin was standing at the window looking out, but Aunt Etta was enthroned in a straight-backed chair directly facing him. For the issuing of edicts or the acceptance of tribute, she could not have been more perfectly placed. As Apple skidded to a stop she leaned back raising her hands. Only eager friendliness was in his face as he thrust a paper-covered object at her, yet she reacted as might a czarina confronted suddenly by the bearer of a bomb. Apple hastened to reassure her.

"It's for you," he said. "Uncle George—he bought it, and——"

Then came the deluge. Held firmly at the top, the paper opened at the bottom. Apple felt the bottle going. His frantic clutch served only to accelerate its downward speed. Almost as if hurled, it struck at Aunt Etta's feet and disintegrated. The contents did its bit by the rug and various articles of furniture, but concentrated—she being in the direct line of fire—on Aunt Etta. No mosquito ever born of larva would have been bold enough to annoy her then. Like the victims of the first gas attack, she clapped her handkerchief to her mouth and nose. The present which was too soothe Aunt Etta had failed in its mission.

By far the choicest position now was at the open window, but Mrs. Martin left it in a rushing advance upon the horrified bearer of gifts.

"Appleton!" one might almost say she bellowed. "Go to your room."

Stricken, Apple turned. His exit was not retarded by the sight of Aunt Etta rising from her chair. Climbing to the floor above he tried manfully to swallow the lump in his throat. Banishment to his room might mean further punishment postponed, but, worse than that, he had failed Uncle George.

THE closing of the door behind him was the clang of a prison gate. His bed was a prison cot. Miserably he threw himself upon it, a small bundle, face hidden in a curving arm.

But presently a sound forced itself upon his consciousness. There it was again. "Plop!" Silence and another "Plop!"

The frog! Apple had forgotten him. Wearily he went over to the box. Yes, there was the frog, hopping dourly along enclosing walls—a captive, too. A poor, lonely frog, shut away from his kind. Apple was deeply affected. It wasn't just. This prisoner at least should be free.

The door was technically barred, but there was the window. Prisoners often escaped by means of ropes. Naturally he felt in his pocket and his fingers encountered the spool, salvaged earlier in the day. What could be better? First, the frog was fitted with thread suspenders. Through these was passed another thread, long and doubled. Now all was ready and the escaping prisoner—having shown great uneasiness during the preparations—was gently thrust over the sill.

But as Apple leaned from the window he noticed directly beneath it some garden tools against the house. The teeth of a rake stuck out wickedly—like spikes guarding a prison wall. It never would do to lower the fugitive there. A more suitable spot was a mound of cut grass—which promised a perfect landing-place. It lay a few feet out from the house and a little to one side.

This made it necessary to swing the frog, first in pendulum fashion and later in a circle, something easier of accomplishment when using a fairly short line. The actions of the frog himself made this portion of the work exciting. Apparently he visualized himself as swimming to freedom. The trick was, of course, to release the thread at the exact moment that the escaping prisoner was over the middle of the grass pile, but from the swing which took him to the edge of this refuge he returned so violently that there was danger of a head-on collision with the top of a second-story window frame. In a desperate effort to avert what might be a fatal accident Apple let out a little slack. Quick action—but too late. In through that window whirled the frog.

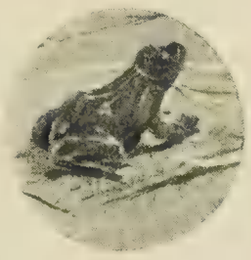
At the very instant when the harnessed frog was first urged over Apple's window-ledge a much perturbed Mrs. Martin was on the front porch, speaking in a voice close to tears.

"Everything reeks with it," she said. "The room's unlivable. Nobody could sleep there." Her tone rose despairingly. "It was terrible—rushing in—saying Uncle George bought it—breaking it all over her."

"Sort of christening," gasped Uncle George. "It was nice of him to give me credit."

Mrs. Martin was not to be interrupted.

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LEAP FROG

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"It seems like the last straw," she continued. "Oh, Jim, that awful, awful smell."

"Citronella has a neat odor," admitted Uncle George. "But where's Apple?"

"I sent him to his room. Of course he didn't mean it; but why, oh, why did he do it?"

"I'll tell you why he did it," broke in Apple's father suddenly. "He was trying to please her, Heaven help him! He walked a mile in this heat to buy it for her. When he ran up to give it to her I suppose he slipped or something. I'm sorry, but if she's mad, she can stay mad."

Uncle George looked at his nephew with real approval and then turned to Mrs. Martin. "Did you know he bought you a present, too? He got something for everybody but himself."

"Poor lamb!" said Apple's mother contritely, "I didn't know. It happened so quickly. I got Aunt Etta's clothes off and ran her a bath. I'll see if she's all right now, and then go to Apple."

"I'll go to him now," said his father. "My God! What's *that?*"

SUDDEN as a shell burst, a series of screams exploded from somewhere above. Starting with a speed which would have been creditable in Olympic champions, the Martins sprinted for the stairs. Uncle George remained placid. He thought he knew the voice. Although no one was there to hear, he ventured a supposition.

"Maybe she's parboiled herself or something," he said cheerfully, as he resumed his seat and his cigar.

Seemingly the Martins had been gone but a moment and there were still sounds of commotion from the second story, when a small figure emerged from the house. There was no furtiveness in Apple's bearing. He appeared to be breathing a trifle fast, but in his eyes was the calmness of utter despair. No use to struggle now. All was lost—and the blow had been dealt by his hand. The only thing left for him was to go far away. As he headed for the steps he passed Uncle George, who threw his arm about him.

"Wait a minute," he said. "It isn't as bad as all that." It almost seemed as if Uncle George was a mind-reader. "We'll fix things all right."

His tone was so assured that a tiny spark flickered in Apple's soul. But Uncle George didn't know.

"Aunt Etta'll go." It was a flat, hopeless statement of fact. Aunt Etta, who had been good to his mother, certainly would depart.

"No, she won't. Don't you worry." The voice was positive. "I'll get us out of this. But—" Uncle George paused to look at his watch. "Son, do you think you could walk as far as the village again?"

"Yes, sir." Apple's eyes were pools of something deeper than gratitude. The village? He would have started to walk to China if Uncle George had asked it.

Scribbling on a card his uncle handed it to him. "You go to the hotel and ask for Mr. Timothy Callahan. Give him this."

No longer weighted by a heart of lead, Apple started. Even as he disappeared around the bend of the road there was a new sound of footfalls. Slowly Mr. Martin returned through the front door he had entered so rapidly. He seemed a little dazed.

"What was all the row about?" inquired Uncle George.

"A frog jumped into Aunt Etta's bath," replied Mr. Martin briefly.

"What?"

Plainly Uncle George doubted that he had heard correctly.

"Yes." The narrator's voice gathered animation. "Jumped through the window into her bath. Looks strange to me a frog should hop into a second-story window, but she says it did. Leaped right past her as she started to get into the tub. Beat her to it."

"Nonsense," interjected Uncle George. "How did it really get there?"

"Ask me something easier," replied Mr. Martin bitterly. "Amy swears there was no frog there when her aunt went in. She even looked under the tub, fishing for a cake of soap she dropped. And opened the window to let the steam out. There was no frog on the sill. It's incredible," he almost shouted. "The frog was there. I saw it. I'd think Apple did it—but it's impossible."

"Of course," agreed Uncle George. "Ridiculous!"

"Then how *did* it get there? Climb a tree and jump? Fly? I never heard of a frog flying, but maybe it did." Mr. Martin was wildly sarcastic.

"Probably got in the house somehow and hopped up-stairs. It must have been there all the time."

"I tell you Amy searched the place. There was no frog in there. Well," Mr. Martin continued in a duller tone as he seated himself dejectedly. "I guess that just about ends it. When she came out of hysterics, she insisted on dressing. I suppose she'll want to go and take the next train home."

"That will distress your wife, won't it?"

"I told you how it was. Poor Amy."

"Jim"—Uncle George was serious. "I'm willing to admit that your Aunt Etta has had rather a trying afternoon, but we ought to be able to smooth things out. Supposing we talk to her."

"If you think you can talk to her, try it. That's all—try it." It was plain that Mr. Martin was not pining at this moment for further conversation with Aunt Etta.

"All right, I will—but you'll have to get her down here. Considering that the main inducements up-stairs seem to be citronella and frogs, it shouldn't be hard."

"Wild horses couldn't drag her down here," declared Mr. Martin, but he was wrong. A voice was heard from the hall and, accompanied by her niece, Aunt Etta darkened the door.

"If there are no rattlesnakes or cobras on the porch, I prefer to sit there for the short time I shall remain," she was saying.

AS THE men rose Uncle George proffered a chair in the manner of one entertaining royalty. It was accepted, but with no softening of expression.

"I shall not disturb you long," announced Aunt Etta grimly.

Uncle George appeared not to notice the lack of cordiality. "I've been hoping you would come down," he said gravely. "You see, I'm not used to arguing with women who have studied things out as you have and I got sort of excited. I regret that I must have seemed very ill-mannered."

"Humpf!" snorted Aunt Etta ungraciously.

"I suppose as we grow old we are apt to be selfish and crotchety. Of course I'm far older than you are," went on Uncle George quickly, "but you have seen enough of life to understand. The only thing that keeps us young is to have youth around us. And even good friends are not like your own people. Sometimes I've been pretty lonely. That's why I envy you all you've been able to do for Amy and Jim and Apple."

"I have tried to do my best for them," admitted Aunt Etta, somewhat mollified.

"To be sure you have and that's why they are so fond of you," said Uncle George unblushingly. "I have been wondering if Apple would ever care enough for me to walk a mile in the hot sun to get me a present."

"He said you bought it," accused Aunt Etta with a recurring sense of injury.

"He bought it with the money I gave him. It was the first thing he thought of getting. It seems there was a mosquito in his room last night. He was only trying to make you comfortable, and he was broken-hearted because he thought you were angry with him."

"How was I to know?" demanded Aunt Etta. She seemed to have been put on the defensive. "And how do you know he was broken-hearted?"

"Because he crept down here and I saw him. I tell you his poor little heart was broken. I honestly believe he intended to run away."

"Where is he?" The Martins and Aunt Etta asked the question in chorus.

"I sent him on an errand," admitted Uncle George frankly. "But first I told him that it was all a mistake—that you weren't really cross at him. You should have seen his face brighten."

Aunt Etta reached out and caught her niece's hand. "I guess I'm another one who is getting crotchety and old," she said.

"You're not," denied Amy. "Oh, auntie, it would break my heart, too, if you went away."

"Don't worry. I'm not going, child,"

Concluded on page 100



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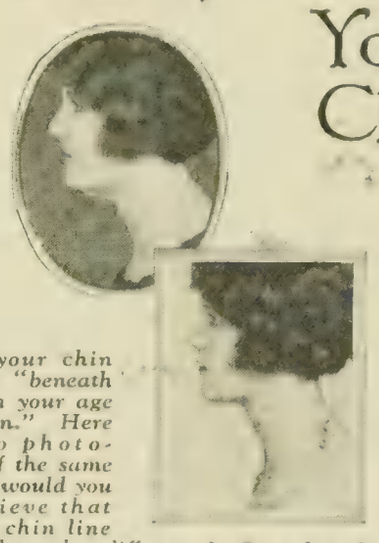


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TRY IT



LEAP FROG

Concluded from page 99

promised Aunt Etta quickly. She was not used to being addressed as auntie. It was rather pleasing. Turning to Uncle George almost fiercely, "I'm going to take care of them as long as I live," she said.

"Of course you are. But you must let me do my share."

"You?"

"Yes," asserted Uncle George, "you see——"

HERE came the final interruption of a somewhat eventful day. It came in the form of a car which drew up at the door with a flourish. It was a large and imposing car of a make they recognized mainly from having seen it in luxurious pictures. On the front seat was a genial-looking Irishman in uniform and beside him was a small boy. He didn't look broken-hearted. He was beaming.

"I found him," shouted Apple, as the man touched his cap.

"I see you did. This," explained Uncle George to the others, "is Tim Callahan who has been with me for years. It was quite a drive down here, so I sent him on ahead and took the train. But I guess you've found a new boss, Tim."

"It's a fine, energetic boy he is, sir," volunteered Tim. "He wanted to drive the car comin' from the village. And he's promised to show me a menagerie." With Apple tugging at his hand Tim was led in the direction of the tin cans.

"Considering the heat and everything it's been rather a hard day for all of us," said Uncle George, "so I thought perhaps we could motor down the shore some place where there's good music and have dinner. You must know a place, Jim. If you dont, we can find one."

Mr. Martin knew of plenty of such places, but he had never felt able to afford them. Before he could reply Aunt Etta spoke. Her voice was a little sharp.

"You're rich!" It was an accusation.

Again it seemed as if Uncle George was a mind-reader. The Martins' need of Aunt Etta, which had been so precious to her, was gone. Here was a comparative stranger who could do infinitely more for them than she could possibly do. Her importance had vanished. She was just an elderly relative. So his answer was very gentle.

"Yes, I suppose some people would call me a very rich man, but money in itself is valueless. You and I know that. We spoke of taking care of this family. That, of course, is nonsense. Jim is the one who will take care of this family. But you and I can claim our share of taking care of Apple. And I guess it will keep us busy. Son—" he turned to Mr. Martin, "you spoke of needing backing to go in for yourself. You've got it. As a matter of fact, I control a couple of big manufacturing plants, and my associates and I need a representative in the East. If you'll take the job I'll guarantee that it will mean considerably more than you make now—and a future. How about it?"

It was all too sudden. For an instant James Appleton Martin, the elder, stared blankly at Uncle George. Then he realized that it was true, and somehow he appeared to grow younger, until he looked curiously like Apple. His voice was unsteady, his utterance a little incoherent.

"I—I wish I could tell you," he said. "You don't—you can't know what it means—to us." This time it was *his* hand which sought Amy's and found it seeking his. "There's no way to thank you. It's—it's like a dream. There's no way to say it."

"Yes, there is," contradicted Mrs. Martin. And, suddenly rising, she kissed Uncle George. He didn't seem to mind it at all.

IT WAS late that evening—long after Apple's regular bedtime—that two figures might have been discerned on the porch. Tim had returned to the village, a well-fed Aunt Etta had gone up-stairs and Mr. and Mrs. Martin were somewhere in the house talking of many things they had been saving until they were alone.

Apple pressed close against Uncle George's shoulder. It was comforting to feel near to Uncle George. Thus they remained for a space, age and youth looking out together upon a Summer world. It was Uncle George who broke the silence.

"Son," he inquired, "we're good friends, aren't we?"

"Yes, sir," the answer contained no element of doubt.

"Well, in my country good friends stick by each other and trust each other. Do you feel that way about it?"

Apple turned to face him. "Oh, yes, sir!"

"Then," said Uncle George, "between friends, and man to man, tell me how in the name of the Star Spangled Banner you got a frog into that bathtub."

So Apple told him.

We believe you will agree with us that Apple tastes like more! He is such a real kid—with such eager generosities and good intentions—and they always turn out disastrously! Walter Trumbull knows boys—and he knows people. We are happy to be able to tell you to look for other Apple stories from time to time in *THE DELINEATOR*



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Continued from page 9

whimsically, with his brilliant and disarming smile. "And nothing else makes money in Paris to-day. So I choose the beautiful *Américaine*, and I kneel at her feet."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Janey had assured him, laughing. But she was not really shocked. She told her aunt impatiently, when Mrs. Stanley protested later against this mercenary love-making, that the man would have been considered mad by his own group to do anything else.

"Well, I've thought it all over, and I'm not going to marry a Frenchman, or an Englishman, or anybody," Janey had ended gaily. Her aunt had stirred those new uneasy emotions of hers once more by asking gravely: "Janey, isn't love going to have anything to do with it, dear? You talk of this one's claims and that one's claims as if it was just a question of what you get. Aren't you going to give something?"

This had been several days ago. But Janey remembered it still, and it made her feel a little frightened. It was as if she were a flower, opening steadily, slowly, against her own will, in this atmosphere of sunshine and romance. The moment was coming, and she knew it, when she could no longer measure and weigh the claims of her suitors, when a new tribunal would pronounce judgment, once and for all.

And meanwhile, here she was in Palermo Bay, young, beautiful, free, admired, rich, with all her life still to make. Janey looked about the lunch-table guiltily. How far had her absent-mindedness betrayed her?

THERE was an interruption: the quarantine officer had come on board; they must all file up to the saloon. Presently luncheon was resumed; the man brought salad; fresh greens again—how jolly. They were discussing the salad when Dorothy and Vivienne Saterlee, in a gale of high spirits, suddenly boarded the *Dixie Belle*.

They were at the Villa Igiea—wasn't it too wonderful! They'd been there with m'ma for almost a month. Ah, and—*fun!* Well, they liked it better than any place they'd been yet. Imagine darling old Janey coming right here into their arms! They had "done" Taormiha and Messina, and all that—how do you do, Lord Rountrey? And so pleased to meet you, comte.

Janey would not have selected these two old friends for her companions upon the Palermo adventure, but they were nice enough girls, tennis and golf players, swimmers, trampers, and evidently they knew every one worth while on the island. There were some "ador'ble boys" at the Villa, announced Vivienne. And what did Janey know about Dolly landing a real live prince?

"Dolly Saterlee, you haven't?"

"Oh, you just wait and see if I haven't!"

"Dolly, is he lovely?"

"He's just sugar!"

Lord Rountrey burst out laughing at this enthusiastic description, and Janey felt happier about her friends. The Saterlees were too simple, too gay, too young and pretty to be really disliked by any one.

"M'ma says," Vivienne pursued, when the three girls were in Janey's snug little stateroom powdering their noses, fluffing up their boyishly bobbed hair and chattering with all the eagerness natural after some months of separation, "m'ma says that this trip has cost her thousands and thousands, and she doesn't propose that we shall go home and marry the Carroll boys, and settle down in Richmond for the rest of our lives."

"M'ma's just title-struck," drawled Dolly.

"Yes, but Dolly," Janey asked eagerly, "about your prince—I never knew one. How did you meet him?"

"Why, he was having lunch with three other boys at the villa, the day after we came——"

"Boys," Janey echoed, disappointed.

"Oh, yes—he's only twenty-one."

"Twenty-one. But, Dolly, you're twenty-four."

"Oh, I know, but that doesn't matter," Dolly said carelessly. "He was having luncheon at the table next to us, and m'ma asked the waiter who those gentlemen were—my dear, they couldn't *see* anything but Viv and me—and so then m'ma sent her card over, and asked them to join us for coffee. That was all. And we've seen them every day since."

Color came into Janey's face, and her brown eyes were quizzical, although she laughed uncomfortably.

"Oh, Dolly, tell the truth! You never met him that way."

"Of course we did. Americans all do that," Dolly answered in surprise. "Why not? He's a gentleman, and he recognized the fact that we were ladies——"

"All Americans *don't* do that sort of thing," Janey murmured reluctantly.

LAUGHING, listening, contributing to the jumbled conversation, Janey was aware of a faint interior chill. She felt herself decidedly the superior of the Saterlee girls, who were regular romps, not too deeply admired at home, yet here was little Dolly landing a real prince, while Janey was somewhat congratulating herself that a mere lord and a comte were at her feet.

Oh, well, it was all nonsense anyway—titles. What did titles amount to? "I always thought of princes as being men with full beards, hanging around palaces, Dolly."

"Well, Carlos can hang around the Quirinal if he wants to," Dolly returned, with surprising familiarity, "but he prefers to stay here—at least he has of late weeks," she added, a little consciously.

"And do you like him, Viv?"

"He's awfully nice. He dances gloriously."

"But Dolly, your prince—he's rich?" Janey asked, her thoughts an uncomfortable jumble of envy and self-contempt.

"Oh, he has tons of money! Mostly tied up in estates," Dolly admitted carelessly. "His mother told m'ma that he would have to have at least fifty thousand with his wife—that's an awful lot, here. M'ma nearly died of joy—although of course she didn't show it. Dad won't think *anything* of that!"

Janey's face was still hot.

"Would you care so much about being a princess, Dolly?"

"Care? My dear, I'd die of joy to see the girls' faces when I went home to visit. You know you have a little coronet on your cards above the name!"

Janey had thought of herself as being presented at St. James's—as saying, "it's expected of a family of Lord Rountrey's rank, you know." She had thought of herself as speaking of Comte Lebretagne's social importance: "They're Bourbons, of course. His great-grandfather went to the guillotine in 1794!"

The effect of Dolly's innocent revelations had been to make her furious with the whole puppet-show. Janey was suddenly sick for home, for America, for the old, plain-faced

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Continued from page 100

colonial houses and the dreaming big trees, for electric lights and motor-cars and movies and all the stirring joyous life of the shops and tea-rooms and country clubs. "Places" in Surrey, châteaux near Fontainebleau, villas in the Sicilian mountains—what were they to an American woman, after all?

"Janey—hustle!" It was Gordon Raleigh's voice. "We're all fixed! We're going ashore!"

EXCITEMENT, color, all the delicious delays of peasant Italy met them on the long, open pier.

The March sun was sinking, but the air was still warm and bright, when their omnibus squeezed its way toward the Villa Igiea.

Janey, fascinated, hung out to stare.

"That girl was coughing terribly, Dolly—and that darling baby had the most awful-looking eyes."

"Oh, my dear, don't begin *that!* You'll go simply crazy if you do; it doesn't do to think about it. There aren't any clinics and Red Cross and baby hospitals here, and they're just as well off! Carlos says that these things would only make them miserable, and m'ma says he's quite right. They have lots of fun, in their way. Here, Janey, this is the Villa. Now see if you don't think this is pretty sweet!"

Janey was instantly and satisfactorily enraptured. The deep-green gardens, the big, cool rooms assigned to them, with their wide-opened glass doors upon lawns and stone steps and flowerbeds, and the friendly nearness of the water, all charmed her.

"Come on, stop staring, Janey!" said Dolly Saterlee of this place, when Janey came out to the gardens at four o'clock. "We're going to have tea on the terrace."

There were tables everywhere. Aunt Nell refused to appear—she had had what she called a "Christian" bath and a bundle of home papers, and she was lying down. But Uncle Stan was in evidence, alert, interested, friendly, and the Saterlees had arranged that there should be one big table for the newcomers and themselves to-day.

"This is the loveliest place I ever saw in my life!" Gordon Raleigh admitted. From his wicker chair, by merely moving his eyes, he could see the white masthead and the Stars and Stripes that flew above the *Dixie Belle*, safe in habor a mile away.

"Oh, Gordon, you haven't seen anything!" Vivienne Saterlee assured him exultantly.

PUNCTUALLY with the tea-things appeared the young Italian noblemen. Dolly presented them with a languid air of indifferent proprietorship that secretly amused Janey, even while it somewhat impressed her. Guido, Count Fraternelli, was an impressive person, perhaps forty-five, stout, square, handsome, a cosmopolitan, speaking English perfectly, familiar with America, bold and definite in his attentions to strange and beautiful young women.

Of the other two, one was a pleasant boy named Rossi, also a count, and the last introduced was the dark-skinned, shy-eyed lad who was Prince Carlos di Rampolli. He was exactly, Janey decided in surprise, like a nice bashful boy of fourteen at the table with the grown-ups for a holiday lunch.

He spoke, it appeared, no English at all, but he could make himself understood in French and German, and Fraternelli translated for him. The older man, indeed, dominated the group, taking especial care to include Janey and her group, and exciting her by promising to take her to tea in a day or two with "the *principessa*."

The worries, the uneasiness that had beset her during the last stormy, water-driven day on the *Dixie Belle* vanished. A delightful sense of drifting, of letting events decide her course of action, possessed her. All this was too thrilling, too pleasant to analyze.

When they scattered, just at dusk, Janey found herself walking on the sea-wall with Count Fraternelli. Their conversation reached the intimate stage with no effort.

"In a sense, Prince Rampolli is here in my charge," Count Fraternelli said. "You like him?"

"He's charming," Janey answered enthusiastically, pleased to be asked whether or not she liked a prince.

"There is no finer blood in Sicily," Fraternelli said.

They turned the corner, faced the town, and the light of the sunset caught in the water, red as blood under all the ships.

"I see the *Dixie Belle*," Janey said lazily.

"Your uncle's yacht?"

"Mine."

"Your friends have been charming to Rampolli," the man said. She sent him a good-humored glance.

"Not so hard!"

"Not so hard—no. He's a delightful fellow," said the count. "He will marry an American girl, his mother tells me."

"Oh? I didn't know that." Janey felt just a trifle flat. He was bespoken already, was he? "Is it announced?" she asked.

"Announced—hardly. We have not found her."

"I thought—he was rich."

"And so he is—in property. The estates are among the most beautiful in all Italy. But the boy can not support them. He will marry an American, but it shall be for love!"

"That's our American way," Janey said, touched and pleased and flattered all at once.

"And that's the best way," said Fraternelli. "But you can have no idea of what he feels for his family, for the Rampolli house!" They turned, faced again the Villa and its palms, the wide sea, and Pellegrino's dark height. "The war has ruined many of us—myself not quite, for the countess and I have modest tastes," said Fraternelli. "But di Rampolli, owning kingly estates, must not sacrifice them!"

"Yes—of course," Janey agreed hesitatingly. She liked his telling her this at once. No fortune-hunting here!

"If it were you that Carlos admired, signorina," Fraternelli said frankly, "your having a lire—or not having one—would not be important. But we Sicilians don't love *all* Americans——"

HE LAUGHED apologetically, and Janey, a little uncomfortably, laughed too. She thought of stout, fussy Mrs. Saterlee, sending her card over to three strange young men in a public dining-room, of Dolly's desire for a coronet on her cards, and she could almost have burst into a frank denunciation of the American attitude and have apologized for her countrywomen to this extremely polished and charming man.

But some instinct stopped her just short of that, and although her heart beat with excitement when Fraternelli left her, and her slim hand felt the touch of his lips, she could go to her room to dress for dinner with no sense of wishing anything unsaid.

Her colored maid had laid out two gowns on Janey's bed, above which the enormous mosquito net was hooked back like a curtain of a throne—the plain little blue taffeta, all engagingly simple petals; the apple-green gauze with the panniers and the silver lace.

Janey suddenly decided to be her most beautiful self. Her soul had been torn between scorn and envy all day. Now, here, in the stronghold of the island nobility, suddenly the envy won.

She wanted, passionately, to "belong"—to have visitors say that Miss Jane Ritchie Davenport was the one and only American woman the Sicilians had ever taken to their hearts—to outstrip Dolly, Vivienne, every one who had ever married into this group—to be supreme!

If there were a real prince going about unattached, then simple-faced little Dolly Saterlee shouldn't have him! Dolly had been too lazy to learn French. Dolly knew nothing of music or books, Dolly was just blundering into this marriage as she had blundered through high school and through the Midwinter cotillions. Dolly a princess, with a mother-in-law who was lady in waiting to the queen—perish the thought!

When she went up to dinner at half-past eight, between uncle and aunt, music was sounding again in the wide, quiet halls. Gordon Raleigh, Lord Rountrey and Comte Elie were awaiting her, looking, as men generally do, their handsome best in evening clothes. Janey entered the big dining-room between them. The Saterlees, with Fraternelli and di Rampolli, were already seated, but the men rose and clicked heels as she bowed carelessly, and she sent one long,

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Continued from page 101

quiet look into Fraternelli's fine gray eyes.

Afterward there was dancing, moonlight roaming on the terrace, dancing again. At midnight every one was ready for sandwiches, and Captain Stanley, in honor of his beautiful niece and the safe journey of the *Dixie Belle*, opened wine.

JANEY was dancing with Fraternelli when the music stopped abruptly at one o'clock. She walked slowly at his side down the long, brilliant room.

"The curtain rises on the second act, signorina," said Fraternelli then.

"The second act, count?"

"He has been happy—he has been amusing himself like a boy, with these good Saterlees," the man began.

"Prince di Rampolli?"

"Carlos—yes. Now—now he has lost his heart."

"Oh, but how do you mean?" A little red flag of danger had suddenly appeared in each cheek. She was not smiling, her eyes were narrowed with unwelcome suspicion.

"But you surely have loved, signorina?"

She did not answer. Her bright, appraising look did not leave his face.

"The boy never has cared before—he has been playing. Now he cares," said Fraternelli simply.

"Not—" she asked proudly, standing still now, to finish the conversation before they should join the others. "You don't mean for *me?*"

"Does it matter?" the man asked. "If it were so, what harm?"

"Only," she answered with quick pride, "only that a boy of that age could not possibly experience any emotion worth mentioning in five or six hours."

"In America," Fraternelli conceded.

"Anywhere," Janey answered imperiously.

"Oh, forgive me, signorina! You don't know us. And, as I say, what harm?" demanded Fraternelli pacifically. "You surely do not think that he will tell you of it? Hardly. The boy is royal."

"Well, of course not," she said, in a troubled and mollified tone.

"No, he will not distress you—he will say nothing, do nothing, except love you and serve you all your life, and die for you if he may!" Fraternelli summarized it.

A few moments later the boy bent over Janey's hand with the usual pressure of lips and finger-tips. It was a handsome, sleek young head that was just below her eyes, it was a charmingly shy, boyish look that presently met hers.

TIRED. But she was not so tired but that she could sit yawning and chilly in Dolly's room for another hour, rolled in a steamer rug and gabbling joyously over the events of the day.

And to-morrow, more donkeys, more sunshine and church-bells, luncheon on the white, trim, luxurious *Dixie Belle*, where she would queen it so easily before all these new and old friends! If di Rampolli and Fraternelli had really liked her to-day, and she knew at least that the latter was completely captivated, then how much more they would be interested when they saw her the mistress of the trig little yacht, with Lebretagne and Rountrey and even her uncle and aunt no more than her guests!

Janey awakened in brilliant sunlight, had a dip in the sea before breakfast, and the day began delightfully. The girls drove, swam, played tennis, danced, lunched and dined together, as the happy days raced by; they went up the mountain to the old monastery, they visited Mondello, they explored the narrow streets of the old city. And wherever they went, the five young men went, too.

Fraternelli did, indeed, escort them to tea at the princess's house, a splendid dark old place whose thin rugs the wind lifted on the floor. Janey was amused at the simplicity of it all; she was but too obviously the guest of honor and the Saterlees asked because they were her friends. They had not entered this house before.

The princess showed them her china, her collection of fans, her Sicilian potteries, extraordinarily complete, her carved coral and tortoise-shell, and Janey gave her a check for her charities. Fraternelli, whom she really had come to like long before this, protested about this afterward, but Janey told him quite honestly that she was glad to help the infant altruisms of the place. She had missed the public-welfare note ever since the hour of her arrival.

"The princess lets any American go there to tea if she sees the chance of a check for her charities!" Fraternelli admitted. "But I confess that we all feel a little differently about you—and I am sorry."

Janey repeated graciously that she knew many American women just as persistent in the cause of pet charities, and that she liked to help. And she added, with an oblique glance:

"You say you feel differently about me. Why?"

"Because you seem to belong to us, signorina. There is no explanation.

"Carlos's mother said to me that she had a strange feeling about you. 'She is one of ourselves,' she said."

"You are all only too kind—I do feel it!" Janey murmured. "And I have a strange feeling—a feeling of belonging!" she was moved suddenly to confess in turn. "Sicily was only a name to me before this—I don't know now what made us all decide suddenly to come down here! But from the first instant of our arrival I've felt——"

SHE paused. It was easy to talk to Count Fraternelli, easy to be silent when in his company. The rare, the real *simpatica* was his peculiar gift. Janey had not met the countess, who lived, with a young son who was reputedly delicate, some miles out in the country. But the count himself was popular in all the varied social circles of the city.

"Carlos wants you to see the villa," he said now, in the pause.

"The city villa?" Janey asked interestedly. "Dolly was telling me about it!"

"Oh, no, no—that's merely the town house," Fraternelli corrected scornfully. "That's a charming place, but modern—that's only two hundred years old! He's not taken the Misses Saterlee to the real villa—but he wants to, now. He's asked me to make the arrangements. This is the real family estate, back in the mountains. It's historic—parts of the main building are seven hundred years old."

"Seven *hundred!*"

"There are Greek ruins there," Fraternelli pursued, pleased with her emotion, "dating back to the first Greek invasions—long before the Saracens—four hundred years before Christ, signorina!"

Why did the mere thought enchant her so completely? Janey did not know. Insignificant boy he might be, but Carlos di Rampolli's wife would be the Principessa di Rampolli, mistress of a castle through which the main current of the world's life-blood had passed. What if he were young, he was a gentleman—he was amiable and good and nobly born——

The thoughts whirled confusedly through her mind. Twenty-one—and she was twenty-six.

"And why do I tell you these things?" asked Fraternelli. "Because I love my country! Because I see, in a new and beautiful princess, the hope of a restoration here—court balls again, a court life again; the new America giving beauty and youth and life to old Sicily again!"

THIS was the talk of fairyland, and Janey lived and moved, during these enchanted days, within its borders. She awakened to fresh enchantments every morning. Italian lessons were started, with shy little Carlos, Prince di Rampolli, as patient and conscientious instructor and Fraternelli as professor-in-chief. Dolly had courage and no pronunciation, Vivienne neither courage nor pronunciation, but Janey had been born with half the difficulties of the language already conquered.

Gradually she won Carlos di Rampolli from his bashful silences—like a kindly casual big sister she led him to natural talk. For Dolly he had had only brief gallantries; but Janey in the short space of a few days could claim a genuinely personal response.

Maria di Riccordi della Quercia called upon Janey one aftern on Countess di Riccordi. Janey immediately adjudged, from the little

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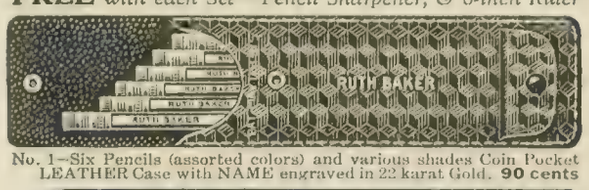
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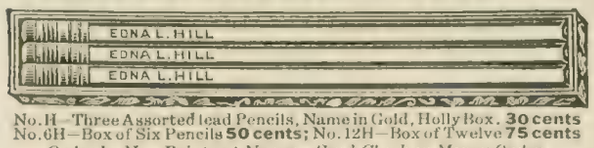
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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Continued from page 102

crown that was printed on the thin, big card above her name.

She was an American, a rather stiff, silent woman in the middle thirties. In her twelve years of wifehood she had become entirely Sicilian. Her little boy, eleven years old, had been sent to England to school, but he was, of course, an Italian, and must serve his country with the rest some day.

Whether Maria, Countess di Riccordi, was pleased with this idea or not Janey could not ascertain. She appeared a lifeless sort of person. Enrico had been sent to England to school, she said, because "my father, back in Milwaukee," would not have him placed in an Italian school.

"Why not send him to an American school then?" Janey asked interestedly.

"Count Riccordi would not consent to that," Maria responded in an apathetic tone.

"America is so funny," she said once reflectively. Janey asked if her father and mother ever visited her. No, they didn't like the climate, it appeared. No, she rarely went home, because Count Riccordi hated a sea trip.

THIS caller also suggested that these Americans be taken for a visit to the Palazzo Tramontare, di Rampolli's mountain villa. Prince Carlos and Fraternelli warmly taking up the idea, the latter that very day sent messengers there, that everything should be prepared for them. They would start at a good hour in the morning, drive all day, lunching at an inn beside the road, and reach the villa at a late afternoon hour. There they could spend the night, and return either the next day or the day after that, or whenever it pleased them.

Aunt Nell was highly gratified with this arrangement, because it included herself, Mrs. Saterlee correspondingly disappointed that a wrenched ankle made the trip imprudent for her. Gordon Raleigh and Lord Rountrey ignored it—they had arranged to take Janey's uncle on the short sea-run to Tunis, and Janey perfectly understood their resentment that she herself was no longer enthusiastic for the trip. The di Rampolli party would consist of the two Saterlee girls, Fraternelli, Rossi and Count Lebretagne, Janey, Mrs. Stanley and the young host.

Janey somewhat hesitatingly suggested that they ask the Countess and Count Riccordi. Fraternelli, who knew everything about everybody, shrugged his shoulders. That was one of the unfortunate marriages, alas! Both would like to be free, but there was no divorce in Italy. Oftentimes this worked well; sometimes it seemed a pity.

"Riccordi keeps another woman in Rome," he remarked simply.

"But surely—if every one knows that—she can get her divorce and her child?" Janey demanded, outraged.

"The child belongs to the house, signorina!"

"Oh, nonsense!" she murmured stubbornly. But she looked at the countess with a new interest. It couldn't be very thrilling for an American girl to be shut up in an old Sicilian city palace, with her husband enjoying life in Rome and her only child in England at school. However, she had a coronet on her card——

Janey shook off the clouds. The whole adventure promised too brightly, the whole world was too glorious and too gay for much careful analysis of this or any situation.

She wasn't going to take Carlos di Rampolli and his old historic castle too seriously. But she *could* take them so—no question of that now. If she chose—only she didn't so choose—all the American papers might have front-page stories in a few weeks to the effect that the heiress of the Davenport fortune, sojourning with her yacht the *Dixie Belle* in Sicilian waters, was about to become the wife of Prince Carlos Francisco Cosimo di Rampolli di Tramontare.

There were pin-pricks. One, of course, was poor little Dolly. Dolly had drooped, grown silent, in the ten days since Janey had arrived to eclipse her hopelessly on all points. Whatever happened, she told herself—and, of course, nothing was going to happen!—she would make it up royally to Dolly. Dolly should be introduced, favored, entertained.

"Can't you see why the Sicilian girls hate us Americans, Dolly?" she asked. "We come in here with money, looks, youth, everything——"

"Money's the only thing that counts," Dolly answered dispiritedly. And Janey was so sorry for her that she made no protest. But even in America, she told herself, there were a hundred social doors open to her that were closed to the Saterlees.

Another prick came on the very eve of the day they were to start on their trip. Janey wished afterward that she had not been such a fool as to go to tea with the Bowditches at all!

The Bowditches were Bostonians, who occupied a small villa down the hill road toward Trapani. Mrs. Bowditch was a quiet woman. The husband, an architect, had come to Italy with his family for a year's study of Italian architecture.

They made no social effort whatsoever in Palermo, driving a small car, living much to themselves. But Anne Bowditch had met Janey's uncle through some navy connections of her own, and encountering the party from the Villa upon a morning walk she invited them to tea. And at tea, in the charming beauty and comfort of the Bowditches' villa, Janey had been introduced to the mother of one of the vice-consuls, an offensive, blunt old American woman who had commented upon di Rampolli casually with the words: "He'll get a rich wife yet! The mother told me it would have to be as soon as possible!"

Worse, she had said of Maria, Countess di Riccordi, "That's May Nickel, of Milwaukee. Nice father. But the mother was a brainless little fool—brought the girl over here, and went crazy—most of 'em do! Afterward she pretended to be shocked, but the fact remained that before they could get poor old Nickel over here—they said he was ready to cut all their throats!—and before the marriage settlements were fixed, that boy of theirs was born! Nice child. They've got him in school in England. Nickel won't have her home now. He sends her a check four times a year, and di Riccordi spends it on a woman in Rome!"

Of Fraternelli this dreadful woman, amusedly and between two bites of a sandwich, made short work.

"He's not a count at all!" she said. "Not that it matters—half of them aren't. His wife calls herself the Signora Fraternelli, like the sensible woman she is!"

JANEY escaped from the neighborhood of this old person as soon as she possibly could and got out into the afternoon air with blazing cheeks and a somewhat daunted heart. She wished, as her *vettura* rattled through the now familiar streets, that there were not so many Americans in Sicily! They spoiled the place, with their practical standards and their unsympathetic attitude!

But a steamer was in, and there chanced to be some wealthy and prominent Americans of her acquaintance having tea at the Villa before reluctantly sailing for Naples that same evening.

Caroline Duval, beautiful, aristocratic, caught at her hand.

"Janey—is it true you know a real count! You muggins, how did you come to get in so fast?"

Pride and confidence flooded Janey's heart again.

"Oh, Caroline, come over to our table! I want you to meet them. Our friend, Count Fraternelli—Miss Duval. And Prince di Rampolli, Miss Duval."

"Signorina—you had my flowers?" Carlos murmured in French, his fingers gripping Janey's, his ardent eyes only for her.

Caroline Duval saw it—every one must see it. Janey sank into her chair, smiling contentedly. The world was right again.

Continued in the December DELINEATOR

Janey little guesses what thrills and terrors are in store for her on that fateful trip to Castle Tramontare. But even if she did, she wouldn't want to miss them—and neither will you! Lost in the mountain fastnesses of Sicily, the guest of an Italian prince who may be in league with bandits—what can Janey do? You will hold your breath when you read the December instalment of this great romance

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

6424—The princess dress with its slightly fitted line is new to style. Flared at the lower part, it slips on over the head. It may have a round neck. For evening wear the armhole is cut down and the neckline a deeper round. Use satin Canton, plain satin, etc.

16 years requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

The princess dress is for misses 16 to 20.

6417—10277—A smart two-piece frock that fits closely at the hipline consists of a straight slip-over blouse and a separate slip with a circular flounce attached to a one-piece upper part. Embroidery trims the pocket, etc. Work in color. Use crêpe satin, etc.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch flat crêpe. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

6415—10268—The saddle shoulder and the two-piece circular skirt attached at the hipline give style to this slip-over dress. It fits closely at the hipline. Use crêpe satin or crêpe de Chine, etc.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (skirt cut crosswise) and ⅜ yard 35-inch contrasting. Lower edge 2½ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6369—6379 The straight-line coat and one-piece frock have straight lower edges. The coat for certain figures may be made without underarm seams. Lower edge of coat 43 inches; dress 46 inches.

34 bust or 17 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch material, with 2 yards 54-inch bordered material for lining and 2⅛ yards 56-inch bordered material for dress.

The coat is for misses 16 to 18 years, 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; dress for 32 to 50 bust.

6423—Inserted plaits add chic to many of the new one-piece dresses. They are placed at each side front and back of this paneled slip-over frock. The sleeve has two seams. Use cashmere, light-weight kasha, camel's-hair twills, etc. Lower edge 2 yards.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch twill.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38 and 40 bust.

6407—An attractive version of the circular flare is attached across the back and sides in pointed outline. This slip-over dress fits closely at the hipline and has a one-piece front. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, soft satin, flat crêpe, etc. The flower is hand-made.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 2⅜ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6324—6182—6337—The mannish-style coat of tweed or mannish suitings is used for the tailored ensemble, with a two-piece skirt of the coat material and a silk slip-over blouse to match its lining. Coat lower edge 50½ ins.

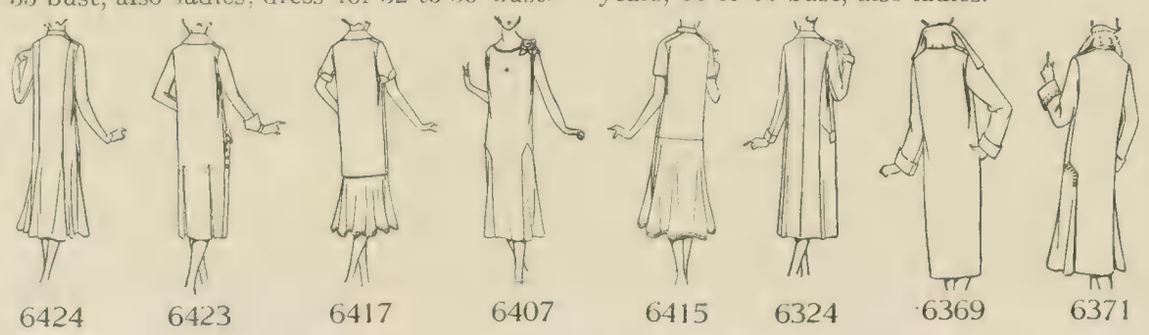
16 years requires 2½ yards 54-inch mannish suiting for coat.

The coat is for misses 16 to 20 years also small women; blouse for 32 to 44 bust; skirt for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6371—6364—Softly box-plaited, these flares are attached to the sides of this straight-line coat. Make it of short-nap coatings, kasha duvetyn, kasha, smooth-faced plain coatings, novelty coatings, etc. The slip-over one-piece dress of bordered silk is a smart complement to it. Lower edge of coat 50 inches.

34 bust or 17 years requires 3 yards 50-inch velvet for coat.

The coat and dress are for misses 16 to 18 years, 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.



6424 6423 6417 6407 6415 6324 6369 6371

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

6330—Bows on its shoulders and beaux in its trail, this one-piece slip-over frock with its circular flounce and cut-down armhole is very alluring. Use Georgette or crêpe de Chine, plain or printed; or crêpe Roma. With a day neck and short sleeves use crêpe satin, satin Canton, satin faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch silk.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years.

6383—At each movement the godets inserted in this one-piece slip-over frock break into graceful swirls. The metallic ribbon flowers are easily made. Use satin Canton, plain satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, etc., with Georgette. Lower edge 4¼ yards.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 1⅞ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6349—Crêpe satin, satin Canton, satin faille, soft satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or crêpe Roma, etc., with contrasting, etc., makes this slip-over frock. The two-piece circular skirt is attached in an outline of points. With sleeves use printed Georgette with plain to match. Lower edge 2⅝ yards.

17 years requires 2 yards 54-inch silk.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6381—A tailored slip-over dress that is a change from the plain one-piece type has an undersection attached in a tuck effect. Use worsteds, cashmere, wool crêpe, kasha, camel's-hair, etc., with contrasting silk crêpe. Or use serge with harmonizing satin, heavy silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 44½ inches.

17 years requires 2 yards 54-inch soft twill.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6328—The new evening dresses are "fluttery." The loose panels attached at the hipline of this slip-over one-piece dress fly out lightly. The lower edge is straight. Use Georgette, crêpe Roma or crêpe de Chine with silver ribbon or silver embroidery, etc.

17 years requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 42½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6397—10984—The ribbon flower on the shoulder is hand-made. The others are embroidered. Work in color. Make this slip-over frock which closes under the left arm of plain or printed chiffon, etc.

17 years requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch Georgette (skirt cut cros wise to avoid piecing). Lower edge in round outline 4⅜ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6385—The smart vest front supplies an opportunity for introducing a second color in a one-piece slip-over frock. The lower edge is straight. Use twills, worsteds, cashmere, kasha, camel's-hair twills, etc., with harmonizing silk crêpe; wool rep with satin, etc. Lower edge 44½ inches.

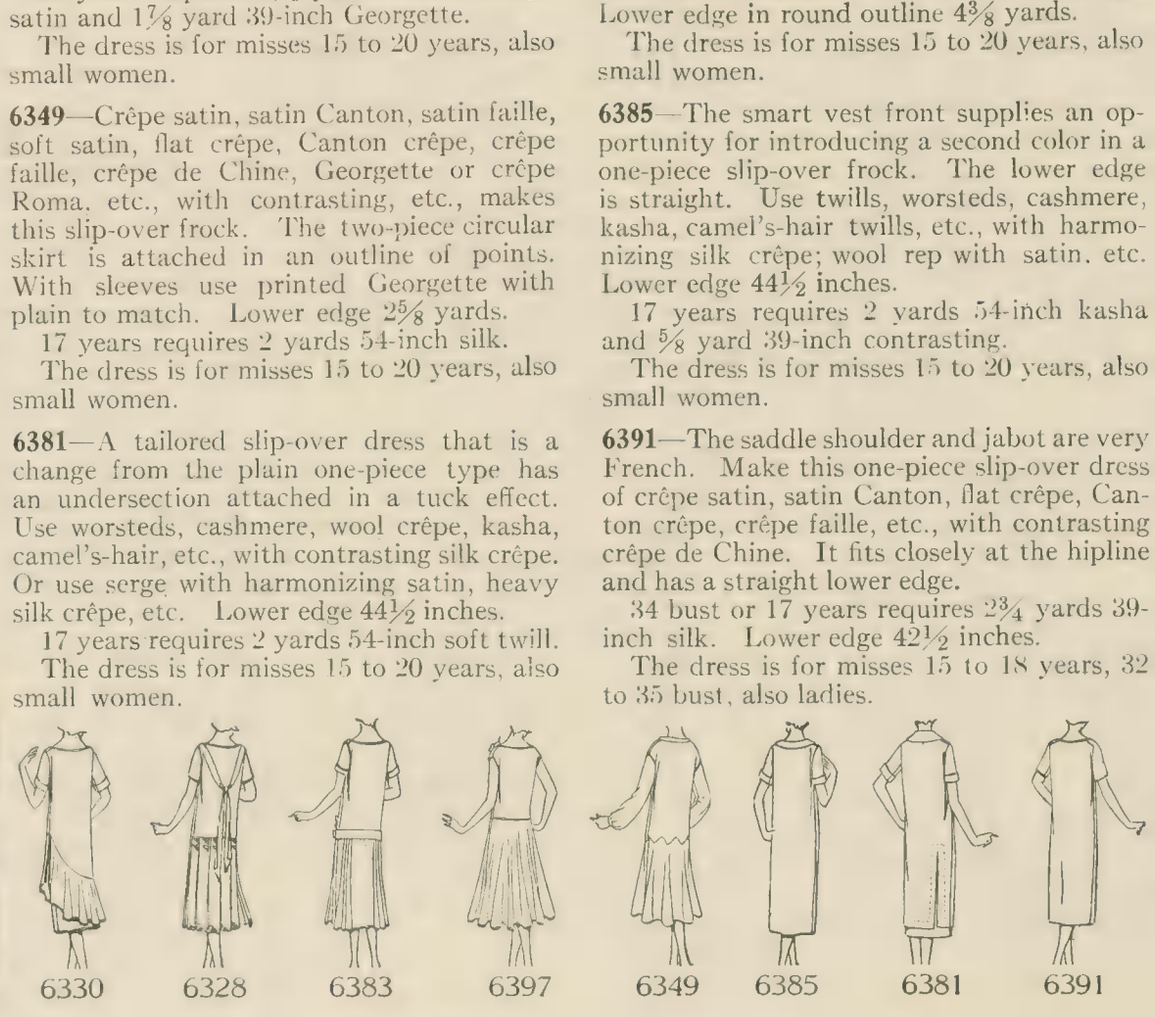
17 years requires 2 yards 54-inch kasha and ⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6391—The saddle shoulder and jabot are very French. Make this one-piece slip-over dress of crêpe satin, satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, etc., with contrasting crêpe de Chine. It fits closely at the hipline and has a straight lower edge.

34 bust or 17 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch silk. Lower edge 42½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 18 years, 32 to 35 bust, also ladies.



6330 6328 6383 6397 6349 6385 6381 6391



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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

6398—6402—10155—Velvet is new for a slip-over blouse with a straight lower edge and a costume slip that attaches the fashionable circular flounce to a one-piece upper part. The neck is convertible. Embroidery trims collar, pocket and cuffs. Work in color. Or use crêpe satin, satin Canton, plain satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, satin faille, etc., with matching crêpe de Chine for upper part of slip. Lower edge 2¼ yards.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch velvet, with 1⅞ yard 35-inch material for upper part of slip.

The blouse is for 32 to 44 bust, slip for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6409—The swing of this slip-over one-piece frock is pretty to watch. The circular flares attached at the sides have their upper edge in a fancy outline. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, satin faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc., with contrasting or all of one material; broché crêpe satin or broché crêpe faille, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch chiffon velvet. Lower edge 2½ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6351—The tucks that cluster on each shoulder and the lace jabot are softening factors for this slip-over frock. The lower part, which lengthens the one-piece upper portion, has a circular flare at the front. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton or satin faille with lace edging; or use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or heavy crêpe de Chine with lace edging or all of one material. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch flat crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6396—6408—The "saddle" shoulder gives a line of grace to the top of this tailored slip-over blouse. The lower edge is straight. The costume slip has a straight lower part with an inverted plait at each side of the front and back. It is attached to a one-piece upper part. Use tweed, cashmere, lightweight kasha, camel's-hair twills, etc., for blouse and lower part of slip, with matching crêpe de Chine or radium for upper part. Lower edge with plaits out 2⅛ yards.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch mannish weave, with 1¾ yard 35-inch material for upper part of slip.

The blouse is for 32 to 44 bust, slip for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6344—6359—A dress that seems always to be blowing in a breeze flutters long tie-ends and loose panels. It is of the one-piece slip-over type. The lower edge is straight. Use satin Canton, satin faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or heavy crêpe de Chine and line the panels with matching Georgette, etc. The six-gored-crown hat is made of satin, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

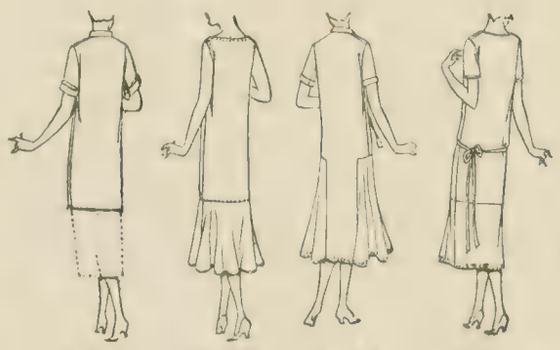
36 bust and 22-inch head measure require 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin for dress and ½ yard 35-inch velvet for hat.

The dress is charming for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the hat for ladies and misses.

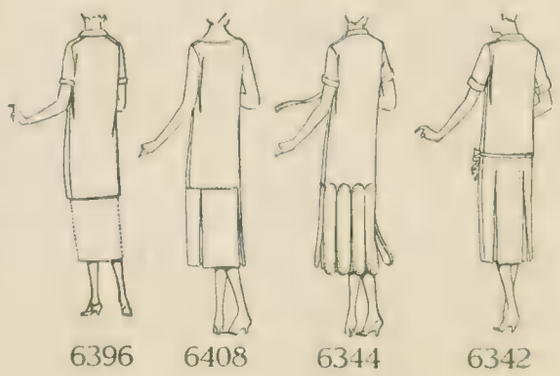
6342—Another color could peep out where a section is inserted at each side of front and back to match the color of the collar, cuffs and vestee. Make this tailored one-piece slip-over frock of worsteds, cashmere, light weight kasha, camel's-hair twills, wool crêpe, serge, etc., with contrasting. Or use satin with silk crêpe, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch twill.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



6398 6402 6409 6351



6396 6408 6344 6342

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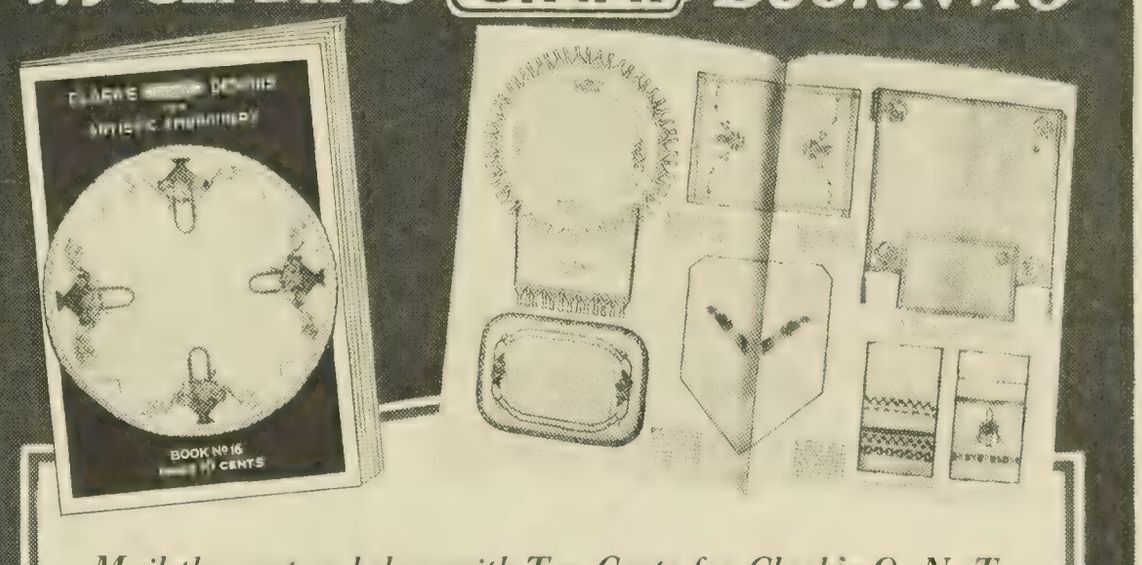
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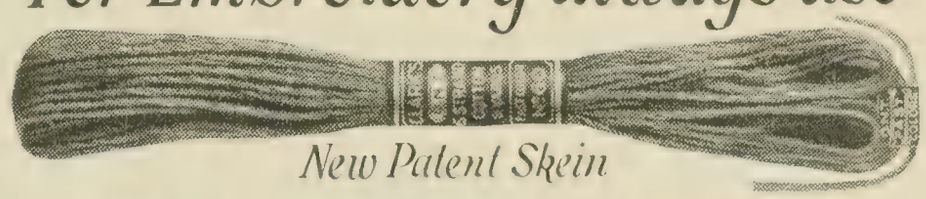
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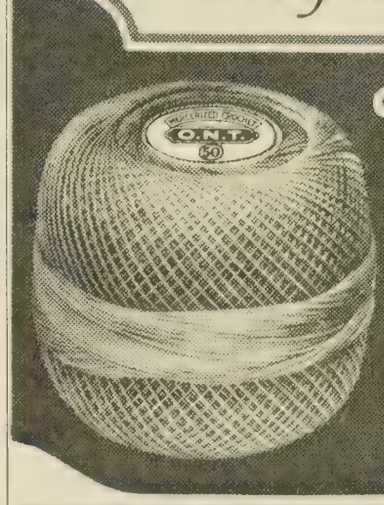
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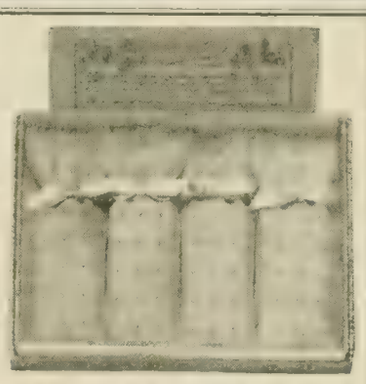
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

6387—A frock that ties its ribbon belt directly in front attaches a two-piece circular skirt with a scalloped edge to a long body. The armhole may be cut down or normal. Use printed chiffon with harmonizing velvet ribbon and a satin slip to match the background of the print; or use plain crêpe Roma, etc., for this slip-over frock. It fits closely at the hipline and the flower is hand-made.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge in round outline 4⅜ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6362—A soft frock that flutters its attached draperies at the slightest excuse is one-piece in type and slips on over the head. It fits closely at the hipline. For an afternoon dress it has a bateau neckline and sleeves attached to the separate one-piece slip. Use plain chiffon or plain chiffon voile with a one-piece separate satin slip; plain crêpe de Chine with crêpe de Chine slip, etc.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6377—10204—A very light cape swings from the neckline at the back of a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. The armhole may be cut down or normal. Use brocades, velvets, embroidered Georgette or satin with plain Georgette to match; or wide lace flouncing, all-over lace, wide-bordered chenille brocade on Georgette, etc. The little French ornament is hand-made. The embroidery is quickly worked. Use beads in self-color. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch ombré.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

6375—For soft effects this one-piece slip-over frock recommends shirred sections at each side. The lower edge is straight, the frock fits closely at the hipline, and the armhole is cut down. For an afternoon dress one sews sleeves into the separate one-piece slip. Use crêpe satin with lace edging to match and with matching crêpe de Chine slip, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe, 1⅛ yard 11-inch edging for jabot and 1¾ yard 5-inch edging to trim the godet.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6360—A black crêpe satin, satin Canton or satin faille evening dress surprises by the flash of color—cyclamen, silver, etc.—that swirls out in the plaited godet and is repeated in the hand-made flower cluster. This draped one-piece dress may have a day neck and a normal armhole instead of the cut-down one. The separate one-piece slip may be made with sleeves for afternoon wear. Or use metallic brocade, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch velvet and ¾ yard 39-inch chiffon. Lower edge of dress with plaits drawn out 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 48 bust.

6389—Evening dresses simple in cut are often elaborate in fabric. Brocades, velvets, embroidered Georgette or all-over lace with matching Georgette; wide-bordered chenille brocade on Georgette or voile, etc., with plain matching Georgette or voile make lovely slip-over one-piece frocks. The lower edge is straight. The ornament is easily made. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch velvet brocade and ¾ yard 39-inch chiffon.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.





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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

6315—Double flounces belong to girlhood. This slip-over one-piece frock with its two circular flares is charming in blue with silver ribbon and pale-pink flowers, etc. Use crêpe de Chine, taffeta, radium, etc., with hand-made flowers and ribbon girdle.

12 years requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

6390—The vogue of the flare is popular with all ages. This circular-flare dress with a yoke is ready for parties. Make it of crêpe de Chine or taffeta with matching velvet ribbon and contrasting ribbon flowers, etc. The flowers are easily made.

6 years requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch material.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years.

6380—6323—Novelty or smooth-faced plain coatings, etc., make a smart coat with Russian closing and standing or turndown collar. The hat has a six-gored crown.

6 years and 20¼-inch head measure require 1¼ yard 54-inch short-nap coatings, and for hat ½ yard 35-inch velvet.

The coat is for little girls 1 to 7 years; hat for little girls and tiny boys 2 to 8 years.

6376—6188—A coat with an attached circular flare is new. Use short-nap coatings, camel's-hair twills, etc. The tam-o'-shanter may be gathered or plaited.

7 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch velvet for coat.

The coat is for little girls 2 to 7 years; tam for girls, children, misses and ladies.

6384—6327—10104—This slip-over one-piece dress has an inverted plait at front and back. The elephant is amusing. Work in outline. The hat has a six-gored crown.

12 years and 21-inch head measure require 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool jersey for dress and ½ yard of 35-inch duvetyn for hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

6313—Hand-made ribbon flowers with green leaves sprout here and there on a one-piece slip-over frock for very best. The lower edge is straight. Use silk or cotton Georgette, net, cotton voile, etc., entirely or with Val. lace frills, point d'esprit, etc.

7 years requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for girls 4 to 12 years.

6343—6323—A little slip-over dress and separate bloomers of cotton broadcloth, etc., are sweet with a tiny six-gored-crown hat. The lower edge of the dress is straight.

6 years and 20¼-inch head measure require 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool jersey for dress and ½ yard 35-inch velvet for hat.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; hat for little girls and tiny boys 2 to 8 years.

6378—A graceful frock with a jabot falling from one side slips on over the head. Make this one-piece dress of Canton crêpe, flat crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, rayon, etc., with Georgette in a harmonizing color, etc.

13 years requires 2⅜ yards 35-inch velvet and ¾ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6374—6327—The straight-line coat wears its pocket on the outside or on the lining. The smart hat has a six-gored crown.

12 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch tweed for coat and 1⅝ yard 54-inch plaid material for lining.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; hat for girls 2 to 12.

6382—6188—Georgette sleeves make this slip-over one-piece dress of velveteen, Canton crêpe, flat crêpe or rayon quite "dressed up." It's a smart frock for a small ensemble. The tam-o'-shanter may be plaited.

7 years requires 1¾ yard 35-inch velvet and ½ yard 39-inch chiffon for dress.

The dress is for girls 6 to 12 years; tam for girls, children, misses and ladies.



6315 6313 6390 6343 6380 6378 6376 6382 6384 6374

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

6394—Light-weight wool jersey, prettily smocked, with collar and cuffs of white linen, or silk or cotton pongee, cotton broadcloth, etc., make this slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. The bloomers are separate.

7 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years.

6412—This little boys' suit of straight trousers and slip-over blouse is suitable for gabardine, wool jersey, linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray, galatea, poplin, madras, rep or serge.

3 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch serge.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 7 years.

6404—The shorter the dress, the smarter the child. Separate bloomers accompany this slip-over dress of silk or cotton pongee or plain or pin-dot voile, etc. The raglan-style sleeve, straight lower edge and the smocking are good features.

5 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

6345—6418—6327—A smart ensemble makes its straight-line coat with a plait at each side of lower part of the front. Use tweeds, etc., with twill flannel for lining and slip-over dress. The six-gored-crown-hat is smart.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material for coat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; dress for juniors and girls 6 to 15; hat for girls 2 to 12.

6347—10934—An appliquéd puppy is a new species of dog. Work in contrast. The circular flare of this slip-over dress is cut in two pieces and attached to a long body. Use Canton crêpe, flat crêpe, with contrast, etc.

13 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch twill.

It is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6343—French children wear their slip-over dresses short to show the separate bloomers. The lower edge is straight. Use crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, light-weight cotton crêpe, chambray, printed in small designs with plain to match, etc.

4 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch print.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

6410—Chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, madras, poplin, rep, pongee, silk-and-cotton jersey, soft serge, etc., make intriguing little suits of the slip-over-Russian-blouse-and-straight-trousers type.

4 years requires 1 yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

6388—French chic is given this slip-over dress by the separate bolero. The box-plaited straight skirt is attached to a long body. Use twills, serge, wool crêpe, flannel, etc., with striped or plaid, etc.

12 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch plaid material for dress, etc., and 1¼ yard 35-inch velvet for bolero.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

6309—10356—The flowers of embroidery trim this slip-over frock. Work in contrast. Crêpe de Chine, etc., makes this dress with a yoke and straight band of twill, wool crêpe, etc., lengthening the long upper part.

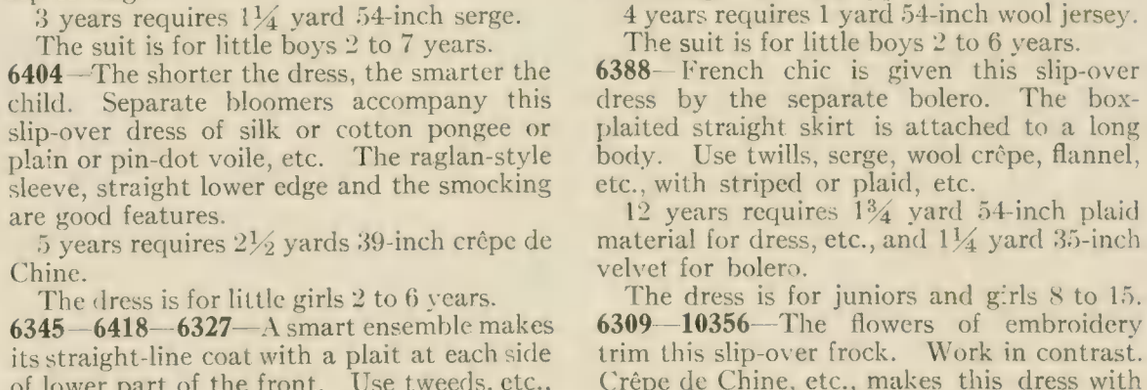
12 years requires 1¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine, with 1 yard 35-inch velvet for bands, etc.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6307—This slip-over frock with its scalloped seam lengthens its straight-edged, long upper part by a straight band. Use heavy crêpe de Chine, silk or cotton pongee, etc.

7 years requires 1⅛ yard 35-inch silk, with ½ yard 35-inch velvet for yoke and bands.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years.



6394 6343 6412 6410 6404 6307 6345 6309 6347 6388



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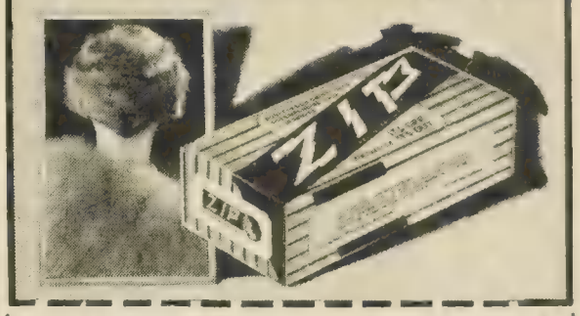
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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

A Husband Points With Pride

In sharing with you a comment by Charles G. Norris on the new Kathleen Norris serial beginning in this issue we are mindful of the fact that the commentator is the author's husband and therefore possibly prejudiced in her favor. On the other hand, Mr. Norris is a novelist in his own right (author of "Bread" and "Brass," for instance, among other titles). A novel that holds the interest of a fellow craftsman through several readings, even if he is the most gracious of husbands, must have some outstanding merit. Here is what he says. "I think it is a great serial. It took me some little time to accept it—for it is so different from anything Kathleen has ever done. I've always regarded her as a realist. William Dean Howells considered her one, too. But here in 'Beauty and the Beast' she has turned pure romancer. Her story is not probable, but neither is 'The Prisoner of Zenda' nor 'Graustark,'—nor any of the thrilling tales of love and adventure we remember and cherish. I confess nothing of Kathleen's ever has held me more; I wanted to race through its pages, and I got the same reaction the third and fourth times I read them. More than that, the story hung on in my mind after I'd finished it, and although I've gone over the last few pages several times before, last night when I read them for the sixth time, I found my eyes wet. It's a fine, romantic story,—full of thrilling adventure and 'grand' love-making. I hope it makes you happy."

Lamentation From a Fat Lady

A good-humored comment on the inconvenience, not to say perils, of being overfat comes from a reader whose identity we feel bound to protect, both because we haven't asked permission to publish the letter and because we wouldn't for a moment think of adding to the tribulations of one so sorely tried. "I read Flora Rose's article," it begins, "in your July number on the Dangers of Being Overfat and was greatly impressed, not to say terrified! But what I want to know is how did she find out about that compensation stuff—eating for the sake of the satisfaction in life which is otherwise lacking? I thought I was the only one who had discovered that. I wish she had suggested a satisfactory substitute compensation. When one is middle-aged and properly married it is not well to indulge in the light flirtations of girlhood. Even if one were willing, one would have to find a Turk or someone else who admired avoirdupois on whom to practise one's arts. One's job should, I suppose, give the 'kick' to middle-age. But suppose it doesn't? Or suppose one has a wedded partner equally fond of food (apparently also seeking compensation for an otherwise empty life) and the table must be set to suit his Lordship's taste? And further suppose that one has a horror of allowing good food to go to waste. What then? All those dangers from inviting diabetes are very real and horrific, but one can always alibi about such things. You can have diabetes because Aunt Fanny died with it, or a bad heart because that's the way poor, dear Uncle Abner was taken away.

"But the every-day, always-with-us dangers which can't be glossed over or made tragic and romantic Flora hasn't discovered: the danger of breaking down fragile chairs or of becoming wedged tight in doors or movie seats; the awful creaking of the church pew when one's double hundredweight is deposited never so gingerly; the insult and resulting inferiority complex when one's white stockings are mistaken for laundry-bags and one's old linen summer dress (dress, singular, not plural!) is used to make a cover for the piano while the family goes away for the summer; the sinking sensation when one embarks in a rowboat and beholds the bow of the boat with the three other passengers rise slowly out of the water and remain there. And the fiendish discernment of friends who offer entertainment always in the form of food—food, more food. Even as a girl my admirers always sent me candy when I craved flowers, and took me to dinner when I knew a concert would be better for me, body and soul. Unless you've been there yourself, you don't know what it is to seek a lonesome, sequestered spot on the beach.

"And those are only a few of the more obvious dangers. It has been observed, too, that nature frequently makes the maddening mistake of putting a light, frolicsome spirit into ladies who buy their dresses from specialists in stylish stouts.

"And if they were only allowed to disport themselves and gambol about they might burn up some of the too, too solid. But thoughtful relatives, friends and even husbands are always at hand to tone down their movements to conform to other people's ideas, and fat heaps upon fat, layer on layer, until they have grown so ponderous and unwieldy that nothing but the slowest, most dignified movement is possible, thus preventing another vicious circle. Oh, no! Flora may know the real dangers, but she doesn't know the most painful ones!"

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Read the details about Doctor Shaw's services on the Happy Child page and in "Ask THE DELINEATOR," page 76 of this issue.

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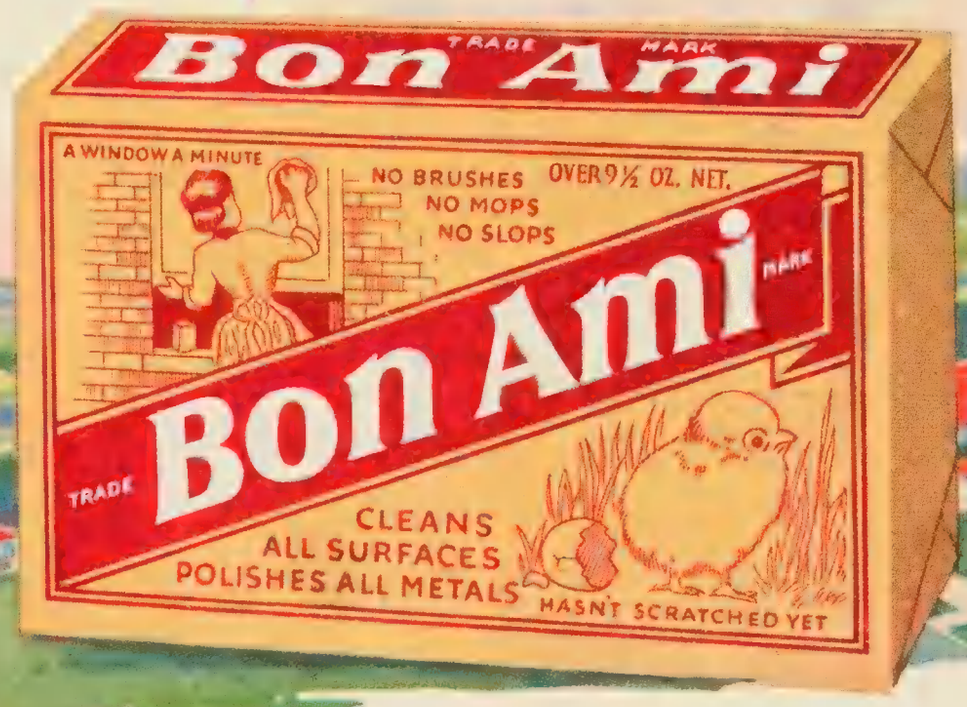
MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

TIME was when we toiled single-handed in this tiny vineyard to inform, edify, uplift and inspire the never-sufficiently-praised sex. Not so these days. Scarcely a month passes that some distinguished scientist doesn't lend a helping hand. For instance, *Dr. Guy E. Manning*, of *San Francisco*, recently declared in the public prints that "labor-saving devices to make the work of the modern housewife easy instead are making her lazy. Every man is anxious to spare his wife unnecessary labor, but for her own good she should take some exercise that she now avoids by means of her automobile, vacuum-cleaner, electric dishwasher, electric washing-machine, electric iron and other contrivances" ◈◈◈ Almost on top of this warning comes word of a new menace, this time in the form of a succotash plant. A farmer in *Phalanx, New Jersey*, found a heavy ear of corn on an unusually tall stalk and noticed that a lima-bean vine with several growing pods was sprouting out of it. It only remains for some enterprising horticulturist to propagate a plant that will save the time the housewife spends mixing the corn with the beans ◈◈◈ A *Chicago* woman, suing for divorce, swore that her husband regularly threw breakfast muffins at her. She put up with that trying habit for years and until he discovered that his aim was considerably improved by soaking the muffins in coffee; then she had him haled into court ◈◈◈ A *New York City* jeweler has completed a survey which confirms his conviction that women have little interest in knowing the correct time. He discovered that only one woman to every twenty men ever paused to set her watch by the officially correct time-piece in his window. Then he began to ask women customers what time it was. He reports that he has yet to ask one who answers without qualification. Instead, they glance at a wrist-watch and say, "Why, I'm a little fast" or "I'm a little slow, but it's about five o'clock." Most men, on the contrary, swear by the accuracy of their watches, down to the second ◈◈◈ Tourists returning from *Japan* report some odd instances of native attempts at sign painting in English. In a *Tokio* tailor's window, for instance, is a card reading: "Respectable ladies have fits up-stairs." Another shop proudly displays the boast: "Parcels done up with such loving as a wife bestows upon her husband." A store with a department devoted to women's wear displays a sign reading: "Clothing of women tailor. Ladies furnished in the upper story" ◈◈◈ Among the treasures recently dug up on the site of *Ur of the Chaldees*, the home town of *Abraham*, were little clay figures of women, made six thousand years ago, attired in flounces, frills and accordion pleats ◈◈◈ An official representing the *National Garment Retailers' Association* at the Fall exhibition of American fabrics, furs and fashions, announced that "as an American style type the flapper is as dead as the diplodocus," and added, "there never was any good reason why the flapper type should survive here. It is a creation essentially of cheap and bizarre effects" ◈◈◈ To the gems of thought that we pass along from time to time for our fair pewholders to copy down in their little red books, we add the following tribute to the tactful husband. Unfortunately, someone has torn the covers off the book, so we are unable to name the author: "Newly-married couples always decide to be tenderly considerate one to another, but as their rival unselfishness immediately begins to create friction, the husband with his usual courtesy and foresight very soon withdraws from the contest and gracefully leaves to his wife a monopoly of unselfish devotion. That is why so many couples get on splendidly together, and it is a fine tribute to the tact and good management, not to mention the foresight, of the husband" ◈◈◈ The effect on women of excessive smoking is the subject of a book by a *Viennese* specialist, *Dr. R. Hofstater*, who finds that the habit leads to sharpened features, taut skin, pale lips, wrinkles about the corners of the mouth, superfluous hair on the face and a tendency to stare ◈◈◈ A *North Bergen, New Jersey*, justice recently ruled that a woman on the witness stand has as much right to refuse to divulge her weight as her age. His ruling raised hob with the plea of her aggrieved husband, who argued that he couldn't have beaten up the lady, as she charged, because of her superior size.

Made in Cake and Powder





Partners in Cleanliness

For more than thirty years that handy little cake of Bon Ami has been helping women to clean up the house. It keeps kitchen utensils bright and shining, polishes up nickel, makes windows and mirrors clear as crystal, takes finger marks and smudges off painted woodwork. In fact, its uses are almost endless.

A few years ago, Bon Ami Cake took Bon Ami Powder into partnership. And many women now choose the easy-to-sprinkle can when they clean the "big things"—Congoleum, bathtubs, and the like.

Bon Ami, cake or powder, is fine and soft and delicate. That's the reason it never scratches. It simply blots up the dirt and grime and leaves everything spotless. And it never reddens or roughens the hands.

Once you have tried them, you will never be without these helpful "partners in cleanliness."

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK



Principal uses of Bon Ami—

for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs
White Woodwork
Aluminum Ware
Brass, Copper, Tin and Nickel Ware
Glass Baking-Dishes
Windows
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Congoleum
Fine Kitchen Utensils

Bon Ami —*"Hasn't scratched yet!"*

You rest 8 hours . . .
but your gums sleep day and night!

Your gums are dormant. They get no stimulation. Their health is undermined because your food cheats them of exercise—because it is too soft to stir them to health. Switch to Ipana for one month, and keep your gums firm and healthy while you clean your teeth.



* * * *

WHILE YOU SLEEP, the blood courses through your veins and arteries very slowly. But it does *circulate*. It restores vigor by purifying your body of the poisons of fatigue.

Yet within the walls of your gums the blood is almost stagnant. Far from the motive source of the blood—your heart—the gums get little purification by the pumping. They are not well purified by the blood itself.

Nature counted upon the natural massage of the food to stimulate the sluggish circulation within the gum walls. Yet the food you eat is so soft, so creamy, that nature's plan has been defeated. The gums get no stimulation, no "exercise"; and there you have, in simple explanation, the reason why the gums weaken before one-half the span of life is passed.

How to care for your gums and your teeth

But if you supply to your gums the stimulation that they lack, you can combat the weakening that modern existence imposes.

As the dental profession will readily testify, you can brush your gums while you brush your teeth with Ipana, imparting to them the necessary "stirring up" that is so good for them. With daily care of this kind you will restore your gums to healthy firmness and will encourage a circulation of rich, fresh blood within their walls.

Dentists know the relation of sound gums to healthy teeth. They know, too, the prevalence of "pink toothbrush" and related troubles.

So it is not surprising that thousands of dentists, to whom our professional men have demonstrated Ipana, now warmly recommend it.

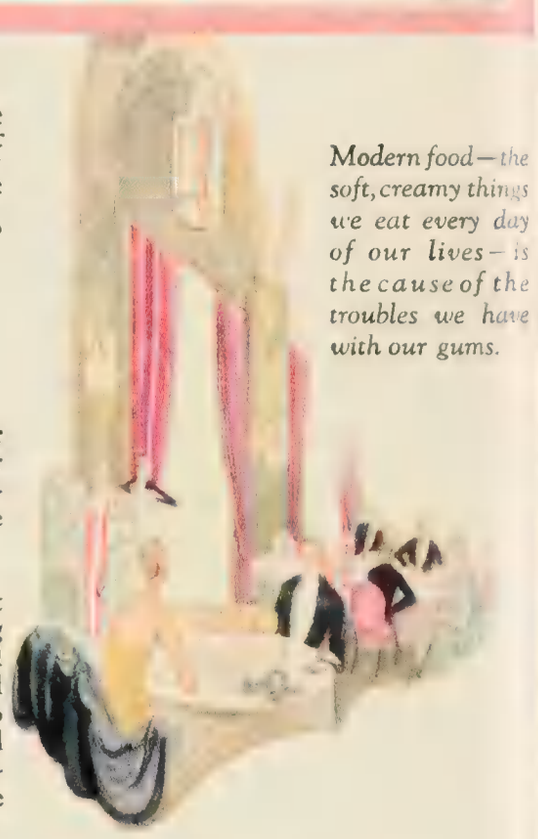
Why dentists like Ipana and recommend its use for the gums

Many of them tell their patients to give their gums a finger massage with Ipana *after* the daily cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic hemostatic known and used by the profession the country over. It is the presence of ziratol that gives Ipana its remarkable power to tone and to strengthen weak, undernourished gum tissue.

Make a thorough trial of Ipana!

Even if your gums bother you seldom or never—even if your own toothbrush never "shows pink"—commence your use of this delicious dentifrice without delay. For the time to fight gum troubles is before they start.

There's a coupon in the corner. If you want a sample, by all means send for it. But mailing takes time and, at best, under the new postal rates, we can send but a ten-day tube. It would be much simpler and more satisfactory to you to go to your nearest drug store and get a full-sized tube, use it through, and then arrive at the decision whether or not Ipana is the tooth paste for you.



Modern food—the soft, creamy things we eat every day of our lives—is the cause of the troubles we have with our gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. B115, 42 Rector St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1925

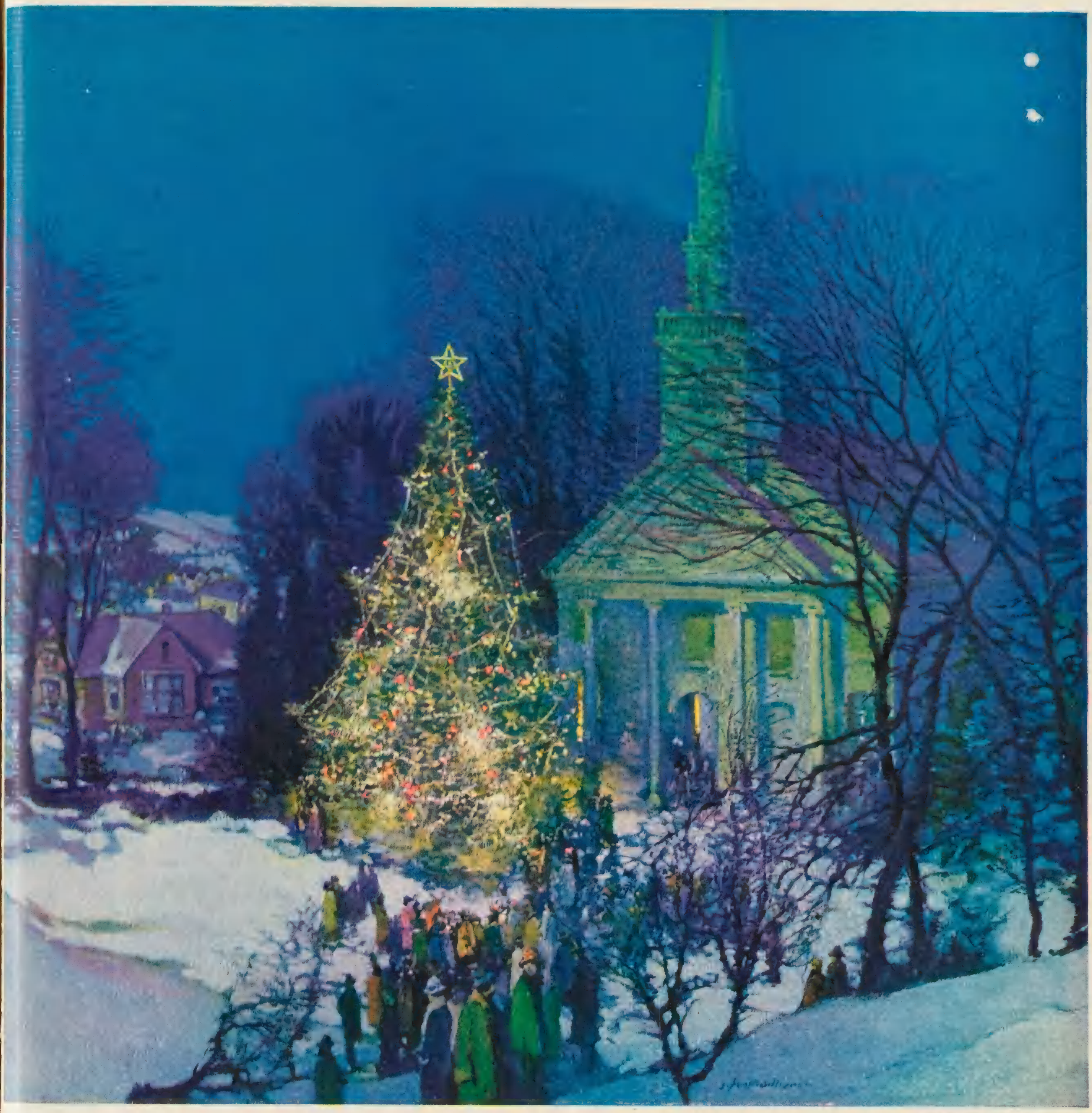
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



THE DELINEATOR

DECEMBER 1925



FROM PAINTING BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

In this issue "AND ON EARTH—PEACE" *by Zona Gale*

KATHLEEN NORRIS ELLIS PARKER BUTLER DIXIE WILLSON

FASHIONS FOR MIDWINTER AND THE HOLIDAYS

TWENTY CENTS THE COPY

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

$2.00 A YEAR $2.50 IN CANADA



Who is busier than a baby?

He burns up as much energy in growing as his mother does in work

24 hours out of 24 on the job! That's what a baby puts in. Whether it be eating, sleeping, crying, kicking—for sheer energy and enthusiasm, grown-ups can't compare.

Here he is, a wee, helpless bit, confronted by the stupendous task of making himself into a strong, wise man. And hard as he works, he cannot do a good job unless he is given good tools.

The most important tool a baby works with, is proper food. Milk for the first few months, then he must learn to handle a grown-up diet—a period of many dangers.

The first solid food extremely important

The first solid food must not only furnish certain essentials but it must be in a form so simple that it will not burden inexperienced little stomachs.

For 30 years physicians have been advising Cream of Wheat as the first solid food for a baby. It is a splendid food, they say, for two reasons.

First, it supplies an unfailing fund of rich energy—and babies use an unbelievable amount in growing and developing.

Next Cream of Wheat is in a very simple, easily digested form which a baby's stomach can handle.



Another thing—always vital where babies' food is concerned—Cream of Wheat comes to you always clean and pure. The package is triple-wrapped and triple-sealed; absolutely protected from dirt, weevils or any form of contamination.

A wonderful energy food, extremely easy to digest and so delicious that babies always love it. These are the qualities which give Cream of Wheat an important place on the diet lists of baby specialists. It is these same qualities which make it an equally valuable food for older children and grown-ups.

Foods which promote growth, produce energy, maintain health

1. MILK—The best food for growth and maintenance. Should be a basic part of the diet not only in infancy but all through life.
2. STARCHES AND SUGARS—These furnish the body energy-fuel for activities. For babies and children these foods should be largely in the form of cereals, such as Cream of Wheat. Sugar requirements should be filled through various foods—not in concentrated form.
3. FRUITS—They are rich in growth producing and mineral elements; also assist in elimination of waste. Should be given once a day at least.
4. VEGETABLES—Called the protective foods because of their valuable minerals and vitamins. Green or leafy vegetables should be given at least once a day.
5. FATS—These are fuel foods. Butter should be given, as it contains a valuable vitamin found to a much less extent in other fats.
6. EGGS AND MEATS—These have growth producing and maintenance properties. Eggs are valuable for the iron in the yolk. Neither should be given more than once a day.

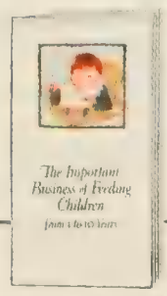


Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

©1925, C. of W. Co.

Send for Free Sample
and book on children's diet



"The Important Business of Feeding Children" is a booklet of information on correct diet for children from 1 to 10 years. We will gladly send it to any mother free, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. We will also send our new recipe book.

Cream of Wheat Company
Dept. 132, Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," together with sample box of Cream of Wheat.

☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

Name .....

Address .....



THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

THE MAN WHO TRIED TO KILL CHRISTMAS

"I AM taking Christmas off my private calendar. Hereafter I will discontinue the custom of offering gifts or other Christmas tokens, and earnestly request you all to do the same with me. The modern Christmas is now actually a day of much worry, distress, sorrow and ill-will."

"I think Christmas is the year's greatest day. Men look to it as a source from which to draw the power and will to daily express their devotion to highest ideals, as a day when the brotherhood of man embraces the world."

One man wrote both those opinions of Christmas. He wrote them both from the heart. It was a heart full of bitterness when he penned the first lines; a heart full of understanding and sympathy when he wrote the last.

Everywhere, for all time, Christmas has been, to people of varying creeds, a day of gladness or of bitterness. It is a day that banishes neutrality. It is a day on which happy memories become glorified or hard thoughts surge like gall in an open wound. For those who can not feel it at all, something in life has gone wrong.

Last year, as in other years, many happy greetings came to us; but along with the happy messages there was a resentful cry from one who had set himself the task of destroying Christmas. This is the card we received from Harold Roland Johnson, a man of talent and sincere gifts:

TO ALL MY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS:

The modern Christmas is swiftly passing the premise of both spirit and meaning of old Yuletide, and is now actually a day of much worry, distress, sorrow and ill-will.

Christmas is viciously commercialized by dollar-mad business men; and good, well-intentioned people are helpless victims of their conscienceless avarice. 'Peace on earth and good-will towards men' has ceased to express to-day's Christmas attitude.

For these sufficient reasons—and others too hurtful, known and true to relate—I am taking Christmas off my private calendar. Hereafter, I will discontinue the custom of offering gifts or other Christmas tokens, and earnestly request you all to do the same with me. Your greetings will be heartily appreciated and welcomed at any other time.

Sincerely,
HAROLD ROLAND JOHNSON.

IT WAS a formal printed card, but we could not pass it by nor put it aside with other printed cards nor with the ads for fur coats and diamond rings to be bought with Christmas money. We also had read the commercial advertisements. We had seen the announcements, "Christmas gifts exchanged before New Year's." We might even have added to Mr. Johnson's dreary indictment of an abused but still beautiful occasion.

But we believe in Christmas, and so those things to which Mr. Johnson had taken exception did not disturb us. His card, however, seemed to us to demand an answer, and we wrote:

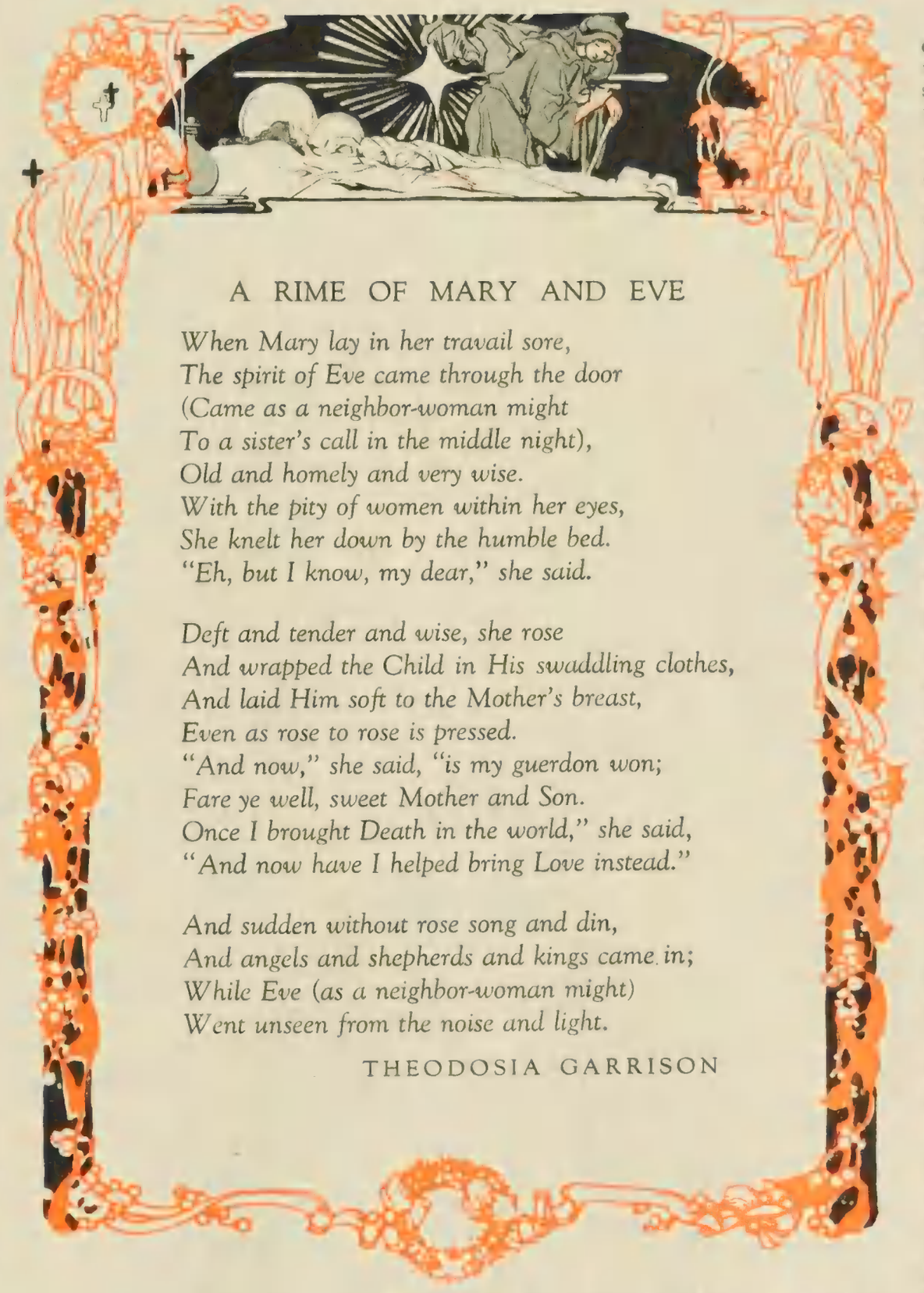
DEAR HAROLD JOHNSON:

Out of loam and sand and dead unpleasant things come the most beautiful flowers of the world.

I have known gallantry in the heart of a thief.

I have lived a good many years and I have known a great deal of happiness. I am glad I am living; I have not found anything in life without alloy, but I have not expected perfection.

So, my friend, why expect Christmas without flaws?



A RIME OF MARY AND EVE

When Mary lay in her travail sore,
The spirit of Eve came through the door
(Came as a neighbor-woman might
To a sister's call in the middle night),
Old and homely and very wise.
With the pity of women within her eyes,
She knelt her down by the humble bed.
"Eh, but I know, my dear," she said.

Deft and tender and wise, she rose
And wrapped the Child in His swaddling clothes,
And laid Him soft to the Mother's breast,
Even as rose to rose is pressed.
"And now," she said, "is my guerdon won;
Fare ye well, sweet Mother and Son.
Once I brought Death in the world," she said,
"And now have I helped bring Love instead."

And sudden without rose song and din,
And angels and shepherds and kings came in;
While Eve (as a neighbor-woman might)
Went unseen from the noise and light.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

Christmas is what we individually make it. It is a happy day for me and mine; it gives us an opportunity to take a little happiness to sick and lonely and poor people, and a spiritual thought to those sometimes poorest of all, the heavily laden with material wealth. We have never commercialized it in our little house nor made it the day to pay social debts. So we treasure Christmas, and we have to protest when some one strikes a blow at the life of the best day in the whole year.

Believe in Christmas yourself and make it what it should be, rather than leave it in the market-place. Neither you nor a multitude like you can wipe Christmas off the calendar; but you and a few like you can help to make it what it should be.

I can understand why you framed your card. I have sometimes been in that mood of protest myself; but I have tried to live by this axiom: Life is what we individually make it. And so, against your bidding, I wish you a Merry Christmas!

MONTHS passed and no word came from Mr. Johnson. Then, a few days before we prepared this page, we asked the man who wanted to kill Christmas if he was satisfied with his effort or if he had found the great day of peace an empty and unhappy one. Men are shy and often reluctant to bring to the surface some of the strong sentiments that control their lives. But Mr. Johnson telegraphed us on the day he received our question, and his answer is a Christmas message to all:

Christmas was always my boyhood's happiest day. Then I received those toys and things which thrilled my playtime. Mother, father, sisters, brothers—everybody I saw smiled. All were surely happy.

As years beckoned me, Christmas withered. It became a time of mere giving and taking, of scheming and expectancy, of disappointment and pain. Commerce reaped a harvest of dollars because a foolish public submitted to an overworked custom enforced by cunning publicity. Each year I rebelled more. I could no longer endure the great sham, so I planned to protest, to do all in my power to end the day. In 1924 I wrote my sincere indictment of Christmas and triumphantly mailed it to my relatives and friends, to press services, editors and authors. I abolished Christmas and awaited results.

Christmas day came. After arising, I looked out of the window. Many people were passing on the sidewalks, going to churches and the welcoming homes of others. Children danced along with laughter.

Thinking, I sat down at my desk. There lay a pretty parcel from a young girl who had failed to understand me. There were no other presents. Most of my friends and relatives had granted my request out of respect and love. Some of them, though, had brushed it aside and sent greetings. Opening one of these, I read: "Life is what we individually make it. And so, against your bidding, I wish you a Merry Christmas!

MARIE M. MELONEY."

Another: "How can one cut off Christmas? I mean, how could one cut from one's calendar the spring? One might, but the buds would burst and the flowers would open just the same.

ZONA GALE."

Out on the street folk were warmly greeting one another. Under the tinsel and color of it ran a deep current of goodness. Apparently no one was thinking of the commercial intrusion upon his day—except me. I had blundered. Yes! No! Certainly I was alone in mood this Christmas. Lonely and defeated. I had not influenced many; I had only kept aloof from their good wishes and cheer! . . .

I have come by now to realize a thousand times better than before what Christmas means to hundreds of millions—and to me.

Gifts are but symbols of something else, tokens from some one near and dear. Gifts in themselves are of little value, but behind the gift is a human being; within that person a throbbing heart, a soul, reaches out, offering another a thing which is a sign from the heart. Love gives to love, gladly, unhesitatingly, purposely. The hand that accepts receives the greeting from the heart of love, in deep, loving appreciation. To-day, awakened, how well I understand the true significance of Christmas, which automatically dispels its evil but superficial features. Never again will I run from the beautiful thing of worth, hidden though it be.

I think Christmas is the year's greatest day. Men look to it as a source from which to draw the power and will to daily express their devotion to the highest ideals, as a day when the brotherhood of man embraces the world.

This Christmas I will be found with my fellowmen, eager and determined, bending every effort in my endeavor and privilege to brighten this world and all its homes, and to put into effect, into living reality, the greatest message I have ever heard, the most wonderful hope and possibility—"Peace on earth and good-will towards men."

HAROLD ROLAND JOHNSON.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you, Harold Johnson and to all of you who believe. Especially to those who out of bitterness have wanted to wipe this day from the calendar. The best we could want for any one of you is an understanding of Christmas. Certain it is that the happiness of Christmas is only for those who lose themselves remembering others. To all of you we wish this gift.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 98

High days and holidays with Kate Douglas Wiggin

By RODERICK STEBBINS



TROTTY FORGOT HER "PIECE" AND DISSOLVED IN TEARS

Drawing by Otto J. Gutter

WHEN Christmas comes I always think of Kate Douglas Wiggin. She was for many years almost a part of our family and wherever we might be, on the Pacific or on the Atlantic coast, if we were within reach, we were together at Christmas. Therefore this season of the year is, for me, inevitably associated with her. Although Mrs. Wiggin has been dead over two years, she is a living influence with all who ever knew her. She was one of those radiant persons whom it is impossible to associate with death. Brilliant, witty, gay, responsive, she carried joy and beauty with her wherever she went, and at Christmas time she was the Christmas spirit incarnate.

Some people, I am told, have the impression that her life was unhappy. I have hardly known a happier one or one with deeper and more lasting satisfactions. She worked hard, but work was a great joy to her. She suffered much from ill-health, but she never allowed her sufferings to quench her spirit. Any one who reads her autobiography, "My Garden of Memory," published after her death, can not fail to be impressed by the happy life she enjoyed. In many of her books, like "The Village Watch Tower," "The Rose of the River," "Mother Carey's Chickens," "Patsy," "Timothy's Quest," "The Birds' Christmas Carol" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," there are passages that bring tears to the eyes, but, on the other hand, there are as many that bring smiles to the lips, so that an English friend described her as the "Lady of the Twinkle and the Tear." Mrs. Wiggin's command of pathos in her writings may be responsible for the impression that her life was unhappy, but that impression must not go unchallenged. Read "Penelope's Experiences" or "A Cathedral Courtship" and see how gay and merry and happy Mrs. Wiggin could be and was. Together with real depths of character went the capacity to give and to receive great joy.



REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM, MOTHER CAREY, THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL—these are more than names to us. Kate Douglas Wiggin has made them intimate friends of ours and of our children. An old friend of hers now draws a charming picture of the gay and kindly spirit that was behind these books—the beloved "Miss Kate"

MRS. WIGGIN was a devoted friend of my father, and when she was in San Francisco she was a member of his congregation in the church where he was minister for forty years. My acquaintance with Mrs. Wiggin began when I was a boy and continued until her death. As I have said, many were the happy Christmases her family and mine had together, sometimes at our house, sometimes at her school. She founded in San Francisco the first free kindergarten west of the Rocky Mountains, and in the kindergarten Christmas was always a gala day. In addition to the little tots and their parents, a few intimate friends of Mrs. Wiggin were invited to the celebration. They were prepared for the occasion by thrilling tales of the school, and their curiosity was aroused to see some particular children by what Mrs. Wiggin had said about them. For instance, there was a five-year old boy who was asked if he would play the

Continued on page 82

RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER
Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office



Do You Love Them Enough to Give Them Parker Duofolds

Beautiful Writers—Constant Companions

These Gifts will make Christmas a Glorious Success

And the Giver Not Forgotten

NO better place to start your List of Gifts than here. Not given today and forgotten tomorrow—but constant companions of the favored ones to whom you give them—that's Parker Duofold Duette—Pen and Pencil to match.

At the very first sight of these cheery lacquer-red barrels their hearts will glow with joy and gratitude.

And it's characteristic of the Parker Duofold Pens and Pencils to win the devotion of their owners more each day, each month, each year.

The Pencil with Gold Crown, Clip and Tip, Hand-size Grip, and Non-Clog Propeller that turns lead OUT and IN.

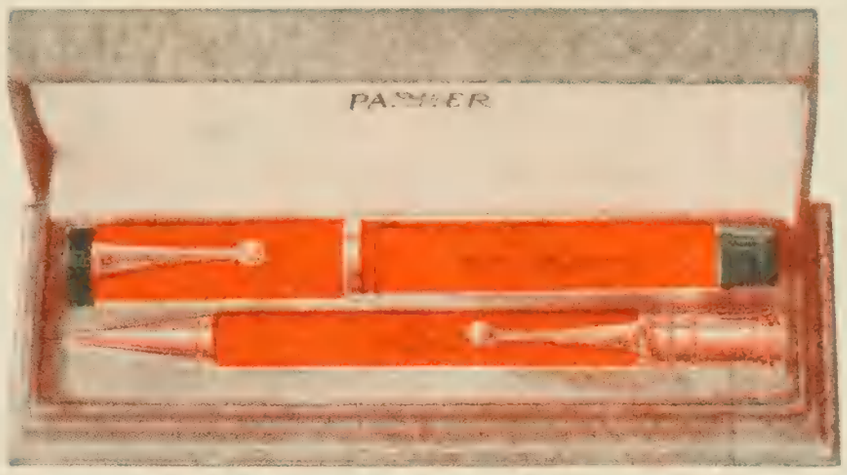
A perfect match—a matchless Writing Team.

In all the world there are no finer writing instruments, and this is so generally known that anything less—a copy or an imitation—is apt to be disappointing to those who have set their hopes on owning the real Parker Duofolds. So look for this stamp—"Geo. S. Parker," and accept none without it.

Good pen counters wouldn't be without them. You can get them there if you go before they're all taken. Yes, in many cities that's likely to happen again this season.

$3 Lady Duofold Pencil

$4 Parker Over-size Duofold Pencil



Parker Duofold Duette can be had in Black and Gold as well as Black-tipped Lacquer-red but we recommend the color for it makes them hard to mislay.
Over-size Duette, $11 Junior size, $8.50 Lady Duofold size, $8
Satin-lined Gift Case de luxe included



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ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES *No.* 1

14 little blouses blowing on the line





WHEN we saw those blouses, and counted them, and surveyed the rest of the beautiful, fresh-looking clothes snapping in the crisp breeze, we simply had to stop in for a talk with their owner.

Mrs. Marshall* proved to be one of those cordial, friendly people you just can't help liking. Her house was friendly, too—with bright chintzes, glistening white woodwork, and welcoming, comfortable chairs.

"How do you do it?" we asked her when we found she'd done that whole wash herself. "There are *fourteen* blouses on that line!"

"There aren't always so many," she laughed. "Somehow Dick and Bobby each needed a clean blouse every day last week. But even fourteen blouses aren't so much work as they once were, since I've used P and G Naphtha Soap. I suppose that pleases you!" she added.

Hints from Mrs. Marshall

"Before putting the clothes to soak, I always have lukewarm water in the tub. I never put the clothes in first and then run in hot and cold water. Hot water, striking the clothes, sets the dirt. Also, the first few drops are often rusty and make stubborn stains. With P and G I soak my clothes only during breakfast, not over night. This loosens even the most ground-in dirt without rubbing."

"Indeed it does," we replied. "How do you notice the difference?"

"By comparison. Like most women, I've tried a good many soaps, but P and G simply outdoes them all. It gets the clothes clean so quickly, without ever fading their colors. I never have to rub hard any more, or boil every week. And I not only use it in the laundry but everywhere else in the house from kitchen to bathroom."

Of course, Mrs. Marshall is only one of the millions of women who think this way about P and G, and that is why P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in America. You see, it does everything better! And it makes no difference whether the water is hard or soft, cold or hot, P and G always gives beautiful, quick, safe results. Don't you think it ought to be doing *your* work, too?

*Of course, this isn't her real name.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

THE LARGEST-SELLING LAUNDRY SOAP IN AMERICA



THERE *is no mystery about the supremacy of P and G —it is simply a better soap.*

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The Miracle Play comes back

Many churches are now reviving this beautiful old custom

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MacKAY



DAME ELLEN TERRY LENDS A SPLENDID GARMENT FROM HER SHAKESPEARIAN WARDROBE TO DECK A SAINT FOR THE YORK PLAY

PRODUCING a Christmas play in the church as part of the Yuletide service is a custom that is becoming almost universal. As the Christmas season approaches, "What play shall we give, and how shall we give it?" is the fascinating and absorbing question, and to this are added other important questions, such as "How many rehearsals?" "How do we make costumes?" "What background shall we use?" "What shall we do with an immovable pulpit?" and "How can we light the tableaux so they will be most appealing?"

The idea of giving a play in a church dates from the Middle Ages when people found, as they do to-day, that nothing adds more to the happiness of the Christmas season, drawing people together, and stimulating their powers of achievement and resourcefulness. It adds to the mental treasury of young and old, stirring their hearts, giving them lovely pictures to look back on.

It is something in which *all* can participate, whether it be the city church with funds and experience or the rural church with only a few dollars in the treasury and no experience at all!

Thus in the general scheme of things in this article will come first the city and then the country church and, last of all, production-simplification and workable methods that may prove an aid to both.

High on the roster of Christmas church plays in American cities stands "Why the Chimes Rang," with its medieval processional effects of blue and purple and gold, as given in the First Church of Evanston, Illinois; and the joyous canticle of "The Star Gleams," given on the steps and porch of Emmanuel Church in Baltimore. In New York City two notable productions have been "Eagerheart" in St. George's, and a Nativity play acted in St. Francis Xavier's; while Boston has to its credit "The Spirit of Christianity," as portrayed in the Second Church, where, after the Adoration of the Shepherds and Magi, and the Flight into Egypt down the darkened aisles, there appeared an angel standing near the altar, holding a great lighted candle which typified The Light of the World. From this candle the Apostles took flame for their candles, and from them the Disciples next took

FOR EVERY CREED

Churches of all denominations are reviving the beautiful old custom of religious drama in the church.

Miss MacKay has prepared a leaflet that tells you how to make inexpensive settings for a Nativity play and for other religious dramas, together with a list of suitable books and plays. Just a two-cent stamp for return postage will bring you this helpful leaflet. Address the Service Bureau of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York.



LIKE AN OLD PAINTING IS THIS EXQUISITE ANNUNCIATION SCENE FROM A CHURCH PLAY

light and heart of grace, till the whole church glimmered with litten tapers and color, and seemed full of the breath of frankincense and myrrh.

Pageantry, too, plays its part in church celebrations in such different parts of the country as St. Paul's, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; the Union Methodist Church of New York City, and the First Baptist Church of Jersey City. In connection with this church a drama workshop room has been established in the church basement, and here the young people build scenes, stencil fabrics and experiment with lights. Here all costumes are stored and hung, so that from year to year there will be no waste.

Noted poets and artists are lending their talents to the creation of beautiful church services. A hauntingly lovely rendering of the Christmas story is "The Adoration" of the Nativity, by John Farrar. It is written for young people and children, and contains that rarest alchemy—true poetry. It is as if the author had taken for a text: "Oh, ye sun and moon, bless ye the Lord." The Holy Family is seen in the chancel, and from right and left of it, and up the aisles, come not only the shepherds and kings with their gifts, but the pale moon and the little attendant stars who draw near to worship. The golden sun, east wind, west wind, the silver rain, the flowers of



SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE MATERIALS CLOTHE THE MEMBERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY IN SHIPPEN'S "LIGHT OF CHRISTIANITY"

the Holy Land, all bow low in adoration. The play has both a churchly and secular ending. The church production ends with a flower processional and the song of "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

Then, too, there are the medieval mystery plays, such as the one in which St. Catherine figures, which Edith Craig, England's greatest woman producer, revived in the old cathedral city of York last Christmastide. This is of special interest because some of these ancient mystery plays have been acted in this country—notably the Chester Nativity play, which is very quaint and simple. It is also of interest because England as well as America is reviving ecclesiastical drama, and in several instances has evolved ideas of such lasting significance that America could copy them to advantage; for what thrives better than a transplanted idea?

The first of these ideas is the series of drama services held in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, London, on Sunday afternoons. They consist of a sermon, music and a biblical one-act play which is staged in the chancel. Thus the Christmas play—the great event of the year—is led up to by a number of preparatory dramas. This last Christmas the Yuletide play was "The Cure of Souls" by Laurence Housman, written around the life of St. Francis. There is a cycle of these St. Francis plays, each in one act, which can be given singly or consecutively, and their requisites are as unpretentious as the life of the Little Poor Man. In a troubled world, what better at the Christmas season than the note of brotherly love and tranquillity that one associates with this saint whom all the world reveres?

The plays of St. Paul's in Covent Garden are very simply staged, and in direct antithesis to this is the magnificent (yet inexpensive) production of that modern miracle play "The Great World Theater" by Von Hofmannsthal as given in St. Edward's Church, Holbeck, Leeds. This play, also under the direction of Edith Craig, was produced during the Christmas holidays. Leeds, as every one knows, is a grimy manufacturing city, a counterpart of Arnold Bennett's "Five-Towns." Yet in the midst of a manufacturing suburb, with every-day citizens for the play's participants, such a vision of beauty and light was achieved that one of the London papers declared that not for a thousand years in any English-

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"WHERE IS MY FATHER?"

A story you will never forget By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Christmas brings the answer to a nameless child

IN THE corner of the yard was a wonderful apple-tree with bark that was smooth and rough—smooth in places and rough in places—and up and down the trunk of the apple-tree hurried or lingered wonderful insects. Mostly they were ants, black ants, hastening here and there, running to each other and touching their feelers, running away from each other again, carrying things up and down the tree, busy and interesting, but there were also beetles. Vidda could sit by the hour on her haunches, now and then steadying herself with a hand on the grass, watching the tree people.

Not far from the tree was the long narrow strip of flower-garden—perennials mostly. There were phlox and iris and bleeding-hearts and a dozen other kinds. A bleeding-heart broke into two cunning little pinky rabbits; if you picked one of the phlox flowers and sucked its tiny little tube gently you got a sip of sweet honey. It was an interesting world; there was always something interesting. If it was a shut-in world, Vidda did not notice; she was always too busy with affairs of the utmost importance.

You don't see the yard yet. You must see the grass that came up tenderly green in the Spring and was never cut, making long wisps in the Summer to be braided like hair. You must see the long-stemmed dandelions turning into magic balls of down that floated away at a puff of the breath. You must see the wire wall covered thickly with honeysuckle, noisy with bees in June.

The wire wall went all about the place. In front, against the street, it was hidden by tall snowball bushes except at the gate, which was of boards without a crack between. It was a beautiful shut-in world. In Winter there was snow and sometimes icy places on the brick walk for sliding.

Vidda lived in this wonderful place with her grandmother and her mother, but her mother was Miss Anne Markey who had never been married, and only a part of the high wire wall had been built by Miss Anne. It seems that when Miss Anne did not go away—as every one expected she would when Vidda was born—the Greggs on one side built a high wire wall and planted honeysuckle and bushes, and the Towners on the other side built another high wire wall and planted honeysuckle and bushes, so Miss Anne built the wire wall at front and rear. It was better, because no one wanted to speak to her and she did not want to speak to any one. So Vidda knew the yard first as a baby in a carriage—in the sun by the house or in the shade under the apple-tree—and then toddling here and there, falling and picking herself up again, and then, as the years went by, sitting on her heels studying the world and all that is therein.

Her name was Vidda because she was not a boy and could not be called David, which was the name of the man who should have been her father, but he died. He went away somewhere that does not matter and died there, so he never came back to be Vidda's father, and Anne every day held herself straighter and was more severe of face—a large dark oval face with hard black eyes that saw but did not speak. So it was always to the grandmother that Vidda went, for the grandmother had eyes that talked.

You would have loved the grandmother. She was quite old and very gentle, and quiet in the way of one the world has hurt and may hurt again, and a little tremulous for that reason, but making the best of everything as cheerfully as possible, admiring the red leaves of the maples along the street when the sun glowed on them in the Autumn, showing Vidda how beautiful a dandelion might be, looking at the clouds in the blue sky. They made two worlds of it, Anne and the grandmother; Anne's world was a tall dark world walled in and somber; the grandmother's world was a wide, glowing world with sunshine that the honeysuckled wall could not keep out.

It was only Anne the people did not want to see, and the grandmother would not be unhappy—no unhappier than she had to be. Sometimes she took the seams of her skirt in her fingers and did funny steps to make Vidda laugh. The grandmother went to market and spoke to people, and people spoke to her; she went to church; presently she took Vidda to Sunday-school.

"You will do as you please," Anne said. "I say nothing."



"IS MY SWEET LITTLE BABY BROTHER JESUS IN THAT MANGER?" VIDDA ASKED, "BECAUSE I WANT TO SEE HIM!"

Drawings by Joseph M. Clement

ONE day, late in a hot August, a cicada—a locust—lighted on the bark of the apple-tree as Vidda was haunched down watching her ants. It came against the tree with a thump and felt about with its curved claws until it had a firm purchase. Then it made a shrill sudden whir, so that Vidda dodged back her head and put her hand out against the grass. But the cicada paid no attention. It screeched loud and long and industriously and Vidda leaned forward. Her eyes were not like her mother's—they were blue—and now they were round with new amazement. She lifted a finger and touched the cicada gently.

She quite fell back as the cicada leaped away from the apple-tree with a frightening whir of its wings and she heard it thump against the honeysuckled wall of wire. She saw where it had alighted and she went close to the honeysuckle, haunching down again, and presently the cicada began its loud song once more. The little girl was watching the insect so intently that she did not notice that the honeysuckle had grown all to the top of the wire wall, as honeysuckle will, until she saw a face close to her face—a ruddy freckled face. She looked at the boy solemnly, without speaking, and the boy looked at Vidda.

"What made that noise?" the boy asked.

"It's a bug. Here it is, right here," Vidda said.

"I know who you are," the boy said.

"I know who I am, too," Vidda said.

"You're the girl that ain't got any father," the boy said. "I durstn't play with you, because you ain't got any father. There durstn't nobody play with you."

This was new to Vidda. The ants had never told her that, nor the dandelions, nor the phlox, nor her grandmother. Of course Anne had never told her, because Anne was silent.

"Have you got a father?" Vidda asked.

"Sure I got a father!" bragged the boy. "Everybody's got a father but you. You ain't."

"Why?" Vidda asked, for she was very much interested.

"You ain't good enough to," said the boy frankly. "You ain't decent. I got to keep away from you. You get back in your yard there, and let me look at the bug."

Vidda went back; she walked backward, holding her hands behind her, staring at the place where she had seen the boy's face. The boy must have touched the cicada, for it whirred up from the honeysuckle and passed the apple-tree and flew high above the rear wire wall and over the stable that raised its roof mysteriously beyond the wall. Vidda haunched down by the apple-tree again. She hoped the cicada would come back, but it never did.



The Pickwickians go to spend Christmas at Dingley Dell



"I DARE SAY IT'S PLUMB FOOLISH OF ME, ANNE," JOHN MARTIN WAS SAYING, "BUT I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU MIGHT SORT OF GIVE ME TO VIDDA—AS A KIND OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT"

She did not worry much over not having a father; she had never had one and did not know it was a thing to be worried over. Now and then she thought of what the boy had said, and she felt a little hurt, but that was more because of the way he had said it. On the whole, she gave the most thought to his ruddy freckles. She had never seen any one with freckles. They were as interesting as ants. She decided that freckles were a very fine thing to have since evidently they were granted only to those who had fathers. She sought a mirror for almost the first time in her life and examined her face with great care, but there was not even the slightest rudiment of a single freckle to be found there. Her face was as white as the petal of a peony with a touch of rose. That was too bad, of course, but only what a fatherless child might expect.

After that Vidda often went to the wire wall on the Gregg side and, sitting on her heels, peered between the scant leaves into the Gregg yard. Sometimes she saw the boy and sometimes she did not. Sometimes other boys were there, playing with the Gregg boy, and once or twice a small girl was there. They played rough games mostly, and seemed to have a great deal of fun and some quarrels that were extremely interesting. Vidda spent whole afternoons thus watching. Neither Anne nor the grandmother thought anything of it; the child was always sitting on her heels watching the ants and beetles, one place or another. They did not know she was waiting and waiting until a boy or a girl came near so that she might see who had freckles and who had not.

PRESENTLY Vidda thought of the other wire wall and she went to that one, too. Things were quite different beyond that wire wall. There were two little girls in that yard, and sometimes more little girls, but never any boys. While the Gregg yard was worn almost bare of grass and was sandy, the Towners yard was close-clipped lawn with beds of flowers and a tall, flat-topped vase that birds came and bathed in. It was very lovely, like a dream, but the little girls had freckles. They came one day to pick flowers close to the honeysuckled wire wall and Vidda saw quite plainly that they had a father, because there were little processions of freckles over their noses and across their cheeks under their eyes. She sat entirely motionless and silent until they went away.

In Summer there was no Sunday-school, of course, but with the coming of Autumn Sunday-school began again and what had been one of the happiest things for Vidda was not so happy any more—her seat next the teacher. Always she had sat next the teacher, close to her, and often the teacher held her hand, but now Vidda felt, rather than saw, that the other little girls sat away from her. This, she was afraid, was because she was not—as the boy had said—decent. They durstn't sit close to her. They had fathers, probably; certainly they all had freckles, more or less. One or two did not have many and probably hadn't very much in the way of fathers, but any sort of father was doubtless better than none.

A great deal is learned in Sunday-school—many wonderful things about Joseph and his coat of many colors and being good and kind, but Vidda learned there something that was far more wonderful. At first she could hardly believe it; she thought it must be a mistake. She thought she had not heard correctly, so she asked.

"Teacher," she said, "is the Father in heaven my Father in heaven, too?"

"Why, of course, Vidda," the teacher said.

"Well—well, will I have some freckles now?"

"Will you have some what?"

"Will I have some freckles?"

The teacher looked at Vidda's face and smiled.

"No, I don't believe you will ever have freckles, child," she said. "You are one of the lucky folk that never have them. I envy you your skin, child."

But Vidda did not care if her skin was envied or not.

"I didn't know I could have a Father in heaven unless I had freckles," she said.

"You queer, queer child!" the teacher said. "Of course you have a Father in heaven. Freckles have nothing whatever to do with that."

"Then I'm decent now, ain't I?" Vidda asked.

"You're a queer little darling, whatever else you are," said the teacher, and she bent and kissed her.

SOME days, no matter which wire wall she was looking through, haunched down on her heels, Vidda saw a father come home, but she did not envy any Gregg or any Towners. Sometimes the Gregg father grasped the freckled boy and shook him angrily, making him cry, and sometimes the Towners father spoke quite cruelly to the Towners girls and they looked ashamed and hurt, but Vidda's Father never spoke crossly to her. Of course, on other days, it was nice to have a father come home, and Vidda's Father never came home.

"My Father He art in heaven," Vidda told herself. "He can't be coming home all the time," and she watched the ants and the beetles, and went to the board gate when her grandmother came home, and welcomed her. She was not at all unhappy that she had no freckles. She was quite content now that she had a Father in heaven, and then—one day—she found a great new happiness.

"And so Jesus," the teacher explained to the Sunday-school class, "was the Son of the Father in heaven, and He was born a little baby in a stable."

This was indeed amazing news to Vidda. When she heard it, her heart jumped like some happy animal shut up in her breast. She remembered a card the teacher had given her—oh, long ago; a year ago!—a card all lovely colors and gold, with sheep and cattle and a mother bending over a baby. She could hardly wait until Sunday-school was over; she wanted to be at home and to find the card; she was almost sure where it was, only she had never thought much of it before—but now! She found it where she had thought it might be, under the hair-ribbons in the drawer of her bureau.

"Oh!" she cried, and kissed it again and again. "My own little brother Jesus! My own dear little baby brother Jesus!"

She looked at the card a long while. There had never been a dearer little baby brother, she was sure. He was curled up so cunning in the straw of the manger, with His head raised a little and His knees drawn up and so chubby and pink. Even the cows and sheep had to look at him! And the Mother bending over him so tenderly! Vidda studied the face of the good Joseph carefully. She had never noticed the man in the picture before, but now he had great interest for her. She looked long, sitting on her heels, at the kindly bearded face, and liked it.

"He must be my Father in heaven," she whispered. "My Father in heaven and my dear little brother Jesus!" and she put the card carefully under her hair-ribbons.

Every day, and often both morning and evening, she took out the card and looked at it. She felt that she would like to ask her mother about it, but each day her mother seemed to be straighter and more stern of face, and one did not dare ask her questions.

AND so the Autumn waned into Winter. The ants no longer climbed the bark of the apple-tree, the flowers wilted under the frost, the leaves fell and the bare vines of the honeysuckle clung leafless to the wire walls, and in coat and mittens Vidda played her games in the snow. It was not as pleasant as the Summer, but Vidda was happy, because why should one be unhappy when one had a Father in heaven and a sweet baby brother Jesus? She no longer peered, sitting on her heels, into the adjacent yards, for the honeysuckle no longer hid her—and it was thus she came to look through the wire wall at the rear of the yard.

She had never looked through this wire wall, but now it was as if she was seeing a new world and one different from any she had yet seen. She looked into a yard that was strewn with wisps of straw and hay and littered with wagons and sleds, and she saw quite clearly the stable of which she had never been able to see but the roof. She saw an open door and through the opening she saw hay in a manger!

As she leaned forward she let her hand rest on the wire mesh of the wire wall and it crumbled under her

Continued on page 81



Mr. Snodgrass helped Emily over the terrors of the stile

AND ON EARTH—PEACE

By ZONA GALE

A wild night in the hills when the dead came back

ACROSS a mile of flat white pasture land one light shone. Bertha Millet saw the light, and hated it.

Snowflakes were whirling against the glass. There was wind. Her first night in the hills was to be a night of storm. She only hoped that Carl would come with her mail and her supplies before the storm grew fierce. This would be his last trip up into the hills before Christmas—only three days away.

Christmas! The first Christmas day that she had ever spent alone.

How they were talking down in the valley. "Bart Millet's wife—yes, the flighty one. No wonder he went off with another woman—a sober, quiet, industrious creature, who understood all that he had put up with from Bertha, who was no housekeeper. A man wanted a housekeeper. Anyway, Bart went off with Jane Graham—and Jane was thirty, and a respectable widow with a girl of eight. She must have pitied him—poor Bart. Not that Bart had done *right*—nobody was defending him—but to understand weakness was your Christian duty. As for that Bertha Millet, with her independence and her high ways, who could understand her? Who wanted to understand her?"

She could hear their voices as if they were rising from the valley. She listened for the sound of Carl's car coming up the Glen Road, but all that she heard was the roll of voices. She knew what else they said:

"And Bart Millet's death," they were saying, "was Bertha's fault and nobody else's. Because, if Bart hadn't gone off with Jane, he wouldn't have hired out to the lumber camp—and the raft wouldn't have drowned him. Bertha killed him just as much as if she'd pushed him off the raft into the river. And there was poor Jane, trying to keep her girl Anne off in school—and all that scandal!"

It was Jane's light which Bertha could see across the valley. Bertha stood at the window watching for Carl and thinking how perfectly neat the room was where that far lamp was set—the room which she herself had never kept in order. But Bertha had left that house on the day after Bart had gone with Jane. She had lived on in the town in a boarding-house. And now Jane's light shone across the mile of flat pasture into Bertha's new abode—a small place, set up in the hills, the farm which had belonged to Bertha's father.

For the last fortnight, Bertha knew, that light had shone on some one besides Jane Graham-Millet. It had been shining on Anne, Jane's daughter, home for the Christmas holidays, home for the first time since Jane had gone away with Bart. Bertha wondered if she knew. The valley and the village wondered if she knew.

"Poor little thing! Of course she couldn't understand like the rest of us. She'll think her mother was just plain bad. She won't know what kind of a cook Bertha was. Mebbe some of us could kind of explain, like her mother can't——"

BERTHA had no doubt that somebody had explained. The wind was strong and it beat upon the house. Bertha had on the kettle to make coffee for Carl—she could make good coffee, even if the valley hadn't liked her way of serving vegetables and salads instead of pastry and cake. And Carl could eat at any moment of the day or night. She had loved him from his little boyhood when he had run over from the adjoining farm and asked her to tell him a story. She had opened to him a new world, and he admired her increasingly when his two years of college were done and he had come back to manage his father's farm. He was her one link with the world now, she told herself. But they must have it understood that on a night like this he must not drive up with her provisions. Snow was falling so that she could hardly see Jane's light. She turned away, and the wind was so strong that she did not hear the sound of Carl's car until he had driven into her yard.



Drawings by Charles R. Chickering

BERTHA WONDERED WHAT THERE IS TO SIGNAL THAT TWO PEOPLE ARE IN LOVE

She flung open the door and he came in, and the room filled with the odor of the cold and with flying snow. The lamp flickered, the fire leaped in the draft, and his presence seemed to wake the air.

"I'm a sight, Mrs. Millet," he said; "the snow came in even through the windshield. I'd just drop the ba ket and go, only——"

He looked at her and at the window, caked with the flakes.

"Take off your coat," she cried. "I'll have some coffee in ten minutes—but it'll only take me a second!"

They laughed, as they always had laughed together. She was actually bustling—the valley would not have believed it of her—getting ready his supper.

He did not take off his coat, but made ineffectual dabs with his cap, beating away the snow. His face was brown and firm, his blond hair was thick.

"I can't," he said. "I must get straight on to-night——"

She turned. "Why my dear! I haven't seen you—I haven't seen *anybody* since you were here last week. Of course," she caught herself, "I don't want to see anybody—but I do want to see you——"

"I know," he said, "I've no end of stuff I want to talk with you, but to-night——"

He turned his look to the window.

"You shouldn't have come," she told him. "I've been anxious for two hours. That road—Carl, don't you think that you should stay here?"

Again his look went to the window, where the lights of his car made the flakes sparkle.

"I could get on all right myself," he said, "only——"

"What, Carl?"

"I've got some one with me."

"Well, then—of course you'll both stay here!"

"I don't think you'd like that, Mrs. Millet. I don't think——"

She made a wide gesture; her face was not even curious.

"*I* shall not mind, whoever it is." Her thought caught, as on some visible obstacle. "Perhaps you mean it's somebody who wouldn't care about putting up with *me?*"

"It's not that—why, she's up here with me, isn't she? But you—I wish it wasn't such a devilish night!"

"If she wouldn't care," said Bertha lightly, "that's all. Don't keep her out there freezing to death, Carl!"

"My dear," he said, "it's Anne—Anne Graham."

For an instant her look was blank.

"Jane Graham's daughter," he had to add.

"Does she know?" Bertha asked only.

"Oh, everything!"

"Then she shares the valley's idea that I deserved what I got. She won't want——"

"Don't be absurd. But are you sure——"

"Don't *you* be absurd," she said, and took down another cup.

His look was his answer. Then she heard him:

"Anne! Mrs. Millet wants us both to stay."

ANNE and Bertha met as two beings having no wrongs and no relatives.

"Mrs. Millet," Anne said, "I do wish we weren't making you so much trouble! I was paralyzed at that Glen Road coming *up*. I daren't think of it going down——"

"I shouldn't have forgiven either of you," Bertha said.

Anne slipped out of her fur coat—she had on no hat and she wore nothing over her shoes. She was in a black gown, but her bright short hair and her high color heightened the room like light.

"Come and have some coffee," said Bertha, and the doubtful moment was at an end.



A happy party they were that night

That Carl's path and Anne's were irrevocably crossed became at once evident to Bertha. She wondered what there is to signal that two people are in love. Not words nor looks—but they flowed together, mind and mood, like an hour and a clock—and no more to be said about it. Love, among many things, was what they were for, and they assumed it. And yet, Bertha saw, there was not less romance, but more! Carl and Anne were not, in the manner of older lovers, disconcerted. Merely, they were exquisitely, jubilantly at home.

When, therefore, Carl said, "Anne, shall we tell her?" Bertha said: "Do tell me the particulars—the plans! Everything else I see for myself."

"But do we look," cried Anne gaily, "as if we are eloping?"

"Eloping?" Bertha repeated. "No, I shouldn't have thought of your eloping."

"Well," said Carl contentedly, "that's just what we are doing."

"But, my dears," said Bertha, perplexed, "why on earth should you elope? I don't see the necessity."

"We—we want to pull out," explained Carl, not with entire clarity.

"Aren't you coming back?"

"We may," Anne answered, with something like decision. "We don't know."

"That's just the point," said Carl. "We don't want to have to know. We want to be free—perfectly free."

"But I don't understand," said Bertha. "Surely if you were married here, you could do just as you liked about staying."

Anne's eyes met Carl's quite calmly.

"But," said Anne, "we don't want to be married. We—we don't believe in marriage."



"ALL RIGHT," BART SAID SUDDENLY. "I TELL YOU BOTH I WAS A FOOL TO LEAVE BERTHA. I LOVE HER YET"

FACED thus abruptly with the open phrasing of a secret thought which had sometimes come to her through the years of her own marriage to Bart Millet, Bertha's first stricken amazement was more at this barefaced announcement than at the opinion itself.

Yet instinctively she cried: "Oh, my dears, not that!"

She felt her mistake in their instant withdrawal. They said no more, seeming oddly to feel that the burden of proof lay upon her.

"I shouldn't have thought," she accused them feebly, "that you'd stand for anything so unoriginal."

They laughed. This was better. Carl, who, she saw, had wistfully expected of her something like this, cried:

"I knew you wouldn't give us the same old line we'd have had to take from the others!"

"But," she said quickly, "you see, I agree with the others, for all that."

Into his face leaped a passionate accusation.

"Mrs. Millet," he cried, "you don't! You can't! All the silly rot they talk—all the hypocrisy. *You* know better!"

She was silent. Who better than she knew their hypocrisy?

"To go against marriage—" she began, and glanced at Anne and faltered.

"Don't mind me," said Anne briskly. "Mother gave you a rotten deal—nobody feels that more than I do. I'm frightfully ashamed of it. Of course this isn't in the least like that."

"Every case seems special," Bertha heard herself saying. This had come so suddenly—she had no time to sort her certainties!

Carl leaned toward her.

"Look here," he said winningly, "be yourself with us—*please!* Don't feel you have to stand up for society. We both know—everybody knows—what you've been through—I mean, the whole ten years before—before you got free. You—you were a wonder, and marriage simply crucified you. You were a brick—but—it—it killed some of you, all the same. Don't stand up for that sort of thing—to us!"

She looked in their wise young faces—so strangely wise on such youthful shoulders. Why, neither was twenty-three yet! And yet here they were, aware of truths. . . . She caught herself on that. Truths? Yes, there was truth in this that Carl had just been saying. She knew, the village knew, the valley knew—and other villages and other valleys, the world around. There were marriages that were crucifixions, that killed some of the souls of those who had taken marriage vows. But oh, couldn't they see the others——

"Would you go through it again?" Carl demanded. "I mean, as you did before——"

"No," she said, "indeed I would not. And certainly, if I had only known that—" she cried to them, "but you two! Don't you *know* that you love each other?" She tried to add gaily: "*I* know it—I can see that you do!"

"We love each other too much to bind each other," said Carl solemnly.

Bertha turned to Anne. "Tell me," she said, "you don't mind my asking: Do *you* feel this—or is it only because he——"

Anne laughed. "I wouldn't believe *any* thing just because Carl did," she said. "I rather like to smash what he believes—in a nice way. No, I've believed this way for ages. Ever since I was in high school I've meant never to be married."

"Your mother," said Bertha. "Forgive me—she acted on that principle of freedom—do you think that she——"

"Oh, but she wasn't free!" cried Anne. "She was bound — or she ought to have been—by *your* bondage. That's it—when you're once inside, you can never get free yourself or let anybody else be free. Of course mother has suffered fearfully. That's one of the things that makes me know marriage is so wrong. It—it binds everybody, perfectly miserably. And Carl and I——"

HE PUT out his hand and she took it. Their look was the look of two who would never let each other go.

"You're bound already," said Bertha. "Don't you see that?"

They looked startled, but they quickly rallied however.

"For just as long as we want to be," said Anne stoutly.

"And how do you know that you will both cease to want to be at the same time?"

"I wouldn't want anything Anne didn't want," said Carl.

"Wouldn't you?" Bertha looked at him intently. "Wouldn't you love her at this minute, whether she loved you or not? If you wouldn't, I wouldn't give much for your love!"

"Well, of course—" Carl began feebly.

"And you'd love him," she said to Anne, "even if he didn't love you—yet."

"Well, we're not selfish pigs," Carl maintained. "If the other one wanted to be free, neither one of us could bear to hold on, no matter how much we wanted to!"

"You'd be taking your pain that way, then, instead of any other."

"It would be a nobler pain, though," said Anne quickly.

"And there'd be the children," Bertha said.

"Oh, well, *that*," said Carl decidedly, "was exploded ages ago. Nothing could be worse for children than to be brought up with a father and mother behaving like cats and dogs."

Bertha looked at the two lovely, serene faces.

"Do you two honestly," she asked gravely, "expect to behave like cats and dogs?"

"We might," Carl contended placidly. "Lots of nice folks do."

"Speak for yourself," cried Anne. "I'm not nice."

Carl said remorsefully: "We didn't mean to worry you with this. We came by the Glen Road only because I wanted to leave your things——"

Bertha turned to them with a startled look.

"You don't mean that you're leaving *now!*" she cried.

"Sure!" said Carl. "We're on our way!"

"Three days before Christmas! You're *not* leaving home now!"

Anne had a definite air of trying to be casual. "Carl spoke about that," she said, "but we pay too much attention to Christmas, don't you think?"

"Anyway, the elements are on your side," said Carl.

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They cheered the wedding with might and main



Drawings by Joseph Simont

THERE WAS NO SOUND BUT WAGNER'S VOICE, ALTERNATING WITH THE MELODY HIS OWN FINGERS PLAYED. MADLON, WATCHING THE KING'S FACE, SAW TEARS IN HIS EYES

MOON-ROSE

A royal love story By DIXIE WILLSON

An enchanting woman enters the life of the mad king of Bavaria and of immortal Richard Wagner

DO WE measure time by love? Do we measure life by dreams? Eternity by hope? Strength by sorrow?

I heard some one coming along the wet sand—the scuffing of flat shoes. I smelled the odor of fish and wet clothes.

At sunset time on Starnberger Lake the air is low and hushed. It catches every sound like a hollow box.

"It is a woman coming," I said. I could tell by the weight of the feet, the whish of a skirt.

There on that lake in Bavaria sunset is like uncut jewels—broken pieces of light spilled on gray velvet. But it is like something else too. It is like a soul fighting to live. It clings to the sky—it fastens on the mountain snow—it dips into the trees—while all the time the lake washing *shawm-shawm-shawm* against the shore is sucking that throbbing color under the water till you feel in your own body the quiver of its sinking. Even the squawking forest birds hush with the flaming silence of the struggle.

I looked around at the woman coming down the shore. Heavy shoes, thick dress, a little shawl. Her face was smooth and flushed like a girl's, her eyes bright wide blue, her skin had no wrinkles, but her hair blowing out from a handkerchief tied over her head was gray like gray sea mist, and her shoulders were bent. I couldn't tell if she was old or young. She carried a rod with a sagging line and fish on a string of gut.

"Do you know anywhere that I could eat to-night?" I asked her in German.

She looked at me thoughtfully.

"You can come with me," she said, "if fish is enough."



Amid blushing the wedding cake was cut

I went along after her—along the shore while darkness came down and the hills crowded in. By the time we came to where she lived yellow squares of lights in windows were shining in the black trees. It was a little low house we came to, with so many flowers blooming they seemed tripping all over each other. It surprized me—the quaint loveliness of it—but it was when I caught the musk of a wonderful fragrance that I suddenly knew this was no fishwoman's place—a fragrance I had found but once in my life before! The fragrance of a moon rose—wax-white petals opening only after nightfall—the scent of spice of the Orient—the rarest rose in the world! And *here*, by the door of this wooden little house, the whiteness of a moon rose came up to me.

She watched me while I stopped so suddenly and looked and looked at it.

"I have never seen but one," I said at last. "There is one in a garden in Switzerland."

"Yes, there is one in Switzerland," she said.

What woman *was* this! I began to watch her as curiously as I had stared at that rose.

She lit a lamp inside the house and gave me a carpet chair. I took it and sat in the door, where I could watch that rose in the dark, watch the woman too.

"You live here all alone?" I asked her.

"Oh, no!" She smiled, putting the fish in a bucket. "I'll show you."

She pushed open an inside door and there in little beds little children were sleeping—nine tousled heads! She went in, tucked here and there, and came out again.

"I have lived here sixty years," she said.

"Sixty years," I repeated, surprized. "But you are not sixty!"

"I am over eighty," she told me.

I stared at that woman—smooth face, eyes almost beautiful. She was changing her heavy shoes for cloth ones, combing her hair that the wind had ruffled. She put on a blue apron with white lace and began to cook fish and coffee. I wondered why she had told me that. I knew she couldn't think I'd believe it To stop looking at her, I picked up a prayer-book—old, with broken corners and yellow edges. It had a queer gold clasp—a beautiful thing. I didn't think of it holding any secrets, but when I unfastened the clasp the pages fell open to a letter—ivory paper, scrawled writing. I held it to the light.

"Why," I said, amazed, "isn't this the seal of the royal house of Bavaria?"

"Yes," she said, breaking a brown-bread loaf in two pieces. "It is."

"But where did *you* get such a letter—signed with the royal seal?" I asked, incredulous.

"It was written to me once," she said, her voice so low that I bent my head to hear. "What it says has kept me from growing old—has made every day a privilege instead of only hours that pass."

Do we measure time by love?



"WHEN I DIE, I SHALL SOMEHOW CAUSE TO GROW IN WAGNER'S GARDEN A MOON ROSE, AS AN ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION"

MADLON LUTZ was too pretty to carry ale in any bier keller for any soldiers, but the place was her father's, so there she was just the same.

Possart would sit all alone in a corner and watch her going from one table to another—white hands—yellow braids of hair—red lips—talking to everybody, laughing with all of them.

Old red-faced Lutz thought Possart would be a fine match for Madlon. One night he leaned into his face telling what meals she could cook, till Possart was ready never to look at her again. He didn't love her or have any notion to. It amused him to watch her get big handsome soldiers ogling after her, because it was his way to amuse himself with others instead of himself.

Every man who saw Madlon did love her, though. Possart seemed to be the only exception. Some of them had wives—*all* of them had sweethearts—but Madlon saw to it they should want her anyway. The more business her father had, the more money for her. Very good! But Possart—she knew *he* didn't love her.

"Not him," she laughed, "but he would if I *wanted* him to! When I find a rich one like Possart—I'll *have* him!"

She didn't care how she did it.

"What I want I'll have!" she said. "Why shouldn't I?"

One night, as Possart was leaving the place, he all of a sudden had a whim for something. He asked Madlon to get her cloak and come out with him. Her father, sopping up spilled beer from the floor, heard him ask her.

"Sure, go on," the old man told her in his coarse voice.

It was cool and warm and sweet in the parks of Munich. Madlon in a scarlet cloak, her face lovely as fleeting moonlight, rode out with the great impresario of the Royal Opera in his open carriage. People bowed as they passed. The footman sat up smartly.

"I hope you're in no hurry to get back to the soldiers," Possart said, watching her face against the dark carriage. "How old are you?"

She told him seventeen.

"Well," he laughed, "seventeen is old enough to say what it wants or doesn't. Take us to the Opera House," he told the coachman.

It was a week of no opera. The great white doors were closed, shadows hanging over them like strips of velvet. Possart took Madlon out of the carriage and through a small door placed where no one could see it. It swung open for them, closed behind them, and there was a hallway with thick scarlet rugs, walls of tapestry, swinging lamps casting little pointed rays of light, and at the end of the hall a wide door and a stairway. Possart took Madlon to the door. "Wait in here for me," he said.

She stood there and watched Possart go up-stairs, then she went into that room.



Mr. Weller kept the domestics in a state of hilarity

By a carved table a man was standing. Tall—dressed in evening clothes—young—a handsome face.

"Where did Possart go?" he asked. Then he smiled. "What are you staring at?"

Half the men in Munich had made love to Madlon Lutz — soldiers splendid in uniform, rich men, poor men—but there was something here in this man she had never felt before but once, when one night Possart had brought a stranger to the bier keller, and suddenly now she saw that this was the one Possart had brought.

She dropped her cloak on a chair and went across to him—short black skirt—cheap gay little apron.

"You were in my father's place with Possart once," she said. "I served you. I was staring because for a minute I thought you looked like the King of Bavaria!"

"You served me once, yes. I remember," he said. "I was there with Possart—and I am the King of Bavaria!"

POSSART came in. The king had Madlon's hand in his. She was smiling openly into his face.

"Your — your Majesty!" Possart said shortly.

It was known that Possart and King Ludwig were friends. It was known that Ludwig went out incognito on odd errands with Possart.

The impresario stared for a moment, then recovered himself, and bowed.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I intrude to say your performance of the opera is ready."

He threw open a double door at his right hand. Beyond was the great auditorium, empty and in darkness but for hidden lights striking across the velvet curtain of the stage. The king turned from Madlon abruptly, strode past Possart and, as the door closed after him, a crash sounded of the orchestra beginning an opera played for the king and the king alone.

The dreaming king! Caught by passion for beauty like a fly in a web! Music, painting, drama, the marvel of a peacock's feathers, jewels, a bee in the pollen of a rose, a flower unfolding, eyes and mind feasting on beauty and melody till his little country was like a ship with a captain seeking fantom islands instead of a port. Night after night at midnight, opera for only himself. No one else. Not even Possart.

Possart, left alone now in the carved room with Madlon, tapped his fingers on the table and smiled at her oddly. Possart's game had been exactly this—to put Madlon before the king, who, in all his demanding of every beauty in the world, never yet felt interest in a woman. Possart had long been curious about it. His spice in life was making puppets of people, and it had suddenly occurred to him to wonder if maybe he might even make a puppet of the king!

"If your father were here," Possart said, "he would tell the king how well you can cook."

Madlon fluted her apron.

"If you could have left him to me a minute," she pouted, "I could have told him myself. A king is only—so much a king!"

She waggled a finger at Possart. Lovely lips—laughing eyes.

"But if you think you played a joke," she said, "you're wrong. If you thought the presence of the king would alarm me to foolishness, the truth is you have only saved me the trouble of picking out for myself the man I shall

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PRINCE DI RAMPOLLI WAS INSTANTLY UPON HIS FEET, AND COUNT FRATERNELLI SEEMED GENUINELY SHOCKED. "BUT, SIGNORINA, WE COULDN'T PERMIT THIS! YOU SEE HOW UTTERLY HORRIFIED THE SERVANTS ARE AT THE MERE IDEA!"

Drawings by Paul Meylan

BEAUTY *and the* BEAST

The story of a girl who could buy what she wanted

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Certain People of Importance", "The Black Flemings", etc.

JANE RICHIE DAVENPORT, in her own private yacht, the *Dixie Belle*, chaperoned by an aunt and uncle, with an old playmate, Gordon Raleigh, as captain, and an English lord and French comte on board, is cruising foreign waters. Janey, twenty-six, with everything in the world that money can buy, is contemplating purchasing one more property—a foreign title. She considers marriage with either of the two noblemen, her guests on board. They put in at Palermo, where an eligible Sicilian prince excites her ambition. A *nouveau-riche* American girl, Dollie Saterlee, has already spoken for him, but with little difficulty Janey cuts her out. The prince invites the American group for a week-end visit to his ancient Castle Tramontare, far in the wild mountains of the island.

PART TWO

"YOU'RE in love with love, Janey—that's what's the matter with you!" Gordon Raleigh told her, the night before the visit to Prince Carlos di Rampolli's castle at Tramontare.

It was a brilliant, warm evening, and the gardens of the Villa Igiea were bathed in bright moonlight.

The young people had all been dancing; the music floated out here into the perfumed night.

Pellegrino's dark shoulder stood boldly outlined against a sky of clear, luminous blue. At the mountain's foot the tiny eye of the lighthouse winked and was gone, and winked again.

Janey had a fringed Spanish shawl drawn loosely about her bare shoulders; a band of glittering brilliants bound her rippling hair. Her brown eyes were mysteriously sweet.

"Gordy dear, don't crab!" she pleaded youthfully.

"I'm not crabbing! But I don't see why we can't all just have fun," the man said sulkily, "without all this rot about Saracens and Roman dominion!"

"Gordy, you know back home," Janey began patiently, "doesn't everybody like to go back to the Civil War, and the Colonial grants, and all that? Look at Aunt Nell and the George Washington berry-bowl? Why, there have been blackberry-seeds drying in that bowl for a hundred and forty years, just because the president came and had dinner with my ancestors! And look at Lafayette roses—there wasn't a girl in the South that didn't ask the marquis to plant a rose in her garden! And look at the high-boys and the spinning-wheels and the samplers—aren't those all kept just to show that the family has hung together for generations and amounts to something—that it isn't just a case of Gipsies straggling along the highways? Your own great-grandmother danced at Jefferson's inaugural—now, didn't she?"



The fiddlers began the dance in real earnest

"I'll be darned," Gordon interposed in a boyish and rebellious voice, "if I can see what that has to do with your carrying on with a lot of wops! You've got buckets of money—and that's all they care about!"

"Now, Gordon," Janey said, facing him with flashing eyes, "that's not true! There are *piles* of Americans who come here and can't get it—the real nobility won't have anything to do with them! Count Fraternelli says——"

"Oh, bush-wah!" Gordon remarked expressively, if obscurely.

"Bush-wah nothing. I know you don't like him, but that's no reason that you should be so unjust. He knows our ambassador well——"

"He says he does."

"Gordy, aren't you ashamed?"

"How did you meet him?" Gordon burst out, with a readiness that suggested a long-stored resentment. "Through the Saterlees, whom nobody thinks much of at home, who are title-chasers anyway! Mrs. Saterlee sends her card over to their table—that's a nice thing for an American woman to do! I know darned well that if you tried it at home, you'd get all you bargained for! But it's you, Janey, you falling for the whole box of tricks," Gordon went on disgustedly, "that's what gets me. You're beginning to talk as if all that counted in life was to have a few Saracens and moats in the family!"

"I don't know what makes you think that you can talk

to me like this, Gordon Raleigh!" Janey burst out angrily. "You know, when I asked you to be captain of the yacht," Janey continued cuttingly, "I didn't expect you to chaperon me in the bargain!"

She was a little ashamed of herself as she said it, and more than a little frightened as he walked on at her side in silence, his handsome head a little bent, the moonlight full upon his scowling face.

"You've got the right to say that, Janey," he presently said, in a mild, thoughtful voice.

"Gordy," she began, "I didn't mean——"

She paused. The man turned toward her with a glimpse of a smile. "You didn't say anything that I haven't felt, since we started, a thousand times!" he said. "It's lots of fun, running the *Dixie Belle;* it's been what I always wanted to do—and not having any folks left—and being awfully fond of you folks——"

THE simple home phraseology, the halting boyish speech gave her a homesick pang, and she interrupted quickly:

"Don't talk that way! You make me feel so ashamed!"

"No, but running a rich girl's yacht isn't a man-sized job," her companion continued, more as if thinking aloud than addressing her. "Men ought to work, in this world—real men— I'm going home after this trip is over, and I'm going to settle down to law, and run for the senate, and maybe be vice-president, and get to be such an American that beside me the eagle'll look like one of the Hohenzollerns! There isn't any other country in the world—I'm *for* it——"

"In the meanwhile," Janey cut short his encomiums quietly, "you've not given me any good reason why, when you and Lord Rountrey start to Tunis to-morrow, I shouldn't go with the Saterlees and Count Rossi and Prince di Rampolli to the Villa Tramontare."

"The Villa what?"

"Tramontare. It means sunset."

"And they'd all like to have the son set around on your money for the rest of his life, Janey!" Gordon said shamelessly.

"Oh, Gordon, that's *rotten!*" But she laughed her old joyous laugh as she said it, and, suddenly, in the darkness of the garden the man put his arms about her and said, in a trembling voice:

"Ah, Janey, don't marry a wop! Not if he's the king himself! You're an *American.* Wait for me—and come on down and help run congress—and have a camp in the mountains——"

"Gordon! You're losing the little mind you have—" She disengaged herself, her fingers gripping his as she stood close beside him. Both were laughing excitedly. "And I thought you'd stopped liking me!" Janey breathed.

"No, I'll never stop liking you as long as I live!" he said tensely.

"Now, come on back, Gordy, come on back!" Janey cried, childishly tugging at his hand, "and let's not be silly! I promise you I'll not marry Carlos di Rampolli unless I'm so crazy about him that I can't see straight, and you promise not to talk silly any more——"

"You've never been in love, Janey!" He had delayed her just outside the ballroom door.

"Why, I'm in love now!" the girl answered, breathless from her hurry. "Gogo!" she added, catching at his wrist. And he saw her eyes glitter with laughter. "Gogo" had been a code word in that happy childhood of theirs long ago. It meant, "I don't mean it!"

The man remembered it and laughed in relief.

"You darling—it isn't Rountrey, then?"

"It isn't anybody, I tell you! I'm just having *fun!*"

She felt the better for the firm assertion, and determined that the note of to-morrow's expedition should be simple friendliness and comradeship, nothing more.

They were to start at eight, in two big, comfortable motor-cars, chartered by Count Fraternelli. That is, the arrangements had been commenced duly by Fraternelli, but quite innocently they had been completed by Mrs. Stanley. Engaging the cars, it had occurred to the count to ask the older lady to inspect them, and while inspecting them, at the bureau of tourist accommodation in the city, Mrs. Stanley had thoughtfully paid for their hire.

"Six hundred lire," she had explained afterward to Janey. "It seems to mean so little to us, less than thirty dollars. But it might seriously embarrass him."

"Oh, yes, why not?" Janey had answered, with a comfortable casualness she did not quite feel. And she had added, with an apparent indifference, "Aunt Nell, don't—I wouldn't—mention that to Uncle Stan or Gordon, will you?"

"Oh, certainly not," Mrs. Stanley had agreed, with a significant look.

Early as was their start, the *Dixie Belle* had made an earlier one for the little expedition to Tunis, and her white-bellied sails passed the windows of the Villa just as the April sun was rising. Janey and Dolly and Vivienne ran down to the stone wall in the strip of garden that was especially their own and waved gaily in farewell. The light struck the three slim figures, bobbed of head, with loose silk kimonos over their pajamas, and aureoled them in gold against the dark green garden, and the *Dixie*



JANEY WAITED, TREMBLING, PANTING, HER EYES FIXED UPON THE DOOR

Belle bobbed her ensign in a jaunty "Good morning!"

The Saterlees' ground-floor apartments adjoined those of the Stanley party, and this morning the girls ran back and forth between the opened rooms in boarding-school fashion, calling questions from the doorways, debating over sweaters and hats. Coffee was served in Janey's big drawing-room that had recently been occupied by a dethroned king, and the Saterlees perched on the arms of the opposite armchair and gnawed at rolls, all of them chattering like parrots.

"Listen, Janey, I'm just going to *coat* myself with cold-cream; it's a hundred and sixteen miles, and it'll be dirtier than death on a pale horse!" said Vivienne. "Look at Aunt Robbie goggle at me!" she added.

"You-alls talk mighty free about deff on a pale hoss, an' voodoo charms," muttered Aunt Robbie, folding a white dress carefully.

"Aunt Robbie has a hunch about this visit. She says that if we once get up there among the Zulus we'll never get back!" Janey contributed, laughing.

"Zulus? Are there Zulus in Sicily, Aunt Robbie?" Dolly Saterlee, carried away by the infectious gaiety of the hour, asked with something of her old spirit.

"Zulus or Booloos," the old woman mumbled, "I know you-alls ain' goin' to git away f'um 'um alive!"

"NO SUCH luck!" Janey said. "It's just a simple party into perfectly civilized mountains. Only the Mafia—" Janey predicted. This cryptic and potent word appeared to cover all sorts of mysteries.

"The Mafia, at least, are not mountain bandits, Janey!" Dolly protested. "They're—somebody was telling m'ma—they're so powerful that every one is afraid of them, even the police won't touch them—they work together, in fact!—and the big merchants and business men actually pay the Mafia to protect them. They'll follow any one they're down on to the ends of the earth, and what makes it awful is that nobody knows quite who belongs——"

"Maybe the prince is one!" said Janey with relish.

"Oh, Janey, *don't!*"

"Well, I don't know why not! Anyway, I'd rather have them with me than against me."

"Janey Davenport, you make my flesh creep! I don't honestly think you girls ought to go!" Mrs. Saterlee said nervously, her bandaged foot elevated to a chair-seat, her steaming coffee-cup lifted high in both plump hands. "There were two Americans killed the other day— Mrs. Stanley said she knew one of their wives——"

"That was in Albania!" Vivienne reminded her. "You're not frightened, are you, Mrs. Stanley?" she demanded cheerfully.

"Well, I probably would be if you girls would tell me the truth for five minutes!" Mrs. Stanley returned discontentedly. "I thought of this as a little trip into the country with a couple of boys. Just as if we went up to the Carrolls', or the Ashes', at home. Now, for all I can see, we're running our heads straight into a noose——"

"It's twenty minutes past eight!" Janey interrupted unceremoniously. "Run and see if the motor-cars have come, Giuseppe! He doesn't understand me. *I automobili, I automobili! Si, Si. Va bene!*"

"Janey, I think it's remarkable how easily you've picked it up," Dolly said enthusiastically. "You speak Italian as well as I do! Come on. Good-by, mother darling. Aunt Robbie's going to take wonderful care of you! This is Wednesday morning—we'll be back Friday night or, at latest, Saturday night."



All the young ladies kissed Mr. Pickwick

THE three girls in gales of mirth went through the early-morning halls, Mrs. Stanley somewhat reluctantly following them. Two comfortable open cars, in which their bags were already being stored, were waiting at the door. Comte Lebretagne was already established in the front seat of one car, di Rampolli, Rossi and Fraternelli were standing watching the porters.

Suddenly, in the midst of hand-kissing and greetings, a most unwelcome wave of misgiving smote Janey. She wondered dismally why she had felt so light-hearted seeing the two American men of her party and the one Englishman depart for Africa's coast a few hours ago. These Latins, with all their graces, seemed utter strangers. Roman domination and the Saracens appeared suddenly to have gone flat. The eagerness with which she and the Saterlees had accepted this ridiculous invitation, and had swept aside all the difficulties attending it, made her face burn.

Fraternelli had arranged it that Dolly and Vivienne were nicely placed with Lebretagne in the car already occupied by a driver and Count Rossi. This left Prince di Rampolli and himself for Janey and her aunt in the other car, and so quickly, so smoothly were all the seats apportioned that Janey found the party actually starting before she appreciated the adroitness of the

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Mirth, Mistletoe and Menus

By JESSIE A. BOYS

Home-making Department

Directed by MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the New York State College of Home Economics, Cornell University

THOUGH Christmas is celebrated as a one-day festival now, it formerly was of longer duration. In old English times the celebration of Christmas was a firmly established custom and began December 16, lasting until January 6. The end was called Twelfth Night because the Wise Men traveled twelve nights after they saw the Star in the East before they came to the stable where they presented their gifts to the Christ Child. These gifts were symbolical—gold for a king, frankincense for a high priest and myrrh for the great physician—all three of which the Child was destined to become.

On Twelfth Night all festivities came to an end. A three-pronged candle was burned and what remained of the main stem was preserved as a safeguard against evil spirits. In some places each member of the family chose one of these candles to represent himself and watched the burning with interest, as the length of time the candle burned was supposed to indicate his own span of years. Although we have put away most of these old-time superstitions, there remains the belief that the weather of each day between Christmas and Twelfth Night is indicative of the weather for each corresponding month of the new year.

There are a great many legends connected with Christmas. One is told of Ansgarius, who went forth to preach of the White Christ to the vikings of the North. Three messengers were sent along with him—Faith, Hope, Love—to find and light the first Christmas tree. They searched for one that should be as high as Hope, as wide as Love, and should have the Sign of the Cross on every bough. The balsam fir seemed best to meet these requirements and so was chosen, and to this day the balsam fir is the favorite Christmas tree.

The decorations of the tree have significance also. The star generally used at the top represents the Star in the East, which guided the shepherds. The candles (or other lights) placed on the tree symbolize the light that Christ brought into the world. Fruits hung upon the tree indicate the new life that was brought to the people of the earth.

Holly, so universally used as a Christmas decoration, is thought by some to recall the Crown of Thorns and the drops of blood; but further back holly was used as a symbol of rejoicing at pagan festivals, and this is the more interesting meaning, as the glossy green leaves and bright red berries are as cheery as the happy day is meant to be and generally has been.



ANSGARIUS, PREACHING TO THE VIKINGS, LIGHTED THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

ALONG with the legends concerning the origin of the Christmas festival and the meaning of the decorations, there are many dishes which are continually connected with the holiday, and many recipes for Christmas goodies have been handed down from mother to daughter and daughter-in-law for generations. Some of them retain their old-time flavor and form, though many have become modernized through necessity.

English *plum pudding* is a favorite and has changed but little. It was always anointed with brandy, which was set afire and so brought in state to the table. There are those who claim that this does not add a bit to the flavor. However, the blazing brandy must have served to keep the pudding warm during its journey from the kitchen to the "board" in the main hall, for in the early days houses were great, comfortless places according to our modern ideas.

Boar's head was a dish of medieval times, and it had to be the head of a wild boar. Prepared, placed on a gold or silver platter, garnished with slices of spiced beef, rosemary and bay, it was brought into the dining-hall with much ceremony.

A more simple dish and one more easily reproduced to-day is that of *furmety*, or *frumenty*, which was made of hulled wheat boiled in milk. To us this may seem a very simple dish for such a great occasion, but even as late as 1750 only the well-to-do used wheat for bread, and that only at Christmas time.

Stuffed peacock was another ancient Christmas dish. It was carefully skinned, then when roasted redressed in its fine feathers and sent to the table. It was considered too noble a bird to be carved by a servant, so the Queen of Beauty, or the lady guest of honor, was given the privilege. Sometimes the peacock was made into a great pie and this decorated with the head and tail only.

In our own country in more modern times we have had some Christmas cakes that have given great reputation to their makers. Martha Washington always served *fruit-cake* and *gingerbread royal* at Mount Vernon during the holiday time, and other wives of presidents served equally famous cakes.

Many of our Christmassy dishes have come to us from our English ancestors, for it was in old England that our present celebration of the day had its firmest hold.

The best-known description of a Christmas dinner is that of *Bob Cratchet's*, in which Dickens has established the goose for all time as the Christmas bird.

MENUS FOR DECEMBER

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST
Stuffed Baked Apples
Rolled Oats with Top Milk
Wheat Muffins
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Pimiento-Cheese Sandwiches
Canned Pineapple *Fruit-Cake*
Coffee

DINNER
Roast Chicken
Boiled Potatoes *Milk Gravy*
Buttered Carrots *Spinach*
Dressed Lettuce
Hot Rolls *Pickled Peaches*
**Date-Nut Pudding* *Whipped Cream*
Coffee

MONDAY

BREAKFAST
Stewed Apricots
Granulated Wheat Cereal
Buttered Eggs *Toasted Muffins*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Club Sandwiches
Sliced Oranges and Bananas *Cookies*
Hot Chocolate

DINNER
Tomato Soup
Meat Loaf *Baked Potatoes*
Creamed Peas
Cabbage-and-Pickle Salad
Bread *Currant Jelly*
Baked Custard *Sweet Wafers*
Coffee



The merry old gentleman sang a Christmas carol

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST
Sliced Oranges
Buckwheat Griddle-Cakes *Sausage*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Macaroni and Cheese
Apple-and-Celery Salad
Graham Bread *Conserve* *Canned Fruit*
Tea

DINNER
Roast Pork *Brown Gravy*
Mashed Potatoes *Baked Squash*
Cranberry Jelly *Rolls*
**Lemon Layer Cake*
Coffee

Concluded on page 72



Drawing by J. Scott Williams

BRING OUT THE VICTORIAN COSTUMES AND CURLS FOR REAL ATMOSPHERE AT THE DICKENS CHRISTMAS DINNER

The Irresistible Three
DINNER ~ DICKENS ~ CHRISTMAS

By LOUISE RICE

Home-making Department

Directed by MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the New York State College of Home Economics, Cornell University

THE PUDDING!

It's Dickens's own—the kind that mellowed old *Scrooge*. And the goose, the meat pie, the mince pie—no wonder the *Cratchits* were jolly! You can make all those enchanting stories come true in your Dickens dinner. Read this entertaining article, and if you want further directions for the dishes, write to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. Add a two-cent stamp for postage, please!

"CHRISTMAS was at hand, in all his bluff and hearty honesty; it was the season of hospitality, merriment and open-heartedness. The old year was preparing, like an ancient philosopher, to call his friends around him, and amidst gaiety and revelry, to pass gently and calmly away."

"There was an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest Summer air and the brightest Summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain. . . . The poulterers' shops were wide open, the fruiterers were radiant with joy. There were great, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, there were ruddy, brown-faced Spanish onions, there were apples and pears and bunches of grapes, there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling in their fragrance ancient walks among the woods and pleasant shufflings ankle-deep through withered leaves, and there were oranges and fruits. . . The blended scents of tea and coffee were grateful to the nose, the raisins were fine and plentiful, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest onlookers feel faint and subsequently bilious . . . everything good to eat was in its Christmas dress."

CHARLES DICKENS had two great hobbies: one was Christmas; the other was food. His hobby for food was not merely that of the man who likes to eat. It was the hobby of the man who appreciates cooking and has an artistic feeling for the *nuances* of the art. When Dickens wrote about food, raw, prepared or in the act of being consumed, he was unctious, imaginative, whimsical, sympathetic and, withal, technical, as no one else has been, before or since. When he described a dinner, it was not as a literary man with a feeling for food, but as a professional and enthusiastic chef with a literary tendency. This is especially true of his wonderful Christmas dinners, of which there are over two dozen scattered through his works.





The good-tempered old fellow went down the slide

One of these, which is the least known of them, compresses a whole world of fun, humanity and culinary knowledge in a few lines of print. It is in "The Uncommercial Traveler," and occurs when that worthy entertains the six poor men at a Christmas dinner. Do you remember it?

The food has been purchased at a hotel and is being carried to the place where it is awaited.

"Myself, with the Pitcher.
Ben, with Beer.
Inattentive boy with plates.
Inattentive boy with hot plates.
THE TURKEY.
Female carrying sauces to be heated on the Spot.
THE BEEF.
Volunteer Hostler from Hotel Grinning
And Rendering No Assistance."

To complete the picture there was "a man waiting in the hotel to dash into the kitchen, seize the hot plum-pudding and the mince pies and speed with them to their destination."

He loved food, did this man who had been a starved, sad little boy, just such a little boy as *David Copperfield*, who spent many a weary, longing hour looking into cook-shop windows, where "glimpses were to be caught of hot meats, vegetables and puddings, roast leg of pork bursting with tears of sage and onion in a bed of gravy, of an unctious piece of roast beef and blisterous Yorkshire pudding, bubbling hot, of baked potatoes glued together by their own richness, of a stuffed fillet of veal, of ham in a perspiration, of a truss or so of boiled greens—" No one could write that who had not known the famished stirring of hunger, or who had not the instinct of the food artist. To many of his readers this



Continued on page 78

The Nursery School



"The world is mine"

A new type of Kindergarten

By ARNOLD GESELL, M.D.
Director of the Yale Psycho-Clinic, Yale University

THE nursery school is something new on the educational map. It is arousing an extraordinary interest among mothers and even among normal school and college students, to say nothing of less numerous fathers who have heard about it. Is it all a passing enthusiasm? Probably not. For there is much solid professional, as well as popular, interest. Educators, psychologists, psychiatrists interested in mental hygiene, pediatricians interested in healthy bodily development, social workers, public health and home economics leaders, medical clinics and departments of universities have begun to lend active support to this growing educational movement in behalf of children of preschool age. Each year sees more such schools.



Courtesy Manhattanville Nursery School

THE "JUNGLE GYM" HELPS THESE YOUNGSTERS TO BUILD STURDY BODIES

The nursery school is a new type of kindergarten which receives children as young as two years old. It is used for training parents as well as children. In England nursery schools are being supported by public taxes. In Highland Park, Detroit, Michigan, a nursery school has just been established *as part of the public school system*. So we may say that the nursery school is officially on the map. It has become a question of public policy. What should be done about it? The final answer will be in the hands of parents, who, of course, may always claim a first and a last word in the training of their young children.

What is a nursery school like? For a picture we may visit the nursery school at Ruggles Street, Boston. Miss Abigail Eliot, who received part of her training in England, is director. This is one of the most representative nursery schools in this country and one of the oldest, though it was first opened in 1922.

It is located in an old-fashioned, roomy house, with a yard, trees and a garden. There are swings, a slide and a jungle gym for the climbers, wheelbarrows and kiddie-kars for the runabouts, a sand-box for diggers. Inside are a piano and a fireplace. There are low tables, low blackboards, low wash-stands, low shelves, low hooks. It is evident that everything is planned for young children, who outnumber the adults to the extent of about fifty to four. These children are from two to five years of age.

There is an agreeable informal atmosphere about this "school." In some ways it all seems like a magnified home. Again it is also somewhat like a kindergarten, though most of the children are of prekindergarten age. It does not resemble the kind of primary school which maintains quiet, stiff discipline, and which keeps its children in rectangular rows. Least of all is it like a day nursery where children are "parked" simply to be minded. Usually one or two mothers are present assisting, observing and learning more about the art of child-care through participation in the program. It soon becomes clear that although the children have a good deal of freedom, there is a hygienic program planned to promote their physical and mental development.

The Happy Child Department

Directed by DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

DOES HE FIB?

What do you do when you find your little one telling "stories"? What do you do about other faults—if he, or she, must be coaxed to eat, or won't go to bed without protest?

These leaflets will help you correct the faults and develop the right characteristics: TEACHING YOUR CHILD TO BE TRUTHFUL, by Angelo Patri (enclose just two cents to cover postage) and THE DEVELOPMENT OF PERSONALITY, by Dr. Arnold Gesell, ten cents.

Toys, too, may be helpful or harmful. Our leaflet, HELPS FOR SANTA CLAUS, gives suitable gifts for children of all ages. Two cents for return postage will bring it to you. Address requests to The Happy Child Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York.

THE daily routine of the nursery school can best be summarized in Miss Eliot's own words:

"What do our twenty-five little children, two and three years old, do here? The school is open five days a week. The children come between 8:30 and 9:30 in the morning and during that hour play at will with toys taken from certain closets. During this hour, too, a nurse from the Community Health Association inspects the children for signs of contagious disease, talks with the mothers who bring them and helps us teach them health habits, one of which is gargling with salt and water. It is fun for a child to gargle when he can try to make more noise than the boy next to him.

"Then comes the morning circle, followed by free musical expression, songs, rhythm work and dramatic games. At *ten o'clock* after washing hands, we sit down at table for the morning lunch of milk and crackers. The children help arrange the table, bring flowers for it, give out paper napkins, pass the crackers, clear away afterward and wash the cups.



HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF IS PART OF THE BABY'S SCHOOL TRAINING

"When this is done there comes a period of comparatively quiet occupations on tables or floor. From a closet containing a large variety of things such as Montessori apparatus, kindergarten gifts, chalk, plasticine, hammers, nails and so forth, each child chooses for himself his own occupation material. He may change his material if he wishes, after having made a real effort to use it. At the end of approximately three-quarters of an hour these things are put away by the children, and the toys which ensure physical activity are brought out. For another period they run and shout, jump and laugh, climb and play to their hearts' content.

"Just before dinner at *twelve* the children wash their faces and hands and comb their hair. It is a pleasure and pride to do these things successfully for oneself. It is extremely unpleasant to have them done to one. Again at dinner the children help arrange the table, pass the dishes, clear away afterward, wipe off the table and sweep up the crums on the floor.

"Then after they have brushed their teeth, they clamber upstairs, take off their shoes, crawl into their blanket-bags and go to sleep. The nap is from *one to three o'clock*. They wake bright and happy, put on their shoes and go shouting down-stairs for a final romp before going home at *four*.



Courtesy Greenwich House Nursery School

A NEW SCHOLAR TAKING HIS ENTRANCE EXAMINATION—FROM THE DOCTOR

"This is an all-day nursery-school program. It does not follow that a nursery school *must* keep its children all day. The mothers of this particular school are most of them now under the necessity of working for wages to maintain a home; but in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in an economically more favorable district, there is a nursery school which is conducted on the half-day basis. The Winsor Club Nursery School of Boston also keeps its children (ages three to six years) only from nine to twelve o'clock. This is an important difference, and we shall say more about it when we consider the mothers' part in this whole matter of preschool education.

Whether on a half- or full-day session the nursery-school program makes no false distinction betwee

Concluded on page 74



THE SANDPILE ACCOUNTS FOR MANY HAPPY HOURS, BUILDING CASTLES IN THE SUN

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

DECEMBER 1925

BELGIAN NUMBER

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



THE STORY OF "THE TOMBOY COUNTESS" ON PAGE TWO EXPLAINS THIS PICTURE

HOW "MUSTACHE" NAMED A STREET



ONE fine May morning two hundred and fifty-five years ago Nicolas Peers and his dear old friend Jean Tilman walked merrily together along the high-road to Brussels. Beside them walked some one else, some one called Mustache, some one with a shaggy coat and four legs and a tail—in fact, the smartest dog in all Belgium, or so Peers said.

That was how the quarrel started. For the more Peers boasted of Mustache the more Tilman teased.

"Why," cried Peers, "that dog has even found things for me a long time after I had lost them."

Tilman laughed. "Of course, Mustache hid them himself and then brought them back."

Mustache pricked up his ears but said nothing, for he was busy chasing sparrows from their dust baths in the road.

"I'll bet you!" cried Peers. "I'll bet you I can throw something under that oak tree—a piece of money, say—and then send Mustache back from the next town, and he'll catch up with us in Brussels and drop the money at my feet."

"What? What?" cried old Tilman, stopping in the road and laughing long and loud. "You're joking. What will you bet?"

"To-morrow's dinner!"

"Agreed!" said Tilman, and they shook hands.

Peers took a coin from his pocket, cut three cross-marks on it with his penknife, and threw it into the grass under the oak tree. Mustache said nothing.

At the next village, Peers stopped, gave Mustache a coin to sniff, pointed back down the road, patted him and said: "Go and get it!"

Mustache sniffed, looked at his master, wagged his tail, trotted a few steps, buried his nose in the dust and was off at a gallop. The two old friends went their way, still arguing.

Some hours later another traveler on the road to Brussels had stopped to eat his lunch under the shade of the oak tree. Suddenly he spied something shining.

"Good luck! A half-crown!" thought he, and pocketed the coin.

It was just at that moment that Mustache came panting down the road. He stopped and sniffed a long time through the grass around the oak tree.



The traveler patted him, wondering if he had lost his master.

But when he rose to go, Mustache followed him.

"Well," thought the man, quite pleased, "this dog likes me."

At the next village the dog was still following. At Brussels, there he was. When the traveler entered the inn where he was to spend the night, there was Mustache. When he went upstairs to his room, Mustache was at his heels. When he undressed and laid his clothes across a chair, Mustache gave a leap, curled up on the trousers and went to sleep.

"This dog has adopted me," thought the traveler. "He is already guarding the money in my pockets." And he went to bed, greatly pleased.

ALL evening Tilman teased his old friend, and the next morning at breakfast he was still laughing.

"So you really believed that animal of yours would bring back your half-crown? Why, Mustache is probably safe at home with your wife by this time. Ha, my friend, what a fine dinner you'll give me to-night!" And Tilman rubbed his hands joyously.

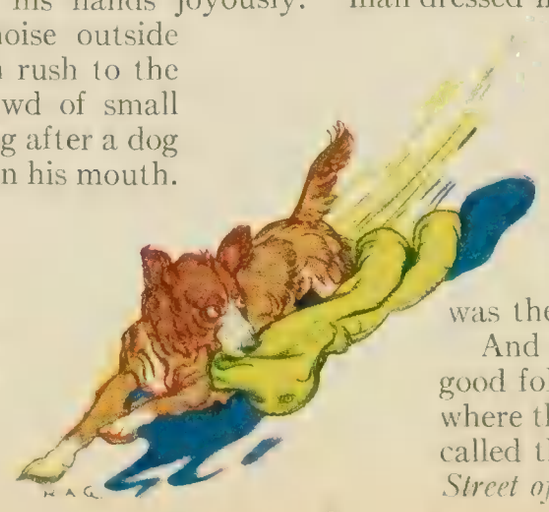
Suddenly a noise outside made them both rush to the window. A crowd of small boys ran shouting after a dog with something in his mouth. The dog ran past like lightning. Then there came a scratch and a whine, and Mustache burst into the room. Dropping a pair of trousers at their feet, he stood wagging his tail and barking for joy. His puzzled master turned the trousers over and over.

"Ha! Ha!" roared Tilman. "You asked your dog to fetch you a half-crown and he brings you a pair of trousers! I told you he was a thief!"

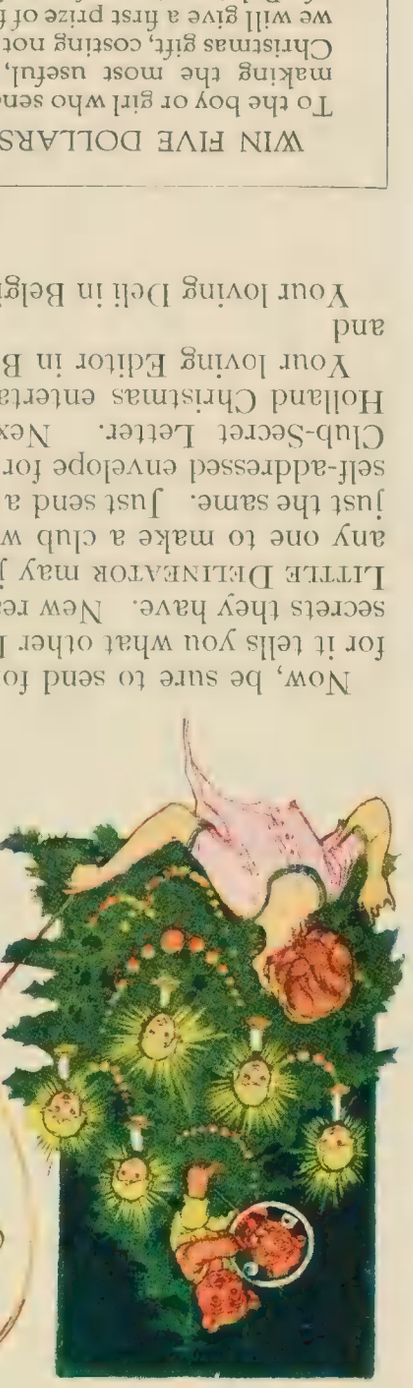
But Peers was shaking the trousers. Several pieces of money rolled out. Mustache pounced on one and carried it to his master. Peers looked, started, and handed it to Tilman without a word. It was the half-crown they had left under the oak tree!

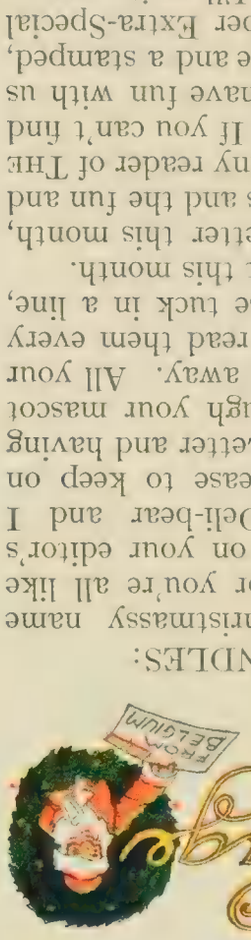


"But what—why—how?" they began, when another noise drew them to the window again. This time it was a man dressed in a barrel—the traveler, hunting for his trousers and his dog! While his back was turned that morning, Mustache had slipped out. It was the teasing Tilman who paid for the dinner that night, and Mustache was the guest of honor.



And that is why, or so say the good folk of Brussels, the street where the traveler lodged is still called the *rue de la Braie*, or the *Street of the Trousers*.





My Little Page

DEAR CHRISTMAS CANDLES:

I'm calling you a Christmassy name instead of a Belgian one, for you're all like thousands of bright candles on your editor's foreign Christmas tree. Deli-bear and I want to beg you please, please to keep on sending for the Club-Secret Letter and having meetings and fun, even though your mascot and your president are so far away. All your letters are sent to me and I read them every one. When you write, please tuck in a line, too, telling what you like best this month.

Now, be sure to send for the Extra-Special Club-Secret Letter this month, for it tells you what other D. C. members do at their meetings and the fun and secrets they have. New readers, come join our Deli-Club. Any reader of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR may join, whether a subscriber or not. If you can't find any one to make a club with you, you may join alone and have fun with us just the same. Just send a two-cent stamp for your Deli-badge and a stamped, self-addressed envelope for an answer telling your Club Laws and your December Extra-Special

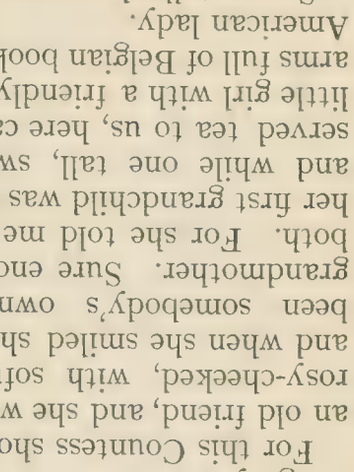


WIN FIVE DOLLARS CHRISTMAS MONEY!

To the boy or girl who sends the most practical idea for making the most useful, unusual and easy-to-make Christmas gift, costing not more than twenty-five cents, we will give a first prize of five dollars and a second prize of a Belgian picture framed. If two or more contestants tie, each will receive the prize tied for. Contest closes December 20, 1925. Address Christmas Gift Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for an answer telling easy Christmas gifts to make

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The TOMBOY COUNTESS



HADN'T you supposed that Countesses were pale and haughty ladies with long black velvet trains and perhaps even a little gold crown? Well, so had I—until I visited a real Belgian Countess in Brussels.

A solemn young footman in livery opened her huge high front door and led me up a big staircase into a big room—just like the fairy tales. But where were the velvet train and the haughty stare?

For this Countess shook hands like an old friend, and she was plump and rosy-cheeked, with soft white hair, and when she smiled she might have been somebody's own mother or grandmother. Sure enough, she was both. For she told me proudly that her first grandchild was five days old, and while one tall, sweet daughter served tea to us, here came a tousled little girl with a friendly grin and her arms full of Belgian books to show the American lady.

So we talked, over tea and home-made cookies, when suddenly the Countess took her little girl by both shoulders and shook her till the crums fell from the cake she was munching like a mouse. "What?" she cried, pretending to be fearfully angry. "What? You'll let this lady go back to America and tell American boys and girls that Belgian children eat cakes with both hands?" She shook her again, and they both laughed.

"She's a tomboy," explained her mother, and she guessed to myself: "Aha! You used to be one yourself!"

What's more—but sh-h! don't tell on her, for, after all, she *is* a Countess—what's more, she's a tomboy still!

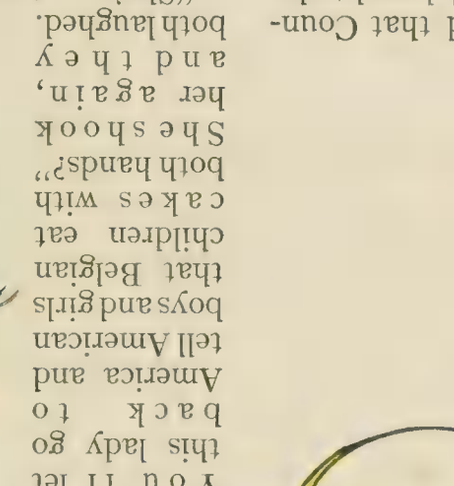
"Come," she was saying, taking her little girl by the hand. "Let's show Miss Eager some of our Belgian games. Oak tree! I'm the oak tree—I must stay in one place," and the Big Tomboy took hold of the doorknob and stood very quiet, while the Little Tomboy tripped and tipped gleefully about her. Suddenly the oak tree plunged forward, the Little Tomboy squealed, but she was caught in the oak tree's other hand.

So now the Countess tipped and tripped about the little oak tree, and just as she was making a beautiful dodge, the door opened, and she tumbled bang! into the surprised and solemn young footman. He didn't smile—footmen never do—but the Big Tomboy and the Little Tomboy and I all laughed. Oh, it was a very laugh-y party, and it grew cozier and cozier.

Over another cup of tea the Countess began telling me about holidays in Belgium. Children there get presents on New Year's Day as well as on Christmas. But before that comes St. Thomas's Day, on the twenty-first, when children have the right to lock parents into a room until they have promised whatever is asked.

"And of course," said the Countess, "as my husband must go to Parliament, and I have many engagements, we always say yes." Her Little Tomboy grinned and munched another cookie.

Four days after Christmas comes a day still more wonderful for children, "The Day of the Innocents" (when Herod, you remember in the Bible, ordered all the babies killed in the hope of killing the little Christ-child). That day children are masters of the house. They even order the dinner, and father and mother may only beg them humbly please to have a little meat and potatoes too, instead of only ice-cream and cake and sweets. A child sits at the head of the table, and the grown-ups wear bibs and must wait till they're spoken to and ask politely for second helpings! And if the Count forgets and puts his elbows on the table, or the Countess spills jam on her bib, off they are ordered to stand in the corner till they learn better manners, if you please!



Then there's Twelfth Night, when whoever finds the sugared almond in the cake is King or Queen.

Then there's Mi-Carême (pronounced Mee Kah-rem), the middle day of Lent before Easter, when father or uncle or big brother is missing after dinner, and the Count of Mi-Carême appears in a silk coat and knee breeches and buckled shoes and a wig, and gives presents to children.

Around Easter-time, shop-windows are all gay with bells—cake bells and candy bells, big bells and little bells. For it's not a bunny who brings Easter eggs in Belgium, but the church bells. A month before Easter all the steeples are silent, and people say: "The bells have gone to Rome." But suddenly on Palm Sunday—crash, ding-dong, clang!—every bell peals and sings again and people say: "The bells are back from Rome. What did they bring? They brought eggs!"

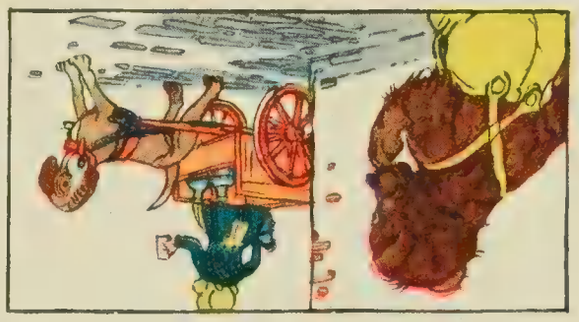
"And sure enough," said the Countess, "there are Easter eggs in every home!"

Do you wonder that your editor could have sat there and drunk twenty cups of tea, listening to such tales of fun from such a pleasant lady? But time came to go, and as we shook hands good-by I wished the ocean were not so wide, and when the solemn young footman had bowed me out of the door again, I thought:

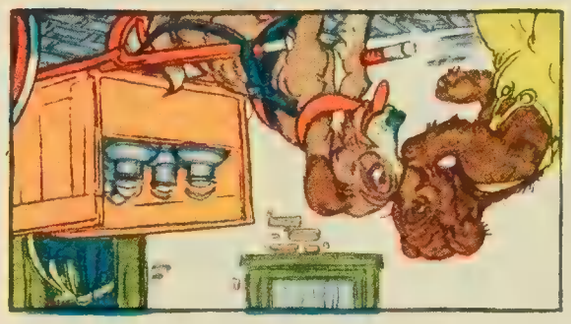
"That was a real Countess. I must tell American children about her."

And so I have.

DELI-BEAR'S CHRISTMAS IN BELGIUM



1—A milk-man lady with a cart our Deli spies—and more,
A Belgian doggie like a horse, who trots from door to doorl



2—So Deli-bear, chuck-chuckling full of Christmas fun and cheer,
Whispers a merry Christmas plan in Belgian doggie's ear.

3—Whizz! off they fly, a double team. The milk-man lady shrieks,
While bang! the milk-cans rattle and the wagon groans and squeaks.

4—Now puzzled doggie pants and waits, his tongue out in surprise,
As Deli rushes in and back with pans of every size.



5—Sniff! sniff! the orphan puppies race from every nook and street
To lap and lick and lick and lap at Deli's Christmas treat.



6—Down swoops the milk-man lady, out of breath and red and mad,
But Deli pays for all the milk—and everybody's glad!



Mes bel - les dam's — Où al - lez vous comm' ça?
My lad - ies fair, — where do you go to - day?
(Shoemaker)

Beau cor - don - nier — nous al - lons nous prom' - ner
Shoe - mak - er man, — a - walk - ing if we may.
(Ladies)

Mes bel - les dam's — Vous us' - rez vos sou - liers
My lad - ies fair, — you will wear out your shoes.
(Shoemaker)

Beau cor - don - nier — Vous les ra - com - mo - drez
Shoe - mak - er man, — you'll mend them if we choose.
(Ladies)

Mes bel - les dam's — Qui est c' qui m' les pai' - ra?
My lad - ies fair, — then which of you will pay?
(Shoemaker)

Beau cor - don - nier — Cell' que vous at - trap - rez
Shoe - mak - er man, — just catch her if you can!
(Ladies)

ONE child is the shoemaker and sits on the ground pretending to mend shoes, while the "ladies fair" walk around him in a circle. The shoemaker begins: "My ladies fair, where do you go to-day?" and they answer, "Shoemaker man, a-walking if we may," and so on. As the ladies sing, "Just catch her if you can!" they break the circle and run, chased by the shoemaker, who tries to catch one of them. The lady who is caught becomes the shoemaker.

Gifts that will gladden *the* Household

All can be made by the careful

By MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS

Director, Department of House Decoration and Home Building

HOW CAN YOU WAIT

to start those nimble fingers at their task of fashioning these little articles? It's fun to make them and fun to give them because every one welcomes decorative and practical objects like these. The wait will not be long if you sit right down and address an envelope to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Department of House Decoration, Butterick Building, New York, and enclose a two-cent stamp for return postage. Post-haste will come to you a sheet containing complete and simple directions for making the boxes, the tray, the lamp-shades and all the others on this page. And you can finish them in plenty of time for Santa Claus



Paints in a variety of well-selected colors will quite transform an empty jar, a ten-cent tin candlestick and a vase of graceful shape into these desirable gifts



Cut-out stencils are novel and effectively shed a softly tinted amber light through a thin silk, pasted to the back of a lamp-shade and candle shields



The above convenient whisk-broom holder was made from an ordinary butchers' straw cuff and a piece of cretonne. Cut the cretonne in two pieces and glue flat to the cuff, allowing about an inch for the overlap. A piece of gold cord for a hanger is tacked firmly to the top of the cuff. Gold braid glued over both top and bottom edges finishes the holder



Cover a large iron hook with colored sealing-wax, add a silk cord of a contrasting color and tassels and—behold a unique curtain tie-back!



The octagonal flower-vase is no more nor less than an empty pickle-jar whose alternate sides were painted red and white. A spray of seasonal berries is outlined in the contrasting shade on each side. A new lacquer paint was used on this and on the vase at the top of this page

The pasteboard shoe-box is slashed at the end and across the top, and is covered inside and out with gay cretonne, which is glued firmly and smoothly into place. Strips of adhesive hold the flap together beneath the cretonne covering, and green sateen binds the rim of the top. A set of boxes such as this, including dress-boxes and hat-boxes, developed in individual color schemes would prove an ornament to any closet shelf



Muffin-tins are changed by an application of black and gold paint into a practical tray. The little fringed crape napkins are each of a different pastel shade

To make the charming lamp-shade cut a piece of manila wrapping-paper to fit both top and sides of the frame, and glue in place. A strip of black paper finishes the top and bottom of the shade, and a black painted band outlines the print. The surface of the shade is painted with amber sealing-wax dissolved in alcohol, imparting a lovely transparency

Any telephone-index covered with natural linen and decorated with a painted spray of blossoms may hang conveniently by means of a jade bracelet and a tassel

Merry Christmas *with* Silhouettes

Christmas cards easily made by the novice

By FRANK R. OTTE

SHADES of all past Christmases! Pushing up to crowded store counters, pawing and peering for suitable Christmas cards, finding nothing exactly right—but paying a mighty big price even so for what you get!

Do you know that you can make, in your own home, for little cost and with great enjoyment, holiday cards which *are* exactly right because they are you yourself? So forget the shades of past struggles at Christmas time, and with a camera and a little time and care make instead merry little shades of your own personality to send to your friends.

In these sadly mechanical times, when everything is being standardized, from radio parts to marriage laws, the Christmas card at least has made a break for freedom. More and more people are turning away from formal engraved greetings and making their own individual ones. Perhaps no way of doing this is easier or more successful than using silhouettes.

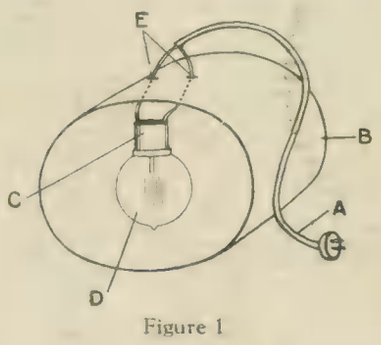


Figure 1

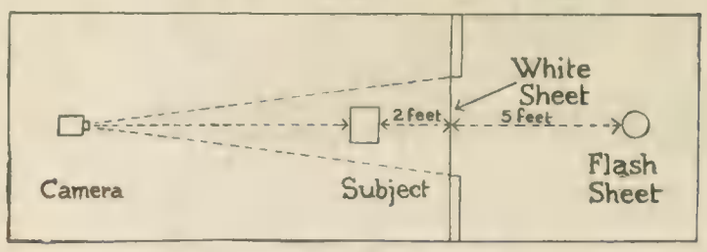


Figure 2

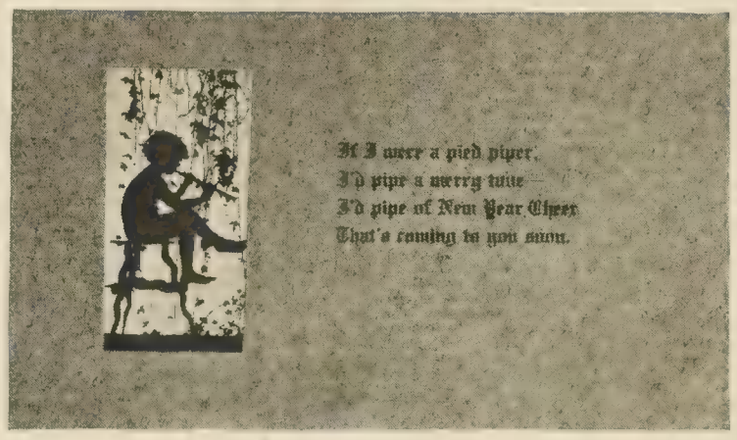
Although there are three principal methods of making camera silhouettes—by flashlight, electric light and daylight—the general technique is the same. With flashlight, or any artificial light, night-time is best. For your "location" select two rooms with an open doorway between, and entirely cover the doorway with a sheet of white cloth, drawn tight. Place the flashlight back of the sheet, as in figure 2. Put your subject before the screen at right angles to the camera, and be sure that the face is in full profile. If you use more than two figures, it is well to arrange them so that the imaginary line will fall between them.



In using a flash-sheet it is best to utilize a flash-pan attached to a tripod, and elevate the tripod so that the flash-sheet is about four and a half feet from the floor. For the average size camera—that is, one which takes a film 3¼ x4¼ or 5 x 4, the No. 3 flash-sheet is recommended; the No. 2 for smaller sizes. In following these directions F. 8 or U. S. 4 is the proper diaphragm opening.

Your floor, of course, will not reflect sufficient light to give sharp relief or detail to the feet. So if you want them to show, place a sheet on the floor to act as a reflector. Or better yet—take a couple of leaves from your dining-room table and with the aid of a few books make a small platform raised about six inches from the floor. Cover this platform with white cloth or white oil-cloth stretched tightly and tacked under the boards. If you slightly tilt the board so that it inclines toward the sheeted doorway, your results will be even better. This, however, is not entirely necessary, for with a small brush and some photographic opaque paint you can paint out any undesirable background after the film is developed. There is just one other thing to remember; dark clothes are more suitable for silhouette work than those which are white or light colored.

When you are ready to take the picture, turn out all the lights, press the bulb and step back of the curtain and ignite the flash-sheet. Then close the shutter; that's all there is to it. Quite simple too!

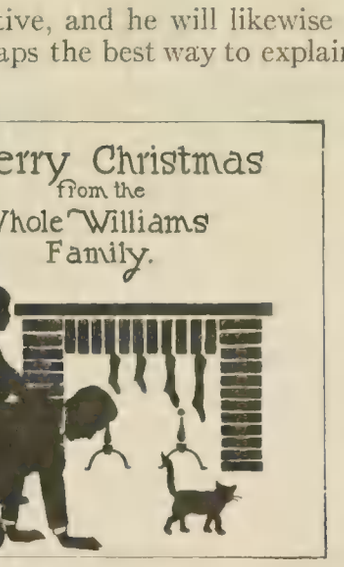


If you do not care to use flash-sheets, silhouettes by electric light are quite as simple. The diagram for set-up is the same as shown in figure 2, the only difference being a 500-watt electric bulb substituted for the flash-sheet. For temporary use, this may be plugged in to any house circuit and will not blow a fuse, providing too many other lights are not burning at the same time.

Using a hat-box as a reflector has proved to be a good idea. Figure 1 shows how this is done. The only difference between flashlight and electric light is in exposure. The 500-watt lamp requires an exposure from two to five seconds if really good results are to be obtained.

THE daylight method of taking silhouettes is quite as simple. The general principles of the diagram are the same, only instead of a sheeted doorway use a window or glass-paneled door. As usual, cut off all light in the room except that which comes through the door or window in which you are going to pose your subject. A window should be selected which admits an abundance of unobstructed light; either a snapshot or a "bulb" will give you the proper exposure. In a similar manner you can utilize a garage by covering the doorway with a sheet against which the sun is shining.

When you send your films to be printed, it is well to attach a note explaining that they are silhouettes. Then your finisher will develop so as to obtain a "contrasty" negative, and he will likewise use a "contrasty" paper. Perhaps the best way to explain the rest of the processes necessary for the making of a silhouette Christmas card is to describe the technique of my own family greeting, a fairly elaborate one, shown in the lower right-hand corner of this page. I made the picture of my wife holding the candle over the table by the flashlight method. The holly wreath was a paper one, which was purchased for ten cents and pinned to the sheet just above the table. The window is a daylight silhouette with the frame drawn on the prints with a ruler, pen and India ink. "Me and my pipe" were made by the electric light process. To get the baby, then a wiggler only twenty-two months old, was something of a trick as, of course, she wouldn't stand still. But by using the electric light method and waiting for an appropriate moment we succeeded after only four exposures. When the separate negatives were printed, we cut out each of the silhouettes assembled and pasted them on a white cardboard. Next the greeting copy was hand-printed, a crayon touched up the floor, and at small cost the printer made the halftone, from which any number of cards were printed. A little red opaque paint added to the letters, the candle tip and the holly wreath after the printing proved most effective, and took a very short time to do, only adding to the fun. The cost of the cards was little more than you would pay for ordinary ones in a store. I doubt if you could have a greeting simpler to make than the silhouette or have more fun in the making, and the enthusiasm of your friends will assure you every bit of it was worth while.





THANK YOU!

You can say it in so many ways. After you get delightful gifts with clever little greetings is your "thank you" as individual and suitable?

We have a leaflet on "thank you" notes and gifts—correct and novel notes to write after Christmas, after weddings and birthdays, after illness with its attentions and gifts from friends, and notes and attractive little gifts for your week-end or vacation hostess.

Just write Mrs. Kimberly, Etiquette Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, and ask for her "Thank You!" leaflet. Slip in a two-cent stamp for postage, please!



New fabrics make their Holiday bow

By MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS
Director, Department of House Decoration and Home Building



Over a three-fold screen frame, first painted black, was carefully tacked a black, red and buff reversible casement cloth. A coat of shellac over the material makes it taut, and the whole rivals a leather or paper screen

GREETINGS

We wanted something brand new to give you as a gift suggestion this year. So we scoured around and gathered the very latest designs in the very latest fabrics. We made them up into these unusually attractive articles, and will gladly send you more explicit directions for their making. Just drop me a note, enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage, and address it to the House Decoration Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

With best wishes for your success with these gifts and for a very Merry Christmas,

Leontine F. Sanders.



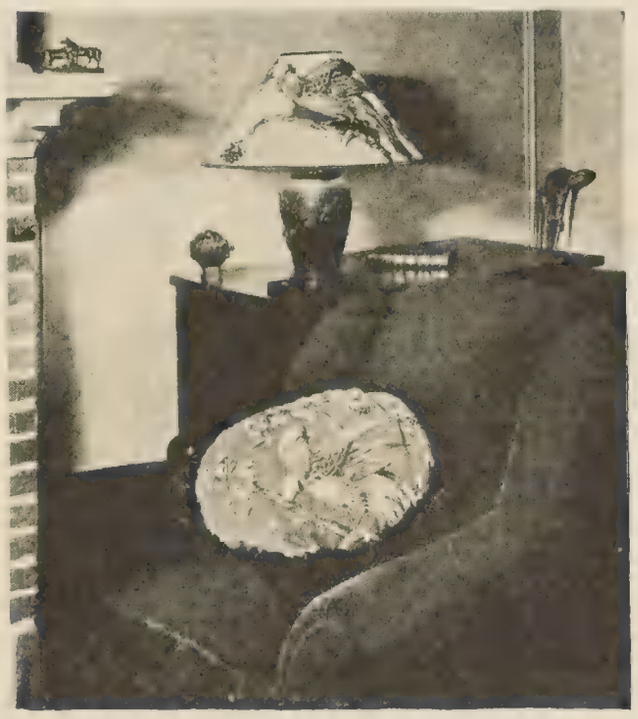
For the guest-room, why not a new desk-set? Cretonne—of the sunfast variety—was used to develop this one; also for the candle-shield, the fluted lamp-shade, a waste-basket and curtain tie-backs



Buff duvetyn tied and dipped in a dye-bath of green was used for the table-runner and for the cover of the guest-book, while black-and-white cretonne roses, cut from a tub-fast print, were pasted and then shellacked to the cover of a black wooden jewel-box



Something very new—an American version of a famous French fabric, toile de jouy, sun-fast and washable—used in this instance as a roller-shade. It comes in a soft red, amethyst, green and blue, and if you look closely you will find that it depicts the old Quincy mansion, the Landing of the Pilgrims, an early log cabin and the covered wagon



Glued to an undecorated parchment lamp-shade, the black-and-white pheasant motifs of a print material stand out like a black-and-white drawing. This motif is repeated in the material used for the oval sofa-cushion in the chair



Left: Say "Merry Christmas" to the nursery with a floor-pad and cushion covered with bright yellow and blue waterproof chintz. These are both bound with a soft-blue grosgrain ribbon

Right: Just a common market-basket, but with its handle enameled black, and covered inside and outside with a gay blue, black and orange striped waterproof material, holds a generous assortment of milady's cherished tools



Following a Star

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

ONCE upon a time, in the days long gone by, three men traveled across a desert, bearing gifts. Gently and steadily they journeyed, led by a star. Whenever their hearts grew faint and doubtful within them, they looked at their star. "Surely," they reasoned, "this star does not mock us. Surely it was sent, a guide from God, to lead us to some fulfilment." And so at last they came to where the young Child lay.

One can always tell the face that is following a star. And just as, in that time long ago, only three men out of all the world saw and followed and found, just so now only one face, perhaps, in a million will have the light in it of the follower of a star.

Yet for every single face in the world there is a guiding star to be seen and trusted in and followed.

Your star may be the aim to live and die spaciously, nobly, an aristocrat in the eyes of God; it may be service, a desire not to gain anything for yourself but to give, give, give; it may be a longing to get the spiritual meaning out of everything you meet in life (that's a wonderful star, casting such a radiance all around that not even the drunkard on the street is a drunkard to you but a bewildered part of yourself trying to find its way up and out); or your star may be a hunger for beauty, material beauty all around you, in your home, in your clothes, in your life, in yourself—not such a dim little star, that, either; my star may be just a twinkly little star of wanting to own a white house with green blinds and straight little pine-trees on either side of the door, and a pink tulle frock, and thick, upcurling lashes.

But whatever your star is, follow it; it is leading you to where lies understanding, new-born. Whenever doubts and hurry assail you, look at your star; your face will take on the light of it, and your life conform to its outline if only you will travel as did the three Wise Men, faithfully, steadily, without haste, bearing gifts of love. For love is like understanding, the more you give, the more you will have to lay at the feet of fulfilment.

Last year a beauty salon here in New York had a famous London author write its Christmas booklet. All he could think of in connection with Christmas and women was strain, and being a sincere person, he wrote of the destructiveness of Christmas on women's beauty and grace and charm, the strain of traveling blindly and heavily, burdened with "traps," the strain of trying to keep up under our false sense of Christmas. If woman forgets the quiet radiant journey of the Wise Men to the Manger, the why we have Christmas, the reason we give, who will remember?

If I were a writer on philosophy, I should say to you in this Christmas month, "Simplify; take time to be. Beautify; let the touch of you make all things more beautiful. Believe; follow the highest in you and let no lesser thing divert you." But I am a writer of beauty, and so I say, "Simplify; take time to be. Beautify; let the touch of you make all things more beautiful. Believe; follow the highest in you and let no lesser thing divert you."

RUNNING down my Christmas list I find the unknown names of you who read me. I have spread over the dressing-table and the chairs and the bed those things I have collected to give away—trinkety little things when you think of what one *might* give—but the best, in my judgment, of all those things a woman needs to make herself as glowing as a star, as mysterious as the moon, and as desirable as sunlight.

First—oh yes, here's something, not wrapped up, no holly, no red ribbon, just to be stuffed into the stocking hastily, a bit embarrassedly, so that we won't think of it as sentimental and throw it out in the snow. It's this bit of advice: Be yourself, a person, with a spiritual, mental and physical color all your own, not just a member of a sex or of a family. Don't let anything or anybody take that away from you. Take time to tend yourself, so that you expand into beauty and spread it around you, like the glow from a lamp. You can. You were not created primarily by a father and mother, but by Eternal Beauty expressing itself in terms of beauty. Be alone enough to remind yourself that the secret of life is to attain beauty—beauty of living. Walk alone, a little out there, beyond time and space, in glorious, bright dreams. Dreaming can bring immortal facts into view by removing the dust that dims them. Read, ponder, dream and then let it flow into action. You are a lamp; don't turn up so high that you flame out of the chimney and waste; don't turn down so low that you will go out; but shine like a star, steadily, guidingly—mysterious, high and beautiful—a woman——

There, that's in. Now for those gifts, all tied with merry red and green ribbons, actual things you see, touch, smell.

A *cream*. All my beauty-writer life I have tried to find a cream that would, like a perfect woman, contain all the virtues. It must cleanse, nourish and have enough astringent quality to refine the texture, so that when you want to go gipsying across the world you can take only one jar instead of three. I have found it. And never again in this world shall I be parted from it. It's name is yours for the asking.

Concluded on page 76



Drawings by Gustaf Tenggren

TRAVEL AS DID THE THREE WISE MEN, FAITHFULLY, STEADILY, FOLLOWING A STAR



RUNNING DOWN MY CHRISTMAS LIST, I FIND THE UNKNOWN NAMES OF YOU WHO READ ME



DREAMING CAN BRING IMMORTAL FACTS INTO VIEW



YOUTH CAN STAND SCENIC PAINTING

INTO YOUR STOCKING

this Christmas we want to tuck beauty. Thoughts and directions that will help you achieve beauty, little packages that bring smooth skin and glowing cheeks, taut, youthful chins and clear-eyed loveliness. Celia Caroline Cole tells something about these gifts here. If you want more help in selecting them for yourself or for your friends, if you want help on any other beauty problem, write her at the Beauty Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. Don't forget the two-cent stamp for return postage

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE BUTTERICK PARIS ESTABLISHMENT SHOW THE NEW FLARES AND PRINCESS LINES IN COATS AND FROCKS



Martial et Armand are largely responsible for the new back look of the present fashions, having sponsored the bustle and the back flare. Here the flare movement appears in both the black crêpe satin frock and the slip of pink Georgette which shows itself at the neck and back and in the wide sleeves

An excellent example of what might be called the straight fall of the flare is to be seen in Patou's frock of beige crêpe. In addition to the all-around flare of the skirt there are flare panels and flare wings, flare frills on the sleeves and a shoulder flare in back. The French term "ampleur évasée" should be "ampleur évasive," for the general effect is slim and straight till one moves and the flares begin to fly

Renée puts the flare at the sides of a coat of Russian green kashacotta trimmed with silk braid, many buttons and "labrador" fur. The color, the shawl collar, the "patch" use of fur and the princess silhouette are distinctly new. The general effect is more elaborate, due to the seaming and the trimming, and represents an important step toward more feminine dress



Poiret the Magnificent makes a characteristic use of apricot-colored moire silk shot with gold and trimmed with gold braid on brown velvet bands edged with fox. The coat has the new princess silhouette with an all-around flare

Molyneux uses ocean-green panne velvet lined with steel metal cloth for an evening wrap trimmed with steel lace and mongolie (goat skin) fur. A shirred flare is placed at the back and the uneven hem is carried higher at the front



Among the new materials of great elegance that are used this Winter—chenille brocades, metal brocades, metal laces and velvet—none is more important than velvet. Lucien Lelong uses powder-blue velvet over a velvet slip of rose mauve embroidered with rhinestones, pearls, gold beads, silver and green. The skirt flares at the side



6498 6486 6432 6479 6497

FLARE OUTLINES MOVE UP FRONT ON NEW FROCKS



Dress 6498



Dress 6497



Dress 6486
Embroidery design 10392

Dress 6432

Dress 6479

6498—A huge velvet flower perches on the hip of a draped one-piece slip-over frock of satin faille, etc. It may have a day neck and sleeves. There is a separate one-piece slip.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and ⅜ yard 35-inch Georgette of each color for panels. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6486—10392—Twills, cashmere, kasha, etc., are used to make a slip-over frock with a circular lower part in two pieces, attached in pointed outline. It fits closely at the hipline. The embroidery is simple. Work in color. Lower edge 2⅝ yards.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6432—A smart tie collar and a circular flounce with a new outline make a distinctive one-piece slip-over frock. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, satin faille, flat crêpe, Georgette, etc. It fits closely at the hipline.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6497—Loose panels with lower edges straight or scalloped fall in godet-like folds on a straight one-piece frock. Use brocaded velvet on silk voile, Georgette or crêpe Roma, or embroidered effects on silk voile with matching silk voile, etc. The slip-over dress has a straight lower edge.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35 or 39-inch broché and 1¼ yard 35-inch chiffon. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6479—The circular flare that swings this attractive dress has the new upward line. It lengthens the one-piece upper part of this slip-over frock. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, plain satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, satin faille, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma, etc., with matching velvet ribbon. Lower edge 3 yards.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



6483 6495 6433 6449 6478

THE CLOSE SLEEVES, TIE-COLLARS AND NECKLINES OF FRENCH FROCKS



Dress 6483



Dress 6478



Dress and bolero 6495 Embroidery design 10175

Dress 6433

Princess dress 6449 Embroidery design 10961

6483—Backed by a circular flare attached in oval outline, this slip-over frock presents a one-piece front to the world. Use satin Canton, plain satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch broché crêpe satin with no up or down (circular flare cut crosswise). Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6495—**10175**—There is youth in the separate bolero of a slip-over frock that fits closely at the hipline and attaches a two-piece circular skirt to a long body. Embroidery trims it. Work in braiding. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 50-inch velvet and 2⅞ yards 35-inch satin.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6433—Up and down goes the line where a circular flare is attached to this frock. Make this slip-on-over-the-head dress of satin Canton, plain satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch broché crêpe satin (no up or down) with flounce cut crosswise. Lower edge 2¾ yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6478—A fly-away tie-collar of velvet ribbon, a circular flounce attached in scalloped outline and the smart long close sleeve of the season give distinction to this slip-over frock. It may be made of satin Canton, plain satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, satin faille, etc., or use chiffon velvet with metallic ribbon, etc. The dress fits closely at the hipline. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (flounce cut crosswise).

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6449—10961—Embroidery adds its charm to a frock charming in itself. For it has the lovely princess line, so new and smart. Work the embroidery in color. Inverted plaits are placed at each side front and side back of this slip-over dress. Use worsteds, cashmere, serge, wool crêpe, light-weight kasha, camel's-hair twills, etc., with contrasting satin or crêpe de Chine; or use crêpe satin, etc. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2⅛ yards.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch twill.

The princess dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

WHERE THERE'S A FLARE, A TIE END, A LOOSE PANEL, THERE'S MOVEMENT AND ANIMATION

Dress 6482
Embroidery
design 10961

Princess dress
6491

Dress 6465

Dress 6487

Dress
6423
Embroi-
dery
design
10401

Dress
6417

Dress
6459

Dress 6492
Embroidery
design
10361

THE swing of the flare sets the Winter mode in motion. The new styles are swayed by flared princess lines, flounces, godets and the many and varied circular cuts. Loose panels do their bit, also, for lightness and animation. Placed at the back, front, side or all around, the flare ever appears in new and unexpected outlines and in new styles—as, for instance, on two-piece frocks that combine the straight line of a long blouse with the flared line of a circular, flounced slip. The straight styles continue smart for wools, especially the heavier and rougher ones, and novelty weaves; also for the bordered and half-and-half materials, brocades, etc., where the design is the thing and unbroken lines are required for it.

Other views and descriptions are on page 94

Princess dress 6424

Dress 6389

Dress 6463

Dress 6451
Embroidery design 10934

Princess coat-dress 6489

Dress 6441
Embroidery design 10961

Dress 6443
Embroidery design 10208

Dress 6415
Embroidery design 10138

Descriptions and other views are on page 94

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Coat-wrap 6430

Dress and bolero 6399



Dress 6455

Dress 6461

SWINGING FLARES, FLYING PANELS,

WARD AND VISIBLE SIGNS

FOR MOTION

Descriptions and other views are on page 95



Dress 6477

Princess dress 6428

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 86.

Princess dress 6428
Embroidery design
10336

Dress 6427
Embroidery
design 10361

Dress 6457

Dress 6469

RESTLESS PLAITS ARE THE OUT-

OF FASHION'S *PENCHANT*

IN FROCKS

Dress 6447
Tam-o'-shanter 5416

Dress 6429

Descriptions and other views are on page 96

Dress and bloomers 6404

Doll's rompers and sunbonnet 426

Dress and bloomers 6406

Dress and bloomers 6448

Dress and bloomers 6394

Dress 6418

Dress 6416

Dress 6460

Dress and bolero 6388

Dress 6446 Embroidery design 10361

Dress 6452

Descriptions and other views are on page 97

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Dress 6392
Embroidery
design
10232

Dress and
bloomers
6442

Dress
6454
Embroi-
dery design
10312

Dress
6390

Dress and
bloomers
6414

Dress 6456

Dress 6444

Dress 6378
Embroidery
design 10331

Dress 6466

Dress 6470
Embroidery design
10356

Other views and descriptions are on page 97

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 86.

Dress 6462

Suit 6450

Suit 6474

Dress 6382
Embroidery design 10984

Coat 6480
Hat 4834
Leggings 4038

Coat 6468

Coat 6488
Tam 5458

Mackinaw 6490
Polo cap 4068
Golf knickers 5950

THE SMART FLARED AND STRAIGHT COATS, FROCKS AND TINY SUITS OF YOUTH

6462—This delightful dress scallops the hem of its full straight skirt attached to a basque at a slightly low waistline. It slips on over the head. Use radium, crêpe de Chine, etc., with contrasting hand-made flowers, or velvet with metallic fabric, etc.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6450—It's smart to be able to button one's straight trousers to the waist through tabs in front. Use dimity with linen, poplin, etc., trousers; or madras or crêpe de Chine with silk poplin or shantung, etc.

4 years requires 1⅜ yards 32-inch dimity and ⅞ yard 32-inch chambray.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 5 years.

6480—4834—4038—This double-breasted, straight-line coat, with sleeves pointed at the top, is smart with a gored-crown hat and leggings.

6 years and 20½-inch head measure require 1¾ yards 54-inch tweed for coat and hat.

The coat is for little girls 1 to 7 years; hat for girls and tiny boys 2 to 12; leggings for children 2 to 14.

6468—A circular flare attached across the sides in curved outline makes this new coat, with its one-piece back and front, interesting.

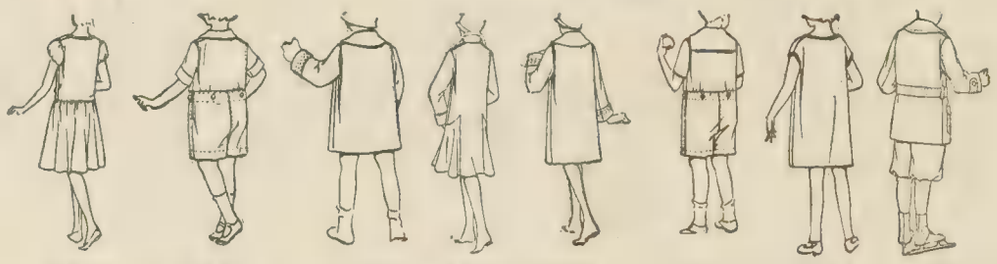
13 years requires 3⅜ yards 35-inch velveteen.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6488—5458—The straight-line double-breasted coat points its sleeves at the top. The tam-o'-shanter is gored.

12 years requires 2 yards 54-inch camel's-hair for coat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; tam for girls, children, ladies and misses.



6462 6450 6480 6468 6488 6474 6382 6490

6474—Double-breasted, of course, like the styles for bigger but not better men, and with a sailor's collar, this little suit buttons straight trousers to its waist. Use serge, gabardine, linen, linen-finished cottons, drill, piqué, poplin, chambray, madras, pongee, etc.

4 years requires ⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The suit is for little boys 3 to 6 years.

6382—10984—An old-fashioned girl makes a new-fashioned pocket. Work in appliqué. This one-piece slip-over dress is smart in Canton crêpe, flat crêpe, rayon, etc., with Georgette sleeves, etc.

7 years requires 1¾ yards 35-inch velveteen and ½ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is adorable for girls 6 to 12 years.

6490—5950—4068—A warm mackinaw with a convertible collar, golf knickers and a polo cap shut out wintry blasts. Use mixtures, etc., for mackinaw.

8 years requires 1⅝ yards 54-inch plaid for mackinaw and 1 yard 44-inch serge for knickers.

The mackinaw is for boys 4 to 16 years; knickers for boys 8 to 17; cap for children 2 to 12.

THE SMART FROCK CHOOSES A STYLE FROM FLARED, PRINCESS AND STRAIGHTLINE MODES

6471—Rather jaunty with a hand-made flower of contrasting velvet ribbon or metallic kid is this frock with its chic front closing. Make it of heavy silk crêpe, faille silk, etc., or use cashmere, camel's-hair twill, light-weight kasha, homespun, etc. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 44½ inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch heavy satin.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

6467—A one-piece slip-over dress—but with a difference! An underfront extends to the underarm seams. Use twills, camel's-hair twills, etc., with harmonizing satin or silk crêpe; or use crêpe satin, satin Canton, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch light-weight kasha and 1½ yards 35-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is charming for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6434—Self-trimmed, bordered wide crêpe satins, Canton crêpes, satin and faille, 54-inch ombré velvets, etc., are best displayed by a one-piece, slip-over frock that fits closely at the hipline, has a straight lower edge and matching Georgette sleeves.

36 bust requires 1½ yards 54-inch bordered velvet broché and ⅞ yard 39-inch chiffon. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

6499—10371—Slenderizing agents are the narrow, loose panels at each side front and back of this slip-over, one-piece frock. The embroidery is charming. Work in color. Use cashmere, soft wool crêpe, etc., with satin in lighter or darker shades; or crêpe satin, satin Canton, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch twill (with ¾ yard 35-inch material to line panels) and ½ yard 35-inch satin.

The dress is becoming to ladies 36 to 52 bust.



Dress 6471 Dress 6467 Dress 6434

6493—10253—Frocks ever find new outlines for attaching a two-piece circular skirt. For this slip-over dress use satin Canton, satin faille, plain satin, etc., with silk crêpe in lighter shade, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work in color.

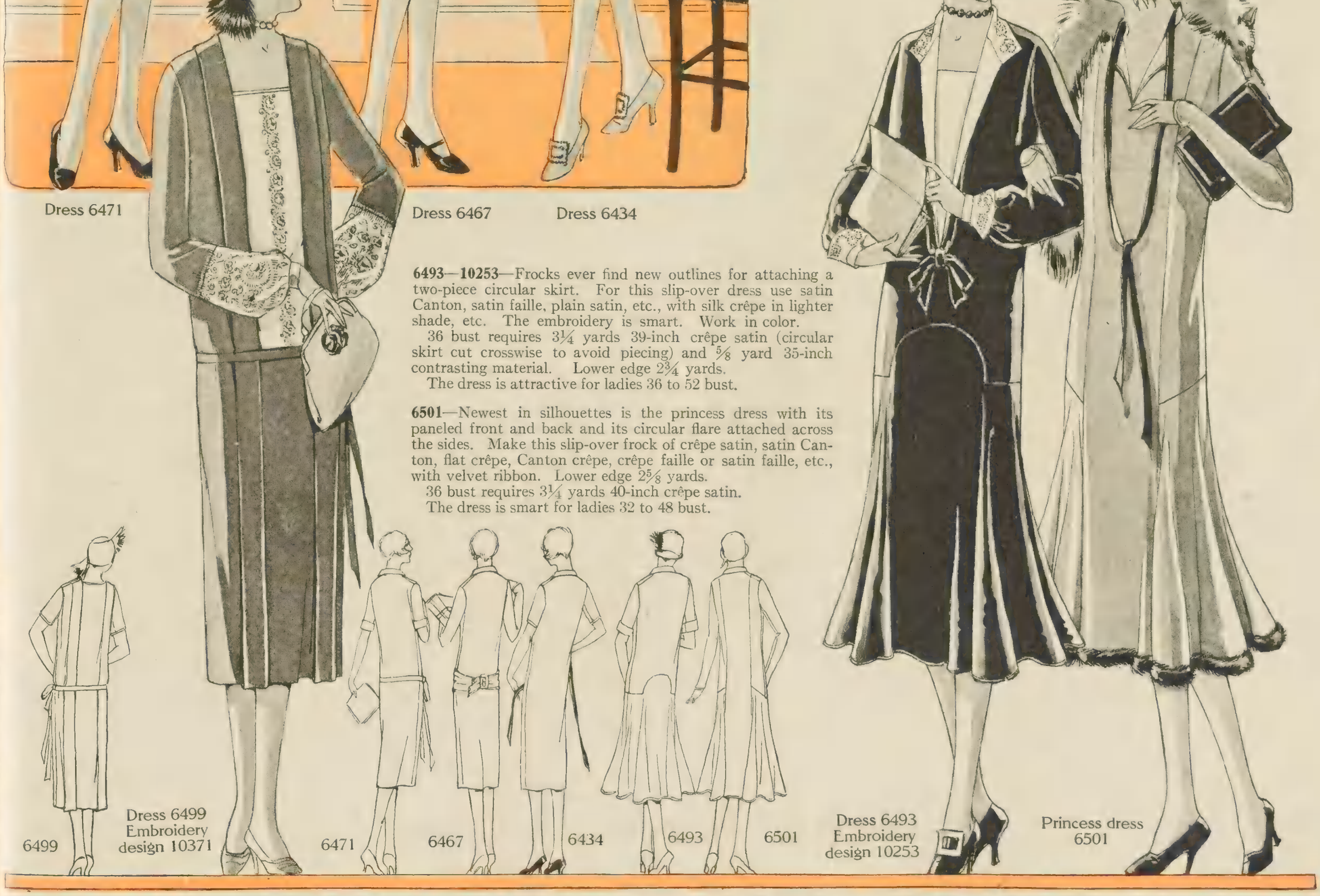
36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (circular skirt cut crosswise to avoid piecing) and ⅝ yard 35-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 2¾ yards.

The dress is attractive for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6501—Newest in silhouettes is the princess dress with its paneled front and back and its circular flare attached across the sides. Make this slip-over frock of crêpe satin, satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille or satin faille, etc., with velvet ribbon. Lower edge 2⅝ yards.

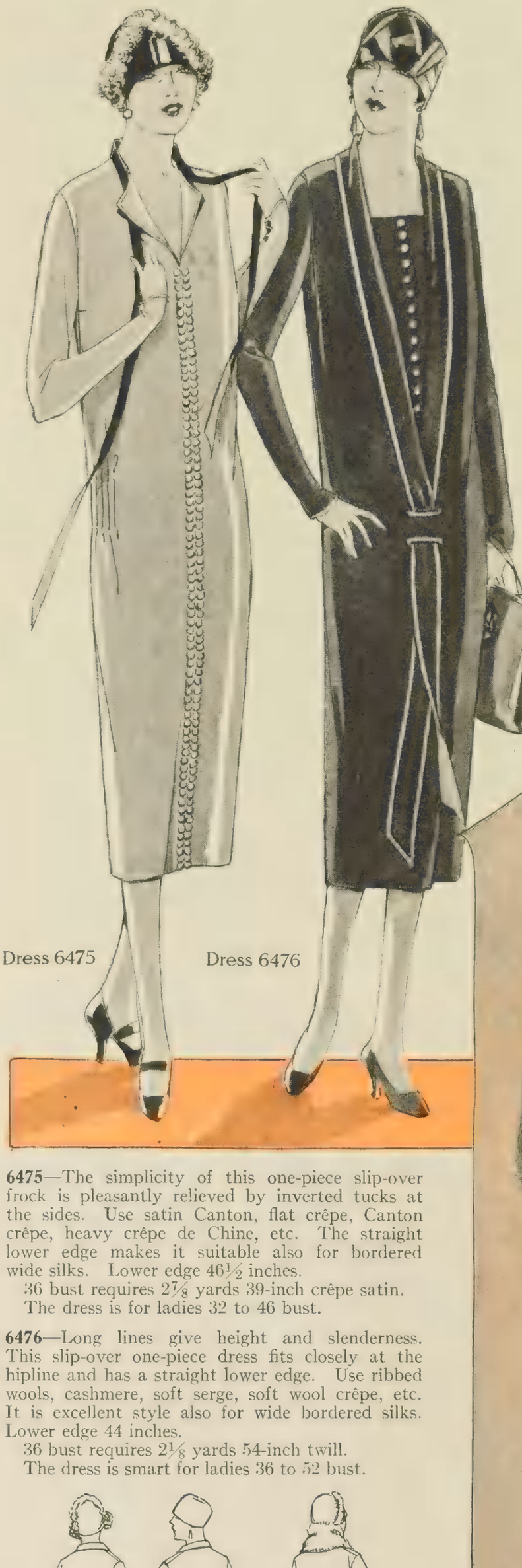
36 bust requires 3¼ yards 40-inch crêpe satin.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



6499 Dress 6499 Embroidery design 10371 6471 6467 6434 6493 6501 Dress 6493 Embroidery design 10253 Princess dress 6501

THE FLATTERING POSSIBILITIES OF THE PRINCESS LINE AND ITS FLARE, OF NEW COLLARS AND INTERESTING SLEEVES



Dress 6475 Dress 6476

6475—The simplicity of this one-piece slip-over frock is pleasantly relieved by inverted tucks at the sides. Use satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. The straight lower edge makes it suitable also for bordered wide silks. Lower edge 46½ inches.

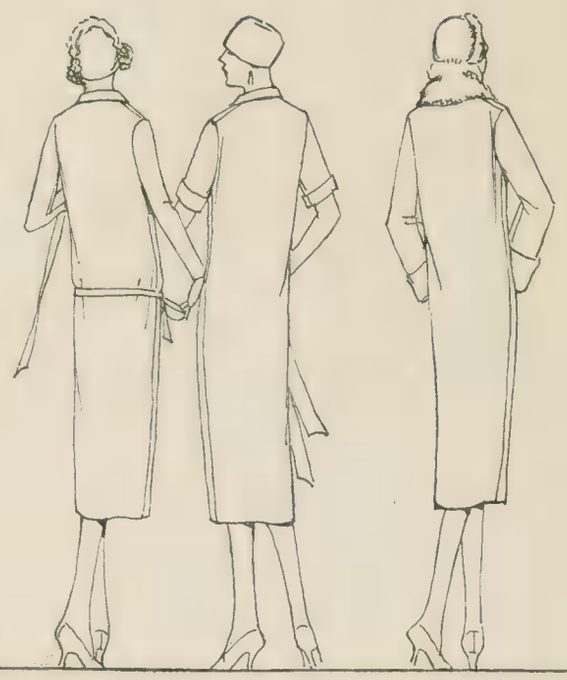
36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

6476—Long lines give height and slenderness. This slip-over one-piece dress fits closely at the hipline and has a straight lower edge. Use ribbed wools, cashmere, soft serge, soft wool crêpe, etc. It is excellent style also for wide bordered silks. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch twill.

The dress is smart for ladies 36 to 52 bust.



6475 6476 6437



Coat 6437 Coat 6431

6437—A coat of some elegance adopts the smart tuxedo collar and puff sleeve of fur or fabric fur. It is worn in straight-line style or wrapped around and has a pocket on the lining. Use short-nap coatings, kasha, smooth-faced plain coatings, coatings in novelty weaves, etc. Lower edge 47 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch velvet and ¾ yard 50-inch fabric fur.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

6431—A flatterer is the soft crushed collar that frames the face becomingly. Make this straight-line coat, with a pocket on the lining, of velvet, smooth-faced plain coatings, kasha, novelty coatings, Ottoman weaves, etc., or use satin or corded silk with kasha lining. Lower edge 47 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch short-nap coating.

The coat is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.



Dress 6484 Princess coat dress 6481

6484—The way of a frock with a circular flounce is to attach it in a new outline. Use satin Canton, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, satin faille, crepe satin and similar materials for this one-piece slip-over dress.

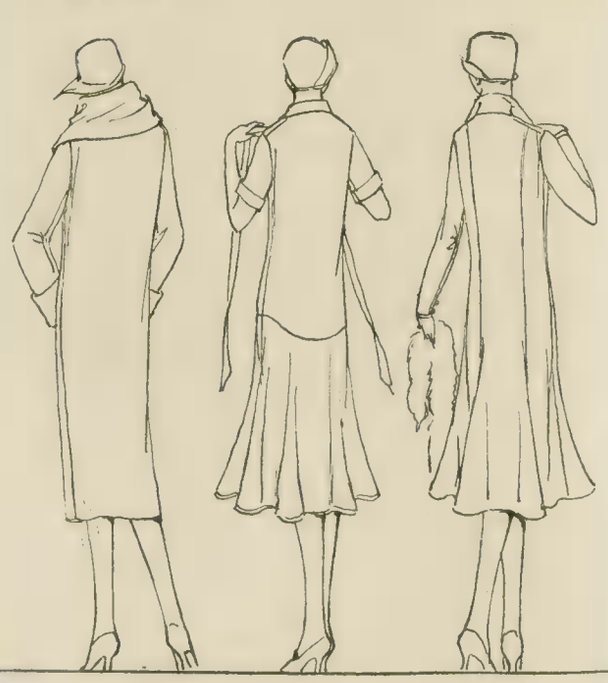
36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch novelty crêpe satin with no up or down. Lower edge 2⅝ yards.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6481—The princess styles suggest the line of the figure, fit closely at the hipline and flare out at the hem. Twills, worsteds, cashmere, kasha, camel's-hair, heavy satin, heavy silk crêpe, etc., are smart for this princess coat-dress. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch velvet.

The princess coat-dress is charming for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



6431 6484 6481

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COATS HAVE FUR COLLARS AND A CHOICE OF SILHOUETTES

6506—Light-weight wool jersey, light-weight flannel, crêpe satin, etc., all of one material or with contrasting, make up smartly in this style. The inserted plait at the center front gives freedom as well as chic to this one-piece slip-over dress with the smart saddle shoulder. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, measures 54 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

6430—The deep armhole of this charming wrap keeps the dress beneath from being crushed. For afternoons use short-nap coatings, or velvet or satin with kasha lining, etc. For evening wear use velvet, heavy satin or brocades in black or in color. It is worn wrapped around or in straight-line style and has a pocket on the lining.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch cloth.

For ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

6439—The princess coat ripples at the sides—the result of a flared underarm gore. The collar is most becoming, whether worn closed or rolled back. Use fabric fur, velvet, short-nap coating, kasha, smooth-faced plain coatings, coatings in novelty weaves; or plain or novelty ribbed silks or satin with kasha lining, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 48-inch fabric fur. Lower edge measures 1⅞ yard.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.



Dress 6506 Coat-Wrap 6430 Coat 6439 Coat 6503



Dress 6505 Embroidery design 10390

Dress 6504, Embroidery design 10277



Dress 6507

6503—Here the circular flounce of a coat is attached to a one-piece upper part. Use velvet, short-nap coatings, kasha, smooth-faced plaid coatings, coatings in novelty weaves, etc. Lower edge measures 2⅜ yards.

35 bust or 18 years requires 3¾ yards 40-inch velvet.

It is for misses 32 to 35 bust, also ladies.

6505—10390—There is beauty in the princess line of this slip-over dress. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, plain satin, flat crêpe, crêpe faille, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work in one-stitch. Lower edge measures 2¼ yards.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The princess dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6504—10277—A one-piece slip-over dress, fitting closely at the hipline, shirrs loose panels to each side. Use crêpe satin with contrasting Georgette; or satin Canton, etc. The embroidery is charming. Work in color.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe satin, ½ yard 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge measures 44 inches.

It is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6507—A slip-over blouse for a two-piece frock is long and has the saddle shoulder. The skirt has an inverted plait at each side of front. Use silk crêpe, etc., with contrast; or use kasha, etc. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, measures 1¾ yard.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch silk.

It is for misses 15 to 20 years.



6505 6504 6507 6506 6430 6439 6503

THE FLARE THAT SWINGS A COAT OR FROCK RULES THE FASHION WORLD



Dress 6502

Dress 6485

Dress 6496
Transfer 10361

6485—The smart lines of this frock suggest the new long blouse. The attached lower part gives it a two-piece appearance. The dress slips on over the head and may be made of bordered wools or bordered silks or crosswise designs with a matching plain lower part and tie collar; or use crêpe satin, satin Canton, heavy crêpe de Chine, flat crêpe, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch bordered wool.

It is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6496—10361—There is softness and grace in the slip-over one-piece dress with fulness below the saddle shoulder, above the cuff and in the circular folds of side flares. It fits closely at the hipline. The embroidery is chic. It matches the dress. Use crêpe satin, heavy crêpe de Chine or plain soft satin with metallic kid or with contrasting; or use chiffon velvet, etc. Lower edge 2⅝ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe satin.

It is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6502—The saddle shoulder gives a graceful slope to the sleeve top of a slip-over dress. The two-piece circular skirt is attached at the hipline, where the dress fits closely. Use crêpe satin, soft satin or heavy crêpe de Chine with metallic kid and novelty buttons, etc. Lower edge 2½ yards.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (skirt cut crosswise).

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6436—The easy lines of the flared coat make it altogether desirable for velvet, short-nap coatings, kasha, smooth-faced plain coatings, coatings in novelty weaves, or for ribbed silk with kasha lining, etc. The circular flare makes a pointed outline where it is attached across the front. There is a pocket on the lining. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch velvet.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

6453—A smart dress that is very simple to make has a straight lower edge, is one-piece in type and slips on over the head. The sleeve has two seams and the collar may be worn closed. Make it of kasha, twills, worsteds, cashmere, serge, wool crêpe, camel's-hair twills, heavy silk crêpe or heavy satin, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch kasha.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

6438—This coat's distinguished bearing is due to the sweep of the shawl collar and the swing of the circular flare attached across the back in curved outline. It may be worn in straight-line style or wrapped around. Use velvet, short-nap coatings, coatings in novelty weaves, etc., with fabric fur or fur. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch cloth.

It is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust, also misses.



GAY AND USEFUL GIFTS FOR FAMILY AND FRIENDS, ALL OF THEM DELIGHTFULLY EASY TO MAKE





5732—An outing-shirt that any man would like is very easy to make. Use broadcloth, pongee, madras, etc.

3998—For the man who enjoys comfort and good looks combined make a bathrobe and slippers of blankets, flannel or blanket robing.

3450—A dressing gown or lounging-robe of polo cloth, silk rep, silk faille, shantung, satin, etc., is nice for a man to slip into after a fatiguing day. The slippers are comfortable.

4836—Whether young or old, at home or at college, a man needs a warm house coat for a smoking jacket.



6472—Dainty wreaths of rosebuds and Val lace trim a combination step-in and bandeau brassière of crêpe de Chine, triple voile, etc. The ribbon-covered garters are new.

6031—4830—What college girl will not welcome a Christmas gift of pajamas for Sunday breakfast parties after the holidays? Make them of plain or printed crêpe de Chine or wash silk or satin frilled with a wealth of insertion and lace. Dainty boudoir caps of lace edging, ribbon and flowers in bandeau style keep water-wave combs in place.

4644—Georgette in the new rose or blue shades makes a delightful dressing-sack when bordered and trimmed with fluffy bands of swan's-down.

5936—A suitable gift for the bride-elect is a lace-and-flower-trimmed nightgown of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash silk or satin that packs neatly in a traveling-bag. The pocket is smart.

4116—Your Sunday-evening-supper hostess would appreciate as a gift a set of attractive aprons of dotted swiss, cross-bar, white lawn or organdy trimmed with lace.

3961—The goose border at once endears this new little bathrobe to a youngster's heart. Use blanket cloth, blankets, eider-down, flannel, etc.

5605—A gift for a baby is an eider-down sleeping-bag of blanket cloth, quilted China silk, etc., bound with pink or blue ribbon. The set-in sleeves are very comfortable.

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View A

Hat 6494

View B

View C



6500

Santa Claus suit 6500





6445

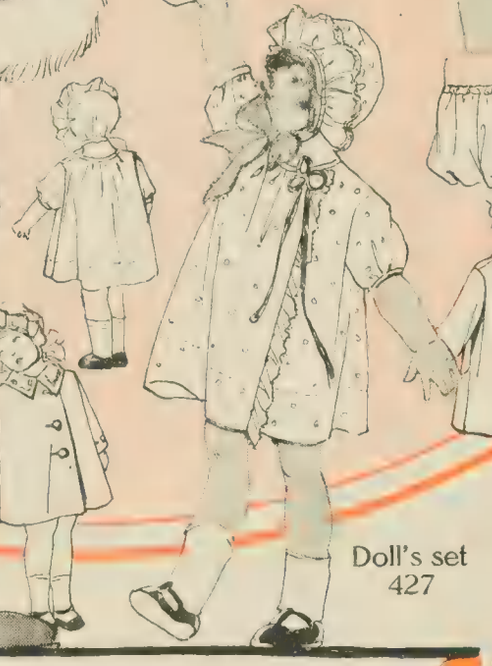
Dress 6445



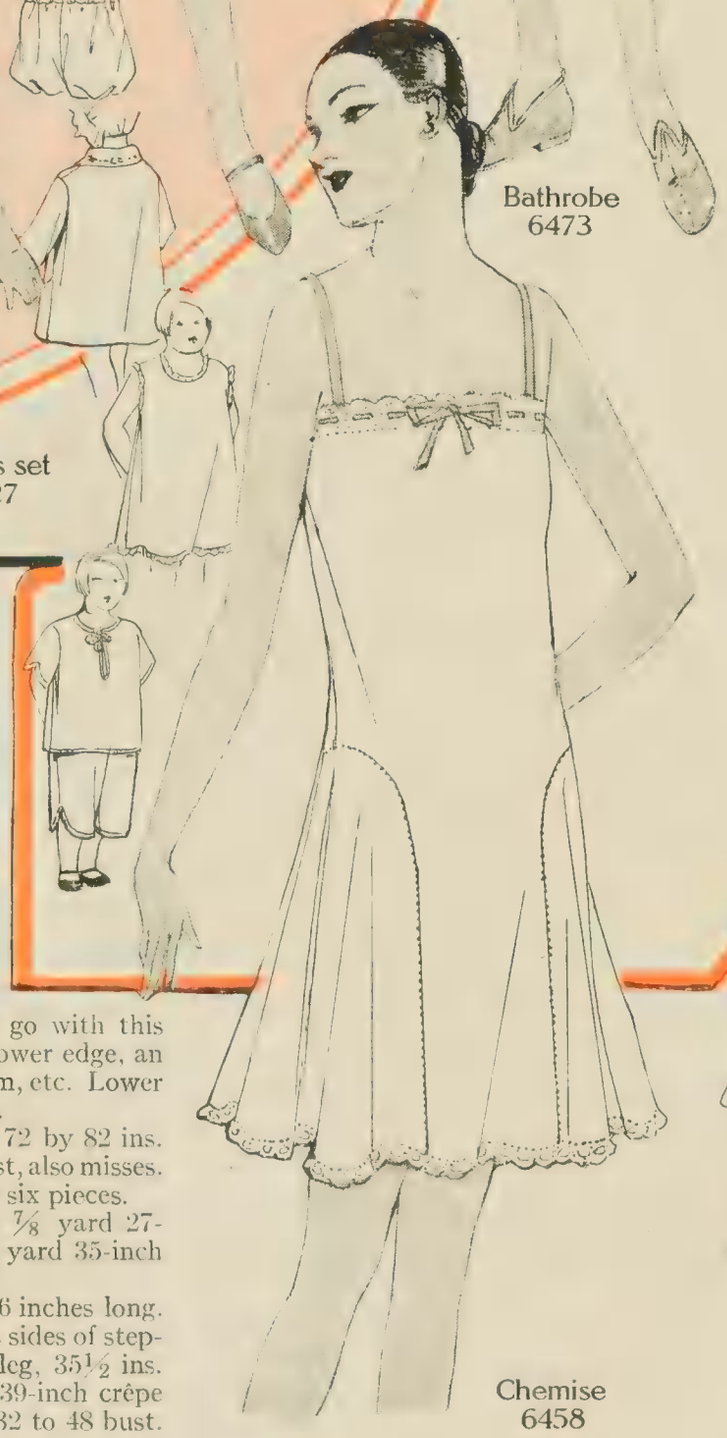
6473

6393

Hostess gown 6393



Doll's set 427



Bathrobe 6473

6472

Step-ins, brassière and garters 6472

Chemise 6458



6458

6393—A graceful hostess gown or negligée is made of velvet or soft satin with matching Georgette, etc. Lower edge 45 inches.

36 bust requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 35-inch velvet brocade and $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The hostess gown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6445—This practical one-piece dress makes a nurses' uniform or a smart house dress. The cuffs may be French or plain. For a nurse, use nurses' linen, poplin, broadcloth, etc. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

36 bust takes $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch nurses' linen.

It is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6494—The gored-crown hat may be made with or without the ear-laps.

8 years takes $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 54-inch chinchilla for view A.

It is for girls and tiny boys 2 to 12.

6500—Coat, knickers and leggings make this Santa Claus suit.

38 breast takes $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35-inch sateen; $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 44-inch oilcloth.

The suit is for 34 to 46 breast.

6472—Step-ins, bandeau brassière, garters. Width, bottom each leg, $37\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

36 bust takes $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The set is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6473—Slippers with soles go with this bathrobe with a straight lower edge, an inverted plait under the arm, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 64 inches.

36 bust takes 1 blanket 72 by 82 ins.

It is for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also misses.

427—A doll's wardrobe of six pieces.

A 22-inch doll requires $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 27-inch pin-dot swiss and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 35-inch organdy for dress and cap.

It is for girl dolls 12 to 26 inches long.

6458—Circular flare across sides of step-in. Width, bottom each leg, $35\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

36 bust takes $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine. It is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 86.



Vegetable Soup everybody likes!

Vegetable is a soup that allows of no "skimping" in the number of ingredients and the quantity used. The moment any attempt is made to reduce them, it can be detected at once in the loss of richness and flavor. We have studied the proper blending of vegetable soup for many years and we know and make exactly "the kind everybody likes." From the very first taste, it will be your favorite.

Every spoonful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup is heavily laden with the "solid" vegetables and other ingredients. There are no less than fifteen different vegetables — the finest grown; hearty cereals; invigorating beef broth; herbs and seasoning; thirty-two ingredients in all! Housewives long ago gave up the trouble and expense of making vegetable soup — they serve Campbell's! And often find it enough for a meal, too!

Now all it has of pep and jazz
I put upon the air,
And when I'm through, I'm telling you,
I want my Campbell's there!

21 kinds
12 cents a can





Dolly Varden Cake

(ABOVE)

1½ cups sugar — ⅓ cup Crisco
1 cup milk — 1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon almond extract
3 egg whites — 3 cups pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder

Cream Crisco. Add sugar and cream together until light and soft. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Add extract, beat mixture thoroughly and last fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into well-Criscoed Angel Cake pan and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) one hour. Remove from oven. Let stand ten minutes, then turn upside down on cake board—the cake will drop out whole. When cool, ice.

Icing:

Add two tablespoons of cream to three egg yolks. Stir in enough confectioner's sugar to make it thick enough to spread easily. Flavor with almond and a pinch of salt. Cover entire outside of cake.

Prune Cake

2 cups pastry flour — 1 cup sugar
¼ cup Crisco — ½ cup sweet milk
1 teaspoon soda — ½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs (separated)
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon allspice
1 cup stewed and mashed prunes

Cream Crisco and sugar thoroughly. Add egg yolks well beaten. Then stir in prunes. Sift together, soda, spices, salt and flour and add alternately with milk. Last fold in beaten egg whites. Bake in loaf pan, one hour in moderate oven (325° F.).

Be sure prunes are thoroughly drained of all juice.



Standard Layer Cake

(ABOVE)

This recipe can be used as a standard for a variety of layer cakes. It will make a large 3-layer cake, and also six cup cakes. Or, instead of making the cup cakes, you can make four layers, making two cakes of two layers each.

¾ cup Crisco — 2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon salt — 4 eggs, separated
1⅓ cups milk — 3 cups pastry flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream Crisco and sugar together thoroughly. Add egg yolks, well beaten. Beat in the milk, a little at a time. Then add ¾ cup flour and beat until smooth. Sift rest of flour with baking powder and salt. Add to mixture and mix thoroughly. Add vanilla. Last fold in well-beaten egg whites. Divide batter into three well-Criscoed layer cake pans and six cup cakes. Bake in hot oven (375° F.), about 15 minutes. When partly cool, turn out on towel. When quite cold, spread filling between and on top of the layers.



Delicious Pastry and Fried Foods, too

Crisco is by no means limited to cake making. I find that I can always depend on Crisco for uniformly tender, flaky pie crusts, dainty biscuits, muffins, desserts of all kinds, breads of every description, while for frying, either in the deep kettle, in the frying pan or on the griddle, well, Crisco is one of those things we used to think too good to be true. Crisco gives us smokeless frying and, at the same time, dainty well-cooked fried food with a crisp brown outside, free from grease or taste of fat.

Crisco is the trade mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable by The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

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How I make perfect

ARE you one of the women who say, "I wish I knew how to make good cake, mine never comes out right," or "I never have any luck making cake, and have given up trying"?

Don't you think the cakes you see in the pictures on this page look delicious? I am going to tell you exactly how these cakes were made so you can make them, too, because I think every one really wants to know how to make good cakes which come out right every time and are as good to look at and as delicious to eat as these are.

A systematic start saves doubt and anxiety

Success depends on following your recipe and method carefully. So be sure to read your recipe and method through to the end before you start to work. Then start your oven, and get out all the utensils you will need and grease your pans.

When you grease them with Crisco, you do not need to flour them. Crisco contains no moisture to cause your cakes to stick to the pans and scorch. Therefore, your cakes will come out whole with no unsightly breaks and an even brown all over.

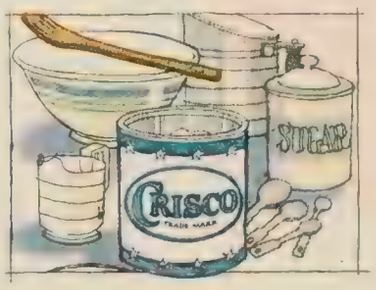
Measurements must be accurate

It is easier to get accurate measurements if we use the standard measuring cups and spoons. They were used in making up these recipes and cost only a few cents.

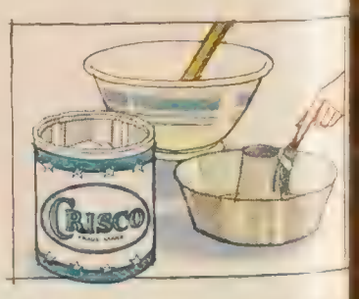
Here is a way I have found to measure shortening accurately. To measure, for example, ¾ of a cup of Crisco, I take a measuring cup, put in ¼ cup of cold water, then add enough Crisco to bring the water to the top of the cup, pour it off, and I have an exact ¾ cup of Crisco.

The importance of the right Shortening

I will confess, I have always had a reputation for making good cakes. I used to make all my cakes with butter. After I found Crisco and learned to make my cakes with it, using no butter at all, I found I still had perfectly delicious cakes, and my reputation for good cake was just as high as ever.



Standard measuring cups and spoons make for accuracy



I always grease my cake tins with Crisco

Cakes— every time

The cakes pictured on these pages were all made entirely with Crisco. When compared with cakes made with butter, no one could tell the difference. If you are one of those who simply find it unbelievable that you can use all Crisco in cakes, try half butter and half Crisco at first. Then next time, perhaps, three-fourths Crisco and one-fourth butter. I am sure you will be so pleased with the results, that before you know it you will be using all Crisco for all your cakes.

The importance of creaming Shortening and Sugar

Not everyone realizes the importance of creaming the shortening and sugar together. The purpose is to soften the grains of sugar, and this is done by creating the sugar with the shortening until the mixture is soft and fluffy, and does not feel grainy to the spoon.

Fruits and nuts should be added *after* the eggs and *before* the milk and flour. (This will insure even distribution, no nuts and raisins at the bottom of the cake.) If fruit is washed, it should be thoroughly dried before using.

To have your layers even and of uniform thickness, divide your batter in equal parts and spread evenly over the bottom of the pans.

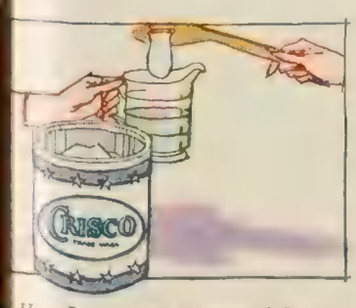
Correct baking temperature important

Up-to-date recipes give you correct temperature. If you are an experienced cake-maker and have never used a thermometer, you, of course, have your favorite way of testing your oven for the proper heat. If not, I advise you to buy an inexpensive oven thermometer. It will be a great help to you.

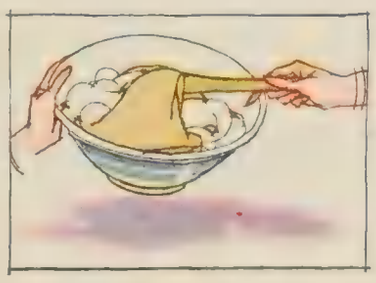
When you make the cakes you see on this page, following the directions I have given you, and using Crisco, I know your cakes will be as good as these in the pictures, and you, too, will have made a reputation for good cake.

If you have your own favorite cake recipes, simply use Crisco in the place of the shortening your recipe calls for, adding 1 teaspoon of salt to every cup of Crisco used.

W.S.C.



How I measure ¾ cup of Crisco accurately (see main text, above)



It's important to cream the shortening and sugar





Mother's Tea Cake

(ABOVE)

⅓ cup Crisco — 1 cup sugar
2 eggs (beaten) — ½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk — 1½ cups pastry flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream together Crisco, salt and sugar. Beat until light and soft. Add eggs mixing thoroughly. Sift flour and baking powder and add alternately with milk. Add vanilla. Beat well and turn into well-Criscoed shallow baking pan. Bake in hot oven (375° F.), one-half hour. When partly cool, dust with powdered sugar, cut in squares and serve while warm. This is a dainty, light cake which can be stirred up quickly for *lunch*, supper or afternoon tea.

Cocoa Marshmallow Cake (ABOVE)

PART ONE

2 tablespoons cocoa — 1 cup brown sugar
½ cup sweet milk — 1 egg yolk

Put ingredients in Part One in a double boiler. Cook until thoroughly blended. Cool.

PART TWO:

½ cup Crisco — 1 cup brown sugar
½ cup sweet milk — 2 egg yolks, unbeaten
2 cups pastry flour — 1 teaspoon vanilla
3 egg whites, well beaten
1 teaspoon soda dissolved in water

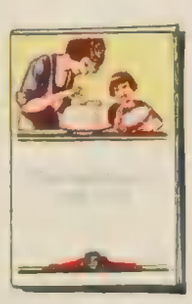
Cream Crisco and sugar together thoroughly. Add two egg yolks and beat in thoroughly. Then add Part One and vanilla, and mix thoroughly. Then add alternately milk and flour. Next fold in egg whites and last, soda dissolved in one tablespoon hot water. Divide in two layer cake pans which have been greased with Crisco. Bake in hot oven (375° F.) about 15 minutes.

Marshmallow Nut Icing:

2 cups granulated sugar
½ cup boiling water
2 egg whites (well beaten)
12 to 18 large marshmallows
½ cup pecans, cut fine

Boil water and sugar together until it spins a thread. Then beat slowly into egg whites. Cool slightly, add marshmallows broken in pieces and one teaspoon vanilla. Spread over cake before it is quite cold. Sprinkle chopped pecans over top.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. All recipes on these pages tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.



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Miss Olive S. Allen, a real home cook of many years' experience, gathered and tested hundreds of recipes from all over the world; from famous foreign chefs; from old fashioned home cooks; from luxurious hotels and little inns; even from trappers and hunters. From these many hundreds she selected the best two hundred and put them in this little cook book. To secure it free, simply fill in and mail the coupon.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.,
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AGAIN AND AGAIN you'll be surprised at arising time to find that the sudden storm has had no effect on the snug cosiness of your home. The thermometers alone convince you by their contrasting stories—for the ample flow of radiant warmth from the ARCOLA, with its automatically operated dampers, frees you from the necessity of fire watching!

Like a faithful sentinel, ARCOLA Hot Water Radiator Heating silently safeguards your family, day and night, with cleanly, invigorating, healthful warmth. ARCOLA is made on the same principles and with the same quality guarantee as our larger IDEAL Boilers for larger Buildings.

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Guarantees you genial, healthful warmth for a lifetime! Big sales volume permits reduced price *within reach of all.* Installed quickly. For small houses, single flat, small store, shop, office, etc. Sold by all Heating and Plumbing Merchants, everywhere.

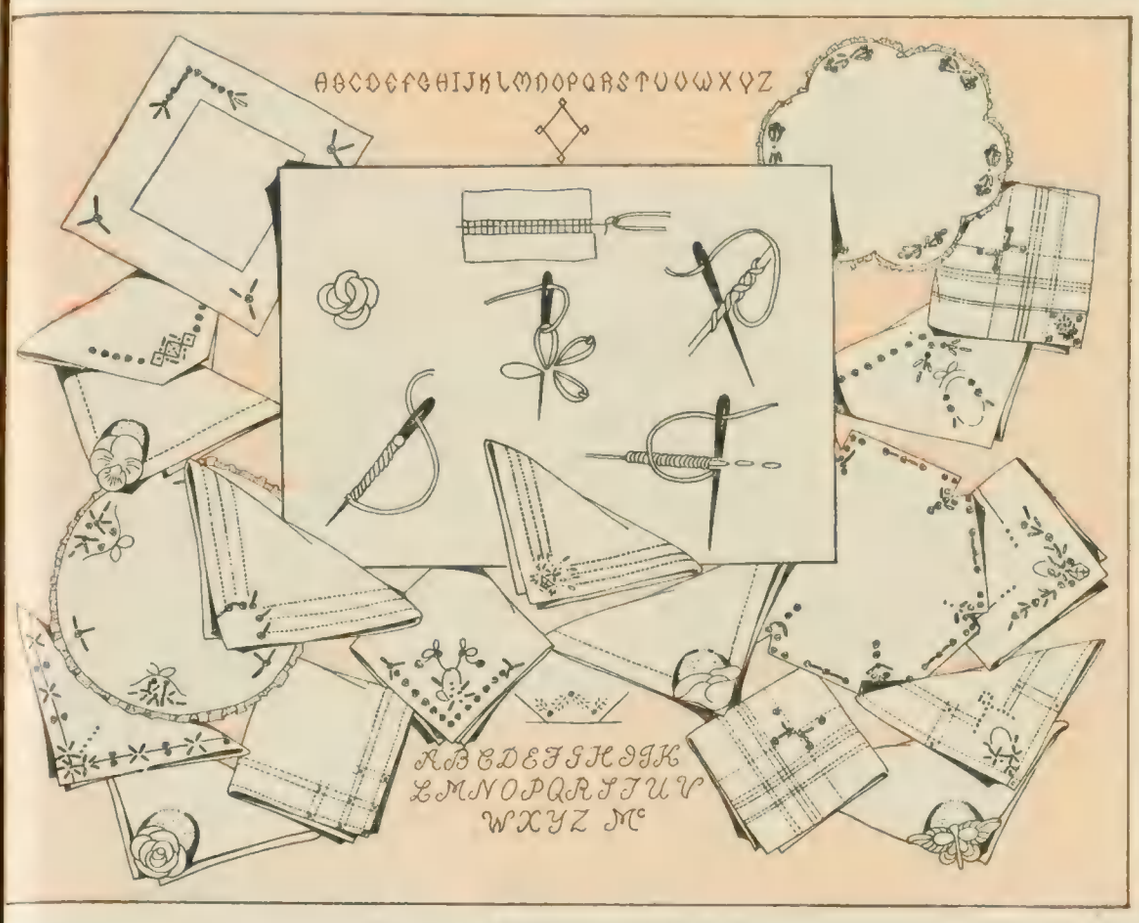
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Makers of IDEAL TYPE "A" HEAT MACHINE, ARCO, WATER TUBE, SOFT COAL SMOKELESS *and* FACTORY BOILERS, VECTO *and Other Heating, Ventilating and Cooling Products*

EMBROIDERY'S HOLIDAY SHOWING OF HANDKERCHIEFS, QUAINT FIGURES FOR NURSERY FURNISHINGS AND LOVELY DESIGNS FOR DRESS TRIMMING



Embroidery design 10396



10396—No one ever has enough handkerchiefs—enough *nice* handkerchiefs, for the nice ones have a way of losing themselves. This explains why every one likes to find them in Christmas packages. Handkerchiefs with these motifs and monograms are delightful to make. Work in satin-stitch, drawn threads, worm-stitch, lazy-daisy, French knots, French stemming and outline. The design can be adapted to 33 assorted motifs in twenty different styles, one alphabet $\frac{7}{8}$ inch high and another alphabet $\frac{3}{8}$ inch high.

10394—Jewel-like in design, this embroidery is most effective in jewel colors—topaz and aquamarine, lapis and gold, sapphire and silver, with onyx to bring out the tones. It is very lovely for dresses, blouses, coats, hats, scarfs, etc., and is worked entirely in one-stitch. The design can be adapted to $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of banding $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of banding 3 inches wide and 14 motifs in five assorted designs.

Miss Marie Ashley will be glad to answer any question about needlework if you will write to her, care of the Butterick Publishing Company, New York, N. Y., and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope



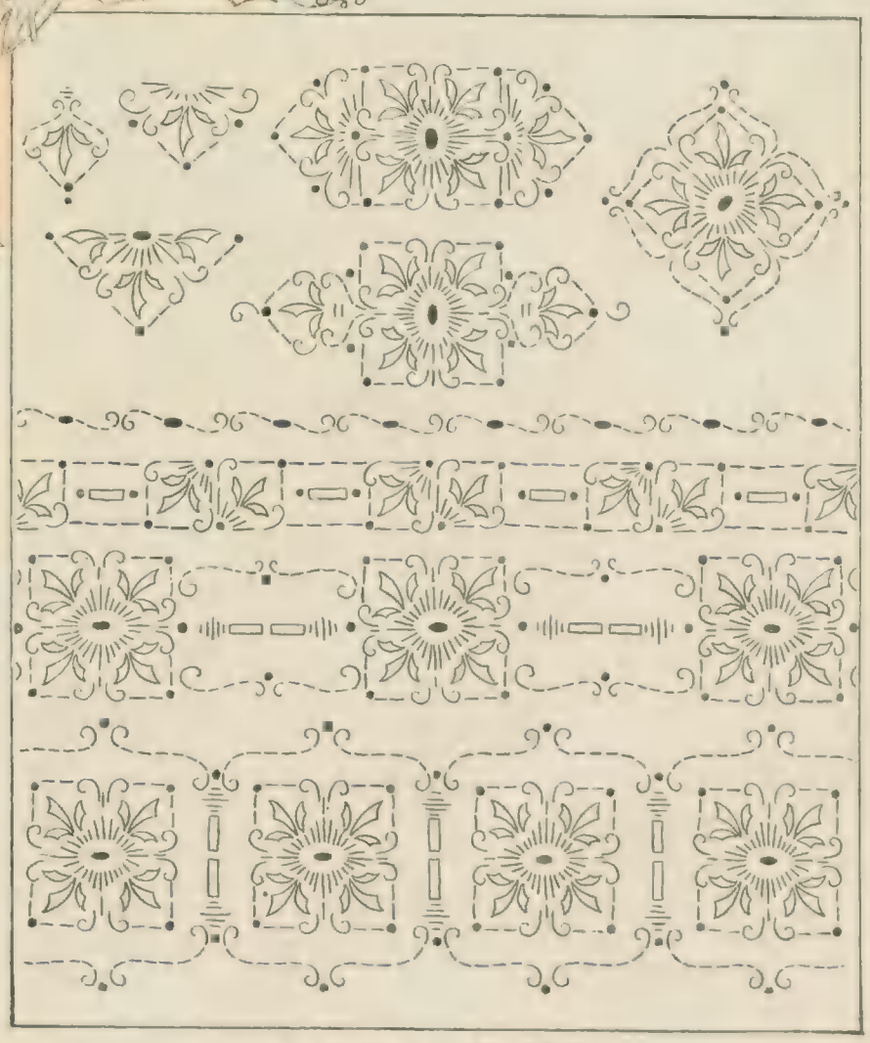
Embroidery design 10394

10401—Almost a filigree effect is obtained by a design that uses outline stitch, one-stitch and satin-stitch to reproduce itself on frocks and blouses, coats, scarfs, hats, etc. In this case a little work makes a very smart showing. The design can be adapted to $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards each of banding $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, 5 yards each of banding $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide and 30 motifs in six assorted designs.



10395—Alice and the White Rabbit, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the Mad Hatter, the Cheshire Cat, and all the others make a Wonderland of the nursery. These figures are also charming for children's clothes, bibs, aprons, etc. They are worked in a combination of outline stitch, one-stitch, French knots and satin-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 3-inch banding and 80 assorted motifs.

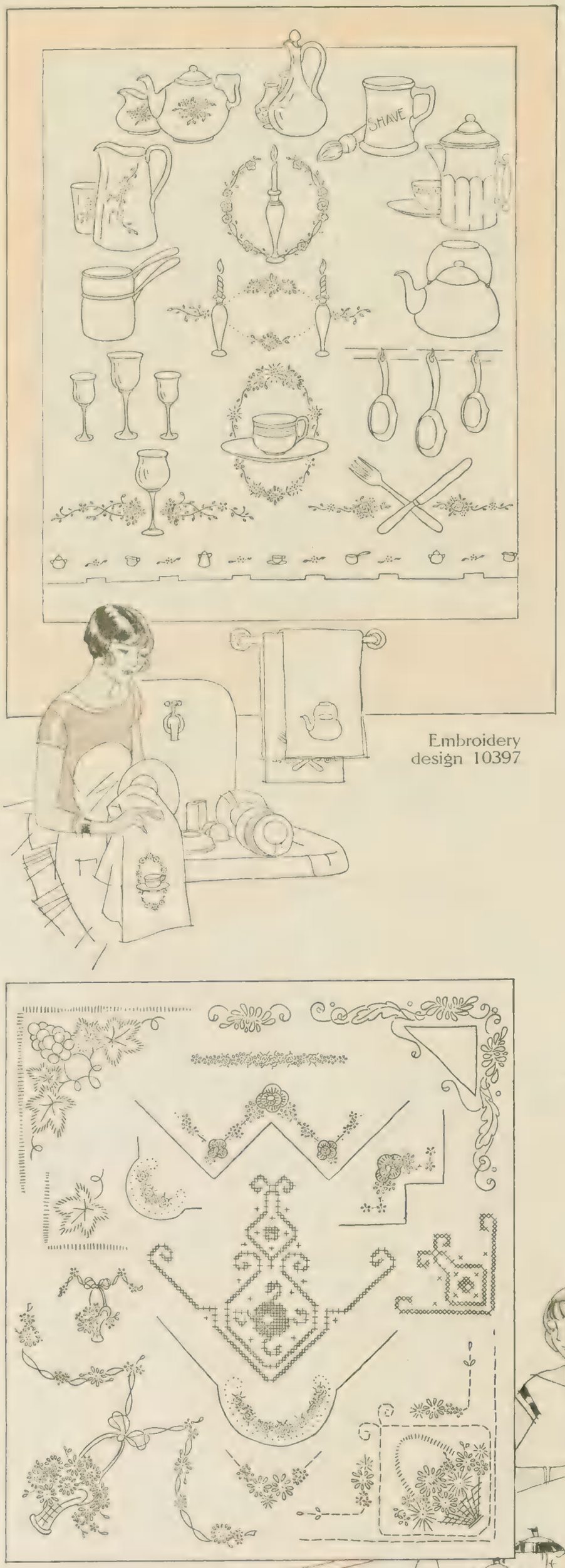
Embroidery design 10395



Embroidery design 10401

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 86.

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM ON HOLIDAY LINENS HAVE EVERYTHING TO DO WITH THE GIFT-GIVING SEASON



Embroidery design 10397

10397—A domestic design to delight a young housewife who would make her kitchen an attractive workroom is this, with motifs quaint, for tea-towels, shelving, etc. To make cheerful kitchen curtains use one motif in a bright color in the center of each curtain or embroider the charming little dish-and-flower-spray border above each hem. Work in a combination of one-stitch, outline-stitch, lazy-daisy and French-knot embroidery. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yards of 1¼-inch banding and 19 assorted motifs in 14 different styles.

10399—A collection of corners and motifs is an inspiration to the needlewoman who realizes how a touch of embroidery beautifies linens. Tea-cloths, linen scarfs, napkins, square centerpieces, etc., can be made from this design. The embroidery is worked in cross-stitch, or in a combination of one-stitch, lazy-daisy stitch, French knots and outline embroidery. The design can be adapted to 4 corners of each of the following sizes: 7 by 11¼ inches, 4 by 12¾ inches, 4¾ by 10¼ inches, 2 corners 6 by 13¼ inches and 54 assorted motifs.

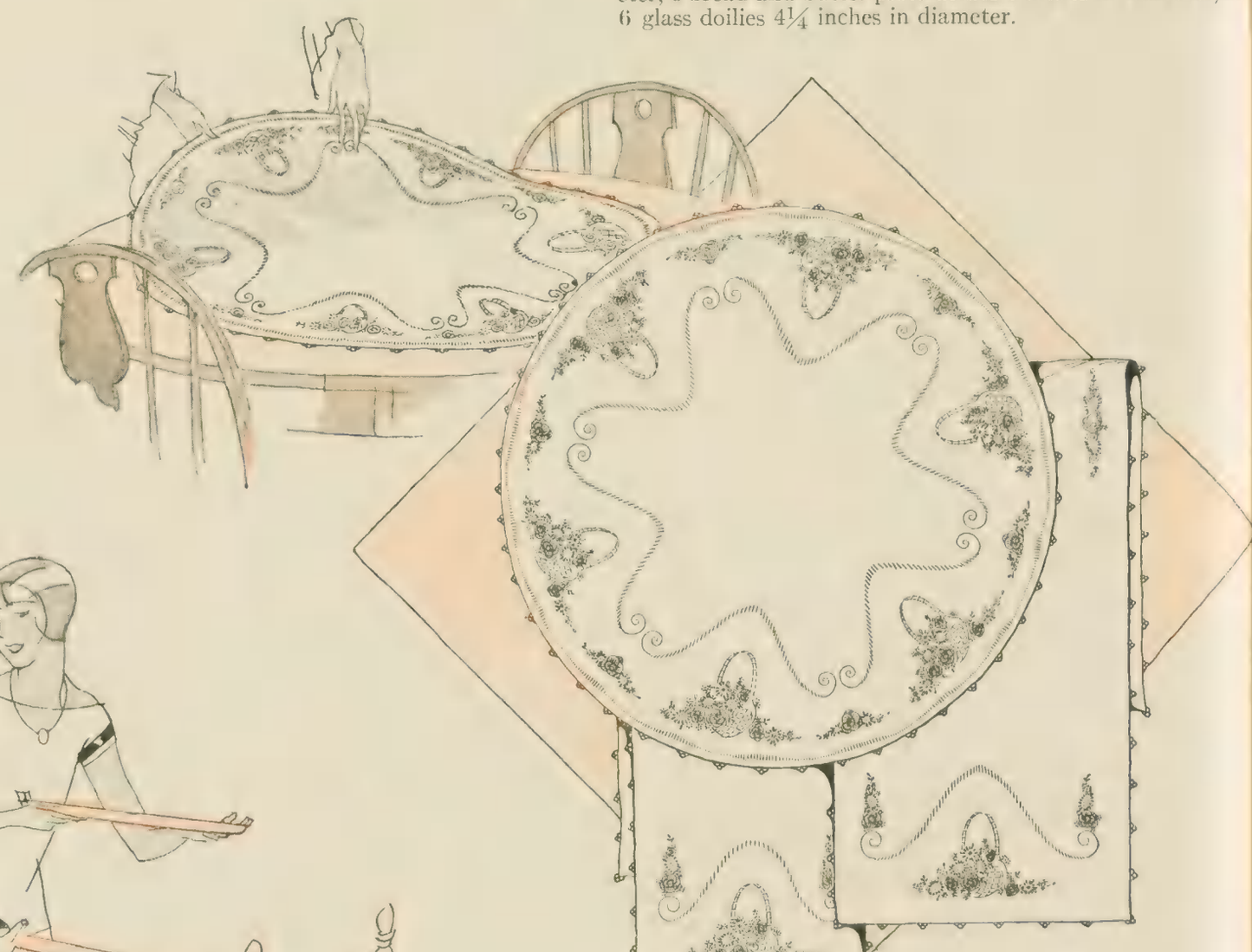
Miss Marie Ashley will gladly give any help that you may need with your needlework if you will write her, care of the Butterick Publishing Company, New York, N. Y., and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope



Embroidery design 10400

10400—The chrysanthemum is the favorite flower of linens. Conventionalized, it is used for a very complete luncheon set and should be embroidered in satin-stitch, French knots and French-stemming embroidery. The design can be adapted to one 26-inch centerpiece, 6 plate doilies 10¼ inches in diameter, 6 bread-and-butter plate doilies 6 inches in diameter, and 6 glass doilies 4¼ inches in diameter.

Embroidery design 10399



Embroidery design 10398

10398—For a colored centerpiece and scarf the lazy-daisy design is most effective with least labor. On blue, tan or white, flowers of every harmonizing hue tumble from charming embroidered baskets. The design may be worked in a combination of one-stitch, lazy-daisy or satin-stitch, outline and French-knot embroidery. It can be adapted to one 36-inch centerpiece, three motifs 8½ by 16¼ inches, three motifs 8½ by 12¼ inches and six motifs 1½ by 7 inches for ends on a large and small scarf.

SO SIMPLE IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE

Yet this fresh, new food works surely, naturally. Here is the whole secret of its power:

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. C-23, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.





"TWO MONTHS AGO my four-year old daughter took her first yeast cake. It immediately satisfied a craving for something that her food did not contain. Her vitality has been wonderfully increased. None of the children's activities seem too strenuous for her. She says she is always warm on the coldest days. She used to be a bunch of shivers. She was called pale face—now her cheeks are rosy red. And she comes in from play asking for yeast, not candy. Fleischmann's Yeast has solved all my worries."
MRS. MILO GRIFFITH, Racine, Wis.

(LEFT)

"I HAVE KEPT A HOTEL, most all my life. My son, his wife and their eight children live with me. You can imagine the demands on my time and strength. We prepared and served quantities of rich food. My health became impaired. My stomach was greatly affected. I was miserable. But one day Fleischmann's Yeast was recommended. I began eating it. Soon I began to improve.

"Today I am doing about as much work as I did at forty. I can cook Henry's eggs with one hand, make toast for Virginia Lee with the other, answer questions, and smile at the baby, all at the same time."
MRS. S. VAN SANT, Marietta, Oklahoma.

(RIGHT)

"ON APRIL THE 30TH, 1924, the little town of Ficklin was almost destroyed by a cyclone. For weeks after I was very nervous. This nervousness caused me to suffer from indigestion. Not properly digesting my food brought on chronic constipation and most unsightly pimples. I decided to eat yeast. For several weeks I took one or two cakes each day. I am now free from nervousness, indigestion, constipation and pimples. I feel that I have been rejuvenated by Fleischmann's Yeast."
MRS. G. N. BYRUM, Ficklin, Ga.





"I AM AN OFFICER in the Merchant Marine. Day and night, in fair weather and in foul, duty confines me to the bridge. Unceasing vigilance calls for sustained alertness of faculties. This means keeping clean inside and out. Two years ago I discovered Fleischmann's Yeast. To its daily use from that time do I ascribe my present condition of physical well-being. I have proved it to be an efficacious intestinal cleaner—wonderfully invigorating. This food keeps fresh for days in the refrigerator. I restock at all ports of call. I enjoy a clear skin, fine appetite, an orderly stomach and improved eyesight—further benefits directly traceable to the proper use of Fleischmann's Yeast."
FREDERICK A. MACK, New York City.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD *tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!*

"DURING MY COURSE OF STUDY in medicine about six years ago, I was troubled with boils. As soon as one boil was incised another one would crop up. For two long years I tried to get rid of this malady without success. I was willing to try anything, and on the advice of a fellow-student I began eating yeast—three cakes a day. In less than a month, much to my surprise, my skin entirely cleared up. I kept up the yeast for two more months and my gastro-intestinal tract worked perfectly and from then on I have never had another boil. I have treated successfully cases similar to mine—I strongly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast for suppurative skin diseases."
ANTHONY N MODICA, M.D., New York City.

Make Your Own CHRISTMAS CANDY! — *It is delicious and makes a wonderful Gift*



Holiday Dainties

4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1½ cups boiling water 4 cups granulated sugar
1 cup cold water

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon. To the other part add one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out; cut into squares, roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar; let stand to crystallize. Any coloring desired may be added and any preferred flavoring extract used.

For DESSERT, here is a delightful, old-fashioned Plum Pudding *with an entirely "new" touch . .*



Christmas Plum Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water 1 pint milk
1 cup seeded raisins
1 cup sugar Salt ¾ cup dates
1½ squares chocolate
½ teaspoon vanilla ½ cup nuts
½ cup currants 3 egg whites

Soften gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Melt chocolate with part of the sugar; add a little of the milk, making a smooth paste. Put remainder of milk in double boiler, add chopped fruit. When hot add melted chocolate, sugar, salt, and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire; when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats and lastly fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, or with a currant jelly sauce.

Send for candy and other good recipes for all occasions

KNOX GELATINE

166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, New York



This log cabin of fruit-cake is a child's dream come true

CHRISTMAS CAKES AND CONFECTIONS

By Lucile Brewer

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Director of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

GOODIE GIFTS

You can't send a more intimate little gift than a novel package of cake and candy that you make yourself and wrap yourself. We'll send you our leaflet that tells how to make the most enchanting Christmassy baskets of the delicious sweets in this article. Just slip a two-cent stamp for return postage into your letter and send it to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS cakes, like Christmas presents, should be joyous surprizes, however much they challenge the ingenuity of the home-maker. And indeed there is no reason why they should not be, when one remembers all the possibilities of red and green icing, fancy shapes and accessories such as angelica, candied fruit and pistachio-nuts.

The first cake that always comes at this season of the year is the fruit-cake. This may be dark with spices and heavy with fruit, or it may be the white fruit-cake, equally delicious and also filled with candied fruits and nuts. Such cakes make ideal gifts and may be baked either large or small.

A "trio of sweets" makes an attractive present. Three small baskets, which may be bought for five or ten cents each, are lined with waxed paper. One of them is filled with a dark fruit-cake, the other with a white fruit-cake, the third with candied fruit. The cakes may be baked in small baking-powder cans and cut to fill the baskets.

Fondant may be made the basis of many interesting and delicious candies, but it is very sweet and should have character added to it by the addition of flavor and color. Melted fondant is used for covering candied fruit mixtures, nuts and so forth. Animals and figures cut from plain cookie-dough, baked, cooled and dipped in melted fondant one at a time, will please any child. The fondant may be tinted.

It would require but a little imagination to produce an irresistible Santa Claus by tinting the fondant a very light pink for the face and hands, a bright red for the cloak and cap, and by using currants for the eyes, a piece of almond for the nose, a candied cherry for the mouth and melted chocolate for the shoes.

Here are a few practical suggestions for Christmas confections:

YULE-LOG CENTERPIECE

Bake a loaf of fruit-cake in an individual bread-pan. Cut in slices one-third of an inch thick, then cut the slices in strips the same width and about six inches long. Dip each strip in melted chocolate and lay on waxed paper. For the chimney cut short strips of cake and cover with melted fondant tinted a deep red with fruit coloring. With the chocolate sticks build the cabin, using the red ones to shape the chimney. For the roof cut plain cookie mixture in strips to represent shingles. Bake these strips, cool and cover with melted coffee fondant. In the chimney place a small Santa Claus.

SANTA POP

Select a candied pear having a stem, which is to serve as the pointed part of Santa's cap. Use the round side for the back. Cover the flat side with white fondant to form a slightly oval surface for the face. With melted chocolate make eyes, mouth and nose. Use long shredded coconut for the beard. Cover the round side of the pear with coconut to represent hair. If it does not stick easily, brush the candied surface with a thin sirup and press the coconut into it.

Into the thick part of the pear opposite the stem insert the pointed end of a wooden skewer, and fit the other end of the skewer into a large wooden button mold which serves as a standard. This makes an attractive place-card for a child's party.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS

2 cups sugar
1 cup water
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons white corn-sirup
¼ teaspoon glycerin

Put sugar, water, sirup and glycerin into a saucepan. Stir mixture constantly until sugar is dissolved. Cover and boil for three minutes. The steam formed will prevent sugar crystals from forming on the sides of the saucepan. Remove cover and continue cooking. Wash away any sugar crystals which appear on the sides of the saucepan. Cook to the soft-ball stage (240 degrees Fahrenheit). Remove from fire and pour at once on cold wet platter.

When just lukewarm, stir with a spatula

Concluded on page 48



DAUGHTER *of the Duchess and the late Duke of Rutland and direct descendant of that famous Elizabethan beauty, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, Lady Diana Manners has twenty-four generations of noble blood in her veins. Great sculptors and painters for whom she has sat have found in her exquisite "cool blonde beauty" unusual inspiration. To her, Tennyson's line applies with peculiar aptness: "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."*

The Lady DIANA MANNERS

believes in this complete means of rejuvenating the skin

. . . a deep refreshing cleansing
. . . a delicate finish and protection

ARISTOCRAT by birth and breeding, from the crown of her golden bobbed head to her slender silk-stockinged ankles, the Lady Diana Manners is a true democrat at heart. She adores beauty for its own pure sake, but also for the happiness it brings to the whole world. And she is genuinely interested in the happiness, and loveliness of other women.

Otherwise she never would have written: "Beauty is the touchstone of life. Without it we might as well live on the burnt-out Moon! So, for her own, for everybody's sake, it's every woman's duty to foster her beauty."

And then this famous English beauty who knows the importance of keeping her own exquisite skin as white and delicate as hepaticas in May, and who does it by bathing it in a delicious cleansing cream, tells other women how they, too, can keep their clear-skinned charm and freshness.

"EVERY woman," she says, "can have a fresh, undimmed complexion, a clear-skinned glow of health, if only she'll take care of her skin, devoting a little time each day to keeping it supple and protected. I know that she can beautifully and effectively accomplish this loveliness by the Pond's method, by using Pond's Two Creams."

These Two Creams made by Pond's which so perfectly rejuvenate the skin with their deep, refreshing cleansing and their delicate finish and protection, should be daily used as follows:

Every night before retiring, and during the day, especially after exposure to the weather, cleanse your face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream, patting it lavishly over your skin. Let it stay on long enough for its pure oils to seep down into your pores and bring to the surface the dust, dirt and powder which choke them.

Wipe off all the cream and dirt and repeat, closing the pores with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice. If your skin is inclined to dryness, after the nightly cleansing leave some of the cream on until morning.

After every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, except the bedtime one, finish and protect your skin with a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, smoothing on just a little. After this you'll find you can powder and rouge with far more success than before. For this cream is a perfect base for powder, holding it evenly, smoothly and long, and causing it to blend ever so naturally with rouge.

Pond's Vanishing Cream protects the skin, too, sparing it from hurtful soot and dust, wind and nipping cold—keeping it youthful, fresh, and supple for hours.

Pond's Cold Cream now comes in large jars and both Creams in two sizes of smaller jars and in tubes.



BEAUTIFUL WOMEN USE THESE TWO CREAMS

FREE OFFER. Mail this coupon today and receive free sample tubes of these famous creams and a little folder telling you how to use them.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M
149 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Creams.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



At midnight, December 1st!

The Pillsbury Health Bran Prize Contest closes December 1, 1925—until then you have every chance to win one of the cash prizes which total

$1,000 *in* Gold

THE close of the Pillsbury Health Bran Contest is just around the corner. In a little while our committee of domestic scientists will decide upon the sixty-three housewives who will share $1,000 in gold. A few minutes spent in your kitchen—and at your desk—and your name may be among the winners! We want favorite recipes for bran muffins, bran bread, bran cookies, or novel ideas for serving Pillsbury's Health Bran in any form.

We wish to discover the many clever ways ingenious housewives are serving Pillsbury's Health Bran. We want you to give us a list of the *five* (5) best ways you know of using Pillsbury's Bran, either favorite recipes or original ways of serving it. To secure the best group of *five* suggestions, we are offering the following prizes:

$1,000 *in* PRIZES

First Prize	$200
For each of the next six . . .	50
For each of the next six . . .	25
For each of the next twenty . .	10
For each of the next thirty . .	5

This contest will close Dec. 1, 1925 (entries must bear postmark not later than December 1). Winners will be announced in the Literary Digest Feb. 13 and by mail to all contestants. Three competent domestic scientists will make awards. In event of a tie, equal prizes will be given each tying contestant.

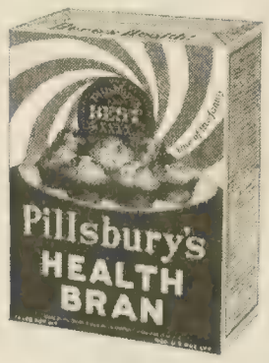
Read These Directions

Remember, 63 awards are offered for the best groups of *five* suggestions. You may submit as many groups as you desire but each group should consist of exactly *five* (5) suggestions, neither more nor less. Any of the five may be recipes containing Pillsbury's Health Bran or merely ideas for original uses. We want *your ideas*—literary merit is not required.

Write clearly on one side of the paper only, *print* your name and address plainly and mail to the Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Dept. M, Minneapolis, Minn., before midnight, December 1. 1925.

Helpful Booklet Sent Free

To aid you, we will send you gratis an illustrated booklet on Pillsbury's Health Bran. And to every entrant we will send, after the close of the contest, a copy of Pillsbury's Cook Book illustrated in colors. Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, U. S. A.



One of the family

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour · Pancake Flour · Buckwheat Pancake Flour
Health Bran · Wheat Cereal · Rye Flour · Graham Flour · Farina

Pillsbury's Health Bran

CHRISTMAS CAKES AND CONFECTIONS

Concluded from page 46

or wooden spoon; when it begins to turn white, add the stiffly beaten egg-white and vanilla. Continue working the fondant until it is smooth. Shape the fondant at once for dipping, and let the centers stand in a cold place and when the surface is dry dip them at once. This fondant softens upon standing and should be dipped as soon as possible. It is especially good for cream centers, as it becomes very soft as it ripens.

DECORATED FONDANT PATTIES

Melt one cup of plain fondant over hot water, stirring it enough to blend it. When it is melted, add coloring and flavoring, stirring as little as possible. One's own judgment will have to be used to determine the quantity of both coloring and flavoring. Select a small cylinder-shaped mold about the size of a fifty-cent piece (a very small baking-powder can will do). Dust the mold thoroughly with corn-starch so that the fondant will slip out easily. Pour the melted fondant into the mold. When the fondant is cold and firm, invert the mold, tap the bottom lightly and the fondant will slip out in a perfect shape. With a sharp knife cut the candy in slices one-fourth of an inch thick. The patties will be perfectly round.

The possibilities for decorating are unlimited. Thin circles of candied cherry, the edges overlapping, may be arranged as a border around the pattie, or it may be trimmed with a poinsettia, the petals of candied cherry, candied orange-peel for the center, with angelica or blanched pistachio-nuts for the green.

Large almonds, blanched and cut in strips, may be used in various ways. Chopped pistachio-nuts sprinkled over the surface of a pink pattie are attractive. Tiny candies of pastel shades may be pressed into the soft fondant. Decorations of tinted melted fondant or melted chocolate may be drawn on the patties with a toothpick.

BRICK TUTTI-FRUTTI

Divide one and one-half pounds of fondant into three equal parts. To the first add sliced candied cherries and flavor with vanilla. Knead this lightly and press it into a small lightly buttered loaf-pan.

To the second add candied pineapple and chopped blanched almonds. Tint a dainty green. Press over first. To the third add chopped pistachio-nuts and pink coloring. Put this over the second layer. When cold and firm, turn out and cover the entire surface with coating chocolate. Cut in slices, knead the fondant just enough to distribute the fruit, as long mixing with the fruit discolors the fondant. Fruit and nuts are more attractive if they are not chopped too small.

APRICOT SNOWBALLS

1 cup thick apricot purée
2/3 cup sugar
1 teaspoon lemon-juice

Combine ingredients and boil rapidly until mixture is thick and clear. Turn it into any small shallow mold, being sure the mixture is one inch thick. When firm, turn out on a board and cut in small circles. Roll each circle in shredded coconut.

FRUIT-CAKE CONFECTIONS

Cut fruit-cake in small cubes or strips. Dip each shape into coating chocolate or melted fondant and drop it on waxed paper.

DARK FRUIT-CAKE

1 pound butter
1½ pounds brown sugar
1¼ pounds flour
10 eggs
1 cup molasses
1 cup strong coffee
Juice and grated rind of 2 oranges
Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon
1 cup tart jelly
¼ pound almonds
3 pounds raisins
2 pounds currants
1 pound citron
1 pound dates
2 teaspoons nutmeg
1 teaspoon mace
1 teaspoon cloves
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon soda
3 teaspoons baking-powder

Cream the butter and sugar. Add molasses, coffee, lemon, orange and jelly. Reserve one cup of flour in which to roll the fruit. Mix and sift dry ingredients, add to mixture, mix well and add well-beaten eggs. Add the floured fruit and mix thoroughly. Bake in greased paper-lined pans. Over the top of the cakes sprinkle the blanched shredded almonds. Cover the cakes with heavy waxed paper. Steam them two hours and bake in a moderate oven at 300 degrees Fahrenheit for one hour.

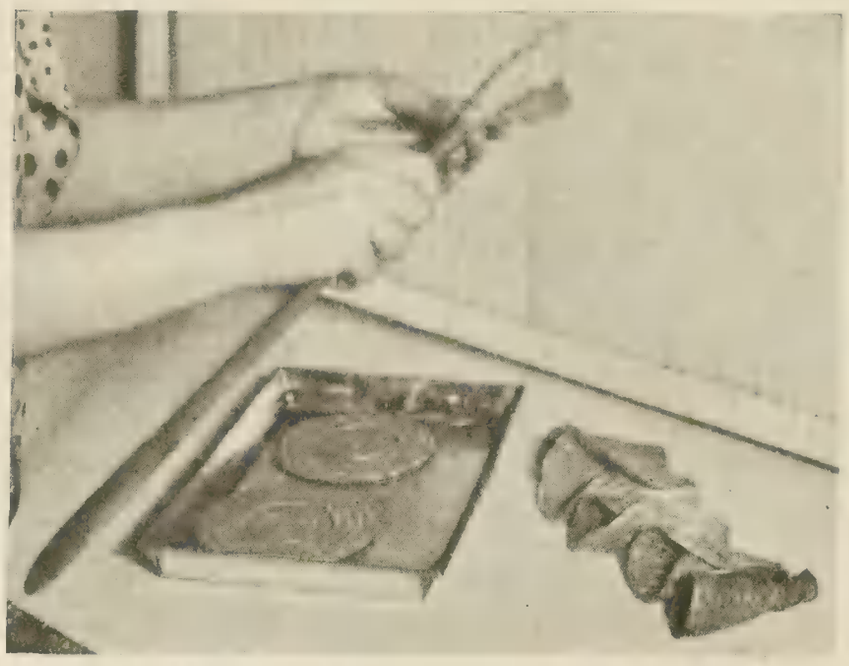


A Santa Claus of candied fruit, as sweet as he is jolly

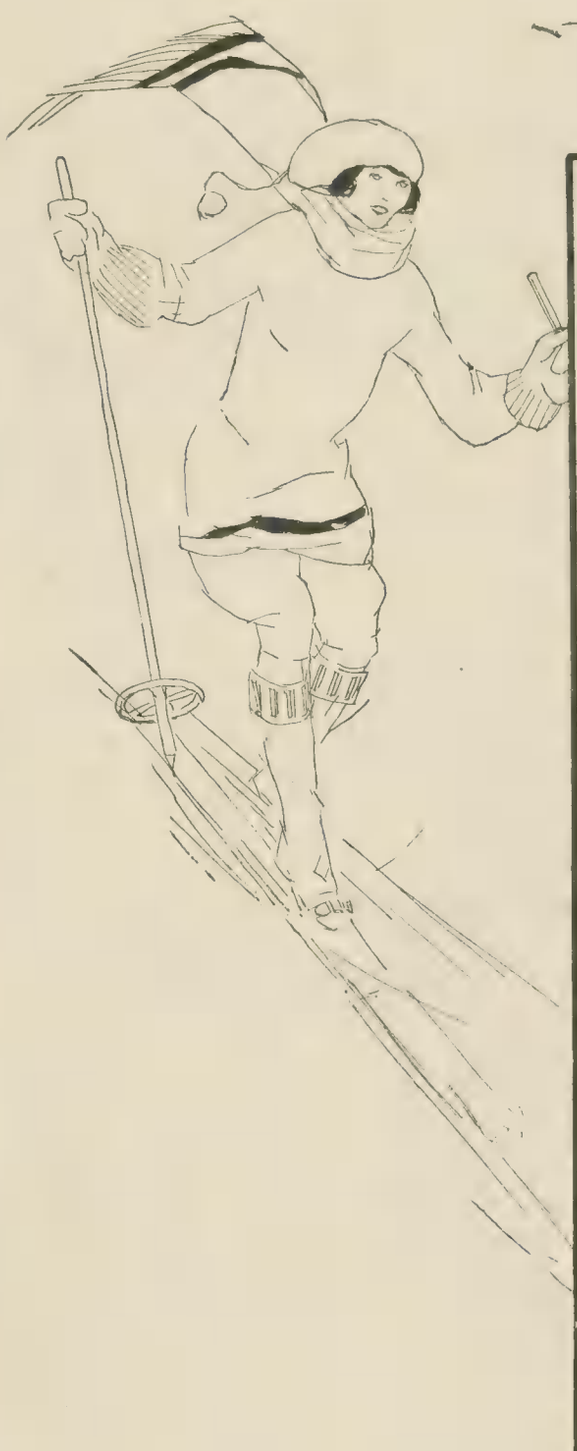
CHOCOLATE WAFERS

½ cup butter
½ cup sugar
2 eggs
⅞ cup flour
½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, and the eggs beaten slightly, flour and flavoring. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased baking-sheet. Spread very thin in circular shapes about three inches in diameter. Bake in a slow oven at 280 degrees Fahrenheit until delicately browned. Remove from pan and roll at once over the handle of a wooden spoon. Let stand until cold. With a small stiff brush cover the surface with melted chocolate; roll the wafers in blanched chopped pistachio-nuts. Spread the wafer mixture with a bread-knife on a greased baking-sheet and creased in four-inch squares. When baked, cut the squares apart, roll in cornucopia shape and fill with divinity.



Cornucopias made of chocolate wafers are social successes







A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you will try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

Large Tube—25 cents

Don't let sore throat interfere with your winter pleasures

Here was this girl—laid up with sore throat—temperature 102—right at the time when winter sports were at their best. And she an ardent lover of this kind of outdoor fun.

Yet she might have avoided this trouble. Sore throat so often can be avoided by taking the proper precaution at the right time.

There is one simple, safe and pleasant way to do this—by gargling systematically with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Use Listerine the moment you feel that first dry hitch on swallowing. It will usually help you dodge sore throat—also those more serious troubles that start with throat infection.

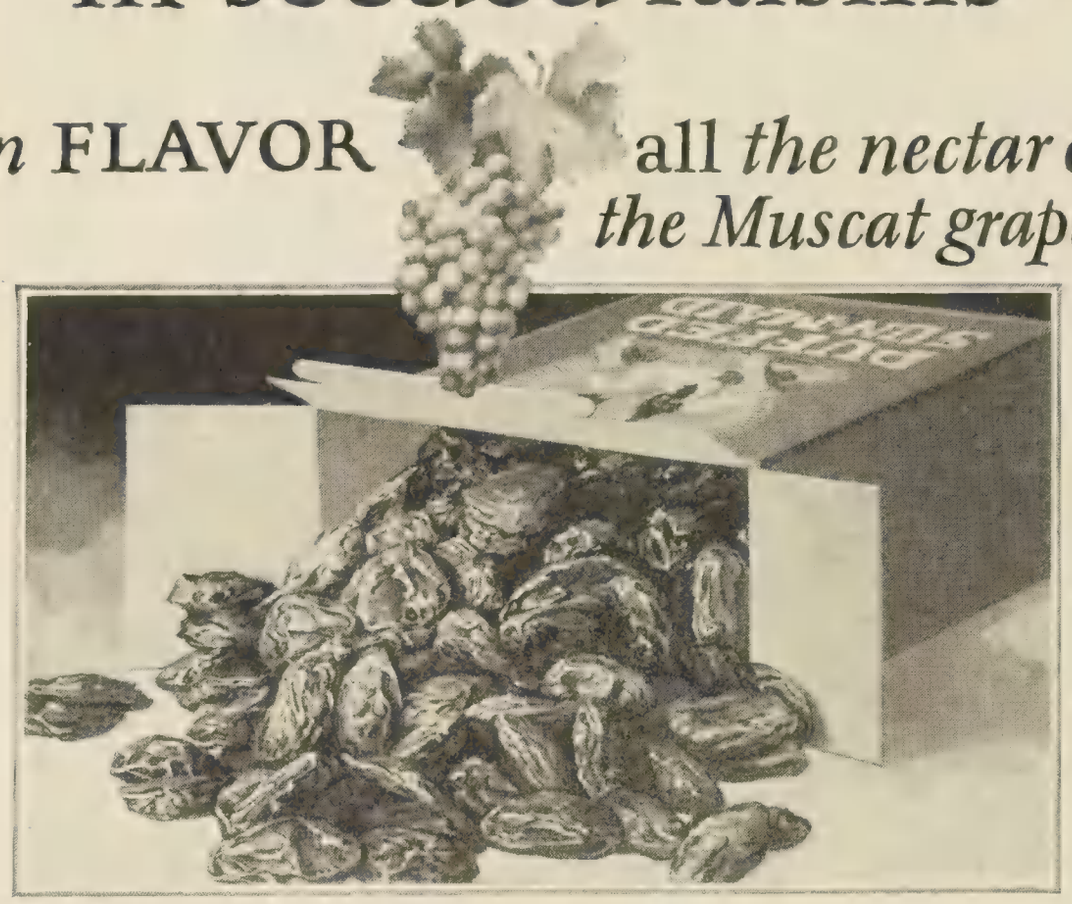
Make Listerine a daily habit during sore throat days.

Listerine, of course, has many other uses, too, that are described in the blue circular wrapped around each bottle. Take a moment to read it.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE—*never on speaking terms with sore throat*

What a wonderful improvement in seeded raisins

In FLAVOR all *the nectar of the Muscat grape!*



In CONVENIENCE

Puffed Sun-Maids aren't sticky!

Your holiday fruit cakes, your steaming plum puddings—*this* year you can make them so much more easily, and better.

They call for seeded raisins as so many really fine dishes do. And now you can get seeded raisins that are really convenient to use! Seeded raisins with a new measure of goodness! Just ask your grocer for Puffed Sun-Maids.



Raisins from big, white Muscat grapes, these are. And by a patented Sun-Maid process their seeds are extracted without crushing the raisins or causing the juice to run. That gives you *all* their wonderful, natural flavor.

And it completely overcomes the old inconvenience of seeded raisins for, plump and whole, Puffed Sun-Maids do not stick together. They separate easily as they come out of the package.

For all your cooking you will find Puffed Sun-Maids the best and most convenient *seeded* raisins you ever used.

And on the table Christmas Day

For the Christmas bowl of raisins and nuts you will find Puffed Sun-Maids ideal—and much cheaper than cluster raisins.

Notice the coupon below, what it offers. Mail it today. Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California, Dept. A212, Fresno, California.



$2,400 in Cash Prizes

Your favorite raisin recipe has a fine chance to win in this unique cooking competition. Send coupon now for folder giving details.

Please send me, free, details of Raisin Cookery Contest and copy of "Famous Cooks' Recipes for Raisin Cookery."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

SUN-MAID

SEEDLESS RAISINS *in the red carton*
PUFFED [SEEDED] *in the blue carton*



WHAT FOOD FOR PARTIES?

By Flora M. Thurston

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Director of the New York State College of Home Economics, Cornell University

NOWADAYS people are apt to forget that real hospitality consists in sharing. This is true especially in regard to food. Modern hostesses vie with one another in serving elaborately prepared dishes, and refreshments thus become the means of hospitality rather than its end.

If the refreshments served at an afternoon party are so abundant and rich that the home-maker who enjoys them has no interest in preparing dinner for her hungry husband and children when she returns home, surely her hostess has been thoughtless. When the guests at an evening entertainment are obliged to eat crab-meat and drink coffee in spite of the fact that crab makes them miserable and coffee keeps them awake all night, the hostess has obviously been inconsiderate. Although it is frequently necessary for parents to take their children to a social gathering in order to go themselves, there is seldom any provision made for either their entertainment or their refreshment.

Away from home, a home-maker can be counted upon to have a good appetite, because she is only too happy to taste some one else's cooking besides her own. Consequently a hostess, joyfully succumbing to the temptation to please her guests, may serve not a light repast but a hearty meal. Tuna-fish or chicken salad, cheese sticks, chocolate with whipped cream, frosted cake and ice-cream make a not unusual menu for such an occasion. In this case the refreshments are far from refreshing.

Most refreshments contain a high percentage of fat and sweets. Salads, especially those of meat, fish or poultry, are rich in material that slows down the passage of food after it has left the stomach. Cheese, whipped cream and chocolate, ice-cream and rich cakes, all favorites for fancy dishes, contain large amounts of fat. Refreshments are likely to be rich in sugar, a food notorious for taking the edge off the appetite and for contributing nothing but fuel to the body.

FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING PARTIES

THE hostess who is clever enough to use her knowledge of nutrition to further the interests of hungry husbands and children as well as hospitality in general will send her guests home with a feeling of real refreshment that will whet their appetites for the evening meal. She will give them so much pleasure during the course of the afternoon that they will think of the food merely as an accessory or as one of many delightful incidents of the occasion.

In order to do this she will need to take into account the qualities that make food refreshing and the food needs of people late in the afternoon or evening when refreshments are usually served. The custom of serving food at these times has back of it more than a spirit of wanting to share with guests the best viands of the household.

Late in the afternoon, and particularly late in the evening, the body needs a thirst-quenching and refreshing drink and a limited amount of food to reduce fatigue.

As far as they satisfy this requirement, they are desirable, but when they load the system with more food than it needs, and especially when they upset the digestive tract, their use can not be justified.

The qualities to provide in refreshments are refreshing warmth in cold weather, coolness in hot weather, juiciness and acid. Foods following these requirements will tend to tone up the digestive tract, provide the necessary food and will not remain in the stomach too long nor detract from the appetite for the regular meal.

These qualities may be found in any of the following groups: (1) fruit salad, bread-and-butter sandwiches or wafers, tea, coffee or cocoa; (2) milk or fruit sherbet, simple cake and a beverage; (3) flavored ice-cream, wafers, fruit punch; (4) fruit beverages, wafers or simple cake. A thoughtful hostess will provide milk or cocoa for those who find tea or coffee too stimulating.

At first one may be afraid that one's hospitality has appeared to dwindle because the amount and variety of food seems limited. If the daintiness and attractiveness of service as well as other features of the occasion are emphasized, there will be an unconscious if not a conscious satisfaction in the simple repast and in the entire entertainment that has not been felt before.

Those who are not grown-ups and yet who are old enough to step out "of an evening" may have both need and desire for more substantial food. It should be readily digested, however, and never served with either coffee or tea. A husky appetite belonging to a growing child will greatly enjoy sandwiches made of marmalade, gingerbread, ginger cookies, fruit cookies or toast and jam served with milk or cocoa. A more formal repast might be fruit salad or dessert, with cheese crackers or simple cake and cocoa or milk. The little children who can not be left at home should always be provided for. Graham crackers or sponge-cake and milk are not too simple for them.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S PARTY

THE food that is served at children's parties should be given special consideration. For them between-meal refreshments tend to break up the day's routine and may seriously upset their digestion. If food is to be served at a children's party, it should take the place of the regular meal. It may be necessary to inquire of the parents what the guest child usually eats for dinner or supper in order to make the menu approximate the home meal. It is particularly important that no child be overfed or given food that is difficult to digest.

Some of the invited youngsters are likely to be overexcited, others may be very shy. Neither condition helps the stomach to handle food as it should, and for this reason there should not be too much variation from the usual diet. Quiet games just before the meal help to calm the boisterous and reassure the one who feels strange.

As in the social affairs of adults, food

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ESMOND



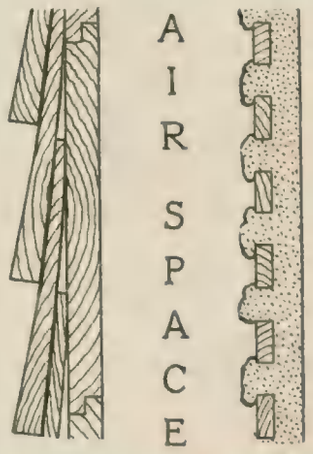
BLANKETS

Have you thought of giving Esmond blankets for Christmas—a practical gift that is welcome everywhere. They combine unusual beauty with unequaled service. When you buy Esmond blankets you buy beauty, comfort, warmth, wear and fast colors. They are moth-proof, easy to wash and are soft and beautiful after washing. Esmond colors and patterns are woven in and give a distinct decorative quality which makes these blankets unequaled in beauty and variety. They are made "2 in 1"—double warmth and single thickness.

All Esmond blankets—dainty baby blankets, blankets for the big bed, blanket comfortables, Indian and sport designs—show the Esmond ticket and Bunny trademark. Insist on Esmond—It means quality. At your favorite store, priced from $4 to $7 for you and from $1 to $4 for baby.

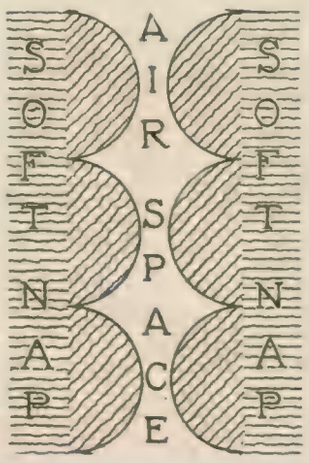
THE ESMOND MILLS, ESMOND, R. I.
CLARENCE WHITMAN & SONS, INC., SELLING AGENTS, NEW YORK CITY

Through the centuries it has been proven that the double walled house is the only warm house—that an air space is necessary between the outer wall and the inner wall to retain the warmth in the house and keep the cold out. All good houses are insulated with an air space between the outer and inner walls. This is also the Esmond process of Blanket manufacture.





Send 10c for Esmond Doll Blanket. It will please your children and show what Esmond Quality is. The story of Bunny Esmond for children, free on request.



Esmond Blankets are woven two-in-one—two walls with an *air space between.*

Esmond Blankets are single blankets with the warmth of a pair. In the Esmond process, only one side of the yarn is fuzzed which makes the Esmond stronger, besides warmer, than a blanket made in the ordinary way with only one strand fuzzed on both sides. All Esmond Blankets have the air space between—it is the Esmond process.



Delighted!

That's what you will say when you get this new improved aluminum Cooker, Colander and Self-strainer combined!

FOULDS' Combination COOKER

For Macaroni, Spaghetti and all boiled vegetables

It is a new invention—and it's different! It was originated by and is manufactured exclusively for Foulds.

You can get it at about one-half actual value

Purchase from your grocer four packages of Foulds' Macaroni Products and ask for sales slip. Mail this sales slip with coupon below and your check or money order for $1.89.

After examination, if you are not entirely satisfied, return the cooker and your money will be promptly returned to you.

If purchased in the regular way, this handy, convenient, heavy gauge aluminum Cooker would cost you . . . $3.75

With sales slip for four packages of Foulds' Macaroni Products you can get it for $1.89

This pure aluminum Cooker is 7½ inches high—measures 9 inches in diameter and holds 6 quarts!

It is the result of years of effort to produce the ideal Cooker for macaroni, spaghetti and boiled vegetables. It cooks without stirring, sticking or burning!

And no more scalded hands! To drain boiling water with this Cooker you just lift the inner vessel by the handles and the water quickly drains into outer kettle!

This Money Saving Introductory Offer is made to induce you to use Foulds' Macaroni Products.

If you have never tried Foulds' Macaroni Products you have a treat coming. They are flavory, firm and tender.

Foulds' Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles are made from genuine Durum wheat by a special process that retains all the nourishing elements of this golden grain.

Just the right food for children—because Foulds' promotes the growth of muscle and bone.

There's a greater relish to Foulds'! Yet priced no higher—and well and favorably known for more than 30 years.

SPECIAL! In case your grocer does not handle Foulds' Macaroni Products send us his name and address, enclosing $2.49 and we will send you the Cooker and 4 packages of Foulds' Macaroni Products.

A New Foulds' Product!



Here's a delicious meal all ready for you when in a hurry!

Foulds' Ready-Cooked Spaghetti in cans, prepared with special cheese and tomato sauce. "Just heat it and eat it." A real delicacy—try it!

FOULDS' MACARONI PRODUCTS

Say "FOLDS"

COUPON

THE FOULDS COMPANY, 522 Fifth Ave., N. Y.,—Libertyville, Ill. } Address nearest office.

Enclosed please find grocer's sales slip for four packages Foulds' Macaroni Products and $1.89. Please send me one Foulds' Combination Cooker, fully prepaid. If I am not satisfied, I may return the Cooker and my money will be refunded.

Name .....

Street and No.....

Town or City.....State.....

SPECIAL: My grocer does not handle Foulds' Macaroni Products so I enclose $2.49 for four packages and the Cooker. His name

Grocer's Name.....

Street and No.....

Town or City.....State.....

WHAT FOOD FOR PARTIES?

Concluded from page 50

should not become the center of interest. It should be very simple, prepared in novel shapes and served in attractive containers to make it enticing. A single dish of unusual charm may be quite enough to give gaiety to the meal, if the table is decorated and the napkins are bright.

If the children are accustomed to these foods or similar ones for dinner or supper, the following menu might be used: Clear or creamed vegetable soup with animal crackers, or cereal with top milk and brown sugar or raisins if desired, milk or cocoa with straws, whole-wheat and lettuce sandwiches (very little salad dressing or none), ice-cream, sherbet or gelatin in color or shapes, sponge-cake or cookies in shapes if desired.

FOR THE COMMUNITY PARTY

ONE of the most popular types of recreation is the community "get-together," when the whole family comes to spend the day, bringing a basket lunch or a donation for a hot meal. If the community is a rural one, the families will begin to arrive before noon and very shortly the kitchen of the community hall will be full of bustling housewives in neat aprons unpacking baskets and boxes and spreading their delicious contents on long board tables. A social occasion of this kind is a rare opportunity for each family to express its feeling of hospitality to all its neighbors and for the community as a whole to welcome newcomers into its companionship.

From the abundance and the delectable appearance of the meal, one might guess that all the hospitality was expected to be expressed via food, and unfortunately sometimes this is the case. Too often there is much less time and effort spent in promoting informal sociability than in preparing and serving the food, and there is the danger of feeling that the only object in sitting at the table is to eat.

How much more enjoyable would the meal become if the tables were small enough to permit group visiting and if there were a host and hostess at every one! If this could be arranged, the necessity of placing the serving-dishes on the tables and letting every person help himself could be avoided. The host and hostess might serve in family style and so make unnecessary the continuous passing of serving-dishes from person to person, a practise that puts an end to conversation. If there is enough help in the kitchen, each plate might be served before bringing it to the table. This facilitates the service and may be a desirable compromise where the number of people is so large that a "second table" must be provided for. No effort should be spared to introduce every one at the table and to make the meal a real social experience. Table games start the ball of good fellowship rolling.

Most urgent of all is the need for a children's table where they can be given food that has been specially provided for them. If some one who understands children can take charge, these occasions may prove to be much-needed experiences for the shy child who plays alone and for the noisy one who needs to consider his neighbors.

And now for the meal itself, what shall it be? The simplest way to plan it, which is really no plan at all, is to let every one bring whatever he wishes. This usually results in a handsome array of the most delicious cakes of every description, many kinds of pie, cookies, doughnuts, sandwiches, meat loaves, baked beans, scalloped potatoes and cabbage salad. Unless the community has been exposed to some kind of education in nutrition, the bread is almost invariably white and the desserts make up the largest part of the array.

Although the dishes may be deliciously prepared and attractive to see, they represent merely a collection of food and not a meal that has been planned according to the nutritive needs of the occasion. Since every one brings what he fancies most, there may be duplication in the kind of food. If one could depend upon the intelligence and the will power of the guests to choose a wholesome meal from the procession of dishes that pass through their hands, there would be no need for concern; but when each platter is more alluring than the one before, who can refrain from sampling them all? It is unfortunate also that the foods do not vary at different seasons and that they include a very limited amount and variety of vegetables, fruit and whole-cereal products. Many forms of the same kind of food do not add to its value, but rather tempt one beyond resistance to eat the food for its own sake.

The most successful meals are those that are planned to express the home-maker's skill both in preparation and in selection. Merely enough food is not sufficient. To have a satisfying and healthful meal there should be enough, but not too much, of the most wholesome foods, and the "treats" should assume a minor place.

If the food is to be cooked before leaving home, the menu will have certain limitations. It must be the type of food that will carry well and that will not suffer by being heated again if necessary. The menu must be varied enough to allow for differences in taste, and it must be made up of foods that are generally popular. If the meal is to be a dinner, it will probably include meat, potatoes and another vegetable or salad or both, dessert and a beverage. Soup, if it contains sufficient vegetables, could be served in place of another vegetable dish or a fruit cocktail may be served at the beginning of the meal and the salad omitted, if scarcity of dishes or service does not make them impossible.

The person or, better still, the committee in charge of the menu should decide whether each person should be asked to bring a type of food, such as dessert, or a specific food, such as cabbage salad. There is much more satisfaction in a definite menu; but if there are separate tables, one kind of dessert or salad might be placed on one table and another variety on another table. There is a certain value in letting each one choose from the menu what she will bring, because every housewife knows which are her best products.

The menu will need to vary with the season. In Autumn, if the flocks are being culled, chicken pie might be the main dish of the meal, and with it might go scalloped potato, squash, cabbage-and-pineapple salad, whole-wheat bread and butter, prune pudding, coffee and milk.

In Winter one might prefer a heartier meal of ham en casserole, baked with apple or served with apple sauce, creamed potato, string-bean salad, whole-wheat biscuit and butter, raisin pie, coffee and milk.

In Spring, when the appetite is likely to be a bit jaded, a clear vegetable soup or fruit cocktail will have a stimulating effect. This might be followed by veal cutlet, mashed potatoes, baked tomato, whole-wheat sandwiches, peach cobbler, coffee and milk.

An early Summer menu might include fresh asparagus on toast, browned potatoes, egg or fish salad, bran muffins and butter, ice-cream with fresh strawberries, iced tea and milk.

ARE YOUR PARTIES SANE?

Sumptuous desserts, too rich for comfort or the waistline, aren't fashionable any more. Let's serve meals that are light and easily digested, delicious but not fattening

Our new leaflet "Sane Party Menus" gives you the combinations that fill all these requirements and will add to your popularity as a hostess.

It's ready to mail—you may have it for only a two-cent stamp to cover return postage if you write the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.





PREMIER Salad Dressing can be used plain in over 100 different ways—everywhere that you would use an ordinary mayonnaise. And it has many other delicious uses besides, because its unusual flavor—the result of a secret recipe—makes it combine so perfectly with so many different foods.

Premier
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Salad DRESSING
A perfect mayonnaise

HOW HOT AND HOW LONG?

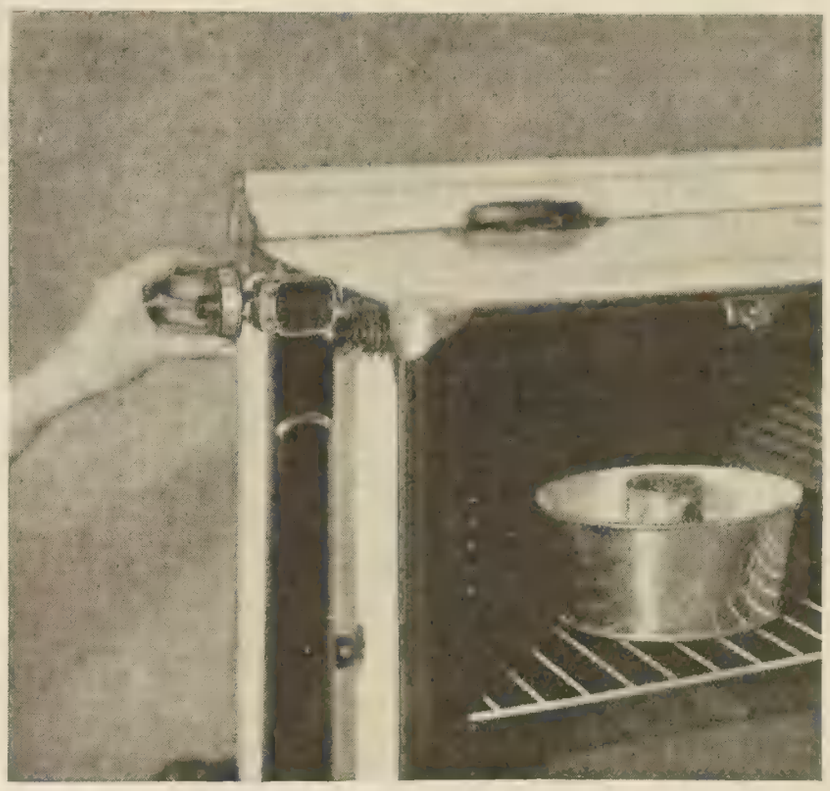
By Lucile Brewer

Edited and approved by the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

WHAT TEMPERATURE?

How hot an oven do you have for pie-crust? For roast chicken? For pudding or cookies?

THE DELINEATOR temperature chart gives you the right temperatures for every food—for baking, roasting, frying and broiling. You will find it one of the handiest of kitchen helps, and it costs you nothing but a two-cent stamp for return postage. Just address the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



A controlled cake indeed! Baked at 250 degrees Fahrenheit for ten minutes and then at 300 degrees for an hour, sponge-cake is always successful

THE indefinite directions given by some of the best authorities, the great variation in rules and the real lack of understanding of the meaning of the usual terms "hot," "medium," "slow," as applied to baking temperatures, point to the need of standardizing temperatures in cooking.

Practically every one agrees that certain foods, as custards and soufflés, should be cooked in a "slow" oven. Sponge-cake and angel-food need a moderate oven, while other dishes, such as meat, popovers, bread and pastry, require a hot oven to begin with. But, says the housekeeper, what is a slow or a hot or a medium oven? We must urge her to gain her knowledge of this through using a thermometer in her oven.

She can gain much help by learning the type of dishes which should be cooked at various temperatures.

To aid her the following selection has been made as nearly as possible in the order of temperature required, beginning with the lowest.

Custards—Baked custards and custard mixtures should cook at a low temperature to insure smooth, velvety texture. Too fast cooking may make the product whey or separate. The dish containing a custard mixture should be set in a pan of hot but not boiling water and the temperature of the oven should be kept at 250 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit for thirty to thirty-five minutes Dishes of the baked-custard type are: timbales, bread-puddings, soufflés.

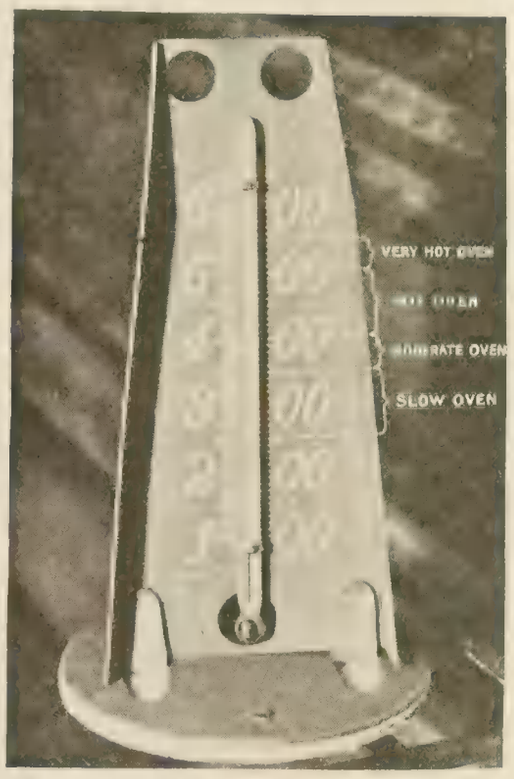
Meringues—There are two types of meringues—those which are dried out to serve as cakes and called kisses, and those which are used to top puddings and pies. Meringues should first bake at a low temperature—250 degrees Fahrenheit—for thirty minutes. At the end of this period the heat should be increased to 280 degrees Fahrenheit and kept there for about thirty minutes or until the meringue is delicately colored and firm. For pies and puddings a good meringue is of delicate texture and more appetizing if lightly browned. A low temperature is necessary, as too much heat will cause the meringue to become tough, to shrink and liquefy. Too low a temperature may cause the same result. The best temperature for this type of meringue is 300 degrees Fahrenheit, and the time about twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Sponge-Cake and Angel-Food—The baking of these cakes is of the utmost importance to their success. The temperature at the beginning should be low enough to allow the mixture partially to expand before it begins to brown. The heat should then be increased to prevent a coarse, porous texture. If the mixture bakes too rapidly so that a crust forms over the top, expansion can not take place, the cake is close in texture, heavy and tough, and the crust may crack. Begin by baking at 250 degrees Fahrenheit for ten minutes, then increase to 300 degrees Fahrenheit and bake one hour.

Fruit-Cake and Four-Pound Cake—This type of cake burns easily and should be baked at a low temperature. The most successful as well as the simplest method is to steam the cake first and then bake it. For fruit-cake steam two and a half hours, then bake one and a half hours at 250 degrees Fahrenheit. Large pound-cakes may be steamed one and a half hours and then baked one-half to one hour at 250 degrees Fahrenheit.

Bread—The baking is as important as any of the other processes involved in bread-making. The baking should begin in a hot oven, then the temperature should be gradually decreased. The length of time for baking depends on the size of the loaf. For a medium loaf—that is, a pound and a half to

Concluded on page 56



The old vague terms have now been translated into exact temperatures



Star-Points of a Fine Roaster

The Shape—A right-little, tight-little round roaster. Ideal for small roast or small oven. And good for a dozen other things besides roasting.

☆

The Material—Hardest aluminum. Dense and tough—and very thick. The kind of metal that makes all Mirro utensils durable and amazingly economical.

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The Cover—Solid and strong. Stays snug in fit after years of hard work. Open the ventilator for browning; close for steaming.

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The Tray—Shaped as it should be—with generous cut-outs for handy basting. No sharp edges. No hard-to-clean places. As substantial as the roaster itself.

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READ in the stars the solid worth and faithful serviceability of a *typical* Mirro utensil . . . . One of these days, perhaps, you will be tempted by a trifling saving to buy a piece of some poor and flimsy ware. Then stop and remember the stars. Remember that Mirro costs less by the year—that you can proudly own "The Finest Aluminum" and still be saving money all the while.

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The Finish—Mirror-polish, only possible with extra-hard, dense metal as used in Mirro utensils. Resists scratching. Easy to clean. And beautiful.

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The Mark—"MIRRO, The Finest Aluminum"—stamped only on the finest products of the world's largest manufacturers of aluminum ware. Featured in the most reliable stores.

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The Price—Only $2.95 (a little more in the far West and Southwest). Just twenty-nine and a half cents a year for the first ten years; nothing a year after that—that is all you pay for the satisfaction of owning the best.



"'Twas the night before Christmas

—and all through the house not a creature was stirring," except Mother. Mother knew the joy of placing beneath the tree some wholesome goodies for the children.

To be sure, it was a queer time to be making cookies. But *this* particular Mother, like thousands of other housewives, owned a gas range equipped with a Lorain Oven Heat Regulator and, therefore, she knew all the short-cuts of Cookery.

Two days before, she had made the cooky dough. Then on Christmas Eve all she had to do was to cut out the cookies, place them in the oven, set the Red Wheel at a given temperature, and after a few minutes remove them.

On Christmas Day this same Mother will put a whole Turkey Dinner in the Lorain Self-Regulating Oven at nine in the morning; then she'll play with the children until 1:00 p. m., when the deliciously cooked dinner will be ready to serve. And—next Summer she'll can all her fruits by the new Lorain Oven Method.

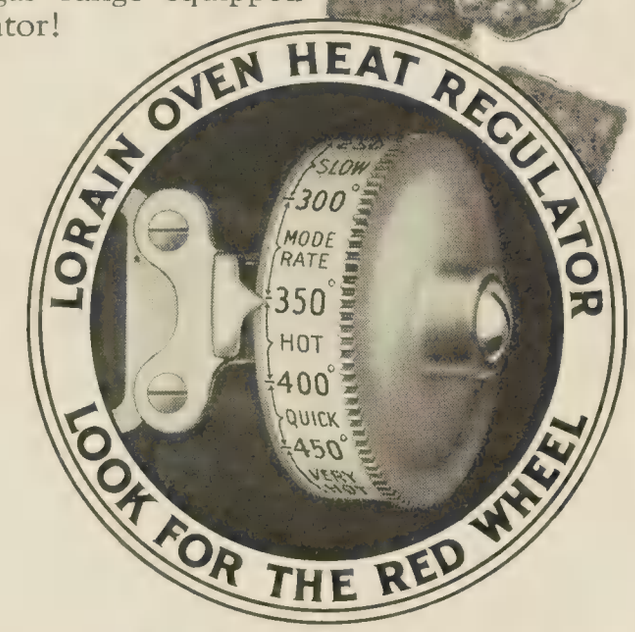
What a great and glorious Christmas Gift for any Mother—an all-white-enameled gas range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator!

Dealers and Gas Companies everywhere will gladly demonstrate the Lorain Self-regulating Oven. Many of them sell Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges on easy, time payments. A few may try to sell you something else not nearly so good. So insist on a gas range that has a Red Wheel Regulator. That is the "Lorain"—the Original.

Lorain is an Oven Heat Regulator but—all heat regulators are *not* Lorain. *There is only one "RED WHEEL LORAIN". Accept no other.*

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of any measured and controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Unless the Regulator has a Red Wheel it is NOT a LORAIN



LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these



Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel *provided* you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
☐ Please send free copy of Lorain "Time and Temperature" recipes for Christmas cookies. ☐ Enclosed find 50c in _____ for copy of 128 page Illustrated Cook Book containing Lorain Time and Temperature Recipes.
Note: Check which you wish and *Print* name and address plainly.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:

RELIABLE	Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
CLARK JEWEL	George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER	Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, O.
DIRECT ACTION	National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS	New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL	Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo.

Del.—12-25

HOW HOT AND HOW LONG?

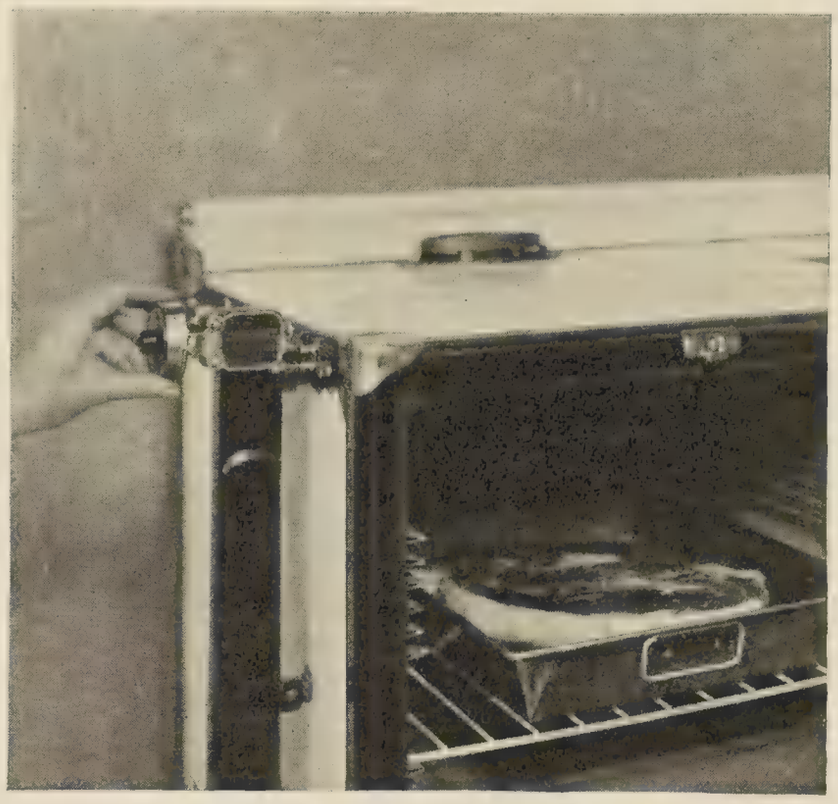
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two pounds—begin by baking at 400 degrees Fahrenheit for fifteen minutes, then decrease to 350 degrees Fahrenheit and bake for forty-five minutes longer.

Gingerbread is best baked in a shallow pan with the dough about one inch thick. Begin baking at 360 degrees Fahrenheit for about ten minutes, then increase slightly to 380 degrees Fahrenheit and bake for about twenty minutes longer.

Plain Cake—Many failures in cake-making may be caused by poor baking. Too low a temperature at the beginning will allow the cake to rise or expand too much and will give a coarse texture, and if the heat is not increased at the proper time the cake may fall. If the temperature is too high at the beginning, the top will brown before the mass has risen enough, so that when the heat reaches the center of the loaf and this part of the cake rises it will break the surface, which gives a cracked product as well as one with an uneven texture. Begin by baking at 380 degrees Fahrenheit for ten minutes, then increase heat to 390 degrees Fahrenheit and bake for thirty-five to fifty minutes longer. This includes the rank and file of moderately rich butter cakes.

Cookies—Chocolate, molasses and fruit cookies burn easily and should be baked more slowly. Rolled cookies require a temperature of 400 degrees Fahrenheit for ten to fifteen minutes; while drop-cookies should have from 350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit for fifteen to twenty minutes.



Steaks just brown enough outside and succulent enough inside are assured in a regulated oven

Rolls, Baking-Powder Biscuit, Muffins and Corn-Bread should be baked in a hot oven ranging from 400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit for fifteen to twenty-five minutes.

Popovers should begin baking at 450 degrees Fahrenheit for twenty minutes or until puffed; then the heat should be decreased to 350 degrees Fahrenheit and the baking continued for approximately twenty-five minutes longer.

Pies—Double-crust pies with uncooked filling, as apple, cherry or berry, require a relatively high temperature—that is, 450 degrees Fahrenheit—for the first ten minutes to bake the crust and prevent it from shrinking from the edges of the pan. Heat should then be decreased to 350 degrees Fahrenheit for the remainder of the period to cook the fruit. In all bake about one hour. For one-crust or open pies, as pumpkin or custard, the temperature is at the beginning about the same as for double-crust pies—that is, 450 degrees Fahrenheit—for the first ten minutes. It is necessary to complete the baking of pumpkin or custard at a low temperature—that is, at 300 to 325 degrees Fahrenheit—to secure a firm, smooth, unseparated product. In all bake about one hour.

Pastry, as pastry shells or strips, requires a hot oven—that is, a temperature of 500 degrees Fahrenheit—in the beginning to set the pastry quickly. This keeps the pastry from shrinking and consequently losing its shape.

Casseroles—In genuine casserole cooking the materials used are always uncooked. This is an excellent way to use the tougher, cheaper cuts of meat, which make attractive, palatable dishes. The outside of the meat must be seared quickly so that the juices be retained. The food is then put in the casserole and the cooking continued at a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit two and a half to three hours, more or less, the time depending on whether meat is used and the time required to make it tender. If grated cheese is a part of the dish, the heat must be low enough to melt the cheese and give a smooth, creamy product—400 degrees Fahrenheit for twenty to twenty-five minutes will usually be about right for casserole dishes containing cheese.

Meat and Poultry—At no point in baking is a definite temperature of greater importance than in the cooking of meats. Maintaining the right temperature tends to insure uniformity of texture throughout, lessened waste, and produces a perfectly cooked, juicy product. The most difficult meats to cook are the kinds usually served rare. After searing, beef is cooked a shorter time than pork, lamb, veal or poultry, which should be cooked until done, the exception being Spring lamb, which is sometimes served rare.

Searing temperature for all meats is 500 degrees Fahrenheit for a time long enough thoroughly to sear the entire surface. Then reduce the temperature to 400 degrees Fahrenheit for the remaining time, which varies as follows:

Beef (rare), 10 minutes for each lb.
Beef (medium), 12 minutes for each lb.
Beef (well done), 15 minutes for each lb.
Poultry, 20 minutes for each lb.
Lamb, 20 minutes for each lb.
Veal, 25 minutes for each lb.
Pork (well done), 30 minutes for each lb.

Scalloped Dishes—Most scalloped dishes are made from cooked food, and therefore require a short baking period, the length of time depending upon what materials are used and whether the liquid or sauce added is hot or cold. The oven should be hot enough to heat the food thoroughly and brown the top, which may or may not be covered with crums, plain or buttered. Bake for twenty to twenty-five minutes at a temperature of from 400 to 425 degrees Fahrenheit.

PRACTICAL!

and welcome, too, are gifts for the household. When you shop for the practical gift send for these helpful guides: ELECTRIFYING THE HOME—Prices of useful electrical equipment YOUR OVEN CONTROLS—Assure good cooking results. KITCHEN NECESSITIES—Articles every housewife wants.

Send a two-cent stamp for return postage on any one of these leaflets with a letter to the Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York



Corner of Gold Medal Kitchen—where Miss Betty Crocker and her staff Kitchen-test samples from each batch of Gold Medal Flour.



For Buffet Suppers

Gold Medal Butter Scotch Fancy—brightens the evening like an open fire—Oh so good!

Another Kitchen-tested recipe from the Gold Medal Kitchen. Betty Crocker and staff are creating new ones all the time.

Kitchen-tested recipes with Kitchen-tested Flour—perfect results every time you bake! Send for the Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Box. Read Betty Crocker's unusual offer.



How this supreme Kitchen-test actually cuts baking failures right in half!

Now . . . no matter how inexperienced . . . you can bake just as delicious dishes as any one of your neighbors—*every time you bake*

OFTEN the same brand of flour does not always bake the same way in your oven. Undoubtedly you have noticed this.

It is the direct cause of more than one-half of all baking failures!

Not because the flour is bad. But simply because—although always the same chemically—a brand of flour may still differ in baking results each time.

So a miller has *only one way of being sure* that his flour will always act the same for you. By *Kitchen-testing* a sample from every batch. By baking with it himself.

That's what we do with all *Gold Medal Flour*. We *Kitchen-test* samples from each batch. Before any of it is allowed to enter your home.

Perfect baking results—always

We have a kitchen just like yours. Each morning we receive samples of each batch of *Gold Medal Flour* milled. Betty Crocker and her staff bake with them.

We bake biscuits, cookies, doughnuts, pastries of every kind. Simply everything. If a sample does not bake exactly right—that batch of flour is never allowed to reach you.

Each sample must bake in the same perfect way as all the others. That means every sack will act the same way for you.

Now you can bake with a light heart. Sure of success! Every sack of this fine flour acts the same perfect way in your oven. We guarantee it.

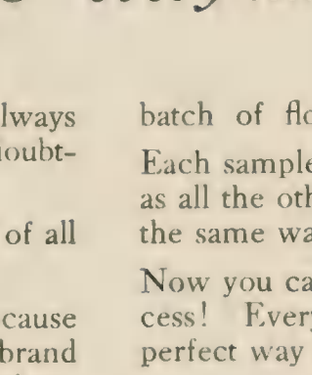
This is our guarantee to you—

Two million women now use only *Gold Medal Flour* for all their baking.

But if you have never tried it, do this. Order a sack from your grocer and try it out as much as you please.

If it does not give you the most uniform good results of any flour you have ever tried—*you may at any time return the unused portion of your sack of flour* to your grocer. He will pay you back your full purchase price. We will repay him.

Eventually—every woman will use only *Kitchen-tested* flour. It is the one way you can be sure every sack will always act the same way in your oven. *Why not now?*



Why Not Now?

My Special Offer of Kitchen-tested Recipes

AS we test the flour in our kitchen, we are also creating and testing delightful new recipes. We have printed all these *Kitchen-tested* recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. A quick ready index of recipes and cooking suggestions.

These Gold Medal Home Service boxes cost us exactly 70c each. We will send you one for that price. *And as fast as we create new recipes we mail them to you free.* Just think—new *Kitchen-tested* recipes constantly!

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Check the coupon for whichever you desire—the sample recipes or the complete Gold Medal Home Service box.



Betty Crocker

Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you.

MISS BETTY CROCKER,
Washburn Crosby Company, Dept. 130
Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Enclosed find 70c for your Gold Medal Home Service box of Kitchen-tested recipes. (It is understood I receive *free* all new recipes as they are printed.)

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Tune in on Gold Medal Radio Station (WCCO 416.4 meters), St. Paul-Minneapolis. Interesting programs daily. Also WCCO GOLD MEDAL STATION 416.4M cooking talks for women every Mon., Wed. and Fri., at 10:45 A. M. By Betty Crocker, Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.

"Service to the Northwest"



In frying, you first melt the fat to an oil—so why not fry with a *choice salad* oil?

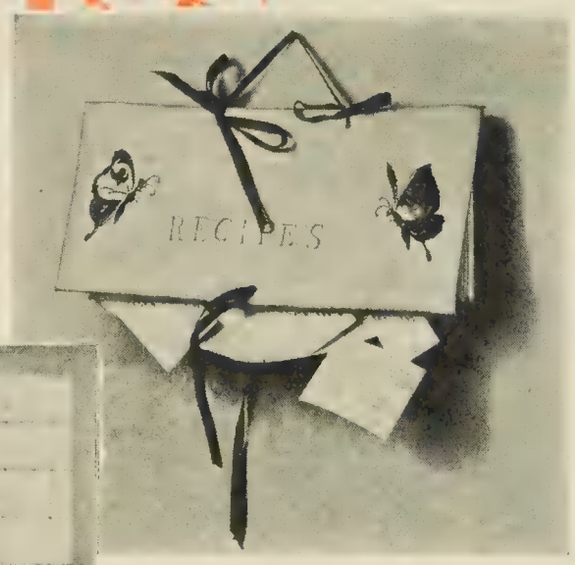
GIFTS FOR CHEERFUL COOKS

Which cost only some time and little expense

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders
Editor, Home Building and House Decoration Department

COOKS!

These attractive gift suggestions will help make pretty kitchens. More explicit directions will be sent gladly for a two-cent stamp to cover postage. Address Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



In making the above recipe-rack twelve 4 x 9½ good-quality white envelopes were fastened with ribbon—flaps downward—between two glazed muslin-covered strips of cardboard. Butterfly motifs were cut from chintz and pasted with glue at either side. Mark each envelope according to its recipe contents, such as Pies, Cakes, Salads



Buff-colored oilcloth, first scalloped, can be decorated by the yard with oil-paint. And to assist in kitchen harmony, tin canisters may be decorated in the same color and with the same design



At the right: Behold hot-pot holders, which may be harnessed to any cook by means of a belt which holds two long straps to the pads



What could be more enjoyable to a careful home-maker than a dainty, soft dust-cloth in a neat little pocket, or three hot-pot holders which just fit in a hanging rack of their own? Wooden silver-racks, too, from the bargain basement, covered in cretonne, make convenient compartments for kitchen dresser-drawers



We knew you'd be pleased this Christmas Mother /

NO gift more certain to be appreciated—now and in the days to come—than a UNIVERSAL Coffee Urn. So beautiful, so practical and, best of all, so permanently useful. A gift that will be appreciated every day in the year because of the delicious aromatic coffee it makes electrically as well as for the artistic charm it adds to your table service.

There is a large variety of other UNIVERSAL Gifts from which to choose, both beautiful and useful, for all members of the family—all rich in the new Christmas spirit of giving practical presents that "Make a Merry Christmas last the whole year through."

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Although sold at popular prices, costing little or no more than ordinary lines, UNIVERSAL Appliances offer the best values obtainable, whether those values are measured in quality of materials, attractiveness of design, in workmanship, or in service rendered. Every appliance is unconditionally guaranteed to satisfactorily perform the task for which it is intended.

For every Home Need there is a UNIVERSAL Household Help only a few of which are shown in the Border. Ask your neighbor or your dealer about their merits—they know and will be proud to tell you.

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Write for Booklet No. 305 showing many other UNIVERSAL Helps every home needs

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, New Britain, Conn.
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The Famous UNIVERSAL Home Needs for Over Half a Century

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
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SLICED PEACHES & CREAM

that's just one way to enjoy this wonderful fruit treat

Everybody likes sliced peaches. In their own rich syrup, they're as fine a treat as it's possible to serve.

But if you have only tried Del Monte Sliced Peaches this one way, you are missing a great many other menu combinations you would surely enjoy. Sliced peaches make scores of other old favorites into real masterpieces—and do it without a bit of extra fuss or bother.

For a few every-day examples, try adding them to tapioca or bread pudding—between hot biscuits as a shortcake—in peach betty—on breakfast cereals—or as a "pick-up" salad with cottage cheese. In each of these suggestions there is a new touch of healthfulness—a sure appetite appeal.

But however you serve them, make sure of their quality. Insist on Del Monte. Then you know in advance exactly what you're getting—the same dependable goodness and flavor, the same certainty of satisfaction—no matter when or where you buy.

"The Del Monte Fruit Book" has many suggestions for the service of sliced peaches. Send for free copy. Address Dept. 28M, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

Other Del Monte varieties you should know

Peaches, Melba Halves
Peach Halves, both Yellow Cling and Freestone
Apricots, Pears, Plums
Royal Anne Cherries
Pineapple, Sliced or Crushed
Asparagus, Spinach
and many others





Rings and crescents and triangles can be formed easily with cookie cutters and make the canapé interesting as well as tasty

CURTAIN-RAISERS

Dishes that Introduce the Dinner

Adapted from the Butterick Cook Book

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Director of the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University

ALTHOUGH strict convention in England and America at one time decreed that the formal dinner should begin with soup, that custom is no longer binding even in the most formal household. Other dishes to introduce the dinner have crept in, and because of their savory qualities have found ready and general acceptance; appetizers, they are usually called. Sometimes they are referred to as relishes and hors-d'œuvres, because they are often a glorified edition of the old side-dish now given a conspicuous place as a separate course by itself.

The appetizer must be made from foods that have distinct, piquant flavor and appetite-whetting qualities. Pickled and salted foods, olives and pickles, vinegar and fruit-acids, peppers, pepper and paprika, grapefruit, melons and fruit cocktails, canapés (fried bread), and small sandwiches spread with mixtures of sardines, anchovies and caviar or lobster and crabmeat, pâté de foies gras, cheese, olives or other mixtures of high flavor, deviled eggs, small salads, may all be included in the list of appetizers.

The appetizer should always be on the table when the meal is announced. A single portion is served to each person, and if substantial foods are used the portions should be small, as the purpose of this course is to whet but not to satisfy the appetite. The following recipes are by no means inclusive of all the dishes that can serve as the introductory course. The imaginative hostess may permit her fancy to soar untrammeled, and may set before her guests very racy, interesting bits of food involving unusual and savory combinations.

OYSTER OR CLAM COCKTAIL

30 medium oysters
2 teaspoons prepared horseradish
3 tablespoons tomato catchup
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons vinegar
4 tablespoons lemon-juice
¼ teaspoon tabasco sauce

Where fresh oysters are obtainable, they are usually served on the half-shell, on a plate of crushed ice, around a small glass holding the cocktail mixture. When it is not possible to get the oysters in the shell, cocktails may be served in ice-shells made for this purpose, or in cases made from green pepper shells, in halves of grapefruit, or in large claret glasses. Put five medium oysters into each glass and pour the dressing over them. To make the dressing, mix horseradish, tomato catchup and vinegar. lemon-juice and tabasco sauce, and salt thoroughly. Both oysters and dressing should be very cold.

PREPARED BREAD FOR CANAPÉS

Canapés are made from stale white bread, cut in quarter-inch slices and then shaped with a cutter into circles or rings two and one-half or three inches in diameter, or cut into squares, strips, triangles or other fancy shapes. These portions of bread are then either fried in deep fat and drained on absorbent paper or sautéd in just enough butter or other fat to keep them from burning; or they may be toasted or set in the oven until they turn a delicate brown; then cover them with the mixture preferred.

SARDINE CANAPÉS

6 portions prepared bread
Juice 1 lemon
Salt
6 large olives
6 large sardines
Worcestershire sauce
Pickled beets

Remove skin and backbone. Flake the sardines with a fork and season with lemon-juice, salt and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Spread the prepared bread with this mixture and decorate by placing in the center of each canapé a small circle of pickled beet. Cut a slice from the end of a large olive so that it will stand firmly and place this in the center of the beet.

PÂTÉ-DE-FOIES-GRAS CANAPÉS

3 tablespoons pâté-de foies-gras paste or 2 fowls' livers, mashed to paste
Salt
6 portions prepared bread
¼ cup cream
Cayenne pepper

Add the cream and seasoning to the paste. Mash through a fine sieve and spread on portions of fried bread. Garnish with parsley or decorate in any way desired.

GRAPEFRUIT ON THE HALF-SHELL

3 grapefruits
Sugar

Cut grapefruit in halves. With a pair of sharp shears cut a circular piece from the center of each half of grapefruit, being careful not to cut through the skin. This is best accomplished by cutting each piece of fiber first, and then slipping the shears under the center and cutting through the tough center and lifting it out. Then with a sharp knife separate each section of grapefruit from the membrane and skin. Sprinkle with sugar and set in the ice-box to chill. The edges of the grapefruit skin may be pinked if desired. The pieces of membrane between the sections of fruit may be cut away and removed, leaving the shell filled with only edible portions of the fruit.

Grapefruit may be served without ice or in special grapefruit glasses embedded in ice for breakfast, dinner, or luncheon.

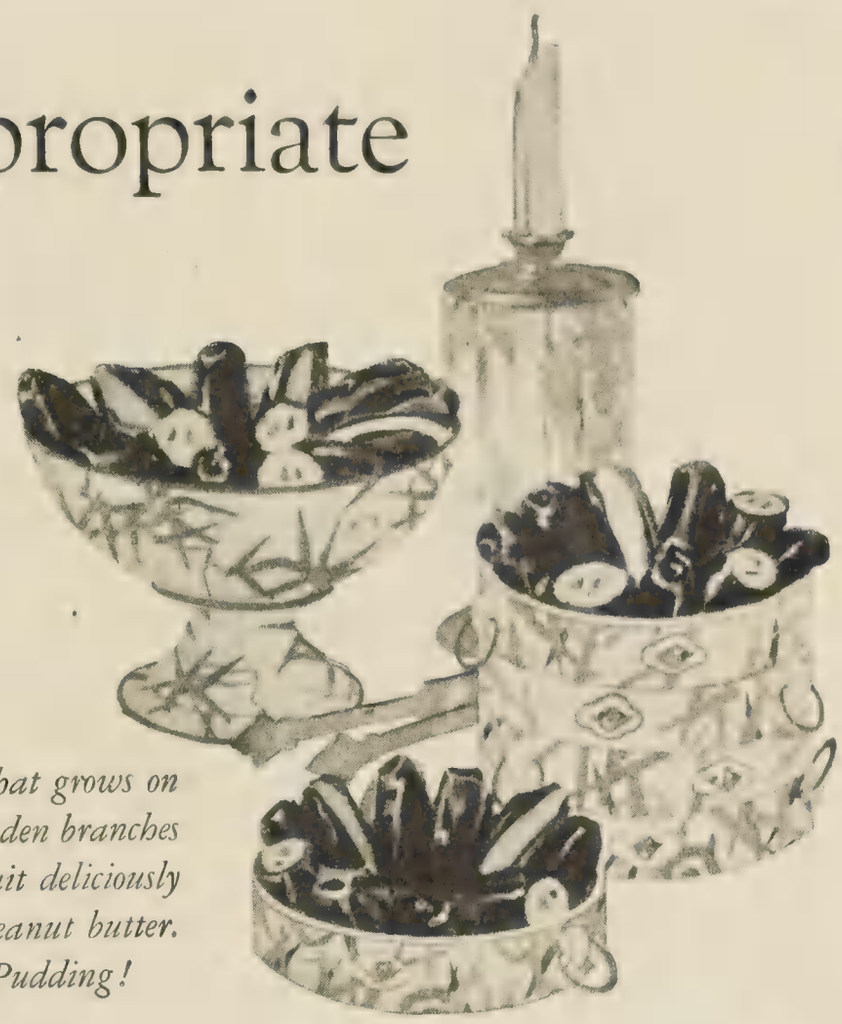
HALF THE ZEST

of an appetizer lies in its novelty. If you want to keep your family interested, change from canapé to cocktail (of course we mean the fruit and fish variety!), from cocktail to little salads. We can tell you how to make more of these piquant appetizers. Send a note with a two-cent stamp for return postage to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and ask for "Tasty Hors-d'oeuvres"*

Dates are *especially* appropriate for Christmas

as fruit, confection and *nourishing* food





A package of dates (children call dates "the candy that grows on trees") hangs by a bright red ribbon from the heavy-laden branches of the Evergreen. In the candy bowls you find this fruit deliciously stuffed—with marshmallow and nuts, fondant or peanut butter. And dates again to enrich the Christmas Plum Pudding!

DATES fit into the scheme of things at Christmas time when confections and party-dainties must be delicious. But more than this, dates are *nourishing food.*

And women are understanding more about foods today. Especially in families where there are growing children, food is prepared both to supply and maintain the needs of the body.

Christmas Stuffings for Dates

Dates are the Christmas candy easiest to prepare, good to eat and actually good *for* you. Let the children have all the dates they want. Stuffings of quartered marshmallows, peanut butter or nuts are simple, easily digested foods. Dip the stuffed dates in powdered sugar or Dromedary Cocoanut. Have plenty of stuffed dates in the house—for *everyone.*

After pitting dates, fill some with soft cream cheese. Then dip the stuffed dates in snow-white cocoanut. This is the favorite.

Stuff dates with orange and nut. Chop very fine half a cup of English walnuts. Add three tablespoonfuls of confectioner's sugar and the grated rind of half an orange. Moisten with orange juice. Stuff the pitted dates with this tasty filling.

Party Sandwiches

Boston brown bread, graham and nut bread are especially good for date sandwiches—and especially nutritious.

Sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut over chopped dates and cream cheese—for graham bread.

Try pimento-filled olives and dates on white bread.

Try pimento cheese and dates, half and half, seasoning with salt, paprika and a few drops of lemon juice.

Dates are a *natural* food as are all the fruits and vegetables that we eat in the same general form in which they are taken from soil and trees. Instinctively we seem to know that we should eat all of them we can. And the reasons are not difficult to understand.



Certain foods that absorb the healthful rays of the sun and the strength of the rich, brown earth are later refined—robbed of important food values—during the process of preparation for your table.

But dates come to you just as they are harvested. Their golden color is imprisoned sunlight. And just as human beings find new health and happiness in the sun, so foods that develop under its kindly rays, are made rich in body-building elements.

Dates are nourishing

Most women today realize the need of thoughtful eating. They look for foods that retain the constructive properties on which our bodies depend.

The date, for instance, has a remarkable content of digestible fruit sugar, which is immediately absorbed by the body as energy. Most of the everyday sweets that we eat are not the *natural*, easily-absorbed sweets—and so there is danger of excess. But not with dates.

And in contrast to many sugar-foods, the date contains protein for tissue-building. The date, also, is recognized for its mineral content. Calcium, one of the important minerals, is the essential food for bone and teeth—iron, as you know, is nature's tonic.

All this does not mean that the date is perfect. It is doubtful whether any one food is nutritionally *perfect.* Dates are simply an unusually well-balanced food, pleasant to taste and within the means of all. Let the recipes here help you enjoy dates a new way.

Oriental Plum Pudding

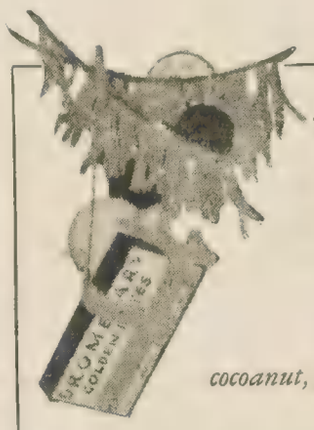
Plum puddings suggest the romance of Old England. There, plum puddings are often made a year ahead of the serving, wrapped in cloths and left in a dry, cool place. Without the fuss or ceremony of an English plum pudding, you can make a delicacy for Christmas dinner, by following this recipe for Oriental plum pudding.

To 1 cup finely chopped beef suet add 1 cup halved, seeded raisins, 1½ cups dates, stoned and quartered, ¾ cup mixed Dromedary citron, orange and lemon peels—also ½ cup Dromedary cocoanut, 1 grated lemon rind, 1 cup stale bread crumbs and 1 cup brown sugar. Add 1 cup sifted flour, ⅔ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground cloves and ½ grated nutmeg. Moisten all with 6 well beaten eggs and 1 cup grape juice. Mix and turn into 2 well greased molds. Cover closely. Steam at least 6 hours.

Black Eyed Susan Salad

Peel seedless oranges, removing all skin and membrane. Each portion is made by opening up the sections of the orange to resemble the petals of a flower. The salad picture shows this. Two or three sliced dates are then added, with either mayonnaise or boiled dressing used for the garnishing.

There is more about dates in a new cook book called "*Foods from Sunny Lands.*" It has a hundred delights, made with Dromedary dates, cocoanut, grapefruit and figs. Write for it today. Just clip the coupon.



THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY
375-J Washington Street · New York City

GENTLEMEN:

I should like a copy of the new recipe book, "Foods from Sunny Lands," which contains a hundred delights made with Dromedary dates, cocoanut, grapefruit and figs.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____



What the teachers told me *about your children*

By Carrie Blanchard

RECENTLY I sent a letter to a thousand teachers. I asked them particularly about their attitude toward the use of coffee and tea by their pupils.

Ninety-nine and one-half per cent. said they considered coffee and tea definitely harmful, not only to children, but to themselves. They traced definite bad effects to the use of coffee and tea by their pupils. Thirty-four per cent. mentioned "dullness in school work"; thirty-one per cent. "nervousness"; and eleven per cent. "stunting of physical as well as mental development."

The teachers prompted this suggestion

Certainly it would be difficult to find any group of people more in agreement on any subject.

"I think the first step in getting children to stop drinking coffee is to reach the parents. This is a rather difficult thing to do without seeming to interfere." So one teacher wrote. I mention what she said because this same thought ran through hundreds of the letters I received.

This prompts me to come direct to you, the mothers, with a suggestion. Schools all over the country are turning to Instant Postum, made in the new way with hot milk instead of boiling water, as the ideal hot drink to serve with the noonday lunch. Teachers are enthusiastic about it! It is easy to prepare—just hot milk poured over Instant Postum in the cup, and stirred a moment.

And it is so splendidly suited to children's needs! A *hot* drink, containing all the nourishment of milk, plus the wholesome elements of wheat and bran. Children immediately like Postum made with milk—even those who don't care for milk alone. And there is no more fretting for "the drink father gets."

When teachers are willing to give their time so freely to health education, it seems to me that we mothers should do our very best to put this teaching into practice. Make a test of this plan! Please accept my offer—now!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will give you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my personal directions for preparing it, to start you on this test.

Or if you wish to begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

For one week's free supply, please send me your name and address, indicating whether you want Instant Postum (this is the kind prepared instantly in the cup with either boiling water or hot milk, and the *only* kind which can be made with hot milk) or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

D. ■ D. 12-25

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
Postum Cereal . . . . . ☐

Name.....

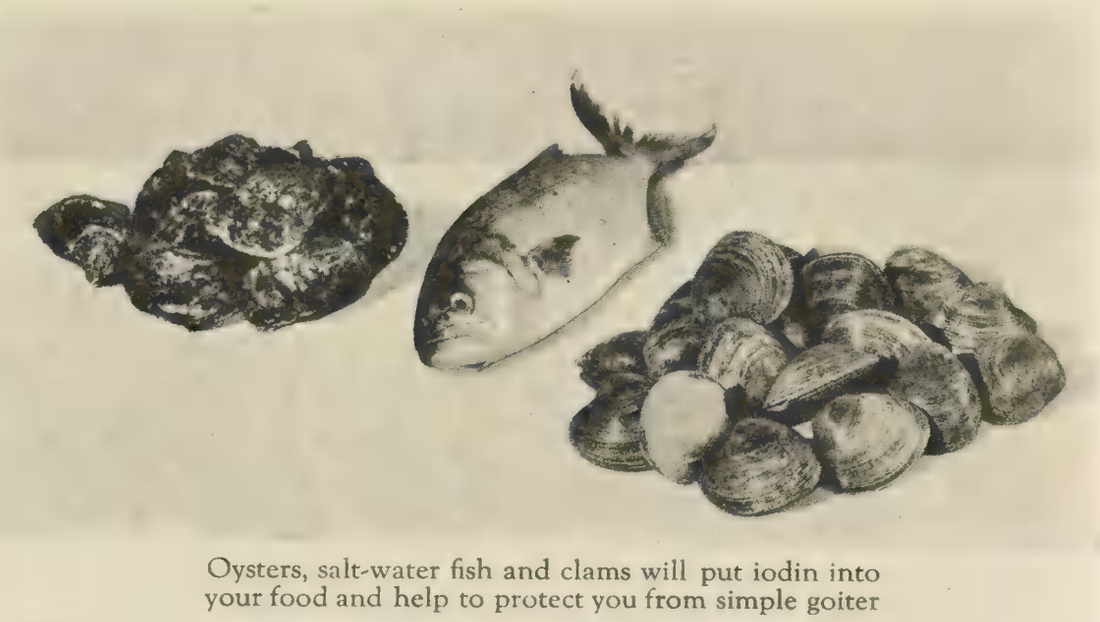
Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address
Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ont.

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.



Oysters, salt-water fish and clams will put iodin into your food and help to protect you from simple goiter

SEA FISH, SEA-MOSS, SEA-SALT

How to Get Your Iodin in the Daily Menu

By Flora M. Thurston

Edited and approved by the New York State College of Home Economics at Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

DO YOU LIVE IN THE GOITER BELT?

Goiter brings with it nervousness, takes away energy and initiative, and depletes your store of health. If you live in any part of the large goiter belt, which includes more than half the United States, you must be particularly careful.

Physicians have established the value of iodin as a goiter preventive. They advise us to include certain foods in our diet regularly—foods that contain iodin.

This article gives you a complete list of the substances that should be in your diet if you wish to avoid faulty thyroid secretion and all its attendant ills. If you want recipes for preparing them, write to the Home-Making Department of The Delineator, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. Our leaflet "Introducing Iodin" tells you how to prepare fish, and gives you recipes for delectable dishes of sea-moss and other iodin-bearing foods. Send a two-cent stamp for return postage—please.*

CIVILIZATION has its handicaps as well as its advantages when it comes to food. Delectable viands from every corner of the globe may have improved the food supply, but at the same time subtle changes have been taking place to rob the diet of the inland dweller of some of its essential stuff.

Iodin is the illusive mineral that has escaped from the soil of the Great Lakes region and the far West until the supply is so depleted that simple goiter is the result. If people had stayed at home along the seashore, where they could replenish their supply of iodin from sea air and an abundance of fresh sea food, this disease of the thyroid gland would be comparatively rare.

Although goiter has existed for a long time and in almost every part of the world, in both man and beast, the investigations of science have not been sufficient until recently to point the way to relief. In the meantime, the iodin supply has grown less with each generation, every mother being obliged to divide her scanty store with each of her children. Where she has not been able to restore her supply between pregnancies, both she and the children have suffered, the last child being more likely to develop goiter than the first. In many localities this drainage of resources has resulted in goiter in twenty-five per cent. of the women, while in some areas goiter in fifty per cent. or more of the women is not unusual. As the situation grows more acute, men are also showing a high percentage of the same deficiency.

As long as the iodin contents of the thyroid gland is above a certain level, goiter does not develop. It is when demands for iodin are made upon the body in excess of the amount provided in the food and water that the storage is gradually reduced and enlargement takes place. The increase in the size of the gland is a means of compensating for its insufficiency.

The thyroid is most likely to become bankrupt when the demands of puberty, pregnancy, lactation or infection increase the need for iodin. It is also heavily drawn upon during great emotional strain. The mother who does not go into pregnancy with a surplus of all the building materials her child will need is bound to sacrifice some of her own supply unless her diet includes a sufficient amount. In infection and in other conditions where the body is called upon to combat toxic products, the thyroid may be overworked, as the handling of these poisons is one of its jobs. Any upset in the functions of the thyroid has a far-reaching effect on the body as a whole because the glands of internal secretion are a powerful trust in control of important bodily functions.

Although the need for iodin is very great in certain sections of the country, the amount required is very small. When the iodin in the thyroid is about one two-hundredths or five-tenths of one per cent. of its entire weight, the gland has all the iodin it can store. When only one-fifth of this maximum amount is present, the lower limit has been reached and enlargement takes place. The normal supply lies between these two amounts. In the goiter belt, it is reasonable to suppose that the majority of people tend to approach this lower limit, while it is known that a very large number are far below it. Where goiter has already developed, a physician should be consulted, but who besides the home-maker can adequately feed her family to prevent further occurrence of this unnecessary disease?

THE prevention of goiter is primarily a nutrition problem. In spite of the fact that inorganic compounds of iodin may be administered with apparent success, iodin as it occurs in food is much to be preferred. "Back to nature" is a safety slogan, especially in these days of refined foods and prodigal methods of food preparation. The food and water even in the goiter belt are not entirely lacking in iodin and it behooves the home-maker to conserve as much as possible of this natural supply. The habit of using many vegetables and fruits raw, and of eating the juices of those that are cooked will tend to enrich the diet to some extent.

The only foods that contain significant quantities of iodin are foods from the sea. The sea-moss, which may be used in desserts and other foods, has the highest content of iodin of all the ocean food products. Next come lobsters, clams and oysters. It is interesting to note that these contain from twenty to nearly three hundred times as much iodin as some of the most common

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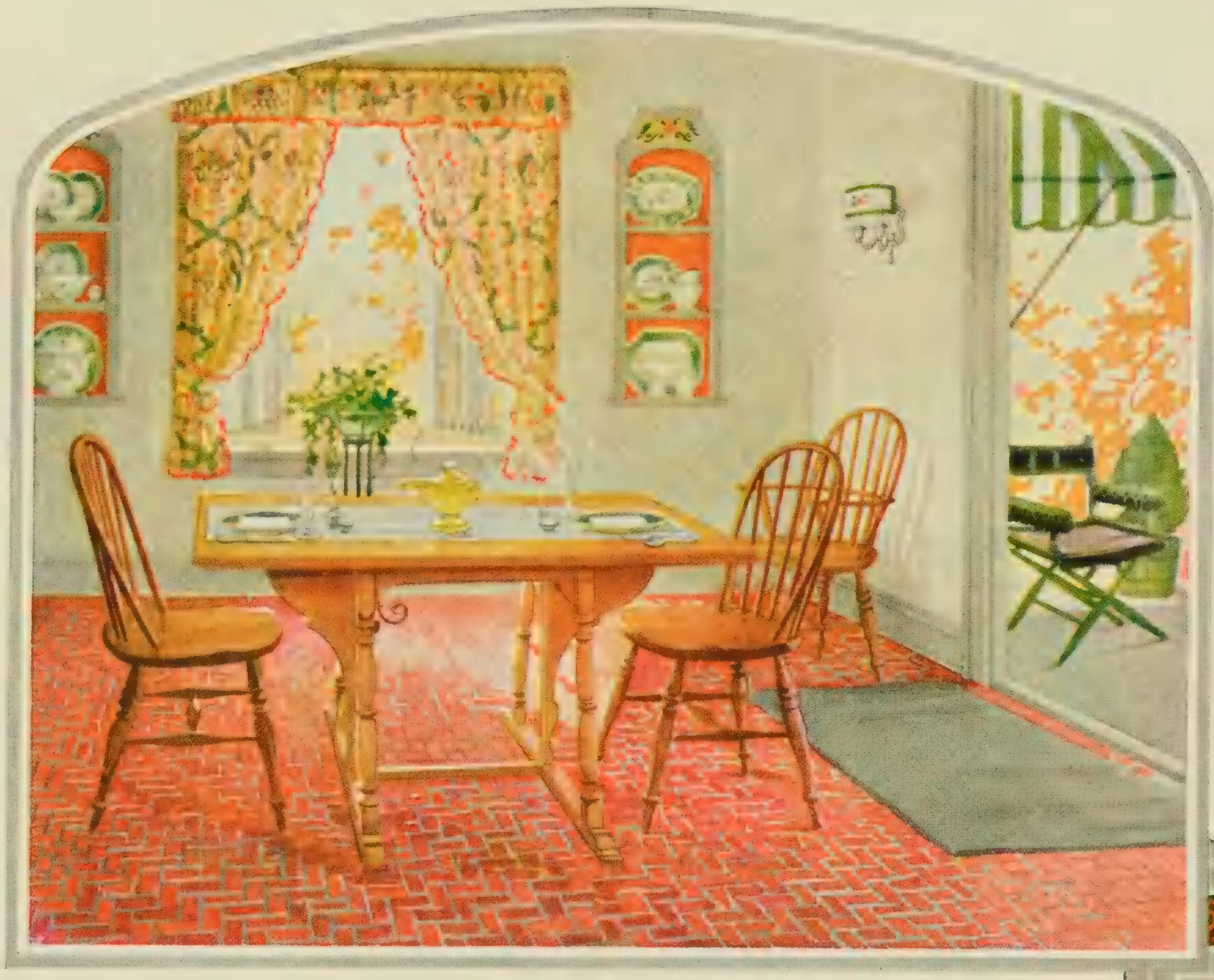
JETS OF CRYSTAL

Crystal jets of pure water are played from every angle on every glass jar and bottle in which a Heinz Variety is to be put up, and each piece of glassware emerges as clean and sparkling as the row of tumblers on your dresser.

This ingenious machine symbolizes in a very practical way the spirit of cleanliness that prevails everywhere in the Heinz Kitchens. There are no "neglected corners". Every process is characterized by a cleanliness that equals if not exceeds the care of the proudest housewife.

And cleanliness is but one of the many virtues for which the Heinz institution is continually striving. It is its aim to deserve the confidence of every woman by preparing good things to eat in a way that good housekeepers approve · · *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY*

When in Pittsburgh don't fail to visit the Heinz Kitchens.



Here's the sunlight and cheer of all outdoors

Now pretty, colorful interiors can have a floor of pattern and color, too

WHERE is the husband who wouldn't fairly beam under the "good-morning" smile of this breakfast room? Neat, simple furniture, quaintly colorful china, and a Handcraft red tile floor of Armstrong's Linoleum—there's a cheerful combination to start the early riser off happy! Imagine, for instance, the old worn floor of wood that originally bothered the owner of this room. Can't you just *see* the sunlight and cheer that entered when this pretty linoleum floor was cemented down?

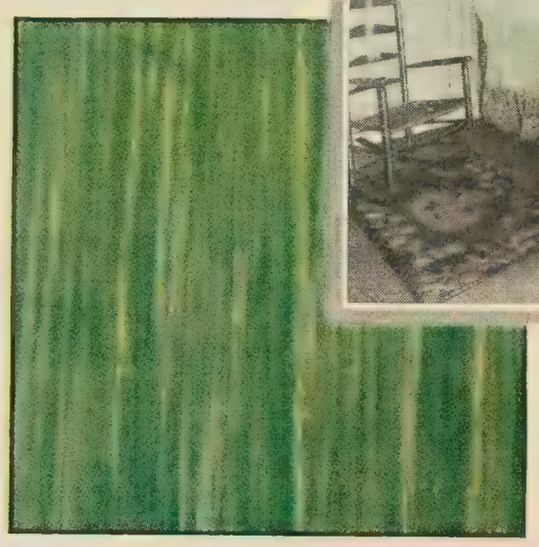
It so happens that an interior decorator selected this particular floor. But choosing the design and color of linoleum for any room in the house is an easy, pleasant task for anyone, with the new Armstrong patterns now on display at good furniture or department stores.

To the right are three of the many new patterns that architects and decorators are using for residences. At the top is an Armstrong's Handcraft tile pattern, an inspiration of our designers that is patented and given the effect of a hand-laid floor.

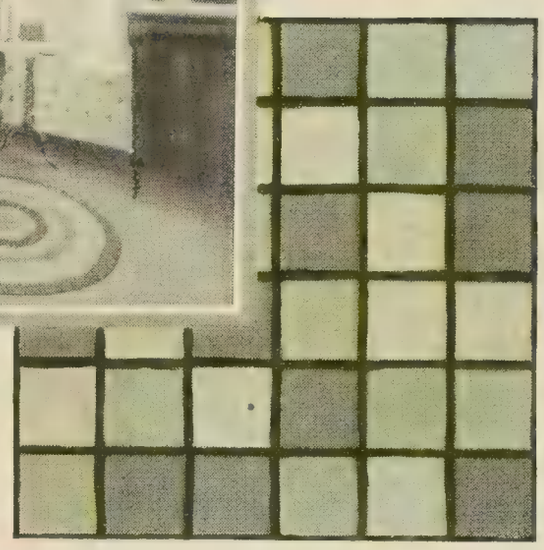
The softly rippled green pattern is known as Armstrong's Jaspé—it comes in rich, two-toned blues, browns, greens, or grays. The New England bedroom photographed has a floor of the gray Jaspé. Notice how well the heavier pieces of furniture and colored rugs show up on it!



This New England bedroom has a pretty floor of Armstrong's Gray Jaspé Linoleum No. 12, as a background for small rugs.



At the left is Armstrong's Jaspé, also obtainable in rippled browns, blues, or grays.



These blended tiles are known as Armstrong's Handcraft (patented) tiles. This pattern, No. 3131, can also be had in either red or blue.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Laid with cement—no tacks

Good stores will cement these beautiful floors of Armstrong's Linoleum over a cushioning layer of builders' deadening felt. This method of laying not only prevents the linoleum from cracking or buckling but eliminates all gaping, dust-collecting seams. What a comfort such a floor is! It is warmer than a wood floor; it is springy and comfortable to work over (linoleum, you know, is made of powdered cork and oxidized linseed oil). Wax your linoleum floor occasionally and it will need only a daily dust-mopping to keep it clean. And a waxed linoleum floor will *never* need refinishing.

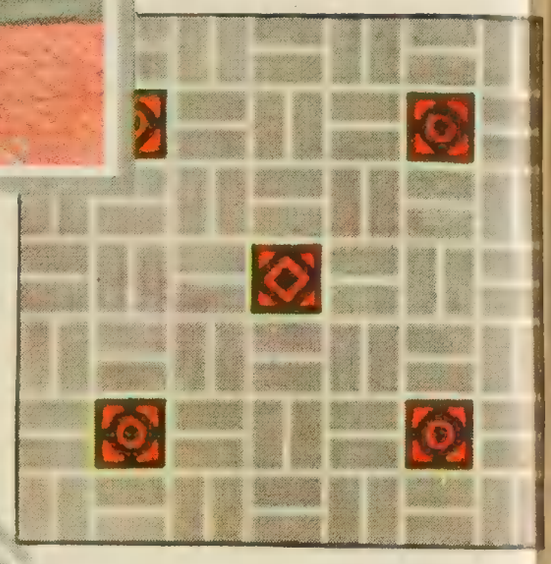
Our Bureau of Interior Decoration under the direct supervision of Mrs. Hazel Dell Brown will be glad to send you color scheme suggestions for walls and draperies, as well as for floors. Address Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division*, 869 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Linoleum for every floor in the house

Our NEW Book on Home Decoration

"FLOORS, Furniture, and Color" was written by the former President of the Interior Decorators' League of New York. It tells how room decoration should be planned and illustrates these simple rules by photographs and color paintings of model rooms. Sent prepaid for 25 cents. (60 cents in Canada.) Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 869 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pa.

For an idle attic—or a bright sun porch—this neat modeled inlaid pattern has sparkle and vivacious color. It is Armstrong's No. 5064.





Sea-moss, cod-liver oil, lobster, iodized salt and shrimp—these are some of the foods for you if you live in the "goiter belt"

SEA FISH, SEA-MOSS, SEA-SALT

Concluded from page 62

fresh-water fish. Shrimp has about twice as much iodin as most of the common sea fish, which contain considerable amounts. The best of these are bluefish, Spanish mackerel, tautog, spot, cod and haddock. White perch and rock rank well in their iodin content. The roe seems to have considerably more iodin than the flesh of the fish. It is a fairly safe guess that all fishery products contain iodin, but that those from the ocean have very much more than the fresh-water fish.

Where fresh sea foods are available, they may be preferred to any other form, but the canned and salted products are more convenient and less expensive to use. One of the most desirable ways of using salt fish is in chowder, because it can be added without previous cooking. Sea foods are no longer in the class of luxuries, but should be considered one of the most valuable parts of a well-rounded diet. If sea foods can be included in the menu one or more times a week, the iodin content of the family menu will be increased many fold and the prospect of goiter development under average conditions will be considerably reduced. Another excellent source of iodin which should also be considered a food is cod-liver oil. Its outstanding reputation for a high content of vitamin A and the vitamin which prevents rickets is increased by the fact that it ranks above the best of the sea fish in its iodin content. Although not so much cod-liver oil as fish is advised for a serving, still it may be used more regularly and conveniently than most sea products, even if its gustatory attractiveness may be considerably less. In no other way can a food high in iodin as well as other very necessary food materials be given in so small a space. There are many less natural ways of providing iodin. One of the most interesting and valuable of these is the organic iodin compound extracted from kelp, a seaweed very rich in iodin. The use of natural sea-salt, which contains not only iodin but several other minerals in abundance, is an effort to restore to the diet substances drained from the soil. Commercial preparations of salt to which potassium iodid has been added also help to increase the iodin in the diet, but it is difficult to calculate the amount of iodin actually received by each member of the family where salt is depended upon as the main source of supply. If it is added to the vegetables when they are cooking and the water thrown away, much of the iodin will go with the water.

The fact that the salt contains iodin should not encourage a greater use of salt than is ordinarily taken. However, it is very unlikely that too much iodin would be eaten in salt alone. It is not too much to use natural sea-salt or iodized salt in addition to a diet rich in the foods that contain considerable iodin, and is to be recommended, especially in the goiter belt.

The administration of small doses of potassium or sodium iodid has been effective in preventing and relieving goiter, particularly in schools where enlarged glands were common among the children. The addition of iodin to the public water supply at certain times of the year is of uncertain value, partly because the amounts taken by different persons vary widely.

As far as possible iodin, as other food necessities, should be supplied in its natural forms. When it is impossible to receive an adequate amount from food and water, other wholesome sources should be utilized. In most cases there exists the problem of filling the human reservoirs that have been drained. Thereafter the task of maintaining the supply is a comparatively simple one.

SEA-FOOD MENUS FOR THE INLAND DWELLER

DINNERS

Codfish Soufflé *Baked Potatoes*
Tomato-Jelly Salad
Apple-Gingerbread Pudding

Baked Bluefish *Tartar Sauce*
Scalloped Potatoes
Raw-Carrot-and-Raisin Salad
Pineapple Custard

Clear Vegetable Soup
Pot Roast of Beef *Browned Potatoes*
Apple-and-Cabbage Salad
Sea-Moss Pudding

Creamed Codfish *Scalloped Tomatoes*
Stuffed Potatoes
Celery *Mustard Pickle*
Date Tart *Custard Sauce*

LUNCHEONS OR SUPPERS

Clam Chowder
Lettuce-and-Cheese Salad
Graham Bread and Butter
Prune Pie *Tea*

Creamed Lobster on Toast
New Spinach *Graham Bread and Butter*
Raspberry Sherbet *Tea*

Oyster Stew *Cheese Crackers*
Celery-and-Beet Salad
Caramel-Nut Pudding
Plain Cake

Shrimp
Cabbage-and-Celery Salad
Creamed Peas *Saltines*
Honey and Biscuits *Tea*

SEA FOODS IN THE ORDER OF THEIR IMPORTANCE AS SOURCES OF IODIN

Seaweed
Lobsters
Cod-Liver Oil
Clams
Oysters
Shrimp
Rock
Bluefish
White Perch
Spanish Mackerel
Spot, Tautog
Cod, Haddock

Natural sea-salt is also a sea food, rich in iodin and other important minerals which refined salt lacks. Iodized salt is a partial substitute for it.



THE NEW ROOSEVELT DESIGN

Now · thin graceful glassware doubly protected against chips and breakage · · · ·

Here is double protection against glassware chipping, increased resistance against breakage. The combination of *Safe*dge-Nonik is the greatest economy measure ever offered housewives. Every housewife will welcome the elimination of chipped glassware; they will value the tempering of the glassware to resist sudden changes from boiling heat to freezing cold. - -

No more unsanitary chipped glassware; thin, graceful designs made practical and economical in use—that is what *Safe*dge-Nonik means. *Safe*dge-Nonik is made in a complete line of table glassware in all sizes and prices. See it at your nearest dealer or write us. Identify it by the reinforcing band at the top of the glass.

THE LIBBEY GLASS MANUFACTURING CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO

Libbey Safedge NONIK

Reinforced Edge Prevents Chipping

The Bulge Protects The Edge

Chip-Resisting *Glassware*

FREE
10-Day Tube
Note Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.



Dazzling White Teeth

Here is the quick, *new* way dentists are widely urging

Make this unique test. Give your teeth high polish, and fresh new color simply by removing the dingy film that coats them and invites decay and gum troubles.



THIS offers you a simple, scientific test—one judged *the most remarkable of all dental tests.*

It will bring out qualities in your teeth you do not realize they have. In a short time you can work a transformation in their color and their luster.

Modern science has evolved a new and radically different method which successfully removes the dingy film that imperils healthy teeth and gums.

Simply send the coupon. Don't think your teeth are naturally "off color" or dull. This will prove *they are not.*

Film—the enemy of beautiful teeth and healthy gums

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film . . . a viscous coat that covers them.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy, "off color" look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

* * *

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull and unattractive.

New methods remove it. And Firm the Gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—the firmness of your gums—will amaze you.

* * *

Ordinary methods fail in these results.

Harsh, gritty substances are judged dangerous to enamel.

Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

* * *

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free Why follow old methods when world authorities urge a better way?

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 11, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family. 1875

MAKE THESE FOR YOUR BAZAAR

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders
Director, Department of House Decoration and Home Building

GRAB-BAGS AND BOOTHS

will gain new interest if you take these gifts to your bazaar or party.

Very little money is needed for their development and the results are delightfully interesting and useful.

Further directions for making will be mailed you promptly if you send a note, enclosing a two-cent stamp for return postage, to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



A handy knitting bag of an unusual shape

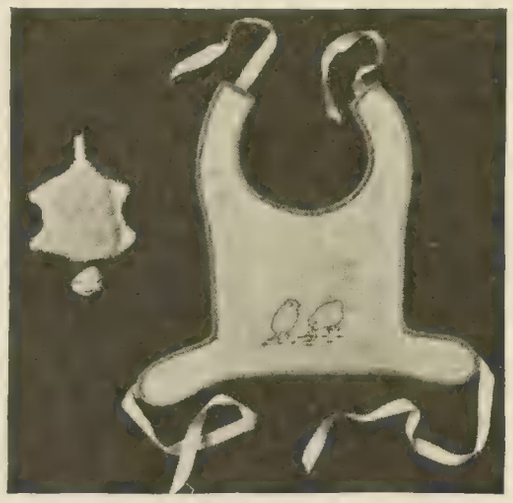


A group of dainty ribbon and lace trifles designed to grace the purse or dressing-table of milady



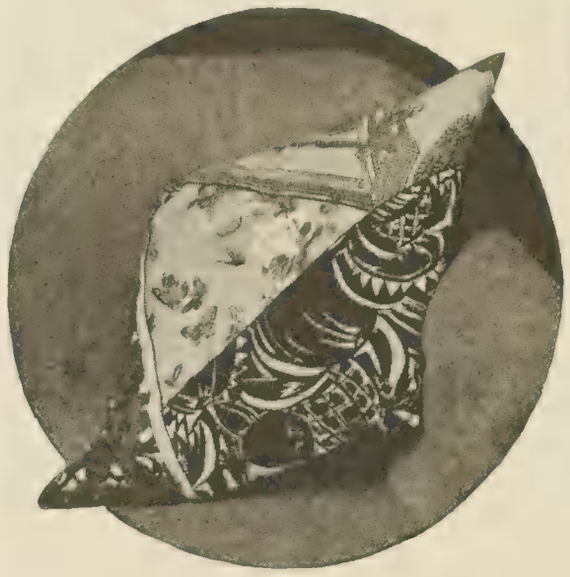
A bottle (*right*) like this would grace a bathroom shelf

A dimity darning-bag and a chintz shoe-pocket (*below*) bid for favor



A safety feeding-bib and a turtle made of toweling. The turtle conceals a cake of nursery soap





The top of this distinctive diamond-shaped pillow (*left*) is made of four pieces of linen in charmingly contrasted colors. The width of the pillow from one side point to another is thirty-three inches; from top to bottom point, eighteen and a half inches, while each side measures nineteen inches. Black embroidery floss in an outline stitch hides the seams which join these pieces, and the pillow is backed with black sateen

"It is wonderful not to find yourself growing old"

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of a Nation. No. 12



ON the steamer from Europe they had become friends. One of the women was from Cincinnati; the other was from Seattle.

Quite naturally, they traveled across the country together, and the Seattle friend was invited to stop over for a visit of a few days in Cincinnati.

The guest expected to find an elaborate home, with the conventional atmosphere of servants and luxurious furnishings. Rumor had told her that her hostess was one of the wealthiest women in Ohio.

But imagine her surprise when they were driven up to a rather modest home in one of the pretty little suburbs out from the city.

There were no servants to meet them. In the kitchen was a cook who had prepared a fine dinner. They ate rather silently, the western woman trying to adjust her impressions. The hostess noted the "bewilderment."

"I suppose you're wondering what kind of a woman I can be, living as I do," she remarked cheerfully as they were about to leave the table. "Most people think I'm plain and old-fashioned."

"No," replied the guest. "I like your home very much, and it is splendid of you to have me here. But isn't it unusual for you to have no servants? I don't see how you manage, at your age."

The hostess laughed. "At my age! I wonder why it is that women think they must be old and helpless at sixty. Why, I've never been so happy in my life."

"Oh, I didn't mean that you were old. But women at *our* age ordinarily can't do as much as a younger woman. We don't usually have the energy."

"That's just it. Too many women think they can't do things—the very things they ought to be doing.

"Look at me," she continued. "I've never been so happy in my life. And I've never done so much. Every morning I'm out with my wire-haired fox terriers. I just love them. And I dust and sweep and make beds. Angelina cooks the meals—and together we keep things going along nicely.

"Five years ago my husband died. He left me with plenty of money, a big city home, servants—everything. I suppose most women would have envied me.

"But I simply couldn't be happy that way, nothing to do but sit and think. I was tired of travel, tired of everything. I was an old woman. I had never worked, because I had never had to. But I decided that I must do something—and here I am.

"Of course, it's wonderful," said the guest. "But yet I don't see how you do it. I hate so to walk and be on my feet. I have never known a woman of your age who could do so much."

For a moment the Cincinnati woman meditated, a smile playing over her face. Finally: "Do you remember what I told you about Switzerland? I did some mountain climbing over there. I can walk miles and miles. My secret is shoes."

"Tell me about them," said the guest.

Then, as enthusiastic as the first time she put on Arch Preserver Shoes, this young-old woman told in minute detail why she could do so many things because of the shoes she wore.

She explained the concealed, built-in, arch bridge that holds up the instep and prevents sagging. She made a comparison of how the foot is treated in ordinary sagging-arch shoes and when it is allowed to rest flat on the ground.

Then she told about the flat inner sole that allows the bones, nerves and blood-vessels of the forepart of the foot to function normally, without being pinched or cramped.

And, of course, she explained why these shoes can be in good style, and how they keep their shape until completely worn out, simply because they can't sag.

"I know you can't understand all this foolish talk about my shoes," she concluded, "but these Arch Preserver Shoes *have* kept me from getting old and useless. And it is *so* wonderful not to find yourself growing old."

And so, women all over America are learning today that to be young means to be active, to do things, to enjoy doing them—to *feel* young!

This explains why the Arch Preserver Shoe, by enabling women to retain foot youth and vigor, has become the outstanding success of the shoe industry. This explains why hundreds of thousands of women, many of them rich, who could afford to have all of their footwear made by hand, come to the stores of our dealers and insist upon getting this shoe and no other.

Most women need active feet. All women can enjoy them—by living a fuller, happier life and taking a more extensive part in things.

You will find it worth while to get acquainted with this shoe. The coupon below will bring your copy of our booklet, "Use Your Feet"—which will give you many more interesting facts.

THE SELBY SHOE CO.
335 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.

Makers of Women's Fine Shoes for more than Forty Years



Don't wait until your feet become troublesome. Let this book tell you now how to keep them well while wearing the smartest styles.

The Selby Shoe Co., 335 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send postpaid your booklet, No. 35, "Use Your Feet", and name of Dealer.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

P. O. _____ State _____



No. 30964



No. 78

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—bends where the foot bends

Look for trade-mark on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.



No. 30965



No. 136

© 1925 The Selby Shoe Co.

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"



*"She * * * placed a little mirror inside her mouth, to look behind her teeth." Try it yourself! Look especially, behind your lower front teeth. You, too, may be surprised at what you see.*

She thought her teeth were clean

Her pride in their beauty was perfectly natural
Then an unpleasant discovery

SHE sat down before her looking glass and placed a little mirror inside her mouth, to look behind her teeth. Horror! At the gumline she saw a suspicious gray-white deposit. Tartar. Here and there were small dark stains; and the spaces between the teeth had a discolored look.

She must go to her dentist. A brief examination, then the announcement: "Four cavities. A considerable amount of tartar."

"Must be my own fault, I suppose," she asked.

"Why, no," was the answer. "You take better care of your teeth than most of my patients. The trouble is, people don't realize how far they are from really cleansing the parts far back and the space between the teeth. Then they are surprised when troubles develop!"

"But how can a person get at such places?" she insisted. "Goodness knows I try hard enough!"

"You'd find a *liquid* cleanser would be a great help," the dentist suggested, "for it will reach the inaccessible places as readily as the visible outer surfaces. Lately, I have been testing such a preparation—the first real dentifrice in liquid form that I ever heard of—not just an antiseptic wash but an efficient tooth cleanser. If you would use it regularly, you'd soon be aware of the benefit."

That is how she came to use Mu-Sol-Dent.

Discovered at Mellon Institute, University of Pittsburgh, after experts had tried for thirty years to find an "efficient solvent of mucin"—certified as such by this institution—Mu-Sol-Dent cleanses teeth in a new scientific way: It *dissolves* the sticky mucin film from the surfaces of the teeth.

Thus is removed the medium in which decay germs breed and in which are built up tartar crusts, to cause irritation and pyorrhea. Actual, practical experience, borne out by the willing testimonials of 4,000 dentists, shows that Mu-Sol-Dent does thus actually prevent both decay and tartar.

Mu-Sol-Dent is, moreover, a gargle and mouth wash of unequalled healing qualities. It does the work of tooth paste, gargle, and antiseptic wash combined, in a safe, easy and effective way.

At all leading drug stores. Get a bottle today, or use coupon below.



A Liquid!

Only a liquid can reach and clean the hidden spaces where trouble starts.

Mu-Sol-Dent

Mail Coupon with 10 cents for postage for free sample bottle

The V. B. Corporation, 916-D Forbes Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. I enclose 10c for postage. Send Sample Bottle of Mu-Sol-Dent to

Name.....

Address.....

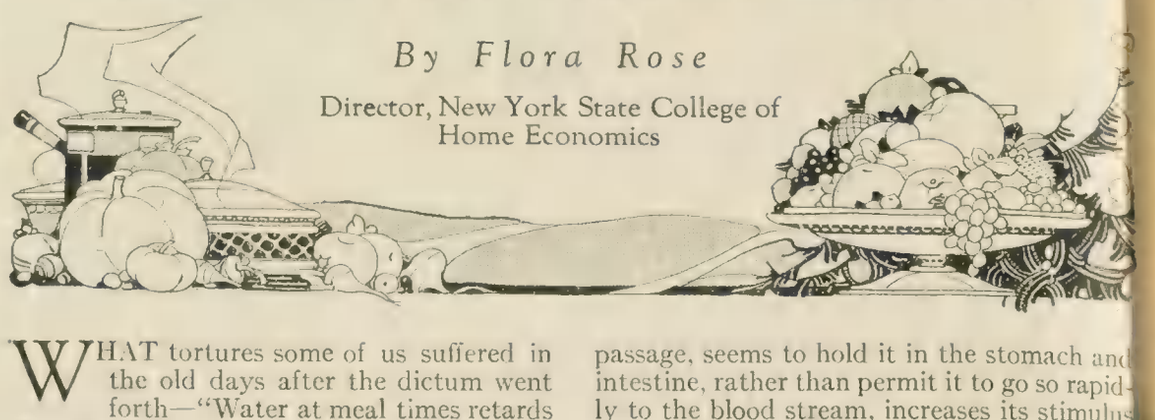
What to Eat

Easy lessons in nutrition

THE TRUTH ABOUT WATER

By Flora Rose

Director, New York State College of Home Economics



WHAT tortures some of us suffered in the old days after the dictum went forth—"Water at meal times retards digestion."

Now we know that the contrary is actually the case. Water does dilute the digestive juices, but these fluids act more effectively diluted. In fact there are types of difficult digestion that are markedly improved by the simple addition of one or two extra glasses of water at each meal, and this is one of the best times to include a considerable part of the day's liquid. Water at mealtimes may perhaps be taboo for certain overfat types, who are trying to lose in weight, although the evidence to prove the real value of this omission of water has never been very convincing to me. For some disorders such as types of heart trouble and high blood-pressure, it is necessary to cut down water at all times. These are not normal cases, however, and belong under the doctor's jurisdiction.

There is one limitation that should be placed on water at meal-times. It should never be used as a stream to float food from the mouth to the stomach. Reasonable chewing of food before it is swallowed seems to be of decided advantage to the digestive apparatus of the human being. If short cuts, such as washed-down chunks, are resorted to, there is apt to be difficulty.

The value of drinking water is by no means limited to its beneficial effects in diluting the digestive juices. It is in the truest sense of the word a cleansing agent in that it helps to carry along the digestive tract fragments of food, and it stimulates the peristaltic action of the digestive tract. That is why, after the digestive tract has rested over night, one, two or more glasses of water before breakfast are so beneficial in helping to prevent constipation. A little salt or some lemon-juice added to the water retards its passage, seems to hold it in the stomach and intestine, rather than permit it to go so rapidly to the blood stream, increases its stimulus to peristalsis and thus increases its value in ridding the intestine of its waste. To drink water in normal abundance helps to keep food wastes from putrefying in the intestine.

Not only does an abundance of water aid in keeping a clean intestine, it also aids in diluting and carrying waste products from the tissues to the organs of elimination.



Lemon-juice in water before breakfast encourages good health

What constitutes an abundance of water in the daily diet? There is a considerable variation in the amount needed by each human being. It depends in part upon the amount of other liquids taken, on the amount of salt in the diet, on the amount of fruit and vegetables eaten, upon the relation between sugar, starch and fat in the diet, upon the season of the year and the amount of clothes worn and the temperature and humidity of the rooms in which one lives. All these factors, however, do not affect a certain fundamental need. In general it may be said that four to eight glasses of water a day is the right amount for older children and adults, if the children are drinking in addition a quart of milk a day and the adults are having its equivalent in milk, coffee and tea.

More water than this may be a distinct advantage to many. Less than this should be regarded with a critical eye. The best times to drink this water during the day are before breakfast, two glasses; two glasses at each of the three meals, and at such other times as thirst makes its claims.

Our leaflet OVERCOMING CONSTIPATION gives you diets and exercises which help to remedy faulty elimination. Just a two-cent stamp for postage will bring it to you if you send your letter to the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*



Holiday throngs now crowd Kerkoff's Perfume Shop on the Champs-Élysées in Paris.
[*Painting by John La Gatta*]

© A. H. S. Co. 1925

As if from PARIS *itself you brought her the Gift*

SIR, do you seek for the loveliest girl a gift of distinction—a gift of gifts?

It is a perplexing problem. But Kerkoff has solved it by sending from Paris his Djer-Kiss toiletries which come to you in these exquisite satin-lined gift boxes. These are the very toiletries you would see today on the Avenue des Champs-Élysées.

In America you will find these sets at smart shops everywhere—ten attractive combinations at ten different prices. Of these, five are illustrated here.

Prices range from $2.50 to $12.00

ET No. 15
ntains Djer-Kiss Face wder, Eau de Toilette, nd Talc.

SET No. 35
contains Parfum Djer-Kiss (both a large bottle and the purse-size Vanette), Djer-Kiss Talc, Sachet, Eau de Toilette, Soap and the Djer-Kiss Two-Fold Compact.



SET No. 25
ntains Parfum Djer-Kiss, Eau de Toilette and he new Loose Powder Vanity in which the user ma carry loose face powder as neatly as she would a Compact.



SET No. 40
contains a silvered Lip Rouge pencil; the Djer-Kiss Rouge-&-Loose-Powder Vanity (loose powder compartment, rouge compact and double faced mirror in a dainty and exquisite nickel-silver case) and Parfum Djer-Kiss.

Djer-Kiss

KERKOFF - PARIS

GIFT SETS





SET No. 17
contains the Vanette (purse-size flacon of Parfum Djer-Kiss), Lip Rouge and the Djer-Kiss Two-Fold Compact (rouge and face powder compacts and a unique double-faced mirror).



While Paris is preparing her Smartest Modes for St. Moritz—

Butterick has them already here . . every smallest detail made easy for you



Men's Knickers No. 5877 *Coat No. 6370* *Ladies' Knickers No. 3496*

The warmest and wooliest of smart things—Winter in St. Moritz

SPARKLING snows and glistening peaks! Skiing in the morning—luncheon—more skiing—bridge—and tea—dinner—dancing—or bridge again!

Each year finds ever greater numbers of fashionables who dash for the bracing Winter sports of the Swiss mountains.

December finds the Paris houses inspired by the enchanting task of dressing these enthusiasts. Their wardrobes include everything from the warmest and wooliest, the most dashing and independent, to the filmiest and most feminine.

And the same inspiration carries over and glorifies every chic town frock of the Parisienne who stays at home, the soft warm coats of armies of Winter travelers, the brilliant dinner gowns and wraps that will grace the social season in New York.

How Butterick headquarters in Paris forward the news

On the Rue de la Paix, and the Avenue de l'Opera, where Butterick has its Paris headquarters—all is likewise brilliantly busy. Fashion experts are issuing daily to observe, to note. Eager news is brought in. A new fabric. A new color. A new way with fastenings. A new décolletage.

Before the new things are well on their way to sparkling St. Moritz, or to bustling New York—despatches, sketches, cables, radios are carrying the minutest details of them to Butterick in New York.

By the first of the month they are ready—the crisp new paper patterns which will tell you more than any other pattern! The very fashions Paris is creating. The very fabrics and colors. Not only how to cut and fit them, but the very latest finishing touches as Paris is doing them.

FOR folded in with every Butterick Pattern is the Deltor, which shows you, step by step, in illustrations and the printed word, every detail of the making.

The new princess frock. The latest flare at back, or side, or front. That little upstanding collar that you thought was beyond you. Those long streaming tie-ends. The swirling skirt. The touch of metallic trimming that sets the seal of modishness on your very own frock. Not one detail is unexplained.

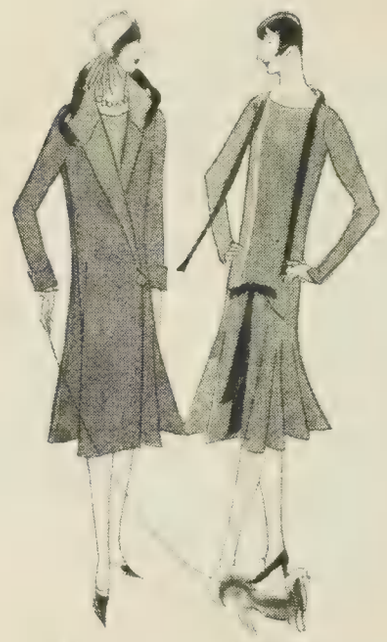
As you pat the last fold in place, and take the last stitch, you can hardly believe you did it all yourself.

Every Butterick Pattern gives you just this help. Make your very next dress or coat by it. See how easy it is—and how proud you will be to wear it! Butterick of New York, Paris and London.



Pattern No. 6455 *Pattern No. 6387*

—And likewise the filmiest and most feminine



Pattern No. 6439 *Pattern No. 6479*

Paris is sending these to St. Moritz

Long overblouses for the tailored two-piece frock

Higher collars and long close sleeves

The all-around flare—in skirts—with the lifted line in front

The side or back flare in coats

The "ribbon skirt" for dancing

The princess style with a flare



Pattern No. 6428 *Pattern No. 6483*

The Butterick Pattern with the Deltor is the only pattern which gives you—

1. **The smart fabrics and colors Paris is using for the particular mode.**
2. **Layout for cutting your size and your view out of your width of material.**
3. **Complete illustrated instructions for putting together.**
4. **Complete finishing instructions for the very trimmings shown in the illustrations.**



Pattern No. 6451 *Pattern No. 6459*

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR



Jellied cranberries make timely and inexpensive Christmas gifts

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper, and address your letters to the "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)*

SAVE ON CHRISTMAS GIFTS

When I make jellied cranberry for my own Christmas dinner, I always put up a few extra jars, using the following recipe:

Make a sirup of two cups of sugar to one cup of water. Heat this until it boils slowly. Then pick over and wash one quart of cranberries. Drop these into the boiling sirup and cook until tender. When finished, the cranberries will have a transparent look. Pour into jelly-glasses or mayonnaise jars. When cool, cover with paraffin and wrap the top in white or fancy paper. Tied with ribbon and decorated with pine or holly, this makes an attractive and timely gift.—MRS. C. B. S., New York, N. Y.

SAVE OLD FELT HATS

Rip the binding and bands from discarded felt hats and cut the brim from the crown. Next cut a circular piece from the top and cut the side crown so it can be flattened. Cover these pieces with a damp cloth and press them flat. Felt from even cheap hats has a great variety of uses, some of which are for insoles in felt slippers and rubber boots, to glue on the base of lamps and vases and on the feet of chairs to protect floors. The circular top is just right, when covered, to use for a holder.—MISS O. S., New York, N. Y.

SAVE LOSING JEWELRY

When traveling, invariably follow one plan in caring for jewelry when it is removed from the hands or dress. The best method I have found is to fasten it on a strong safety-pin and fasten the safety-pin to one's clothing.—MRS. E. A. E., Newton Center, Mass.

SAVE WITH HOLIDAY PLANTS

A friend who had a new home where the grounds were still undeveloped was delighted with a Christmas gift of perennial plants. The gift was started in the Spring before Christmas. They included hollyhock, larkspur, foxglove, phlox, pinks and sweet-williams. All of these with the exception of phlox were raised from seed. As the plants could not be presented at Christmas time, I wrote the names of them on a card tied, to it a small garden hoe, and sent it on Christmas Day.—J. B., Appleton City, Mo.

SAVE WITH OLD MAGAZINES

When I was a little girl my sisters and I spent many happy Winter evenings coloring with our crayons the fashionable ladies in the stacks of old DELINEATORS that our mother had saved from the time when it had first become her household guide in her early married days. A few years ago it became necessary to reduce our Christmas expenditures to a minimum, and remembering the joy in mother's old DELINEATORS, I rolled up my previous year's copies and sent them, together with colored crayons, blunt scissors and a tube of paste to a family of small nieces in the country, where I knew the few magazines that found their way into the home were far too precious to be mutilated by the childish hands. The gift afforded such pleasure that I have chosen to repeat it each year since in preference to something more expensive.—MRS. F. R. W., Hempstead, N. Y.

SAVE SPACE AND HAVE A SEWING TABLE

What home-maker who must combine bedroom and sewing-room would not find this table very useful? It is made of light-weight boards fitted together, preferably twelve-inch cypress or white pine. The table is to be made thirty-six inches wide, the usual width of dress goods, and sixty inches long. It is not difficult to get the boards at a sawmill, having them cut sixty inches long and with grooved edges. The top is covered with beaverboard, which is cemented on. Pins used to hold patterns in place are easily pressed into the beaverboard. This sewing-table is hinged to the wall and has one leg to support the table when in use.—MRS. M. A. M., Pablo Beach, Fla.

SAVE POLISH AND UNSIGHTLY CLEANING-CLOTHS

After using polishing-cloths, I store them away in an empty coffee-can which has a tight lid. This prevents the polish from evaporating, and also provides a place where the cloths may be kept out of sight.—MRS. W. A. A., Sioux City, Iowa.

SAVE CROOKED CURTAINS

When curtains are ready to launder, measure them carefully, then after they are washed stretch them on the floor on a sheet and pin them to the sheet, using the measurements of the curtains before they are laundered. The second curtain can easily be pinned over the first one and they will dry very quickly. If this method is used, one is sure of having straight curtains.—MRS. T. G. C., Fort Worth, Tex.

SAVE ON DOLLAR-SAVERS

When you send us a dollar-saver it will save your time and ours if you make sure first that it does not cover any of the following subjects: Removing water spots, iodin stains, or blood stains; cleaning silver and scorched pans; using inflammables; saving flowers; removing tomato and fruit skins; using men's old shirts; increasing wear of silk stockings, or using THE DELINEATOR. *Suggestions on these topics have already appeared in this column, and our space is too limited to repeat. We are also unable to use recipes and kitchen records, or items on remedies or cure-alls.*

EDITOR.

326 MEMBERS *of New York's exclusive* JUNIOR LEAGUE *and Boston's* VINCENT CLUB

tell why they are using this soap for their skin



THE ANNUAL CHARITY BALL of the New York Junior League. Among 600 members of the New York Junior League and the Vincent Club of Boston, Woodbury's was seven times as popular as any other soap

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a little group of New York's loveliest debutantes organized a flower committee to distribute the gorgeous bouquets from their coming-out teas among the hospitals of the city.

Out of this graceful gesture grew the Junior League—today one of the most socially important groups in the country.

No one ever becomes a member of the Junior League who is not backed by flawless social credentials. It represents New York's aristocracy of youth; young girls and young married women whose names have a dazzling association of beauty, wealth, and distinguished ancestry.

We personally interviewed six hundred leading members of New York's Junior League and Boston's brilliant and exclusive Vincent Club.

How, we asked, do these young girls take care of their skin? What soap do they select as the best for keeping their skin soft, smooth, radiantly fresh and fair?

Seven times as popular

Three hundred and twenty-six members, or more than half the entire number interviewed, said they used Woodbury's Facial Soap regularly for their skin.



To Free Your Skin From Blackheads—use the famous Woodbury treatment on Page 4 of the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

The largest number using any other one soap was forty-two.

Some of the comments

"It keeps my skin smooth and free from oil." "It helps to keep my skin free from blackheads." "It is the best, purest soap I know—I use it here and abroad, winter and summer." "It does not irritate a sensitive skin."

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs!

FREE—*A guest-size set, containing the new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder.*

Cut out the coupon and send for it today!



THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
1912 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me FREE
The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet.
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1912 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. *English Agents,* Quelch & Gambles, Ltd., Blackfriars Road, London, S. E. 1.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

Copyright, 1925, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

A Christmas She Will *Never* Forget



Give Her the World Famous Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner

[The $8.50 Set of Famous "High-Vacuum" Attachments is FREE With Each Eureka Purchased]

For your wife, mother or daughter, no gift can be more welcome or appropriate than a Eureka Vacuum Cleaner. It is a gift that endures and is appreciated more and more with every task it lightens and every hour it saves!

By means of its unmatched "high-vacuum" principle of cleaning, the Eureka gets *all* the dirt with the utmost ease and forever robs daily homecleaning of its drudgery and terrors.

All the World Recognizes Eureka's Advantages

Time after time, the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner has been awarded the Grand Prize or Highest Award in International competition. Well over a million Grand Prize Eurekas are in use. And one in every three electric vacuum cleaners of all "makes" sold today is a Grand Prize Eureka.

Pay Only $4.50 Down

Decide now to make this a Eureka Christmas. See the Eureka dealer near you (write for his name if you do not know it) and permit him to show you how marvelously efficient and useful the Grand Prize Eureka is in cleaning carpets, rugs, upholstered furniture, mattresses, etc.

Take advantage of the special Christmas terms—only $4.50 down, balance in easy monthly payments. Give her a Grand Prize Eureka this Christmas and enjoy the constant thankfulness your choice will earn. 170

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., DETROIT, U.S.A.

Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners Since 1909
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario

Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher Street, London, W. C. 1, England; 58-60 Margaret Street, Sydney, Australia

The Grand Prize

EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER
"IT GETS THE DIRT"



ASK US

Ask us anything you want to know about housekeeping and we will answer it personally. From our recent correspondence we publish the following questions and answers as being of general interest to all home-makers

QUESTION—Will you give me a very good recipe for angel-food cake?

Answer—

9 egg-whites
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
1 cup sugar
⅞ cup flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, add the cream of tartar, beat till the eggs are stiff but not dry; then gradually add the sugar (which has been sifted twice), beating after additions. Sift the flour with the salt five times and fold it into the mixture. Add the vanilla. Bake in an ungreased angel-cake tin in a very moderate oven, not more than 330 to 360 degrees Fahrenheit. Be careful not to jar or disturb while baking. Remove from the oven, turn the pan upside down on a wire netting, or with a knife-handle or some other small article inserted under the edge of the pan to permit steam to escape, and let it stand until the cake falls out. Ice placed on the bottom of the tin will hasten the release of the cake. In making this cake, the eggs should be three or four days old and very cool. The sugar used in making it should be finely granulated. If it is not finely granulated, then the wisest thing to do is to add half a cup of water to the sugar and cook it to a temperature of 250 degrees Fahrenheit. Pour this sirup over the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Beat the two together until the mixture is cool, then proceed with the flour.

The temperature of the oven should be 320 degrees Fahrenheit or less. Many persons begin an angel-cake in a cool oven. Angel-cake should be baked in an ungreased pan, lest it shrink and fall a little.

Question—What causes the circles which come around spots I have tried to remove from a new messaline silk dress?

Answer—When cloth contains a considerable amount of finishing substance, as is the case with messaline, it is almost impossible to remove spots without leaving circles. In moistening the spot with the cleanser it floats the finishing substance to the edge of the spot treated. The only way to help this is to work very rapidly from the outside of the spot toward the center, thus redistributing the finishing substance or evaporating the cleanser before this substance floats. If circles have already been formed, the whole garment may need to be dipped in cleanser in order to eliminate the circles. Dirt on clothing will act similarly in causing spots.

Question—What can I do to keep my plum and suet puddings from becoming soggy.

Answer—A soggy pudding is probably due to insufficient cooking, though it may be the fault of the recipe. Try increasing the time you cook your puddings before changing the recipe. A pudding in which three cups of flour and two cups of liquid are used should steam at least three hours. The can containing the pudding should be closely covered with a tin cover or by tying greased paper over the top. Put the can on a trivet in a kettle that can be covered closely and have the water come only part way up on the can, or else steam the pudding in a steamer.

MIRTH, MISTLETOE AND MENUS

Concluded from page 14

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Hominy Grits with Cream
Whole-Wheat Toast *Marmalade*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Meat-and-Potato Patties
Buttered Turnips
Cereal Muffins *Jelly*
Milk or Tea

DINNER

Scalloped Oysters *Baked Potatoes*
Celery-and-Orange Salad
Whole-Wheat Bread *Pickles*
Chocolate Blanc Mange *Whipped Cream*
Coffee

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Grape-Juice
French Jelly Omelet *Hominy Muffins*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Cream-of-Tomato Soup *Wafers*
Baked Egg in Spinach Nests on Toast
Potato Puffs *Apple Pie and Cheese*
Tea

DINNER

Broiled Ham
Creamed Potatoes *Buttered Cabbage*
Celery Relish *Bread*
Prune Whip with Soft Custard
Coffee

FRIDAY (CHRISTMAS DAY)

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Soft-Cooked Eggs
Coffee Bread *Marmalade*
Cocoa

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Nut-Bread Sandwiches
Pineapple Salad
**Fruit-Cake* *Assorted Fruits*
Coffee

DINNER

**Cranberry-and-Fruit Cocktail*
Club Celery *Stuffed Olives*
Spiced Raisins
Roast Stuffed Turkey *Giblet Gravy*
Mashed Potatoes *Creamed Oyster-Plant*
Baked Squash on the Shell
Blackberry Jelly *Spiced Pears*
Hot Rolls
Canned-Fig Salad, Roquefort French Dressing
Wafers
Individual Plum Puddings *Hard Sauce*
Hard Candies *Mixed Nuts*
Coffee

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Apples
Flaked Wheat Cereal with Top Milk
Bacon and Eggs *Toast*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

**Cream-of-Cabbage Soup* *Croutons*
Sautéd-Cheese Sandwiches
Vegetable Hash *Fruit Gelatin*
Tea

DINNER

Baked Fish Steaks
Maître-d'hôtel Butter *Boiled Potatoes*
Creamed Rutabagas
String-Bean Salad *Cucumber Relish*
Bread *Peach Sherbet* *Cake*
Coffee

WHAT FUN FOR CHRISTMAS?

We'll help you make this the happiest celebration you can imagine.

For *Mirth*—Try a YULETIDE TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE, the jolliest children's party.

For *Mistletoe*—and other decorations you can use our HOLIDAY DECORATIONS FOR HEARTH AND BOARD.

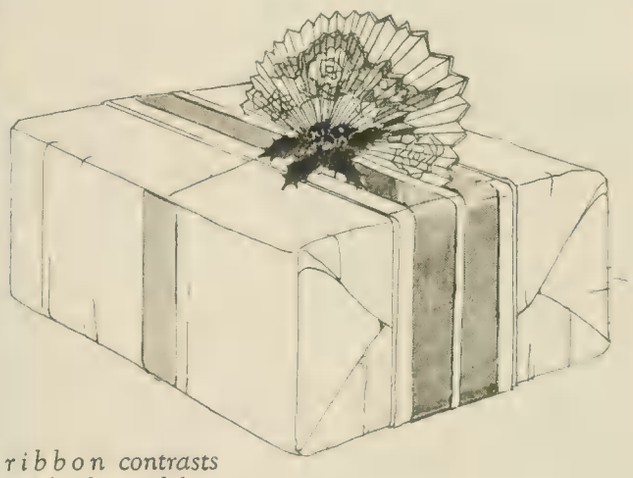
For *Menus*—There's the feast described in this article. Ask for recipes for the starred dishes.

Send a four-cent stamp for postage to the Service Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

PRETTY CHRISTMAS WRAPPINGS—

Are as important as the gifts themselves

Be it quaint, bizarre, dainty or practical, the covering should express the personality of the gift. These unique packages show a few ways that it may be done. If you wish directions for other distinctive Christmas wrappings, write to the Department of House Decoration, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. Please enclose a stamped return envelope



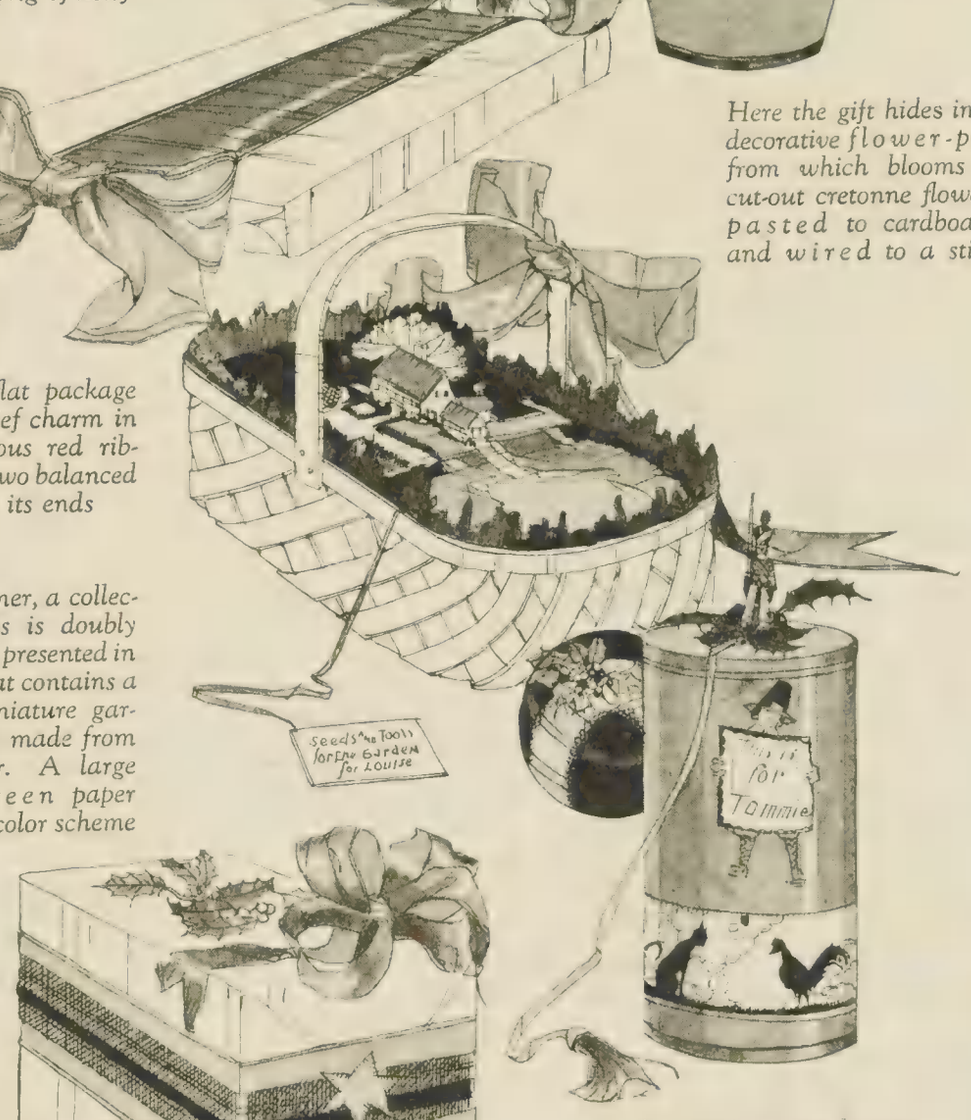
Red ribbon contrasts gaily with this gift-box wrapped in white tissue-paper, and a pleated strip of flowered wall-paper is held jauntily in place by a sprig of holly



Here the gift hides in a decorative flower-pot from which blooms a cut-out cretonne flower, pasted to cardboard and wired to a stick

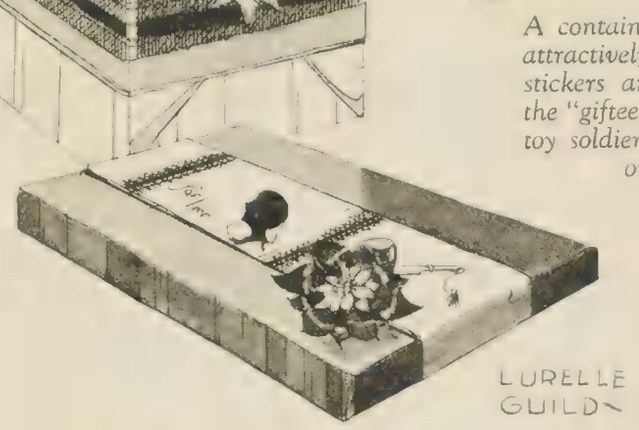
This long flat package finds its chief charm in broad lustrous red ribbon tied in two balanced bows at its ends

For a gardener, a collection of tools is doubly delightful if presented in a basket that contains a realistic miniature garden cleverly made from crape paper. A large bow of green paper adds to the color scheme

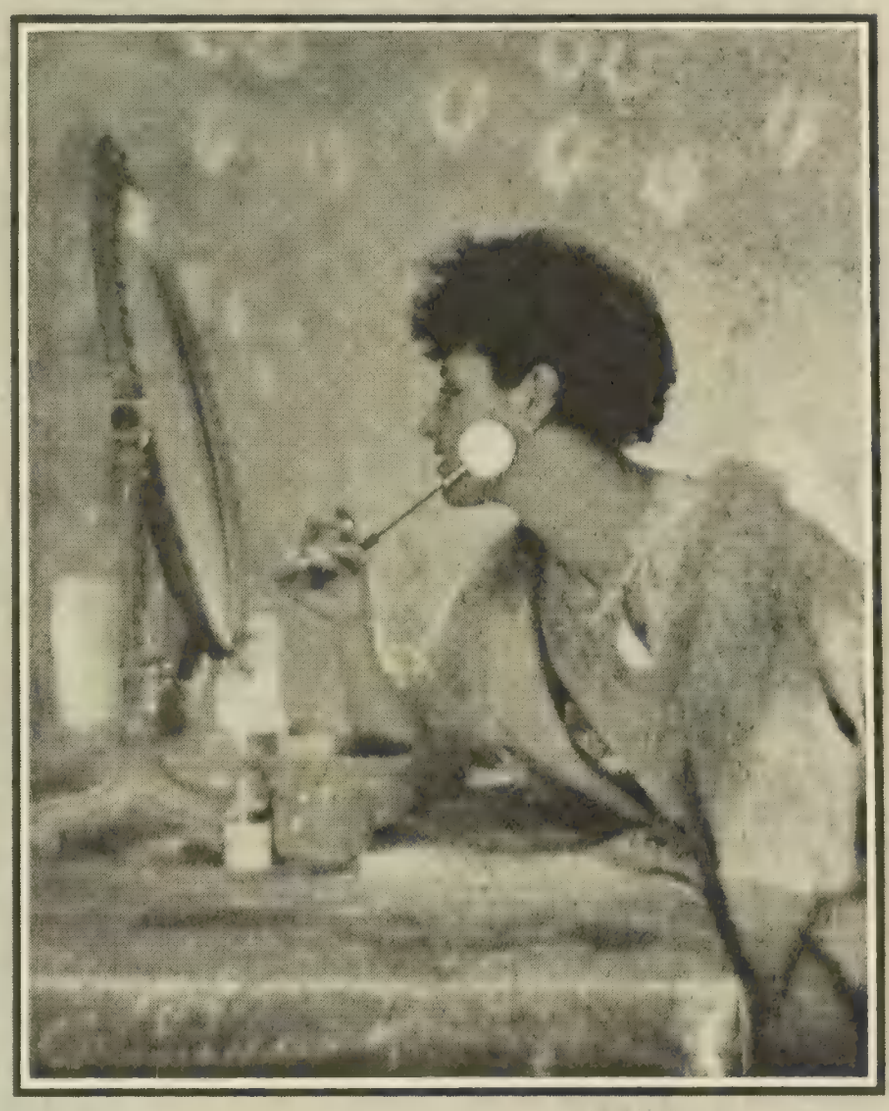


A container can be gay attractively trimmed with stickers and a label for the "giftee." Here a little toy soldier stands guard on top

Paper ribbon is often substituted for woven silk ribbon. It comes in gay colors and may be combined, as here, with real ribbon and holly



The usual color scheme is here reversed, the paper being red and the ribbon white. A clever touch is a silhouette of the person for whom the gift is intended pasted on the ribbon



DEMESER.

What woman would not love a gift from Elizabeth Arden?

These famous perfumes and creams and powders—which make a woman lovely—will make her happy, too, on Christmas Day

ELIZABETH ARDEN is packing the most enchanting Christmas boxes, filling orders for feminine Christmas gifts to go all over the world! Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations and Babani Perfumes offer most delightful suggestions for your Christmas shopping. They are exquisitely pure and fine. They are used the world over by the smartest and most distinguished women. Which makes them a flattering gift, as well as a useful one.

There is an Elizabeth Arden gift for every woman on your Christmas list

ELIZABETH ARDEN *Beauty Boxes*

The newest of these, a smart black leather travelling case, contains a complete set of the essential Venetian Toilet Preparations, with a comb, brush, manicure set, sewing case and other accessories of the *toilette*. Within the cover is set a large mirror, lighted from below by a tiny electric bulb. And there is room, in addition, for a filmy nightie! $75.

A second travel case of black cobra leather, with flying trays and ingenious compartments designed after the dressing case of a Chinese empress, is packed with 22 Venetian Toilet Preparations. $60.

Other Beauty Boxes, of rose colored lacquered metal, are cleverly partitioned and packed with the important Venetian Preparations for the daily care of the skin. Delightful for the dressing table and for travelling. Four sizes: $35, $18, $14, $3.85.

***The chic Babani Perfumes imported by* ELIZABETH ARDEN**

The smartest perfumes of Paris, and—through their introduction to fashionable America by Elizabeth Arden—the smartest perfumes of this continent, too. Each Babani Perfume is created to fit a charming mood. Two or more of these expressive fragrances may be blended to make a personal perfume formula—a suggestion for making your gift quite charmingly intimate. Babani Perfumes are named with fitting inspiration: *Giardini*, *Ambre de Delhi*, *Afghani*, *Ligéia*, *Sousouki*, *Chypre*, *Yasmak* and so forth. In decorative bottles and boxes, sealed in Paris. From $2.75 up.

Smaller charming gifts

Poudre d'Illusion. Superb powder in a lovely satin lined box. *Illusion*, *Rachel*, *Ocre*, *Minerva* and *White*. $3.

O-Boy Compact. Powder and rouge in a smart chased gold case, thin as a wafer. Two puffs, large mirror. Combinations for *Blonde*, *Medium*, and *Brunette*. $2.50.

Venetian Bath Salts. Fine pure crystals, richly perfumed, in handsome glass jars. *Rose*, *Russian Pine*, *Nirvana*, $1.75, $3, $5.

Venetian Travellers' Bath Salts. Twelve cubes of compressed bath salts in a smart box. *Rose*, *Russian Pine*, *Nirvana*. $2.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations and Babani Perfumes are on sale at smart shops everywhere

ELIZABETH ARDEN NEW YORK 673 FIFTH AVENUE

LONDON: 25 Old Bond St. PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix SAN FRANCISCO: 233 Grant Ave. BOSTON: 192 Boylston St. DETROIT: 318 Book Bldg. PHILADELPHIA: 133 S. 18th St. WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Ave. ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block LOS ANGELES: 600 W. 7th St.

Prevent this



Worried about the appearance of her teeth

Tooth decay truly is a menace to the nation's health.

If this sounds exaggerated to you, just ask your dentist. Let him tell you how prevalent it is and how serious are the consequences when tooth decay is allowed to undermine your health.

Good Looks Depart When Teeth Decay

Authorities Declare Preventive Dentistry Protects Beauty as Well as Good Health

Use Colgate's—

It *removes causes* of tooth decay

PRESERVE the youthful charm of your smile by sensible care of your teeth.

Preventive dentistry—the combating of disease by the prevention of tooth troubles—is the new note in advanced dental practice. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has always been in the forefront of this scientific move for better teeth and health. Colgate's is a preventive dental cream. Its taste is delicious. It *removes causes* of tooth decay.

"Washes", Polishes, Protects

Colgate's contains no harsh grit—no dangerous ingredients. It "washes" your teeth gently and safely. Its principal ingredients are fine chalk and mild soap, the two substances recommended by eminent dental authorities. The fine chalk is the polishing agent. The soap supplies the needed washing action. The combined action protects by removing clinging particles of food from the teeth and edges of the gums.

You can't be too careful of your teeth. "Wash" them after every meal with Colgate's. It is made right and priced right—25c for the large tube at your favorite store.



The happy smile of healthy teeth



Free—
Generous trial tube

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 597
581 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

(In Canada, 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal)

ASK THE DELINEATOR

If you have any questions to ask about your cooking or housekeeping problems about building or furnishing your home, about your child's care and training, about beauty, or any other household or personal question, consult our experts

Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose a two-cent stamp for postage on a free leaflet, and sufficient stamps or checks whenever an additional amount is fixed to cover the cost of printing and postage

Is Yours a "Happy Child"?—Your child will be happy if it is mentally and physically healthy. Doctor Shaw will help you keep it so. Every month, in a letter to you, he will give you timely advice on feeding, clothing and training your youngster. He will warn you against seasonal epidemics.

To get this monthly letter all you have to do is become a member of one of The Happy Child Clubs for DELINEATOR Mothers. Simply send twenty-five cents with your name and address and tell us which club you wish to join.

There are four clubs—for:

1. Expectant Mothers
2. Mothers of the New Baby
3. Mothers of the Runabout
4. Mothers of the School Child

Join now, and Doctor Shaw's interesting and helpful letter will come to you immediately.

Feed Them Well and Keep House Efficiently—Bring your housekeeping and cooking problems to Martha Van Rensselaer for solution. With her staff at Cornell University Miss Van Rensselaer takes up the questions that confront you and gladly sends you personal advice.

She has also a large group of interesting leaflets on nutrition, diets for overweight, underweight and constipation, budgeting, housecleaning and all sorts of recipes. A complete list of these leaflets will be mailed you for just a two-cent stamp to cover postage.

An Artistic Livable Home—The best way to get one is to let Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of the Department of House Decoration and Home Building help you with your furnishing problems. Send her a description of your rooms and she will suggest color schemes, furniture and decorations.

Mrs. Sanders's special bulletins will help you furnish your home tastefully. They cost only twenty-five cents each and are attractively written and illustrated—GOOD FLOORS; CURTAINS AND DRAPERIES; WALLS, WOODWORK AND CEILINGS; FURNISHING THE HOME; HOW TO CHOOSE, FRAME AND HANG YOUR PICTURES; HOW TO KNOW GOOD FURNITURE; METHODS OF PAINTING FURNITURE; SLIP-COVERS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

Lady or Gentleman?—Whose name is given first in an introduction? When do you "present" a person to another? All the finer points of correct introductions are discussed in our leaflet, INTRODUCTIONS, INVITATIONS AND REPLIES.

A two-cent stamp for return postage will bring it to you.

Any other question of good manners will be answered by Mrs. John Cabot Kimberly—just drop her a line with a two-cent stamp for reply.

Your Skin, Your Hair, Your Weight—Any question of good looks will be cheerfully answered by Celia Caroline Cole, our Beauty Editor. If you weigh more than you should, send twenty-five cents for our booklet, REDUCING IN SPOTS. This gives you exercises that reduce just the too plump spots that bother you—the fat ankles, or hips or double chin.

Around the Christmas Tree and Board—There will be real merriment if you ask Margaret Campion to help you plan a party. She has several charming ones just for the holidays—A CHRISTMAS BAZAAR FOR SCHOOL OR CLASS. A CUBIST GIFT TREE (a clever idea for combining gift giving with tree decorations) and a rollicking new party CHRISTMAS AROUND THE GLOBE. Send a two-cent stamp for return postage on any of these leaflets. Miss Campion will be glad to help you with any other party too. Don't hesitate to write her.



THE NURSERY SCHOOL

Continued from page 16

physical care and mental care. It has learned that there is a mental hygiene as well as a physical hygiene of the young child. It recognizes the fundamental importance of nutrition, of fresh air, sunlight and sleep. It keeps a systematic watch for all signs of illness and contagion. But in addition it safeguards mental health.

Mental health is the synthetic product of right living. Day by day these preschool children are being educated into mental health, through sheer force of habit. It is not so much a matter of absorption as of training. Even a young child is favorably conditioned by pleasant surroundings and by an atmosphere of calm and order. Some of the calm and order becomes part of his own "habit," his nature. If he gets a constant chance to do the right thing, he becomes wholesomely organized through his own reactions. He must learn nearly everything in life through his own behavior. Very little takes care of itself.

In a good nursery school—and also fortunately in a good home—the young child steadily acquires right *habits* of eating, of sleeping, of dressing, of playing, of obedience, of self-control and independence, of play and of work. His feelings also are organized through habit. His emotions become educated through his social environment. In all sorts of ways he comes to have rather stable attitudes, preferences, predispositions, prejudices. These feeling-habits are the results of experience. In a favorable environment he gets a rich stream of experience in regard to cleanliness, regularity, orderliness, respect for property and adjustment to other children. Not through any mysterious magic, but through the old-fashioned method of learning by doing, he acquires certain emotional trends (or habits) which give him more poise, more initiative, more sociability and adaptability in the difficult art of living with other people. In this sense he receives a fundamental kind of social education.

It is a great mistake to think that the mind will grow in its own predestined way, and that the child's systematic education may be safely postponed until he reaches school age. His reading and writing may be delayed that long with safety, but his life education begins in infancy. This is the philosophy of the nursery school and kindergarten. It holds that as early as the age of two years the child should learn certain fundamental living habits which will give his personality the right start and lay secure foundations for his later development. It is a process of nurture; it is also a process of prevention, because the child who is spoiled in his preschool years is precisely the child who turns up later at school or clinic as a problem case.

THE nursery school has already become a very valuable device for reeducating the problem child. We mean the behavior problem child, who is perhaps referred to a clinic because he won't eat, because he is excessively timid or because he has inordinate temper tantrums. The final burden and responsibility of properly managing such a child lie upon his parents, but the nursery school may be of very timely, concrete service in working out a solution.

For example, we recently made the acquaintance of an attractive child, four years of age, with entirely normal intelligence. The mother, however, reported that the child was "impossible," that he would not eat even though she punished him nearly

Concluded on page 76



"Give Her a HOOVER and You Give Her the *BEST*"

so say over 1,700,000 Hoover owners

AS Christmas time draws near, how will you answer the question: "What shall I give her?" Naturally, you will consider, first, her need for those things that will make her life pleasurable.

You will want your gift to ease her tasks and speed them; to give her happy, care-free hours.

You will want it to be a thing substantial, whose span of life will be not months, but *years.*

"What is this gift?" you ask. It is a Hoover—the complete home-cleaning servant.

Will Christmas morning find it by her favorite chair—the token of your thoughtfulness?

There is only one who can answer that question. *And you know him best!*

Complete with dusting tools $6.25 down; balance monthly

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO - *The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners* - *The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*



Exquisitely groomed women use this method

SMOOTH RIMS

must frame the rosy gleaming nails of today

THE pink and gleaming nails of today are enchanting accents to slender fingers. Paris sponsored them. And yet bright and gleaming nails really cannot conceal ugly and neglected cuticle!

Perhaps you have been cutting yours and wondering why it only gets thicker and more ragged. Or you have let it grow tight to the nail—and then been troubled with hangnails and split edges!

With Cutex, the correct care of the cuticle is so simple! The dead dry skin that makes your nail rims look so untidy, is quickly loosened and removed.

Today this antiseptic method is followed by exquisite women all over the world. And in Paris, itself, and at the smart French resorts, the famous Cutex manicure preparations are used more than any other kind!

TRY THIS FAMOUS METHOD: First wash the hands in warm, soapy water. File the nails. Twist a bit of cotton around an orange stick and dip it in Cutex Cuticle Remover. Gently loosen and remove the shreds of dry skin. Pass the wet stick under the nail tips and smooth the least bit of Nail White under the tips.

Now wash your hands again. The cuticle is smooth and shapely—the tips white and flawless. Then, for a rosy brilliance, spread Cutex Liquid Polish smoothly over each nail.

How beautifully groomed your hands now are. You will never again allow unsightly cuticle to mar them.

Cutex sets are from 35c to $5.00—wherever toilet goods are sold. Single items are 35c, or see special offer.

NORTHAM WARREN—NEW YORK, PARIS, LONDON



MARTHE REGNIER, *talented French actress and modiste of distinction, says: "In the salons of my Maison de Modes I always notice the beautifully kept nails of my American clients and know that they have used Cutex."*

* * *

SEND 10c with the coupon for Introductory Set containing the magical Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polish, Cuticle Cream, brush, orange stick, emery board and cotton, together with helpful booklet "How to Have Lovely Nails." If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. B-12, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Can.



Mail COUPON *with 10c for Introductory Set*

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. B-12,
114 West 17th Street, New York City

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set.

NAME_____

STREET_____
(or P. O. Box)

CITY_____ STATE_____



THE NURSERY SCHOOL

Concluded from page 74

every meal; that she usually ended by feeding him with a spoon, and even then he wouldn't always swallow! And the father could not change the situation by bribes or threats!

Was the child perverse? Or had the parents drifted into a wofully injudicious management of this behavior problem?

The parents were persuaded to send the child to a local nursery school. He at once fell under the spell of the group suggestion, or public opinion, of the nursery-school "pupils"; he very soon drank milk and ate spinach without protest; in a few days he even began to nap after the midday meal. In a word he promptly responded to a wholesome educational influence which included neither forcing nor fuss. The revolutionary improvement in his behavior was all accomplished in such a simple way that it might almost seem miraculous.

NOW it is evident that in this case the nursery school had something to teach to the mother as well as the child. The nursery school does not intend to become a permanent relief station, but desires to be an educational aid to parents. Perhaps its most valuable service lies right here. Child-training is a most difficult art, which every generation of parents has to learn over again. Nature furnishes inborn parental affection, but every practical detail of actual child-care needs to be acquired anew. How to hold a baby, when to pick him up, when *not* to pick him up, how to bathe him, how to give him cod-liver oil, how to impart self-help and self-control are simply a few of literally hundreds of problems of management which arise in infancy and early childhood. Often the perplexed parents must wish that nature had supplied not only the desire to do the right thing, but a prescription telling how to do it. There is a growing demand for more specific and constructive training of parents.

The nursery-school movement in America expresses this new concern for a better education for parenthood. The nursery school itself is in a formative stage and is by no means ready for universal adoption. It is, however, a method of approach to both parent and child, which must in some form become part of our educational system of the future.

A good beginning in this direction was made fifty years ago, when the first public-school kindergarten was established. The kindergarten has developed in this country as in no other land in the world. Its work has proved a blessing to countless young children, to well-circumstanced as well as to underprivileged children. The kindergarten is in harmony with the spirit of our institutions, and has had a profoundly liberalizing effect upon elementary education. It has also prepared the way for the nursery-school movement.

We must not forget that the kindergarten is now a cherished and official part of our public-school system. It has great possibilities of further growth and may gradually take on much of the work of the so-called nursery school. Already there are many public and private kindergartens which are taking in children from three to five years of age. In time some contact may be made with children as young as two years. Indeed, in Los Angeles the city board of education has taken over the entire responsibility for sixteen day nurseries which had at first been maintained by the parent-teachers associations. These are nurseries for children of "working mothers"; and the nurseries keep open eight hours a day.

The day nursery as a place simply for minding children, however, is something quite different from a nursery school or a nursery kindergarten, which is primarily interested in the education of the children and of their parents. The day nursery, as such, does not lie in the province of the public-school. The most natural way for the development of preschool education in this country is through the downward extension of the kindergarten. The public nursery school recently established in Michigan, as part of the public-school system, is particularly interesting, because it will be used as a demonstration and training center for girls who will study child-care in connection with their home economics courses.

Within the past year a hundred study groups on preschool education were organized by the American Association of University Women. These groups are composed mainly of mothers, but include teachers and social workers. In a dozen cities these mothers have organized nursery schools as a cooperative and exploratory venture.

This is a hopeful method of procedure. So far as possible the help of the public kindergarten should be enlisted in all these community efforts. Through the kindergarten, parental guidance conferences for mothers of young children can be instituted even without the establishment of all-day nursery schools. There are many ways in which some kind of nursery-school service may be rendered by the American kindergarten, both in the city and in the consolidated rural school. Four-year-old children may be allowed to attend on some kind of part-time basis. Occasional meetings with two- and three-year-old children and their mothers may be arranged. Thus school entrance will be made less abrupt and more constructive. Such a reconstructed kindergarten, reaching a guiding hand into the homes of the nation, may become a chief cornerstone of the public-school system.

FOLLOWING A STAR

Continued from page 22

A Recipe for Eternally Applied Beauty—and by that I mean "make-up."—From the maker of my cream comes this transforming recipe. Powder and rouge and lip-stick have been—well, not at all "nice" to many women. But living and loving aren't nice either unless they're done well. Making up to look more vivid is doing it *not* well; most women look not only not younger when they make up, but harder. It is because they have vividness in mind instead of softness. In the salon where I learned this valuable thing every attendant is taught that when a woman past twenty-five comes in she is to be made with the entire aim of softening. Youth can stand scenic painting, splashes of color, naked lines; their nice young bones and muscles react to strong contrasts, white skin, vermilion lips, plastered hair; but here in America, where one lives at concert pitch, the woman past thirty should be like a pastel, no strong contrasts, the color washed softly in, all in the tones of her own skin and hair and eyes. For instance, a woman with lips of soft raspberry color should not use bright rouge and vermilion lip-stick no matter how vivid it seems to make her; she should use the raspberry tones, intensifying, not changing, her own coloring—unless she wants to look hard and not "quite"—you know. And when she puts her powder on, it should not be strikingly different from her own skin. Powder is not to change your color so much as to give you softness, finish—the velvety look. If your skin is creamy or golden, then creamy or écru powder; pink, then flesh; white, then white with a lavender or flesh note in it. Nature has pitched the whole of you in one key, and that's the key you should be played in to the end of your days if you want to give out harmony. She fades you harmoniously as the years go by, slips you rhythmically from the major into the minor key. Follow her with your rouges and the toning of your hair. And when you sit down before your mirror to change your befriended face into a star, softly glowing, unknowable

Concluded on page 78

"Merry Christmas to all and to all a good LIGHT!"



EVEREADY throws considerable light on the great annual problem. Because everybody, from six to sixty, wants an Eveready Flashlight. As a gift, the Eveready Flashlight has no superior. Its cost is small, its service big. Evereadys are more handsome today than ever. They have features found only on Eveready. Give Eveready Flashlights to everyone on your list. Save wandering and wondering. Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There's an Eveready Flashlight for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby. For Christmas . . . and forever . . . Eveready Flashlights!

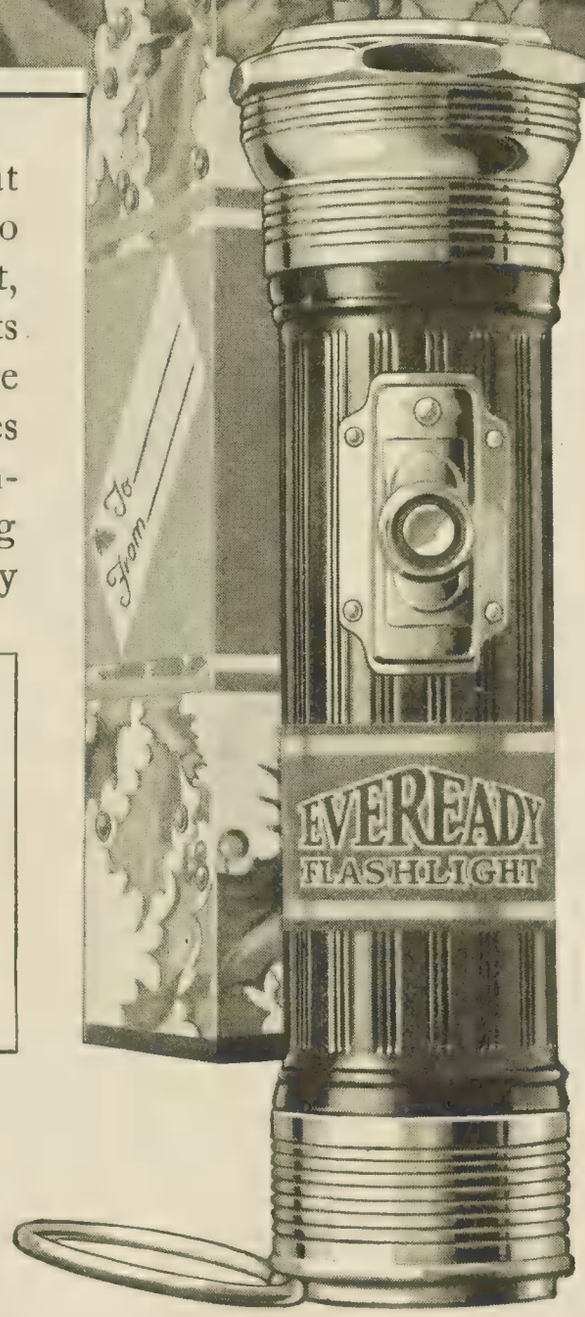
Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Eveready in Christmas clothes! A special Christmas package for Eveready Flashlights, holly-decorated, and providing a place for the name of the recipient and the giver. Attractive. Time-saving. (No further wrapping needed.) Ask for the Eveready Christmas package.

✓ ✓ ✓ ✓

New! Ring-hanger in the end-cap of Eveready Flashlights! A hinged metal ring for hanging up the flashlight when not in use. Ring snaps out of way when not hanging up. Only Eveready has this big convenience-feature.



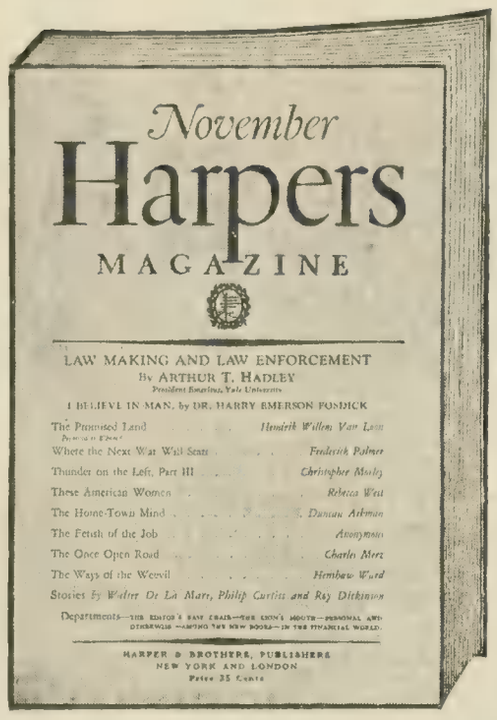
EVEREADY HOUR EVERY TUESDAY AT 9 P. M.
Eastern Standard Time

For real radio enjoyment, tune in the "Eveready Group." Broadcast through stations—

WEAF	New York	WFI	Philadelphia	WWJ	Detroit
WJAR	Providence	WGR	Buffalo	WCCO	Minneapolis, St. Paul
WEEI	Boston	WCAE	Pittsburgh		
WCTS	Worcester	WSAI	Cincinnati	WOC	Davenport

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES
–they last longer

Phenomenal Success of the New HARPERS Magazine



The new Harpers Magazine has achieved an unqualified success. The September issue—its first appearance—was completely sold out in ten days. And from all over the country enthusiastic and wholly spontaneous letters continue to pour in, in gratifying appreciation of the vigorous, youthful, provocative personality of the new magazine.

Moreover, the editorial forecast promises for the coming months even richer material. The best in fiction from America and England; fearless and vivid discussions of significant phases of American life; important points of view from and about Europe; brilliant criticism and absorbing problems involving the human equation.

A Few Comments

"The new Harpers has just come in. My sincere congratulations. The format is superb, and I like the new cover immensely." H. L. MENCKEN.

"I am delighted with your new magazine in every way." T. W. LAMONT.

"You are off to a fine start with the new Harpers. The September issue is about as good a magazine number as I ever saw. Congratulations!" VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON.

"Altogether a remarkable issue: perhaps one of the finest numbers, not merely of Harpers, but of any magazine that has ever been published in the United States." TIME.

"Thousands of people who have little contact with modern theological thought will find stimulating revelations in the messages issuing monthly from Dr. Fosdick's new supplementary pulpit of the printed word." THE CHURCHMAN.

¾ of Your Christmas Shopping Done in 5 Minutes Today

Why not, this year, dispense with all last minute shopping, and give yourself the luxury of a leisurely, unharassed, Merry Christmas, and incidentally give your friends what they will like above all things?

For the new Harpers with its brilliant variety appeals to so many different kinds of people—the older man (and isn't it difficult to find gifts for uncles and fathers!) is sure to be stimulated and interested in the clear sighted discussions of phases of present day civilization by such authoritative writers as Duncan Aikman, Ex-President Hadley, Charles Merz and Frank R. Kent. The witty and charming woman of the world confesses that she has found Harpers the most sympathetic periodical for educated, alert minds—and besides, a copy of Harpers on the living room table is a sure sign that people you'd like to know live in that house.

Harpers is a particularly happy choice for younger people, who follow with lively comment the spirited criticism of Bertrand Russell, Ludwig Lewisohn, Hendrik Van Loon, Rebecca West—and argue strenuously over Aldous Huxley, Sherwood Anderson and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Besides, there are countless features which are absorbing to all—Dr. Fosdick's monthly department, "Religion and Life," the finest in fiction from both America and England, brilliant biography and history, romantic treatments of scientific subjects.

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FOLLOWING A STAR

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as Spring, *think* of it as a star. If you will, it will never emerge hard and glittering like a diamond.

A *patter*. Patters are like love—you must have a little control about them. The danger of a patter which one uses to bring up the circulation for the impoverished tissues and to exercise the flabby muscles is that one pats not wisely but too hard. A new spoon patter has been born. Lazy people like me, who won't pat faithfully, pat faithfully with this. It is of rubber and shaped exactly like a dessert spoon, and seems miraculously to fit all the curves of the face. You pat faithfully because it's such fun to see the spoon cuddle around the curves. It firms up the cheeks, smashes the double chin into line, brings up the blood gently, and somehow you never pat too hard with it. All the up-around-forties should have a spoon patter in the toe of their stockings.

Luster. The cream that won't come off with water and that makes your throat like a mother-of-pearl stem for your lovely nodding flower of a face! And your arms at the party gleam as no arms gleam outside of poetry and song.

A chin-strap and two liquid powders that will not dry the skin. The chin-strap for all those drooping heads that sit reading hours a day or are locked in writing immortal works; if this soft, comfy, pink satin strap were bound about those chins, so that they were held firm because the head just naturally didn't droop with the chin-strap on, then, oh then, you wouldn't hear people say, "Oh well, you can't expect her to be lovely—she's literary." And the rather yellow tone of her skin would vanish when she went out to view the world, if she had one of those two beautiful liquid powders that make the skin glow and be silken and glad and yet never dry.

Circulation ointment. Once or twice a week all the busy, hurrying season, spread on this dark and potent ointment and bring up the blood until you are purple; then the soothing cream afterwards, and all brown shadows and yellow tints and dead particles of skin will disappear. And from this same shop you can buy a beguiling, beautiful perfume that will rival any from alien shores, evolved by a woman for women—provocative, enchanting.

And always and forever befriend your eyes. They are your look of youth, luminous, depth on depth of shining beauty and strength. Faithfully take the simple exercises which keep their vitality; cleanse them with mild salt water or boric-acid water, night and morning; soften and feed the delicate skin around them with a special skin-food, brushing, always brushing up so that the ends will be uptilted, and feed the roots now and then with petroleum jelly. There is a little book to be had for the asking that will tell you all about it.

Then, last and best of all, the face that is following a star—lighted and clear and believing. I wish you that as my parting gift to you.

THE IRRESISTIBLE THREE

Continued from page 15

wonderful culinary lore of the great fictionist is obscured by the literary way in which it is presented, but I venture to say that the menus which can be extracted from the collected works of Dickens would be a valuable adjunct to any chef.

MANY of the Christmas dinners of which Dickens wrote with such gusto and detail begin with "a rich, clear broth in which there are gleaming grains of barley and thin rings of onion and a hint of spice"; there are "creamy, light fairylike mounds of mashed potato." These are Dickens potatoes, very, very different, alas, from many with which we are acquainted. To get the recipe, turn and see how *Cap'n Cuttle* made 'em. He "pared them with due regard to extracting all of their eyes"; he boiled them "tenderly"; he heated a little saucepan of milk; he dropped a large lump of butter into it "and stirred it with the most useful of spoons"; he drained the potatoes of moisture "until they fell apart in protest"; he mashed them with "a wooden implement"; he whipped them with the aforesaid spoon, and added the hot milk; he put them into the oven "for a wink" and served them "on plates so hot you could warm your hands at them."

And who but a practical cook such as Dickens could have added that touch of the gravy to the remarks of the old boarding-house keeper?

"The gravy alone, my dears," that worthy woman said to the two *Misses Pecksniff*, "is enough to add ten years to one's age. There is no such passion in human nature as the passion for gravy. A whole animal could not yield the amount of gravy that is expected each day at dinner."

This gravy has a recipe, too, which we find in one of the small "reprinted pieces." It was "based on the rich juices of the joint alone, for she had not the abominable French habit of adding water to the pan during the sacred process of roasting." The pan, after the roast was taken from it, was put on the fire and "carefully and deliberately, as befitted the importance of the moment," the cook stirred "a handful of fine flour" into it, and then after it was "a golden brown and as smooth as butter, she poured in a large cup of very thin broth, at the same time reaching for the box of fine, pulverized herbs, with the fragrance of which she sprinkled the bubbling mass."

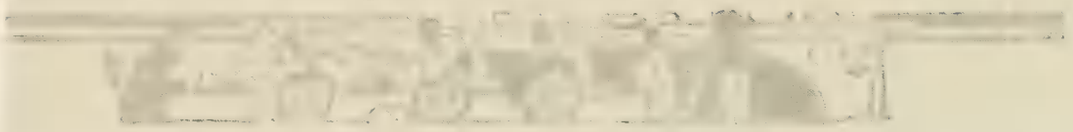
The mince pies, "stick a bit o' Christmas in 'em," as *Sam Weller* admonished the fat boy, contained "two pounds of clear white suet, the same of raisins and currants, a pound of the leanest of beef, shredded, twenty rosy, juicy Winter apples, handsful of citron, cinnamon breathing odors of Araby, peel from oranges and lemons and little spoonsful of mace and spices."

The recipe for the Christmas pudding, which Dickens says must be "boiled a week," is given in one of the Christmas stories and calls for raisins, currants, suet, almonds, flour, bread-crums, citron, orange and lemon peel, a dozen and a half (!) of best eggs, sugar, cream, brandy, wine, nutmeg, allspice, cinnamon, cloves, minced walnut-meats and vanilla. The tying of this in the bag is to be done "with tender solicitude" and then the boiling is begun. The result is something that really justifies the almost prayerful attitude which Dickens takes toward it.

I'D BEEN reading and rereading Dickens for years before it occurred to me, one year, that it would be interesting as well as amusing if we made the Christmas dinner a Dickens Christmas dinner. The recipes, I realized, were right at our hands and the directions were to be found in any of the stories that deal with the great day, though I must admit that there is a prodigality about the dinners which Dickens sets before us that conflicts somewhat with the balanced ration!

The first thing that we proceeded to do, therefore, was to pull out the extension-table and put in all the leaves, for on the festive board there would go the whole dinner, down to the dessert, the cheese and the fruits; lacking some of the liquids appropriate to a dinner which harked back to such "wet" times as those of Dickens, we discovered some old bottles and filled them with grape-juice, and

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THE IRRESISTIBLE THREE

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we brought out the big punch-bowl for the little table at the left of the server, on which Cruikshank and other illustrators of the times always show it.

There were some jolly old English hunting scenes in color in the den, and these we transferred to the dining-room, with a gun or two, some fishing-rods and the treasured "sampler" of my grandmother's, with which to replace the usual pictures. Then from the attic and from an old trunk in the storeroom we got out a lot of table furniture which had not seen the light of day for many, many years.

There was the big old soup-tureen with the china ladle to match, and the deep soup-plates, and the revolving "cruet-caster" with its large pepper-and-salt shaker, its mustard-pot and vinegar-cruet. (They didn't use olive-oil on the table in those days.) The silver napkin-rings with the initials were found, and the two that were mounted on small deer—relics of the 1860s—and the silver butterdish, with a glass shelf inside and covered with a little dome. Fortunately, Aunt Martha had kept the "cartwheel" dinner plates that were exactly of the size used by Dickens in his famous dinners, since these were brought from England at the time of which he wrote. She also had the perfectly enormous meat-platter and the big covered vegetable-dishes, with the hole in the cover for the handle of the spoon to stick out, and the cups which had such deep saucers because it was fashionable to pour your tea into this receptacle.

The celery was to go again into grandmother's high goblet, the stalks standing on end in water, and for drinking-glasses we got out the old "tumblers" (for water, or what have you?), and we found the glass pickle-jar with the little fork neatly hung at the side, and the old silver cake-basket, with a handle ornamented with two doves in the act of kissing each other, watched with intense interest from the scrolled rim by two languishing cupids.

IT DIDN'T seem possible that we would be able to find any old clothes to dress up in, but we did. There was a bottle-blue coat with brass buttons for dad, which might have come off that sturdy mariner, *Cap'n Cuttle* himself. We also made a "stock" for him with a piece of soft linen and brushed his hair up into what we conceived to be a nautical manner. Mother found a basque with puffed sleeves and with a fearful and wonderful arrangement of tucks and smocking and lace for its adornment. With a little lace cap with lavender ribbons on her white curls, she made me think of that little lady in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," who was so like a china shepherdess that when she and her sister, who looked just like her, sat on opposite sides of the fire, you involuntarily looked with surprize to see how they got down off the mantelpiece. As for me, I had another basque, with a wide lace frill and leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and by courtesy of neighborhood store I had forty cents' worth of little tight curls to hang beside each ear. The four guests were requested to bring "any article of clothing which might have been worn by the people in Dickens's stories," and they appeared with various bits of habiliments, either genuine antiques or manufactured ones, which added greatly to the hilarity.

We set the table with the great big platter for the turkey and the great big dinner-plates and the wee little "butter-plates," an inch and a half in diameter, which were in use for a hundred years before we took to the now fashionable bread-and-butter plate; and with the thin old knives and forks and spoons of great-grandmother Robinson (who had them made out of money when these United States were about to receive the attention of a young novelist who was to go home and write a book called "Martin Chuzzlewit," which made grandmother and grandfather simply purple with rage), and we put on the pickle-jar and the silver butter-dish and the Christmas cakes and the mince pies and *the pudding* and the nuts and raisins, and we put the old silver and glass fruit-standard (that we hadn't had out of its wrapping for twenty-five years) in the middle and heaped it with all the fruits that we could find. When we stood off and took a good look at our handiwork, we knew why the writers of several generations ago were so fond of saying that the board groaned.

WHEN we sat down, at two-thirty of a Christmas Day (for was that not the popular hour in Dickens' stories?) after having attended divine services (a Dickensian custom fallen into sad desuetude), we presented a surprizingly convincing picture of the Dickens folk. The old pictures and guns on the wall were especially effective, since the genius of the family had succeeded in getting quite a timbered effect by lightly tacking up dark-brown strips of cardboard on the ceiling, as if they were beams.

We began, before the turkey was solemnly brought into his place of honor, by opening our own oysters (which we selected from a great mound of them arranged over a large kitchen-bowl of cracked ice) and by instantly sliding them into the appointed place, a proceeding all the style in Dickens's day. There's something lost for every five minutes that an oyster stays out in a cold and unfriendly world. He needs to be popped from one cozy obscurity to another.

After the oysters the soup-tureen came in, steaming, and made us wonder if we do not make a mistake in not continuing that custom. It's such a comforting-looking thing—a soup-tureen; such a plenteous, generous sort of a thing. It contained the broth, which we had made with a generous quantity of lean beef which we had simmered all the day before with one whole clove and a bay-leaf. On the morning of Christmas day we had added the barley and the onions to the well-strained liquor. It sounds simple and is, but oh, how good! We got away with all of the plateful and would have called, like the immortal *Oliver*, for "more," if the turkey had not come in, "weeping tears of sage and onions," like the roast leg of pork in the cookshop window, flanked by *Cap'n Cuttle's* mashed potatoes and supported at the opposite end by that "weal and 'am" pie of *Mr. Weller's* love. We'd stewed the "weal" with one-third of the quantity of lean ham the day before, and had then enclosed the tasty mess in a good crust, in a big old baking-pan which had held just such a thing, in grandmother's day, many a time. (Yes, yes, I know that a meat pie and oysters and that rich broth and a whopping big turkey are anything but "balanced"—but this is Dickens Day and he never knew or cared whether what he ate was balanced or not, so long as it tasted right).

WELL, and as we could not have the vegetable marrow without which no English dinner was ever quite itself, we had squash. Then there was a big slab of Cheshire cheese with the mince pie, brought on with holly stuck all over it. The getting of that cheese involved all sorts of trouble, for imported French and Italian and Spanish and German and Swedish cheeses are to be had in many places, but the stores which import those of England are not many.

Having eaten generously of the pies, it was obviously impossible to tackle the plum pudding at once. So we tried some of the Christmas songs, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" and "For Auld Lang Syne" and then "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and *that* we ended by drinking a silent toast, all standing. You know who was the subject of the toast.

Then we were about to sit down, when one of our guests discovered that there were several bunches of mistletoe about the table and we had—dear me!—we really had rather an exciting time. It *is* fun to have a hearty, smacking kiss—on Christmas Day!

So, much relieved and feeling up to the work before us, we sat down to *the pudding* and to the punch and to the nuts and the raisins and the stories and the oranges and grapes, and to occasional confidential chats with the person at the right or left hand, and to bits of pickle, astonishingly good in the midst of the nuts, and to more punch, until the twilight began to fall softly on us and we sat in it, hushed and strangely touched and feeling suddenly that what had started as a joke had turned into something better than that. Again, it seemed, we had laid actual hands on the Spirit of Christmas which was the familiar of Charles Dickens.

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THE MIRACLE PLAY COMES BACK

Concluded from page 5

speaking church had drama and religion so met together. The characters are the rich and poor of the Middle Ages, and hosts of angels in Fra Angelica costumes of rose and amber and violet. The play told the old, old story of the beggar who was of little account amidst the pomp and vanities of the world, but who at the end passed through the radiant gates that were shut against the rich who were surly and selfish. Swelling music, lights that grew ever toward a great finale, and a concluding tableau of triumphant color and glory marked the setting of this drama, which had been scheduled to play for a week, but which occupied the church for three full weeks, so great was its effect upon the congregation and so eager were people to see it. It had all the splendor of Reinhardt's "Miracle" and yet was produced for a sum so small that Miss Craig hesitates to have it named in print! This is what can be accomplished when art and knowledge meet.

Just as this play is the pinnacled example of what can be accomplished in a city church, so "The Nativity," by Rosamond Kimball, first acted in a little town in New Jersey, has become the American classic of the country church on account of its beauty and its simplicity, its atmosphere of wonder and of reverence.

(It may be parenthetically remarked that there is only one other play that approaches it in widespread appeal, and that is a secular piece written *about* a church, which can be produced only *in* a church, and which presupposes that the chancel is decorated with Christmas greens. This is that tender, homespun idyl, "The Old Peabody Pew," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, first acted in the Tory Hill Church in Buxton, Maine, and since then in hundreds of other churches.)

Miss Kimball's play, on the other hand, is purely biblical. It relates the story of the Nativity, beginning with a scene in the Temple, followed by a lovely brief tableau of the Annunciation, and passing from that to the Shepherds in the field, and lastly giving the scene in the Manger. The first two scenes may be omitted if desired. Selections from the Bible, read by a reader, form the main part of the play—the other characters have very little to say, and the choral singing is done by the congregation. This makes the play exceedingly easy to produce.

This play can be given by any denomination. There is no royalty to be paid for its performance. It comes in an attractive paper-bound edition, costing little more than a Christmas card. It was originally written for children and young people, but the dignity of its language and scenes has caused it to be produced by adults as well. It does not require acting skill, but depends on the lovely poses of the chief participants and the diction of the all-important reader.

AS ORDER is Heaven's first law, so the organizing of the play must be the first thought. There should be a dramatic director, a scenic director, a costume director, a light director and a music director—all chosen for their gifts in these particular lines.

In a rural church the person with the most talent or experience along the lines of producing should be the director of the church play. Sometimes this person is the minister. Yet do not hesitate to go outside the church if outside talent is needed. Are there not gifted people in the nearest agricultural college, normal school or high school who will be glad to cooperate?

As soon as the director has read the play, he or she should go quietly and alone to the church and map out where the exits and entrances can best be made—plan out the whole play from the beginning, just where all the people are to be, and *write it down*. It may be written in a separate book, or along the margin of the play book.

Next the director confers with the scenic director and the lighting director, and together they see where the curtains shall be hung and how the scenes shall be lighted. After this there is a conference with the costume director, and last of all the music director. As soon as it is known what music is needed, it should be sent for promptly. When the congregation is to sing the chorals, the church choir should also practise them, and lead the congregation in singing them.

At the first rehearsal the cast should assemble and read the play aloud, correcting all faults of diction as they go and getting the full meaning of the text.

Rehearsals, as a rule, take place in the church. Only the cast should be present, and it should assemble promptly. There should be no whispering or talking while the rehearsals proceed. For a simple play six rehearsals will be enough.

TWO kinds of background are possible and practical in church production—screens and curtains strung on wires or rods. The scenic director will choose the type best adapted to the size and kind of church.

Sturdily made screens are best suited to a church where no curtains can be hung and no screws driven into wall or floor. Burlap or denim is used to cover them. On occasion two sides can be covered, thus making two backgrounds. The green denim side is used for the shepherds on the hillside and the brown denim side is used for the stable.

These frames should have uprights behind them, as a picture-frame has, so that they will stand firmly and not "topple" at an unforeseen moment. If reversible screens are used, the reversing of them should be practised, so that there will be no confusion. In fact, it is often well to have a screen rehearsal, placing and replacing them till all goes like clockwork. The screens should be six and a half feet high.

In covering the screens, place them flat on the floor, stretch the material tautly across them, and tack it to the edges. The inch or half inch protruding beyond the tacks should be glued to the wood. It is often possible to drape curtains over the screens, quickly removing them as the scenes change. Old-gold Canton flannel can be draped over dark screens, and will give the effect of a temple, as Miss Kimball suggests.

Curtains hung on wires can usually be stretched across the church facing the front pews and thus hide the scenes of the play till it begins. These curtains should be hung on rings, move easily, and part in the middle.

For curtain backgrounds use either denim or Canton flannel. A little church that could not afford enough draperies in one color to make an effective background for the Manger scene had the Christmas committee collect all the brown burlap potato sacks that the congregation could give them and sewed them into long curtains, using the strongest brown shoe-thread. The dark brown made an excellent background for the stable wall. With a wooden manger, straw underfoot, and a light shining on *Mary* in her blue robe, the humble experiment proved its worth.

Where a pulpit can not be moved and must be hidden, drape over it some dark neutral-tinted cloth. With pine-trees placed against it, it becomes equally part of the Shepherd scene and of the Manger scene. Focus the light away from it rather than toward it.

While the rehearsals are going forward the costumes are being planned. These can be made of the simplest material—Canton flannel, cheese-cloth and dyed mosquito-netting. Old curtains often prove invaluable, while unbleached muslin can be dyed in lovely colors and easily stenciled. Oilcloth gilded with radiator gold or silver paint becomes magnificent under light. In her book "Religious Drama" Martha Candler wisely says that unless the costume director is exceedingly expert, wings and halos for angels should be avoided. Better a gold band across the brow than a wobbly halo. Do not have the costumes of the *Angels* "bunchy." They should fall in lovely straight lines. For footgear, dyed cotton stockings can be worn over shoes if necessary.

To make a good color scheme for a Nativity play, *Mary* should wear Madonna blue, with a white veil draped about it; *Joseph* might wear a tan tunic with a darker tan over-robe. His hair and beard should be white. White cotton batting on a skull-cap will serve.

While the *Shepherds* wear earth colors—different shades of brown burlap or sacking—each *Shepherd* should be differentiated. Have one with a leopard skin hung from his shoulders. This is made by painting or inking dark spots on orange-colored Canton flannel. The second *Shepherd* may wear a sheepskin made of cotton batting. For the third *Shepherd* have a fur piece caught at his shoulders and hanging down his back (any neck-piece will do). Their legs and arms are bare. Sandals and strappings can be made of brown oilcloth. Some Nativity plays have put the *Shepherds* in turbans, but sturdy men of that type look better bareheaded. Instead of crooks they can carry wooden staves.

The *Wise Men* should suggest Eastern gorgeousness. The first *Wise Man* may wear an orange tunic, a black coat lined in pale yellow, and have a long necklace of jewels. Small Christmas-tree baubles will do. He has a golden crown.

The second *Wise Man* wears an orchid-colored tunic and a purple over-robe with a deep ermine border (white cotton batting with black spots painted on it).

The third *Wise Man* is a Nubian with a brown skin. He should wear a crimson tunic and a cloth-of-gold over-robe of gilded oil-cloth. He carries a censer filled with incense. He has a gold-and-crimson turban; also huge gold earrings, made of brass curtain-rings, and bare brown arms on which gleam golden armlets made of corrugated cardboard, gilded, two inches wide. He should wear as many chains as possible. Where enough beads are not obtainable, macaroni cut in one-inch lengths and painted gold or silver is excellent. Paint it scantily, so it will not soften.

In a church production, with the exception of the very dark *Nubian King* and the weather-beaten faces of the *Shepherds*, no make-up should be used save the faintest rose on the cheeks of *Mary* and the *Angel*, lest under the rays of artificial light their pallor should become too startling. But lipsticks or eyebrow-pencils are unthinkable in a church production. So is fantastic fussy hair-dressing. The hair of the *Angels* should be worn floating. Bobbed hair that is parted in the middle, with a gold band about the brow, gives the look of a medieval angel, and can be quite charming.

THE color scheme of the costumes should be worked out in advance. Biblical pictures should be consulted. If the local library contains a copy of Tissot's "Life of Christ," it will be found a mine of reference. There is also a New York publishing house which can supply colored costume designs on cards that cost one and one-half cents each, not including postage.

Before any money is expended for material, get samples and try out the colors by the lights you are going to use in the final representation of the play. Under artificial light blue may turn green and purple may turn black, and the color scheme be destroyed.

Before the dress rehearsal, have a rehearsal of the lights, and use them again at the dress rehearsal. Half the beauty of the play depends on them.

The costume director should keep two lists. The first list should contain a description of all costumes that have been borrowed and their owners' names, so that they can be returned promptly. The second list should be one of expenditure.

Do not leave the details of costumes to the last moment. Have everything in readiness. If no actual dressing-rooms can be arranged in the church vestry, have two in the parish church or in a house near by.

Costumes in a biblical play should not look mussy or creased. They should be well pressed and hung on clothes-hangers before the play takes place. If certain borrowed portières have been stored away in attics, see that they are well aired before using them. Do not bring the smell of tar-paper or moth-balls into a church which should be redolent of pine and the odor of frankincense.

Christmas is the season of good-will. Why not share the play as widely as possible? The players in a little town in Illinois take their Christmas church-play through a circuit of towns, always preserving the spirit of reverence and devotion.

Merry Christmas to you and to your play!

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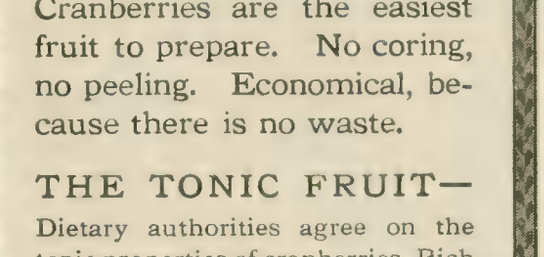
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WHERE IS MY FATHER?

Continued from page 7

hand, rusted to dissolution by its years in the weather. She touched it here and there and it fell away until there was a great opening. She drew a deep breath and stepped into the stable-yard.

At the stable-door she paused, resting one hand against the frame, peering into the dusky interior. She heard a horse munching corn and she lifted her foot and stepped into the stable. The horse was just beyond, in another stall, but before her was the manger she had seen from the wire wall, and she hurried to it, standing on tiptoe and trying to look into it, for she was sure her sweet brother Jesus must be there in the manger. She put her hands on the manger's edge and drew herself up.

"Well, now! What now, kid?" a voice exclaimed, and she dropped to her feet and turned, her heart rat-a-patting furiously. She looked into a browned and bearded face, the face of a man leaning on a pitchfork, but it was not a frightening face; the eyes twinkled and the mouth smiled. The man came forward a step or two, more into the light. "What do you want, young lady?" he asked.

"I'm Vidda," she said.

"You are, are you?" he smiled. "Well, that's news. And whereabouts do you come from, if you're Vidda and all that?"

"I'm from Miss Anne's," she cried, "through the hole in the wire wall there," and she pointed behind her. "I came to see my little brother Jesus in the manger."

"Well, now," said the bearded man, "as a matter of fact——"

HE DID not have time to finish what he meant to say, for Vidda spoke again. She was not brave to speak; but she was not at all afraid of this bearded man.

"Are you my Father who art in heaven?" she asked him.

For answer he put aside the pitchfork, leaning it against the side of the stall, and got down on one knee, and spoke to her.

"Come here, young one," he said, "and let me have a look at you. My goodness, you're a big girl, ain't you! And you come right through the wire fence, hey? You come from Miss Anne's, over yonder, did you? And what did you say you came for?"

"To see if my sweet little baby brother Jesus was in the manger," Vidda repeated, "because I want to see Him."

"Well, now, let me tell you about that," said the bearded man. "You and me had better talk that over. What made you think He would be in my manger? Who told you that?"

"He was born in a manger," Vidda said, "and I saw the manger through the wire wall, because the leaves are all gone. I thought He would be here. Is He?"

"No, I'm afraid He ain't here, girl," the bearded man said. "It was a different stable He was born in—a long way from here, over in another country altogether. You just got things mixed a little."

"And aren't you my Father who art in heaven?" Vidda asked, and her eyes showed her disappointment which was very great.

"No. And you oughtn't even to think such a thing. You just don't understand, I take it. How come you ever thought things like that?"

So, sitting on her heels before him, Vidda told him as well as she could. It was not easy to understand. He could not gather what the freckles had to do with it, for instance, and it was hard for Vidda to make that clear.

"Now, wait!" he said again and again. "Give me a minute to get that clear," or "You poor kid! Think of that, now!" and finally he said: "You'd better go home now and run around and play, you're getting all cold and shivery," so Vidda went back through the hole in the wire wall, but after this first visit she returned to the stable every day through the hole in the wire wall. Some days there were men other than her friend there and often there were more horses or huge self-driven trucks or smaller self-driven trucks. At such times the bearded man could give Vidda little attention. She stood safely in some corner, or he lifted her to the top of some great box or even to the seat of one of the trucks, but as soon as he had time he came and talked with her. At times, as he talked with her, his eyes twinkled at her questions and he smiled at her answers, but sometimes when he asked her questions about Miss Anne her answers made him quite serious. Whenever Vidda talked with him of her Father who art in heaven and her gentle little brother Jesus—for she could not believe the bearded man was entirely right about them—his words were few and his voice was soft. There were times, though, when he was downright angry with one or another of the truckmen, and then he cursed roundly.

"Scare you that time?" he would ask, coming back to Vidda with a grin. "I got to break loose once in a while, but don't you worry!"

"I won't," Vidda promised.

ONE evening when Vidda was in bed and sound asleep, there came a rap at the door of the shut-in house and the grandmother went to open it. She came into the room where Anne was sitting, and she looked at her anxiously.

"It's Joe Martin, Anne," the grandmother said. "He says he wants to see you."

"Send him about his business! I won't see him. I'll see nobody."

"But he won't go," the grandmother said. "He has a package in his hands. He says he has a Christmas present for Vidda. I told him to go, but he wouldn't. He put his foot over the sill. Anne—Vidda has been going to his stable, through a hole in the wire."

"For that I'll punish her," Anne said, "but I will not see Joseph Martin or any other man."

"I don't just see how you can help it, Anne, seeing I came right in," said Joseph Martin, standing in the doorway. Anne arose from her chair, cold-eyed and erect.

"How dare you!" she cried. "There's the door. Go!"

He had on cleaner clothes than Vidda had ever seen him wear, and a barber had evened the edges of his beard, but he was still a huge rough man, browned and heavy-handed. He could not take his eyes from Anne's face, but he put his parcel on the table—a parcel with the boneless legs of a doll hanging through the paper—and held his hat in his hand.

"I thought I'd come over," he said, "Christmas time, and I thought I'd see if you'd let me give that little tike a present."

"You're not wanted here," Anne said, "neither you nor your presents."

"Well, no, I guess that's so," Joseph Martin said. "Only—here I am and as long as I'm here I guess I'll say what I came to say."

"You coward!" Anne cried.

"Well, no—not that anyway," said Joseph Martin. "You don't know how I had to argue with myself to get myself to come or you wouldn't say that. What I braced myself up with was the little tike—Vidda, she says her name is. I come on her account—mostly. And now I'm here, Anne, I'm going to say my say."

He waited a moment. Anne might have fled up-stairs, but she did not. Perhaps it was not in her nature to run away—perhaps she did not think of that avenue of escape. She stood facing him with her head high, but with more than the usual color on her face, and in the corner the grandmother lowered herself into a chair and sat looking at them.

"What I want, just like I wanted long ago and all the time, is for you to marry me," Joseph Martin said.

"Not in a thousand years!" Anne declared, coloring more.

"Well, now, let's not put it just that way," said Joseph Martin with a rather wry smile. "Say not more than once in a thousand years. I like you now, Anne, just like I always did, and you know that, and what's past is gone and that's all there is to that. But this little whippet of a girl—she's not gone. And, Anne, want to or not want to, I'm going to marry you!"

"Is that all? Are you through now?" she asked him.

"She came through a hole in the wire fence," Joseph Martin said, not taking his

Concluded on page 82



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WHERE IS MY FATHER?

Concluded from page 81

eyes from Anne's face, "to my stable—the poor pitiful little thing—and she says to me 'Are you my Father who art in heaven?' 'Why do you say that?' I asked her. 'Because that's the only kind of father I can have,' she says, 'I haven't any other father and I'm not decent unless I have one, so I have to have Him, and have the dear little baby Jesus for my brother.' Looking for the dear little baby Jesus in my manger, that's what brought her through the hole in the fence, Anne. I don't know how hard you've got, Anne, but I couldn't stand it. Coming to me because she needed a father so much; the poor kid coming to my stable to find her Father who art in heaven! Anne——"

She looked at him steadily, but she did not answer.

"You've hardened yourself, that's what's the matter with you," he said roughly. "I can see the little tike crouched down by the fence peeking through it at the fathers on the other side, if you can't, and mourning for a father of her own that you ain't ever going to give her. And it's sure to be harder on her all the time, harder every year from now on. And no fault of hers."

"You have no right to say this," Anne said.

"No fault of hers," Joseph Martin repeated. "And no fault of mine, for there I am all the while, waiting. And you know it, Anne. Not much, maybe, and a rough old hairy specimen, but there I am all the time, as you know. And she ain't that particular, the little tike ain't. I'm good enough sort of father to satisfy her. So here I am, and that's my say and I've said it. Only, if you say 'There's the door!' to me, I've got to patch the fence. I can't stand having her come father-hunting, looking at me like she does, and I can't do anything about it. Especially along about now——"

"Christmas time," chirped the grandmother from her corner.

"You said it, ma'am!" said Joseph Martin, turning to her.

"I guess I'll go up," said the grandmother. "Time I was in bed. Good night all."

She gathered her sewing into a ball and went up the stairs.

"WELL, Anne?" Joseph Martin asked, but still Anne said nothing. Her hands twisted where she had clasped them, but she did not speak. "What I thought," Joseph Martin went on, more diffidently now that they were alone, "was that it don't make much difference where I am. One place is as good as another to me in the trucking-line. And she's young yet. If we got married and went some considerable distance away from here—anywhere you'd say—she might kind of forget she never had a father. She might come to think I was always him. I dare say it's plumb foolish of me, but I thought maybe you might sort of give me to her—give me to her as a kind of a Christmas present, as you might say, Anne."

He waited. Her proud head lowered a little.

"No! No! I'm sorry, but it can't be," she said.

"Well—it's for you to say," Joseph Martin said. "That's all then, I guess. I'll be going along."

He turned and went to the door and out, and Anne stood motionless a moment until she heard the stairs creak and she turned and saw Vidda, nightgowned and barefooted, shading her eyes from the lamp's glare and staring eagerly into the room.

"Where is my father?" she asked, looking everywhere. "Did my father go away? I want my father. Grandmother said my father was down here, and I want him. Where is he, mother?"

"Oh, Vidda, Vidda!" Anne cried and hid her face in her hands, but before the clock had ticked twice she was running to the door. She threw it open and called, "Joe! Joe, come back here! Joe, come back!"

"Right here!" answered Vidda's Christmas present, close at hand and heartily as a father should.

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS

Continued from page 2

big drum for the march. He went into paroxysms of laughter and as soon as he could speak he exclaimed, "A drum? Well I should smile. What'll yer hev next? This *is* a h-ll of a school." In telling this story Mrs. Wiggin always asked that the profanity be pardoned as it was mild compared with other things the little ragamuffins said. Of course we all wanted to see the boy who played the drum! Then there was Mary Mulligan who said, when the Christmas tree was being trimmed, "I wouldn't be afeard to say 'Merry Christmas' to God—He ain't cross." Of course we wanted to see Mary! There was Jack Mulligan also. One day he said to Joe Bragg, "You're chewin' gum again," to which Joe replied, "Well, Miss Kate ain't lookin'."

"Well, God'll see yer, sure enough—yer know that, Joe Bragg."

"Aw, God can't tell."

"Yer needn't be so sure, Joe Bragg. Yer bet yer life He'll stand by Miss Kate." (Perhaps it should be explained that this was before Mrs. Wiggin was married, and when she was Miss Kate Smith.) We all were eager to see Jack and Joe!

There was an open lot opposite the school building on Silver Street where the children went frequently to play their kindergarten games. It was a merry sight as they formed into line, marshaled by "Miss Kate," and marched from their room to the playground. It was also an exciting occasion, for, as Mrs. Wiggin used to describe it, "The pickets of the high fence would be adorned plenteously with boys of all ages in a wild state of curiosity, the sidewalks crowded with nurses, baby carriages, and small children with their mothers; Chinese venders of vegetables stopped in the street dumb with astonishment, and trucks, express and grocery wagons were all drawn up to discover the mystery."

Of course back of this were hard work and much weariness; but nevertheless each Christmas was a holiday, and every day was a high day with Kate Douglas Wiggin at the Silver Street Kindergarten in San Francisco.

IN THESE years, whatever other Christmas celebrations we may have had, Mrs. Wiggin and her family always came to our house on Christmas day for dinner. Eagerly did we look forward to the hour when they would come joyously to the house with a gaiety unsurpassed by any of our other friends. They would call as they came through the front door, "Here we all are, as hungry as bears. We hope the turkey is large and that there is plenty of cranberry sauce."

When we were all seated at the dinner-table, Mrs. Wiggin was likely to bring out a poem written for us, witty and amusing, touching and lovely by turns, and she read it during a pause of the dinner. If she read, there was sure to be a pause, for our beloved Delia, who waited on our table for over twenty years, could not go on with her work, but had to listen with rapt attention, as did we all when there came the signal from one of the younger children, "Mrs. Katie has something to read to us."

Continued on page 83

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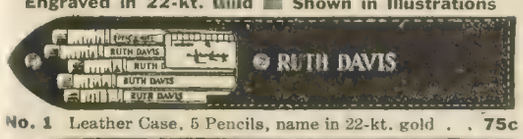


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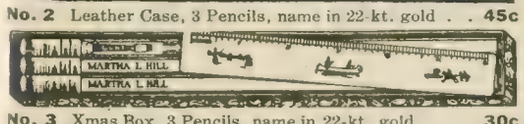
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HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS

Continued from page 82

I wish I had those verses that you might have the joy of reading them, and that I, too, might refresh my memory of their cleverness and sweetness. How they have disappeared I do not know, but they have been lost or misplaced in the many movings of Mrs. Wiggin's family and ours across the continent from one ocean to another.

One Christmas time we received the following answer to our usual invitation to her to pass Christmas day with us:

DEAR MRS. STEBBINS:
Yours received, hence these lines:

Among the Smiths there is a girl,
(Tho' she is no relation)
Called Bessie Smith, from Santa B—
Who at solicitation
Doth Christmas spend among us here,
It being her vacation.
And now as we have just received
Your most kind invitation
We want to know if she can come
With us to the collation.
She's tall and very, very slim,
She needs a slender ration.
Please, Lucy, can she come along
With us, say on probation?
If it should seem to be a sort
Of mammoth deputation,
Why, just confess it like a man,
'Twill cause no irritation.
But then, at most, we're only five,
I'll try conciliation,
And if the turkey getteth short
We'll stick to "vegetation."
So crush our hopes at once, we pray,
Or send us consolation.
If you refuse, we'll murder do,
Decrease the population,
For what is Bessie Smith against
The prospect of starvation!
If you accept, we all declare
Without dissimulation
We'll sound your praises all abroad
Through every Christian nation.
Yours, KATE.

It is needless to say that the "only five" were welcomed with open arms, and the more only made Christmas the merrier.

Another "High Day" (or was it a "Low Day" for me?) is connected with fried hasty pudding, the kind the king and queen had for supper and the queen next morning fried. To this day, high or low, I can not look a dish of it in the face without blushing and laughing at the same time. I am inordinately fond of it when it is made in the right way—that is, in the queen's way. But at the particular moment of which I am writing our cook either would not or could not make it. I mentioned this fact to Mrs. Wiggin one day and she said, "We often have it for breakfast. Come to-morrow morning and we will give you some." Of course I said I would, but—I overslept! When I awoke, it was too late for breakfast anywhere. It was before the days of telephones, and Mrs. Wiggin could not call up our house to know what had become of me. All the family could do was simply to wait until the coffee was too strong, the eggs overdone, the rolls burnt and the fried hasty pudding just a cold mess. The breakfast for the family was spoiled, and I feared that their tempers would be spoiled also. I did not dare show myself at their door during the day or night. The next morning, wo betide, my father received the following bill, which nearly scared me out of my wits until I saw how funny it was. It ran as follows:

REV. HORATIO STEBBINS, D.D.
We venture to send the following acc't to you, not knowing to a certainty whether your son is a minor or Major.*

Bill for Roderick Stebbins's Breakfast
Saturday, August 22nd

Corn-Meal for Mush (extra quality)	$0.25
Popovers	.10
Egg for Coffee (not ordinarily used)	.02
Shoe-leather (running to gate)	.10
6 tears in six eyes	.60
Wear and tear of maternal temper	2.50
Rage of six persons drawn unwillingly from bed	5.00
Lost opportunities	.50
Snub to Coz. Kate visiting us	7.70
Nervous prostration (incident to disappointment)	1.00
Two hours' time	1.50
Shattered ideal	.01
	$19.28
Professional discount, rebate to the ministry	2.28
Received pay't.	$17.00

You would think that Mrs. Wiggin would never have tried to do anything for me again. But years after, when all was forgiven but by no means forgotten, for the family liked to harp on that discordant string, Mrs. Wiggin procured for me a cat. Perhaps she knew that I disliked cats as much as I had liked corn-meal mush, and this was the way she was going to get even with me. But clever as she was she learned that

The best laid schemes o' mice and men (and also cats)
Gang aft a-gley.

The cat was to be given to me when I arrived at Quillcote and I imagine that half the fun was to see what I would do with it, but before I arrived I received this missive. On the envelope in Mrs. Wiggin's writing were these words: "We had procured a cat to cheer you on your arrival. The operation was attended with great trouble and expense. The enclosed is the result!" Inside was the following account of the elusive cat:

Quillcote, August 22nd.

The Tale of a New Cat

9 P.M. Wednesday
We can not find the new cat to put him to bed, tho' no door has been open since his arrival four hours ago from Gorham.

9:30 P.M.
The cat is found and fed but he refused to go to bed.

8 A.M. Thursday
The cat can not be found for breakfast.

9 A.M.
Thorough search of premises develops no cat.

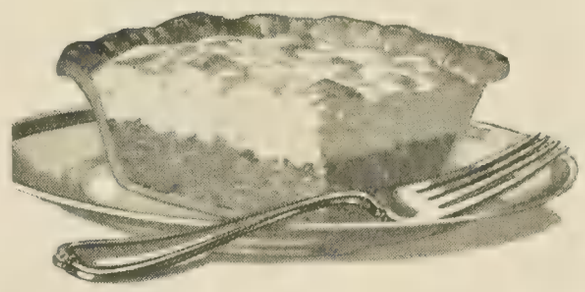
2:45 P.M.
Cat given up as definitely lost. His home being six miles distant we think he can not have gone there, particularly as he came in a covered box.
"Res(t) (quies) cat in pace."
Design for Mewral Tablet.
Rows of Cat-o'-nine-tails. K. D. W.

BEFORE the days of motor-cars, Quillcote was the most inaccessible of places. But when one arrived at Quillcote, one quite forgot all the inconveniences, the delays and the changes in getting there, so happy was one to reach such a destination. One of those happy times I remember in particular. I had just returned from Europe and for the few days that remained of my vacation I went to Hollis for a brief visit. Mrs. Wiggin wrote me that the family could not meet me at the station, but their "astral bodies" would be there and I could hire "a rig from Dan Palmer." I was to have "room and board" in the home of Mrs. Jane Akers, whom Mrs. Wiggin, in "My Garden of Memory," speaks of as "vigorous, plain-spoken, straightforward, a little hard to please, but loyal to the bone," and the house as "fine and square, with the twin elms in front, the pine forest almost opposite, and the unequaled stretch of western sky for sunsets." It was to such a place that Dan Palmer drove me, and Mrs. Akers showed me to the large room in the front of the house. What was my consternation, on entering the room, to find it decorated with notes of advice and of caution in regard to what I should and should not do. My heart was burning within me to tell some one all that I had seen and done while I had been abroad. I just wanted to talk and I think I did not care to whom, provided I could find a sympathetic listener. The first ominous sight that greeted my eye was a large New England dinner-horn tied by a ribbon to the casing of the open window. On the ribbon was a note containing these devastating words, "Pour your full heart into the dinner-horn. It will harm naught but the grasses." As I looked about further I discovered a card pinned to the mantelpiece with "Travel improves the mind but wears out the shoes." On the footboard of the bed was a pad and pencil labeled "My impressions of London." To the pillow was fastened a set of ivory tablets, marked "What I know about England." There were pens and ink on the table and a list of the places I had visited, with spaces beneath marked "Notes on." But worst of all, for by this time I was almost dying of hunger, on the inside of the door was a large placard reading, "When you have set down

Concluded on page 84

*The term "Major" is used here merely in opposition to "minor" and has no covert military allusion.

it's *Pineapple* PIE *this year*



"No, really, I couldn't eat another bite," you say. And you mean it.

Then *it* comes on the table—rich, golden-brown, delicious—a never-to-be-forgotten piece of luscious Hawaiian Pineapple Pie.

What do you do? Why, you eat, of course. You can't help it. There is an appetite-compelling lure to every Pineapple creation that tempts even the most jaded appetite.

Serve Hawaiian Pineapple often: for its healthfulness; for its fine flavor, and because it is nevertheless just as economical as other quality canned fruits. Our free recipe book is full of interesting suggestions. Mail the coupon! And in the meantime, try this recipe:

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE: Mix ½ cup sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons cornstarch and slowly add 1½ cups hot milk. Cook in double boiler until thick and cornstarch is thoroughly cooked, (about 40 minutes). Pour onto 2 egg yolks; return to double boiler and cook until the eggs thicken, (about 3 minutes). Cool and add 1 cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Pour into a baked crust and cover with a meringue made of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Brown quickly in a hot oven.

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Sliced *Crushed*

—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

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LITTLE Daughter is counting the days to Christmas. She just can't wait to see her wonderful gifts from dear Santa Claus. You can be sure she will be up bright and early Christmas morn and come bounding into the room where her many presents are displayed beneath the gayly decorated tree.

Just picture her surprise and great joy if good old Santa has left her a magical Famlee Family—the lifelike, unbreakable, walking, talking Dollie who first is a petite black hair French Girl and presto! in a moment becomes a happy rollicking Clown. Then a jolly Sailor Girl. Or a brave and bold Naval Commander. Then perhaps a brown-cheeked Indian Girl.

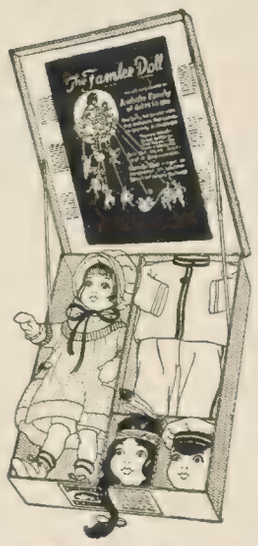
When Missie wants to change her Famlee Doll into "someone else" she just replaces head and clothes, and in a twinkling makes whatever character she wishes. And such *fun, amusement, interest!* changing 'round from any one to any other.

3 to 12 Changeable Characters

Famlee Families come in various sizes. Sets of three, five, seven or twelve changeable characters—New Born Infant, Scotch Lassie, Peter Pan, Little Red Riding Hood and many others. A whole family of dolls in one.

Each character is lovable and lifelike, from head to toe. Stands 16 inches high. Walks and talks. Unbreakable. Quality construction throughout.

At Stores or by Mail



Set No. 311 illustrated above—French Girl, Naval Commander and Indian Girl—is $6.00. Five character set No. 509 (with five costumes) is $8.50. See the various Famlee Sets at department or toy stores. If you cannot get them, send direct to us, enclosing $8.50 for Set No. 509 or $6.00 for Set No. 311, and it will be mailed to you prepaid on approval for five days' examination. If you are not totally satisfied your money will be refunded without question. (Sent C. O. D. if preferred.)

Free Doll-alogue

The Doll-alogue is an interesting little book illustrating and describing the various Famlee Doll Sets. Mailed free on request.

Berwick Doll Company
Dept. 36 478 Broadway, New York

The Famlee Doll
REG U S PAT OFF

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS

Concluded from page 83

all your impressions of European travel, come down to supper, but not 'til then." I plucked up courage and went down to supper, in spite of this warning, and said to Mrs. Wiggin that as she had just returned from her own first visit to Europe she naturally wanted to do all the European-talking herself.

This reminds me of Mrs. Wiggin's amusing way of placing epigrams, verses, words of caution or advice in her house, "Quillcote," Hollis, Maine, which she occupied in the Summer. When she bought the place, it was entirely without modern conveniences. All the water used in the house was pumped as needed by hand into the kitchen. After living in this primitive fashion for a Summer or two, Mrs. Wiggin had a bathroom added, but still the water had to be pumped by hand. However, a tank had been built and a boy engaged to do the pumping. The supply of water was of course limited and in order to advise her guests of the fact Mrs. Wiggin posted the following notice on the bathroom door:

FOR THE NEW BATHROOM AT QUILLCOTE

Stranger, the bathroom tank is high
'Neath attic roofs beneath the sky.
The boy who pumps is very small
And does not love to pump at all,
So pray be saving of the water
And use no more than you had oughter.
The morning baths are rather cool
Suggesting icy mountain pool;
But if you like an evening rub
At nine you'll find a red-hot tub.
Still, stranger, wheresoe'er you roam
There is no place for baths like home.

The sale of Mrs. Wiggin's books in England was much stimulated by her semi-public readings, which she has described in "My Garden of Memory." She continued those readings here at home, and one of the first was in Portland, Maine. Under the influence of this great occasion, I wrote the following verses which amused her greatly:

O Katie's gone to Portland town
To read her pleasant works,
Clad in a yellow satin gown
And hair done up in quirks.
She's won the hearts of noblemen,
Brought peasants to her feet,
By stories from her facile pen
And turns of phrases neat.
But still she is the same dear girl,
This many times I've said,
A trifle more her hair may curl
But level is her head.

PERHAPS the best nonsense of all, but the most difficult to describe, was "The McGibeny Familee." This family was supposed to be a famous theatrical troupe which traveled about the country giving their entertainments at private houses at fabulous prices. At least this was what was noised abroad throughout the Hollis countryside. It was said that the services of this famous family were very difficult to obtain. They demanded a large sum of money for a single performance, but this must be paid by the hostess, while all the guests were to be invited, and no tickets sold and no money taken at the door. These facts were whispered from one house to another in the little village of Salmon Falls, and when it was further rumored that this distinguished company of artists was likely to give one of their classical entertainments at Quillcote, every head in the village was agog with excitement and the hope of receiving an invitation.

Finally the rumor became a fact, and every one in the little village from Aunt Hannah Dunn and Aunt Susan Swett to the boy who milked the cows and mowed the grass received an invitation to the effect that Mrs. Wiggin would be glad to see them at her house on a certain evening when her friends Mr. and Mrs. McGibeny and their five children, known in the theatrical world as "The McGibeny Familee," in response to an urgent request from Mrs. Wiggin and because of their devotion to her, would give one of their unique "soirées" in the dining-room at Quillcote. No one knew what a "soirée" was, but that served only to pique curiosity. It was further hinted that on a certain afternoon any one who happened to be at the post-office on the arrival of the stage with its passengers and the mail might have a glimpse of some members of the McGibeny Family as they descended from the coach. The hint bore fruit, and that afternoon the steps of the post-office were blocked with men who could leave their haying and women who could leave their housework, the neighboring trees were full of children thick as crows and as curious, all bent on seeing first a sample of this famous family. They were not disappointed, for when the stage drew up, the same stage in which Rebecca later traveled to Sunnybrook Farm, and the driver had thrown nonchalantly the bag of mail to the platform, there emerged from the inside of the coach two charming young women. At least every one said they were charming, though their faces were heavily veiled. Every one said also that they must be the Misses McGibeny. No one seemed to recognize the young ladies as they hastened down the street without stopping to speak to any one and merely acknowledging stares by a gracious bow now and then. Nor did any one guess that the "Misses McGibeny" had only a few moments before dressed at Quillcote and intercepted the stage a short distance up the road.

THERE were gales of laughter at Quillcote when they told of their successful reception at the post-office (nothing was ever more successful everybody declared), and then we set to work to complete the preparations for the evening. Costumes, chairs, screens, tables, hangings, rugs, every conceivably useful thing for the performance was dragged from its accustomed place and put into the dining-room. This was before the days of the "Barn," and the dining-room, later converted into the sitting-room, had to be used for all festive occasions.

The preparations were barely complete before the guests began to arrive. A suspicion had evidently arisen in the minds of some that "The McGibeny Familee" was not entirely what it pretended to be, but nobody said anything about suspicions, though a few here and there looked knowing.

When the company had arrived and all who could be seated on chairs, stools or on "any old thing" were quiet, while others, standing, packed the doorway, the performance began. The entire "Familee" was heard singing in another room to the tune of "Oh, Susanna" these words written for the occasion by "K. D. W."

I had a dream de oder night
When ebry ting was still,
I tought I saw de McGibeny Familee
A comin' down de hill.
All walkin' in a row,
Wid a big banjo,
Dat family passed me by;
Such a high-toned style,
Such a fascinatin' smile,
I nebber did espy.

Refrain

Oh, Susanna,
Doan' you cry fer me,
For I'm gwine up along
To de Pine Tree State
For to see de McGibeny Familee.

With the second verse, the "Familee" appeared and walked or rather pranced about the room singing:

Dey wasn't much for looks
But dey'd written lots o' books
An' dey sang like
De bird on de tree,
Susanna, lemme go
To de Quillcote show
For to see de McGibeny Familee.

Refrain

Dere was Mary, dere was Cissy,
Dere was Trotty, dere was Hat,
Oh, you'd ought to ha see em swing.
Brignoli in de middle
Wid his big bass fiddle
And de fader and de mudder in de ring.
Oh, Susanna, doan you cry fer me,
For I'm goin' up along
To de Pine Tree State
For to see de McGibeny Familee,
For to see de McGibeny Familee.

Of course when the "Familee" appeared in person the secret was out, for there was Mrs. Wiggin herself as Mrs. McGibeny and all the other members of the "Familee" were impersonated by friends, every one of whom is mentioned in "My Garden of Memory." Mr. McGibeny was there, of course, and his son Brignoli McGibeny, and his four charming daughters, Harriet Beecher Stowe McGibeny, Mary Anderson McGibeny, Cissy Loftus McGibeny and Trotty McGibeny, a tall, lovely girl dressed for the occasion in short skirts and pantalets.

Mrs. McGibeny presided at the piano, played the accompaniments for all the songs and choruses, while Mr. McGibeny did feats of strength and skill. Brignoli McGibeny sang a song about "Susan Brown" with interruptions from the family. Cissy Loftus McGibeny, none other than "Sally None-Such" whom Mrs. Wiggin mentions so admiringly in "My Garden of Memory," sang a song about "Angeline, the belle of Hollis Town." The words were by Mrs. Wiggin. Harriet Beecher Stowe McGibeny then appeared with her arms full of books, "her works," from which she proposed to read without time-limit. Her sisters and brother protested and said, "You know, Hat, your works are awful dull." But Hat insisted in contributing something that she considered "uplifting," until Cissy broke in singing:

Just tell them that you saw me,
And they will know the rest,
Just tell them that you saw me feeling well.

This silenced the insistent Harriet. Mary Anderson McGibeny sang charmingly the beautiful song, "I will give you the keys of my heart." Trotty McGibeny, the infant phenomenon, was then pushed forward by her admiring parents, who said that they had reserved the best for the last, and that their dear little one, who would make her first and probably her last appearance in public, would recite a little poem. Trotty came reluctantly forward and after much promptings from her anxious mother began,

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

but she could get no further and, dissolved in tears, had to be dragged ignominiously from the stage.

All through the performance Mrs. Wiggin as Mrs. McGibeny sat in rapt admiration of everything that was said and done by her family. She palpitated with emotion over the sentimental songs. Her bosom swelled with pride at the accomplishments, intellectual and otherwise, of her daughters. She was thrilled and awed by the physical prowess of Mr. McGibeny. She was convulsed with laughter at the absurdities of her son, Brignoli, and as for the innocence and charm of Trotty, she was quite beside herself with maternal affection.

When the entertainment was over, hot gingerbread and baked sweet apples and cream followed and as the friends departed they declared, as was said of the Ruggles family in "The Birds' Christmas Carol" that "they had never seen such happiness in the space of three hours."

SPEAKING of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," this brings up another Christmas scene, perhaps the most characteristic of all. At least it seems so to me as seen through the vistas of the years.

Mrs. Wiggin had written this story which was to be privately printed and sold for the benefit of the Silver Street Kindergarten.

In this modest form it achieved such a success that it was later published and is now read all over the world. Next to "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens, it is perhaps the most widely-known and best-loved Christmas story in the English language.

Mrs. Wiggin dedicated it to "the three dearest children in the world, Bertha, Horatio and Lucy." Bertha is her niece, Horatio and Lucy are my brother and sister. One Christmas eve before the story was actually in print Mrs. Wiggin came to our house to read it aloud. I can see her now as she sat on an old-fashioned hassock before the open fire in our living-room in San Francisco. Her hair was golden in those days and the light from the blazing logs made it look like an aureole. My brother and sister, little folks, cuddled closely up to her and hung upon her every word. They made a charming picture, a beautiful young woman reading to children who loved her a story of her own which was to become famous all over the world. While she read, the Christmas spirit filled the room and the angelic chorus "Peace on earth, good will toward men" echoed in all our hearts.

As I look back upon this lovely scene, I realize how fraught with meaning simple events may be. Who of us thought at the time that the writing and the reading of "The Birds' Christmas Carol" was the beginning of a literary career which was to give happiness to thousands? Joy to be deep needs not to be noisy and influence to be blessed needs only to spring from purity and love.



AND ON EARTH—PEACE

Continued from page 9

He strolled to the window and peered out unhappily. Anne followed him. They stood there, looking, and Bertha, her heart beating now to a terrified measure, realized that she had only this little time to say whatever she might find to say. "Look," cried Carl, "there comes a car up the Glen Road!"

Bertha joined them and saw, down the valley, the brave little light of a car making its way in the storm. The light of Jane's house was now obscured in the surging of the snow. "Somebody must be as much in love as I am," said Anne.

BERTHA stared at them. How beautiful they were! How they loved each other! More than they knew! Was she so certain that they had chosen badly?

The question, stabbing at her, swung her round to face some inner clamor of which she had been aware from the first. How could she be so sure? Was any honest and intelligent person perfectly sure that the present order of education, of society, of family was the last word ever to be said? History was change. History had not stopped.

"Do you mind telling me," she asked uncertainly, "I mean, do you want to tell me what your plans are?"

"New York," said Carl. "The Greenwich Village section or some place where people understand."

"Understand," Bertha repeated. "Do you mean—know how you will be living?"

"Well, free people," said Carl with energy, "who know that being married isn't the only virtue. Generous, big-hearted people—not like these ghastly folks in our valley—but big souls who won't make a jolly row over things that are none of their business——"

"None of their business?" Bertha repeated. "Not if we aren't harming any one."

Bertha was feeling her way, wondering if she knew how to say the next word.

"What do you mean by harming any one?" she asked.

"Oh, just breaking their silly old laws for them," Carl explained.

"And history," Anne informed Bertha prettily, "is built on outgrown laws."

"Which somebody had to break before they could *be* outgrown," Carl added defiantly.

"What martyrs you are going to be—for the new society!" cried Bertha.

They looked at her a little stupidly. It was Anne who said with dignity:

"No. It's first of all because we love each other. We each want the other to be free."

"Then if," said Bertha clearly, "either of you finds somebody whom you love more—and who is equally free—then your duty to each other and society would be to separate and choose the new love."

"We shall always love each other," Anne began. Carl put in, "That's unthinkable." But they may suddenly have remembered that this was neither certain nor modern, and they looked at each other a bit foolishly.

Carl burst out: "Mrs. Millet—you're not going to pretend that you weren't *glad* when Bart went away?"

"In spite of everything, didn't—didn't my mother really do you—a service?" said Anne, very low. "From all that I know of him—why, she didn't even pretend to be sorry when they told her he had fallen from the cliff. She wasn't even sorry they didn't find his body——"

"She loved him once. And if I had loved him, they would have gone away together just the same," Bertha reminded her.

"No! Because then you could have kept him!" Anne cried, and stopped.

"Well, I didn't want to keep him," said Bertha distinctly. "The whole thing was a miserable failure. But it didn't occur to me that the way to make a success was by changing the law myself."

"Why not?" cried Carl.

"My dear Carl," said Mrs. Millet, "one person or two persons can not make a law for society—or change a law. One person or two person can merely break it."

"But a law is made—" Carl began.

"By majorities," she said. "Where is your majority?"

"All over the country!" cried Anne, "everywhere. You know how strong the feeling is——"

"In that case," said Bertha serenely, "get your majority together. Have them act together—as in any other lawmaking. Just now we are following a law made by one majority. Well, that's our law—until another majority changes it. Dodging it is no solution. That's like—like tax-dodging or bootlegging."

In her words there was something electric. Carl went again restlessly to the window. The storm was still driving, but now, where the Glen Road opened, the light which they had seen below was nearing the summit.

"It's somebody coming here!" he exclaimed.

Anne ran to look. Bertha said indifferently: "Nobody comes here."

But the light was the light of a car whose laboring ascent was now audible. And it panted into Bertha's little yard and halted, with a rasp of the brakes which was like a hoarse and relieved breath.

"Mrs. Millet," cried Carl, "it *is* somebody coming here. But *please* don't join in and argue against us—if they've come about us!"

IN THE flash of time before the stamping steps were heard on the walk there came to Bertha a triumphant sense of the essential honesty and openness of these two—to neither of whom did it seem to occur to try to evade the moment by hiding. She smiled at them, and went to open the door.

The figure making its way through the drift in the door-yard was small and agile, but it was so bundled that the door was closed before Bertha recognized her. The snow-laden shawls were thrown back, and there was Jane Graham. "Why Jane!" Bertha cried. "Jane—in all this storm——"

"Mother," Anne tried to say, "what a night for you to be out—" But the words died on her lips.

Mechanically taking off her wet cloak, Jane said not a word, nor did she speak when Carl brought her a chair by the fire. She sat there, breathing quickly, and seemed not to notice when Anne came and pinned back her wet hair. Bertha busied herself making fresh coffee, and otherwise the room was in silence. But when Bertha sat down by Jane, she started and drew back, looked at Bertha with a terrible intentness and said:

"So this is the way you've gone about it to pay me back."

"I don't understand," said Bertha gently.

"Are you going to pretend I haven't caught you red-handed making things easy for these two?"

"Mrs. Graham—" Carl burst out, but she cried:

"Nothing from you!"

"Mother," Anne tried to say, "she was doing her best——"

"And nothing from you!" cried her mother vehemently. "I know what I see. I found your note to-night that you thought I wouldn't see till morning. Carl's folks told me he'd come up here with supplies. I guessed the rest. You two keep still. It's with this woman I've got my settling to do."

When they broke into protest, Bertha said to them: "Please. I want to hear——"

Jane Graham turned and faced her.

"I should think you would want to hear," she said. "You only know what the village tells you. They tell you I went with Bart Millet because I was sorry for him—seeing you couldn't keep house for him nor cook nor make a home. Well, that wasn't it. I didn't like housekeeping any better than you did. But I loved him. I loved him from the first minute I set eyes on him. Anne was a little thing—I had her by the hand and I came face to face with him in the grove at the Sunday-school picnic. We stood and talked—he was taken by me just the same as I was by him. Anne let go my hand and ran away into the grove, and I never knew she was gone.

"From that minute I loved him. I saw what he was—selfish and complaining; but I didn't care. I knew he belonged to you, but I didn't care about that either. And so, when he came to the house one night and told

Continued on page 86



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6252	30	6314	40	6376	30	6437	45	6499	45
6253	50	6315	35	6377	50	6438	45	6500	40
6254	35	6316	45	6378	35	6439	45	6501	45
6255	45	6317	30	6379	40	6440	45	6502	45
6256	30	6318	45	6380	30	6441	45	6503	45
6257	45	6319	35	6381	45	6442	30	6504	45
6258	35	6320	45	6382	35	6443	45	6505	45
6259	45	6321	35	6383	45	6444	35	6506	45
6260	35	6322	45	6384	35	6445	40	6507	45
6261	45	6323	25	6385	45	6446	35		
6262	35	6324	45	6386	35	6447	45		
6263	45	6325	30	6387	50	6448	30		
6264	35	6326	45	6388	35	6449	45		
6265	45	6327	25	6389	45	6450	30		
6266	35	6328	45	6390	35	6451	45		
6267	45	6329	35	6391	45	6452	35		
6268	35	6330	45	6392	25	6453	40		
6269	45	6331	35	6393	45	6454	35		
6270	35	6332	45	6394	35	6455	50		
6271	50	6333	35	6395	45	6456	35		
6272	35	6334	45	6396	35	6457	45		
6273	45	6335	35	6397	45	6458	35		
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6275	45	6337	35	6399	45	6460	35		
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6277	40	6339	35	6401	45	6462	35		
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6280	30	6342	45	6404	35	6466	35		
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6287	45	6349	45	6411	45	6473	40		
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AND ON EARTH—PEACE

Continued from page 85

me he'd get a divorce from you if I wanted to wait, or he'd take me away with him right then if I wanted to go. I went with him.

"Well, for a while I was glad. Anne remembers that—she knows I was happy. I sang all day about my work—I was happy. And then——"

Bertha's level voice broke in upon hers.

"Tell me something, please," she said curiously. "Did you never think of me at all?"

Jane looked at her indifferently.

"I knew you wanted to get rid of him," she said. "He told me that."

"If I hadn't," Bertha persisted, "if I had loved him——"

Jane's eyes fell. "I loved him," she said, "and I was a fool."

"Mother," said Anne quietly, "if you loved each other, you would have been right. Love is the only thing in the world."

"And freedom," Bertha put in dryly.

"Yes, of course and freedom," Anne added hastily.

"'Freedom!'" cried Jane. "That's the kind of stuff you're teaching them——"

Carl sprang to his feet before her.

"Mrs. Graham," he cried, "she's teaching us nothing of the sort. She's been try——"

But he heard Bertha's voice saying evenly: "Carl, let's hear what Mrs. Graham has to say. I won't interrupt again."

"Mrs. Graham has this to say," said Jane, "that in two years' time I was sick to death of my bargain. He—he was all that you knew he was. Anne was ten—old enough to sense things. I had a little money from her father—I sent her off to school. For nine years Bart and I hated each other. Then the raft tipped him off and I was glad. It was his punishment. I always wondered what mine would be. When I read Anne's note to-night and heard that Carl had come up here, then I knew it was going to be through you."

"Mother!" cried Anne. "Mother——"

Carl bent over Mrs. Graham and spoke with a gentleness which lowered the high key of the room. "It isn't true," he said. "We'll tell you the whole truth——"

Jane Graham swept the young people aside and got to her feet and faced Bertha.

"You're right," said Jane, "this thing is between you and me. I'll tell you what I've come to say. It's this: I know you've got the right to hate me. But take it out some way on me. Don't hurt these children—don't hurt Anne! And it's this: If you'll help me keep things right for them, I won't say a word to anything you want to do to me—not one word. I'll give up the farm—I'll go off—I'll kill myself—but don't you teach them so's harm'll come their way."

"Jane," said Bertha, "why, Jane——"

BERTHA rose, trembling, stretched out her hand to the other woman, and neither of them heard the confused words of Anne and Carl trying to put their case.

But they all heard the voice outside which abruptly came cutting the storm and sounding within the room. And they heard the feet treading the snow of the porch.

"Bertha!" they heard. "Bertha!" And they all knew whose voice it was. They stared at one another as if it were the voice of the dead, given back by the river.

"It's *Bart!*" cried Jane terribly.

Bertha Millet was moving slowly toward the door, but Jane turned like a thing struggling in a net. She saw the threshold to the dark inner room and darted toward it. Then, as the voice echoed once more—"Bertha! Bertha!"—and a sharp knock sounded, Jane cried to Anne and Carl: "Let her see him alone!" The two, in an instinctive obedience, like that of little children in a crisis, went with her; and when Bertha quietly and with an odd way of smiling had thrown open the door, the room was empty as Bart Millet entered. He must have walked up the Glen Road, for he was caked white with the snow, and his face was white, too, like the snow that covered him. But his eyes burned, live and wild.

"Bertha!" he said, and stood staring at her.

"I don't understand," she said only.

He leaned against the closed door, breathing hard, like a man spent by more than running. He was gaunt, unshaven, but neatly dressed. With a manner of strangeness, as if he had come from a long distance or a long past, he said: "You thought I was dead, and I guess you didn't care."

"Every one thought you were dead," said Bertha. "Drowned, they said——"

"Drowned I would have been if I hadn't swum under water and got ashore downstream by the hut of a man I knew. It took him weeks to thaw the ice out of me—and when I found how things were thought to be—well, I let them think that way."

BERTHA looked at him thoughtfully, not so much weighing his words as noting a certain hunger in his eyes.

"Sit down, Bart," she said quite kindly.

He threw aside his coat and drew a chair to the fire, but he seemed aware of neither cold nor heat. When he saw that her look met his and did not turn from him, he cried:

"Bertha! Are you glad to see me?"

"What have I do to with you?" she asked.

"You were my wife," he said shortly.

"You're Jane's husband," she replied.

At that his head went down, but he said nothing. Only his great hand shot out and came to its rest on her knee. For a moment she did not draw away, but leaned forward, watching him intently.

"Bertha," he said, "I want you back."

At this she laughed lightly and, "Will you tell that to Jane?" she asked.

"To Jane—to everybody," he shouted, and then he caught the look in her face as she turned to the room. "Jane!" she called.

From that dark room Jane Graham walked out as if from a tomb of her own.

"Tell what to Jane?" she asked.

He sprang up, overturning his chair.

"All right," he said suddenly. "I tell you both. I was a fool to leave Bertha. I love her yet."

"And what made you leave her then?" cried Jane.

Before he could speak Bertha answered for him, for them all, quite gently.

"The same thing made him leave me," she said, "that made him leave you, and that brings him back here now."

Bart threw out his hands. "I wanted love," he said simply, and looked at neither woman, but stood staring at the fire. The raw truth brought them all to quiet. It was in quiet that Bertha spoke.

"I wanted love, too," she said.

And Jane said roughly:

"Didn't I want love? I was always one that wanted love as much as anybody."

In the heavy silence that settled upon the room, abruptly Jane began again to speak.

"I saw you with Bertha. I thought she didn't want you. I did want you. I figured it out that it wasn't right for you two to stay together if you didn't love each other."

"Wait!" Bertha's voice came doggedly. "I saw that you liked him. I wanted to be free of him. Time after time I threw you two together."

Bart Millet laughed.

"I saw you both maneuvering," he said, "Jane to get me and Bertha to get rid of me. I was mad because you didn't love me and glad *you* did. I wanted love—but I don't know whether I loved either of you, and I know now that neither of you loved me."

The eyes of these three turned back along the dark paths down which they had passed, alone or together, looking for love. And the three stood there empty. The silence continued and seemed about to snap when Bart Millet stirred and shifted. "I guess I'll go now," said he somewhat foolishly.

Neither woman spoke. He got into his coat, turned up its collar, nodded with stiff and almost ludicrous formality, and left.

Bertha whirled. "Oh, Anne!" she called, "Oh, Carl!"

Against the dark doorway Anne and Carl were like two spirits.

"It was most fearful eavesdropping—" Anne began, but Bertha cried:

"Promise each other—here and now—that no such ugliness as this shall ever touch either one of you. Promise!"

Carl stretched out his hand. "Why of

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AND ON EARTH—PEACE

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course," he said proudly, "I can promise to love and cherish Anne all her life, so that nothing like this shall ever come near her."

"Oh, *I* can promise," said Anne gravely. "But you two poor——"

"Wait," said Bertha. "You two are promising to love each other all your lives!"

"Why yes, yes!" Anne cried. "Carl is not like that man—Carl and I——"

"Anne and I—" began Carl.

"That's all that marriage is," said Bertha. "Are you really afraid to say such things before your friends and the law?"

In the silence that fell Bertha's words came unforgettably: "Our failure did not come from being married too much," she said; "it came from not being married enough."

Jane Graham's voice came shrilly: "But I thought you were arguing them *out* of marriage, Bertha Millet!"

"Even if that had been true," said Bertha gently, "I couldn't have borne it to bring any more suffering on you."

At this Jane Graham covered her face with her hands. She did not weep—it was as if she remembered how no longer; but her hands upon her face were of sovereign eloquence—toil-worn, tired hands, that had made nothing of life and had from life but one gift: Anne.

Anne looked at Carl and their eyes spoke to each other. "Mrs. Millet," Anne said only, "if we're married on Christmas day, will you come down to the wedding?"

Bertha's eyes were on the window and, the storm having lessened a little, she could see again the light left burning in Jane's house.

"I'll come," she said.

Jane's harsh voice steadied them all.

"It's your own house," she said to Bertha, "and your own things. You'd better stay, and I'll go."

"Isn't there room enough in that house for both of us?" said Bertha. "Anyway, we can spend Christmas there, and then we'll see——"

The word Christmas hung in the air like a star.

MOON-ROSE

Continued from page 11

belong to. I had never thought of the *king*, but now that I have seen him, of course no one else will do quite as well."

She ran a finger along Possart's sleeve. She had never dared so familiar a thing before.

"You might have given me longer," she said. "Now I shall have to take the trouble of arranging some way to see him and——"

The carved door suddenly swung wide and the king stood in the open square of it—the stage cut out of the darkness behind in a panel of sharp white light, the singers going on, voices rising, falling.

"Tell them to stop that, Possart!" the king commanded in short, angry words. "I have heard the same music till it roars in my head! Do you think I want one opera over and over like a doll wound up for one trick?"

He came to the table and shut his hands on its carved edge. "Possart," he commanded, "I want an opera that is new—*new!* I will wait one day and one night!"

This was not the man who had smiled at Madlon. This was not even Possart's friend. This was his Majesty the king, lost in his maddest desire—his passion for music. Through the doors came the sound of the orchestra, the chorus going on—on. The king's eyes flashed.

"Possart!" he said. "Do you expect me to hear that over and over like a street organ! I want *new* opera, I tell you! *New* opera! Music no one has heard! I will wait but one day and night!"

Possart put his hands to his head—a motion of despair. Madlon stood against the wall. Her eyes never left the king's face.

"Your Majesty, but that is impossible," the impresario said. His voice seemed to whine. "There *is* no new opera! Where could it be *found?* Who could give it to me?"

"Nothing is impossible!" the king came back angrily. "To-morrow I want new opera and you are to get it!"

"But," Possart dared again to protest, "there *is* none!"

Madlon came a step out of the shadows.

"Please your Majesty," she said, "I can tell you where a new opera is hidden in Paris. I know where a master whose opera was refused is hiding, waiting to forget."

"You know this!" the king demanded, turning to her sharply. "Where, then?"

She held out her hands to him, her fingers curving softly.

"If your Majesty wants it so *much*," she said, "and I alone can tell where it is found—should there not be reward——"

"Name what you wish," Ludwig broke in impatiently. "Possart is commanded *now* to see that you have it." He addressed the impresario. "And hunt out this composer and opera at once!" he said shortly.

Possart touched his pointed beard with a thoughtful forefinger.

"But your Majesty," he began, "if the opera has been refused, should it be——"

"Refused by whom?" the king interrupted. "Who shall say what music may be beautiful to *my* ear! Possart, for those who do not see fit to comply with the king's command, there are more suitable places than Munich! Get me this opera within forty-eight hours!"

From beyond the doors came orchestra and voices going on, it seemed, endlessly.

"Keep that noise still!" his Majesty ordered. He moved his hands feverishly. "Call my carriage."

He straightened his shoulders and strode across the room to the outer door, directly past Madlon. Possart went with him, nervously trying both to precede and follow. With an impulsive little movement Madlon turned toward them, but Ludwig passed directly by. She watched him go down the scarlet hall, Possart after him. She felt again his hand over hers. King of Bavaria!

POSSART returned much disturbed. The puppets had played beyond him. "You've told a fine story," he said. "Refused opera of somebody hiding in Paris!"

Madlon smiled. Because she knew she had never interested Possart, it pleased her that she was able to disturb him now.

"Well, where is it?" he asked.

Madlon laughed. He was like a sulking boy.

"But of course the reward must be settled first," she suggested. "Didn't his Majesty say it was you who were to——"

"What in the name of Heaven do you want, then?" the impresario put in hotly.

Madlon sat back in a scarlet velvet chair.

"I do not ask much," she said, "in exchange for telling something for the king's pleasure! Only one week as a guest at the palace."

Possart rapped his fist on the table.

"You're out of your mind," he shouted at her. "Such a thing could not be heard of!"

Madlon pushed the velvet cushions idly.

"All right, then," she said; "but is it forty-eight hours the king gives you to get what he wants out of Paris?" She laughed. "Will you go up and down like a street-crier calling out for a composer of rejected opera?"

Possart looked at her with eyes like a wild animal's. He caught up her cloak, took his hat and stick and motioned her bluntly to precede down the hall. She looked at him

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MOON-ROSE

Continued from page 87

slyly as they passed out of the little door into the street again—warm, gray, sweet Summer night—lights blinking—sky veiled over with starlight. The carriage was waiting just where they had left it. Madlon took her cloak from Possart, laughing at his angry eyes.

"Gelbert," Possart told the coachman, "drive to the palace."

Madlon put that scarlet cloak around her and stepped into the carriage like a lady.

So the next day, through dingy poor streets of Paris, Possart went looking for what the king wanted. His cape swung against his legs handsomely. The women came up to him and walked beside him till he would rap his stick impatiently.

When he found the right street, it was night. Shutters and doors were closed, voices coming shrilly from behind them.

It was a painful business—seeking an opera that nothing was known about, to satisfy a demanding king. An opera no one ever had played or ever *could* play, probably.

Number twelve, she had said. He rapped at the gate. An old man in a night-cap opened a window up-stairs.

"What's wanted?" he inquired in French. Possart told him why he had come.

"Yes, all right," the old man said and took in his head and closed up the window.

But it was not the old night-cap who opened the door. It was the man Possart had come after. Broad shoulders, strong hands, a smock open at the throat, a loose cap of black velvet and gray eyes in a face so white that Possart thought at first the man was ill. He held a lamp as he opened the door.

"Will you come in?" he asked in German.

Possart went in, and there in that room—bare tables and chairs—he gave out the command of the King of Bavaria. The composer listened, sitting in the shadow.

"So you are to return with me to Munich," Possart said, "and read your rejected opera to King Ludwig. If he favors it—" Possart shrugged his shoulder—"if he favors it, you will have the whole world. The king is opera-mad. He is—mad," Possart said, lifting his eyebrows slightly.

The room was quiet for a minute. The lamp made a wavering light on Possart's satin collar, his satin hat. From above came an old voice droning prayers.

"When can you be ready?" Possart asked.

The composer rose.

"Unless old Lena is better of fever I will not go to the king at all," he said. He went past Possart up some narrow stairs and knocked on the stair wall.

"Lena," he called.

The rocking stopped. A door opened. Possart heard low-voiced French. Then the man Possart was after came down again, a cloak around him, a cloth case in his hand.

"All right," he said quietly. "I will go."

SEVENTEEN is young. It knows nothing but desire. They told Madlon when the king walked in his garden, so it was there she found him the morning after the affair with Possart—Madlon arrayed delicately in the pale-blue gown of Possart's particular friend among the court ladies.

"Good morning, your Majesty," she said. Her gown swept the grass. Her voice trembled a little. The king looked at her, annoyed. His flowers, like his opera, he wanted—alone. Then he remembered her.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Good morning."

He asked why she was there—if Possart had gone—then, with a sudden real interest, he asked how she had known of the lost opera and its composer.

She told him—yes, Possart had gone to Paris—she confessed that her presence in the palace was the reward she had asked—then she told about a drunk old Frenchman who had given away the story of a composer hiding in his house.

Down the wide garden paths they went together, between trellised flowers damp with fountain spray, fresh with June. Madlon said little. She had heard the king sought silence. Once, at sight of a butterfly poised on a flower, she caught his fingers—and after that they went on together like children, hand in hand. When she asked if she should leave him, the king told her to stay.

"I will give orders," he said, "that you are to stay as long at the palace as you wish. They shall call you the Little Baroness."

He asked if she wanted to help him plan an island of roses in the Lake of Starnberger. (The king had a castle on Starnberger Lake.) He asked if she wanted to see the stars that night through his great telescope. And when finally she left him and went back to the suite Possart had put her in, she was laughing at men—all of them—as she had never laughed before. So easy the game is!

She sat before the tall gold mirror and thought of soldiers in the bier keller—drunken voices—sour ale—hands that had touched her—men who had begged her for this and that. She wondered who would take around her father's mugs now. Never herself again—*that* was certain! She dared to wonder how long it would be before the king would say he loved her. Seventeen is young!

The servants talked about the king that day, and watched him and watched Madlon. The servants loved the king. No one but his servants had ever considered that he must be lonely. The noblemen thought of their own positions, their own dignity, railed at the king's passion for gentler things than blood and tyranny—but the servants loved him. Their babies toddled after him. He would stop at their homes and talk to them.

So now they watched him with Madlon and said to each other they hoped he might find love at last. They didn't know who she was—they didn't care. They only knew what the king did not know—that after all is said, life is made of only one thing. Music, gardens, castles, even kingdoms, are tallow candles burning—and gone. Love is the only thing change can never take from you.

That night Madlon dined alone with him. That night from his towers, as she watched the stars, the king watched *her*.

"Good night, Little Baroness," he said when he left her. "You shall stay here always. To-morrow we will plan the island of roses."

His fingers touched her hand a little.

She listened to the pleasant silk of her dress as she went down the long halls. She wondered if she should even *see* her red-faced father again. She began to feel she had been *born* to this. The king seemed—only some one. She looked at herself in the mirror and laughed! "Good night, Little Baroness. You shall stay here always."

The next morning in the palace gardens, where with his own hands Ludwig was chipping marble for a fountain, Madlon watching from the grass, the Vice-Chancellor Leichstadt came down the drive to where they were.

"Your Majesty," Leichstadt said, "Herr Possart has returned."

The king looked up quickly.

"Returned!" he exclaimed. "And the composer? The opera?"

"Your Majesty," Leichstadt told him, bowing slightly, "Possart and Richard Wagner wait your pleasure in the music-room."

SO THERE in that palace Wagner read his rejected opera to the king.

Ludwig listened like a boy—alert, eager. Wagner read with a slow rythmn, a love, an intensity in every word, every phrase. There was no sound but Wagner's voice, alternating with the melody his own fingers played. Madlon, watching the king's face, saw tears in his eyes. The king turned to Possart suddenly.

"In just one week," he said, "you will have ready a performance of this. A week from to-night I wish to hear opera such as your fiddle-strings have never played before!"

The king put his hand over Richard Wagner's hand.

"I feel the honor of your presence—deeply," he said. "You shall have a palace of your own. I will give you everything. You will be one of the great things of the world—and the key-note of my kingdom! You will inspire *me* to be a great king as you are a great master."

So came Richard Wagner to Bavaria. So became his music the mania of Bavaria's king.

Do we measure life by dreams?

From that time Richard Wagner became the center of the king's days. For hours Ludwig would sit while the master brought notes to life which have come on to you and me with tears.

Madlon, finding her hands suddenly as empty of the prize as they had been full of it, would watch for Ludwig, catch him, follow him, wheedle for his time—just an hour—but he was opera-mad. The world was nothing but Wagner's music!

As the days went on, she began to beat the fists of her temper against the walls. In the room with the gold mirror she began to tear into ruin the silk gowns that were brought her. For the one taste of conquest of that one little day she suffered thousands of hours. Possart came to her.

"Go home," he said. "Don't you know you are acting a little fool? The king doesn't even see you! You won't get what you want!"

Madlon put her face defiantly close to his.

"You don't know what I want," she said. "You only guess—and you are *wrong!*" Then she looked beyond him and smiled a little. "Possart," she said, "I have what I want—already! I could go home—but I won't!"

So Possart didn't know what she meant. He watched her closely as every day the king saw her less. Then he began to see that she was turning to a hatred of Wagner.

THAT was true. She was turning every hour into a desperate hatred of this one who dined with the king, walked and talked with him, filled his days and his nights. From her windows she could see him—his broad white face, his velvet cap—walking, talking with the king in that garden of trellised flowers. Hatred grew in her heart till her nails would cut into her hands—till tears would burn her eyes like acid.

Her hate began to make little marks on her beauty. First she was less serene. Then she laughed no more. Then she seemed no longer young. Then she planned how she could poison Wagner. The hour came back to her over and over of that night before Richard Wagner had come. The king's hand in hers!

"You shall stay here always!"

Then when she had the poison all ready, she told Possart, like a weak thing—and he dragged her to the priest. So in the quiet of that sanctum, tall candles, the hush of godly things, Madlon had to confess. She sat there with the father, and told of Wagner and the king. The father said Bavaria was being taxed heavily for the building of those dreams of the king.

"It is all Wagner!" Madlon cried fiercely. "He has put the king in a spell, I tell you! Wagner demands these things! He is robbing Bavaria of money and the king too—and paying with what? Nothing but music, music, music! But Wagner shall not be great! His music shall not live! I will keep him from it if I have to die myself with him!"

The father put his hand on her shoulder.

"My child, do not spend your hand in poison," he said. "Something else will happen soon!"

What little things make a world! Or is it that there *are* no little things? Is it that everything is big in the great plan? A country is only a gossiping village. How it loves something to talk about—some one to blame. How a tale grows from ear to ear. How words become real things, sharper and sharper.

The king! Richard Wagner!

Madlon talked. Then the priests talked. Then the people talked. And then one night in the streets of Munich Richard Wagner was taken out of Ludwig's carriage by a mob which even Ludwig himself could not withstand. Taken out of the carriage—out of Munich—and out of Bavaria in darkness and mystery. The king was like a firebrand. His eyes blazed. He sent out couriers—companies of soldiers. He commanded every force he had to find Wagner and bring him back.

But during all the past days when the king had been so unconscious of Madlon she had been very real to some one else. A tall, handsome prince relieved much of her loneliness and fretfulness with his flattery. This admirer was the general of the king's troops and so when the soldiers went out for Wagner they took themselves to the mountain roads outside of Munich (no farther), camped there, ate and drank and then rode back to tell the king they could find nothing.

AND this was Madlon! From a bier keller to this! A turmoil on its way to treason. a kingdom, a million people, the power of a king, the great city of Munich, industry

peace, happiness hanging on a thread, because the king had said, "Good night, Little Baroness"—had touched her hand!

But how about one drop of blood on white linen? Madlon hadn't counted that she was staining, not alone Wagner, but the king himself.

On the streets the people began to whisper, "King Ludwig is mad!" A phrase began going around the court, "The mad King of Bavaria!" It got out into Europe! "Ludwig the mad king!"

It was Possart who brought it, at last, to Madlon. She turned on him like a tigress.

"Mad," she cried. "Ludwig mad! The *people* are mad! The soldiers should kill them in the streets for that!"

Possart laughed at her.

"What do you care what they say of the king?" he said. "He is nothing for you to want now! What would you say if I told you the heads of the court are removing him even to-day to the castle on Starnberger Lake—like a prison. He is mad, they say. Just a maniac with his dreams!"

Madlon caught at the marble posts behind her. She and Possart were on the side steps of the balcony around the palace. Leichstadt joined them.

"Possart," Leichstadt said, "the king has been told of his removal to the forest. Doctor Gueden is to attend him—is to remain with him constantly. There will be no retinue — no court. He will be quite alone."

Possart shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, Madlon," he said, "you've had your thumb on royalty. Now may I—" he bowed—"have the honor of returning you where you belong?"

The general, coming up behind them—dark, handsome, magnificent in full uniform—heard Possart. He put his hand beneath Madlon's elbow.

"Go nowhere, Little Baroness," he said, and looked straight into her eyes. "Life at the palace will be very gay when Ludwig is gone. Stay and share it with me. I will pay you such court that all the women will despise you in their envy!"

A shadow fell across the steps, and Madlon, looking instinctively to the doorway, saw the king standing there, his face gray, vague, expressionless—suffering eyes—heavy shadows beneath them—lips strained.

Those men, and Madlon, stood silent a minute, then suddenly she ran up the white steps to the king—only seventeen again—only young again and trembling.

"Your Majesty," she said brokenly, "let me go where you go! I love you!"

She dropped in a little heap of crumbled silk at his feet, her head against his knees.

"I love you," she whispered, "I love you!"

SO THE king and his household took up abode in that grim old castle on Lake Starnberger. Servants, Doctor Gueden, himself—that was all. But at the end of the white road that led from the castle to the lake, in a cottage which had been built once for the king's nurse, was Madlon.

"The castle of a mad king is no place for a girl," he had said. "But if it is true you want to come, you shall have the cottage."

The walls were plaster—white as white linen. There was a path, a gate, a tangle of flowers. From the door could be heard the lake brushing the sand.

One day Ludwig carried down Peter to live with her—the crippled five-year-old boy of a soldier who had been killed. Madlon would sit in the door in the sun and weave rugs and make lace. Peter would whittle things from wood and build sand houses, and they would count the hours till the king would come—always grave and quiet—always Doctor Gueden with him.

Madlon would tell him how fast Spring was coming. Another bud on the sassafras!

She never spoke of love—nor did he.

The general came down to her. Possart came down to her. The general told her how sparkling the court was—Possart told her how the soldiers in the bier keller clamored for her.

"You mope here, afraid to come back," Possart twitted. "Why don't you give in that once you didn't get what you wanted—and begin over!"

But Madlon would tuck her feet under her long black skirt, cuddle Peter's thin little body and smile.

"Possart," she would answer, "I have what I want. Can't you see I am happy?"

"But you haven't got the *king*," he would protest, "nor any honor at all!"

"I have what I *want*," she would tell him—and would say nothing more.

One afternoon to Madlon sewing linen—Peter with his crutch sitting against the door—came the king and Doctor Gueden with a long paper box between them. The king carried a spade.

"It is a wonderful rose," he told her. "The one really rare rose in the world! The flowers are white wax. They open only at night!"

His fingers caressed the heavy green leaves. His own hands dug the ground, put it in and banked the earth around. While he was pouring water slowly to seep around its roots, some one came down the path through the woods from the castle—one of the king's servants from Munich, one at whose little house the king had used to stop. The servant looked at Doctor Gueden, at Madlon. Then he turned to the king.

"I have found Richard Wagner for you," he said. "He is in Lucerne in Switzerland."

So couriers for the king began going between Lucerne and Munich. The king sent money, pleaded for Wagner to return, begged for music. Wagner would not come.

Ludwig, with hungry eyes, would tell Madlon and she would listen. He would prune the flowers. The moon rose grew dark and thick. Doctor Gueden would sit always by them, while the king dug in the dirt, or swept the door-step, or sang little songs for Peter.

"And because flowers and music are more to me than blood and tyranny," he said to Madlon once, looking up at her suddenly, "they call me mad!"

And so again he began to think of nothing but Wagner's music. More of it! He tried to escape from the castle and go to Lucerne.

Summer came—and then, one day, a despairing letter from Wagner, answering at last the king's demand for music—returning money the king had sent. He wrote:

> I am through. My writing is done. My life is over. Since I have known that there are plots against my life by priests and people who say I am teaching too much—putting life too plainly—using your money that might be for other things, I find myself considering what death is, and so doing I find that it means but one thing to me—separation from my music. I find I am afraid in life or death of but one thing—my soul and my music being lost to each other! So I will not write again.

There was a space in the letter, then it went on:

> Ludwig, it is with the greatest anguish I have ever put into words I tell you, not only that I *will* not write again, but that I *can* not. To you alone I tell my suffering. The music is gone! Fear comes in like blackness flooding over white—fear that through eternity I must leave my tenderest passions behind me. If in some way I could know that my own soul might move on through the years, still one with the soul of my music, then I could write. But until there is an answer to my doubt, an answer that is living proof, I can write no more.

Ludwig read that letter to Madlon by the shore of the lake one night at dusk. They sat on a pile of driftwood there, Doctor Gueden on an upturned boat.

"But Wagner is wrong," the king said. "Madlon, when we die, do you know what our heaven is? I think it is our coming back to be forever with the thing we have loved the most. I want to prove that to him beyond a doubt! The language of music is the language of courage and love! Music carries the weary soldiers through! Music brings about forgiveness and tenderness. It is the language men need, and Wagner can speak in that language. What do we buy with our lives? We trade in days like pieces of money, and what do we get? What fool puts money down and says, 'There, let it go!' But how do we spend *days*—of which we have so few and can get no more! Wagner's days are a profit. I am only a mad king who has given little—can leave nothing. The master Wagner can leave music that will be a pride to Bavaria a thousand years after I am dust! If he has lost his inspiration in fear of eternity, and if I, by only dying, can prove to him I still live on with what I love, so as to remove his doubt and let his work go on—then I too would have spent my life for a purpose!"

His eyes looked out where blue mist crept up from the lake.

"I have sent a letter to Wagner," he went on, "telling him I will free his mind of fear. I have told him that when I die, if I still may be part of what I love, I shall somehow cause to grow in his garden in Lucerne a moon rose, as an answer to his question."

Doctor Gueden was watching the king sharply—Madlon listening with a strange fear. After a minute, Ludwig turned to her, brushed her hair back from her forehead, and looked into her eyes.

"You are cold," he said.

He took his long blue cape from his own shoulders and wrapped it around her.

"I will take you home," he said.

They went along the gray shore together. At the door of the cottage he smiled at Peter on the floor asleep. He picked him up, put him on the bed and wrapped something about him. When he turned to Madlon again, he looked at her searchingly, then, as gently as he had lifted Peter, he drew her against him—into his arms.

"Little Baroness," he said, "I would give all I have if I could love you. You would be the flowers I want to tend. You would be the music that goes on in my brain like a ceaseless waterfall. You would be pure white lace in a perfect design. When I heard them say I was mad—do you know why I did not dispute them? Because, dear one, I thought of you—and knew they were right. For only a mad brain can not love, and I knew if I were not mad I would love you. But once—you said *you* loved—*me*. If that is true—will you kiss me?"

Her hands were fever hot in his, her eyes wet with tears. There in his arms she drew him down to her and kissed his lips—the lips she adored. When he released her, she saw him looking beyond her.

"Yes," he said quietly, "I am coming."

Doctor Gueden was standing in the doorway.

He left the blue cloak around her shoulders.

"Mad—mad as a loon," the doctor mumbled as Ludwig passed him and went on ahead.

Madlon watched the king in the dusk, up the white road. By the door of the cottage the waxen petals of the first moon rose were beginning to unfold.

IN THE night—midnight, perhaps—Peter wakened her catching at her arms.

"I'm afraid," he whimpered. "It's so dark!"

She half wakened to hush him—then suddenly sat up and caught his head against her heart. "Peter, what is it?" she whispered. "What is it?"

She heard men along the shore—the splash of oars. She saw the flash of torches over the water, and beyond her open door, up in the castle, lights in a hundred windows.

She held Peter, hot and shivering. The men on the shore were shouting now.

Then some one came running through the trees. She heard Possart call her name.

"Madlon," he called. "Madlon!"

She got out of bed and ran to her door. Possart was bare-headed—his face white against the darkness.

"The king is dead, Madlon!" he said hoarsely. "They have found him in the lake! Here is something—a letter he left for you!"

Madlon, with Peter in her arms, slid down against the frame of her open door.

Possart sat by her all the next day. All day the dull gong-gong of monastery bells sounded across the water. Her face was very pale, her hands limp and cold. Peter clung to her fingers, trying to warm them. Possart was determined to take her away. "You didn't get what you wanted. Come back now!" he insisted.

"Possart, I *have* what I wanted," she said, tears caught in her lashes. "I wanted to learn to give without *seeking*—and I can do that now."

POSSART never saw Madlon but twice again. Once he went through the snow to that little house in the barren Winter. He found four little children eating bread and milk on her floor, her fingers flying over thread lace to sell for money.

"Well," he said, "I have been to Switzerland! I have seen your enemy—the man you hate! It is true he can write no more! It is true his genius is strangled with fear of an eternity and his music left behind! He waits for Spring and that moon rose till I think he is as mad as the king! But now you can be satisfied. Now you have your wish. Richard Wagner will be great no longer!"

"But Ludwig died," she said, "that Wagner's music might go on!"

Possart looked out at the white cold hills.

"Yes," he nodded. "Poor mad brain to promise proof of life after death by a rose growing in Switzerland!"

He turned to her suddenly—commandingly. "And you are coming back to Munich," he said. "I am here to take you!"

She smiled down at those tumbling babies.

"And leave these?" she asked. "For what?"

Little hands caught her skirts. Little pale faces crept against her knees.

In the Summer once again Possart came to that cottage. He came hurrying to her open door and called her.

"Listen!" he said excitedly. "That moon rose! It is growing in Switzerland! And Wagner has found it! He is writing day and

Concluded on page 90



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MOON-ROSE

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night! He is writing like a man possessed!"

Possart looked nervously at the sunshine streaking across her flowers, their stems and petals moving as though some one might be there among them. He shivered.

"It almost makes me feel as though the king were still here at your door," he said.

"Well," Madlon smiled, "why not?"

Do we measure eternity by hope?

I STAYED that night at the inn in the nearest village.

"It's an odd old lady up along by the castle," I said to the innkeeper at breakfast. A tender smile came on his face.

"The Little Baroness?" he questioned. "God keep her! Always taking in little waifs that hasn't nobody! Mostly lame ones—but any ones and all ones! Never been out of sight of the shore but once! Once my father went with her some place in Switzerland to set out a rose slip. Set it out awful queer in the dead of night, but I don't think she's been away from here one day since! She keeps a little tavern there for folks that meet with trouble! Don't never seem to get tired, nor old, nor out of patience like the rest of us! Going there seems like going to a saint!"

I thought of that ivory letter:

"LITTLE BARONESS—Your love alone has given me peace to bear the suffering of these last days of my life. You were to me like one of God's angels, in that sublimeness of giving, not seeking. And so it is to your flowers, your cottage, your dreams, your heart, I shall come back to find my heaven, praying only to be with you always, as through these last sweet days, in humble adoration.

Your servant, THE KING."

Do we measure strength by sorrow?

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Continued from page 13

adjustment. A sense of being trapped angered and frightened her, and she made up her mind that they would return early on the following day, and that henceforth the friendship between herself and these men should suffer a sudden cooling.

Bump—bump—bump. The roads were full of deep holes. Janey began to hope that they would break a spring in one of these mud-pits and have to go back to Palermo.

ONCE free of the villages, the way was much easier. Miles and miles and miles. Sometimes they passed villas, plunged deep in bloom. Often they ran beside the sea, often left it, and threaded orchards, orchards, orchards again, with starved narrow strips of vineyard rising where the mountains began. Acres of prickly pears filled one field after another; di Rampolli descended and picked some for both cars, running to and fro between his guests, good natured and boyish in the warm sun, peeling the spiny fruits skilfully, offering them on slim twigs and delighted with the pleasure he gave.

"How far have we come, prince?" Janey asked, when, somewhat won from her dark mood, he had resumed his seat beside her again, and the jolting and shaking had commenced.

"Half-way. But you're tired?" Fraternelli said quickly.

"No, not a bit. Are you, Aunt Nell?"

Mrs. Stanley, resting comfortably against the cushions, was sound asleep. Di Rampolli sat between Janey and her aunt, Fraternelli on the front seat, but so turned about that he could talk with them easily.

"We'll have lunch at Tomasio's, Carlos? We're later than I thought. Did you notify Tomasio or Umberto or Enrico to be ready for us along the road?"

"I notified—" the prince said good naturedly, "them all."

"But all three will have a feast ready," Fraternelli said amusedly, with an appreciative glance for Janey.

"Then two may call in the neighbors," the young noble said negligently, and they all laughed.

At noon they stopped at a roadside inn, where a few tables covered with coarse white cloths were set forth under a grape-vine. The girls were stiff, weary, starving and in high spirits. They made what improvements they might in their appearance, in a bare up-stairs room, and descended to find everything charming, and the good smell of cooking food especially welcome.

"They say about ten minutes, signorina. We are a trifle late; they had thought we were not coming," said Fraternelli, as they found places, and began to trifle with the iron-handled knives and forks.

"And he said something about bandits—I distinctly heard, the word *'banditti'!*" Mrs. Stanley, who had preceded the younger women down-stairs, said with an air of resuming an abandoned topic.

Fraternelli laughed.

"True, I asked him if there had been any talk of bandits lately," he admitted, "and you saw him laugh. 'Bandits. Why, your excellency, how should we have anything like that in these peaceful hills?' he asked."

"Ah, don't discourage us," Janey pleaded gaily. Danger of any sort seemed remote. The sun shone, the dark eager children of the inn scuttled and peeped like the curious goats from near-by points of vantage.

The luncheon came, and di Rampolli's guests ate shamelessly until they could eat no more.

JANEY began to enjoy the adventure heartily.

When they resumed their places in the cars, she had persuaded Mrs. Stanley, Lebretagne and Fraternelli to join Vivienne in the second, while she and Dolly had the two younger Italians in the pathfinding car. Dolly brightened visibly at this arrangement, and at half-past one o'clock the caravan was upon its way again, winding on and on into the heart of the hills.

"We lose the sea!" Janey mourned, when the sun was at their backs, and the road rising.

"Ah, but we find it again, signorina."

"And are we nearly there, prince?"

"To Tramontare? Oh, no, not yet, signorina. We are—" He changed from French, and spoke quickly in Italian to the other man who was driving. "We are about half-way," he announced, in the former tongue.

"About half-way! Why—but it's nearly three o'clock. And Count Fraternelli said that we were half-way long ago—before luncheon," Janey exclaimed. Count Rossi smiled vaguely, di Rampolli lifted eloquent eyebrows and shoulders.

Janey was growing tired, and eight hours in the car had had a wearying effect upon her thoughts as well. At one moment she and the Saterlees and her aunt were simply casual American visitors to Sicily, being taken most hospitably upon an interesting trip into the less-known and less-populated parts of the island. Their hosts were noblemen, well known by all the city, men with reputation and standing to risk.

More than that, Jane Richie Davenport was not an entirely unimportant person in her own country, and there were on her own private yacht, which should reanchor in Palermo harbor in a few days' time, one old man and two young ones who were her protectors, her champions, who would make short work of any mystery or difficulty in connection with her disappearance.

These thoughts would calm her for a while. Then the increasing wildness of the scenery, the menace of the long lonely stretches, when the cars labored like awkward beetles past rocky rises, pressed upon her heart with the first real fear. She began to catch at scraps of comfort.

"There's a church, anyway, Dolly!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, and there's one of those lovely donkey-carts!"

The group was silent from sheer fatigue as the cars panted up a grade and paused upon the rocky, forbidding summit. Here they all got out, to walk stiffly up and down, yawning, shuddering a little with muscle-soreness.

Behind them the day was dying, the mountains fumed like great caldrons. From the sun, caught like some furious monster in the trap of mountains, came angry shafts of dazzling red. The sight was almost terrifying, and Janey felt her heart sink.

She wished they had never come upon this expedition—too late for that now! But unless she really intended to marry Carlos di Rampolli, this was surely a very pronounced sign of interest in him on her part and might easily be misinterpreted by him, and by Fraternelli, and by any one else to whose interest it was to misinterpret it.

AND why not marry him, if he wanted her to? Truly, he wouldn't be one's ideal of companionship and intelligence in a husband; he was merely a nice boy, silent, unresponsive. If she married him, an enormous proportion of her property would have to be transferred to him; that was the law. Women didn't rank as citizens in his country, nor sign checks, nor enter into contracts.

"Carlos wouldn't be very thrilling as a husband," she mused on, as an especially bad mud-hole threw her violently against him, and she and Dolly straightened themselves with much laughter. "But there might be nice children—we could keep the yacht——"

The only possible flaw in the picture was Carlos. He was a full five years her junior in actual time, he was hopelessly and fundamentally her opposite in every way. Not when he was forty, or seventy, would he speak her language truly, or on any subject feel any sympathy, or indeed comprehension, for the viewpoint of an American woman.

To say to Carlos that a woman might possibly be his superior in a mental way would have been like saying to him that his horse had the better mind. He would smilingly agree—it didn't matter what a woman thought, let her think herself his better if she liked. The fact would remain that she was not; that she was physically his inferior, a creature of limitations, of tears, hysterics, moods, unhappy when she was dragging herself about before a child's birth, and hence to be humored at that time, childishly complacent and content when the baby was in her arms, and ready once more to be the attentive wife.

She would be jealous of his love-affairs; what of it? She had no appeal. She would fret over his money extravagances; no matter. She would scold, protest, exact promises, and he would sip his wine, and speak to her soothingly, and go upon his uninterrupted way. After all, had she not a coronet upon her card, were not her children noble? And these things might not be without him.

Janey saw all this clearly and raged within. But if she didn't take him, some other girl would. Some other girl would be the Princess di Rampolli, coming back to America to visit and hearing "Your Highness" on all sides!

A SUDDEN interruption to the trip interrupted her thoughts likewise. The following car had halted with a broken spring, and its occupants were agitatedly grouped about it when the leaders went back, discussing the seriousness of the delay. A strong wind had sprung up, leaves whirled, blossoms were blown down.

Although the tones of the driver's jabbered words were reassuring, Janey could see, from one glance at Fraternelli, that this was a most unwelcome interruption to the journey.

"Of course we are nearly there now! The car must be fixed; we couldn't go back with this spring," he said cheerfully, visibly pulling himself to the required attitude. "But can we make the rest of the way with it? Can't,

Continued on page 91



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LIQUID ARVON

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

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eh?" he echoed disappointedly, as both drivers burst into vociferous protests.

"Oh, dear, let's go back to Palermo—let's get back somehow to-night—I'm scared to death of robbers—we haven't a gun or anything among us!" Vivienne Saterlee wailed.

"Oh, Vivienne, I feel as you do—do let's for heaven's sakes go back!" Mrs. Stanley seconded it almost hysterically. "Where on earth are we? It'll be dark in fifteen minutes——"

"And there will be a splendid moon in half an hour!" Fraternelli reminded them, with a gallant air of amusement at their fears. "We reach di Rampolli boundaries in another hour——"

"Another *hour!*" wailed all the women together, between laughter and tears.

Fraternelli, instead of confirming it, fell into rapid undertones with the young Italians.

"No, we must go on," he said in English, suddenly terminating the other discussion. "We'll all have to get into this car and leave the other to its fate. If you, signora——"

"Leave the driver," Janey interrupted, "and we'll send back for him with a tow and some supper. Otherwise the car might be stolen."

"An excellent idea, signorina!" Fraternelli said enthusiastically. But when they were all carefully packed into the single car she was bewildered to note that both drivers were accompanying them.

Her first impulse was to call this to Fraternelli's attention. But upon second thought she checked herself and was silent. If he didn't care about the car, why need she? Her face grew red with resentment in the dark.

"To-morrow night!" she prayed. "To-morrow night we'll be safe back at the Villa Igiea, and the orchestra will be playing dance music! Or if not to-morrow," she had in common reason to correct herself, remembering the broken spring, "then positively the day after! And something tells me—something tells me that the *Dixie Belle* will be made ready for a long sea trip a few days after that!"

Vivienne, whose weight was less than a hundred pounds, was in her lap, her shoulder-blades bumping against Janey's face. Dolly, in the opposite corner of the tonneau, occupied the more ample lap of Mrs. Stanley. Between the four women Count Rossi was squeezed. On the small seats Lebretagne and Fraternelli were tightly wedged, and buried in luggage on the front seat di Rampolli sat next to one of the drivers and peered above suit-cases to direct him on his way. The other driver, gripping bags with his knees, rode standing on the running-board, bending close above the women when low branches swept above the car, or when the ascent grew precipitous and every ounce of weight was needed to keep the wheels in the road.

ALL available rugs and plaids had been utilized to keep the passengers in the back seat comfortable. Presently the moon rose in a troubled wild sky of black galleons, and the travelers could get turning views of the sharp black crests of the mountains, the sea, the slopes of vineyards, rocky fields and desolate scrubby growth.

Fraternelli was deep in an amusing description of a misunderstanding with the opera company that had last Spring come to Palermo. But the women, buried under each other's weight, could not listen. When for a kilometer or two the road was a mere crooked shelf above the black jaws of a valley far below, Mrs. Stanley kept crying out:

"Oh, my God—Janey, ask him if it's safe: Count Fraternelli, I'd much rather walk for a while—truly I would—oh, don't bounce, Dolly, or we'll all—oh, my God!"

"The idea: So you couldn't have any performances at all," Vivienne said politely, yet in a shaking tone, to the story-teller.

"Ah, no, we had to have twenty, instead of five—that was the very point, signorina," Count Fraternelli replied, with great spirit.

"The idea—oh, have we much more of this," Dolly began in a purely conversational tone of interest, and ended with a scream.

"No, no more. We are out of the mountains now. We have nothing but down-hill roads now and he can go a little faster," Fraternelli answered reassuringly, interrupting his narrative with perfect ease.

"Janey, we were very silly to do this," her aunt murmured, under cover of a conversation that suddenly commenced in low tones among the hosts.

"Oh, I know it, Aunt Nell! But they're just as much distressed as we are," Janey reminded her, in a very low tone.

"More, believe me," Fraternelli said, smoothly entering the conversation. "But we are saving our apologies until we have you comfortable—which will be a few minutes now. We did not tell you, because it was not necessary to distress you, that the drivers lost their way to-day, and went almost ten kilometers on the wrong road. The opera committee, not satisfied with having fifteen operas as at present—" Fraternelli was resuming with relish, "requested that we turn in our resignations. I had the great satisfaction of reminding them——"

"Oh, really, if it's up-hill again you must let me walk! I can't stand those curves! I assure you, count—you tell him, Janey, that last year I had a complete nervous breakdown——"

Janey, resting her weary, dirty face against Vivienne's coat, wondered what would happen if this trip actually killed Aunt Nell. Aunt Nell was sixty-two, after all. What time was it, anyway?

"Is it about seven o'clock, count?"

"Yes, signorina—I am so sorry! If we had dreamed, we might have brought some chicken sandwiches from the hotel!"

Sandwiches! To Janey's ears they sounded unbelievably civilized. Had she ever been anywhere where slim, cool chicken sandwiches, each with a pale-green slice of pickle, might be had for the asking? Had she ever sat in the warm darkness of the Metropolitan, listening to Farrar in "Carmen"? Or had she been wedged all her life long, cold, hungry, exhausted, in this bumpy car, with Viv Saterlee on her lap?

"We'll enjoy our rest to-night," Dolly said gallantly.

"Eventually," Janey agreed. "Aunt Nell——"

"Yes, dearie?"

"Are you all right?"

"I don't feel very well," Mrs. Stanley admitted, after a pause. "What's that, Count Fraternelli? Not rain?"

"Stay where you are. I think we had better get this top up over these ladies," the count said without comment.

A WILD sudden rain-storm was upon them, black, cold tongues of water bit and splashed at them like flames, trees creaked in the darkness. They had crossed the island now, and could hear the hoarse voice of the sea below them, upon rocks.

"Drive slowly." Fraternelli shouted to the driver.

It was simply grim endurance now for them all, there was no laughter, no mere courage of words.

"The gates," Fraternelli announced, after an eternity of black bumping and rocking and jolting. And still they went on and on and on——

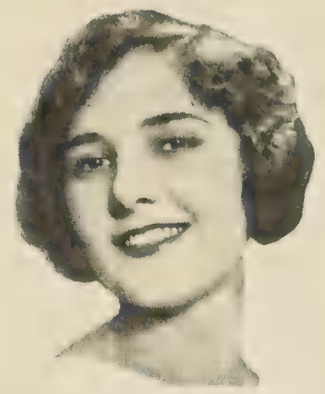
"Ah-h-h! Here we are!" He was the only one with the energy left to say it. The women were silent as they stumbled, stiff and drooping, into the disks of light thrown by the headlights of the car. All about them a black world ran with inky water.

Janey supported her aunt without speaking. No use to protest, to beg her not to collapse. Gradually the enormous bulk of a castle raised itself above them, black against deeper blackness. Far down its cliff-like side a dull red light shimmered.

Blindly, like cripples, they started toward the light. A door was opened, there was dim pink color inside, forms silhouetted against it. A great stone-floored room and a primitive brazier; servants running forward.

They had had no message. They had seen no messenger. The terrible truth smote through Janey's paralyzed senses, and she

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Continued from page 91

felt that but for her fears for Aunt Nell she would drop where she stood. Di Rampolli and Fraternelli were evidently abusing these poor folk. It didn't matter.

"Come up-stairs—" the older man was invincible, his tone was buoyant still. "Come up-stairs and let us make you comfortable, and they will bring us something to eat as fast as they can."

Comfortable! Cruel, cold wet winds found the great stone staircase, and buffeted them as they mounted it. There was no sign of warmth or coziness anywhere. "The Grand Central Station has nothing on this," said poor Janey with chattering teeth. "Hadn't we better stay down there? At least they have a fire."

"Five minutes, signorina—" Fraternelli begged. Some of the men from down-stairs had accompanied them to the great chilly drawing-room; there were rugs here, and chairs. A candle was lighted.

Janey, her teeth rattling, got her aunt upon a cold sofa, piled damp coats on her.

"Here," Dolly Saterlee said, moving about desperately, "let's get a fire going."

"I beg you—you must permit the servants to do that, signorina," Count Rossi said quickly in Italian. Janey swept him one contemptuous glance, was upon her knees at the great fireplace, had lighted a crumpled mass of twigs and paper with a match from her own little silver match-box, and was coaxing it to burn.

"They will do it as fast as they can—you are distressing Carlos," Fraternelli said in her ear. "Well, let us all help," he conceded, "let us all be good Americans."

"Americans would have the place hot by this time," Dolly murmured, on the other side. "Count Fraternelli, we want wood here. Is there a chair or something we could burn?"

"If you will just give the men time—" Fraternelli pleaded. "No, truly, you must sit down and let them manage it. They lose their respect for those who wait on themselves," he explained in an undertone.

JANEY wasted no words upon him. As the reluctant blaze strengthened and mounted, she glanced about the enormous room in despair. They would never be warm here! Perhaps, if they lived, they would get back to Palermo to-morrow. But there was small chance of any rest to-night.

Wild, frowsy servants came and went. Wood was thrown noisily down by the hearth. Janey persuaded a savage-looking, smiling woman to bring up a pot of hot water. She filled her aunt's hot-water bag, and bathed the weary face.

"Ah-h-h, that's good. Ah, that's wonderful," Mrs. Stanley finally stuttered, from under her rugs and coats.

"It is so unfortunate—it is so extremely unfortunate—" di Rampolli kept repeating agitatedly. But Janey noted that he made no move himself to better the situation, unless imperative orders to the running servants might be so considered. Evidently noble blood could not sink to that.

Presently there was soup and coffee, bread, butter and an omelet. The girls were almost too tired to eat. Violent shudders of fatigue shook them.

"Prince di Rampolli, I don't dare move my aunt to-night," Janey presently said definitely. "Ask these people to bring some blankets down. We'll sleep here, and keep up the fire all night."

"I wouldn't move for a king," Viv murmured.

"But we couldn't permit that sort of hospitality," Fraternelli protested. "They are arranging the bedrooms now."

"Are there fires in them?" Janey asked wearily.

"No, but you will find this sort of cold weather most unusual, signorina. To-morrow it will be hot and clear again—the rain has already stopped."

Janey leaned back in her chair with shut eyes. She felt beaten, body and soul.

"I'll go up and look," she announced, with a sudden inspiration. "Dolly, come with me. Viv—you stay here until we come back."

They had supposed the big room hardly affected by the fire, but the halls were like tombs. Drafts blew past them when they opened the doors of the enormous, icy bedrooms where the maids were struggling with mammoth beds.

Five minutes later they returned triumphantly to the drawing-room, loaded with blankets and pillows, and followed by puzzled women similarly loaded. Di Rampolli was instantly upon his feet, and Fraternelli seemed genuinely shocked—shocked out of his usual graciousness.

"But, signorina, we couldn't permit this! You see how utterly horrified the women are at the mere idea. Let us give orders that some of the rooms with fireplaces be aired——"

"We're all dead," Janey said, yawning unashamed. "Gentlemen, we'll excuse you all. Please don't argue about it. Please—please get *out*. I wouldn't move my aunt up to one of those cold bedrooms to-night for anything in the world."

She took a great bundle of bedding from one of the women, tumbling against it for sheer weariness as she did so. The men watched her disapprovingly, from the little group into which they had gathered.

"We're none of us fit for any further discussion," Janey added ungraciously. "Good night!"

"Good night!" Vivienne Saterlee said, with a faint accent upon the last word that sent all three girls into exhausted and painful hysterics of laughter when, with a maid or two, they were alone.

"Girls don't fall dead until we do just a few things," Janey pleaded then. "Don't let's get laughing, or we'll break. Help me wheel this couch nearer the fire and get Aunt Nell's shoes off. Don't take that pot of coffee away, Rita—Nina—whatever your name is—we may need it in the night. Can you say anything like that in Italian, Dolly? She looks as if I had pointed a gun at her."

"She's in a cold sweat because we're touching these blankets with our sacred hands," Vivienne observed. And again, weary, aching, cold as they were, they shook with helpless laughter.

Another couch and a wide chair were pushed toward the hearth, and the girls removed their wet outer things.

Mrs. Stanley's clothes were drawn off, her warm wrapper substituted, and Janey insisted upon administering a white pill from her beautiful little fitted case—"to break up a cold." Presently the light was out, they were all under blankets, and only the firelight was playing in the great shabby room.

"I'll bet they're mad as hornets at us," Dolly murmured, in the delicious process of growing warm and sleepy at one and the same time.

"We should worry," Janey returned, wishing she were up to give the fire one more log.

"Have we enough wood for the night?—don't use slang, Janey dear." This was from her aunt.

"If we haven't we'll stick a couple of tables in," Janey stated, and Dolly, who shared her couch, shook it with a desperate laugh.

JANEY said nothing more. If her face had been visible, the other might have seen the stern, the tragic look that darkened it, seen the bitten lower lip, and the narrowed eyes. But there was no light in the room at all now except the drowsy pink glow of the fire, and within a few moments three of the four wearied women were asleep, the girls deeply, relaxedly, Mrs. Stanley with an occasional restless twist of her aching body and an occasional hoarse cough.

But Janey lay wakeful, reviewing the march of the day's events, thinking back over the happenings of the last ten days, anticipating the morning.

Within a few months, perhaps, if she so chose, she might be mistress of this old castle. The young prince was looking for a rich wife, and she was rich enough to satisfy him. He liked her too, found her—as all men had found her—pretty and young and attractive and likable; it would be a sufficiently suitable match, even without the money. But, of course, the money was the main consideration.

"Never!" Janey said out loud in the darkness. Vivienne stirred, moaned in her sleep. Reality returned. They were on a house-party in the Sicilian mountains; they were all trying to sleep in the big drawing-room. "I am growing up," thought Janey solemnly. "I feel older to-night than I ever have felt in my life before!"

She had learned something in Sicily. She would never be dazzled by titles, by the report of brilliant international alliances again. But more than that, Janey felt that she had learned something of herself. Life to a real woman, was not all a matter of taking. There must be giving, too, the devotion of a man as simple, as straight and good as Gordon Raleigh was not a thing to be laughed aside, just because he had no money. And, on the other hand, as she felt with a rush of returning self-respect, although Carlos di Rampolli was the richest man in Sicily, there was a fundamental incongruity there, there was a difference that made the thought of marriage between them obnoxious.

Janey climbed cautiously from the lumpy, odorous couch, noiselessly replenished the fire, drew the covering up over her aunt, and crept shuddering back. The rain was over, and one glance over her humped shoulder at the waste of the big black room behind the screen had shown her a bright angle of white moonlight lying across the dim shapes that were tables and chairs.

"Too much coffee!" Janey thought. "I believe I'm going to lie awake all night!" And almost immediately she fell sound asleep.

THE following morning, if it did not quite merit Fraternelli's enthusiastic adjectives of "perfect" and "June," was at least clear, or intermittently clear.

Tramontare stood above the sea, upon rocky ground that looked hopelessly unfriendly. Behind the castle rose the sharp spurs of the black mountains toward the north, lower chains of volcanic hills ringed the place to east and west, but on the south side, perhaps five miles from the castle, lay the blue sea.

The buildings themselves, for the castle ramified into something like a dozen semi-detached edifices, were imposing; the girls found no difficulty in believing the most romantic stories about them. Phœnicians, Greeks, Castilians, Normans, Bourbons, Savoyards had all taken their turn at ruling the rebellious little island, and most of them had left their imprint upon the Castello Tramontare.

Mrs. Stanley remained upon the couch by the drawing-room fire; the two younger men, Rossi and di Rampolli, had taken the automobile and one of the drivers and departed to investigate the injured car, some kilometers down the road. Count Lebretagne had not appeared.

"Let's hope that they don't get a flat tire or anything!" Janey had exclaimed, upon hearing this. "That's the most awful road I ever saw. On Aunt Nell's account I wish they had waited for us all to discuss it before they rushed off. She must get back to Palermo to-day, no matter what happens to the rest of us!"

"Your American frankness distressed Carlos very much," Fraternelli had admitted. "His father's home is sacred to a man in our country. To have his hospitality made ridiculous hurt his pride in a way that I can not express."

"But it was so obvious that his hospitality had somehow slipped a cog!" Janey had returned honestly, wide-eyed. "We couldn't sit around and wait while my aunt froze to death!"

"It was not his fault," Fraternelli had persisted seriously. "It appears that his messenger's mule died on the way. Di Rampolli will dismiss him, of course. But he was enraged last night. He felt that the honor of his house had been slighted!"

"He's very silly, then!" Janey said impatiently. "However, when they come back—and let's hope they manage to tow the second motor-car with them!—we'll tell him we didn't mean it so, at all."

"And this is what we get for putting ourselves under obligation to him!" she had added in her secret soul.

HOWEVER, the day had commenced far more felicitously than any of them had dreamed it might the preceding night, and a certain Latin mood of sweetness and idleness, the true *dolce far niente*, had taken hold upon them all.

"But my aunt, no matter what it costs, must be gotten back to-night," Janey had reminded Fraternelli more than once. And Fraternelli had assured her that the moment the young men returned they would start.

A woman had been building a big fire on the hearth when Janey awakened, and there had shortly been hot water and hot coffee and fresh spongy bread. Fortified by this, the girls had made Mrs. Stanley, who was suffering from fatigue and "grippy" pains, as comfortable as was possible, had folded blankets and straightened the room, with the obsequious help of voluble maids, had stood a screen about the invalid's couch, and given her such novels and newspapers as happened to be included in their luggage, and had sallied forth to see what was to be seen.

So discovered, the *castello* presented to them its most charming aspect. Window-sills at the castle were four feet deep, of smooth old stone. Most of the great rooms were empty, except for a tattered tapestry or a great table or bench. The girls smothered disrespectful laughter when the famous Tiepolo and Veronese frescoes were identified—dull, indistinguishable fragments of limbs and drapery, dim upon the stained distempered ceilings. The masterpieces, Janey murmured to one of her countrywomen, would have been the better for a good coat of whitewash! Some of the rooms were furnished with great cabinets, show-cases, as Dolly called them, filled with molding collections of fans, leather-work, carved figures, fabrics.

"The excavated collection is supposed to be one of the finest private collections in all Italy," Fraternelli commented.

"What *good* does it do?" Vivienne asked in her simple little voice.

"Only that it proves the di Rampolli family, and the San Giovanne family, to be among the oldest in the whole civilized world, signorina," Fraternelli reiterated patiently.

"Yes, and what good does *that* do?" Vivienne persisted, with what the other girls called her "bird-brain" manner.

"Nothing, if it means nothing," Fraternelli said with an icy glance. And Dolly told her sister later that he might just as well have knifed her.

THEY were all glad to get out of the damp, evil-smelling, haunted rooms to the fitful sunshine of the terrace, and here Mrs. Stanley was presently coaxed to join them. The girls wore their sweaters and brought rugs for the older woman. Fraternelli, perched upon the incredibly picturesque old stone railing, entertained them with romantic stories of the place for a happy and distracted hour. "But where are they? It's almost noon!" Janey interrupted the placid flow of the conversation to ask suddenly. "They started when? At nine? Shouldn't they be back?"

"I present a thousand apologies and I know that I am what you call a bad boy," said the pleasant voice of Count Lebretagne. Looking rested, fresh, sleek of hair, and with the unmistakable aspect of one who has just bathed, shaved and breakfasted well, the Frenchman came out into the sunshine of the terrace, seeming to bring with him a sort of guarantee of normality and safety. "We started with two automobiles," he added, in French, turning an inquiring glance toward Fraternelli. "We now seem to have none!"

The younger men's absence was explained to him, and he took it quite as a matter of course, thereby enabling Janey to view it more composedly.

"Now, if we but had the Paris papers, and a casino within a few minutes' walk," he remarked, balancing upon the wide, weather-corroded stone balustrade, "we might be anywhere! Cannes, Biarritz——"

"Might we at least have some bridge?" Mrs. Stanley asked with sudden hopefulness. "Have we cards?"

Fraternelli pursed his lips, shook his head regretfully.

"Playing cards are a little too modern to be found at Tramontare," he said. ("Suggesting by his manner," commented Janey with fine irony later, "that everything else, in the way of bathrooms and lights and furnace heat and mirrors and table service ought to be enough for us!")

At the time, however, she merely remarked fervently: "There may be some in my suitcase—there's a special pocket for them," and ran eagerly into the damp, heavy shade of the palace again to investigate. Anything that would amuse Aunt Nell——

The cards were found and presently a spirited game was in progress. Janey, whose lot it was to sit out a rubber, glanced stealthily at her watch. It did not do to appear too eager for their departure, but, after all, Palermo was still that inflexible hundred and sixteen miles away, and upon the wet unbroken roads five hours would be none too much to allow.

IT WAS almost two. They had frittered away a surprizing amount of time. Luncheon would be in order at any minute. A cold rush of cloud darkened the terrace and a spatter of rain broke up the game. Mrs. Stanley was bundled back to the replenished fire again and then maids began to bring trays of luncheon.

"Count Fraternelli, can you understand where the prince is? What can have happened?" the women began to ask with increasing uneasiness. Janey drew him aside when she passed him in one of the draughty hallways and faced him seriously.

"I am worried about my aunt. Tell me the truth. Where do you think they are and what are they doing?" she pleaded.

Her imperious manner, one of the charms that had marked spoiled, audacious little Janey Davenport since her adored babyhood, was softened now. Her mouth had a new line of firmness, of self-control, her eyes a troubled earnestness that was very different from their usual daring and dancing light. There was something in her aspect that made her seem a different woman from the dashing American heiress of the yacht and the flowered silk shawls, who had taken possession of the Villa Igiea.

"Signorina, one of the maids suggests that di Rampolli and Rossi themselves are towing the car to Bivona or Caltanissetta," Fraternelli suggested animatedly, after a moment's frown of concentration. "In that case they may return at any moment."

"But even if they did," she persisted, "we could hardly start for Palermo to-night?"

"Oh, no." He shook his head regretfully. "Not to-night."

"My aunt," she said in distress, "is certainly feverish. She seems to have a touch of grippe. It isn't comfortable for her here——"

"We will do what we can for her, signorina. You can understand my position—" Fraternelli pleaded.

"Oh, yes," she said, apologetically, "I do. It is dreadful for you. But *my* position, too," Janey resumed, with a rueful smile. "I shall feel so terrible—" Her bright eyes brimmed. She tried to smile through tears.

"The situation is not so serious," Fraternelli consoled her. "We shall start bright and early in the morning."

Agreeing, and going heavy-hearted upon her way, Janey wondered a little at the man's amiability. Surely his friends in deserting him had served him a most ungracious trick. She suspected that he himself was puzzled by their prolonged absence.

Her errand through the big halls and rooms was in pursuit of a plan of her own, kept from her aunt and the servants, kept even from Dolly and Vivienne, whose gentle, bewildered souls had already found in her a natural leader. There must be smaller and more habitable rooms at Tramontare, Janey had told herself, rooms with fireplaces that would really warm them.

As she threaded the solitary place, Janey silenced her uncomfortable fears by planning briskly.

"We'll have all the mattresses brought up and aired and warmed. The beds we won't bother about, you couldn't move them with dynamite, anyway. Then we'll keep a fire going——"

She had penetrated into a somewhat distant part of the castle, pushing open big doors, peering half-affrighted into dim, big empty rooms. Now she had reached comparatively smaller apartments, strung along in a row in medieval fashion, without hallways, each room opening into the next. In some of the windows shutters were barred, but there were one or two where the daylight fell upon dusty floors through wide-open casements.

Triumphantly, she selected one with a weather-tight window and an open fireplace. A long table was already in the room, and two stout, old square armchairs, with decaying tapestry on backs and seats.

"It would be a decent-sized room at home!" she said half aloud. "It must be fifteen by fifteen feet. Servant's rooms, of course. No real aristocrat ever entered an apartment smaller than the Pennsylvania Station in New York! We really can warm this and make it fairly comfortable, if we can get a broom and some suds——"

A distant banging noise, as if one of the great doors had closed itself, brought her heart suddenly into her mouth. Absolute and utter stillness followed the sound, and Janey could hear the drip-drip of rain outside the gloomy shuttered windows, emphasizing the unearthly lonesomeness of the place.

Exactly where was she? Exactly how did one return to the down-stairs rooms?

"Nonsense!" she reminded herself. "I can look out of a window and get my bearings that way!" And she went to the window. It was heavily barred, the iron bolts reinforced by rust and moss.

A little frightened now, and with a panicky impulse to rush wildly back across the long course that had led her here, the girl penetrated to the room beyond, just another bare, plaster-scented room like the rest.

Here the window was open, wide open, the wet air coming in and the broken shutter dangling. But there was that in the room that made Janey forget the window and that brought all her fears back in full strength. Her heart slackened to a slow, sickening beat.

There was an old, square wooden bed in a corner of the room, upon which were tumbled covers. Beside the bed were a bottle and glasses. A newspaper lay on the floor.

One of the men had slept here last night, she tried to think. But that was impossible—she had traversed twenty rooms, thirty rooms since leaving that part of the castle where they had all taken shelter like wet, storm-blown birds in the dark. Why should any one thread all this dismal emptiness to spend the cold night here alone?

SHE picked up the paper, alert, frightened eyes—ready to jump to either door.

A Naples paper—she could translate the word "Napoli" and some few of the headlines. A Neapolitan paper, here in an upper, empty room of Tramontare! Funny——

Janey wished that she were down-stairs, safely beside the fire with the others. There was something mysterious here, something unexplained. Perhaps one of the men had had it in his pocket; perhaps this dismal, damp apartment was really much closer to the main part of the castle than she supposed.

"I wish I had brought Dolly!" she whispered audibly. "I—I don't like it!"

She looked again at the paper. The date might throw some light. Possibly it was months old. This was March eighteenth—the servant, Rita, had said something of tomorrow's being the great feast of San Giuseppe. Janey swallowed hard, looked again.

It was figures, not words. There could be no mistaking figures. March sixteenth. March sixteenth, Wednesday.

"Some one was here—" the girl murmured, with a dry throat. "Some one was here, in the castle, last night. How did he get from Naples so fast? What did he want here?"

She stood still, afraid to stir, lest the noise she herself made drown out some other sinister noise—here—under the bed—or in the next room—or in the terrible, great dark wardrobe, whose tattered tapestry curtains were moving softly in the wet, fresh air that came through the open window.

Outside, the rain fell steadily, in straight gray lines. About her stretched the confusing labyrinth of dark, half-empty rooms, gloomy and menacing in twilight. And far, far away, unconscious of her danger and her need, the Saterlee girls and Aunt Nell were playing cards beside the fire.

Janey knew herself to be terrified. She made one movement toward the door, shrank back again in a terror so increased as to make her mood of the second before seem nothing.

For nearer than before, and unmistakable now, there had sounded again the heavy bang of a door. And as the detonation died away, rumbling like a pistol-shot in the gray quiet of the late afternoon, another sound succeeded it. The sound of heavy steps, coming nearer and nearer, coming straight to the room where the girl waited, trembling, panting, her lips bitten, her nostrils dilated, her eyes fixed on the door.

Continued in the January DELINEATOR

Through that door which Janey watches with such terror are coming events more thrilling than you could ever imagine. A master-bandit—who travels over mountains and sea by aeroplane—a gallant young desperado, graduate of an American university, with his own private fortress on a Sicilian mountain-peak—a man seeking revenge upon a prince and ready even to torture the woman the prince holds most dear—here are elements of the next instalment which will make you agree that "Beauty and the Beast" is the best book yet by Kathleen Norris

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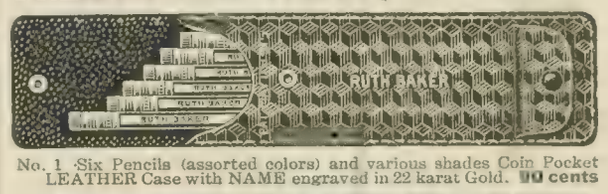
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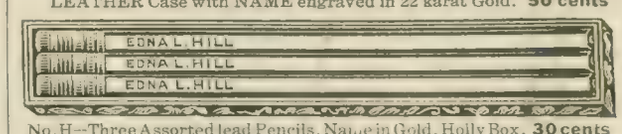
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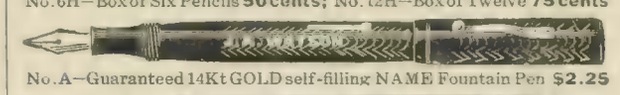
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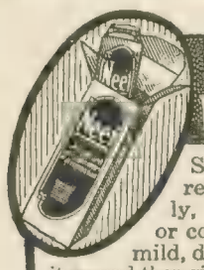
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

6465—Shirred panels put life and animation into a one-piece slip-over dress with bishop sleeves. Use satin Canton, plain satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, satin faille, etc., with matching Georgette. The lower edge is straight. Lower edge 43 inches.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch crêpe satin and 1¾ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6491—The much-talked-of princess line distinguishes this slip-over dress with an inverted plait at each side-front and side-back seam. Use worsteds, cashmere, serge, wool crêpe, light-weight kasha, camel's-hair twills, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch twill.

The princess dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6423—10401—Even cuffs may flare. This smart slip-over one-piece frock inserts a plait at each side front and back. The sleeve has two seams. Embroidery trims the collar. Use twills, cashmere, light-weight kasha, camel's-hair twills, etc. Lower edge 2 yards.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch kasha.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

6459—The detachable peplum gives a one-piece frock a two-piece appearance. Use light-weight kasha, camel's-hair twills or cashmere with faille silk collar, etc.; or use flannel, twills, worsteds, serge, etc., for this slip-over dress.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch light-weight tweed. Lower edge, plaits out, 57½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

6487—An all-around circular flounce attached in oval outline lengthens the one-piece upper part of this slip-over dress. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, plain satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, satin faille, etc., with Georgette, etc.

17 years requires 3 yards 39-inch chiffon velvet. Lower edge 3⅜ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6492—10361—A little embroidery makes a great difference. The rippling circular flounce is attached in a new outline to this slip-over dress which fits closely at the hipline. Use satin Canton, flat crêpe, etc.

16 years requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 2¾ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6417—Unusually smart is a two-piece frock, close fitting at the hipline, with a circular flounce attached to the one-piece upper part of its separate slip. The blouse slips on over the head. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, etc. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

17 years requires 1⅞ yards 40-inch broché crêpe satin and 1¼ yards 40-inch plain.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

6482—10961—A delightful slip-over frock, wearing a hand-made flower, attaches a two-piece circular skirt to a basque in scalloped outline and closes under the left arm. With taffeta use embroidery. On crêpe de Chine, etc., paint the design.

17 years requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material (skirt cut crosswise). Lower edge 4¾ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.



6465 6487 6491 6482 6423 6417 6459 6492

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

6424—The princess frock is flared below and follows the line of the figure above. For day wear it has a V-shaped or round neck, a normal armhole and sleeves. Use satin Canton, plain satin, satin faille, crêpe faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc.

16 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years.

6463—Satin Canton, satin faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, etc., make a slip-over frock with a one-piece front. It fits closely at the hipline and attaches a circular flare across the back and sides in scalloped outline. Lower edge 2½ yards.

16 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (flare cut crosswise).

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6489—A princess coat dress arrives at its flare by an underarm gore. It fits closely at the hipline. Use heavy silk crêpe with contrasting ribbon for tie facing, or use twills, worsteds, cashmere, etc. Lower edge 1¾ yards.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch heavy satin.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

6443—10208—Chiffon velvet, crêpe de Chine or plain soft satin is charming for a slip-over frock with a straight gathered skirt attached to the long body in scalloped outline. The design is painted. Use contrasting colors. Lower edge 53 inches.

16 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6389—A simple one-piece slip-over frock with a straight lower edge is desirable for wide bordered embroidered effects on silk voile, or for lace flouncing with Georgette, etc.

34 bust or 17 years requires 1⅜ yards 54-inch wide bordered chenille brocade on Georgette and ¾ yard 39-inch plain Georgette. Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years, 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

6451—10934—A long blouse effect is given this slip-over frock by the attached lower part. The embroidery is smart. Work in appliqué. Use half-and-half wools, crosswise designs, bordered silks, etc., with plain, etc.

17 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch bordered wool. Lower edge, plaits out, 2 yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, ladies 38, 40 bust.

6441—10961—Embroidery adds a French touch. Work in color. The attractive circular flare is attached across the back and sides of this slip-over dress, leaving the front in one piece. It fits closely at the hipline. Use satin Canton, plain satin, etc.

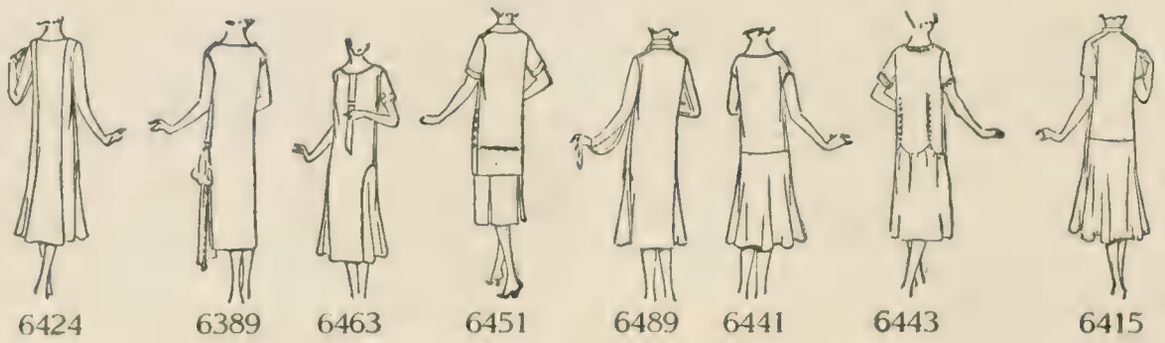
16 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 2½ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6415—10138—The saddle shoulder and tie-collar attract interest to this slip-over dress. A two-piece circular skirt is attached at the hipline, where the dress fits closely. Use crêpe satin, etc. The embroidery is smart.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch chiffon velvet and ⅜ yard 35-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 2½ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.



6424 6389 6463 6451 6489 6441 6443 6415

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

6430—The 1925 model evening wrap harmonizes with the dress. This wrap has a deep armhole, a pocket on the lining and is worn wrapped around or in straight-line style. Velvet, heavy satin, etc., are effective in brilliant colors and practical in black lined with silver cloth, gray crêpe de Chine or satin. For an afternoon wrap use short-nap coatings, velvet, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 50-inch brocade.

The coat-wrap is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

6399—The youthful cast of this slip-over dress is attributable to the smart separate bolero and the straight gathered skirt set on at a low waistline. Use lace flouncing with matching Georgette, crêpe satin, etc.; or use Georgette, crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin with lace edging. The drop skirt is used under transparent materials. Lower edge of skirt 1¾ yard; of drop skirt 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 28-inch lace flouncing and 2⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6477—The bordered frock finds a way to flare by inserting a godet at each side. This slip-over one-piece dress fits closely at the hipline, has a straight lower edge and is made of bordered wide crêpe satin, Canton crêpe or satin and faille, or 54-inch ombré velvet with matching Georgette, etc. Lower edge 2⅜ yards.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard of 54-inch bordered velvet brocade, with 1½ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is charming for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6428—The flared Princess dress is the latest thing in silhouettes. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, plain satin, satin faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. For day wear this slip-over frock has sleeves, normal armholes and a V-shaped or round neckline; for evening, a lower neck and cut-down armholes. Lower edge 2¼ yards.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch velvet.

The princess dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6455—Paris says "ribbon skirts" and gets this effect by loose narrow panels. Use satin Canton, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma or Georgette with rhinestones, crystal beads, etc., for this slip-over one-piece evening dress with cut-down armholes. For day wear make it with sleeves and normal armholes. It fits closely at the hipline and may be made without the back cape.

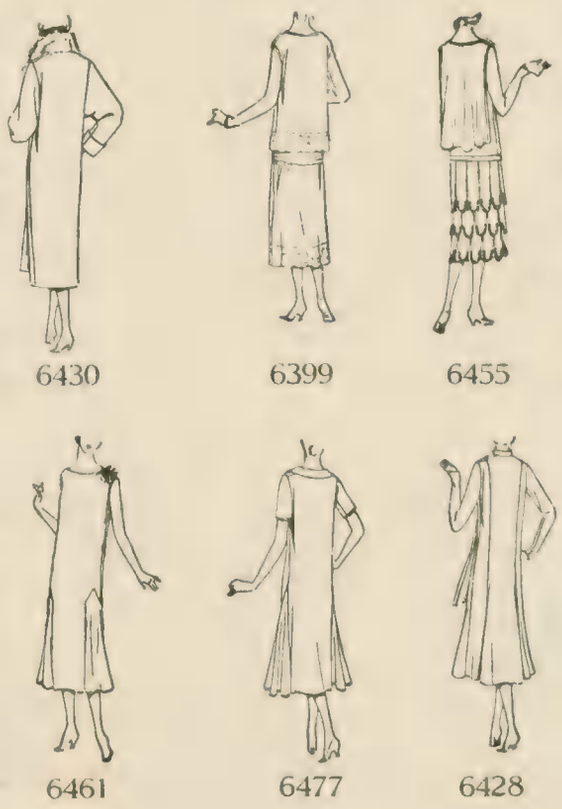
36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6461—Pointed interest is taken by the circular flare in the outline of its attachment at the back and sides of a slip-over dress. The front is in one piece and the dress fits closely at the hipline. Use satin Canton, soft satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc., with hand-made flower of matching or contrasting Georgette.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 2¾ yards.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



6430 6399 6455

6461 6477 6428

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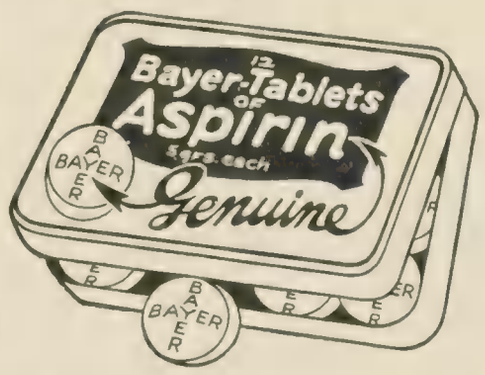
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

6428—10336—Suggesting the line of the figure without actually fitting it, the flared princess dress presents a new silhouette. Embroidery follows the flaring hem-line. Work in contrast. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, plain satin, satin faille, crêpe faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc., with contrasting ribbon facing for tie collar. This slip-over dress may have a round neck. For evening, cut the armhole down and make the neck lower. Lower edge 2¼ yards.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 35-inch velvet.

It is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

6427—10361—Shirred Georgette godets give to this one-piece frock the flare that Fashion loves. Embroidery gives it elegance. Work in one-stitch. The dress slips on over the head, fits closely at the hipline and may be made of heavy crêpe de Chine, satin Canton, satin faille, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, etc., with matching Georgette. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin and 1¼ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

6447—5416—A most attractive slip-over frock attaches a circular flare across its back and sides but keeps its front in one piece. Use crêpe satin, satin Canton, soft satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, crêpe faille, etc. The smart tam-o'-shanter may be made of velours, duvetyn, heavy flannel, velvet, taffeta, satin, etc. Lower edge 2½ yards.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 3⅜ yards 39-inch novelty crêpe satin with no up or down (flare cut crosswise) for dress and ¾ yard 27-inch velvet for tam.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; tam for ladies, misses, girls and children.

6429—Here fan-shaped shirrings capture the attention of the critical. This tie-around frock is one-piece in type, slightly draped, and has soft shirred fulness at the shoulder. Use crêpe satin, heavy crêpe de Chine or broché crêpe satin with harmonizing Georgette; or use chiffon velvet with matching Georgette.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe satin and 1¼ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is smart for ladies 36 to 48 bust.

6457—A new handling of plaits is shown here on a smart frock. A plaited lower part is attached to the back, also to part of the one-piece front, giving a front tunic effect. This dress slips on over the head. Use light-weight cashmere, serge, wool crêpe, light-weight kasha, camel's-hair twills, etc., or crêpe satin, satin Canton, flat crêpe, etc. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 1¾ yard.

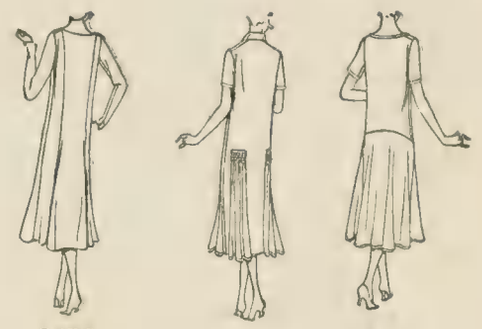
36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch twill.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

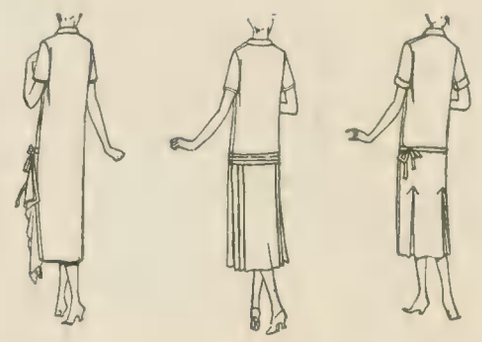
6469—The new striped wide bordered wools and striped wide half-and-half wools make up smartly in a straight-line frock. At each side of the front and back a plait is inserted and the dress slips on over the head. You may also use twills, worsteds, cashmere, wool crêpe, light-weight kasha, camel's-hair twills, light-weight tweeds, heavy satin, etc. It fits closely at the hipline, is one-piece in type and has a straight lower edge.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch bordered wool. Lower edge with plaits out 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



6428 6427 6447



6429 6457 6469

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Safe Way To Make Teething Easy

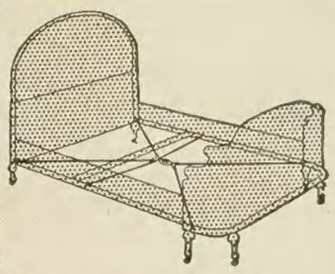
DON'T let Baby suffer during the teething period. Constant fretting undermines the health—keep *your* baby happy and playful. Just rub a little Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the aching gums. He will get quick relief, keep well, and grow strong when teething is made easy in this safe way.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the private prescription of a famous children's specialist and wise Mothers use it, safe in the knowledge that it contains no harmful narcotics that deaden pain by drugging.

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

6418—The inverted plait at each side of the front and back and the yoke give individuality to this slip-over frock. Use serge with white linen or rep collar, wool crêpe with silk crêpe, etc., or flannel, flat crêpe, etc.

8 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch twill.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

6406—426—This little girl in a slip-over frock and separate bloomers dresses her doll in rompers and sunbonnet.

5 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch velveteen and 1 yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine. A 22-inch doll requires 1 yard 32-inch chambray and ⅜ yard 32-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for girls 2 to 6 years; the rompers and sunbonnet for girl dolls with large bodies, 12 to 26 inches.

6394—Separate bloomers hide under this prettily smocked slip-over dress. The lower edge is straight and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use crêpe de Chine, silk or cotton pongee, cotton broadcloth, etc.

7 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years.

6460—Serge, wool crêpe, flannel, velveteen, wool rep, etc., make this one-piece slip-over dress, while plaid or check of the same material or of silk makes the godets inserted at each side of the front and back.

12 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch twill and ½ yard 54-inch plaid.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

6446—10361—The bishop sleeve and plait inserted at front, back and sides give this one-piece slip-over dress a grown-up air. The embroidery is smart. Work in color. Use flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, rayon, etc., with contrasting; or use soft twills, etc.

12 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch heavy crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

6452—The ripple of a two-piece circular skirt attached to a long body endears this frock to young fashionables. It slips on over the head and is made of Canton crêpe, flat crêpe, taffeta, radium, etc., with contrasting, etc.

12 years takes 1⅝ yard 54-inch soft twill.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

6388—There is intriguing youthfulness in the separate bolero and the straight skirt smartly box-plaited and attached to a long body. Make this slip-over frock of checks with matching or harmonizing plain wool or silk crêpe; or use twills, serge, wool crêpe, or flannel with striped or plaid, etc.

10 years requires 1⅞ yard 44-inch wool plaid and 1⅛ yard 35-inch velveteen.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

6416—There is a heart-catching quaintness to a frock in basque effect. Use radium, crêpe de Chine, etc., for this one-piece slip-over dress with hand-made flowers of contrasting Georgette and leaves and girdle of silver ribbon. The lower edge is straight.

12 years requires 2 yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

6404—With charming abandon a very brief slip-over dress exposes both knee and separate bloomers. Smocked and box-plaited, it is made of crêpe de Chine, silk or cotton pongee, plain or pin-dot voile. It has raglan style sleeves and a straight lower edge.

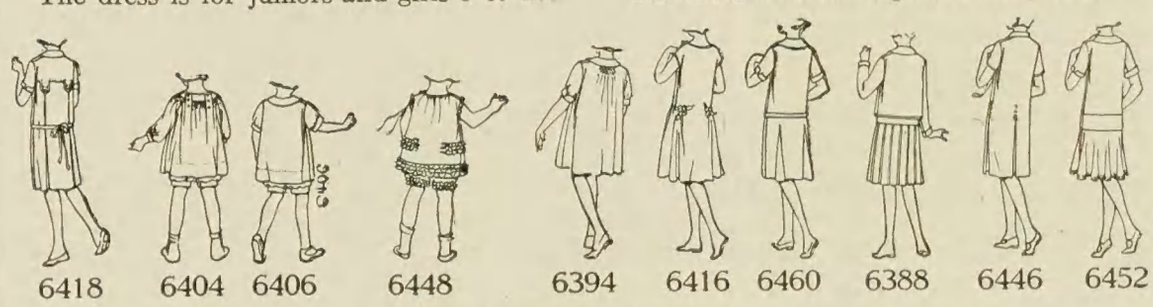
4 years requires 2½ yards 32-inch pongee.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

6448—A party-going frock of many frills slips on over the head. The lower edge is straight and the bloomers are separate. Use silk or cotton Georgette, cotton voile, etc., of one material or with Val-lace frills; or use pin-dot swiss, etc.

5 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.



6418 6404 6406 6448 6394 6416 6460 6388 6446 6452

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

6442—The small designs of printed silk or cotton pongee are entrancing for a little slip-over frock with a straight lower edge. Or use cotton voile, crêpe de Chine, pin-dot swiss, etc. The bloomers are separate.

5 years requires 2½ yards 32-inch printed silk pongee and ⅜ yard 32-inch plain.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

6392—10232—With puffed sleeves and a straight lower edge this tiny frock is adorable in lawn, nainsook, etc., with Val-lace edging, or in crêpe de Chine, fine cotton crêpe, etc. The embroidery is fine. Work in eyelets, etc.

1 year requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch batiste.

The dress is for little girls and tiny boys ½ to 3 years.

6414—Delightful to make is a slip-over frock frilled even to its separate bloomers. The lower edge is straight. Use silk or cotton Georgette, cotton voile, etc., of one material or with Val-lace and bows, etc., of harmonizing ribbon.

5 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

6444—A plaited section is inserted at each side of this smart one-piece dress. It slips on over the head and is made of soft serge, soft wool crêpe, light-weight flannel, etc., with contrasting; or of Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, pongee, etc.

12 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch twill.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

6466—A very smart two-piece school dress slips a blouse over a straight skirt that is attached to an underbody. It has an inverted plait at the front and back. The embroidery is quaint. Work in contrast. Use light-weight wool jersey, twills, flat crêpe, etc.

12 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

6454—10312—Light-weight flannel, etc., with collar and cuffs of white piqué, linen or contrasting flannel, is smart for this one-piece slip-over dress. Or use crêpe de Chine, etc. The embroidery is attractive.

7 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years.

6390—One looks one's fascinating best at parties in a circular flare frock with a yoke. Use crêpe de Chine or taffeta with matching velvet ribbon. The tiny flowers of contrasting ribbon are easily made.

7 years requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine (cut crosswise).

The dress is for girls 6 to 10 years.

6456—Youthful interest centers on the two-piece circular skirt of this slip-over dress. It is attached to a long body. Use twills, radium, taffeta, etc., with plaid silk; or soft satin, flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, etc., with contrasting crêpe de Chine.

13 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch velvet and ½ yard 35-inch plaid taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

6378—10331—The jabot is an effective trimming on a one-piece slip-over frock of Canton crêpe, flat crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, rayon, etc., with Georgette. The embroidery is effective. Work in contrast.

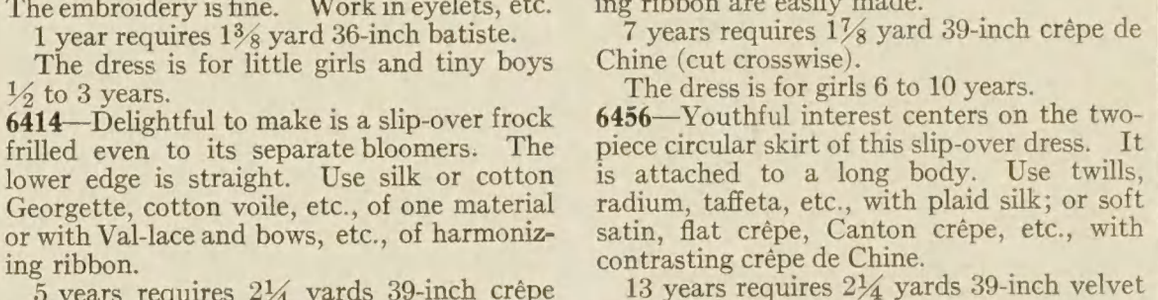
12 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch velveteen and ¾ yard 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

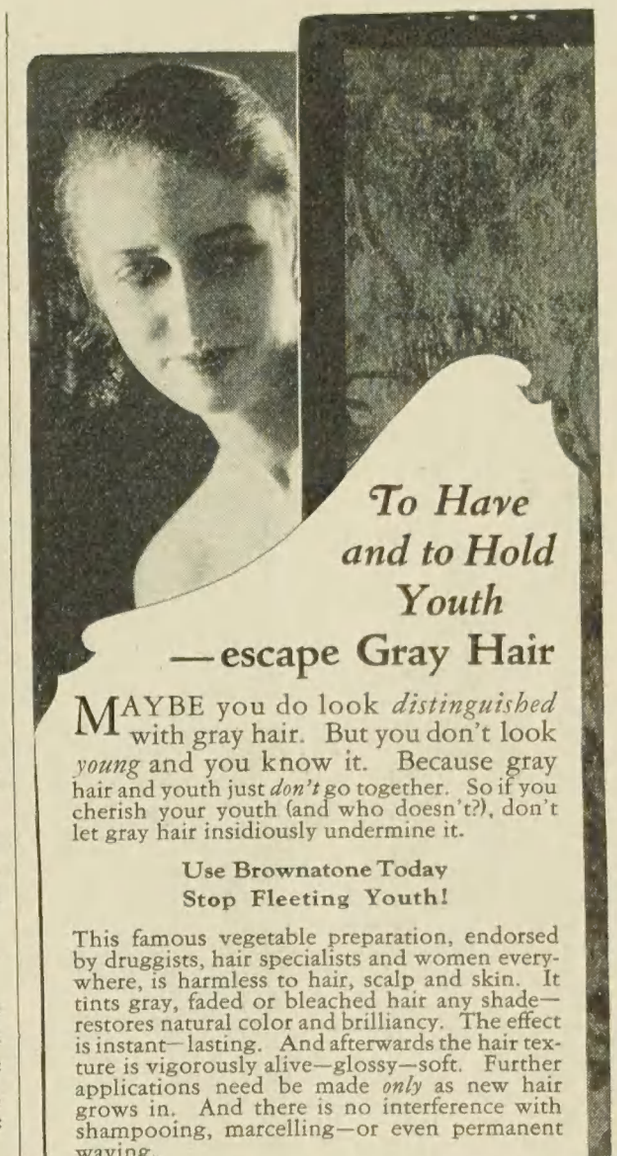
6470—10356—Flying loose panels give animation to a small one-piece frock of slip-over type. They are attached to each side front and back. Use crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, etc., or flat crêpe, Canton crêpe, velveteen, etc., with matching Georgette. The embroidery is easy. Work in one-stitch, etc.

13 years takes 2½ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.



6442 6454 6392 6390 6414 6456 6444 6378 6466 6470



To Have and to Hold Youth
—escape Gray Hair

MAYBE you do look *distinguished* with gray hair. But you don't look *young* and you know it. Because gray hair and youth just *don't* go together. So if you cherish your youth (and who doesn't?), don't let gray hair insidiously undermine it.

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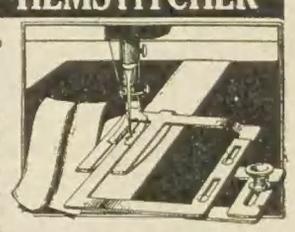
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Some People Don't Like Us

An exchange of opinion about Christmas-giving is the subject of a whole editorial page elsewhere in this issue. One letter in our files invariably comes to mind whenever the subject is brought up. Fortunately, the writer of it didn't stop with an expression of her opinion of Christmas-giving, but generously threw in a comment or two on babies and the function of a woman's magazine. We say "fortunately" because the paragraphs of criticism give us a clue to the general bias of the lady's mind. We leave to you the choice of envying her highly efficient disposition of the whole business of gift-giving or siding with the advocates of the old-fashioned Christmas. The letter is from a New England woman and is copied down here verbatim: "Years ago," it reads, "I stopped this gift foolishness. Forbade them, absolutely, sending me anything. Those under five years of age, I send a new silver quarter, those from five to twelve, fifty cents, from twelve to eighteen, a dollar, from eighteen to ninety, a card. Nothing more. The postage helps inflate the treasury of 'Uncle Samuel' to such an extent that the mail-carriers howl for more pay. I don't like THE DELINEATOR as well as I used to. Twenty years or more ago it used to tell people how to make dresses, cloaks and bonnets. There is too much twaddle about babies. There are thousands of them born every year that would be better off and the world better off if they had never seen the light of day. If a few of them die there are plenty more where they came from. It is time women were taught that the knob above their shoulders was put there for some other purpose than to daub with grease and mud."

The Mad King of Bavaria

Some of our older readers will recognize in Dixie Willson's story, "Moon-Rose," in this issue, a chapter of history that was closed dramatically in their own youth. One such friend has already recalled reading in the papers some forty years ago a little news item running something like this: "King Ludwig of Bavaria has been missed from his palace for several days and no one has been able to locate his whereabouts. His household (consisting of Herr Richard Wagner) is very much concerned about the king's mysterious disappearance." So far as the historic personages are concerned, Miss Willson has adhered pretty closely to the facts. Ludwig (Louis II) was an eccentric ruler, with odd notions of the conduct becoming a king. A bachelor and a recluse, he held himself aloof from his subjects and indulged to the fullest his devotion to the arts. He was so infatuated with the genius of his protégé, Richard Wagner, as to cause his advisers grave concern over their ruler's neglect of important affairs of state. The oppressive weight of taxation required to finance his personal extravagances finally reached the point where his ministers could no longer endure it. They officially declared him insane, and three days later "the mad king" drowned himself in the Starnberger Sea.

The Dog In Fiction

There are dog-fanciers, particularly those addicted to the cult of the collie, who would no more miss a dog story by Albert Payson Terhune than they would an opportunity to discuss the merits of their favorite breed. And if you have ever listened in on the pros and cons of an argumentative group of dog breeders you know what that means. There are several reasons why Mr. Terhune writes a capital dog story. One is that he has been devoted to dogs for the greater part of half a century, and at his home in Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, he and Mrs. Terhune breed magnificent prize-winning collies for the bench shows. Of course every man who knows and loves dogs can't write stories about them; but Mr. Terhune has developed a natural faculty by intensive experience as a newspaper man, novelist, librettist, short-story writer and motion-picture playwright. He has stocked his story-teller's pack handsomely in the course of an intensely interesting career that is reported at first hand in his book, "Now That I'm Fifty," which appeared about a year ago. All this is preliminary to saying that a series of dog stories by Mr. Terhune will appear in THE DELINEATOR from time to time beginning with next month's issue. In our opinion no one else does dog stories quite so well as the author of "Lad: A Dog" and "Buff: A Collie."

THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

$2,000 IN PRIZES!

"What is the matter with the teaching profession and how may its evils be cured?"

For the best answers to this question THE DELINEATOR is offering $2,000 in prizes, as follows:

To Teachers: A first prize of $500, a second of $300, and a third of $200.

To Parents (and others not teachers, but interested in education): A first prize of $500, a second of $300, and a third of $200.

This contest was fully discussed on the editorial page of the October issue. You do not have to be an experienced writer to take part in it. We merely want you to search your own mind and experience and tell us, quite simply, one or more reasons why, in your opinion, over 110,000 teachers deserted the teaching profession last year, and why every year a smaller percentage of college graduates are choosing teaching as a life work. If you are one of those who have deserted it, give your own experience; if not, give the experience of your friends.

The following are some of the well-known men and women who will act as judges in this contest:

David Starr Jordan, President Emeritus, Leland-Stanford University.
Ada Comstock, President of Radcliffe College.
Livingston Farrand, President of Cornell University.
William McAndrew, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago.
Katharine Lee Bates, Professor of English Literature, Wellesley College; author of "America the Beautiful."
Angelo Patri, Principal of Public School Number 45, New York City; author of "A Schoolmaster of the Great City," etc.
Mrs. A. H. Reeve, President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.
Mary McSkimmon, President of the National Education Association.
John James Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education.
Edwin Lee Hulett, Dean of St. Lawrence University.
Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Editor of THE DELINEATOR.

RULES FOR THE CONTEST

Before starting to write, read carefully the following rules, for if your paper does not conform to them, it can not be considered for a prize:

1. Manuscripts must not be over one thousand words in length, must be *typewritten,* and must be *on only one side of the paper.* They will not be judged on literary merit, but on their sincerity, insight, the conviction they carry and their constructive suggestions.

2. Manuscripts must bear the name and address of the sender *and the statement as to whether or not the sender is a teacher.* In case of a tie for any of the prizes each contestant who ties will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.

3. No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

4. Manuscripts must be addressed to "Prize Contest Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.," and must be received by us *on or before January 7, 1926.*

5. Prizes will be announced in THE DELINEATOR for June, 1926.

6. Prize-winning papers are the property of THE DELINEATOR. The magazine also reserves the right to purchase, at its regular rates, and to publish any manuscripts submitted in this contest which are not prize-winners.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

AS ONE who never wearies of applauding the efforts of the never sufficiently praised sex to exercise its talents in fields hitherto monopolized by men, it delights us to report that *Berlin, Germany,* has the only women's fire brigade in the world ◈◈◈ The members take great pride in their efficiency. Recently the brigade was called out by an alarm from a fashionable millinery shop ◈◈◈ The captain ordered the firewomen to turn on the water. The women looked at the hats—and refused. Instead, they rushed into the flaming shop, carefully rescued the chapeaux, and then proceeded to put out the fire in a very workmanlike way ◈◈◈ We don't know that it matters, but one of our newspaper friends who "covered" the recent attempts to swim the English Channel reports that the real reason why one of the lady contestants left the water was because the thought of the thick grease with which her body was protected from the cold gave her nausea and because she was distracted by the "disgusting" sea creatures that swarmed about her ◈◈◈ From *Los Angeles, California,* comes a newspaper item about an aged eccentric who disposed of a half-million-dollar estate in a will written with a pencil on the hem of a white petticoat. We are not so much interested in the validity of the document as we are curious to know where even a millionaire could have found a petticoat last Summer ◈◈◈ We predict a promising future for the substitute librarian in *Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania,* who was asked for a book of poems by Stevenson and "named after a typewriter." The young lady turned to a near-by shelf and handed out a copy of "Underwoods" ◈◈◈ Resourcefulness of another kind is reported from *Cedar Grove, Canada,* where a woman was annoyed by her pet dog's habit of running the streets at night ◈◈◈ To prevent him from being run over by automobiles she strapped a dry-cell battery to his back and attached a tiny red light to his tail. Touring motorists give him a wide berth when they see the dancing danger signal in their path at night ◈◈◈ A *Utica, New York,* young man who tried to say it with flowers finds himself in an unprecedented fix. He informed his fiancée, aged twenty-four, that he was sending her for her birthday a rose for every year of her life. To the florist he gave the order to send two dozen of the finest roses obtainable. "He is a very good customer," remarked the florist to the assistant who was packing the bouquet, "so put in an extra half-dozen." Of course it was inevitable that another engagement should go on the rocks ◈◈◈ One of the admirable foreign customs that we advocate from time to time as worthy of American adoption is the *dot.* Even in *Lapland,* it appears, men who go in for matrimony expect some material evidence of value received. There the sensible custom is for the father to present his infant daughter with a reindeer. By the time the girl reaches a marriageable age the deer's progeny constitute a herd of sufficient value to relieve the prospective husband's anxiety about providing for a rainy day ◈◈◈ Ever alert, as we are, to uphold the hand of *Celia Caroline Cole* and to pass along sound beauty doctrine to our fair pewholders, we quote a paragraph from a pamphlet issued by the *British National Publicity Council.* "No dressing-table is complete without rouge these days," it reads, "but the best kind consists of creamed carrots, which we call nature's own paint or complexion brush. Eat them cooked or raw. No matter how tender or delicate your skin, you can use yellow carrots, cooked in milk, twice a week. By mixing these two colors within the body a promising color will appear upon the cheeks of almost any person whose health is any way near normal" ◈◈◈ A retired high-wire performer, *Myrtle Ross,* who died recently in *Alhambra, California,* directed that her pet dog, *Snowball,* be chloroformed, cremated, and his ashes mingled with hers at burial ◈◈◈ One of the priceless stained-glass treasures of the cathedral of *Yorkminister, England,* has been restored after a century of neglect. The "five sisters" window commemorates five women of medieval times, known only by their Christian names, who were skilled workers in tapestry. ◈◈◈ The far-sighted reader who is beginning to think of her Christmas shopping list will remember to mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers ◈◈◈

GOLD DUST



Sparkling Glassware!

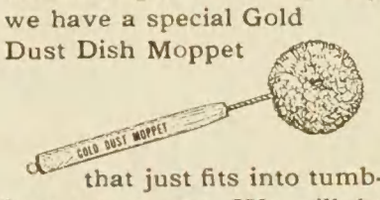
HERE'S the way the experts get that wonderful sparkle. See how easy it is—Gold Dust in hot water—but not too hot—a dip of the glass into the solution—a dab with the dish mop—then dry without rinsing—simplicity itself! No need to put hands in the hot water!

Ornamental glassware too, is easily cleaned with Gold Dust—because it dissolves the greasy dust film that adheres to it.

Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work

Special

To make glass cleaning easy we have a special Gold Dust Dish Moppet



that just fits into tumblers, vases, etc. We will be glad to send you one for 5c and the twins cut from a Gold Dust package.

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NOTE—The stain on the inside of flower vases can be easily removed by letting a strong Gold Dust solution stand in the vase a few minutes before using the dish mop.

This is but one of the countless ways Gold Dust helps about the house.

From attic to cellar it makes all house cleaning easier and leaves a look of newness on everything it touches.

It's New!



—the *improved* scouring powder. It's "sudsy," soft and smooth. Cleans, scours, polishes and purifies—all at one time. No disagreeable odor.

83% of these New York State Doctors

say—"Cream of Tartar baking powder is most healthful"



930 REPRESENTATIVE *New York State doctors recently expressed their opinions on the healthfulness of different types of baking powder.*

772 of them—or 83%—said:

"Cream of Tartar baking powder is best from a healthful point of view."

PRECISELY this same preference was previously declared by 81% of a similar group of physicians in New England and by 82% of a group of dietitians in hospitals throughout the country.

This remarkable agreement among experts is a convincing testimonial to the preeminent wholesomeness of Cream of Tartar, the principal ingredient of Royal Baking Powder.

* * *

From the earliest days of good cookery—before they were able to get baking powder ready-prepared—housewives made their cakes and biscuits light and tender with a mixture of soda and Cream of Tartar.

This Cream of Tartar is a choice, costly ingredient, derived from luscious grapes and imported into this country from the famous, sunny grape lands that border the Mediterranean. Because of its costliness—and the extra labor involved in getting it—cheaper substitutes are sometimes used for this precious Cream of Tartar.

But Royal has never departed from its high standard. *For more than fifty years The Royal Baking Powder Company has continued to import Cream of Tartar for Royal Baking Powder,* so that housewives might always depend on getting the wholesome leavening agent which makes their cakes and biscuits so deliciously fluffy and tender, with no trace of bitter taste.

Today Royal is known throughout the world—used in millions of kitchens daily wherever housewives are most critical of the flavor and healthfulness of the foods they serve—the baking powder which doctors, dietitians and domestic science experts, without hesitation, recommend.



Made of Pure Cream of Tartar. Contains no alum. Leaves no bitter taste.

2¢ worth insures success

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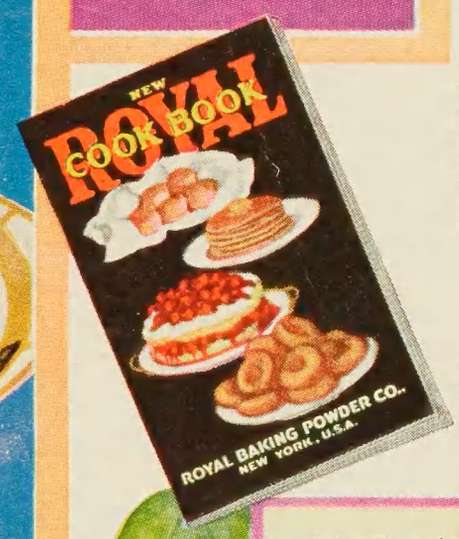


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